

Greetings xxxxxxx,

Sorry it took so long to get back to you, but I have quite a few irons in **the** fire. Thanks for your book "Scary." I enjoyed every bit of it and just had to smile at the experiences you guys had with the "kinder-gentler" Moslems of Albania. And the wonderful joy of leading all those young people to the Lord and baptizing many in the Adriatic. What a privilege.

Nothing at all like Moslem Moros my missionary parents in the Philippines had to face back before WW2. My father, primarily a missionary church planter, was also Captain of the Fu Quin Maru i.e., "The Gospel Ship,"(picture attached). That ship carried missionaries and supplies throughout the islands of the China Sea. Just 50 years earlier, Arthur MacArthur (Gen. Douglas MacArthur's father) fought and defeated the Moros. In fact, those Moros were the reason that Colt Arms developed the 45 ACP. Prior to that fight, the carry weapon for most Army officers was the 38 cal. Revolver, which was just not powerful enough to stop a charging Moro.

I just have to tell you one story about my father to give you a feel for the era. On one trip in 1932 we docked on Jolo, a major island South of the Philippines. Unknown to us, up in the hills, the Muslim imams were stoking up the natives on beetle nut (a local narcotic) and sending them down into town to kill a few Christians. If they were lucky enough to kill a missionary, wow, that won them the supreme brass ring of 70 additional houris in Paradise, or whatever.

Well, guess what? Not knowing any of this, Dad decides to go ashore and take his five year old son (me) with him. Jolo was not really safe under any circumstances and Dad knew it, so he always carried a sword cane as a walking stick. Dad was "old school" so he also knew how to use it. The cane had a heavy (solid silver) butt about the size of a baseball, shaped like a monkey's fist.

So we start walking down the dock only to be faced by this native running at us, screaming, frothing at the mouth, and swinging a kriss (a wavy sword with a blade about 36" long). Dad doesn't let go of my hand, but looks down at me and says calmly, "Stand fast, son." Dad then throws his cane up in the air and catches it by the small end. The native tries to take Dad's head off, Dad parries, and clubs the murderous lunatic full force. No light love tap, mind you, this is life or death. The poor man drops like a stone, blunt object trauma, probably dead.

Dad steps over the body, I start to walk around it and Dad says, "Oh no, son. You don't walk around your enemies, you walk over them," and he made me walk over the corpse. That happened almost 80 years ago, but it's not an incident easily forgotten and it's an example of the kind of Muslims the missionaries out in the primitive world had to face back then. I've often wondered about the morality of that incident, but if Dad hadn't acted the way he had, I wouldn't be here to tell about it.

I was in the Navy during WW2. After five years, four months and 21 days in the service, I attended Columbia Bible College, class of 54, but was not led of the Lord to go to the ministry

so I entered the business world, where I remain for the next 25 years, becoming just like one of the unsaved, a drunken adulterer.

During that time you mountain climbed. I owned various ocean going yachts and got my jollies by taking them out in really nasty weather. In fact, if all the other boats were coming into port, I was going out, but despite my idiocies, the Lord wasn't done with me.

Thirty-five years ago, through a series of physical and spiritual trials (a couple of which could've gotten me killed), the Lord drew me back to Himself and I've been in full-time service to Him ever since. But not as a pastor or Bible teacher, but as a researcher in eschatology. This led to the publication of six books on the subject, two on church ordinances and one on Multiple Personality Disorder, MPD/DID, plus TV appearances, seminars in churches of most major denominations and the culminating work, the Bible prophecy Study Guide you are reading now.

Those books and Study Guides are the reasons the Lord put me on this planet. They have the affirmation of history, of the Word, of a multitude of brethren, and most importantly, of the Holy Spirit! They aren't perfect and don't have all the answers, brother, but if there are any concepts that are unclear, please e-mail me and I'll try to fill in the blanks.

I'm now 85, with only 15% of heart function, so I will be with the Lord soon. I sometimes look back in wonderment at what our God has done. How could the Lord have permitted a piece of sinful trash like me to understand His prophetic word when there are so many "better-known" and "more influential" Christians around who could have gotten the truth out so much better? All I can figure is, "he who has been forgiven much, loves much," which is indeed the case. After the Lord brought me back, I let my business go to pot and for the next several years spent my time reading the Bible or meditating on what I'd been reading and it's been much like that ever since.

Well brother, I guess that's about it. May the Lord continue to bless your service for Him.

Pax Christi,
Ellis Skolfield