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They stayed with us that night and prayed with us to find a church home. The next day they drove back to L.A. where they were living. I remember I wasn't sure what to do. I told people who were coming to the zendo that now we pray instead of meditate. This was met with some curiosity but mostly anger and animosity.

We began to look for a church to attend. The first Sunday we went to a beautiful little church surrounded by redwoods, but it was pretty uninspiring. The next week after looking through the phone book, we went to a Christian Science church. Ironically, when we arrived, we realized they were meeting in a funeral parlor! This was very appropriate because I could tell, as a newborn Christian, that there was no life in that church!

The following week we traveled to Big Sur, about an hour away, and found a large group meeting at a Grange Hall. The music was lively; there were long haired Jesus freaks like us, which made us feel at home. Also, I could sense the presence of God there with us during worship. The services were very alive, and there seemed to be something – I didn't know what to call it then, but there was a presence which I had never experienced in a church. It was the Holy Spirit. The message was very practical and from the Bible. Then after service, members would have a potluck meal and discuss a multitude of basic things in the afternoon. Even though it was one hour away, we traveled down there every Sunday and began to grow in Christ. As one pastor put it: "A church alive is worth the drive!" We were introduced to a realm of spiritual areas: prophecy, tongues, spiritual warfare, healthy holiness (coming out of our sinful lifestyle), and Christian Community. Wow, what a difference it was making, but I still had a long way to go.