



MY HOLY GROUND – A view of Comanche Cliff and Eagle Point

IN SEARCH OF THE PRECIOUS STONE

By Prophet Ken Dewey

An actual account of my search for the Precious Stone. It is written in narrative form with the Words of the Lord in Red
Prophet Ken Dewey

It all began sometime during the summer of 2001, as I walked and talked with the Lord on the Comanche Cliff Mountain. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining, and it was cool for that time of the year in the desert of New Mexico. Most of the day, I just enjoyed His presence. I would go from one rocky overlook to another, looking out across the barren desert below. I studied the landscape and the outcroppings of alabaster. In my mind, I was thinking, somewhere among all these strata of stones was hidden a most beautiful stone. The beautiful stone that was very fine in quality and the right consistency for sculpting. The color of it was most striking, a deep rose red. I visualized it to be very transparent, shining; so transparent the sunlight would shine completely through the large pieces. It was so beautiful! Surely, sculptors all over the world would seek after it for sculpting stone> When I found it, my financial breakthrough would come. I could name my price per pound and buyers would pay much just to possess it. I prayed, 'Lord, you know where it is. You created it, so you know exactly where it is hiding in the earth. Please, Lord, show me where it is so I can find it. I told Him I would use it to honor Him and give Him the Glory.

The next morning, I went out to look for it. I took my prospecting pack, with my rasp and rock hammer, and a bar to pry it out of the ground. That morning I found



Ken Digging Alabaster Stone in Desert-looking for precious stone, prospecting to find just the right sculpting stone

some beautiful stone, but not the stone I visualized the day before. In vain, I have searched many times over many years, forcing the thought into the back of my mind and forgetting it. I prospected for stone in the Desert many a day, never finding that precious stone.

Early in February 2007 my wife and I moved near Jemez Springs, New Mexico. We were enjoying the many blessings of the Lord, and each morning I couldn't wait to rise early, between 3 a.m. and 4 a.m. to

talk with the Lord. Every morning held some new freshness and revelation of His word and will for my life.

It was one such morning I prayed, 'Lord what about my finances? In order to go everywhere preaching the gospel we need money, please show me how. Then I heard Him say, **"I will show you the stone. The most precious stone you have ever seen, and everyone will want some of it. You asked for it before, but I could not show you back then, because I didn't know for sure what you would do with the money it would bring in. But now I see your heart, and now it is time for me to show you where it is hidden. Go to Comanche Cliff and go into your trailer and pray. Then I will tell you where it is."**

The excitement of what he said was almost more than I could contain. I wanted to go right then, but I couldn't, because I was scheduled to teach at the Wednesday night bible study in two days. I settled in anxiously, waiting the time I could go. I went to the church on Wednesday and taught and managed to keep the revelation between my wife and myself. Thursday I couldn't leave, so I decided to go on Friday evening, that way I would have all day Saturday, February 17, to follow the Lords' leading to the precious stone!

It took most of the day just to prepare for the 95-mile trip to the claim. Seeing that the claim is 35 miles from town at the end of old ranch roads, food and drinking water had to be packed. Because the trek into the remote spot is quite a task and time consuming, and the last 20 miles is dirt roads in very poor condition. It is an hour and a half of slow travel required because the road is so primitive.

Upon arriving, I settled in for an evening of prayer with the Lord, anxious to hear Him speak again of the precious stone. Praying, I said, "I've come according to your instructions to inquire about the location of the precious stone." I took out my geological survey map of the area and asked Him to pinpoint the spot. I moved a large pencil across the map thinking He would show me the spot where I should go. The spot I saw in my dream on Thursday night loomed in my mind as I ran the

point of the pencil over the lines on the map. But nothing happened and there was no answer; finally, I just sat there praying. Then He spoke, **"Go to bed and tomorrow morning drive the truck to the bottom of the badlands, to the foot of the mountain, and then I'll tell you what to do."** Even though I was physically worn out, and rest was welcome, I found it difficult to sleep as I anticipated finding the precious stone.

That night I had a dream. I saw first in my dream the mountain at Comanche Cliff, where I built my altar to the Lord in 1999. I was standing in the shadows of the mountain, down in the badlands. I saw in the moonlight just the outline of the mountain silhouetted against the sky. I recognized the spot, being familiar with the terrain, and in the dream, I saw myself digging beautiful red stone of good quality alabaster. As I continued to dream, I saw the stars shining bright in the dark night, and suddenly I saw faces in the Stars. It was as if the stars outlined the faces and then the stars were connected by lines. I saw the face of great Bible Prophets like Moses and Elijah, and Isaiah. Then as I dreamed, I heard a verse of Scripture that says:

Daniel 12:3

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

That next morning after dreaming this, I was shaken by the deep meaning of the dream. I knew the Lord was fixing to do a great work. I was very excited.

Arising early, eagerly I ate a quick breakfast then headed out for the spot at the bottom of the badlands as the Lord instructed. The wind was blowing, and it was cold. The temperature had gone down into the low twenties, and I put on my heavy coat, pulling up the hood over my cap and head.

The badlands, as I have referred to, is a miniature Grand Canyon of rugged terrain that covers over two sections of land. It's shaped like a large bowl in the Earth with rugged walls and cliffs going down some three hundred feet. There are hundreds of visible outcroppings of stone showing in the banks of the ravines throughout the entire area. The bowl-shaped canyon drops quickly downward, into a rugged large crack in the earth which cuts through the mesa located to the East. The bottom of its craggy, rocky, canyon walls reach to a depth of over one thousand feet below the rim of the mesa. The spectacular colors of the canyons are shades of pink and gray, and on any given day it is a most beautiful spot.

Towards the west side of this large canyon raises the stair step rocky sides of Comanche Cliff Mountain [named by me and not on any map] overlooking the area from a height of several hundred feet above the floor of the canyon. Since the first day I climbed to its summit I've referred to the highest overlook as Eagle Point. Many years ago, a road was cut out of the rugged sides to excess the bottom of the mountain and to a test well was drilled in search of oil. The road heads out one hundred feet in front of my compound, trailer, and workshop. At the bottom end, the road dead ends at the remaining oil well pipe, standing alone on a small flat at the foot of the Mountain.



Comanche Mountain and badlands of New Mexico

It was to this point at the bottom of the badlands, by the oil pipe [an old oil drill hole], where I drove early in the morning, February 17, 2007. Climbing out of my truck I heard the Lord say, **“Take your bar, and walk directly West along the base of the Mountain.”**

As I began to walk, carefully watching every possible outcropping of stone, I began to pray in tongues, and then I paused to listen for his voice. After I had walked about 150 feet, I saw I was walking on a strata of alabaster coming out from the base of the mountain. I said, "Is this it, Lord?" Feeling excitement rising, I began to bar out stones to expose the strata. I quickly saw that it was a shallow strata of beautiful pink and white stone. Even though it was beautiful, it was not anything uncommon from any other stone I had already found. Disappointed, I said, "Lord, this is not what I saw." Then I heard Him say, **"Continue to walk slowly to the West and be careful and place each step deliberately."** I continued to walk until I came to a large ravine, with rather steep sides, running down north and south. After several minutes of climbing down, I reached the bottom and looked down the draw. I saw that the sides of the draw was increasing deeper and turned into multiple layers of alabaster and other stone ledges. The draw was becoming deeper and much narrower.

At this moment I remembered back to a hot summer day in 1993, as I was prospecting, when I was actually in this same spot! I remembered walking through this draw studying the layers of stone. [I had forgotten about that day.] I was looking for stone then, and then I thought how different it was compared to today. It was so hot that day; it must have been over one hundred degrees! Today its cold and the wind is blowing. I had on my heavy winter work coat with the hood over my head, and still at times I felt the bite of the cold wind. Suddenly the Lord broke into my thoughts and said, **"Yes, I remember that day also, how you were**

walking away from Me. I couldn't even talk to you because of the clutter of the world that was filling you mind." I was shaken by the heavy presence of His anointing upon me. I began to cry as I heard Him say, "I wanted to show you the precious stone that day, but I couldn't because you were so far from Me." I wept as I recalled crawling up this draw, living far below the blessed life I am now living. I had no thought of the Lord then, but now I live to hear His wonderful voice!

I cried out, "Thank you Lord for all you have done for me! I love you, Lord!" I heard Him say, "I love you too, Ken Dewey. I have loved you for a long, long, time. I loved you before you were ever born. I have always had great plans for your life." Then, the verses in Psalms 139 began to pour through my mind. As I thought on this chapter in the Psalms, I heard Him say, "My hand has been upon you Ken Dewey. I know all there is to know about you." I thought to myself, such knowledge is too wonderful for me. I wept and went down on my knees. "Thank you, Lord, Wonderful Jesus! I will praise you, for I am fearfully made; marvelous are your works to me!"

After a few moments I heard him say, "Now carefully continue on. You must do now only what I say. Listen carefully, and then do only what I say. I will tell you where you must place every step. Go to the right, go to the left. You must do only what I tell you to do. Now proceed."

I was walking very slow, looking at the ground ahead. I would hear his voice when I looked at a step ahead. "Yes! Step there. No, do not step there." Then I heard Him say, "I'm teaching you now, Ken Dewey, how to walk with Me. I've taught many of my servants in the desert like this. I taught Moses like I'm teaching you. You must walk with Me learning to obey Me." "Oh, Lord, this is wonderful," I said, "walking with you in this way. "Yes," He said, "If you will obey Me; I will show you great success."

Looking ahead there was a sudden drop off. Sometime in the past water had washed down this draw, washing out a deep hole in the floor of the ravine. "Careful," He said, "watch out." I carefully leaned forward looking down, straight down, about ten feet. I said, "Lord, do you want me to go down there?" He answered, "Yes." I started looking for a way to climb down, but I saw nowhere to step. I said, "I don't think I can get down there without jumping." "No," He said, "you could break your leg on the rocks below, and then you couldn't walk for Me. Look behind you to the left." As I turned and looked, I saw what appeared to be natural stair steps going up the side of the ravine. Rocks had washed in a small, washed area and the rocks almost seemed placed by hand. Then He said, "I'm going to teach you something important now so pay close attention. Do you understand?" "Yes," I said. "When you come to an impasse in your journey, know that I will always prepare a way around. Now, walk up the steps." I proceeded up the hill on the natural path to the top about twenty feet up. Once on top, to my amazement, the wash out continued down and there again were rocks washed just right for steps. "Go down but go slowly so that you do not fall." As I went down, He was telling me how many times it might seem that you're going the long way around, but He's looking out for me. Once again, on the bottom of the ravine He said, "Some people would have jumped, and hurt themselves for life. Many make mistakes by not obeying my voice."

As we proceeded down the ravine it became increasingly deep and very narrow. Several times during this walk I had seen interesting stone and said, "Lord, is that

it?" **"No, just do what I say, and I will show it to you."** As we walked, we came to a dangerous overhanging rock. The rock was cracked away from the larger strata behind it and it looked as if at any moment it could fall. I heard Him say, **"stop! Do not take another step!"** As we continued to talk, He explained to me how the enemy had tried so many times in my life to kill me. **"This would be a perfect opportunity for him, if you walked under that ledge, all he would have to do is cause the rock to fall and crush you to death. Then you would not be alive to serve Me.** He took considerable time to **explain how satan could not take away your salvation** then said: **But he will try to kill you. He would defeat all My plans for your life. The enemy has come to steal, kill, and destroy. At every moment of life, you must be careful and conscious of the fact that the enemy is walking around, stalking you like a roaring lion, seeking to devour you. The enemy hates you Ken Dewey, because he knows I love you and have great plans for you. He hates Me so very much because I put him out of heaven when he rebelled against Me. You must be constantly on guard against him.**

Then I heard Him say, **"Remember when you were very young (about 10). The day you were climbing on the top of the house and slipped and fell?"** **"Yes,"** I said, **"You fell on your head, and it knocked you out,"** He said, **"For some time you laid there not able to move. Well, I had to help you then because you could have been killed or brain damaged for life."** He went on to explain that even as a child the devil had understood that I was to be doing something very important for God in my life. Then, He brought some other times to memory. He said, **"All these years I have had to protect you, Ken Dewey"** He paused and laughed, **"You have been a hand full; you were always getting into all kinds of dangerous situations. I had to protect you because you did not realize or know you were important to me and that the devil hated you."**

I looked back at that time, as He walked and talked to me, just how wonderful I felt to be talking to Him in such a personal way. He is the most wonderful person I have ever talked with. His every word to me was so carefully planned, and genuine. I was stricken with the reality that God is a real person like us, except He is Spirit. His voice was coming up inside of me, out of my innermost self, rising up from my belly [innermost heart]. His voice does not come from my mind, but out of my Spirit. He spoke inside of me. I was amazed at how his voice was such a small still voice. At times, I closed my eyes and listened intently, pushing all other thoughts out of my mind. I concentrated on hearing his voice. I know now that everyone who is a child of God, and born of His spirit, can experience his voice. But our minds are so cluttered with the world and ourselves, we cannot hear Him. Once you begin to hear his voice, it seems to become louder and louder. All that you hear is Him. It's like walking along with your best friend, yet He is inside you, not alongside of you. I hope this makes sense; it's just such a real experience. At times you feel as if you're inside of His mind and person, feeling and experiencing His heart, and very emotions. It is an awesome experience. Then you understand what the bible story means when you read about Adam and Eve, how God came in the cool of the day, and walked and talked with them. How can God walk with men when the word says: **He is a Spirit, and a Spirit has no flesh and bones like us?**

Now I know how he walks with men. I have walked and talked with Him in the desert.

Returning to the events that were unfolding, He said to me, **"Go to the left**

and walk around the danger zone." I could see how the ravine did widen some, allowing room for me to pass by out of danger. Then, as I proceeded forward, I looked up and saw another precarious overhang ahead to my left. I said to the Lord, "that one also looks dangerous." **"Yes, but I have an angel up there to hold it up for you, because as you can see, there is no other way past it except under it."** I looked, and He was right, the ravine narrowed at that point. The only way around would have been to retrace my steps and go completely around, which would have taken a lot of time. **"We will not go around, but the angel will hold it in place while we pass through and under."** I looked up and saw nothing, but it seemed as if in my mind I could faintly see an angel holding it up!. I knew he was there, for the Lord said so. I asked, "Lord, why can I not clearly see the angel?" **"There are reasons,"**which I will explain later. **Now just trust me."** I waved at the space where I knew the angel was and said, "thank you." Then we passed under and through the narrow area. On the other side I looked back and thought, 'how wonderful to feel so protected.'

As I continued to walk slowly into the now widening ravine, I waited for instructions. He was silent, so I closed my eyes and listened intently. Then I heard Him say in a very soft voice, almost unrecognizable, **"It is important that you listen very carefully now."** I wondered why He was speaking so softly. **"You must remember what I am saying, He said, "it is important, do you understand?"** "Yes sir," I said, "I do understand." Proceeding, He said very softly, **"About 200 yards further, look for a way going to the right, a smaller ravine."** Then there was silence. I cautiously continued walking, looking ahead to see a landmark 200 yards in the distance. I thought, the length of a football field, then double it. I saw a ridge and a group of Junipers, which I felt, were 200 yards, approximately. I said, "Those junipers are about the right distance, don't you think?" There was no answer. I continued, and for the moment, I was walking not hearing His voice at all. I stopped and closed my eyes. I concentrated, but all was silent. I went on in silence until I came near the trees I had focused upon. I saw a very deep drop off in the floor of the ravine where, again, the whole area had been removed by floodwater in times past. I looked over the edge and saw it must be 50 feet deep, straight down. **"Be careful,"** He said.

I knew I could not go down there for sure. I looked all around and saw the ravine had widened, and I had a beautiful view of the canyon beyond. To my left I saw a way, perhaps, that a person could climb around. There was a ledge up on the side and I followed it, and I imagined that I could carefully go around by choosing my steps and hanging on. Then I looked to my right. It was gradually sloping downward to a perfect flat area, which would be easy to walk on. There was a smaller ravine to the left. Then I remembered him saying, 'a small ravine to the right-200 yards ahead.' I said, "Lord, this is the way to my right. I remembered what you told me, and I think this is the way." Immediately I heard His voice again, **"Good for you, Ken Dewey, you have listened well and understand my instructions. I'm proud of you. Many others would not have heard my soft voice. You listened well. I was testing you to see if you were paying attention. But you must be careful; to fall down there surely means death on the solid rock below. Move back from the edge, remember the enemy! Many of my choice servants have lost their lives here. They were too busy to listen and missed my soft voice. They did many foolish things and lost their way. They tried to climb around to the left, as you can see, then they slipped and fell. The enemy pushed some over the brink to their death, when the carelessly walked too close. Others made it around but**

lost their way because they did not hear my voice, saying, go right 200 yards ahead." Looking to the right now I saw that the large Juniper tree that blocked the way. The tree was unusually large, and the branches were thick. It would have been very difficult to go through it. The Lord said, **"go around to the right of the tree, and you will find the way."** As I was walking around, He said, **"See how large a vision you have here?"** I looked around, and the ravine was no longer narrow and confining. I could see the distant north rim of the badlands clearly, and the vast expanse of ridges, ravines, and outcropping stone layers. The sky was blue, and everything was beautiful, even the cold wind had slowed down. I heard Him say, **"Even as the ravine has opened up and the view is much clearer of the surrounding canyon, so is your understanding. My plan for your life has enlarged. For the first time in your life, you are seeing clearly and unrestricted, not through the many misunderstandings you had about me and about my Word. You're coming to me in this desert in 1999 facilitated your spiritual maturity. You began to listen to me and seek to understand and know my Word, and me. In the past you came to me with pre-conceived ideas. Your journey to maturity has taken on acceleration in these days, since the first day of this year, you have been listening intently. Today marks the beginning of a higher walk than you have ever walked in your entire life."**

Walking around the tree and moving to the right, I saw the way. Another washout with perfect stepping places went up the hill leading into another ravine, though much smaller than the present one. Again, I noticed many layers of stone protruding out of the sides of the ravine. I asked him, "Will I find the stone up there?" **"Yes,"** He said, **"move forward and bear left, as you can see the strata clearly."** I began to get excited about finding the beautiful stone. "Is the stone really beautiful?" I asked. **"Yes, it is extraordinarily beautiful, more than any other you have ever seen."** "How much will it be worth, Lord, a dollar a pound?" **"Oh, much more than that,"** I heard him say. "How much more, maybe \$2.00 a pound?" **"Oh, that's not enough, this stone will be of much greater value. It is the most beautiful stone, and precious."** He said, **"You can set your price and still they will want it."** My excitement grew greater each moment now, and I could just see at any moment the stone protruding out of the side of the ravine. I thought, we are going back toward my truck, and I have been driving right over it for years, not realizing it was there!

The Lord spoke and said: **"You're now going up higher than you have ever been. Because of the stone, I will put you before many people. You will be the instrument in my hand to bring many people to faith in me."**

You have never had such great opportunity before. I am moving you up higher, now, much higher. You will be my Moses, to go to my people in bondage, and set them free. My people are in bondage and need help to be free from the snares of the wicked one. I will give you this stone for one reason, to enable you to set them free. You must use it wisely and follow my every command. You cannot do just anything you wish. But you must use it for the purpose I give it to you. Do you understand?"

Going up was much easier than going down. Instead of walking in the bottom of the ravine, I am walking along the flat upward ground to the south side. I kept hearing Him say, **"yield to the left so you overlook the stone outcroppings, onward, always upward until you reach the top"**. Lifting my eyes toward the top, I could see a massive layer of stone right in the top of the ravine, some 200 yards

away. I thought, this must be it. I have been all around it for years, and never realized it. Also, look, how easy it would be to excavate. Large equipment could be driven to this spot, and the beautiful stone could be removed quickly. Then, I could finance my ministry to go to India, where I could minister to millions of desperate people. It would not be a burden on any church or Christian to send me, I thought. Everything was coming true, and I could see it in my mind. It would be wonderful to be financially able to help thousands of hurting people. I could understand how having the precious stone would enable me, and free me up to get down to business reaching the unreached around the world. As I walked along, I remembered how much it had cost to go on my last mission journey to Agra, India, for two weeks. The cost of the airline ticket was a little over fourteen hundred dollars, not counting lodging, food, and miscellaneous expenses. Having the funds to travel is a great blessing, but difficult to always have.

THE LORD LED ME TO THE PRECIOUS STONE

About that time, I realized I was close to the stone that I had seen at the head of the ravine. Knowing this was it, I ran ahead quickly, saying, "Thank you Lord!" My excitement began to drain out like water out of a broken vessel, when I saw the stone wasn't anything but plain alabaster. After looking it over carefully, I walked out above the ravine very disappointed. The ground continued upward. I could see my truck, where I parked several hours before. I was only about one hundred feet from the truck, and I said, "Lord, what do I do now?" and He said, **"continue upward, always upward."** [Not understanding my disappointment] began to show, I closed my eyes and prayed in the Spirit. "Lord, I don't understand," I said, "are you telling me the stone is yet higher?" Loudly, He answered, **"Open your eyes, and what do you see?"** I opened my eyes and looked straight at my parked truck. "I see my truck, Lord," I commented. **"No, look again,"** He said. This time, I looked beyond my truck, and I saw the mountain rising out of the badlands. Suddenly, I saw movement. A large black crow sat on a rock halfway up the mountain. He took up his wings and flew straight toward me, turning sharply upward. The profile of his wings soon became very large. This crow, who I called Elijah, had been hanging around me for over a year. The crow, or raven, reminded me of the prophet Elijah, that the Lord fed bread and flesh in the desert by the brook Cherith. He would come and sit on a perch I made for him, by my window in



the shop, at the trailer. Every day I would talk to him, as no one was around, and I give him table scraps, as he admired himself in the reflection. He would also set on the frame of my trucks' mirror. He would sit sometimes for hours, pecking the glass. I assumed he was trying to figure out who the other crow was in the glass.

At that moment I saw Elijah, the Lord said, **"I will**

sustain you and supply all your needs.” My heart literally jumped inside my chest! The anointing fell over me, that strong presence of the Lord, and I heard Him say, **“Watch him, don’t take your eyes off him!”** Now Elijah was soaring higher and higher, going further and further to the north. At times, he almost went out of sight. Straining hard, I could see only a single black speck, the size of a pin head. As I watched, he came down and still flew north. Down, down he came. I could see him clearer; flying slowly until he landed on what appeared a large white streak of stone in the far away rim of the canyon. When he landed, I heard the Lord say, **“That’s it! That’s the stone.!”** I jumped up and down and praised the Lord. Truly, it was the most exciting moment of my life.

Thanking the Lord for His most wonderful revelation, I walked briskly to my truck. Needing a drink of water, I reached for my bottle and crawled into the cab of the truck. The wind was blowing hard, and the cold was biting into my face. Once inside, I continued to thank Him. I took out my geological survey map. To my excitement, I figured the precious stone was well within the border of government land and could be claimed later. I studied the ranch roads, seeing the way a route could be accessed my truck and equipment. Sinking down in my seat, I relaxed, and thanked the Lord again for showing me the location of the stone.

THE COMMAND TO CLIMB HIGHER UPON THE MOUNTAIN TO WORSHIP

Suddenly, He spoke, **“Go up on the mountain and worship me. I have something to show you up there.”** I have explained before, that on top of this mountain is the alter I built to the Lord in 1999. Agreeing with the Lord, I told Him I would drive back up to the trailer and walk up the trail to the alter, because it was much easier. **“No,”** He said, **“Climb the mountain from here.”** Looking at the mountain and studying the massive rock cliffs that are hundreds of feet high, I said, “I’m not sure I can even get up there Lord.” **“Go up there and worship me,”** came His reply. **“Alright Lord, if you say I can, then I can,”** I supposed.

Having rested and drunk more water, I placed my small New Testament in the pocket of my coat to read on the mountain. Taking off toward the steep incline of the mountain, the initial climb was a hundred feet of loose dirt and rock. I traveled upward at about a forty-five-degree angle, and I dug my feet in and held on to the rocks in front of me, and I slowly worked my way uphill. As I was climbing, the Lord was speaking, **“You are this kind of a man, I made you this way. You enjoy this don’t you?”** “Yes,” I said, “I like to be outdoors, and I have always enjoyed climbing around in the mountains. I have spent many days out in backcountry places just exploring and enjoying being outdoors. **“Now you are climbing higher than many have ever climbed before, more than a day’s climb on the mountain,”** He said. “What do you mean, Lord?” I asked. **“Not everyone likes to go this high. Most prefer staying below, and never reach the highest heights. Many are satisfied with just a casual life of service for Me, and they do many wonderful things, for their labor of love I will never ever forget. Yet some desire to soar! They seek the heights of service, desiring to press into the supreme sacrifice and service. They are not satisfied with a few souls, but desire multitudes. Because of their great love they will climb higher, go further, and sacrifice more to walk with me on this mountain. Many of them will shine as the stars forever,** He said.” When He said that about the stars, I remembered the dream I dreamed last night; I saw the faces of great men of God like Moses, Elijah, David, Peter, and Paul. Their faces were

like shadows in the stars. It was like I was looking up into the starry sky at night because the sparkle of stars lit their faces. I was amazed I had not understood the dream. I thought to myself, what an unusual dream. Maybe they were like witnesses in the heavens, like a bible passage in

Hebrews 12:1:

“Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is sit down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

Then I heard the Lord say: “Moses liked to climb with me on the mountain, He and I had many good days together. I’m sure happy that you are here on this mountain. Now you begin the most exciting part of your journey.”

Passing by several more strata of stone, I just took note of their presence, but passed on quickly. Coming to the base of the first major rock ledge of sandstone, I looked up. It must have been fifteen feet thick, straight up, with no apparent way to go up. **“Sit here on this rock,”** He said. I looked and there was a perfect rock, flat on top to make a seat. I sat down again, and He spoke, **“I want to have a talk with you about some things.”** It sounded serious. I was breathing hard from the climb, as I faced the broad expanse of the canyon before me. In the distance, I could clearly see the spot where Elijah, the raven, had landed. I studied the stratification of the earth in the walls of the canyon. I could see how they were going up at a twenty-degree angle, and now they were protruding out into the rim of the canyon. Following the strata back to the south, I saw how this area in the bluff had been out of the question, because of the height. Here, you could plainly see how to access these upper levels that were previously impossible to reach. I remembered how I had studied that ridge before, thinking there would likely be lots of beautiful stone there, but it couldn’t be dug without special permission.

HE SHOWED ME THE PRECIOUS STONE

Suddenly, the Lord broke into my thoughts. Very loudly and very clearly, He spoke, “I am the precious stone you are looking for. I AM. If you will lift Me up, I will draw all men unto Me. I AM the precious stone the world is longing for. Do you hear Me, Ken Dewey: Do you understand?” Shaken from the power of His voice, and His strong presence, I began to weep. Choking, I answered, “Yes. Lord, I hear You.” Continuing to speak, more calmly now, but explicitly, He said, **‘Now, you can go for the stone if you desire to. In that ridge is some of the prettiest stone in the world, and I have shown you, its’ location. However, you must choose between that stone or Me. If you choose the stone where Elijah has landed, you can have it. I have shown it to you. If you choose that stone, then forget about walking with Me. You will not be able to have both. Choose Me or it, but choose you must, NOW! So, what is your answer?’** I was sobbing, totally shaken by His strong words. I managed to say, though weakly, **“Lord, I choose You. I choose You. I choose you over all the stone in the world!”** **“Yes,”** He said, **“I knew, but I had to hear your answer.”** It was at that moment I understood. Very clearly, I could see, it’s not the money that is needed, not all the precious stone in the world would do the job that needed to be done, In America many are wealthy, yet their riches cannot, and have not, brought happiness nor solved all the problems we

face in our society. I saw Him, the precious stone, being lifted up on the cross and taking away the sin, the entire sin of the whole world. All the riches of this world, and the things men so desire, will all end. Only Jesus will remain and those that are His. I saw I needed Jesus' power, and all men would come to Him. He is the desire of all the crying multitudes. I saw Him beaten with many stripes, and for every stripe, some sickness was healed. By His life we are saved, healed, and delivered. "Yes!" Again, I cried out, "I choose you!" Softly, He said, **"Then go on up and worship me, and I will tell you what to do."**

THE STAIRCASE TO THE STARS

Beginning again, I looked to the right, my eyes searching the solid rock face, looking for any possible path. About one hundred feet I saw what I thought might be a way up, but as I neared the spot, I could see no way. Then He said, "If you go back to where you were, then go left, you will find the way." So, turning around I began to retrace my steps. A song came into my mind, and I began to sing, "God will make a way, when there seems to be no way. He will be my guide, hold me closely to His side. As the song kept ringing in my ears, I thought, I'm walking on the mountain with a new song in my heart. It was so wonderful being there with Him. Passing the place where I sat on the rock, I moved left, only a few feet around a curve in the rock face, and there was the way. A large section of the rock bluff had cracked away sometime in the past, and in behind it a small narrow crack, filled with rock and dirt from above, it led upward and formed a perfect staircase. He said to me, "This is My staircase to the Stars, and those who climb this staircase will shine as the stars forever." Words were hard to find to describe the emotions I felt at that moment. I thought again about the verse of scripture in Daniel 12:3, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

I looked up the crack in the rock, studying it carefully. I could see the spiritual lesson, that a person who goes this way will, of necessity, be very determined. Determined to not just live for God, but to climb higher to win many souls for righteousness. The way was steep and very dangerous, but steps were strategically placed to assist me in the climb. Such a climb would take skill, and it was dangerous. I was thirty-five miles from town or any other human. If I slipped and fell who would know? I could lay there for days before help came, and I might die! The crack was very narrow, and almost straight up, and there were few handholds. At that moment I thought of a mountain climber. I would have to study the art of climbing and guard each step-in order to scale this difficult way. Yes, I could see a way, but many people would turn away from such a precarious climb.

A VISION OF THE CROSS OF JESUS

Studying the climb, I noticed there were no steps for the first four or five feet, only a very small crack, not suitable for a foothold. Then I saw a small dead juniper tree. A seed had landed in the small amount of soil in the fault sometime in the past. It had taken root, begun to grow to about two feet, putting out small branches. But for lack of soil and water it soon died. I saw that, in order to allow me passage, the limbs of the tree would have to be broken off. If I broke off the limbs, I could use it as a support. I could pull myself up with my arms and proceed upward. I began to break off the brittle limbs, reaching up about as far as I could reach. In the removal process, I caught my index finger on a sharp jag, and tore a small cut in my finger. Blood began to run down my finger and hand. I stopped to

clean the wound, when I heard the Lord say, **“Yes, I too shed blood on the mountain.”** Quickly my mind raced to Calvary, where Jesus died for the sins of the whole world. I saw the blood ran down his hands, arms, and head. I saw the suffering Savior on the cross, that brought salvation to all who believed. He shed his blood for me and all men. It says in **Hebrews 9:12, “by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us,** then again in Hebrews 9:22, **“Without the shedding of blood is no redemption.”**

Thinking on His death and blood, I realized what He was saying, one must be dead in Christ to climb this way. **“For in that He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”**

DEATH TO SELF IS THE FIRST STEP ON THE STAIRCASE TO THE STARS

Death to self was the first step on the staircase to the stars. Unless we know victory through the crucified life of Jesus, one cannot climb this staircase! The climb is not about me, it is about Jesus, who died to give us life.

Galatians 2:20

“I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.”

Only the servant who is dead to self and the world will be able to climb this staircase to the stars, all others are not allowed.

Pulling myself up by the branches of the tree, I found a small step in the crack of the rock for my foot, so I climbed upward. Again, I thought, only by the cross, only by the Rock (Jesus), am I here in this high place. He spoke to me about how straight is this way and narrow, few are they who find it. Now you're climbing where only the few will dare go. Many find me for I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, but only a few men will desire to climb higher. The cares of the world consume many, they live below what I have called them to live. Thinking again of the verse in

Daniel 12:3,

“They that be wise and they that turn many to righteousness,” only they will shine as the stars forever and ever.

Now I found myself in a most peculiar position. As I balanced on the rock face, I sought for another handhold higher up. Then he spoke, “Make sure you hold only the solid rock, for some may be unstable.” I realized he meant, that I could only stand on Jesus. Many have fallen because they got off the solid rock. Also, I thought, I sure need to be balanced now. Yes, a well-balanced life is necessary for successful life and ministry. Higher and higher I climbed, until I reached a broad ledge and I stepped out on sure footing. Looking ahead, my eyes scoured the side of the mountain, and the stairs continued, but this time, the steps were much more defined, and they were easily accessible. “The first part of the climb upward is most demanding,” He remarked, “Though a major crisis in your calling requires life changing decisions to be made, you are well on your way.” Even as the narrow ravine below was dangerous, it soon became wider and more accessible. “You

found the upper way, and the higher you went the easier it became,” He remarked. Looking down, I saw the ravine I had walked in earlier. As my eyes went down the ravine, I saw the major turn at the deep hazardous drop off. I looked at the upper way, then I realized I had gone in a large circle. Immediately, He spoke, “Some people, when they get back to where they started, turn from their trail. They go around again and again and again, until they die looking for the victorious life. They never climbed higher. Remember the children of Israel, who came out of Egypt by Moses? They turned back at the Jordan River, afraid of the giants, only to wander for forty years and eventually die in the wilderness. They never went into the Promised Land, even though I blessed them with food, water, and clothes that never wear out. Yet, they never saw my good land of Canaan. I loved them and blessed them, yet they fell short and never entered into my rest.” Tears came to my eyes, as I thought of the wasted years that I could have been climbing on the mountain. All I would have had to do was be obedient to the Lord’s word. To totally depend upon the Lord, believing and having faith for Him to do what He promised to do.

CLIMBING HIGHER THEN EVER BEFORE!

Joy filled my heart, as I looked to the present. I am now climbing higher than I’ve ever climbed, resting with God on His mountain of promises. A verse of scripture came to mind,

Hebrews 4:10

For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God *did* from his.

Climbing the mountain was like that. I had to stop trying and start trusting, as I listened to every word, taking each step as He guided me, and holding on to the solid rock. If only the children of Israel had done the same, they would not have died in the wilderness. Into the Promised Land they would have gone, and victory would have been theirs, and God would have blessed them.

Looking up, I could see the top within view. Stepping forward carefully, I quickly covered the distance. Once upon the top, I scanned the entire area from my lofty overlook. It is so wonderful to be up here. I felt a lifting of my spirit. I felt then as Elijah the crow must have felt, as he spread his wings and soared higher, looking down on the desert canyon below. Looking back down the way I had climbed, **the Lord said, “Never go back down that way. Never turn back. Those who turn back, I have no pleasure in them. You must never turn back.”**

Looking ahead, I saw the stones I had placed in order upon my altar in 1999, standing out in silhouette against the sky. As I looked at the altar, I remembered the events that happened here that changed my entire life. Recalling the words, the Lord had said to me, I was touched in my Spirit, and began to worship Him.

MY HOLY GROUND

I walked around the bottom of the small incline leading up to the Alter [I had built during my God Encounter in 1999]; I saw again a small natural rock seat [upon which I had sit down before climbing to the altar in 99], I sat down again. Looking down at the ground, I began to weep for joy over all that God had done in

my life. I thought **this truly is Holy Ground**, for it was here that the Lord so wonderfully spoke to me. Reaching down, I pulled off my shoes and socks, remember back that I had done so in my God Encounter]. The air was cold, and the ground was freezing, but I continued. Taking up a handful of dirt, I poured it over my head, as before and then I buried my face in my dirty hands and said: **“Lord, I’m here to worship you. I am not worthy to even lift up my eyes unto You, for You are the Almighty God of heaven and earth.”** Humbling myself, I crawled through the rock up to the altar. Once at the altar, I kneeled and prayed. “Thank you, Lord! I praise you, Lord for your wonderful grace and mercy.”

The wind had a hard bite on my cold bare feet. Drawing the coat securely about my face, I worshiped Him. He spoke again, **“Are you ready now to leave this desert? Go back to town and I will show you what to do.”** Hurriedly, I returned down to the small seat and put my shoes back on; walked back along the old trail I had used before many times. The trail led to the trailer, then on back down into the canyon to where my truck was parked.

I drove back up to the trailer, and I felt a feeling of finality to the stone and sculpture business, that had consumed my life for so many years. **I knew it was ending. As I walked away from the stone, I was walking into the blessed footsteps of the Precious Stone, Jesus.** I thought of what Paul said, **“This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”**

I closed the trailer and locked all the doors securely. I felt a sadness to be leaving my desert hideaway. Lord, can I come back here, I prayed? **“Yes,” He said, “you may come here but not for the same reason as before, to pursue a career in art and sculpting, but only to seek and pursue me, the preaching of my gospel.**

My heart was so glad when I heard Him say this, for I love my desert hiding place, away from the busy world. This place is so quiet and peaceful, this is my Bethel. It was my place where the Lord brought me to, then revealed his marvelous grace and loving kindness. Forever, it will be my special place.

Jesus had a special place. Many times, He would depart from the multitudes, and go out into the desert alone. There, He talked to His Father and rested. This desert would continue to be my special place. My heart was filled with joy as I drove away, knowing I would be allowed to return again sometime soon to my holy ground, but I was changed forever.

THE END