

The inspiring testimony of two people who dared to sell out for Jesus and follow His steps around the world with a compassionate commission to share Jesus with everyone they meet.

**HERE IS THE TRUE STORY
OF THE HUGHEYS, WARTS
AND ALL, AS TOLD BY THEIR
GOOD FRIEND, JIM NESBIT.**

HOW... Could a 5 minute encounter on the streets of Jerusalem in March, 1967, change 2 lives forever?

HOW... Could one possibly live in darkness 31 years and change overnight?

WHY... Would a 31 year old man, with a 13 year successful career in industry, walk away from it and never return?

WHY... Would 2 people travel to 63 countries, including India 12 times and Israel 23 times?

WHY... Would a woman, who felt unloved, stick it out for 13 years ?

WHY... Would a family in a successful ministry, walk away and spend 5 months studying and praying?



Bob and Peggy

About the Author:

Jim Nesbit is a former pharmacist turned college professor who has traveled to India with the Hugheys three times. He and his wife, Melissa, and sons, Jacob and Jared, worked a few years in China as teachers of English and the Good News. They now reside in Georgia.

**A Lifestyle
of LIGHT**

Nesbit

A Lifestyle of LIGHT

**The testimony of Bob & Peggy Hughey
as told by James M. Nesbit, PhD**

You can use the contents to
navigate through the book.

CONTENTS

Introduction: A Peculiar Couple of People.....	1
1 Just as I Am	9
Afterword: A Pile of Grace	17
2 Bob's Flesh Stinketh.....	19
3 Are You Hearing?	34
4 Changes-It's Better Together	43
Afterword: Plan A	58
5 Growth from the Inside — Inner Heart Surgery	65
Afterword: Hungering and Thirsting.....	81
6 Radically Abandoned	84
Afterword: Salt and Light.....	93
7 Moving Right Along	99
8 The Wake Up Call	103
9 Threatening the Institution.....	112
10 Free, Free, Free	118
Afterword: The Bottom Line	125
11 Koinonia Days	126
Afterword: Christian Music Scene	153
12 Flexible and Available	155
13 Servants of the Most High	167
14 Following Jesus	198
15 We'll Never Be the Same Again.....	217
Afterword: The Call on the Body.....	220
16 Paths of Righteousness.....	222
Afterword: America vs. India.....	252
17 But, How Do You Live?.....	267
18 The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy	291
19 Their Adventures Continue.....	310
Afterword: Things I Hear in Love	321
20 Redeeming the Time	325
21 Freedom in Liberty.....	339
Afterword: The Jesus Life	352
22 Beginning Again.....	355
Reader Responses	369

A Lifestyle

of

LIGHT

A LIFESTYLE OF LIGHT

by

James M. Nesbit

AFTERWORD

quotations from

Bob Hughey

Published by
Robert N. Hughey
James M. Nesbit

A LIFESTYLE OF LIGHT

Copyright ©1996, Robert Hughey and James Nesbit
Second Edition 1999, Third edition 2005

Published by Robert Hughey
 1152 Wheatfield Dr.
 Lascassas, TN 37085
 Phone (615) 217-7306

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system without permission in writing from Robert Hughey.

All quotations from the Bible, unless otherwise noted, are taken from the New American Standard Bible. Copyright © 1960, 1962, 1963, 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1975, 1977 by The Lockman Foundation.

Paraphrased Scriptures are preceded by the word “see” with the verse following.

The sections of the book titled “Afterword” contain material quoted from cassette tapes of Bob Hughey’s teachings.

Some names have been deliberately changed or abbreviated to protect the identities of people referred to in this book.

Front cover photo: Sea of Galilee, 1978, Bob Hughey

Book layout by David W. Shelton

Library of Congress Catalog Number: 96-95031

ISBN: 0-9654294-2-3

Printed in the United States of America

This book is dedicated to the most important people in my life:

Jesus Christ, without whom there would be no purpose for this book or, for that matter, life itself.

Melissa, my wife and my editor, and the best Number Two a man could ask for.

Jake and Jared, my sons. As a father, I have gained a new perspective of how God sees me as His child.

Bob and Peggy Hughey. I don't know if it's proper to dedicate a book to one's subjects, but if it were ever appropriate, it is now.

Many, O Lord my God,
are the wonders you have done.
The things you planned for us
no one can recount to you;
were I to speak and tell of them,
they would be too many to declare.

—Psalm 40:5, NIV

I N T R O D U C T I O N

A PECULIAR COUPLE OF PEOPLE

Bob and Peggy Hughey are two people we need. They are very unusual people, freelance people in the Lord, who try as nearly anybody I know to follow where God calls them and to be free to go wherever God calls them. I urge you in the name of the Lord to open wide your hearts to hear what God is saying to us through what has happened through Bob and Peggy.

—Don Finto, Belmont Church
Nashville, TN, Feb. 2, 1986

Jesus Christ is many things to many people, but whether you are a follower of Him or not, your life has been impacted by His life. Whether one likes it or not, Jesus has left His unmistakable and indelible fingerprint on every soul in this world.

That is why this story must begin, first and foremost, with His name as the preeminent and primary Word, for without Him, the purpose of this book could never be brought forth with any believability, nor in fact, could the events described herein ever have happened at all. This may be, then, the strangest way of writing a biography, for it is not to point to or give glory or amazement to the lives of Bob and Peggy Hughey. It is, rather, to proclaim the life of Jesus that has been demonstrated through two instruments of humanity.

This book has been written to give hope to the struggling believer. It is to focus in on the fact that Jesus really *does* change lives. It is not just an idealistic way of life or a boring style of religious motions that pertains only to Sundays. It is, in one word, *reality*.

This book is also for the unbeliever, the skeptic, or the religious “dropout,” who has either been turned off, rejected, or simply burned out by one of the stony, shaky, and often hypocritical religious systems of the world.

One could debate theology for hours, each coming to his or her own conclusion while never touching on the truth. This story cuts through debate, argument, or contradicting philosophies. It speaks only of the change and power that occur when two childlike people take God at His Word and let His presence happen in their lives. To

A Lifestyle Of Light

the unbeliever I would say, doctrine has never convinced you of the Lordship of Jesus, but changed lives can. Read this book and know it is true.

Bob and Peggy Hughey are such an extraordinary couple that it only seems fitting to document the facts and stories surrounding their lives that have molded them into the wonderful people they are. Even the most average sort of people have things to tell—times of overcoming, places of courage, unique happenings—that qualify them for a special place in history. Is it only the rich and famous who are allowed to tell about those times in which they have danced around troubles and fears or beaten the odds, and to donate their talents or experiences into the diary of current events?

The question is an answer unto itself because even the most mundane life ever lived is a chronicle, a story, that is bound to ignite memories, stir emotions, and even teach a lesson or two to its reader. It is with that idea in mind that we turn the television spotlights off, turn our backs on the laser shows and take our eyes off the best-seller list. This will strip away all the glitter and gold, wash away all pretense and embellishments, and through letters of black and pages of white see the colors of life as we see the book of Acts being continued as revealed through the lives of two people who believe that Jesus is who He said He was.

It was in 1985, March I believe, when I was first introduced to Bob Hughey. I can be quite candid of my first reaction, for it not only revealed my frustrated place of intellectual immaturity, but in retrospect, now that I have been born again from above, it reflects the actual purity of the one I encountered, even though I was seeing through tainted eyes.

As I held a volume of *The Complete Works of Francis Schaeffer*, my Christian idol for that week, I was introduced to someone who was so blatantly different than I. The most obvious and outstanding imprint I have of that brief first meeting was Bob's smile. It sparked peace. It beamed with freedom. It had an ease about it that one only sees in a child. Secondly, his eyes. They pierced me with color and directness. As we spoke, his blue eyes never stopped looking me straight in the eye. They did not watch my mouth. They did not check me out and survey the rest of me. They penetrated my very being, not with inspection or coldness, but with concern and interest. They cared.

As we spoke, his "How are you?" did not clang with the thud of empty cliché. There seemed to be a silent preface of, "I really want to know...how ARE you?" He spoke, he listened; I was somebody, even though in passing. From the very beginning, Bob left the mark of Jesus in my soul.

Typically, Bob was wearing a flowery shirt with faded blue jeans. His curly hair, scraggly beard, and small frame left me with the impression not unlike a leprechaun.

A Peculiar Couple of People

Peggy too, with dark hair, interwoven with threads of silk-like, silver strands, came across with lamblike gentleness, this outward meekness merely being the result of inward strength and fervency. Her eyes were rays of Sonshine that warmed all who came in contact with her.

The first time I actually *listened* to Bob share, which was several weeks later at a Bible study, I was immediately startled to find myself in the presence of someone who spoke with an authority that I had never come in contact with before. All of a sudden I realized I was participating in what the first hearers of Jesus must have experienced because, like me, *“They were amazed at his teaching for His message was with authority”* (Luke 4:32), and *“He was teaching them as one having authority, and not as their scribes”* (or not as their teachers of the law) (Matthew 7:29). Their response to all of this was *“We have never seen anything like this!”* (Mark 2:12). This distinguishes a teaching as to whether it comes from man’s ingenuity and eloquence or from the power of God. That is the mark of Jesus.

This description of Bob’s teaching might sound like a groupie who automatically worships *anything* that comes out of the mouth of his cult master. But, I am a skeptic to the deepest degree and, being a pharmacist who sees thousands of prescriptions weekly, I was all too ready to detect the bad prescription, as I had seen so many on television as well as heard them on the radio on many occasions. You see, as an explorer looking for the city of gold after years of climbing mountains of church doctrines and religious ulterior motives in the prefabricated, sparkling, teeth-preaching of the late twentieth century, I was as a man who, centuries ago, sleepily stumbled upon the Grand Canyon for the first time. I realized that what I was hearing was fresh, unadulterated, and pure.

It was truth...and it was wonderful to my ears and to my heart. There were many clues which made it clear that what was being expressed was different from the norm. First was the fact that from the gleam of that weathered face came laughter, of all things...laughter! Bob Hughey laughed about his relationship with Jesus! He’d cackle with the most notorious, high-pitched chuckle about how Jesus delivered him from rude salesclerks, lousy drivers, and those ridiculous, petty traditions that had shackled him for years in church and from the Lord.

This joy I knew immediately as something foreign to my faith, as the God I knew was more of the tenured professor who was constantly stumping the class with deep philosophical questions while rarely giving any substantial answers. All the while, he enjoyed seeing me, his bumbling student, squirming from lack of knowledge, fearful that I was about to get my knuckles rapped for failing another quiz.

Second was the overall reaction to what was being spoken. There was no stereotypical swooning and wailing as if scripted for a camera. Moreover, the listeners were

A Lifestyle Of Light

not putty in the hands of a dictatorial orator, being manipulated by the overpowering personality of a glamorous presence with mesmerizing phrases and tones. In fact, just the opposite occurred. Instead of bringing attention to the speaker, these words generated devotion to God Himself. They pointed people to Jesus and created within the listeners an overwhelming desire to have the Jesus life for themselves, to experience the reality and practicality of Jesus filling their own lives, and to fulfill God's purposes in their everyday circumstances.

As Bob used the events of his own life and the corresponding paragraphs from the Bible, each individual partaking of the lesson shared was energized with the incredible hope that the life of Christ was for them! Light began to dawn—you didn't have to be a Greek scholar or have a Ph.D. in philosophy to know Jesus. Even more wonderful was the revelation that preachers, priests, and others in ecclesiastical positions were not the people God intends to use to get the work done, but rather *us*, the common, ordinary man, the guy in the street. Moreover, it's at the work place, while shopping at K-Mart, going up to the drive-in window at McDonald's, or sitting at a bus stop that the gospel of Jesus infiltrates the lives of a lost, hopeless, purposeless generation.

It was these things and more that made my mouth drop open with wonder as I watched and listened to Bob Hughey for the first time. He would take mega-theological words like "justification" and "sanctification" and distill them down to something useful in my daily walk. He even somehow turned many of the religious clichés into valuable pieces of equipment that caused me to actually *desire* them for my own life. I wanted to repent of the old, stale life I was in. I wanted to defrock myself of law and condemnation. I wanted to confess my sins and be able to look God in the eye and say, "Thank you Lord, I'm free, and You did it!" This was the result and reaction of the hearers of some major glad tidings from a man whom God had given a ton of grace.

Bob Hughey was at ease when he spoke of daily repentance and confession being the daily bread of his relationship with the Father. He could laugh sin in the face, not because it wasn't serious, but because he was forgiven! He was free!!! Free to be who he had been created to be. Therefore, he was also free to fellowship his Lord as his Father. Truly, after only a few meetings it was obvious that my suspicions about Bob being just another fake were to be melted by the fire of his joy and laughter. Not only that, but it dawned on me that I had been blessed to be in the same company with, truly, the most converted man I had ever met in my life. Because of that meeting, my life would never be the same again as what I touched in them was going to be contagious to me and hundreds of other open-hearted people all over the world. I had passed from the superficial and met reality.

It wasn't long after that first meeting that I dedicated myself to learning all about

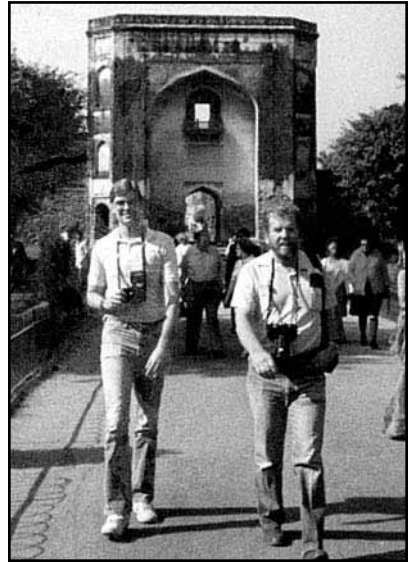
A Peculiar Couple of People

this man. Where did he come from? How did he get that way? How could anyone get that way? He wasn't an intellectual, yet one of his stories could change a person's life where a hundred books had failed. And what about his wife? She was so simple that she was mystical. I know that's a pretty spacey term, but the truth is that Peggy Hughey says more by being quiet than most teachers speak in their best moments, including Bob. Her "yes" was spoken as if it had galloped straight from heaven with God's approval, and her "no" cut through all rationalizing, justification, and excuse that one might use to grant privilege to an action that had all the right appearances yet was not born of the Spirit.

Physiologically speaking, Bob and Peggy function in the Body of Christ as enzymes, instigating and quickening the process of the formation and movement of the life of Christ in all the people they expose themselves to. Even the seemingly most mundane situation is catalyzed into a spiritual event as they faithfully entrust themselves to the Lord, walking in the Lord's footsteps and allowing themselves to be the heartbeat, or, the functioning sound of the love of the eternal God.

They turn every situation into a glittering advantage to share the hope of glory in Christ. Any and every conversation is an opportunity to show Jesus off to a security-seeking yet still uncomfortable lost world.

Anyone who has ever come in contact with Bob and Peggy would acknowledge that the Hugheys did not treat him or her as a target to be blown away with the cheap gun of gloom and damnation or as a number to be notched up on some sort of Christian belt of an egotist. Instead, every individual the Hugheys meet becomes a chance, that is to say, a blessed opportunity to fill that person up with a refreshing breath of Godlike grace, each word dripping with care, and the desire to give something, be it hope, faith, or love. It always points to life, be it in a taxicab in New Delhi or on a plane to New York City, be it in a fast food restaurant or in the parking lot of a shopping center; the feelings are the same, the message clear, Jesus loves and so do we.



*Jim Nesbit & Bob Hughey
on the streets of Delhi*

When I was asked to write the story of these two incredible people, I knew right off

A Lifestyle Of Light

it would be a difficult project requiring a lot of effort on my part and consuming a major chunk of my schedule. However, there was never any doubt in my mind that I was the one God was calling to this task.

I knew that a typical biography of this strange pair would never capture the essence of what they are really like in person. I spent nearly one year praying and seeking God as to exactly how I should go about writing this book in such a way that the reader would actually come to *know* Bob and Peggy rather than know about them. And hopefully, by reading about where the Hugheys have been and what the Lord has brought them through, the reader can better understand them, because in this day and age of religious impostors, farcical money ministries, and warmed over wastelands still calling themselves churches, Bob and Peggy are an anomaly, and might even come across as somewhat strange. Yet, perhaps, it is Bob and Peggy who provide a modern example of what God wants to do with *us* in this time in history.

What developed, then, was a weaving of a “devotional” biography where, intermingled within the frame of the story are practical words and teachings expressing what Bob and Peggy have learned from their experiences, and they are exactly what a person would hear if listening to them share face-to-face. In this way, the *essence* of what Bob and Peggy are all about is able to be communicated in the living color of the written word.

The Bible, in describing Jesus, says that “the Word became flesh” (John 1:14). My task was to describe the lives of Bob and Peggy so that their flesh could become my words. Hunger cannot be satisfied by describing the taste and aroma of a banquet. Likewise, the English language is but a cage allowing one to peer into but never quite touch the heart of an individual. Anyone who knows Bob and Peggy Hughey would be the first to understand this dilemma, and they, like me, would acknowledge that one must experience the Hugheys in real life for, since they are not people of words, no words can contain them.

In a sense, I now can appreciate in a far greater way what the early disciples went through in trying to write about Jesus. How can printed words even come close to holding the weight of the eternal within their boundaries? This may explain why many have read the words of the Bible without extracting the *life* the words point toward. However, God has given us His Holy Spirit to draw out from the words the very substance, reality itself. I, therefore, wrote this book with the guidance of the Holy Spirit so that the word pictures that I as a writer painted could be engraved on the hearts of men.

I was fortunate to have many resources to bring the whole story together. The first thing I did was to take hundreds of hours of cassette tapes Bob and Peggy had recorded at various seminars, church meetings, house groups, and Bible studies, and

A PECULIAR COUPLE OF PEOPLE

listen to each one, extracting the valuable descriptions, stories, and teachings that fully paint the picture of just who Bob and Peggy are. I then combined the notes from these tapes with hundreds of pages of written notes Bob and Peggy had made themselves during their two round-the-world trips. All of these resources, combined with my memories of this couple, became the pieces of fabric I started using to sew together the complete picture. I had many shreds of great stories, but the hard part was piecing them all together to make a beautiful quilt that, when finished, tied everything together into a complete perspective.

The result was a combination of pure facts about the Hugheys lives as well as living portions of the lessons they have learned along the way. This book leans very heavily on the actual words and teachings Bob and Peggy speak every day. This is because the best way to get to know Bob and Peggy is to be exposed to what they teach, for in their teachings is their life.

My biggest problem in this whole affair was not what I should include, but rather what I should leave out. The reader should be advised that this book does not tell the whole story, for if everything were told, there might just be more *life* than some people could handle. This book is, instead, sort of a photo album, using words to tell the world those many bits and pieces of what the Hugheys have gone through, so that the rest of us can have a clearer picture of what it means to walk with Jesus.

Ultimately, this book is about God and *His* faithfulness with Bob and Peggy Hughey thrown in for good measure. And, if nothing else, this book was written for me. For as I went through story after story of God's abundant provision for the Hugheys, my faith was revitalized, changed and jump-started into a fresh plane of vitality. You could say that by writing this book I was "born again, all over again" as I was reawakened to the hope of participating in God's vision for my own life.

Even though this story centers mostly around Bob Hughey, as you read between the lines you will find that it is Peggy who is the real main character. It is her perseverance and faith in Jesus that is the vital element to Bob becoming the ambassador of reality that God has formed him into as he and Peggy minister throughout the world today. And, although Bob is the speaker, getting the attention and causing the greatest stirring amongst the crowds, Peggy is the key to Bob, and Jesus is the key to Bob and Peggy Hughey.

For every well-made sculpture, there comes before it a massive amount of scraping, chiseling, refining and molding. That was the case with Saul of Tarsus, and it has been the same with Bob and Peggy Hughey. For as wonderful, exciting, miraculous, and light-filled as their lives are today, only a few years ago, they were burdened with darkness, oppression, demeaning attitudes, and death. Yet the product that came

A Lifestyle Of Light

through the furnace of fear and doubt are two clay pots that hold a very precious treasure—a gold mine from God to them, and fortunately and ultimately, from them to you and me.

Blind to all possible dangers,
Disregarding all personal safety,
Ignoring the odds against them,
Dropping the word 'sacrifice' from their vocabulary,
Requiring no crutches,
Being totally abandoned to a life of faith,
Intolerant of all sin in themselves,
and scorning the opinions of men.

—Author Unknown

These are words that would look wonderful on a plaque or would read well on a T-shirt, but let me tell you about two people who would rather walk it than wear it. . . Bob and Peggy Hughey.

CHAPTER 1

JUST AS I AM

For I also once was foolish myself, disobedient, deceived, enslaved to various lusts and pleasures, spending my life in malice and envy, hateful, and hating each other.

—Titus 3:3

And I was dead in my trespasses and sins, in which I formerly walked according to the course of this world...I used to live in the lusts of my flesh, indulging in the desires of my flesh and of my mind, and I was by nature a child of wrath.

—Ephesians 2:1-3

THAT WAS ME.

—Bob Hughey

Bob Hughey has been called everything from “a modern day Melchizedek,” to “a Resident John the Baptist,” “a troubler of Israel,” and “a fool for Christ.” Most people, once they have gotten to know him, recognize him as the richest man in the world, a man who lives daily what most people strive their whole lives for but rarely attain through all their human effort. Maybe, as one man put it, Bob is “one free dude!” Labels just don’t express what you come upon when you meet Bob face-to-face. One thing, though, when you’ve met Bob Hughey, there is no doubt that you have met a Jesus man. He may seem strange, but you know that you can believe what he says.

Any label, even if it is unique and eye-catching, can only graze the surface of who Bob Hughey is. Along with his quiet, yet steadfast anchor and wife Peggy, Bob lives a lifestyle that can only be captured in one word...servant. Bob and Peggy are servants who walk together as one with Jesus. They are servants who balance out the rest of the church in America. In teaching, ministering, or just listening, they operate in the greatest gift of all...the gift of laying down their lives so that others can touch and taste the reality of Jesus the Messiah in a messed up, darkened twentieth-century world. That is love. That is service. That is the bottom line. That is Jesus.

Robert Nolan Hughey (Bob) was born December 22, 1936, in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, at 605 Twenty-second Street, to Paul and Faye Hughey. Paul was a preacher who

A Lifestyle Of Light

moved around quite a bit as he was given preaching jobs at various little country churches. Before he came to Jesus, Paul had lived a wandering lifestyle, riding trains and going where the wind blew him. He was a heavy drinker, a bootlegger, and what was then referred to as a hobo. Paul had lied about his age to get into the army, but that was the least of his troubles as he was eventually tossed in the brig for bootlegging whiskey. In those days Paul couldn't afford liquor, so he would take varnish and strain it through bread to drink it, which eventually ruined his stomach. While still a young man, Paul, through his soon-to-be wife Faye, accepted Jesus as his Lord and had his life totally changed. From then to the day he died, he preached in small conservative Churches of Christ. Every church where Paul ministered flourished and prospered, with many people receiving Jesus.



Bob with parents and sister at Kuttawa, KY

As Bob grew up, Paul and Faye provided a Christian environment in their home; church was a regular part of Bob's life. Since his father was a preacher, every Sunday morning, Sunday night, and Wednesday evening was taken up with an activity called "going to church." In fact, any time a special gospel meeting took place, there the Hughey family would be. All of these opportunities for Bob to hear the word of God outwardly dictated his life; he openly called himself a Christian, but there was no life *in* Bob as he had no real relationship with Jesus.

To the casual observer, though, Bob was the epitome of an outstanding, young Christian man, saying and doing all the right things: be good, go to church, don't tell lies, don't smoke, don't gamble—all the outward rules and regulations that he was supposed to follow.

As a child, Bob would play church by gathering together grape juice and crackers to resemble communion. Then he would turn over a sand bucket and stand on it, pretending to be a song leader or preacher. What Bob did in fun as a child, he would later do seriously as an adult, that is, play church.

JUST AS I AM

It was during his high school days that Bob started slipping away from the truth and integrity his parents had brought him up with. Bob had been sent to live with an aunt and uncle in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, while Bob's dad took a preaching job in Kentucky. Although the reason Bob was to stay in Mt. Vernon was to better his education; what Bob learned was of the world. In reflecting back on those days, Bob now admits that it was not the best thing to have done. In fact, if you were to ask Bob about it, he would say that getting a good secular education is not a top priority with God, as peer pressure and ungodly influences erode the foundation and influence of the mother and father.

In order to please his high school friends, Bob joined with them in drinking and walking in darkness. Yes, Bob still went to church, but only out of guilt and habit. Guilt especially began to be a great motivator for Bob's spiritual life. After getting drunk, Bob would flop into bed and pray, asking God to not let him die that night. He would then promise never to do it again. That promise never held past the next night, as Bob would somehow figure a way to get fifty cents to buy some port wine so he and his friends could get drunk and repeat the cycle.

Despite the fact that there was no commitment to a real spiritual walk with Jesus, it was generally assumed that Bob would go to a Christian college after graduating from high school. The choice for Bob's higher education was Freed-Hardeman College in Henderson, Tennessee. "Freed" was considered to be one of the finest Church of Christ schools in the South.

Almost from the start, Bob got in with the wrong crowd at college. Eventually, Bob *became* the wrong crowd. If there had been a vote for "most likely to die and go to hell," Bob undoubtedly would have been the winner.

Bob's drinking habits did not stop as a result of going to a Christian college, so it was not surprising that he found friends who joined him in his drinking. To add to their "fun," Bob and his cohorts were always looking for ways to stir things up, especially around the dormitory. Whatever pranks they could think up, Bob and friends never hesitated to follow through. They were known to throw bedsprings from the third floor balcony of the dorm, or they would bomb people at the soft drink machine with water balloons. One of their favorite stunts was to hook up electric wires to the doorknob and shock anyone unfortunate enough to be entering the room. From tossing smoke bombs to smearing Vaseline on commode seats, Bob kept himself busy at school...but not with making good grades. Bob did not care about studying. He did not want to study. Bob was intent on enjoying his freedom and rebelling against all authority.

Back then, the school had a discipline committee which dealt with on-campus problems. Bob was to become very familiar with this committee, as his name was fre-

A Lifestyle Of Light

quently called out after chapel to go into a back room and meet with one of the teachers. It seemed that Bob and his buddies had a reputation for causing trouble; the school authorities were constantly reprimanding them for their unruly behavior.

Bob had no intention of following the rules and regulations of the college. He'd spent years toeing the line at home and at church. Now he was free to do what he wanted to do, and no one was going to stop him.

Finally, exasperated and frustrated, the college president called Bob into his office. Sternly, he asked Bob, "Robert, why can't you be like your dad was when he was here?"

Brashly, and with a bit of arrogance, Bob said, "Because my dad and I came here for two different reasons. He came to study and learn, but I came to have fun and do what I want."

And Bob did just that.

There were times, though, when Bob did think about what he wanted to do with his life. For one thing, Bob was tired of being poor, so he learned how to get money any way he could. On campus, Bob gained the reputation of "doing anything for money." This reputation was justified as sometimes if his mother or aunt sent him cookies or a tie or toothpaste, Bob would sell it off as merchandise just to have the money for himself. Bob had it in his mind that after college he would go into business and make a lot of money, for, as he figured it, life revolved around having the big bucks, and he was going to pursue those riches no matter what it took.

Now those of you who have been to college know what dormitory life is like. There is a never-ending congregation of young men boasting about how much money they have, or whose car is sharper or faster, and of course...which girl is the prettiest...and most importantly, which girl might be available.

On one particular evening, Bob and his buddies were lounging around the dorm talking. As could be predicted, the conversation shifted to girls. One of the young men spoke up and said, "Any of you guys know Peggy McLemore?" This caught Bob's attention as the other young man continued, "There is something *really* different about her."

Well, Bob, having made the same assessment, entered the conversation. "Yeah, I've noticed that same thing, but what is it?"

The other boy responded, "Well, I'm not sure, but one thing I do know, *I can't kiss her!*"

This was the only catalyst Bob needed to pursue this mystery girl with the tantalizing, peroxidized bangs.

"Man, who is she?" Bob exclaimed. "If she has two lips, then I can kiss her!"

All the other guys agreed that Peggy did have two lips, so Bob, propelled by this

JUST AS I AM

exciting new challenge, boldly said, "I'll bet you a quarter that I can kiss her the first time I'm with her!"

Peggy Joyce McLemore was born on January 28, 1935, in Lauderdale County, Alabama, to Frank and Lola McLemore. As with most rural families during the Depression, the McLemores fought sickness, despair, and poverty. Peggy's dad did everything from sharecropping to book-keeping, and all sorts of other odd jobs to try to make ends meet. The McLemores always went to church; from an early age, Peggy began to cultivate her faith and relationship with Jesus. Her relationship with Jesus, though, stemmed from her heart; it was not just an outward appearance.

The family moved to Louisville, Kentucky, by the time Peggy was six years old, mainly due to better job opportunities in that area, and it was in Louisville that Peggy grew up. Those days in Kentucky were pleasant for Peggy, but when it was time for her to go to college, Freed-Hardeman in Tennessee, the best Church of Christ school in the South, was the choice.

Peggy loved college, both at Freed-Hardeman and later at Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas. She made lots of friends and found the whole campus atmosphere to be just like home, one big, happy family. Peggy and her friends had lots of fun, but it was always good, clean fun. That was what life was to Peggy, a time for enjoyment and getting the most out of what God had planned for her.

Maybe it was because acting helped to cover up her natural shyness, or maybe it was the thrill of being "somebody," but Peggy loved acting. Although Peggy was majoring in elementary education, her lifelong dream was to be an actress. At Harding College Peggy had secured one of the lead roles in Shakespeare's play *A Midsummer*



Peggy McLemore age 6

A Lifestyle Of Light

Night's Dream.

God was not wanting to pop Peggy's bubble, but He was wanting to show her something valuable that would last longer than any of Shakespeare's plays. Though she had worked diligently at perfecting her part, Peggy's enthusiasm for acting did not always carry over to her friends. When opening night came and not one of her close friends came to see her in the play, Peggy was devastated.

However, it did not take long for her to realize that there must be more to life than acting in a play. Even at a young age, Peggy was discovering how to get out of life what God wanted her to learn.

As with most things with young Bob Hughey, he had an ulterior motive for wanting to go on a date with Peggy. Not only might he snag the most intriguing girl on campus but, since he wasn't on a full scholarship and was living on approximately three dollars a week, Bob really needed the money from the bet he had made with his roommates! Besides, there was something about her...Bob couldn't quite put his finger on it...but he saw something in her that he had never seen in anyone else which kept drawing him near her. One thing was certain, Bob was most attracted to her.

Details of exactly how Bob finagled a date with Peggy are sketchy and probably best buried in the sands of history, but it seems that either math class or the line in the cafeteria was where the deal was struck.

To end any speculation at this point, let it be known that Bob did not kiss Peggy on that first date...though he tried. Oh, how he tried! He tried everything he knew from every book and piece of advice or technique that had been devised for such purposes, all with no success. In desperation, Bob even attempted the old army tank method of just running right over her only to hit another ego-smashing, unmovable, brick wall and more failure.

Despite the fact that Bob really did need the money, the fact of the matter was that he couldn't kiss this girl because she would not let him. This resistance unnerved and even slightly angered Bob, for he was used to getting what he wanted no matter what it took to get it. That night he found out that this girl truly *was* different, and it would be that difference that opened the door for many new things to come into Bob's life.

As he made his way back to the dormitory that evening, the only thing Bob really felt was shock. It wasn't a physical shock, but rather something that had shaken his inner being. For in that small, thin, and somewhat timid girl with the round face, Bob had touched something much bigger, stronger and weightier than all of his persuasiveness and ability to manipulate put together.

Still in a bit of a stunned state, Bob made his way into his room where he lay on

JUST AS I AM

his bed, his mind still pondering and puzzling over the night's events, for he knew this encounter had meant something deeply valuable. Certainly the loss of twenty-five cents was incomparable to the rich lesson he had learned. As he thought to himself, a word came to his mind about Peggy. It was about that strange something which she possessed that he had run head-on into. There still was no exact word to define what she had, yet Bob realized in the deepest part of his heart that "she's got something I'm going to need later in my life."

This mysterious something lodged in the center of Peggy's heart that so pierced the life of Bob Hughey was the most wonderful and simple thing anyone could ask for or dream up in their wildest imagination. It was "Christ in [her], the hope of glory" (Colossians 1:27).

Later in life, maybe, Bob would understand this "mysterious something," but not right now, for Bob continued to pursue the building up of his own kingdom, dreams, and goals...as well as chasing Peggy McLemore.

During their time at college, Bob and Peggy wound up having a lot of fun together. Some people thought the two of them made for a mismatched couple, but Peggy thought Bob was just a fun-loving guy whose company she quite enjoyed. They would play tennis or go roller skating or just spend time talking to each other—all the things one could do without spending money. Obviously, Bob and Peggy did not go out on the town very often, but they sure did have a great time being with each other, and that was all that mattered to them.

Bob was a real "go-getter." Whatever he set his sights on, he went after it with everything in him. So, like most everything else Bob set his mind on, he wound up getting Peggy as she agreed to marry him.

Bob was still a minor, only nineteen years old, so he had to get his parents' permission to marry Peggy. He also had one semester of school to finish before he graduated. In the meantime, Peggy had already graduated, was living in Louisville, Kentucky, with her parents, and working.

Bob's parents, especially his mother, Faye, thought Bob was rushing things a bit too fast; they drove down from Illinois to try to talk their son out of getting married. Instead, as they spoke with him and realized his commitment to Peggy, they drove him to Louisville to get the marriage license and find a church.

Once they reached Louisville, they found out there was a three-day waiting period after the marriage license was issued, so Bob with his parents and Peggy with her family drove just over the border into Indiana. They located the nearest Church of Christ building, and with Paul Hughey officiating, Bob and Peggy were married, April 7, 1956.

Bob continued to hoist himself up the infinite ladder of the American dream, doing all the nice, right things he felt were required of him as a normal, religious person.

A Lifestyle Of Light

The pattern was already being set: he graduated with a mathematics degree from Freed-Hardeman, got a job in industry, and yes, sat in church three times a week with his heart a million miles away from God.



Bob & Peggy, newlyweds - 1956

A PILE OF GRACE

My heart was intent on evil. My heart was full of selfishness. I was intent on one *thing*, and that was to build *my* kingdom, and I'd use you, I'd run over you, "in love," to get done what I wanted to do. I was given tickets in every state that I ever drove in for speeding and for reckless driving. I would race whether there was anything to race or not. I rebelled against authority everywhere all of my life.

I used to think that God didn't want me to have any fun. I thought that God was an angry, old man up there bored to death, and He wanted us to be bored to death with Him. That's why I was out getting drunk, reading pornography and all that other evil stuff. I had a lot of fellowship in my flesh, and it was dead. Then I found out the truth that God wants me to be totally and completely fulfilled, that He's paid the price for it, and that it's in Jesus.

People ask me, "Why do you always go back to 'Jesus Loves You' all the time?"

Because that's the bottom line. You don't get any deeper than that.

Jesus took the rap for me. Man, I deserve solitary confinement in a prison cell in Calcutta, India, in this life and the chains of hell for eternity, but Jesus took the rap for me. He did it for *me*. That's good news. Anybody who loves me enough to die for me and pay the price of sin for me won't ever rip me off. That's real love; that's great love.

Jesus had never gotten drunk like I did, never rebelled against the law of the land like I did. Yet He paid the price for me. Anyone who would do that for me will not lie to me; He will not rip me off. In fact, He wants me to be fulfilled *more* than I want to be fulfilled.

People say, "If I can just get a bigger car, I'll be fulfilled." So, they get a bigger car and in a month they want another bigger car. It's the same with sex, houses, TV, mates, careers—and all the while Jesus says, "Seek the kingdom" instead of a career. You can't get enough careers or degrees to be satisfied.

Everything that I could get my hands on, I'd drive it flat out as fast as it could go. I'd race anybody or anything. I did 120 mph on cars and motorcycles, over 100 mph in speedboats. I used to go in open cockpit planes and do stunt flying while I was drunk. But I never found satisfaction or life.

Even after coming to the Lord, some people think, "If I can only get the biggest church going, then I'll have life. If I can only get the biggest TV ministry... If I can

A Lifestyle Of Light

only get more teaching tapes out . . ." There's no life in that either.

God knows that we need fulfillment and excitement in our lives; that's why He has an exciting life for us. So many people today are into stock car racing and all of these wild, exciting things. The only problem is that all of these things are artificial, a counterfeit for what God wants to do in our relationship with Him. That's where the excitement is!

But when the kindness of God our Savior and His love for mankind [me] appeared, He saved us [me], not on the basis of deeds which we [I] have done . . . but according to His mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewing by the Holy Spirit, whom He poured out upon us [me] richly through Jesus Christ my Savior, that being justified by His grace we [I] might be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

—Titus 3:4-7

But God, being rich in mercy, because of His great love with which He loved us [me], even when we were

[I was] dead in our [my] transgressions, made us [me] alive together with Christ (by grace you [I] have been saved).

—Ephesians 2:4-5

THIS IS ME NOW!!!

C H A P T E R 2

BOB'S FLESH STINKETH

Through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God.

—Acts 14:22

In the same way, you wives, be submissive to your own husbands so that even if any of them are disobedient to the word, they may be won without a word by the behavior of their wives, as they observe your chaste and respectful behavior. And let not your adornment be merely external—braiding the hair, and wearing gold jewelry, or putting on dresses; but let it be the hidden person of the heart, with the imperishable quality of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is precious in the sight of God.

—1 Peter 3:1-4

Peggy had committed herself at an early age to stand and trust in the Lord. As a young girl, she had often dreamed about what kind of woman she would be when she grew up. Most of her friends spoke about hairdos, lipstick, and perfume and how “fun” it would be to grow up.

“As a teenager, I realized that I was soon going to be an adult, and there seemed to be two directions that could be taken. One way was to go toward glamour, make-up, and fashion. The other way, which *seems* drab to the world, was the way of faith and trust and being the person God wanted me to be. There came a day when I made the decision that it was better for me to live a simple life and be a Godly woman than to seek glory from the world.”

Although most women do not think about it, the truth is, they *do* have a choice. A woman can go the way of the world, looking like the world, acting like the world, living like the world, and dying like the world, *or* she can go the way of God, looking like God wants her to look and being what God wants her to be. Peggy McLemore chose the way of God, and that choice impacted every other decision she was to make for the rest of her life. Though many circumstances would challenge her commitment, Peggy knew that if she was really going to find satisfaction for herself, come life or come death, she would have to stick it out with the Lord.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Before she ever met Bob Hughey, Peggy had already decided in her heart the criteria she would uphold for the man she would marry. Size and shape were secondary, tastes in clothes and movies didn't even rate, even looks were not the priority that would help her decide who to marry. Moreover, there was no physical characteristic that could lure her and be the deciding factor in a decision so life-changing. To Peggy, it was clear and reasonable, and she'd known it for a long time, that she only wanted to marry a man for whom she would be willing to die.

Little did she know that death comes in many forms, even in this life. Soon she would be tested by her own goal as she would be called to count it all joy as she died to her visions, her hopes and dreams, even her very existence. It's been said that flowers radiate such beauty in the springtime because they suffer so much during the winter. Peggy would soon feel the cold touch of winter.

As with most things, the death crept in gradually and subtly, for in recollection, Peggy can speak fondly of those first few years of marriage to Bob, for she truly loved her new husband, and he loved her wholeheartedly. Bob finished his last term of school, and after graduation they moved back to Illinois to settle down and try to find some sort of employment in the area.

Things were pretty tough financially as they moved to Aurora, Illinois. They lived in a small basement apartment on Liberty Street where they had to scrape up \$80 a month for rent. This was hard, because on top of having no money to begin with, neither Bob nor Peggy had jobs, and Peggy was still trying to pay off money borrowed for school loans. The few dollars that came their way were quickly eaten up, literally. The apartment was so small that they had to go outside of it to go to the bathroom or take a shower. The place did not even have a real bedroom.

Therefore, when they heard that Stephens-Adamson, the nearby factory, was accepting applications, both Bob and Peggy rushed over to apply.

Ironically, it was Peggy the company immediately wanted to hire, so in order to ensure her employment, they hired Bob as well, almost as a tag along.

This might be the place where things initially began to crumble. As time passed, Bob showed an increasing aptitude and efficiency in his work, so much so, that the company gave him a major project which, to their way of thinking, would take months to finish, if not an entire year. Taking inventory of the number of sizes of pulleys ordered from various suppliers would seem a tedious, painstaking job for this fledgling paper-pusher, but Bob began to show his high-gear, hard-driving nature by finishing this project in a matter of a few weeks.

Surprised at the speed and accuracy of this new upstart, Bob was given increased responsibilities in his department.

Bob found favor at his new job and became more consumed with his duties; he

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

worked hard, but he certainly was not a workaholic, at least not in the beginning. As time passed though, Bob began finding his “fun” at the office. Even Bob’s spare time on weekends began to be eaten doing things with “the boys.” Increasingly, Bob’s job and the people with whom he worked became the centerpiece of his life and enjoyment. And, as Bob found himself spending more time at work, his time with Peggy gradually diminished.

Too much of the world was seeping in, and the more it did, it seemed the more Bob’s love toward Peggy was dwindling. Disillusionment began creeping in as Peggy realized the fairy tale fantasy of “if you marry a Christian, you’ll live happily ever after” certainly did not pertain to her marriage.

This meant that Bob, more and more, found his satisfaction from the praise and compliments from his bosses and the relationships he was building with all of his buddies and co-workers. At home, he kept telling Peggy “I love you,” but it was becoming evident that now he only wanted to use her, and the difference between *use* and *abuse* may at times be only the matter of spelling. Now, instead of a companion, helper, and mate, Bob began seeing Peggy merely as a thing for him to take advantage of and manipulate. He wanted her to keep the house clean, cook for him, meet his sexual needs, and then stay out of his way while he did his own thing. Bob wanted service out of Peggy, and he felt as long as he brought home the paycheck, she owed it to him.

Besides, as Bob looked around at other young women, Peggy didn’t seem to hold up in the comparison. Everywhere Bob’s eyes scanned, the others just looked better than Peggy. They acted better than Peggy. Peggy’s hair and face were not anywhere near as nice as what Bob saw in other places. As Bob moved up the ranks in position and prominence at his job, he became even more demanding and critical of Peggy’s performance at home.

At this point, although things were beginning to slip little by little, Bob and Peggy’s relationship was still chugging along pretty well, maybe even better than average. This was probably because they were both still young, and the wear and tear of life had not struck any major nerves.

Long before Peggy had come into his life, Bob had found great pleasure in cars; he saw cars as symbols of wealth and success. He marveled at them and always dreamed of “making it” so that he too could show off his affluence to everybody else. In 1957, a year after he and Peggy had been married, Bob was able to order a brand new Corvette from the factory. This automobile was a dream come true because it came loaded...but so were the payments which amounted to \$121 a month. At the time, Bob and Peggy together were making \$450 a month.

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob & Peggy in 1957 Corvette

Ironically, though Bob would not allow Peggy to drive the car, get a driver's license, or even put her name on the bank account, Peggy was the one of legal age to own a car. When they went into debt to buy the Corvette, she signed the papers!

There it was in all of its glory... custom wheels, chrome exhaust, leather seats, and all the other extras. At last Bob would be known as the guy with the fancy new car. It did not take long for Bob to be driving like a maniac everywhere he went. Bob was so into his car because he truly believed that he was what he drove.

Bob was not into children or into being a father because of the selfishness in his heart. Bob lived for money; making more money to get even richer and buying even more cars ruled everything he did. Needless to say, a new son just did not fit into Bob's plans. But in a strange twist of God's will, the very week Bob got his beloved Corvette, Nolan David Hughey was conceived.

When Peggy got pregnant with Nolan, Bob was insisting on using contraception to prevent any such disaster. But neither rebellion nor birth control can prevent the Almighty from having His hand on our lives. The more pressure Bob put on Peggy, the more God moved in on Bob by bringing about events that drove him up the wall.

Bob did not want a son, he did not ask for a son, and he had no use for a son. A baby in the family was more than an inconvenience, it was an invasion. Just the presence of another person meant that Bob's selfish, little world was under infiltration and attack. The first casualty was Bob's precious Corvette. Peggy had to quit her job, so there was no more money for the expensive monthly payments. As a result, before Nolan was ever born, Bob harbored some antagonistic feelings toward him. When

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

Nolan was born, January 16, 1958, his mere presence stirred up even more turmoil in Bob. And, as Nolan grew, a mutual antagonism developed between the two of them, for Nolan became a competitor for Peggy's attention, and Bob would ultimately have none of that.

One incident Bob tells about that best exemplifies his feelings toward Nolan happened in a motel room in Alabama when Nolan was eight or nine years old. It seemed that, once again, Nolan had done *something* to anger his father (this was a common occurrence), which resulted in Bob trying to punish Nolan. As he tried to escape his father's fuming wrath, Nolan found himself cornered in the bedroom. Bob realized that he had Nolan right where he wanted him, so without hesitation, he swung his leg out with the intention of kicking Nolan with a fierce, unbridled blow to his body. At the last second, Nolan was able to dodge out of the way, resulting in Bob striking his own foot on the frame of the bed with the same crushing force that was intended for his son. Bob ended up with a broken toe, but while his toe would soon heal, Bob's relationship with his wife and child was fracturing at an enormous speed.

Other events similar to this one seemed to happen over and over between Nolan and Bob. Bob did not like putting up with children, so he tried to make Nolan act as an adult rather than letting him be a little boy. Often, after punishing Nolan for some trivial act, Bob would think to himself, "I'll be glad when you grow up!" One thing was certain, Nolan was just another object for Bob to vent his anger upon, and Bob punished his son much too much. Many friends from church noticed Bob's harsh treatment of Nolan. One deacon in the church even told Bob, "You're much too hard on Nolan."

What other people thought about it did not matter to Bob, for if anything went wrong, he was always quick to blame it on Nolan, that is if Bob had not blamed Peggy for it first.

Bob could barely put up with the annoyance of having a child around the house. Soon he began working late, drinking with the people at work, and delving deeper and deeper into the pit of the world's system.

There was a second and probably even more significant event that happened to the Hughey household which added heat to an already simmering situation that would soon bring things to the boiling point, and that was Bob's promotion and the Hughey family's subsequent move to Clarksdale, Mississippi.

When Bob started working for Stephens-Adamson, he was earning \$2,800 a year. After four years of moving up through the ranks of the company, Bob asked for a transfer to the new plant in Clarksdale, Mississippi. It was not that Bob did not like his job in Illinois, but that he was getting tired of the cold Illinois winters.

Although Bob and Peggy had tried for the longest time to make the best of things

A Lifestyle Of Light

by getting involved in winter activities such as ice skating or sledding, those minus-twenty-degree days were just too cold. Bob went to the vice-president's office and asked for the transfer.

The company agreed to move the Hughey family down south, but with a catch. They told Bob, "Down there, you are going to be a big shot, and we want you to live like a big shot in town. We want you to live 'right' down there. You will be a leader in the community. Figure out what it will take for you to get a new house, and the company will cover it. You can pay us back however you want to."

Bob became the production manager of the Mississippi plant in 1960, where he would work for the next eight and a half years. Clarksdale was a sleepy little southern city with the typical iced tea middle-class that sauntered through their lives as if their only motivation was the somber humidity. This seemed to be a whirling contradiction to the direction Bob had chosen for his life of action and perpetual momentum. Actually, it was the perfect spot, as underneath the sleepiness of the town lay a mini Peyton Place of social complications. Much of the social activity in Clarksdale revolved around church, as the church building *was* the social axis all the wheels turned upon. Besides, Clarksdale was only a short drive away from the swirling activity and entertainment of Memphis, Tennessee.

What better place could there be to wine and dine the company's executives than this southern pseudo-aristocratic city of honky-tonks, nightclubs, and swanky lounges. It was perfect for what Bob wanted out of life, and even more, what the company wanted out of Bob.

Since the company had told Bob to find a house that suited him, cost being no object, Bob found a very nice house in a new subdivision so that he and his wife and son would project a top-of-the-line image as a happy, corporate family whose life was full of all the good things money could buy. Cars, boats, furniture, just about anything they wanted, was theirs, and Bob used them all to *his* full advantage. They even hired a maid for one day a week to handle a few duties.

At the same time, the Hugheys found a nice church to attend. At Oakhurst Church of Christ, Bob and Peggy became Sunday School teachers and were involved in all the typical activities of the church. Everything looked perfect, at least from the outside. There *were* those times when Bob and Peggy did have some fun, reminiscent of better times. They would sometimes ride bikes together or head over to Moon Lake. Unfortunately, the good times were continually overshadowed by a host of worldly enticements that played themselves out more consistently and more intensely as Bob's heart and will drifted further away from his wife and from God.

What Bob did was something every red-blooded American was supposed to do; that is, he sold himself out to his career. Body, soul, and spirit were handed over to

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

the company for them to do with as they pleased. Now don't get me wrong, Bob was treated really well by his corporate master. In exchange for his life, Bob moved very quickly into a place of prominence within the ranks of the system. He was known as a man who got things done. Well...he definitely got things done, for whenever any big-wigs needed wining and dining, Bob was asked to show them a good time. His clients and bosses were always given the red carpet treatment, always getting total satisfaction, even to excess.

Need any good liquor? Just ask Bob Hughey; he could get his hands on the finest liquors from Memphis. Whatever was lacking in Memphis, he would illegally obtain it from a local bootlegger.

What about entertainment? Bob was always ready for service with an ample supply of pornographic films he had access to at the camera store where he occasionally worked on the side. There was no question about it, Bob Hughey was the man to get things done...what a great guy...and a churchgoer to boot!

Of course, he wouldn't admit to it then, but Bob was becoming a master sportsman when it came to playing religious games. Every time a church meeting was held, Bob would whitewash himself with all the right words and phrases, and even more. He was not just your average hypocrite; he'd perfume his rebellion even more by being a youth leader, teaching Sunday school classes, and passing communion. After all, he needed to keep his spiritual image up before his friends and fellow attendees.

All the while, darkness reigned in his heart; for while he would be partaking in the communion of Christ's body and blood, he would sometimes be hung over from being drunk because he had partied too much on Saturday night. This charade continued almost to the point of extreme absurdity, for on those warm, breezy Sunday afternoons, there would be nothing more fun than taking the boat out (one of many idols that controlled Bob's heart) on the lake for a nice run or spend some time skiing. It was at the lake after church that Bob got his *real* fellowship. Of course, he kept a bottle of whiskey underneath the seat of the boat just for hypocrisy's sake.

To avoid any delay in getting to Moon Lake after the service ended, Bob would be the first one to arrive at church, not because he looked forward to learning anything new about Jesus or desired any spiritual blessing, but rather, because if he made it to church before anyone else, he could maneuver and park his new convertible sports car (another idol) and accompanying ski rig on the corner of the street in such a way that no one could block him in. This allowed Bob to have a straight shot right out of the church door as he made his getaway from the inconvenient religious gathering.

If that isn't a little bit humorous, the show gets even better, for underneath that sparkling new suit with glimmering shoes and perfectly-tied tie was the true clothing. As a greyhound awaits the opening shot from the pistol at the starting gate of a race,

A Lifestyle Of Light

Bob, too, anxiously craved that closing “Amen” so he could dash toward his awaiting freedom at the lake. The door of the church would barely make its closing thud before Bob was tearing off his Sunday shackles to reveal underneath that he’d been wearing his swimming trunks the whole time he was in church!

Like Superman, Bob could burst out of that suit with the speed of light, just so he could find some real life at good, old Moon Lake. But, at least he was being honest, for the truth was, there was more life in letting it all hang out in wild and exorbitant living than there was in playing the religious games every week at church. For who Bob Hughey was and what he was all about deep in his heart was best exemplified at the lake rather than in his smiling mask back at Oakhurst Church of Christ. At least at the lake he could be who he really was, a hard-driving, thrill-seeking manipulator who *thought* he was totally in charge of his world.

Although he was a preacher’s son, Bob chose to be around people who were ready to participate in the artificial thrills of the flesh. Even though he had hidden the fact from Peggy, Bob had begun drinking at age fifteen. Now, in Clarksdale, Bob chose to continue his life of “freedom” and go to Moon Lake with his friends, drinking, lusting, and seeking friendship with the world rather than with God.

Bob was blind to the fact that these relationships were killing him. Though the world labeled these activities “fun,” God called them “law, sin, and death.” Bob surrounded himself with work and pleasures, the gang at the office and the buddies at the lake. . . .and he was dying. The kingdom of God was not anywhere near his life. Bob was dying and going to hell, then and eternally.

More life, yes, but still very little life in reality, for it is very possible to be living yet dying, and that is exactly what Bob was doing. The futility and dissatisfaction of riches had not yet registered in Bob’s heart. Bob had the ski rigs, cars, and the “good life,” but Bob was not full of anything that truly meant life.

As Bob continued his social drinking, he also began getting into many different types of shady activities. To make more money, Bob would go to work and walk up and down the floor of the plant selling cheap items at inflated prices to the workers. Once he sold a pair of used shoes for more than they originally cost brand new! Bob could sell anything, *and he knew it*.

The relentless pursuit of money continued to control Bob in greater and greater ways. The company bought train-car loads of steel for the plant. After everything had been emptied out, Bob and one of his co-workers would go to the train cars, gather all the scraps and ingots of steel, then sell them to the scrap yards for money. It never really ended as Bob jumped from one scheme to another. Bob was known as a lot of things, but he was most thought of as the guy who would do anything for a buck. Bob even had a business card printed up that said:

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

Baby Sitting - Races Fixed - Palms Read - Trash Hauling
TV Sets - Used Cars - Brooms - Medical Supplies - Rigging
Box Lunches Put Up - F.H.A. Connections
Washing Machines

Robert Hughey

149 Florence Avenue

Clarksdale, Miss.

Phone 627-7036

Harnesses Repaired - Satellites Launched - Railroad Tickets
Hotel Reservations - Sanitary Supplies - Lawns Seeded
Liquor - Authority on Live Bait - Cars Washed
Church Socials Planned

All the while, the company continued to treat Bob and Peggy well. They kept giving Bob raises because everyone knew Bob Hughey was a company man and that in every decision he made for himself or anyone else, Bob would always do what was best for the company. As far as Bob was concerned, the job was his top priority, and Peggy and Nolan were way down on the list.

The dealing in pornographic material and copying of pornographic movies continued, if not increased, and though Bob never cheated on his wife, he *was* involved in various illegal and immoral things. Yet, at the same time, he never missed church and he never missed giving his offering to the collection plate.

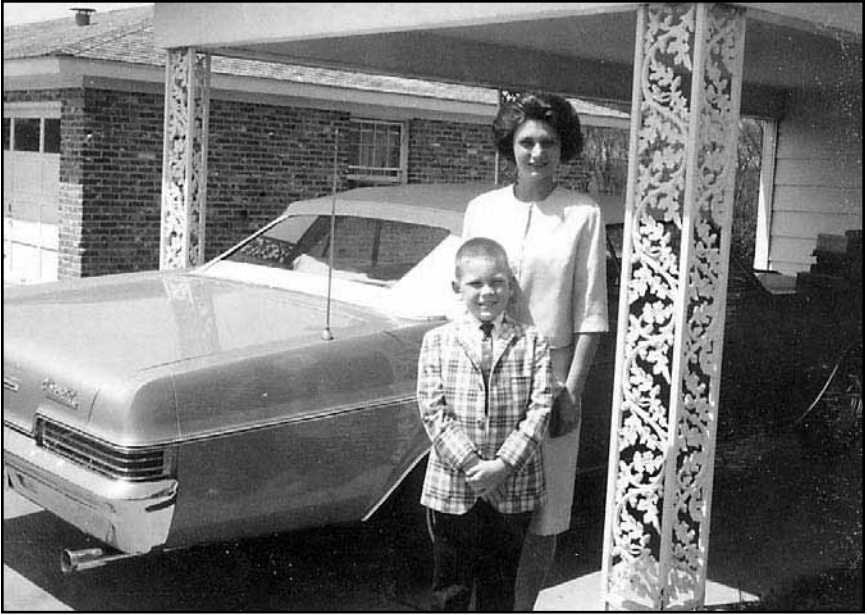
The vast majority of the problems in the world, then and now, relate to rebellion; the problems that occur in the home, the problems that we see in our governments, even the problems that we have on this planet and in our societies can be traced back to rebellion. Little did Bob know that his rebellion would soon be heaping problems on his back that would strike at his very heart.

As they would go to company cookouts every Saturday or walk into church on Sundays, the Hugheys were always looked upon as the all-American family who had made it in this life. "Boy, do they have their act together! If only we could be like them."

The Hugheys were successful in every area the world considered important. That meant new cars, nice house, good furniture, and a good future with the company. Outwardly, the Hugheys seemed to be going places, but underneath all the worldly prosperity, a cloud of darkness hovered.

Inside the home, the situation had deteriorated to a pitiful low. Bob was increasing the overbearing pressure on Peggy to keep up their high-class image. The more she tried to live up to Bob's impossible expectations, the more wrathful and demanding he became. Despite the nice house, the status in the community, the big weekly

A Lifestyle Of Light



Peggy & Nolan at home, 149 Florence in Clarksdale, Miss. - 1966

paychecks, and the dinners with company executives, there was something in Peggy that said, "There's got to be more to life than this."

Peggy Hughey was the envy of all the ladies in town, but to Peggy, Bob was just living to make money, which he was, and to get the house paid off, which he was.

Bob, though, took Peggy's attitude to be a lack of gratitude for all of his hard work. He just could not understand why Peggy was not happy. As far as he was concerned, Peggy had it pretty good. Often Bob would remind Peggy where she was when he had found her and how good she had it compared to then. But it was all just "things" to Peggy; she just wanted Bob to love her.

Bob had become very oppressive to Peggy by this time. He was a stickler for keeping the yard and house neat and spotless, so he made Peggy a virtual slave to the house. Bob's constant putting down of Peggy had convinced her that she was to blame for all of the family's problems. She tried to make changes, but the more she tried to change, the worse things got. Peggy spent all of her time in the house keeping it clean. She washed the walls so often that the paint started coming off. She wore herself out trying to make sure that everything met Bob's standards. This was during the day, but at night Peggy also had to entertain whomever Bob had invited over that particular evening. There was always someone over, night after night, every night, playing cards,

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

playing loud music, singing, and partying. Most of the time it was Bob's best friend, Ralph, and one of his dates, company for whom Peggy was required to make late-night pizzas. After a while, Peggy was so exhausted she felt she was a hundred years old.

As time moved on in their marriage, Peggy began to totally dread the thought of Bob coming home for dinner, because she never knew what kind of mood he would be in when he stepped through the front door. Peggy would see Bob barreling up the driveway and would know that all hell was about to break loose, for that's the best fruit a child of darkness can produce.

Bob was the nice guy, the successful guy around the office. Whenever he got frustrated and disappointed though, he would go home at night and take it all out on Peggy. He never physically abused her, but the mental abuse she took seemed harder to bear because the pain of it took longer to get over. Even the fact that Bob made the effort to be nice to everyone else and usually showed his mean side to Peggy made her life miserable; she couldn't understand it. Bob made life hellacious for Peggy, but she just continued to love him and stick it out with him.

Soon, it became obvious that nothing Peggy did for Bob could ever please him. In fact, no matter what she did, he didn't like it. Bob didn't like anything about her. At this point in time, if Bob had a ministry, it was to judge and condemn Peggy as he would purposefully go out of his way to make her life as miserable as he could. However, though Peggy didn't know it at the time, the reason Bob was always on her case, judging her, was because he himself was under judgment; he was covering his own guilt by putting the blame for his troubles onto her.

Looking back at this time in their lives, Bob has been known to say, half jokingly and half seriously, "Peggy prayed for patience once, and God gave her me! So I don't pray for patience anymore!"

The kettle was boiling, but the pressure was not quite intense enough to get Bob's attention, so he became even more strict, clamping down on and controlling everything Peggy did. For eleven years she was forbidden to have anything to do with the financial matters of the household. If anyone was going to spend his money, Bob was going to do it. Peggy was not allowed to write a check on their bank account, nor was she allowed to have a driver's license. Bob told Peggy that if she wanted to drive, she would have to learn herself. This she did, mainly because she wanted to take Nolan to vacation Bible school at church and they lived too far away to walk. She also wanted to be able to drive Nolan and his friends to school when necessary. Peggy rarely drove though, as Bob was not about to allow a bunch of grimy kids to mess up his vehicles.

A Lifestyle Of Light

So what if he bought as many as six cars in a year's time, Bob still didn't want his precious cars getting ruined!

Bob even tagged along at the grocery store, not to accompany Peggy in the chore of shopping, but to double-check her in the way she spent the money. He would hover over Peggy while she picked out the items from the grocery shelf. Bob would look over everything Peggy picked out with a critical eye and at times bark out his displeasure if she chose something even a few cents more expensive than another brand. If he thought she was flagrantly wasting those few cents, he would voice his opposition and put the item back on the shelf and find a cheaper product. Peggy really did try to buy only what she thought the family needed, but inevitably Bob would chew her out for being frivolous and spending too much. But then, of course, if Peggy happened to run out of any food items before the next shopping trip, woe to her! She would be criticized for not buying enough! Bob would not even let Peggy buy clothes without there being a squabble about the misuse of his "holy paycheck" even though he gave her an allowance. Nothing Peggy did seemed right in Bob's eyes.

There was a period when Peggy wondered if she even had a soul left, as she thought she was losing her mind along with her identity. No longer was she Peggy, rather, she just happened to be a nameless person married to Bob Hughey.

Sometimes if someone was sick or if there had been a death in the family of a friend, Peggy would make a pie and give it away as a gift, only to have to answer to Bob's questions. Bob just could not understand why Peggy had to give anything. He reasoned that they put their ten percent in the church basket; therefore, they were not obligated to give anything to anybody else.

By now, Bob didn't really even want to be near Peggy; he just had no time for her anymore. Because he didn't want to be with her, he spent his time entertaining everybody else. She had become a stench to him and to everything he thought he needed.

At night in bed, instead of the closeness Peggy yearned for, instead of the acceptance and love from the man she had chosen to honor and obey, Peggy would be met with rejection. Oftentimes Bob would climb into bed and scoot as far away from Peggy as he could, even to the point of laying all night on the farthest edge of the mattress. That's how far Bob wanted to be from his wife—the same wife who, through tears and cries of anguish, prayed day after day that her husband would change and find peace in his life.

She sought help from the Lord and desired to be in His will and in His light. It didn't matter to Bob, though, because the more Peggy walked in the light, the more Bob felt condemned as he knew very well that he *wasn't* walking in the light. If he saw Peggy reading her Bible, he would distract her by scornfully remarking, "Why are you reading the Bible? Aren't you getting sick and tired of reading the Bible all the time?"

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

His darkness brought out even more disdain for the light she was desperately hanging onto. Bob was aware of her desire to hang onto the Lord and he didn't want her to walk in any more light.

There did come a point in time, though, when things started looking up for Peggy. Bob was showing her and Nolan some affection, and at the same time his tirades and temperamentalism had at least subsided to a more or less tolerable level. Peggy knew that things had to change still, but at least the storm clouds of Bob's perfectionism had passed, and he seemed to have gotten over his constant criticisms and persistent fault-finding. Or so she thought. . .

Bob had invited some *very* important associates over to the house and he warned Peggy that he expected everything in the house to be absolutely spotless. Peggy knew this was a special meeting and that Bob meant even more than what he said to her. The tone of his voice made it clear that he would accept nothing less than a total and thorough mass cleaning of the entire house from top to bottom. He would not settle for anything less than perfect.

Scrubbing, dusting, cleaning, sweeping, wiping, mopping, washing, and scraping, Peggy set out to please her husband in a way that he could not complain. She spent all day meticulously attacking every corner of the house, making sure that from the smallest utensil to the largest piece of furniture, Bob would only be able to praise and compliment her on a job well done, far beyond the call of duty. Unfortunately, Bob didn't see the rest of the house, for as he came home from work he was determined to find something wrong, a dish out of place or a picture slightly off center, so he could chew Peggy out and let her know what a miserable housewife she was.

As if he were going to give the house the proverbial "white glove" test, Bob's inquisitive fingers became weapons to sniff out even the smallest unkempt place. Of course, he wasn't going for the obvious places. He scanned the room to find the most obscure out-of-the-way crevice that Peggy would never have thought of trying to clean. With his hands ready to explore, Bob knelt down and rubbed his finger across the underside of the small table in the living room. DUST! He then took a step ladder and, on his tiptoes, glided his fingers across the top of the door frame. MORE DUST!

(On those occasions when there was apparently nothing to gripe about, Bob was determined to find something wrong. After checking all the usual places and coming up empty, Bob would say anything to make Peggy look bad. Once he found a few water spots on the kitchen table leg, and accordingly he started into another vicious lecture over Peggy's incompetence.)

How could she have been so negligent! At this point, Bob began to rail against Peggy with some of his most demeaning insults. She was worse than a lousy house-keeper, she was an embarrassment to him. As far as he was concerned, Peggy was the

A Lifestyle Of Light

most incompetent, bungling failure he had ever laid eyes on, and he told her so in as many words as he could manifest. In no uncertain terms, Bob tore into Peggy with a viciousness that pierced Peggy to the core. She was totally devastated, and as far as she was concerned, she couldn't take the humiliation any more.

Heartbroken, Peggy made the right decision and ran to the place that could best answer the situation. She fell down on her knees and put herself, her family, and her life in the arms of the Lord God Almighty, the God of all comfort.

The pain in her heart burst out in cries emanating from the deepest of all wounds. She prayed to the Lord for help and guidance, for clear direction, and a ray of hope. In that hour of need and desperation, Peggy Hughey was consoled by her faithful Lord, and it was then that He spoke to her spirit—not in words that could be heard by human ears, but wisdom that could only be embedded in a willing heart that desired His total will to be done.

Mercifully, the Lord reminded Peggy of His sure-handed ability to control every circumstance. Though it was hard for Peggy to see anything positive that could arise from this major blowout with Bob, there was this sense that the Lord was working very hard, if not overtime, to bring something good out of what appeared to be a pile of rubble.

As she came out of her prayer closet, there were several conclusions Peggy had reached, even though they were hard choices to make. First of all, her Christian upbringing, her reading of the Bible, and even her heart (once she looked beyond the stinging pain) reminded her that “divorce was not an option.” She was committed to walk this out in integrity with Bob and with God, no matter what sacrifice lay ahead.

Secondly, she reasoned, “Things can't get any worse than this,” so that meant things would only eventually get better. It was with this reassuring thought that she decided to diligently endure her plight and continue to walk out her marriage with Bob. This was true revelation from above, for it was the exact opposite of the way the world thinks. The world would justify its actions by saying, “Well, if it can't get any worse than this, dump him; he deserves it. He has no right to treat you that way, go ahead and leave him, that'll show him!”

While it may be true that Bob deserved to be left to wallow in his own world of darkness and death, Peggy gave him what she knew to be true, that is, the grace of Jesus. Certainly, by now, Peggy had given up on Bob and on her marriage ever being any different, but it was a giving up that she had to do to bring this woeful situation to its final end. You see, in giving up, Peggy gave it up. . . to God. . . besides, she reasoned, “God must have a special place in heaven for those women stuck with bad husbands like Bob.”

It had been thirteen years. Peggy had been patient with Bob, and through the Holy

Bob's Flesh Stinketh

Spirit she would continue to be, even if Bob never changed nor ever showed one grain of love to her. By all natural reasoning she should have ditched the marriage and split. Instead she chose to let God do His will in her and in Bob; she was committed to her husband for life, and that was all there was to it.

I thought I was seeking God's face, but in reality I was actually seeking Bob's love and not the Lord's. Bob's love had become an idol in my life. The harder I tried to be a better wife, the worse it got, until I just totally gave up.

—Peggy



Peggy & Nolan picnicking on levee, Clarksdale, Miss — 1968

ARE YOU HEARING?

I persecuted [the followers of] this Way to the death, binding and putting both men and women into prisons . . . And it came about that as I was on my way approaching Damascus about noontime, a very bright light suddenly flashed from heaven all around me, and I fell to the ground and heard a voice saying to me, “Saul, Saul, Why are you persecuting Me?” And I answered, “Who art Thou, Lord?” And He said to me, I am Jesus the Nazarene whom you are persecuting.” . . . And I said, “What shall I do, Lord?” And the Lord said to me, “Arise and go on into Damascus and there you will be told of all that has been appointed for you to do.” But since I could not see because of the brightness of that light, I was led by the hand by those who were with me, and came into Damascus.

—Acts 22:4,6-8,10-11

If there are things in your life that you’re disappointed about, that means you’re not walking in faith with the Lord in that particular area of your life.

—Bob

It can only be the Lord who can take an average day and turn it into a life-changing one, for in our mapped-out, planned-out, nervously in-control lives, God uses some of the simplest methods and instruments to shake us up and turn our tiny, little, predictable worlds over, under, sideways, and upside-down.

Why God chose Israel to slam-dunk Bob Hughey with a blast of eternal introspection is anybody’s guess and certainly beyond this writer’s prophetic insight. Yet not even the most talented author could have created a better setting for the encounter that was to impact Bob’s and Peggy’s lives more than anything they had ever, or would ever, come face to face with in opening their eyes to what could best be described as “the fear of the Lord.” Though most people have no concept of this truth, only a one-on-one meeting with one’s salvation, or lack of it, can ever bring home the fact that “the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom” (Proverbs 1:7). This being true, Bob was about to take a high dive into the ocean of the water of life.

The year was 1967. The city was Jerusalem.

Are You Hearing?

Bob and Peggy had been invited to go on a tour of the Middle East along with eighteen other people. Bob had agreed to go months before, but Peggy did not really think Bob would stick to his promise. To her surprise, Bob did not back down from his word and took a month off from work for the entire trip.

A foretaste of things to come took place on the flight across the Atlantic. Almost from the instant the Boeing 707 jet took off from Kennedy Airport in New York City, God began tapping on Bob's shoulder, trying to get his attention. As the aircraft reached its cruising altitude, Bob began listening and thinking. The rattles and rumbles that all jets make in flight seemed to be amplified a hundred times over. Bob found himself listening to every sound the jet made, most of which seemed to be coming from the engines. Nervously, Bob tried to set his mind on more pleasant things, but he could not help thinking that if just one nut flew off of just one engine, that plane would crash. This thought was bad enough, but then Bob thought of something even worse and much less hypothetical. Flying at thirty thousand feet above the ground, the question hit Bob like a freight train. What would happen to *him* if the plane crashed? The answer came faster than the plane was flying. He knew that if something were to happen to that plane, he would wind up in hell. Bob was scared. Though he enjoyed flying well enough, an underlying fear began to eat away inside him.

In a way, the setting on the jet was quite ironic, as Bob had always hoped that he would die in a plane crash. He always thought that, just before the plane would hit the ground, he could say as fast as he could, "Father forgive me for my sins, in Jesus name, Amen."

This, Bob figured, was the only hope he had of making it to heaven. It was a hope in saying the right prayer at the right time, but it was not a hope in the Lord.

The tour was actually very busy. The group visited Athens, Greece; Cairo, Egypt; Beirut, Lebanon; Damascus, Syria; Amman, Jordan; and finally, Jerusalem, Israel.

The group attacked Jerusalem like all the other cities, spending most of their time in a whirlwind of sightseeing and shopping.

Israel, though, was much different than Bob had expected it to be. The narrow, stone streets in the Old City of Jerusalem were always crowded. Lining the crooked, winding passageways were scores of little shops with merchandise displayed inside and outside—in the streets and hanging from the many arch-



*Bob & Peggy on
the banks of the
Jordan River — 1967*

A Lifestyle Of Light



First trip to Israel — 1967

ways people passed under. Throngs of people and animals along with two-wheeled pushcarts were in perpetual motion, going here, there, and everywhere. No cars were to be seen in this colorful labyrinth of humanity; there simply was no room for them.

As Bob made his way down the streets, he did not notice the shops or merchandise so much as he did the slaughtered animals whose stench, enhanced by the hot sun, seemed to be the main instigation for moving the crowds along quickly. He also noticed there always seemed to be an abundance of children, either playing in side streets or sitting on the steps of one of the old buildings. It was not any individual thing but the combination of everything that seemed to give the city its unique character.

Jerusalem, the city that was a living pulpit for Jesus. Jerusalem, the city that both loved and hated the Son of God during His ministry on earth. Could it be that after almost two thousand years the Spirit of Christ could still touch a heart in this tumultuous city of contrasts and paradoxes? Perhaps it is fitting that Jerusalem was the chosen place for God to confront Bob with the reality of Jesus; it could be that Jerusalem was the *only* place where the word of Jesus could sink deeper into Bob's heart than it had ever penetrated back in the United States. The fact remains, it was in Jerusalem that God began a work which would soon turn Bob and Peggy Hugheys' entire world upside down and for the better.

Are You Hearing?

As Bob and Peggy had spent a fairly exhausting day seeing all the sights and touring the city, they found themselves meandering down the street, realizing they had been separated from the rest of the group. As they were trying to make their way back to the hotel, a man they had never seen before abruptly stopped Bob, looked him straight in the eye, and asked, “Are you saved?”

Please understand that while this might take place here in the United States, in Israel this is an occurrence that “just doesn’t happen.” Peggy, now just an observer, knew that this man, if not an angel, was definitely a messenger from the Lord.

Surprised, and even a little flustered, Bob wanted to make sure he had heard the man correctly, so he said, “Am I what?”

Now, with a little more forcefulness and some growing confidence, this stranger once again confronted Bob with the exact same words, “ARE YOU SAVED?”

Back on his home turf, Bob wouldn’t have given a guy like this the time of day because he didn’t have the time to bother with such inconveniences. Moreover, no one topped Bob in an argument, and in every conversation it was Bob who always got the last word. In this case, however, instead of debate or even flat out insult, Bob was startled.

This unexpected confrontation left him so virtually confounded, that all he could do was stumble in his response to this man’s pointed question, “Well, um, uh...”

Looking for an escape more than for an answer, Bob quickly began to scan the surrounding area to see if there was any refuge in which he could gracefully bow out of this conversation. But backing down wasn’t Bob’s way; not only was he head-strong by nature and always up to a good fight, his church background was steeped in argumentation and debate. He came from a group that always won the debate because they always “had the truth.”

But this time, Bob was really unnerved and he began to tremble as he contemplated his next move.

As it turned out, this incident was taking place right in front of a bookstore, so Bob, trying to save face, told the man, “Let’s go into this bookstore, maybe they have a Bible and we can look it up.”

This man, now becoming a real nuisance, replied, “I don’t want to look anything up in the Bible, I just want to know if you are saved.”

After several moments of coercion, the man allowed himself to be taken into the bookstore where Bob was able to find a Bible, in English no less. Nervously and desperately, Bob began to fish through his memories to try to resurrect those scriptures, long since dead in his heart, that his church had taught him, in theory, about how to be saved. One particular verse that had been pounded into him from childhood was Acts 2:38: “Peter said to them, ‘Repent and let each of you be baptized in the name of

A Lifestyle Of Light

Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins...”

Besides, hadn't Bob been immersed at “the age of accountability” as a member of the church with the true scriptural name? Futilely, Bob whisked through page after page of the Bible, using this and two or three other Scriptures to try to prove that he had done something, some good deeds, that bestowed salvation on him because of his actions.

It only took about ten minutes of Bob's lack of certainty and page turning for the man to conclude that Bob had no idea of what he was talking about and that, if Bob had any sort of faith, it was only a hypothetical, leaking, cracked shell of the actual thing.

With that, the man interrupted Bob's fruitless search for self-defense and once again looked him right in the eye. But this time when he spoke, the man's words poured like hot, burning, salty oil in the crevices of Bob's soul. With that eternal glance, the man spoke for the last time. With unhuman love and compassionate boldness the man said, “If you don't know, then you're not,” and turned and walked away.

Though Bob would never physically see that man again or know who he was, those words dug a deep place in the middle of his soul. Over and over the scene played itself out in Bob's thoughts, and with each recurrence of that moment, the deeper the words penetrated and the more they stung with truth.

Bob had literally had his cage rattled in a place where no one had ever dared to challenge him. Yes, the foundation of his life was now just wet sand. This man had not waited around to show Bob some filmstrips of doctrinal theory; he had not fooled around with reciting “The Four Spiritual Laws” (or *five* in some churches!); he had not tried to lead Bob in the sinner's prayer; he had not even worried about “following up” on this encounter; he left the Holy Spirit to do the job and simply said, “If you don't know, then you're not,” and walked away. Someone had the guts to love Bob enough to face him with the reality of Jesus, and that changed Bob's life.

God used the plane ride home to further confront Bob and strip away the last remnants of deception. Bob started thinking, once again, how easily he could die if the plane crashed...and he certainly would not be able to get to heaven riding the coat-tails of his father or anyone else. The choice was his and only his. He had reached a point in his life where he was afraid to live and afraid to die. Fear of his unknown future worried him; what if the second coming happened today? What would happen to him? And Bob knew that when Jesus came back, there would be no instant replays.

There was one thing that could always be said about Bob Hughey, he was a stickler for the truth. Not that he always *told the truth*; actually, he'd at times manipulate the truth to justify his own self-serving actions. Be that as it may, while Bob wanted to “do his duty” when it came to church affairs, his little run-in with the stranger in

Are You Hearing?

Jerusalem set his mind whirling with thoughts that were too loud to ignore. Over and over, he'd go through his list of "do's and don'ts" that had been taught him year after year. Once again, he seemed to have done everything "right," such as being born into a Christian family. Let's see... what else? He'd gone to church regularly his whole life, even on Wednesdays; he always put money into the plate, the minimum weekly requirement at least, didn't that count for something? What else? Oh yes, he knew the Bible fairly well, even enough to teach a few classes when he found the time for it; and of course, if there was a special gospel meeting, there Bob's family would be, traipsing in, finding a seat, and putting their allotted time in, for the record.

Yet when tested by a simple question, "Are you saved?" Bob's faith held up about as strongly as a wet paper towel in a tidal wave. Of course, Bob knew what the scriptures had to *say* about salvation. He had read for years about the love of Jesus and that Jesus had died to deliver men from hell. But, like a bird mimicking his master or a file cabinet storing years' worth of irrelevant information, Bob's knowledge had no impact on his life. His brain was merely a storage unit for tons of facts that gave an appearance of faith but hadn't sunk to the core of his being to make a difference or bring about what was promised. He had to admit that he had a brain full of Bible but a heart full of darkness.

As you are in your heart, so are you. If your heart is a million miles away from Jesus, it doesn't matter how many religious meetings you go to or religious stuff you think about, you're still lost—and that's inside the church and outside the church.*

God used the question, Are you saved? to do something that no one else could possibly do. It got Bob's attention. It knocked Bob down, opened his eyes, shook him up, and forced him to be bluntly honest with himself as he had to swallow the fact that after all those years of church, he didn't know whether he was saved or not.

Bob thought to himself, "Man, I was born into a Christian home, I went to a Christian college, I teach Bible classes, I do personal work, I hand out tracts, but I do not know Jesus Christ."

Retrospectively, Bob began to think through things. He could look back and see why he had done the things he had. He saw that his vicious grabbing for money and material things came because of the hand-to-mouth existence he had lived as a boy as his father fed his family from the meager earnings he would bring home. Bob searched his heart to see that his desire for a large, elegant house was there because

* Bob Hughey is the source of the indented quotations throughout this book unless otherwise noted.

A Lifestyle Of Light

he had no home to call his own as a child, due to his father's constant moving from place to place as an itinerant preacher.

Through all these things, Bob was continually having his eyes opened to what he had longed for all these years. It was these longings that, over time, had begun being twisted into cravings and then ultimately lusts, corrupting every thing and every person who couldn't get out of his way. It began to dawn on him just what he was looking for when he told Peggy that his ultimate goal in life was to pay off the mortgage, live in the house for one month and then die. This had obsessed Bob so much that he had been making *triple* house payments for three and a half years to get the debt paid.

Winning drag races, being caught for speeding in every state he ever drove in, spurting across the water in a streamlined speedboat, flying an airplane with his friend while they were drunk, the search for the ultimate thrill. . . these were all results of a desire that had been inbred in Bob, and in all of us, since the beginning of time. Bob wanted *life*.

Recalling a time back in college when he had gone to church, dazed and wobbly from the drinking binge he had been on the night before, Bob remembered his school chums pushing him out in the aisle so that he could respond to the invitation and pay his penance by "going down front."

Having been pointed in the right direction by his friends, Bob made it to the front pew, sat down, and was immediately met with a card for him to pencil in his desire to change so that it could be read to the entire congregation. . . and that was it.

Maybe that and similar incidents throughout Bob's life was enough for Bob to see that there was no life in church. Bob wasn't looking for a card, he was looking for reality and life and truth, but these religious rituals did nothing. In fact, they may have incited the opposite, which is why Bob became the spiritual charlatan that he was. While it might be true that "going forward" doesn't hurt anything, it doesn't help anything either.

Peggy, though, in retrospect, recalled the incident and remembers being quite impressed as she thought, "Wow, that guy is really serious about getting his life right with the Lord."

Too bad he wasn't.

These pious routines, however, were driving Bob even further in his religious game playing; all the while, Bob was crying out for life.

After his encounter in Jerusalem, Bob found himself evaluating his entire life and what he was really living for. His soul-searching did not take very long because he already knew what he was living for. He was a company man, he was a fast car guy, and he was a man who lived to put Peggy down. Bob lived to think of ways to make Peggy's life miserable. The problem was that it was Bob who was the most miserable

Are You Hearing?

of the two. His desire for a spotless house, a spotless car, a spotless yard, and even a spotless desk at work only revealed that Bob was living under the guise of perfectionism. In a strange sense, it was Bob's way of trying to get to God. Bob was spotless on the outside, but he knew in his heart that on the inside he was full of dead men's bones.

That trip to Israel created a thirst for the Word of God in Bob's heart; so after he and Peggy returned home from the Middle East, they and two other couples, Scott and Matsy and Ralph and Libby, started reading the Word once a week. Peggy would cook pizzas, and they would gather round the table to read the Bible. Bob had just bought *Good News for Modern Man*, which was anathema to the Church of Christ. But after reading some of it, Bob decided the reason the church didn't like this version of the Bible was because it was so easy to understand.

As each week crept by, Bob got more and more *into* what the Bible was saying. It was as if the Bible had been written expressly for him. For the first time, he was reading it not for someone else or to build his arguing capabilities or as some act of godliness, but rather to give God the chance to reveal Himself in all purity and truth, with no cloaks of traditions, rituals, or preconceived doctrinal notions, and to illuminate the Word in his heart.

It was an unlikely place, one that doesn't read well or make the headlines in the magazines, but remarkably simple, almost a foretaste of the pattern of life that was to come for the Hugheys. It may not sound flashy, nor will it sell a movie script, but it was here that Bob Hughey met Jesus Christ for the first time—in 1967, in Clarksdale, Mississippi, sitting around a kitchen table, with half-eaten, cold pizza and warmed, fizzy-out Cokes. The gospel of Jesus Christ truly became “Good News” to Bob Hughey. The eyes of his heart were opened as he had a revelation of who Jesus really is, and he accepted Jesus as the Christ, the Messiah of God, as his Lord. It was not until Bob saw how bad off he really was that he could see how much Jesus had really done for him. This was nothing he could have gotten in church nor did any man teach it to him. Never again would Bob need to flinch when asked “Are you saved?” for from this point on Bob Hughey would be the most converted man most people would ever experience in their lives.

With that conversion, due to the revelation in his heart, Bob also knew God had a call on his life, a special call—although in his church one does not get a call on one's life. But it did not matter what the church thought was or was not important. Bob Hughey had come face to face with Jesus Christ, and because of this, Bob committed his life for God's purposes, no matter if it was in living or if it was in dying. Bob was saying, “I want Your will done, Lord, no matter if it feels good or if it doesn't feel good.”

I was crucified with Christ.
I was crucified with Christ to the world.
I was crucified with Christ to sin.
I was crucified with Christ to self.
I was crucified with Christ to law . . .
That I might walk in newness of life.
It's all encompassed in the cross of Jesus;
knowing the cross,
experiencing the cross,
embracing the cross . . .
on a daily basis.

That night the Lord revealed to Bob that He loved Bob more than Bob loved himself, and that He wanted what was best for Bob even more than Bob wanted what was best for himself. At that kitchen table, Bob realized every decision he was to make had to be submitted to Jesus. Things were already beginning to change.

C H A P T E R 4

CHANGES: IT'S BETTER TOGETHER

To walk in the Holy Spirit means that you will be walking in change.

The fun of sin is a plastic rip-off compared to the thrill and the joy that God has for us as we walk in His Holy Spirit.

—Bob

What exactly happened that evening at the kitchen table could never be defined in a few sentences, paragraphs, chapters, or for that matter, even words themselves, for if something really did happen to Bob, it would manifest itself in a different and transformed life, a continually changing life. It is a new life which is the definitive mark of eternity as well as the proof of it.

With that in mind, we shall not delve into the intricacies of all the inward reworkings God had to perform to bring Bob around to committing his life to Jesus, for what God did with Bob was more than just fill in a few holes with some sort of heavenly putty. No, God in all His mercy didn't just try to fix the problem of Bob's self-indulgent nature by rewiring a few bad circuits or replacing a couple of burned out chips. Instead, the Lord gutted the entire inner being of Bob Hughey and replaced it with a new nature, the very nature of Jesus Christ, a total contradiction to Bob's old self. Bob had been given a new birth from above, which meant that for the first time in his life Bob was seeing clearly, seeing things from God's perspective, with the result that Bob's actions, thoughts, and motives were the exact opposite of what they had been previously. "...one thing I do know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see!" (John 9:25). Look out! Bob Hughey has become a new creature!

What happened was no mere religious experience, for religion can only touch the outward things, but what touched Bob was deeply internal. The eyes of Bob's heart were opened to see Jesus, not in some physical vision, but in His spiritual totality. Bob

A Lifestyle Of Light

saw Jesus, not just as some theological concept or even as just the Head of the church. Instead, he saw Jesus as the Head of the universe, the Master of the whole system of things, and because of that revelation, Bob knew that he owed Jesus his whole allegiance and devotion. Previously it had all been just an outward form of attending church three times weekly and putting in the necessary time to get by. Now, however, the truth was out. Jesus didn't come to tell us something about the truth or to set up a system of dogma, doctrines or theology about the truth. Jesus was the truth and still is. He came to show the difference between the written code and the Living Word. God doesn't want to waste any time in giving us abundant life, and that was part of what initially struck Bob as he read the Bible. Bob had tried to connive and weasel his way into some sort of happiness for himself all those years, but what a massive weight was taken off his shoulders with the reassurance that God wanted to give Bob life more than Bob even wanted to have life! After shackling himself to all sorts of materialistic pursuits in order to buy a sliver of freedom, what a fresh breeze of truth it was when Bob saw that God wanted to give him freedom even more than he wanted freedom!

For thirty years I built my life on my own strength, my own righteousness, Corvettes, career, and money, but the fruit of this was disappointment, frustration, disillusionment, and anger with God. That's the fruit of living for yourself.

With these revelations established in his heart, all Bob wanted was more of these truths. He was being consumed by Light and wanted to know the real truth, the *true* Truth, that is, God's truth about *everything*. He would be satisfied with no less, for now he knew that he could not be satisfied with anything less. Bob was finished with playing church and now was ready to accept everything God had planned for him. Like a newborn child, he was ready to feed on all God would give him to grow. The hindrances of flesh and greed and ego had been washed away, and a new foundation had been established for Bob to plant himself on.

Not only was he willing to grow, Bob *wanted to grow*, especially in the grace and knowledge of his Lord Jesus Christ. Bob knew this meant that changes were coming, but he truly desired for God's Word to have a place in his heart and knew that his heart had to be touchable and teachable, which ultimately meant that he also had to be changeable. It was ever so clear that to walk in God's Spirit meant to walk in constant change.

The first thing that changed in Bob's heart was his conception of who God is. Bob had previously seen God as the eternal list maker who perpetually demanded the utmost and expected perfect performance at all times. If there was even the slightest slip in the achievement of holding up these highest of standards, then the stinging slap of judgment would clang every bone and fiber of his consciousness. God, through

Changes—It's Better Together

Bob's eyes, seemed to be on his back with every turn; this perspective, in turn, became the reason that all Bob returned to others was equal judgment and condemnation.

Oh, what a release came in Bob's relationship with God when he came to know that all the time he had been running away, God was shouting, "I LOVE YOU!"

All it took was Bob to stop trying to avoid God and see that, in believing in Jesus, God wasn't holding anything against him. With this knowledge, Bob was totally and completely freed up, for now he began to comprehend the depth of God's richness. All the conditions for love were gone; God loved Bob no matter what.

Now all that Bob could do was gratefully and wonderingly pray, "Thank you, God, that You know me and You still love me."

That proclamation was just the first step in many steps to come, but faith is something that is born in one's heart when you see how much God has done for you.

Rivers of joyous tears sprayed out of Bob like a fountain. Cleansing came as this miraculous love washed out a lifetime of resentment, worthlessness, and lack of self-respect. As all the dirt was rinsed away, the Holy Spirit came in, filling Bob with love, power, and a clear mind, along with an infinite number of other good things. Unconditional love then began to manifest itself in every intimate aspect and circumstance that had ever happened to Bob, or that ever would.

Bob now understood that God had reconciled him through Jesus and he now had peace with the Almighty. With this knowledge came the second aspect of his salvation, that of Bob being able to accept himself as the man God had created him to be.

For years Bob had been ashamed of several physical features that he felt stuck out like grotesque deformities. He could still hear those kids in school chiding him about his big ears.

"Hey, look at Hughey, Jumbo the Elephant! His ears look like a taxicab with its doors open!"

"And what about those buck teeth, Bugs Bunny Hughey?"

"Doesn't Bob walk funny, with those turned-in pigeon toes!"

"What about that kinky, curly hair?"



Bob "The kid with buck teeth and big ears" - 1947

A Lifestyle Of Light

Well, at least Bob could try to do something about his hair. In order to hide that hair which he thought made him look like a sissy, teenager Bob would take massive globs of Royal Crown hair dressing, which was no more than a rancid smelling version of petroleum jelly, and smear it all over his wavy locks, then force the hair to appear straightened by combing it straight back in a ducktail.

The deeper the insults cut, the further down, down, down plunged Bob's assessment of his own worth. It was only after the love and forgiveness and the holy embrace of Jesus invaded Bob's heart, soul, mind, and spirit, that he began to see that God knew quite well what He was doing when He created him with those special features that made him unique. With grace being poured in, those great walls of self-rejection and condemnation crumbled into dust and in return were bastions of love, mercy, compassion, boldness, and joy. Yes, joy, for in seeing God as the all-wise Maker of every fiber of his being, Bob began the most wonderful celebration of cleansing and purification that a created object could ever rejoice in.

With praise and thanksgiving Bob could now smile and proclaim, "I see You, God. You had me born to Paul and Faye Hughey in Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Thank you! I see You, God, that You had me to be the son of a former drunkard. I see now that the events and circumstances of my life have always been totally under Your control. I see now that You chose Peggy especially for me before the foundations of the earth. I celebrate who I am in You. I celebrate my kinky, curly hair, my buckteeth, my pigeon toes, and my big ears. Now I see that I am wonderfully made and I can say with gladness that I am a vessel You personally created and formed because You love me and care for me."

After years of shrinking from God's presence and feeling as if God had somehow cheated him from living a happy life and after venting his own self-rejections and subsequent rebellion, Bob could be at rest with himself and at peace with his God and say, "Glory be to God for Peggy! Boy, I love her. Thank you Lord for Peggy!"

Yes, this newfound acceptance of Jesus naturally brought about Bob's acceptance of himself, which led to the third most significant place of restoration in his life. Bob was now free to accept Peggy for whom God created her to be.

Bob had always been restricted in giving Peggy a wholehearted place in his life because he had been blind to the fact that, physically, God had "fearfully and wonderfully made" him, and in God's eyes, the product was magnificent. It took the remarkable force of the forgiveness of Jesus for Bob to see it, for before, as Bob didn't really like anything about himself, his relationship with Peggy was hell. After all, if you don't accept yourself, you will never accept your mate.

Jesus was now Lord of Bob's life, and with that, Bob recognized who had been there the whole time, sticking it out with him, loving him, praying for him, standing

Changes—It's Better Together

firm for him. It was Peggy. It was Peggy's absolute commitment to him and their marriage under the Lordship of Jesus that had finally given him freedom to just be himself, to like himself, and even to accept himself. It was then that Bob started loving and accepting Peggy Hughey.

There she was, devoted and enduring. Though she knew all of Bob's warts, faults, blemishes, and scars, Bob knew, emphatically, that Peggy loved him. A marvelous freedom came rushing in when Bob saw that he was loved.

Peggy was Bob's partner in celebration, for now Bob had been delivered from his perfectionism—a pursuit destined to always end in frustration and dissatisfaction. He had been dumping the blame on Peggy for his own failures, wanting to bring her down to his level. Each time Bob “blew it,” the first thing he wanted to do was make Peggy blow it. If he couldn't be perfect, he certainly couldn't stand Peggy being perfect.

His newly established freedom helped Bob start totally fresh in his relationship with Peggy. In Jesus, he learned to go to the heart of his problems in love, never condemning or criticizing, for with Peggy, Bob now had a trusting, loving relationship that was full of grace. This grace erased all judgmental spirits and competition. With those obstacles gone, Bob and Peggy could go straight to the heart of the problem without Peggy being threatened or Bob feeling defensive.

“Well, I'm right, and *you're* wrong” was no longer a method of solving problems. Instead, Bob and Peggy could look at each other, admit that there was a problem, and work out the issue because *now* they were in it together. How incredible it was to step out of deception and into pure light and discover that Peggy wasn't the enemy all those years...Satan was!

Now that the perpetrator of Bob's problems had been exposed, he acted in accordance with this discovery by running *to* Peggy rather than running *from* Peggy. Bob was being expanded, and so was everything else that had been locked up in his old, sensualistic world.

All those years of an adversarial clashing of personalities now came to a screeching halt as Bob had his eyes opened to the real culprit who had been driving him away from Peggy. She had withstood all onslaught of the attack, while Bob had bought into the biggest lie of his life. From that point on, Bob diligently stood on guard against the deception of the enemy. “For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms” (Ephesians 6:12).

This was a truth that Bob would forever highlight in boldface print in his heart...daily...lest his relationship with Peggy, and eventually everyone else, end up in the dung heap. On an ongoing basis, every day, Bob reminded himself that Satan was, is, and always will be his enemy; he would never outgrow his need to know that.

A Lifestyle Of Light

As a result, instead of beating Peggy down, Bob began to cleave to Peggy and love her, which meant that he was beating the stew out of Satan.

With the emancipation of Bob's heart and his sins having been lifted from his own shoulders, God was able to begin a thorough restructuring of Bob's perspective of marriage. In God's eyes, this union would be an act bringing them to completion rather than competition, cooperation rather than antagonism. It was more than cohabiting; it was a joining, an adventure of becoming one. How clear it became, once Bob was free to love Peggy for who she was, that a lifetime of wisdom and knowledge about the union of a man and a woman could become instant revelation. Now, as razor sharp as the crystal, clear blue of the ocean, God taught Bob and Peggy the purpose of marriage. If either of them was to make progress in the Lord, they would have to be deeply and intensely struck with the fact that He was making them one.

Bob had told Peggy for thirteen years, "I love you." But, he didn't love her with a godly love. He only wanted to use her for cleaning the house, cooking his meals, and meeting his sexual needs. Bob wanted Peggy to be his servant. It was always a selfish thing every time Bob said, "I love you."

God changed everything. From now on, Bob's "I love you" would mean, "I *want* to love you. I *want* to care for you. I *want* to serve you. I *want* to see you come into the fullness of life that Jesus Christ has for you. I *want* you to experience all that God has for you."

It was *this* kind of love that changed their relationship forever.

The struggle was over for Bob... what liberty! Through this freedom, Bob made a willful decision to love Peggy. For so long Bob had ridden on his emotions and thought that it was love, but as easy as it was for him to fall *in* love with Peggy, it was just as easy for him to fall *out* of love with her. Bob's initial romantic infatuation had soured due to his own selfish feelings. It was becoming clear to Bob that his love for Peggy would now have to be founded on something more than a wavering feeling; it would have to be based on a concrete and willful act. He *willed* to love her. This is agape, in contrast to human passions and physical sensations.

With this step, the feelings came. How foolish it had been all those years trying to change Peggy into his image of the perfect wife, which, if it had happened, would have been as far away from real perfection as a television show is from real life. Not only could Bob *not* change Peggy, he no longer wanted to. Adamantly, and with all the sincerity of the open arms of his Lord, Bob released Peggy from all expectations, in the name of Jesus Christ.

Thus, Bob began the maturing process of allowing the love and grace he was receiving from Christ to inundate every aspect of his relationship with his mate. Since he had been totally exonerated by the mercies of Jesus, in turn, Bob came to the place

Changes—It's Better Together

where he began to never expect anything out of Peggy's performance.

This meant that anything and everything that *did* come from Peggy, every blessing and every step of growth, would cause Bob to rejoice in God's workmanship, those things that He was bringing to completion, those things which He had begun in Peggy even before she was born. Not that Peggy was going to perform perfectly, but that God would be faithful in accomplishing everything He has planned for her.

What freedom!

Bob's task in all this was only to love her where she was, for what she was, and for who she was...for eternity...without putting any additional demands on her...and any good thing on top of that would be icing on the cake that comes from God's immense grace. This revelation set Bob free from nit-picking and scrutinizing and judging everything Peggy did. He began looking to God for his security rather than viciously concentrating on his mate's performance.

Bob let Peggy begin driving the car and he put her name on the checking account. Basically, Bob began to treat Peggy like a human being, giving her the same rights and privileges he had been giving everybody else.

When the change came, when Jesus came, Bob's heart turned to Peggy. It brought them to a place of life and freedom where she didn't have to change and neither did he, for they had accepted one another. Their walk was, and is, a walk of peace and grace in the Spirit that enables them to love every person just where they are.

The love of God was knocking down every place of bolstered flesh that had prodded Bob to place everything under his microscope of harshness. In its place, arose a heart of softness and clarity, for now when he thought of his precious companion, he knew that God had not made any mistakes in the choice of his mate; quite the opposite, for God so loved Bob that He gave him Jesus as Lord and Peggy as his wife.

Heaven was new, eternity was new, and Peggy was...well, now when Bob looked upon her, he saw a woman unlike any other on the face of the earth. There would be no more comparisons between Peggy and anyone else; God had built Peggy exactly like Bob needed; he was attracted to her in a way unlike any way before. Her beauty was more than physical, now. It was an inward, spiritual radiance that captivated him in a most appealing way. Peggy was now a queen in Bob's eyes. She was the vessel God was using to shower him with grace and love, and God was also going to use Bob to gush forth with waves of blessing on Peggy.

"Look at how you used to act towards your queen," God revealed. "You used to curse her, mistreat her, mentally abuse her."

Now Bob wanted nothing less than the royal treatment for his precious companion. Through Jesus, the only desire in Bob's heart was to honor Peggy, respect her, and treat her as the weaker vessel.

A Lifestyle Of Light

God was building a new foundation in their marriage. Before, Bob had thought Peggy was a burden, only there to hold him back and narrow his life. Now, with his mind enriched by the truth, Bob knew that Peggy was there to enlarge his life, bring focus and sharpness to his vision, and enlarge a place in his heart for God to pour out His grace. He was no longer threatened by Peggy, for she had gone through the fire of adversity and withstood the test by clinging to her husband with her eyes on Jesus.

Bob had, at one time, been intimidated by Peggy because he knew she was more spiritual than he. She read diligently in the Word of God and he didn't. She prayed fervently and continually while he only paid lip service. And the more Peggy remained faithful to Jesus, the more Bob went out of his way to make her life miserable.

When Bob and Peggy share their testimonies, Bob looks back to what he once was before Jesus, and tongue-in-cheek, says:

“Peggy owes her relationship with Jesus to me...

I drove her to prayer.

I drove her to fasting.

I drove her to the Lord.”

Now, however, Bob was walking in change and trusting that God's process of making them one for His glory was the only way he could go. There was no turning back.

There would be no more of the world's perspective of a cohabiting marriage in the same home, living under the same roof but having no bond holding them together, both doing their own separate things, following their own desires. How dangerous that had been, and oh, what a sign of a bad marriage. Instead, there would be a developing cooperation in unity as the Lord continued to mold them into one spirit.

Through God's splendid grace, Bob now had the freedom to run to Peggy and confess all of his sins to her, for he knew that she would never cut him off. “The man (Adam) and his wife were both naked, and they felt no shame” (Genesis 2:25). Bob could totally unzip himself, be naked before Peggy, pour out his heart and go to her for counsel, for the threat was gone. Bob had found security in his vertical relationship with God, and that brought mutual trust and security in his horizontal relationship with Peggy.

Bob had been brought to a new place, a place where he could be transparent, laid open and bare before God and before Peggy. He could applaud the person God had made him to be and be thankful for the body that God had made for him as well. That erased competition, it eliminated intimidation, and destroyed that insecure feeling of inferiority. Others might look at Bob and complain that he hadn't made the grade, but from now on, Bob had confidence that his God had stamped “new and improved” on his inner nature.

Not only did God want Bob and Peggy to be husband and wife, he also wanted them

Changes—It's Better Together

to be best friends. It used to be that when anything good happened, Bob would first run and tell somebody else, anybody else, other than Peggy; and having a best friend who is not your spouse can bring disunity and hurt in a marriage. God brought the two of them together, so Bob delighted in sharing good news with his spouse, for she was now his newfound best friend.

In those whispers of change, God told Bob that it was no longer “Peggy” and “Bob,” but that He was determined, through Jesus Christ, to unite them as one spiritually in His name.

What a lesson! Bob in his unregenerate mind had thought marriage was just God's way of legalizing sex. It wasn't then and it never will be. It was, instead, a sharing of their entire lives together.

“But God,” Bob reasoned, “Peggy and I are such opposites.”

To which God gently answered, “Yes, I know. That's the way I have created you. Do you not see that you *need* Peggy's quiet, intuitive, spiritual nature, and that she needs your hard, concrete way of thinking? You need these balancing traits to keep you from falling into apathy and to keep her from being deceived.”

Another winner for God's side! From that moment, Bob and Peggy would make no more major decisions without being in unity. All the world would see the miracle of how God could take two opposites like Bob and Peggy Hughey and shape them into one heart, one mind, and one flesh.

Becoming one is a lifelong process of two people dying to themselves and being resurrected as one in the likeness of Jesus. God takes a domineering Bob and a passive Peggy and lets them experience the cross of Christ in order that *Peggy* might experience death to Peggy and *Bob* experience death to Bob; and through the resurrection life, God brings forth a unity and a oneness that is a demonstration of His grace, His love, and His power. That is not a life of less, but a life of more.

Everything about Bob's relationship with Peggy took on a pristine perspective only because Bob's fellowship with God had been revived through new birth. Bob could have cared less about doctrines. When Bob had lived by doctrine, he only had contact with God through his brain; spiritually, he was void of life. God, though, was desiring a heart-to-heart relationship, an alliance where Bob would come to know the very essence, the very heart of God; and out of that friendship, the very same spirit would pour over into Bob's relationship with Peggy.

That is a comprehension far beyond mind-to-mind, far surpassing brain-to-brain, deeper than flesh-to-flesh, but easily understood by yielded-heart-to-yielded-heart. Bob *belonged* to Peggy, and she to him. Bob now desired to “get out” of himself and start to “get in” to Peggy. He wanted to know Peggy, how she felt, her likes and dislikes, and share the deepest life with her that God had built for them as a couple.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Almost overnight, through Jesus, Bob's outlook about Peggy was turned inside out. Instead of lording over her and placing himself in the position of an overbearing master or authority, Bob saw Peggy in a new light. The best explanation of this discovery could be described in one line, "Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself up for her..." (Ephesians 5:25).

Bob found as he began loving his wife that his greatest contentment came in being the vessel that God would use for pouring out grace upon Peggy. His purpose was to be an instrument to help Peggy be totally and completely fulfilled, and Bob knew that he would not be able to do that if he was controlled by a selfish spirit in his heart.

Psychology couldn't do it, self-will was powerless, a positive attitude was incapable of bringing about the change of heart that only Jesus could bring about. But with a heart filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ, Bob relinquished his all-consuming desire to stand up for his own rights; selfishness and Jesus just don't mix. With joy, Bob died to self for the sake of Peggy. Ephesians 5:25 became more than just religious rhetoric or some lofty ideal. Now it was the desire of Bob's heart...it was life. Most men do not like hearing those words, for it does not fit the all-American, macho, male image most men want to portray, but Jesus cut through that image by dying for the Church.

"Bob, do you love Peggy enough to die for her...daily?"

"Lord, I'm willing to go to the gas chamber for her, but this thing of dying *every day*, I'm not so sure..."

But that was the question Bob had to answer in order to go on with the Lord and with Peggy. There could no longer be any quick, easy way out. Bob wanted life, but was this the way?

"Am I willing to die daily...for Peggy?"

In asking this question it was as if God were saying, "Bob, if you *really* love Peggy, then this will be the evidence of it. You will gladly give yourself up for her daily and be sensitive to her and minister to her and be sure that *her* needs are met today. By losing your life for Peggy today, you will find your own life today as well."

This is not some law that the flesh can emulate. It can only come about through an act of a loving God on a changed heart. This meant that instead of wanting to kill Peggy, Bob was willing to live and die for Peggy, daily, for eternity.

Bob was committed to Peggy with no strings attached. This decision would be costly, it would be painful; for when the flesh hits the cross, it hurts, but it is worth it. What God had in store for them in His kingdom was worth any price to pay, be it tribulation or suffering or any other trial on the face of the earth.

Change is costly.

Change is painful.

In fact, Jesus said that through many tribulations do you enter His kingdom.

Changes—It's Better Together

That's talking about suffering and dying to flesh.

LISTEN!

When my flesh hits the cross, it's painful.

It may not bother you for my flesh to die,
but it sure bothers me.

You see, when you hit the cross, and Jesus calls you to that place that you must die to your flesh and to your desires, it's painful. . .
but it's worth it.

What God has for you in His kingdom is worth any amount of pain or suffering that you will ever go through on the face of this earth.

It's worth it.

No pain, no gain with God.

The corner had been turned and there would be no turning back. The self-righteous thinking that had crippled him for years was now only a memory to remind Bob to never ever consider himself better than Peggy in any way or form, for now Bob had really “found himself,” and it was in losing himself that it was accomplished. By seeing Jesus, Bob now knew who *Bob* was every day. In Jesus, Bob also saw what Bob deserved every day and also what grace God gave him every day. From then on, that knowledge was the ballast which would keep Bob and Peggy on an equal plane.

Truth upon truth had its effect upon Bob by showing him lie after lie that he had believed. Although he probably never used these exact words, the mentality of “my marriage would be better if. . .” had infiltrated Bob's mind and actions, fostering more negativity and blame in his heart towards Peggy.

“Your marriage would be so much better, Bob, if you had another place to live. . .”

“Your marriage would be on a better track if you could just make more money. . .”

These were the falsehoods that had continually pried Bob's mind away from his wife and family. But, in the midst of all the lies and distortions, there was Jesus coaxing Bob into reality so that he could see through the perversion to truth and walk in freedom, knowing that a good marriage had nothing to do with any “thing,” but instead, it had everything to do with how *he* was doing in Jesus!

It didn't even matter how Peggy was doing, because as long as Bob daily continued in that fresh, intricate, vibrant, active life relationship with Jesus, then no matter what Peggy said or did or didn't do, they still had a living relationship with each other because of the relationship Bob now had with Jesus Christ. His marriage was held together by Jesus, like the rest of creation, and his marriage worked only because of Jesus.

It's a good thing to have a godly mate, but it's a pathetic thing to have an ungodly

A Lifestyle Of Light

mate. If you don't believe it, just ask Peggy.

It didn't take Bob long to see that his top priority, after his relationship with Christ, was to devote the majority of his time and energy towards his relationship with Peggy. This was not a short-term, patch-up deal until everything became right and then things could go back to the way they were. To the contrary, maintaining his relationship with Peggy became an eternal priority with Bob. Unless things remained right between Peggy and himself, then nothing else in his life would be right either.

Every part of Bob's life had been thrown into a somersault, and when the dust had settled, a new urgency took control of Bob's inner being. With Jesus now the preeminent factor in his life, Bob had realigned those things that moved him, compelled him, and drove him. God's love had rearranged Bob, as well as Bob's priorities, values, and everything else in his life.

Consequently, the most vitally important motivator influencing Bob became his relationship with Jesus Christ. Bob knew that whatever price he had to pay to maintain this relationship, be it getting up at 4:00 a.m. to pray, or spending hours in the Bible, it was a price he knew that he must pay, else he would wind up as he was before, cheating others and being cheated out of life.

You can stay in your comfort zone and die, or you can get out of your comfort zone and, by faith, believing in Him, trusting in Him, take Him at His Word and live.

Daily, Bob would remind himself of his new life in Jesus. Each morning as he got up to shave, he would look at himself in the mirror, straight in the eye, and say out loud, "Hughey, you are dead to yourself today and you are only alive through Jesus Christ. You are dead to your pride today. You are dead to your ego today. You are not in competition with anybody else today. You are to hear God and lay down your life as a servant today."

As Jesus became number one, it spread to and strengthened Bob's number two priority in life, and that, of course, was Peggy. From Christ's ministry to Bob, and Bob's ministry to Peggy and Nolan, a third priority became clear, which was Bob and Peggy's ministry to others, which is covered in the later chapters.

It is a spiritual fact that marriage cannot be at its fullest and best if Jesus is not the first love of both the husband and the wife. Yet it is just as true, but unfortunately not as readily understood, that an individual's personal ministry can never attain its greatest fulfillment unless that person, with his mate, are truly one in the Spirit. There is a supernatural overflow from one's relationship with Jesus that pours into one's relationship with one's mate, and that overflow in turn spills over into ministry with oth-

Changes—It's Better Together

ers. This principle cannot be overlooked and most emphatically must not be avoided.

This became one of the foundations of Bob's new outlook on Jesus and Peggy. The reason Bob's life had been so twisted and messed up was because his relationships with Jesus and Peggy were shams. With the facade now gone, Bob awoke to the fact that he could never be in the right relationship with anyone else if he was not in the right relationship with Peggy, and of course, Bob could never be established in a right relationship with Peggy if he was lacking in his relationship with God.

More changes made their way into Bob's life, and God was using every and any situation to convince Bob of the futility of his former life. One major change came to Bob in his perspective of his job and, moreover, his perspective of life. For 31 years, Bob had the mindset that he was going to be a rich, successful American. During those years, Bob had not been careful about how he was walking. But times were changing, and so was Bob.

In this day and age, many people are led to believe that in order for a person to change, there must be a long, arduous road taken, with small increments of progress happening over a period of years and even decades. There is certainly much more hope in Jesus' way of doing things, for when a person submits to a change, Jesus is ready and willing to comply. Peggy was obviously the first to notice that something drastic had happened to Bob, especially in his mindset about making money.

"The big change," Peggy said, "came when Bob decided to quit using bad language and decided to stop living for himself, to stop being so stingy and start giving things away instead of hoarding. Bob came home from work one day and said, 'Peggy, I have been selfish for thirty years. I'm going to start giving things away.' And he did! It was a drastic change that literally happened overnight. I couldn't believe it, but I was glad."

This was an eternal step in the right direction, but God was faithful to open the blinds of Bob's eyes to see the real worth of the pursuit of riches and power.

God used Bob's position at work to teach him a valuable lesson about his goals in life. It came on an enlightening weekend when the president of the company called Bob to provide entertainment for another group.

The president said, "Hughey, get the company cabin all fixed up. I'm bringing a few fellows in the 'Millionaire's Club' down from Chicago." This club was an elite group which only accepted members if they had one million dollars cash in the bank on top of any other assets they owned. The company plane was used to bring them down to Clarksdale, Mississippi. Bob drove over to an out-of-town filling station and charged two cases of whiskey as gasoline and oil on the company credit card. Of course Bob also knew these guys would be expecting complimentary pornographic films, which he arranged.

A Lifestyle Of Light

The lesson came as Bob went to pick the men up at the end of the weekend. As he opened the door of the cabin, he saw some of the most miserable and pathetic men he had ever seen. They were in worse shape than Bob had ever been in, even in his worst stupor. Some were even passed out on the floor, dead drunk, satiated with the weekend's pleasures. Bob had to load each one of them up in the company wagon and put them all in their beds in the local motel. God used this to mightily impact Bob.

Although Bob did not hear an actual voice, the Holy Spirit spoke directly to Bob's heart, saying, "Bob, this is the end result of the direction you are going. Do you like what you see?"

The Lord helped Bob see the perspective of life that *He* has and that time is really short.

He loves me.
He wants His nature to be lived in me and He knows that
 "I have declared you saved
 and holy
 and sanctified.
And now I am going to work that out to where
 you will really come to experience it.
Before, all you could do
 was sing about it
 and talk about it.
But now, you are coming to the place
 where you can really experience it."
However, my salvation is not conditional even upon that.
My eternal life is not conditional
 upon my performance;
 it is conditional upon
 the performance of Jesus Christ.
Therefore, my relationship with you
 is not conditional upon your performance.
It is based upon
 the performance of Jesus Christ."
That's why I can love
 and extend grace
 and have fellowship.
This is not so that I can tell others about
 how much I have learned about love,
 or to try to get others to love me,
 but to love.
To the extent that I am loving others,

Changes—It's Better Together

that is the extent that I am loving Jesus.
You can tell how you are doing with Jesus by
the extent that you are loving others.
The closer you get to Jesus,
the more you are going to love,
and the more you are going to be loving
like Jesus.

One thing is for sure. If it comes down to you changing or God changing, guess who is the one that is going to be doing the changing?

PLAN A

Jesus loves you; He really does, but you need to get it out of your head and into your heart. I sang “Jesus loves you” for 31 years, I knew all the Bible verses, I had a big brain full of the right scriptures...and I was lost. There was no life.

Jesus wants you to have life more than *you* want to have life. I’m not just talking about heaven either; I’m talking about life *now*. Jesus came that you might have life, and more abundantly, more than anything you could get otherwise. It is not a rip-off following Jesus; Satan is the rip-off artist.

God created you and me to be totally dependent upon Him. The way of the world is independence, but the way of the Spirit is dependence.

Now, I’m going to throw out a line that might surprise you, but it is the truth. God never expected one good thing out of you. Let me say it again, *God never expected one good thing out of you.*

I have heard Christians talk among themselves saying, “I’m just not doing good.” Of course, their self-image was down and their self-esteem was down and their self-worth was down, all because they hadn’t been doing good.

The truth is, God never expected you to do good, because if God had expected anything good out of you, then He never would have sent Jesus to die for you. Instead, He would have said, “Go save yourself.” However, God knew that you couldn’t do it yourself, so He sent Jesus.

I love what Ephesians 2 says: “And you were dead in your trespasses and sins” (v.1). Now visualize this. You were *dead*. You were flat out, stinking, on the slab, in the morgue, dead. That’s where you were, and “dead” means dead. It means separated from God. It means no life. Therefore, God is saying, “You *thought* you were alive, but you were dead. You were on that cold slab in the drawer in the morgue, dead, rotting away just like Lazarus.”

Now, let’s see a dead man do something to save himself. The best a dead man can do is just lie there and stink! Some of you were dead men and some of you were dead women, and all God expected of you was to lie there and stink. You never were told this in the Baptist church were you? They always told you to be good, that you were meant to be good; but really, you were meant to lie there and stink.

Bob's Afterword: Plan A

"You were dead in your trespasses and sins, in which you formerly walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, of the spirit that is now working in the sons of disobedience" (Ephesians 2:1-2). Well now, just who is that talking about? That's you! You were in Satan's church, and in that church, you were dying in your trespasses and sins.

"Among them we too *all* formerly lived in the lusts of our flesh, indulging the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest" (Ephesians 2:3). What does *all* mean? I think that means *everybody*. Just look around you. Everybody has lived in lust and disobedience and transgressions and sin. When we walk into a room, the natural tendency is to think as Satan wants us to think, which is "Those people over there are more spiritual than I am. I'm not very spiritual."

The truth is that we *all* lived in our trespasses and sins, and we *all* formerly lived in the lust of our flesh, and we *all* indulged in the desires of the flesh and of the mind. We were *all* children of disobedience and rebellion. We were *all* law breakers living in sin and death. There was just nothing good about *any* of us. That's the great equalizer. Doesn't it feel good to be equal?

Now, all of this leads to the next verse, "But God, being rich in mercy, because of His great love with which He loved us, even when we were dead in our transgressions, made us *alive* together with Christ" (Ephesians 2:4). What have you done? Nothing! What has God done? "While you were dead in your transgressions He made you alive together with Christ."

He made you alive. It wasn't that you got baptized. It wasn't that you went to church. It wasn't that you gave a lot of money to the poor. No, it was that *He* made you alive together with Christ.

Until we get this burned into our hearts, we will be tossed to and fro, we will be as children, we will be bounced around and beaten to death by the devil. This must be indelibly written in our hearts: "God being rich in mercy, because of His great love with which He loved us, even when we were dead in our transgressions, He made us alive together with Christ." So that, "It is by grace that you have been saved," and remember, "*grace* is *what God has done for you even though you don't deserve it*. Grace has nothing to do with what you have done, but it has everything to do with what He has done.

When people ask me, "Hughey, how are you doing?" I always answer, "Better than I deserve." That is my testimony. Why? Because I am a law breaker and I deserve death.

You deserve death, you deserve to stay in that morgue, you deserve to stink throughout eternity. That is *all* you deserve. But God being rich in His mercy saved

A Lifestyle Of Light

you. He made you alive together with *Jesus*!

I don't care how well you have read the Bible. I don't care how many seminars you have been to. It is still *God* being rich in His mercy. He saved you! And it's nothing that you have done and nothing that you deserve. It is what He has done because of His mercy, because of His grace, because of His love. When you really see all of that, all you can do is say, "Thank you, Jesus!" When you see that, you will be fanatical because you will know how good He has been to you. That is called the *Gospel* and that is called *Good News*.

God has raised us up with Him, and He has "seated us with Him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, in order that in the ages to come He might show the surpassing riches of His grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus" (Ephesians 2:6-7). Do you see that?

Do you know what I think that verse is saying? I think that in the future God is going to get Bob Hughey and He is going to get *you* and He is going to hold us up and He is going to say, "Look here! Let Me show you what I have done. Bob Hughey was dead and stinking in the eternal morgue, and I reached down and saved him."

God is going to use you and me as a demonstration of His kindness. God is saying, "You *thought* you were so right when in fact you were lost, but I saved you. Look at Bob Hughey, I saved him. You knew him, didn't you? He thought he was right but he wasn't, but look, I saved him." God is going to use us as a demonstration to the rest of the world when He says, "*Look at My kindness; look what My grace has done.*"

"By grace you have been saved through faith" (Ephesians 2:8). Let me show you how bad our churches are. All of my life I heard Romans 3:23 constantly being quoted. You know the verse, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." I had that verse drilled into my brain. I saw it on plaques around the church. The church beat me to death with that verse. The problem was that they never quoted the next verse. Romans 3:24 says, "Being justified as a gift by His grace, through redemption that is in Christ Jesus." I didn't know that verse was there until I was thirty-one years old.

Do you see what religion can do to you? It will pull a few verses out of the hat and beat you to death and use guilt to motivate you. Religion will use manipulation to motivate you. Religion will use anything it can to motivate you and get you to conform to its philosophy when, in reality, God says, "Yeah, you were *all* dead in your transgressions and sins, but you have been justified, you have been put right with Me through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." That is really good news.

But let us also remember that all of this good news is from "faith to faith" (Romans 1:16-17). It is faith from beginning to end. It was faith when I met Jesus at that kitchen table and it is faith today. And when He comes back again, it is still going to be faith.

Bob's Afterword: Plan A

It's not in understanding, it's in faith and that means trusting. Faith trusts in God and not in ourselves. I don't trust me, I trust Him. I don't believe in me, I believe in Him. I have seen posters in the homes of some believers saying, "I believe in me." I don't believe in me, I believe in Jesus. I trust in Jesus. I hope in Jesus. I believe that God so loved me that He gave me Jesus, and that He so loved you that He gave you Jesus.

"For by grace you have been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Ephesians 2:8).

Did you get that? It is not of yourselves. It has nothing to do with your "self." It is a gift from God, so it is "not a result of works, that no one should boast" (Ephesians 2:9).

"Well Bob, you know, humbly speaking, I have done this and I have done that." You have done *nothing*. You have nothing to boast in except your weaknesses and Jesus Christ.

"Well, Bob, I have always been pretty good." No you haven't, because you were dead in your transgressions and sins. You stunk! That's how good you were. Here's what you did...you drew flies! Do you want to boast in that? Then go ahead and boast. God saved you, so all you can boast about is Him.

Praising the Lord is not some religious thing you do; rather, praise is something born in your heart when you see what God has done for you. I praise Jesus because of His faithfulness to me today, even though I haven't been faithful this past week. He has though; therefore, I have peace with God through my Lord Jesus Christ. Twenty years ago and today, I have peace with God through my Lord Jesus Christ.

Now let's look at Ephesians 1:2: "Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." As you read the Word of God, you will find that grace and peace are always mentioned together. Have you ever wondered why it doesn't say "law and peace"? Have you ever thought about that? The reason is that you can't keep enough law to have peace with God. He knows us better than that. He knows that grace and peace are inseparable. If you are trying to maintain your relationship with God today on the basis of what you have done, you don't have peace. Your relationship with God has nothing to do with your performance or your feelings. It is His grace from beginning to end, and it is faith from beginning to end.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with *every* spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ" (Ephesians 1:3).

God didn't look at us and say that He was going to dispense a few ziplock packages of His blessings. He does not give His blessings in small, little packets of "grace" and send them out to places. He doesn't send packets of joy to one city and packets of faith to another city. No, God loved us and He sent the *whole* thing, everything, in

A Lifestyle Of Light

Jesus. You don't get what you need from God in some little, prepackaged bags. He has already given you everything you need pertaining to life and godliness in Jesus. And He didn't love you so much that He sent you a book; He loved you so much that He sent the *Man*, His Son.

I am narrow-minded, and as I look around at what is happening in the world today, I'm getting more narrow-minded every day that I live; Jesus Christ is the only answer for this world today. It's not that the stock market is going to get better or that the economy is going to get better. There are no market slumps in Jesus! Every day is a fulfilled day, a complete day, and a blessed day because He "has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places" in Jesus.

"...just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and blameless before Him" (Ephesians 1:4).

Let me tell you something. When you look at me, you are looking at a holy guy. I'm holy. And when you look at other believers in Jesus, you are looking at holy and blameless people. That's good news. Now look at yourself. You also are holy and blameless.

"But Bob, you don't understand!"

Yes I do!

"But Bob, you don't know the things that I have done!"

Sorry, you are still holy and blameless because God has said you are. Satan is the accuser of the brethren and he is the one pointing the finger at you. Satan will go around saying, "Look, you didn't treat your spouse the right way." Then you will start going, "Woe is me!"

But God says, "You are holy and blameless, that is the way I see you, from beginning to end."

Don't get your eyes back on your belly button. There is a move in this nation to get your eyes turned on yourself, and it is in the church. It's called inner healing. I'll tell you what. I came to Jesus and I got healed. I got forgiven, cleansed, healed, redeemed, justified...everything...through the blood of Jesus Christ. And nowhere does Jesus tell us to get our eyes on our inner being or that child in you or your navel!

The Word of God tells you to look at Jesus and for you to keep your eyes on Him; you trust in Him, you cling to Him, you walk with Him. *That* is where life is. Don't ever turn inward. If you turn inward, you will get depressed.

God says that you are holy and that you are blameless. Listen, God is not uptight with you today. He knows you and He knows what you've done; but remember, He never expected one good thing out of you anyway in your old, carnal, fleshly, unregenerate state. You see, the lie you have believed is that God expected something good out of you, so He must be really disappointed in you. But God isn't

Bob's Afterword: Plan A

disappointed with you, and if God isn't disappointed in you, why are *you* disappointed in you? That is good news.

It was for freedom that Christ died for you. Freedom from failure, freedom from fear, freedom from looking at yourself, freedom to look at Jesus and trust Jesus and believe in Jesus.

"He predestined us to adoption as His sons through Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the kind intention of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, which He freely bestowed on us in the Beloved" (Ephesians 1:5-6).

I have heard people say, "Well, grace is just going to make up for what I don't do. Well, you just do the best you can, and God's grace will make up for the rest."

That's wrong! God's grace is the "hundred percent." God isn't sitting up there thinking, "Well, so-and-so is doing pretty good; I think I'll give him a little dab of grace today." No, God *freely* and *lavishly* poured His grace out upon us, and the Word of God says that His grace is sufficient. Sufficient means *enough*.

"God, do you mean that you are satisfied with me?"

"Yes, Bob, I'm satisfied with you."

"God, do you mean that you like kinky, curly hair?"

"Yes, Bob, I like kinky, curly hair."

"Well, God, I guess that means that I like it too!"

I used to not like myself at all, because my eyes were on me. I was comparing myself with everyone else, and I always found someone else with better looking hair than what I had. Then, after I came to Jesus, I started liking me. Once that happened, I started liking Peggy, and Nolan, and I even extended it to the rest of the Body of Christ!

"He made known to us the mystery of His will, according to His kind intention which He purposed in Him with a view to an administration suitable to the fullness of the times, that is, the summing up of all things in Christ, things in the heavens and things upon the earth" (Ephesians 1:9-10).

God is saying to us today, "I am summing everything up in Jesus." That means that it is not in the United Nations, it is not in a summit meeting in Washington D.C., it is not in a denomination or a non-denominational denomination; God is summing up all things in Jesus. If you want to know what wisdom is, look at Jesus. If you want to know what faith is, look at Jesus. If you want to know what love is, look at Jesus. God is summing up everything in Jesus, so God is telling us to keep our eyes on Jesus.

"In Him, you also, after listening to the message of truth, the gospel of your salvation—having also believed, you were sealed in Him with the Holy Spirit of promise" (Ephesians 1:13).

The church doesn't have gospel meetings; the good news is never told. It's, "Come

A Lifestyle Of Light

join our group.” It’s, “Come submit to our authority, rituals, and our doctrinal way of thinking.” That is what we have heard. But that is not good news.

The good news is that God loves me and He has saved me in Jesus.

When Jesus said, “It is finished,” He canceled out the debt that you as a dead person owed. And when Jesus said that it was finished, it *was* finished. You can underline it, you can put it in bold print, you can put exclamation marks by it, you can highlight it in red; it *is* finished. There is not going to be another Jesus, there is not going to be another gift, there is not going to be another packet of blessings, because it is finished. The whole redemptive purpose that man had been waiting for, that he had tried to get through law, sacrifices, or keeping a religious ritual, was all wrapped up and finished in Jesus.

When you really think about that, the only thing this good news can produce is praise, thanksgiving, freedom, excitement, joy, and peace. Peace with God, peace with yourself, peace with your mate, peace with your family, peace with your kids, security. It all comes when we look at Jesus and hear Him say, “It is finished.”

“I pray that the eyes of your heart may be enlightened, so that you may know what is the hope of His calling, what are the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the surpassing greatness of His power toward us who believe” (Ephesians 1:18-19). Notice that it does not say “will power,” but rather “His power.” I am speaking because of His power. I don’t go by feelings. The American church has believed the lie that you go by feelings. It is His power toward us who . . . what? . . . go to church three times a week? No. Toward those who tithe? No. Toward those who sing and dance? No. It is toward us who believe! It is toward those people who trust in Him, who listen to Him, who obey Him, whether it feels good or not, whether you understand it or not.

GROWTH FROM THE INSIDE OUT— INNER HEART SURGERY

I was wealthy and successful and lost, and I was in church the whole time; then I recognized a need in my life.

The most successful life on the face of the earth was demonstrated in Jesus Christ.

—Bob

After he really came to know the Lord, Bob was intent on getting to know Jesus even **A**more. He hungered and thirsted to grow spiritually. He knew that the way of the flesh was not the way to go because the best the flesh had to offer him was death. Besides, if there was something good in the flesh, then God could have gotten by with sending something less than Jesus. Bob knew that if he was going to walk in the Spirit, it meant that he would no longer be walking in his flesh.

This road was a new one for Bob. Before he truly came to know the grace and power of Christ's forgiveness, Bob's concept of spiritual growth was not only fleshly, but extremely superficial. What Bob had seen in church was a lot of people learning intellectually but without life. They went to seminars, they listened to tapes, they watched videos, they read the latest books, all the while producing no spiritual difference in their walk with the Lord.

Data is not a key to spiritual growth; one must go deeper. There must either be a change in God or else a change in the person. Bob knew this and he knew who would have to change. He also knew that the change would be deeper than intellect and deeper than doctrine, even deeper than theology. That threatens a lot of people because most people do not want to change. We are pretty comfortable in our ruts most of the time. Bob, however, was betting his entire life that the words of Jesus would be true because Jesus is not the Lord of ruts!

A Lifestyle Of Light

Before Jesus had touched his life, Bob had tried to grow using a variety of things that really had nothing to do with spiritual growth. For instance, Bob figured the first person to find the scripture in the preacher's text during the sermon must be the most mature and spiritual, not to mention having the quickest reflexes!

Another sign of an advanced spiritual state according to Bob's unregenerate mind was the idea of memorization. In his eyes he was doing all right spiritually and must be far ahead of his peers since he had put to memory all the books of the Bible, the twelve apostles, and even the Lord's prayer. What depth! What a spiritual giant he was! Of course, this mental know-how also enabled Bob to recognize passages in the Bible in a more familiar way, which reinforced the notion that being first to find a passage meant that he had arrived spiritually. This method may have caused Bob's brain to grow, but it didn't help one iota in Bob's quest for spiritual perfection.

Bob had kept his eye on all of the well-groomed gentlemen at his church who were asked to preside over the communion table. To be asked to oversee the Lord's supper was a special honor, and to be a part of this elite ceremony had significance to Bob as far as being looked up to and respected by the congregation. The truly devout men, Bob thought, were the ones who did communion, and of those particular men, it was the ones who could walk down the aisle and stay perfectly in step who were considered to be the most distinguished.

Whenever he was asked to participate in the communion ceremony, Bob would find some secluded area and practice keeping in step. This was especially important if he was the lead man walking down the aisle. Yet, no matter how poised and coordinated his walk, Bob could not grow in his faith.

This did not deter Bob at all. If staying in step wasn't doing the trick, certainly the key to being super-spiritual was in the way you held your hands once you reached the front of the church and stood behind the table! The first time out, Bob tried sticking his hands in his pockets, but that really didn't seem to do much; he still felt awkward. He then tried a different approach, putting his hands stoically behind his back, but still he didn't really think that he was being spiritual enough. Then, as a last ditch effort, Bob held his hands straight down on each side, but to his amazement, no measurable amount of spiritual benefit was derived.

All of this was taking place as Bob groped for an external demonstration of religiosity. Sadly, it never occurred to him that the outward display of righteousness could only come forth from an inward faith. Here he was, going to church more and enjoying it less.

Undaunted, Bob concocted more esoteric exercises to try to make himself something he could never be on his own. The next feeble maneuver he came up with was to sharpen his vocabulary so that, when he was called upon to pray, his eloquence and

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

verbal acuity would astound and sway his audience. Yes, it was in the way you pray. That was how you expand to the far reaches of spiritual expertise. Bob's great spiritual weapon, his sword of the flesh, was a *Roget's Thesaurus*. When he was asked to lead a prayer, you could expect Bob to come up with some new words to show off how well he must be doing in God's sight. Bob just took all the old prayers he had memorized and looked up new ways of saying the same things. In his heart, though, Bob knew that the same old darkness ruled.

At this point, Bob figured that if he couldn't invent some way to grow, perhaps someone else had the answer. Bob started attending as many gospel meetings, lectures, and seminars as he could. The more he could go to, the better. He went to these conferences until he was pretty much sick and tired of all of them. He figured, though, that by attending all these meetings he could maintain a divided allegiance of building his own selfish kingdom in the flesh as well as pleasing God. That way, he could still do what he wanted to do...and serve God, too.

Bob thought, "Well, maybe you've got to know Greek and Hebrew to grow spiritually." Again, Bob found out that flesh just could not give birth to spirit no matter how brainy and intellectual a person became. The answers were just not coming from outward things.

Then came Jesus.

Spiritual growth is a natural/supernatural product of being in Christ. Thus, some of the simplest things lead to the greatest spurts of growth. A small bit of revelation hit Bob in the form of an idea. He began doing a very simple thing, one that seemed insignificant, especially as everyone else seemed to be doing it. In fact, in all of his years in church he had done it. Bob began reading the Word of God. This time, though, things were eternally different. As each line turned into chapter, and each chapter piled up into book, something wonderful and miraculous started going off in Bob's heart.

Before Bob had been set free in his heart by the Holy Spirit, the Bible was to him just another dead book of religious laws. But now that the Spirit truly had been given to him, Bob started eating the Word alive! It was true that he had more or less known the Bible for years, but now Bob could not seem to get enough of it. He carried his Bible around with him everywhere he went because the Holy Spirit came into him to teach him, to enlighten him, and to bring the Word to life. Bob no longer studied to prove everybody else wrong nor did he study to prove that he was right. He just wanted to read the Word to see what God was saying to him at the time, and that totally changed his life.

Instead of seeing the Bible as some laborious obligation he had to read to meet God's approval, Bob started seeing each word and line as a personal message from

A Lifestyle Of Light

God to him. Bob began believing everything he read instead of reading to perform. More and more Bob studied and read as if his very life depended on it, and it did. The problem with this action was that as Bob read more and more of the Bible and as he believed more and more of it as a direct word to himself, more and more things started happening in his life.

“No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon” (Matthew 6:24). This verse hit Bob hard because he had to admit that he was still serving money. Somehow he had rationalized that he would be the one guy who could fake Jesus off. He thought he could prove Jesus wrong by overcoming this verse and its purest meaning. Bob was going to serve God and be a spiritual giant among men while still serving money and being a money giant too.

He had served himself and Jesus at the same time, and God had a word for this place. It was called the vomit zone! This verse, by God’s grace, became revelation to Bob, and he realized that he could no longer serve both, and if he continued trying to serve both, then he was a fool. Bob found himself being torn apart and pulled up as if he was trying to ride a fence. He could not make any spiritual progress, at least not until that god of greed, money, and mammon was dealt with in his life.

Another word that impacted his life was Luke 12:33-34: “Sell your possessions and give to charity; make yourself purses which do not wear out, an unfailing treasure in heaven, where no thief comes near, nor moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

It was time to take God literally.

God was using these and other scriptures to draw Bob into His life. Even before that fateful meeting on the streets of Jerusalem in 1967, God was preparing the way for His Word to be received into Bob’s heart. That same year, Bob had come across a line in a book that shook him up and scared him. It said, “A man *is* what he thinks about all day.” Now this was probably a rewording or paraphrase from the passage in Proverbs 23:7: “For as he thinks within himself, so he is.”

Bob *knew* that what he thought about all day long was pathetic. It was all lust—lust for money, lust for power, lust for sex, lust for anything. Bob once jokingly said that things were so bad, he would lust after a tree!

This passage in Proverbs caused him to reflect, to take a step back and look at himself. Even in his unregenerate state, it was not a pleasant thought to think that in the sight of God and in reality he *was* becoming what his mind was set on. That scared him and prepared him for a new life.

Probably the biggest inanimate lust Bob had set his mind on was cars. In today’s terms, Bob would be called a “motorhead.” Everything was cars—sports cars,

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

racing, engines, cubic inches, carburetion, rear end ratios, and the like. Bob meditated on motors and engines and cars twenty-four hours a day. As he lay down at night, he thought about cars; as he rose in the morning, he thought about cars.

He bought a new convertible every year. The first thing he would do after he got it from the factory was to tear it down and chrome the engine. Then he would put on special exhaust pipes and reverse chrome wheels. If he took it to a filling station, he would take his white handkerchief and wipe off any fingerprints the attendant might have left after checking

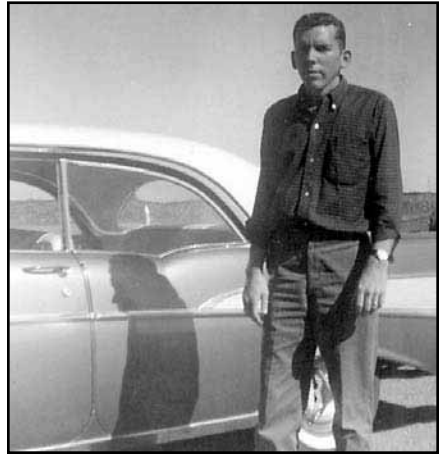
the oil. He kept the car in immaculate shape because that was his god. He wouldn't even let Peggy take Nolan to school in it because he was afraid it might get dirty.

Later, after Jesus had come into his life, Bob saw that the best that lust had given him was death. There had been no satisfaction in it. He knew this personally because he had lived in lust for thirty-one years. Challenged to put the past behind him and not get trapped in the same bondage that had tripped him up for so long, Bob took the scriptures that had so upset him previously and applied them to his advantage. He typed scriptures on about fifty 3-by-5-inch index cards and kept them in his pocket or stuck them in his desk drawer at work. He did this because he realized that a mind set on the world system was death.

When Satan said, "Okay Bob, it's time to start thinking about sex, pornography, drag races," or anything else that was a weakness, he'd pull out those cards and start reading over those scriptures, not trying to memorize them, but rather, meditating on them in such a way that the words soaked deep in his heart. Before he knew it, Bob's mind was being renewed and transformed. In the process, Bob also wound up memorizing fifty scriptures.

He had never intended this to happen, but as he set his mind on the law of the Lord and the Word of God, his whole philosophy, his entire world view, his whole way of looking at life started to change. As his mind was renewed, along with it came a total reconstruction of his priorities. With these brand new priorities came the ultimate change, the change in his will.

Of course these changes were spilling over to the people who were around Bob



*Bob and his 1957 Chevy
"His Pride & Joy" - 1962*

A Lifestyle Of Light

during the day. The changes were noticed in such a way that the guys who had been working with him for all those thirteen years knew that something was going on in Bob's life. They weren't sure what it was, but they knew something was happening.

Knowing how quick the grapevine could spread and distort the truth, Bob called a meeting with all the men he worked with. He told them, "You guys have known me all these years and you know that I have been playing religious games. I have been getting drunk with you and telling dirty jokes with you. But I have met Jesus Christ and I am going to follow Him. That means there are going to be a lot of changes taking place in my life. Now, I am not asking any of you to change, but I am asking you to give me the space and the freedom I need to make the changes that the Lord wants to make in my life."

For the most part, his work associates left Bob alone. Almost everyone thought he was going through some goofy stage or an early form of mid-life crisis or something like that. It helped that Bob pretty much had it made at his job. Most days he only had to work for an hour or so to complete his work; the other seven hours he used to allow God to transform his mind. Instead of telling dirty jokes, Bob read his scripture cards. Instead of selling things off to the workers for profit, Bob meditated on the Word of God.

Soon people at the plant started seeing the difference Jesus was making in Bob's life. Bob was quick to point them to the One who was making the difference, for he knew he could not give himself the credit for his new life. A key train of thought was permeating Bob's intentions:

Am I really wanting people to get to know *me*,
or am I wanting people to get to know Jesus?
Am I really wanting people to see *me*,
or am I wanting people to see Jesus?
Am I wanting God to receive glory, praise, and honor,
or am *I* really wanting to receive the glory, praise, and honor?

Although he knew the road ahead was an eternal one, Bob did not panic or get overwhelmed with the big picture. Instead, he lived each day with his eyes on Jesus, with the idea that growing spiritually just meant that he should be faithful in the little things and God would then take care of the rest.

Instead of being intimidated by what lay ahead, Bob saw that spiritual growth could be compared to a five thousand piece jigsaw puzzle. Picture all five thousand pieces dumped out on a big card table. Some of the pieces may have landed there upside down, sideways, right side up, or even standing on one end. Many people might immediately attempt to put the entire puzzle together, wanting to see the complete pic-

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

ture at once. But they would, of course, find themselves discouraged, frustrated, and possibly ready to sweep the pieces of the puzzle back into the box and forget the whole thing. Bob, realizing the long, narrow road that he was now walking, was happy being faithful in putting one piece together with one other piece.

When we use this methodical, determined, yet relaxed approach, the puzzle will start to come together, slowly but completely. We won't be able to see the entire picture, but we will see what the Lord is doing in those certain areas of our lives. In this way, we don't have worry if *everything* doesn't fit together right. Just start with that one piece. Before we know it, twenty years will have passed, and God will say, "Look! You're about halfway through the puzzle now!" That's progress.

Bob also knew that if there was going to be any amount of spiritual growth in his life, there would have to be confession, meaning an open and honest acknowledgment of sins. He knew that this confession would not be some vague, nebulous thing like he had been doing in church for thirty-one years. Generic confessions were just not going to cut it any more. Confession had to be more than just a blanket coverall that did not strike at the heart of the problem.

Bob knew in his heart that canned confessions were not born of the Spirit, for hiding behind them had brought no change in his life or anyone else's. Confession had to go deeper than that. Confession had to be a part of that ongoing process of keeping his heart tender, soft, pliable, and open to receiving the Word that the Word might have its place in his heart. The plain fact was, that with confession, his spiritual life flourished; without it, he stagnated and smelled that old stench of death.

After Bob allowed Jesus to come into his heart and realized his need to obey the Lord and confess his sins, something else came in as well . . . light. Jesus used that light to illuminate a lot of junk that had been rusting away in Bob's heart all the years that he had been playing church. He had lived in death in church; there had been no more to walking with Jesus than going to church.

Now the light had been turned on. In response to this light, Bob began to confess things to the Lord; Jesus became the number one recipient of Bob's confession. Secondly, though, the Lord had Bob begin confessing to Peggy and to Nolan. Confession to them began at square one, ground zero, of the beginning of Bob's walk, and to this day Bob is still walking in that.

I remember one of the first in-depth conversations I ever had with Bob. It came after he had spoken to a small group of people at a lunch-time Bible study. I was still skeptical of his walk with Jesus because it was very difficult for me to accept the pure joy that flowed out of him as being real. I felt there must be a mask Bob was hiding behind. This gleeful freedom that emanated from him had to have some sort of artificial root. No one could be that happy!

A Lifestyle Of Light

As the meeting broke up, I trailed behind Bob as he walked out into the parking garage and listened to him answer questions posed by others. Waiting for the elevator to take us downstairs, I nervously approached him and tried somehow to wedge my way into his psyche so I could figure out how he had managed to get such a hold on Jesus. “Bob, what is it that has allowed you to get so close to a knowledge of Jesus?” I asked, expecting some long-winded, deep, even evasive, type of answer. Instead, Bob sliced right to the core of the question and to my own life.

“Daily confession and repentance,” he said, almost offhandedly but knowing that I didn’t expect to hear that.

He was right. I neither expected to hear it, nor wanted to hear it, but all these years later, the weight of that answer is still putting a deep, burning brand on my soul.

There will be no growth taking place in our lives until we repent from living like the world, and follow Jesus no matter what it costs or where it leads. One way you can tell you are growing spiritually is if you are getting further away from the world and being alienated from the world and the way it’s going.

Without a daily confession of sins, our hearts tend to get callused and hard; then the heart resists the prodding, the probing, the leading, and the guiding of the Holy Spirit. Conversely, a heart that is given to confession to the Lord and confession to others will be soft. It will stay pliable and will be able to receive the Word of God and the prompting and leanings of the Holy Spirit. This is a part of salvation that comes with confession, something many believers have never experienced.

If the foundation isn’t right, the superstructure will be all wrong.

Examples of Bob’s confessional unloading are numerous and potent. His desire, even today, is to stay “clean” with everyone, no matter how angry someone may be with him or what he feels about anyone else in any particular intense circumstance. It is always the desire of Bob’s heart to never give the enemy room in which to operate.

A few years after he had come to the Lord, Bob got trapped in lust. The first person he went to for prayer was Peggy. He said, “Peggy, I’m having a problem with lust.”

She prayed for him, and Bob was immediately set free. Now, if he had wanted to go back to his old ways of playing religious games, and if Bob and Peggy had not had a completely trusting and committed relationship, he would have remained trapped.

On another occasion, the Lord spoke to Bob’s heart about a deep, hidden place where there was an unconfessed sin Bob had committed against his precious Peggy. At home that night, Bob went to his beloved and said, “Peggy, I’ve got something that

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

I want to confess to you.”

Before the words could even leave his lips, Peggy in her usual soft way responded, “Bob, whatever it is, it’s covered by the blood of Jesus.”

Bob knew this to be true whether Peggy had verbalized it or not, but he remembered all those years of pain Peggy had endured. This even more compelled him to let not even one speck of dirt stand between him and Peggy, so he continued laying himself bare before her.

“I know it’s covered by Jesus,” Bob replied, “but God’s light has gripped my heart, and I must be clean with both you and Him.”

After that, Bob confessed his transgression against Peggy and in his words, “It was really hard.”

But Bob knew that his choices were to either stay right with the Lord or shrink back by hiding his sin, and no matter how hard it was to tell Peggy what he had done, he knew that it would be even harder to face God in disobedience, because being right with God was the most important thing in Bob’s life. He was determined not to let one measly sin rob him of God’s righteousness and blessing.

That night, as they were lying in bed, Peggy rolled over to Bob and spoke in the purest of tones, “Bob, I just want you to know that I love you more tonight than I have ever loved you in my life.”

To show the extent of the way Bob and Peggy had truly “become one,” I am reminded of an event that happened to them in Israel. Since they had visited that country eighteen times from 1967-1995, the hotel where they regularly stayed had become very familiar with their presence. One morning the hotel manager came up to Peggy to tell them something, but Bob had momentarily left to go get a paper. As the manager began talking with Peggy, he abruptly stopped and remarked, “You know, when I am talking to you, it’s as if I am talking to Bob as well because you two are *ONE!*”

That statement, coming from a non-believing Jew, underlines how the testimony of their life together is more than a story or a teaching. Bob and Peggy truly have become one in real life, and the obviousness of it speaks louder than volumes of sermons or lecture notes ever could.

Wives, do you know what *your number one ministry* is? To help your husband achieve complete fulfillment. Peggy doesn’t have to seek a ministry. She seeks God and He says, “Love Bob.”

Ministry to your mate is part of God’s work. The small things are far more important to God than a thousand things in a “major ministry.”

What is Peggy’s ministry? Helping Bob...and the angels rejoice. So we know how to stand against Satan by loving each other. We’re in it together.

A Lifestyle Of Light

“Together” is the word of the Lord.

You might ask, “Bob, aren’t you out teaching today?”

I’m loving Peggy, the most spiritual thing I could ever do!

Bob was convicted that he needed to have everything in his heart spick-and-span toward Nolan as well, with no hindrances or unclean spots. Bob did not want Nolan to grow up doing the things that he had done before coming to Jesus. The mutual antagonism between Bob and Nolan was gone. Bob now recognized that though he had failed in many ways in raising his son, the time had come to straighten things out.

During a particular seminar, as Bob and Peggy sat listening to the speaker, God shined light right into the heart of Bob’s soul. He revealed to Bob a place of sin that he knew he had to immediately respond to; Bob realized that he had lied to Nolan every year of his life.

Some people would call what he had done a little thing. They might say that it was unintentional and not even Bob’s fault. But to Bob, it was as big a distance as between heaven and hell. God showed Bob how Satan had damaged his relationship with Nolan through his empty promises; after all, what reason did Nolan have to love and trust his dad when he didn’t stand by his word?

“Daddy, will you take me squirrel hunting?” Nolan would ask.

“Sure,” Bob would always reply. “Next squirrel season.”

That conversation went on for a decade. A small thing it was, but that tiny pebble had grown over the years into a major stumbling block, one that had always prevented Bob’s relationship with his son from operating in the fullness of God’s blessing. The stumbling block was now stacked up into a huge wall, but after Bob was convicted of the damage he had brought about through his “lies,” he at once wrote his son a short note asking Nolan to forgive him.

The problem was enormous. The remedy was simple. Bob saw his sin against Nolan. He confessed it. There was instant forgiveness and cleansing.

Bob even telephoned Nolan long distance and told him that he was going to take him squirrel hunting as soon as he and Peggy returned home; Nolan should have shotgun and shells with him when he picked them up at the airport. Nolan, on the other end of the telephone, received his dad’s words with nonchalance, telling Bob that he didn’t need to fulfill his long overdue promise; he had forgiven Bob long ago. Persevering, Bob replied that he and Nolan were going squirrel hunting; the Lord had convicted him of it, and they needed to go . . . period!

Bob and Peggy flew home from the seminar, Nolan met them at the airport, and that same day the two of them went squirrel hunting.

Bob was praying, “God just give him one squirrel, any way, shape, or size you want, but give him one squirrel!” There was one squirrel, only one. It came out on the side

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

of a barn as the sun was going down on their adventure. Nolan shot it and even took it home and skinned it. Peggy cooked it, and he ate it!

Bob was showing signs that being a new creature did have many plusses that healed years and years of deathly flesh, and as far as Peggy and Nolan were concerned, immediate repentance went a long way to bring about the good fruit of reconciliation that God's new life promises to those willing to walk it out.

One particular story helps to illustrate just how committed Bob is in keeping his relationship with Peggy and Nolan clean and open.

One Sunday morning, Bob, Peggy, and Nolan were on their way to church. As they were motoring down I-65 in Nashville, Tennessee, about ten miles from home, Bob sensed there was something wrong in his family's relationship with each other. The Holy Spirit spoke, "Bob, your teaching today at church will be a big farce. Go home and get your relationship with Peggy and Nolan right." Bob pulled off the road onto an exit, quickly made a U-turn, and headed back toward the house.

Nolan asked, "Dad, where are you going?"

Bob replied, "We're going home to get our relationship right with the Lord and with each other before we go and teach other people." That was a priority. Being the main speaker at church wasn't.

They drove back the ten miles, got home, went into their living room, and prayed, "Now Lord, reveal in our hearts any place of uncleanness."

"But," Nolan said, "we're going to miss church!"

To which Bob replied, "I don't care. It's more important for us to be right in our relationship with each other than for us to go to church and be hypocrites."

Bob felt more than ever before that if his relationship with Peggy and Nolan was not right, then none of them could go into fellowship together with anyone else. It would have been an empty, religious joke, and Bob had experienced enough of that in church. He knew that game playing was nothing more than the vomit zone to God.

While the world had confined "confession" to a prepackaged, religious box (or should I say booth?), making it the dread of any soul who was put into a corner and forced to "spill the beans" or who had been so unfortunate as to have been caught in some sort of hidden act, Bob had discovered what God had intended from the beginning—for confession to be in the life of each believer.

With confession comes healing
With confession comes cleansing
With confession comes forgiveness
With confession comes *freedom!!!*

Even the tiniest seed of sin, be it greed, selfish ambition, jealousy, or any old sin

A Lifestyle Of Light

that he may have thought was past history... if God revealed it, then Bob confessed it. This left Satan no time, no right, no place in Bob because immediate confession was an ongoing part of his daily life. Through this, Bob's heart remained soft and attentive and sensitive to the leading and guidance of the Lord.

Therefore everyone who hears these words of Mine, and acts upon them, may be compared to a wise man, who built his house upon the rock... And everyone who hears these words of Mine, and does not act upon them, will be like a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand.

—Matthew 7:24,26

Wise men hear God and act on it.
Stupid men hear God and stay the same.

Hungry and thirsty for the freshness of God, some of Bob's greatest spurts of growth came as he spent time in God's Word; and as Bob continued to grow, one of the things that changed in him was the *way* he studied the Bible.

As he looked back on his life, Bob recognized that though he had read the Bible over a long period of years, it really had not affected him in any way. He had a brain full of Bible, but a heart full of darkness. He remembered his mother always reminding him to "have his Sunday School lesson ready" for the coming Sunday morning. And although Bob always had his lesson prepared, he now recognized that, before he had truly accepted Jesus, he had still been dying and going to hell!

To Bob "getting his lessons" meant that he was reading books and reading the scriptures that the books talked about and filling in all the blanks with the right scripture verses and the right answers. In those days and for a long time afterward, he equated growing spiritually with all those canned answers in his Sunday School book.

But, as Bob has since said many times over, "I was making an 'A' in Bible class but an 'F' in life, because if you turn God into a system of 'do's and don'ts,' then you don't have to relate to God as a person."

As Bob now looked at the Bible in a new and life-giving way, he had to honestly admit that after all those years he could not think of any life change that had taken place as a result of "getting his lessons." Just by the process of osmosis, one would think that *something* had to have gotten through to him. But during that time Bob had such a hard heart toward God that, if anything, those lessons caused him to run even further from the Lord.

Now the desire was there, and that desire was more than just lessons and busy work in the Word. Study had to be more than getting through a *One Year Bible*. Reading the *One Year Bible* could become just another way of "holding to a form of

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

godliness although they have denied its power” (2 Timothy 3:5) all over again. He knew it would be very possible to adhere to a *One Year Bible* schedule and not get one thing out of it. It was not quantity and speed that Bob craved, it was life.

Bob started out with a simple notion that has stayed with him for years and years. As he sits down and opens up his Bible, Bob says to the Lord, “God, I want to get just *one* thing out of this.” This basic idea became a foundation for Bob as he dove into the Word, for he knew that if he allowed the Lord to show him just one good thing that day, that his life would be constantly and consistently affected and changed for the better.

Failure in the most important things in his previous life helped Bob to view the Lord and the Bible in a totally different way. The Bible wasn’t written to make God a famous author or to put a book on the bestseller list. God gave us His Word because it contains words of life.

There were going to be no more scanned readings in order to just get through it. With each line, Bob asked the Lord to “show me what You really want to say to me through this.”

As he dug deeper into the Bible, Bob also had to rid himself of other old habits that had been imbedded in him through a lot of doctrinal training. He had been brought up thinking that the Bible was to be read to prove everyone else wrong. For thirty years he had 2 Timothy 2:15, “Study to show thyself approved unto God, rightly dividing the word of truth” (KJV), ingrained in him as a passage of argumentation and doctrinal conceit. It had brought neither life to him nor through him. Now, with a new heart and mind, Bob could read that same passage and see that all along God was trying to say, “Hughey, *get in the Word!*”—not in some ritualistic way, but so Bob would be able to hear God and come to know God’s nature.

Satan had caused Bob to view the Bible as a nemesis to rob him from doing all those things that he wanted to do to fulfill the desires of his flesh. Having been crucified with Christ, Bob was now finding that the Bible was a gift given to him and written for him to equip him with everything he needed for life and godliness, both now and forever. Somehow, through unrenewed doctrines of the past, God, the great I Am, had become the great I Was, living in retirement once the Bible was written and canonized.

This new frame of mind and life led Bob to see the Holy Spirit as an active Person being poured out on all flesh today. By reading the Bible, Bob was able to get in touch with God—how God thinks, what God thinks, and how God responds. Bob Hughey could actually *know* God—not just to know about Him, but even better, to know Him personally.

A Lifestyle Of Light

God is looking for a generation of men and women who know Him. Then, on Monday morning at 8:45 a.m., you can know the Lord and also know His will for you in any situation that's facing you. He's looking for a kingdom of people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation who will literally follow the cloud by day and the fire by night—a people who will to be empowered by Him, follow Him, and be led by His Holy Spirit. That's deeper to me than just reading the Bible through every year or twice a year or three times a year.

You're never going to get to know God if you have a casual, passing acquaintance with Him. Having a blasé relationship with the Lord will never get us what we really need or what we really desire. It's getting to *know* Him.

If you want to go on to maturity, then you'll learn to praise the Lord. If you base whether you're going to rejoice in the Lord on how you feel, then you're immature. The joy of the Lord is my strength, whether I feel good or not, whether I'm in good health or bad health, whether I'm full or I'm hungry, or whether I'm in Nashville or I'm in Calcutta.

Prayer is another way that God uses to help us grow with Him, which is probably why Satan would have us do anything except pray. He will want us going to Bible studies instead of praying. He will want us to enroll in Bible correspondence courses rather than spend time in prayer. He would even prefer that we get a doctor of divinity degree rather than pray. Satan hinders us by keeping us out of our prayer closets.

Bob knew that he was so weak that he needed prayer daily. He began a daily time of prayer where he would pray specifically for certain people and certain things. This may seem regimented for some, but it kept Bob's prayer time full and varied.

In prayer, you also come to really care for people because you are directly participating in their lives. The Bible says to 'let your requests be made known to God' (Philippians 4:6) and to 'pray without ceasing' (1 Thessalonians 5:17). That about covers it. We have the full freedom and approval from God to pray for *everything!*

But, as with all aspects of a walk with Jesus, prayer is costly. If you are addicted to television, you will never be in that place of prayer with the Lord where you can really grow. Therefore, if you need to get rid of the TV set to pray, then throw the thing out. *Don't* sell it to somebody else! Toss the thing out or do whatever it takes if it is a hindrance in your life.

I used to read hot rod magazines, stock car magazines, mechanical magazines, and things like that. But I don't read them any more. I don't have time. Why? There's something else that's more important. Everyone has the same number of hours in a day...every day. I make a willful decision to spend time in the Word and in prayer. I could choose to go jogging or play tennis or read the newspaper or watch TV or videos; the list goes on and on. There's a zillion other things I

Growth from the Inside Out—Inner Heart Surgery

could choose to do.

If I am going to get to know Him, there is no shortcut. It's going to take time. Time in getting into His Word and time in getting out of head knowledge.

In no uncertain terms, God was relaying the message to Bob, “I want you to give heed to Me in *everything*” (see Acts 3:22).

This meant more than just a cursory running through the scriptures; it meant that Bob was to be acutely attuned to what God was wanting to say to him and in him and, of course, what God was wanting to *do* in him.

Bob knew that his natural tendency would be to slip back under the old religious laws that had bound him for so many years. His religious background had force-fed him so many requirements and regulations; such as, God requires us to become Christians by the following set format: we must hear, believe, repent, confess, and be baptized; and on top of all these rules, God then requires us to be “faithful unto death.”

These “five steps” were all well and good when they were coupled with faith, but by themselves they were no better than praying toward Mecca at certain pre-set times of the day.

There was more to life than the standard requirements, and Bob knew it. He wanted to get out of what was required and into what God desired. Why was this so important to Bob in his spiritual growth?

We obey because He blesses obedience. Acts 5:32 says that He gives His Holy Spirit to those who obey Him. Do you want more of His Holy Spirit? You don't have to grunt and strain to get it. Obey, and that releases more of the Holy Spirit.

This key to maturity moves things from an external law to an internal motivation of the heart. Moving in what God *requires* is religion, but moving in what He *desires* is a relationship, and that's the vital element in spending time in God's Word.

Jesus didn't come to bring religion; He came to bring life and life is in relationships, not in data and information, facts, getting your lessons done, in the right answers, or even in having a quiet time.

Having a quiet time had become a religious ritual for many people, and Bob was sick of the rituals. It all went back to hearing that one life-changing word daily as he read the Bible.

“Hughey, I want you to hear one word today... humility.”

If I could really get a grasp on that one word, what He wants to work into my heart and in my life, I think I might start growing spiritually. All because I listened and heard what He was trying to communicate to me, and I let it affect my life.

A Lifestyle Of Light

You study the Word because you want to hear God's will for your life. I don't study the Bible to get sermons anymore. I study to hear what God's will is for me. I study the Word to see His nature because I want my nature to be aligned with His nature. I want my will to be aligned with His will and I want to think the way He thinks. I want the same value system that God has. That's why I get into the Word.

It's not to prove me right and you wrong; it's that we might seek His face. It's that we might hear His voice, and with that, then immediately respond to the Word of God, "which also performs its work in you who believe."

(1 Thessalonians 2:13).

Bob was learning to get out of his brain, out of religious ritual, and let the Word into his heart and into his life; and he continued to grow.

There are no shortcuts to spiritual growth. It's taken me over 50 years to get to the place where I am with you, with Peggy, and with the Lord today. You cannot speed up the work of God in you, but you can retard it. Anything other than a heart wanting the will of God will retard and hinder the work of God in you.

These are the days of the crystal cathedrals.

These are the days of prayer towers.

These are the days of Jesus amusement parks.

These are the days when Christians are teaching and talking peace and freedom...and are hooked on drugs.

These are the days that Christians are talking and teaching about trusting God for finances...and hiring agents to be sure that they get their fair share.

These are the days that Christians are talking and teaching about humility...and yet they hire public relations firms to advertise and promote themselves and their ministry.

All the while, we still think we are doing God's will.

It's time for discernment.

It's time that we start calling what is born of the Spirit, Spirit, and start calling what is born of the flesh, flesh.

We have to start doing this in these days if we plan on going on with the Lord.

Somehow, we think that we can go on with the Lord and still do whatever we want to do...and just tack the name of Jesus onto it.

I've seen everything...from Jesus bathrobes to Jesus doggy collars.

I keep thinking, "My God, my God, how long will it be before You begin walking through these places and start turning tables upside down?"

Just by sticking the name of Jesus on something...doesn't make it God or mean that it is born of the Holy Spirit.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING

Jesus said, “Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied” (Matthew 5:6). If you are hungering and thirsting for anything else, you will not be satisfied. You can’t get enough things. You can’t get enough degrees. You can’t get a big enough ministry. You can’t get enough of anything because only Jesus satisfies those people who are hungering and thirsting for righteousness.

I did some study on the words “hunger” and “thirst.” It’s not a hunger and thirst that can be satisfied by a Big Mac and a medium sized coke. These words mean a hunger and a thirst that want the *whole* thing. It’s a hunger and thirst born out of forty days in the desert with nothing to eat or drink.

Please hear this with your heart. God is saying to us, “I am wanting people who are hungering and thirsting for righteousness. I am wanting a people who are hungering and thirsting after *Me*. I am looking for a people who are consumed with wanting to know Me and to with fellowship Me and to walk with Me. When you are doing this, then you’ll be satisfied.”

We are not going to be satisfied any other way. That pierces my heart, because I find myself hungering and thirsting after things *other* than righteousness. Don’t you?

God is saying, “Come on, people. Go on with me. Come on and grow, because I want to see you hungering and thirsting for righteousness like you used to hunger and thirst for the things of the world. Think what would happen if you sought the kingdom of God like you seek a new business. When that kind of hungering and thirsting is there, then I’m going to meet you, and I’m going to come and satisfy you, and you are going to be walking around full of peace, joy, love, and contentment.”

Whatever happened to contentment? You can tell where you are in that hungering and thirsting for the Lord by asking yourself, “Am I content tonight?”

You can’t fill that hole up in your heart with anything other than Jesus because He is the only thing that can truly satisfy. It is only as I am hungering and thirsting for Jesus that peace, contentment, security, and righteousness will be there.

“And you shall love the Lord your God with *all* your heart” (Mark 12:30). Let’s think about that for a minute. Where are we in that...10%? “Well Jesus, I’m up to 12.75%.” Sometimes, my profile looks like the stock market report. When things are

A Lifestyle Of Light

going my way, then my commitment to Jesus increases to 80%, but when things don't go as I expected them to go, my profile decreases to 5%.

The Word says, "Love the Lord your God with *all* your heart." That is being single-minded and single-hearted. That is hungering and thirsting with all your soul, intellect, conscience, emotion, with all of your mind and all of your strength. He says, "Numero Uno" is loving the Lord your God with all of your heart.

Where were you at about three o'clock this afternoon? When we're together in our prayer group, then we are really clicking, aren't we? We are really in focus. We are hearing the Word and taking it all in.

But at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, that automatic frequency control has a tendency to start slipping and, all of a sudden, we are out of focus. Loving the Lord our God with all of our hearts is to be our motivating factor whether it's 8:00 A.M., 3:00 P.M., or 10:00 P.M., even if we don't have a prayer meeting.

"For the eyes of the Lord move to and fro throughout the earth that He may strongly support those whose heart is completely His" (2 Chronicles 16:9). God is looking for that person whose heart is *completely* His, that is hungering and thirsting for righteousness. He's looking for those people who are loving Him with all their hearts, minds, souls, and strength; whose whole life is completely hidden in Him; whose whole purpose for being is Jesus—those whose purpose is not to impress people with their spiritual walk, not to impress people with their ministry, but whose whole purpose is to bring glory and honor to the Father through Jesus Christ that Jesus might have first place in *everything*.

God is saying, "I love you enough to give you total provision to walk in this, to participate in this, to experience this, because this is kingdom. This is the reign of God. This is walking in the Holy Spirit."

If you are being led by the Spirit of God, you will be hungering and thirsting for Him, seeking, asking, knocking, losing your life daily, and finding your life in the name of Jesus.

It's this kind of people that God is going to be upholding, strengthening, providing for, using, and growing up. Revival will happen when one of us starts hungering and thirsting for Him. Revival has got nothing to do with glowing neon signs or mail-out brochures. It's got everything to do with one person turning from his sins and saying, "God be merciful to me. I want to know you. I want you. I want to hunger and thirst for you on a constant, ongoing basis. I want to experience peace, joy, and contentment in the Holy Spirit."

That's when revival take place, and God is desiring revival here and now. That means we have to go that He might come.

Some may say, "But you have to be respectable."

Bob's Afterword: Hungering and Thirsting

If respectability could have gotten the job done, it would have happened a long time ago.

“But you have to keep your reputation.”

Nope. Jesus counted Himself of *no* reputation. Acts, chapter 17, talks about people who upset the world. Man, the world that I live in needs upsetting by a godly man or woman filled with the Holy Spirit. Where I go, a new preacher is not the answer, but Jesus Christ is the answer. God is wanting to use me and fill me to upset the world wherever I go in the name of Jesus Christ.

“Well, it's not for everyone, just a select few.”

No, it's for the whole holy Body.

“Well, you need a balance.”

Jesus wasn't balanced, He *is* the balance. If the world flakes off and is going to hell, you can still stand there with peace in your heart and believing His Word, because you know that He is going to keep His Word to you. I want to please Him and I won't compromise for you. I also won't ask you to compromise for me.

CHAPTER 6

RADICALLY ABANDONED

God doesn't make us winners or losers of the rat race. He gets us out of the rat race.

—Andy Reese

The problem is that we don't need a better standard of living, we need a better standard of dying, because to the extent that we die correctly, that's the extent that we live correctly. Don't be ripped off by the standards of the world.

—Bob

As Bob was seeking the Lord for ways to grow and prosper spiritually, he came across a book that was to change his life. The book was Deitrich Bonhoeffer's *The Cost of Discipleship*. The word Bob got was, "Bob, if you want to follow Me, then you must deny yourself."

From that point on, Bob knew that he was never again to do anything just for the purpose of making money. That meant he would not go anywhere to speak, teach, or serve for money. Accordingly and more importantly, Bob decided that he would never even have an agenda for building self or exalting self, but that in everything Jesus would have preeminence, whether Bob lived or whether Bob died.

All of this was important to Bob because he realized that as long as he was holding on to his life, he would be experiencing neither the cross nor the life of Jesus. "For the love of Christ controls us. . . that they who live should no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died and rose again on their behalf" (2 Corinthians 5:14-15).

We had a new house, a new Chevy Super Sport convertible, and a new boat, but all that time Peggy was thinking, "Lord, there's got to be more to life than this. Is this all there is?"

So, when I met the Lord, both Peggy and I heard the Lord saying, "If any man

Radically Abandoned



Bob with Super Sport Convertible — 1966

wants to follow me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me!" In other words, do away with everything that is hindering your walk with the Lord.

In paraphrase, Matthew 16:24-25 says: "If any of you wants to be My follower, you must put aside your own pleasures and shoulder your cross and follow Me closely. (This is painful, but it's worth it.) If you insist on saving your life, then you'll lose it. If you're still trying to stand up for your life, you'll lose it. If you're still wanting your vision and your will done, you're going to lose it. Only those who throw away their lives daily, who waste their lives for My sake and the sake of the good news, will really know what it means to live."

It was becoming clear to us that to the extent we embrace the cross of Jesus Christ on a daily basis, that will be the extent we will be experiencing resurrection life. And accordingly, to the extent His resurrection life is living in us, that will be the extent that life will be flowing through us, and that we will be a blessing to the people we touch in the world.

The Sunday after Bob was born again at his kitchen table, he went down front at Oakhurst Church of Christ. With microphone in hand, Bob spoke the following words to the congregation.

A Lifestyle Of Light

I have been playing church here for all of these years, and yet none of you loved me enough to come and confront me with it. Some of you knew that I had been doing some illegal things, and you've been gossiping about it rather than confronting me with it. Now I have given my life to Jesus and I am going to follow Him. I'm not sure I even know what that means, but if any of you want to go with us, then come on and let's go. But please, don't try to stop me because I'm going on with Jesus Christ.

That was the beginning of Bob's revolutionary walk with Jesus. The problem was that the church was not ready for it, then or now.

Bob went to the elders of the church and told them of the mighty change that had taken place in his life. For the most part the elders did not know how to handle this. They responded by saying, "Well, that's really nice Bob. Listen, if we ever need you for anything, we will let you know."

If Bob had listened to that counsel, he would have died and gone to hell in the delta of Mississippi. If he had sat there and waited for a call from men, then Bob would still be in Clarksdale waiting...and dead.

The church today isn't even holding onto a form of godliness anymore. It's sold out to Satan and self. We need to radically obey the initial promptings of the Holy Spirit. In *my* life. It's not for me to wait for you to do it.

Bob and Peggy chose to listen to Jesus Christ and heed His Word, even if no one else was willing to go with them. Bob had, figuratively speaking, lived in Egypt (bondage to the world) thirty-one years too long, and he was ready to get out. So, he and Peggy pointed their feet to the Promised Land and started following Jesus, no matter what the cost was going to be and no matter that the world was screaming "NO! DON'T DO IT!"

The world of garbage that they had lived in was dying and going to hell. Why should they spend any more time and effort in it?

I was thirty-one years old, knowing that I had a call on my life, a call to follow Jesus and to let Jesus *really* be Savior and Lord. That was really different, because from my church background nobody received a calling on their lives to follow Jesus. From that perspective, a person was only called to be a member of 'the church.' I had already been a member of the church and I knew what that had produced in my life...zero, zero, zero. Being in church meant: name on record, body in pew, and heart in hell. That's all I had.

Radically Abandoned

Initially, God closed more doors than He opened. But closed doors were just God's way of nudging the Hugheys toward the right door and the right direction.

Bob and Peggy were ready to serve the Lord, but God was trying to keep them from getting lost in good works. They had been offered a position as house-parents in a children's home, but the entire deal fell through in short order. As always though, God used this initial false start to bring about a much greater good.

Both Bob and Peggy were in agreement that they did not want to play the money game anymore, so they asked God, "What do we do now? How do we make the change from the life we've been living to a life of serving?"

It did not take long for God to unfold circumstances that would guide Bob and Peggy toward the answer. Jesus said it to the rich young man, and He also said it to Bob and Peggy. "One thing you still lack; sell all that you possess, and distribute it to the poor, and you shall have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me" (Luke 18:22).

If Bob and Peggy were determined to forsake the world, God was even more adamant. There was to be no gradual, slow withdrawal from the world for the Hugheys. The word of the Lord was "sell all."

Up until a few months before, Bob's concept of security was to live in a house that had been paid for. Now, however, Bob found that his security was not in a house, whether paid for or not paid for. Security could not be found in any *thing* that one could see, touch, accumulate, buy, or sell. His security was in Jesus.

This contradicted everything Bob had previously stood for. However, he saw that everything he had been living for during the past thirty-one years meant nothing. God knew even more than Bob did, for God knew that having a nice house was a stronghold in Bob's life that had to be dealt with if Bob was going to make any progress in the Spirit. Bob had a nice house, but it was built on the wrong foundation.

Bob had a choice to make, and it would be a choice that he would never outgrow. Obedience was the only path, and Bob made his decision to sell the house because now he knew what being rich spiritually had to offer. True riches had nothing to do with money, but everything to do with the blessings of God. If God wanted Bob to have money, it would only be to see how Bob would handle it.

I went to the real estate agent and told him that I wanted to sell our house. He asked, "How much do you want for it?"

I said, "I don't care, because whatever money you get for it, I'm going to give it away."

"*You're what?!!*" he asked, in shock and disbelief. When the house sold, we took the money and gave it away.

I knew in that deepest place of my heart that God had something different for me than sitting, making money for a greedy, worldly organization the rest of my

A Lifestyle Of Light

life. I had been raised under a world system whose father was Satan, and I was deceived as I listened to the daddy of this world, but no longer.

We were encumbered with many things, and the Lord showed me that having a new house was an idol in my life. God's word for idols is to get them down and out of the camp, so we sold the house and gave the money to the poor. We went up and down the streets giving money and tracts away. People thought we were crazy. We would just go down to the street corner and open the trunk of our car and give cupcakes, cokes, and Kool-Aid. We even gave away clothes and more money and asked the passersby, "Did you know that Jesus loves you?"

People really thought we were crazy! But I had found life, and it didn't have anything to do with houses or cars or money or security or in position or anything else. It had everything to do with Jesus Christ. When Jesus said, "I've come that you might have life and that you might have it abundantly" (see John 10:10), He wasn't reciting some religious cliché. That's not religious rhetoric, that's the truth. It's wisdom, but it's not something that you learn in Religious Ed. 202 at college.

For about six months after selling the house, the Hugheys lived in a rented apartment. This was a strange experience for them; their lifestyle was becoming much different than the cozy one they had been used to. Many times at strange hours of the day and night, there were all sorts of unusual acting people knocking at their door. Unbeknownst to them, this apartment they thought of as just an economical place to stay until God showed them an open door, turned out to be a house of prostitution!

It was during this time that Bob and Peggy really began trusting that the Lord knew what He was doing in their lives, and it was for them to ask, seek, knock, and *obey* when He revealed His will.

Letters went out from Bob and Peggy to missionaries all over the world. The Hugheys did not really know anything else about service other than "missions work," so they hoped they would receive some leads as to where there might be an opening for them overseas. God showed Bob very quickly that "missions" were another contrivance in man's scheme of things, that He worked on a different level. It did not take long for Bob and Peggy to be flatly turned down by every missionary they wrote. However, in one letter from a missionary in Singapore came some advice, "Go back to school, get a degree, then come help us."

The Hugheys thought, "Why not?" It would be a good time of preparation for them. Bob could finish school, then the whole family could go.

The choice of school was David Lipscomb College in Nashville, Tennessee. Lipscomb was a noted Church of Christ college and had a very good reputation as an institute of higher learning. Religious Education would be Bob's major, and he figured he could finish the program within two years if he really pushed himself. There was

Radically Abandoned



*Stephens-Adamson Manufacturing Company,
Clarksdale, Mississippi — 1966*

still one detail that needed to be dealt with...

At work, like everywhere else, everyone thought Bob had gone completely insane. But in reality, for the first time in his entire life, Bob had found his right mind and he was not going to lose his opportunity to walk in what he now knew to be true. On the one hand, Stephens-Adamson was bound and determined not to lose one of its most successful employees. Bob was not only a good worker, but he was a money-maker. This type of manager came only on rare occasions, so the company bosses were not wanting to see Bob leave without a fight.

Bob's boss called him in and reminded Bob that since he had worked for the company almost thirteen years, he was only two months away from qualifying for retirement benefits.

"But I've found life!"

They then offered Bob a huge raise if he would only stay with the company.

"But I've found life!"

Seeing their prize employee slipping from their grasp, the company became very spiritual and told Bob that they would allow him to do missions work part-time if he would continue to work for them part-time.

"But I've found life!"

Ultimately, Bob decided to take a leave of absence. Every once in a while, Bob would drive down from Nashville and put in a few hours of work on a Saturday or a holiday. This worked well for the year and a half Bob went to school.

Although dealing with church members and people on the job was hard enough,

A Lifestyle Of Light

the most difficult group of people Bob and Peggy had to contend with during this time of transition were their immediate friends and family.

Some were saying, “Poor Peggy! How is she going to deal with her husband going off and doing all of these strange things?”

Peggy, though, thought that what Bob was doing was great. For so long Bob had just been going to work and coming home, and she knew that God had more for them than this. These changes were exactly what she had been praying for, for thirteen years. When Bob started changing in this way, she was ecstatic. As far as Peggy was concerned, selling everything was an answer to prayer.

None of Bob’s relatives ever said anything to him when he was playing church, but the minute Bob found Jesus and started following Him, they all called him up and asked, “What are you doing? Look at what you’re giving up; you’re throwing your life away!”

Some even doubted Bob’s sincerity. As long as Bob was playing the game like they wanted him to play the game, they didn’t doubt his sincerity. But now, they reacted as if he had committed the unpardonable sin.

When I was drunk, it was okay. When I was watching pornography, it was okay. When I met the Lord, the letters came from aunts and uncles, moms and dads, and many other well meaning people, all saying, “Stay at your job and make something of yourself.”

I “made something of myself” and lived for myself for thirty-one years, and I was a worldly success but an eternal disaster. I knew that I couldn’t live that way anymore. The truth is that Satan is trying to squeeze us into *his* mold.

It’s ironic that when I was living in drunkenness, looking at pornography, tearing my family to pieces, going to hell, and living in the pit of self-destruction, all my relatives loved me. But when I gave my life to Jesus and started following Him, they all screamed that I was making a big mistake in my life. But I knew that God wanted to do more than just *challenge* me. He wanted to *change* me.

Their reaction to our step of faith really affected the way I looked at my closest friends and family members. I thought, “What do we encourage our friends, family members, and children to be seeking in this country?” We point them toward getting a good job, finding security, or pursuing a good education; and all three of those things are against the kingdom of God. Instead, we should be laying our hands on our brothers, sisters, friends, parents, children, grandchildren, husbands, and wives and praying for them to be seeking God’s face.

When a person seeks His face and His kingdom, everything else will be in its proper place. We have it 180 degrees out of the will of God, and most believers have it messed up too. We’ll seek a career, seek a kingdom or an estate, then anything that’s left over we say, “Oh yeah, by the way, Jesus, I guess I give what’s left

Radically Abandoned

over to you.” We’ve really missed it.

God is saying, “Church! Catch a vision of what My will is for your family!”

Our hearts’ desire was to condense our lives down to Jesus, yet even our closest loved ones didn’t seem to get it. We received a letter from an aunt saying, “. . . people sold their possessions and waited for Jesus on their rooftops back in the 1930’s. . . .” She thought we had lost all incentive for life and were going to drift off into oblivion. She never even asked why we were doing what we were doing, nor did she really seem to care.

Bob’s dad, especially, took it personally when they started following the Lord. He felt that Bob had rejected him. Through all of the changes, Bob tried to reassure his dad that he had not turned his back on him, but Paul just couldn’t hear that no matter how many times or in how many different ways Bob tried to tell him.

Finally, in 1979, the Lord led Bob to write his dad a letter. It basically went like this:

Dear Dad,

I just want to let you know that I thank God He gave me to be your son and that you are my dad. You are God’s man, and I respect you and I honor you, and I will forever, because God has used you in my life. I just want to let you know that you don’t have to change for me to love you and for me to care for you and honor you and serve you.

Love, Bob

I went over to his house and handed it to him saying, “Here, Dad, here’s something that the Lord wants you to have.”

He never acknowledged even getting that letter nor did he ever respond to it, but after I gave him that letter, our relationship jelled into a loving, tight, father-son relationship where both of us were open and giving to each other. When Dad passed away, I found the letter in its original envelope in the desk. I still have it.

The time had come and the foundation had been laid. The Hugheys had cut the strings to the world and left it behind them and were looking forward to living a life fully in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Bob was not a halfway kind of guy and neither would be his faith. Bob wanted to go on with God, and that meant he, Peggy, and Nolan would put all of their weight down on God. That was faith. Faith meant that from now on they would listen to everything God told them to do and act in harmony with it.

With faith in mind, Bob and Peggy came to a decision that if they could trust God with their eternal security, then they could trust Him for their temporal security as long as they lived on this planet. They made a willful decision not to carry insurance or hospitalization. Instead, they planned on trusting in the Lord to take care of them, for it is written, “He will strongly support those whose hearts are committed to Him”

A Lifestyle Of Light

(2 Chronicles 16:9).

Since then, Bob has always said, “As we trust Him, as we seek Him, we don’t go where there’s money. Instead, we do what He wants us to do, and He supplies us all of our needs when we need it.”

The house was gone, the career was history, the possessions were sold off, and the money had been given away; yet for Bob, one of his hardest tasks was yet to come.

Bob’s history with cars has already been emphasized. God was taking Bob through a step-by-step unloading of all the chains that had robbed him throughout the years. When Bob sold the house and the rest of their possessions, the only thing left of the old life was his car. And what a car it was, a brand new 1967 390 Fairlane convertible. Bob had invested more than money into this machine, he had invested his heart and soul.

However, Bob’s heart and soul had been cleansed by fire, so instead of riding into Nashville in a souped-up, customized hot rod, the Hugheys entered Nashville, the golden buckle of the southern Bible Belt, in a 1968 green Volkswagen Bug. This car was a great departure from the big, fancy, high-powered jobs Bob had liked to show off to his friends. It was, instead, a practical, reliable vehicle, to be used for the purpose it was created for—transportation.

Before the Lord allowed Bob to leave Mississippi, He wanted to teach Bob one more thing. It was important, because without this particular lesson, it would be easy for Bob to get caught up in some nice, spiritual lifestyle and lose the freedom that he had gained in Christ. The Lord would not let Bob leave until he had learned the value of the “one person.”

It was not huge crowds and massive audiences that the Lord was calling Bob and Peggy to serve and share with. Bob could never fulfill any of what the Lord had planned for him unless he was willing to rake leaves in an old folk’s home for the rest of his life in order that only one person could come to know Jesus.

Bob says, “I learned that God so values the one, the individual, that He gave Jesus to die for *me*.” Bob and Peggy would always have to keep that in focus, otherwise the temptation would be to want to build big things around themselves, promote themselves, and franchise what God had given them.

It was the scariest day of my life, that drive up I-40 from Clarksdale to Nashville. I was scared. I thought, “I’ll never have another house...new car... hamburger...” But I knew in that deepest place in my heart that God had called me to follow Him...

Yes, I was scared...

Yes, I was anxious...

but I knew.

SALT AND LIGHT

For thirty years, I didn't know what a car was for. I used to think that cars were created just for me. I thought that if I could find the fastest, shiniest, nicest, new car, then I'd have real life. I thought, if I can just get a new Corvette, then I'll have life. And you know what? I got a new Corvette, but I didn't get life—no contentment, no satisfaction, no life in a new Corvette. Life is in Jesus.

I came to Jesus, and God said, “Bob, do you know what a car is for?”

I said, “What?”

He said, “To get you from point A to point B.”

A car is not there to flaunt.

A car is not there to say, “I'm rich, and you're not.”

A car is not there to make you look “cool.” No matter what the monthly payments might cost me, I want to be cool.

That's not what the purpose of a car is.

Then He said, “Do you know what a house is for?”

I said, “What?”

He said, “To live in, to share the life of Jesus Christ in, not to impress people with or to lay up treasures in. It's to be used for My glory.”

It's simple. It's freedom. So if it's a bamboo hut in the Philippines, glory to God! If it's an estate in Hollywood, glory to God! To be content with what *God has given* us sets us free.

Cars had been an idol in my life. I had a new Corvette convertible, but God gave me a green Volkswagen Bug. That's as humble as I knew how to be at the time, and that's what we drove to Nashville in 1968.

The minute you take your eyes off of Jesus and get your eyes on a house, then death, drowsiness, and destruction sets in. Jesus shows us what a house is for, what clothes are for. He cuts through the whole world system because the whole world is in bondage to “things” today; and we, as believers in Jesus, must not be under the control of anything except the Holy Spirit.

Jesus shows us a life of total contentment, a life of security, a life of meaning, and

a life of purpose. He got it all by being submitted to the Father.

“Godliness with contentment is great gain” (1 Timothy 6:6). That verse really hit me. I needed it to.

Another verse that I really needed was “Let your way of life be free from the love of money, being content with what you have” (Hebrews 13:5, NIV).

If we are walking with Jesus in the relationship that He desires, then we are content. To the extent that we aren’t content, that’s the extent to which we aren’t walking right with the Lord. If we are seeking the kingdom of God first, then He promises to take care of us every day. He says that it’s the pagans who are seeking after worldly riches. Once again, that hit me.

If we are going to make progress with God, there must come a time when we are set free from the love of the world. To love the world means that we are allowing peer pressure to control us—to make us want to be at peace with the world rather than to be at peace with God. If peace with man is robbing you of peace with God, then it has become an idol. An idol is *anything* that controls us other than Jesus.

God has one word for idols. It’s to get them down and out of the camp. Why? Because idols bring bondage and death and separation from God. They steal your time and energy and promise you life but bring you death.

Now remember, no idol has ever said, “Hi, I’m an idol,” or “I’m your friendly neighborhood idol.” Idols don’t do that.

Idols have been a problem for a long time, and we’ve still got them. America is full of them. Entertainment is one of them. *Christian* entertainment is one of them. Having a ministry is an idol to many people. Other idols can be food, comfort, recreation, religion, and security. One of the biggest idols I know of is wanting to be well-known. Here, we thrive on being well-known. We thrive on being in a fellowship that is well-known. We thrive on being with people who are well-known. There are all sorts of props like this that we tend to lean on.

In the Word, it says, “All things have been created by Him and for Him” (Colossians 1:16). Do you know what Satan will tell you? He’ll say that everything has been created for you! That’s so you’ll be greedy, grasping, grabbing, holding onto, owning, and controlling material things. That is a lie. Anything that you want more than God will turn against you and use *you* rather than you using it for the glory of God. It is so easy to create a Jesus who really likes my favorite idol. It is also easy to create a Jesus who seems to be happy with my life as I’m living in the world. Other than idolatry, there’s nothing wrong with that.

But I see God trying to knock all of these props out from underneath us. I want to love and to be *not* well-known. So, I’ll spend my life going from village to village in places that have never heard of me for the sake of the people who need Jesus. There’s

Bob's Afterword: Salt and Light

a strange joy, a strange sense of fulfillment that comes as you waste your life for the sake of the kingdom. Somehow you know, deep down in your heart, that God is saying, "Yeah, that's what I'm talking about."

I've touched the reality of life in Jesus Christ, so I can't play religious games anymore. Our culture has bred a spirit of accommodation in us. In America we love things and use people (the world's way), but God wants it the other way around; that is, for us to love people and use things (His kingdom way).

I really believe that the Lord is calling the Body of Christ to be free from the entanglements of the world. There must be a time when I am set free from the love and accumulation of "things." My roots must be in Jesus and nowhere else. I must draw my life from Jesus and nowhere else. I must see my purpose in Jesus and nowhere else. I must derive all my power from Jesus and nowhere else.

We have been so watered down by the world that we've made no impact on the world. You can't tell us by looking at us anymore. You can't tell the difference between us and them by our principles or our lifestyles or by what we stand for. We are still living for and dying for the same things that the world lives and dies for. We have such a warped view of the Body of Jesus Christ that we have allowed the world to infiltrate the Church instead of the Church permeating the world, and that's called *heresy!*

God's will is that we become as salt and light in the world and that *we* permeate the world. Then, God can say about us that we are upsetting their cities, their states; everywhere they go they upset their world. This is what is called revival.

Let's look at the normal American lifestyle: "debt."

I believe that anything we are willing to go into debt for is saying to God that we are not content with what He's given us. He says that He will give us what we need. Some people are just not patient enough to wait on Him, so they'll sign a death pledge—in other words, a mortgage—instead of waiting for God and His perfect timing. God's Word does not say anywhere that the American way of life is to be the normal way of life for the Body of believers. I believe that there is something better, and I will not be entangled in a yoke of bondage again for anything the world has to offer, because Satan is using the world system to steal, kill, and destroy.

I did everything I could to get out of debt. I cashed in insurance policies, we simplified our living, we cut out a lot of waste, sold the house, not looking for a profit, but to obey the Lord. I tore up all of my credit cards because I had found out that debt hinders the kingdom from coming in my life. Even in the early days of our marriage, God was teaching us the bondage that debt brings.

One time, an aunt of mine wanted to help Peggy and me, as we had just gotten married and didn't have a car. She took us out one Sunday afternoon to a used car lot. As we were browsing around, she asked us, "Do you see a car that you like?"

A Lifestyle Of Light

My eye caught a glimpse of a 1952 Mercury. This car had everything. It was a two-door hardtop with a white bottom and a black top, loud dual exhaust, fender skirts, radio with front and rear speakers, chrome wheel covers, and whitewall tires. It was a class car.

My aunt got out her checkbook and wrote out a check for \$2,200. “There you go,” she said, “Don’t worry, you can pay me back whenever you can.”

It seemed like a good deal at the time. I was making \$92 a week and Peggy was also working, so we started paying my aunt a large amount of our monthly income, diligently.

Around December, it was my birthday and Peggy wanted to buy me a present, so we didn’t see any harm in skipping a payment just this one time. After all, my aunt did say we could pay her back whenever we got the money.

Well, Monday rolled around and the phone rang. It was my aunt. She didn’t say, “hello”; she just said, “Robert, where’s my money?” I explained the situation to her, but her reply was, “Robert, I expected my money.”

I learned a great big lesson that day, even back then. There is bondage involved in debt. Even with the most loving, the most well meaning intentions, there is spiritual bondage. I learned it the hard way, but when Jesus had full control over my life, He put this experience to good use so that now I would rather live on the street and be free from debt than to live in a mansion and be in bondage.

If we are not at a place where we can lay everything on the altar that God has entrusted to us, then we are in bondage to it. If we are not free enough that if God tells us to give away all that we have, then we are in bondage to it as well. It is controlling us, rather than us controlling it. The place of freedom is to lay it upon the altar. If anything is controlling us other than the love of Jesus, then we’re being ripped off.

Everything that I am, I have, I own, or ever will have, belongs to Jesus Christ, and I must be willing to lay it all on the altar, daily, or there will be bondage. Peggy and I were asked to give up one house, but now we have houses all over the world. We don’t have to mow the lawn or paint the gutters or make monthly payments.

Another trap is the love of money. The love of money will kill you by producing spiritual death. Men of God are fleeing the love of money. I think it should be a qualification for elders. (That would cut down on the number of elders we have.)

“Woe to you who are rich” (Luke 6:24). That’s what Jesus said, and we all have to deal with that in our hearts. Do we want to get rich? Or do we want to follow Jesus? The two are not compatible. “But those who want to get rich fall into temptation and a snare and many foolish and harmful desires which plunge men into ruin and destruction” (1 Timothy 6:9). The heart’s two desires, the desire to be rich and the desire to follow Jesus, are not compatible. You can follow Jesus and He can make you

Bob's Afterword: Salt and Light

rich, but then you will see what money is for and how to use it in the kingdom.

If you want to make progress with God and move forward in His kingdom, then you must flee the love of money. Besides, after visiting many countries around the world, I've come to see that we're all rich in this country. Anyone who doesn't think he's rich is deceived.

We must always remember that Jesus said, "It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. . . . It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God" (Matthew 19:23-24). Let me tell you, if a camel makes it through the eye of a needle, you can mark it down. . . . miracle. If a rich man enters the kingdom of God, you can mark it down just the same. . . . miracle.

The natural tendency is that the more we get, the more we want to hang onto it. It then controls us. Now, there is nothing wrong with riches except that there are evil spirits behind it that will reach out and control us and put us in bondage to it. We need to know that. Satan wants to use even a dime to put us into bondage. Remember, it's not the amount, it's the spirit.

Satan wants us to be uptight about the future. He'll hassle us about our past sins and failures and he'll hassle us about the future. He'll say things like, "What are you doing? You can't believe God for *that*. What will happen when you get out there and do that and God fails you? What are you going to do when you take that step of faith, and the supply isn't there?"

Here's how we think sometimes. We want to give God an out in case He doesn't come through, so we'll say, "Yeah, I want to walk by faith, but just in case, I've got Plan B over here in this pocket and Plan C put away back over here and Plan D over here in a safety deposit box—just in case faith doesn't work." That's not faith.

Faith means that I stake everything for eternity on the basis of what God has said.

Come hell, come high water, come one hundred pound hailstones, come nuclear holocaust, I will put all of my weight down on the Word of God. It's not "tiptoe through the tulips" with Jesus. Faith brings security, faith brings fulfillment, faith brings hope, and God has that hope for us every minute of every day. See Isaiah 7:9: "If you will not believe, you surely shall not last."

The enemy wants to put us on a merry-go-round where we live in fast circles, so that we'll reach a point where we're moving so fast we won't ever think we can get out of the circle. Jesus says, "Just turn loose of that merry-go-round; I'll catch you and I'll set you free."

Jesus says, "Forget the past; it's all covered by my blood. Forget the future; I hold the future in my hands. Just use today what I give you to use. Be my servant today."

Do you see the freedom in that? It's not betting on anything happening in the future

A Lifestyle Of Light

except Jesus coming back. It allows me to be free to be about the Father's business. That's the fulfilling life, the God life. Just look at Jesus. There comes a time when we must turn loose of everything in the world and hold on to Jesus for dear life.

God wants us living as a community and to be living in such love, such giving, such healing, such miracles, that it's a testimony to the world. Instead, we are the ones being ripped off because churches are resisting God's view of the Body of Christ. May the Lord bring us to the place that the walls go down, creeds go down, and the love of Jesus Christ comes to live in us so that we have the vision of the Body of Christ coming to wholeness, health, and equality.

I'm free.

I'm free to be a servant of Jesus Christ.

I don't have to impress you.

I don't have to impress the world.

I'm free from that.

I'm free to be a servant.

I'm free to be poor.

I'm free to give everything away.

I'm free to have.

I'm free to be real, in Jesus' name.

I'm free from the trappings of the world.

I'm free to give up my rights, in Jesus' name.

MOVING RIGHT ALONG

Nashville, Tennessee, home of country music. Nashville, Tennessee, the religious center of the South, the golden buckle on the Bible Belt. The first thing a stranger might notice about this busy, southern capital is that there is a church building on every corner. The religious spirits that have been strangling both believers and non-believers for centuries have done a lot of business in this town.

The small, scenic campus of David Lipscomb College is there and is particularly popular among the Churches of Christ. The school has a reputation for high scholarship, but more importantly, Lipscomb College is a “true defender of the faith.” Families know they can send their children to college here and that every teacher and professor will be an advocate for all of the doctrines that the Church of Christ holds up as the most important. These include salvation through adult baptism by immersion, maintaining the autonomy of each congregation, and of course their most notable doctrine, having no instrumental music in church services.

Bob chose Lipscomb, a school much farther away from Clarksdale than say, Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas, because he was really impressed by the book *500 Questions and 500 Answers* by Lipscomb and Sewell. This was a monster-sized book which Bob had read from beginning to end. The only trouble was, as Bob found out, no one was asking the questions the book was trying to answer!

The Hugheys had grown up in the Church of Christ, so despite the fact that Bob was walking in a newfound freedom, all their roots came from this background. As they did not know differently, they didn't really mind remaining faithful members of that denomination.

The only problem was that God was taking the Hugheys to a place that transcended the boundaries of doctrine that the Churches of Christ had established as acceptable. This was to manifest itself over the next few years in increasing measure. In the meantime, however, Bob and Peggy walked in the light they had been given and were content to move forward in whatever God showed them.

Upon their arrival in Nashville, the Hugheys rented a small apartment near the

college. The apartment was close enough for Bob to ride a bicycle every day to his classes rather than take the car. Peggy used the car to commute to and from Washington Manufacturing Company where she had found a full-time job.

Though there was not really a clash between Bob's priorities and Lipscomb's doctrinal emphasis, there were some interesting and eye-opening differences between what Bob considered to be important and the school's traditions.

Bob could handle this, but there was a creeping realization that external appearances were being emphasized rather than internal matters of the heart. Bob was confronted with this difference when a counselor at the college spent an hour with Bob trying to talk him out of majoring in religious education. The counselor reasoned that a business degree might be more suitable as there would be plenty of jobs available. As it stood, a major in religious education had virtually no job prospects.

Holding his ground, Bob told the counselor that he was not there to get qualified for a job but to learn what God wanted him to learn. Bob was not getting a degree to impress an employer. If he had wanted a good job, he would have stayed at Stephens-Adamson. No, coming back to school was not done to impress any man. Bob knew the only one he had to impress was God. The counselor and all the other teachers finally gave up on changing Bob's mind and let God do His thing in Bob.

In school, Bob tackled his work more diligently than almost all the other students in his class. This was because, unlike his first bout with college, Bob was not there this time to play around. He had his sights set on what he wanted, and there was no reason to waste any time in getting it accomplished. Each semester was filled up with a minimum of twenty-one semester hours of classes, more than a full load for most students. Heavy load or not, Bob was a straight "A" student.

There were glimpses of the things to come in the Bible classes Bob had to take. Bob was a seasoned Church of Christ veteran. Even before he met Jesus, Bob knew the pat answers he needed to recite in order to be accepted in the Church of Christ stream of things. The same was true for his college classes, for though these classes were labeled "Bible," the truth was, and understandably so, that some of the classes were there to reinforce the Church of Christ's doctrinal perspective.

Consequently, whenever Bob took tests in his Bible classes, he knew exactly what the teachers wanted. On one particular exam, Bob wrote, "The answer you are looking for is this..." and he proceeded to rewrite the canned Church of Christ line the teacher had been trying to lead the class into during the regular class period. After he had answered the question the way the teacher wanted it, Bob then wrote, "What I believe is this..." He then proceeded to write down what the Lord had shown him from the Word. The way Bob figured it, he could make an "A" in Bible class and still get in what he thought God was really saying.

Moving Right Along

Most of Bob's classes, though, were not like this. He had several very good instructors who pointed their students to the Lord. Brother Miller, who taught the book of Romans, taught the concept of "grace" along with it. Brother Baxter cried during class when he read about life among the early believers in the second chapter of Acts. Brother McKelvey, in teaching his classes, led the students into a deeper walk with the Lord. No matter what denominational school a person attends, there are always those on campus who love the Lord, walk in integrity in their faith, and serve as good examples to their students.

Bob went to Lipscomb for one and a half years, eventually graduating magna cum laud, which Bob amusingly refers to as "Laudy cum quickly." He was class salutatorian, missing out of being class valedictorian by a thousandth of a point. This sure was a big change from those Freed-Hardeman days when Bob flunked just about everything including Bible.

Even if Bob didn't learn much spiritually from Lipscomb, he did come away with one extremely valuable lesson, one which has helped him to this day: he learned the discipline of doing things he didn't like doing. Bob's favorite example of this was having to take a foreign language, a class in which he had no interest. He decided to take German, and for 8 weeks, 7-8 hours per day, he studied German. . .and he passed the course with flying colors. As soon as he finished the course, he burned his text!

With just a few months to go in college, Stephens-Adamson approached Bob and made him a great offer to come back with them.

The company had kept hospitalization and insurance on Bob, and on those weekends when Bob would drive down and put in a few hours of work, the company was always generous to pay him even more than the actual time he put in.

They offered a \$4,000 or \$5,000 increase in salary. In 1969, that was a substantial raise. On top of the increase in pay, they also promised Bob they would get more people to work underneath him. They told Bob that it was all right with them if he wanted to work a year and be off a year to do missions work. Then they said they would move him anywhere in the country he wanted; he could take over a sales office in Pittsburgh where he would be sales director. It was a very tempting offer.

The offer was a temptation because Bob got to thinking—he could use the money to support his family and allow them to do what they thought the Lord wanted them to do. However, right after they returned to Nashville after hearing this offer, Carl McKelvey, a professor at Lipscomb, close friend, and Educational Director at Vultee Church of Christ, told Bob that the elders at Vultee wanted to meet with him.

At the meeting, the elders told Bob, "You don't know us, but we know you. If you will trust us, we will trust you. After your last semester at college is finished, we want you to come work with us. We will send you anywhere in the world you want to go."

A Lifestyle Of Light

At least that's what both Bob and Peggy thought they heard! And it sounded like the Lord to them.

They went back down to Clarksdale, Mississippi, met with the plant manager, and terminated all employment with Stephens-Adamson. That was burning the bridges and going on with Jesus Christ, but it was also the beginning of a series of conflicts and clashes with a religious system bent on looking after its own interests rather than the things that were important in God's eyes.

CHAPTER 8

THE WAKE UP CALL

Don't ever be afraid of the truth. The Body of Christ thrives on the truth, and the truth will never divide the real Body of Christ. The truth might divide a lot of institutions or religious groups or denominations, but it will never divide God's true Body. Therefore, I believe the closer we get to Jesus Christ, the more unimportant our differences will become.

—Bob

The Hugheys' time at Vultee Church of Christ occurred between the fall of 1969 and February 1973. Unlike most ministers content on "holding onto their ground" spiritually, Bob and Peggy continued to read and pray and *grow* in the knowledge of the Lord. However, like so many ministers of recent times, Bob was exposed to such major temptation within his ministry that it threatened to derail the growth he and Peggy had attained. Not only that, but Satan tried to use Bob's ministry as a crowbar to attack his marriage with Peggy.

Vultee was a fairly typical congregation within the restoration churches bearing that name. Over nine hundred people attended weekly, coming from all parts of Nashville to the building just on the edge of downtown Nashville, off of Murfreesboro Road.

Bob's official title at the church was Personal Work Director, but as usual, his duties led him to virtually every aspect of ministry the church was involved in, including the junior high and high school youths, college students, and adults. Bob's energy and drive seemed to naturally attract the teens and college students especially, and since Vultee was Bob's first shot at full-time ministry, he did everything he could to make his efforts fruitful. It did not take long for him to see the Lord working richly in the people's lives, and Bob was extremely popular among the young people.

What Bob was not aware of, though, were the major pitfalls that can go along with working for a church. Let it not be mistaken, Bob was having a positive effect on the youth. The new life that had been revealed to him back in 1967 was fresh and motivating to many of the young people who were used to suffering through a dry Sunday school class and then having to bide their time through a predictable church service

A Lifestyle Of Light

afterwards. Bob was different, so the young men and women found themselves drawn to him—so much so that Bob began to get his acceptance from the youth group instead of from Peggy. There were a lot of “strokes” from young good-looking girls and young men as well as from their parents, who were seeing God working in their children’s lives.

Ultimately, Bob’s ministry with the youth became a false god that Satan was using to attack his relationship with Peggy. As Bob continued to find his worth and self-esteem in his ministry, Peggy felt Bob did not need her anymore. She started pulling back and pulling away from Bob. Of course, this caused Bob to seek his praises from the youth group even more, to be built up by them, which only caused Peggy to withdraw further away from her husband. All the while, Bob’s church ministry was thriving.

Too many ministers have reached this point and chosen ministry over their family. However, Bob was soon to learn that if one’s relationship with immediate family is wrong, then any attempt at real ministry will be a farce.

Emotionally, Peggy was still healing from the thirteen years of turmoil living with the intensity of Bob’s unredeemed flesh. The last couple of years had been wonderful in restoring the bond between the two of them, but there were still sensitive places in her that Peggy knew needed the Lord’s touch. Bob’s growing affinity with the youth group only aggravated the bruises within Peggy that had just begun to recover. Bob was not blind to Peggy’s withdrawal. He knew that something was wrong and that it had to be dealt with. God knew it too, and He was faithful to show Bob that the youth group had become a golden calf in his life; and God has always had a strong opinion about golden calves: get them down in the name of Jesus.

Fortunately, Bob did not have to force the issue with Peggy. God brought about circumstances that would allow not only for a restoration of their relationship, but also for the formation of an unbreakable bond between them that would be an example of what it really meant to be “one in spirit.”

Decatur Church of Christ sponsored retreats twice a year at Callaway Gardens, Georgia. Rumors had gotten around that strange things were going on at Callaway Gardens...and there were! People were being born again, set free, and demonstrating a love for God and for each other unlike the normal Church of Christ. These people were showing a real love for one another and walking in the freedom the Lord had shown them. Instead of taking a report back to Nashville of something suspicious going on, Bob and Peggy gave a glowing report to the elders at Vultee and then started taking busloads of people down there on a regular basis, helping their own brothers and sisters grow along with them!

It was on one of these spiritual retreats to Callaway Gardens that, after a time of

The Wake Up Call

intense introspection, the real breakthrough in Bob's relationship with Peggy came. During this time of contemplation and refreshment, he found himself sitting with Peggy on the side of a hill. Bob looked over to his wife and said, "Peggy, I want us to be best friends, and we can't be best friends if we keep any secrets from each other."

As the light was shining in his heart, Bob spent the better part of two days confessing to God and to Peggy all the sins he had committed against her all those previous years they had been married while he was walking in darkness, as well as all of the wrongs he had done to her since then, even as minister of the youth group.

As Bob shared, a tremendous weight began to be lifted from him, and an immense reconciliation and colossal healing brought about bonding and oneness in their relationship. As the hidden garbage was dumped out and the darkness exposed, the light of God had a fresh place to shine and dwell. Both forgave and both were cleansed. Tears were shed, so much so, that Bob's tear glands hurt for two days!

Bob hadn't cried like that until he came to know Jesus; since then, he hasn't stopped crying. God, in His own determined way, freed Bob up and also freed up his tear glands. As Bob once put it, "God said, 'I made tear glands to use, Bob, just like your ears. I gave you two of them, now use them.'"

As the freshness of the Spirit continued to blow through Bob's heart and mind, more light than the human eye could sense shone into his heart. With each new step forward in God's ways, Bob became more and more sensitive to the Lord's leadings, with the result being an intense, even overwhelming, desire to keep every relationship, especially his with Peggy, squeaky clean.

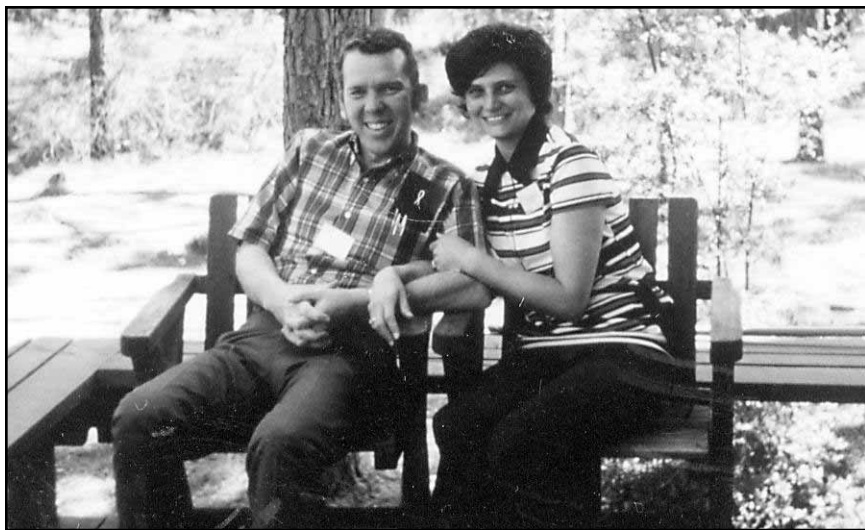
In all these years, Peggy has never brought up that old list I left on that hill. She has forgotten all of it. If anyone of you has a list, lay it down right now. Because of Jesus, our list with the Father has been laid down.

I may not have a lot of theology,
I may not be deep,
I may not know much,
I may not know about end times teachings,
But I'm free!

I remember Peggy sharing about the importance of her not holding anything against Bob: "You know the Garden of Eden was huge, and there was just one tree that Adam and Eve couldn't touch. In the same way, Satan wants us to look at the negative. Our mate may have many good qualities, but Satan will have us look at his or her flaws and he will magnify them, which makes the little things look very big."

That is wisdom.

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob and Peggy at Callaway Gardens — 1971

After that day, Peggy became Bob's most trusted ally because he knew he could trust her with anything.

It was at this time that their friend, Carl McKelvey, suggested that Bob and Peggy purchase a pop-up tent camper. Although it would be a major tool in future steps of faith in their lives, Bob and Peggy initially used this camper for their trips to Georgia and to other states to work with other congregations. From Florida to West Virginia and throughout Tennessee, the Hugheys with several other families from Vultee would take the youth group on "campaigns" to knock on doors, set up home Bible studies, and do anything else the hometown church needed to spread the gospel. Everyone took part in the evening meetings that were held for the local people. It was a great time of work and fellowship together, with everyone in the group having many opportunities to get to know each other.

It was after they had developed a close, loving relationship with many of the young people that Bob and Peggy started a house group/Bible study at their house which was on the church grounds. What at one time had been just a routine youth group with the accommodating bowling parties, hamburger cookouts, and basketball leagues was now being transformed into a vibrant, spiritual fellowship which allowed the teenagers to see the power of Christ in action. At the Bible study, the Hugheys saw many young people coming to Jesus, truly, not just religiously.

Of course, with this much action happening among the youth (this wasn't the traditional way of ministering to the teenagers), the elders of the church made Bob shut the Bible study down. It was better for these kids to be sitting in a dry, canned

The Wake Up Call

Sunday School class at church, bored to tears, than to have them hanging out of the windows, packing out the stairwells and hallways, and filling up various rooms at the Hugheys' house because what they were hearing was really good news to them. The elders' reason for stopping this productive and life-giving time was that the meeting wasn't under *their* control. This made a deep impression on Bob and would affect him from then on.

A very important event happened during this time that impacted Bob in a positive way. One of the elders at the church approached Bob and told him he had something to give him that he thought would bless him—a copy of *The Normal Christian Life* by Watchman Nee. A co-worker of Nee had come to Nashville and had asked to meet with the elders at Vultee. Unfortunately, the man left that meeting saying, “Nobody heard me,” but not before giving a copy of one of Nee's books to this elder, who in turn gave it to Bob.

Both Bob and Peggy read it, heard what it was saying, and believed that it was the Lord. To say the least, *The Normal Christian Life* radically turned Bob and Peggy inside out.

And even more changes were coming.

It was about this time that the Hugheys became acquainted with Don Finto, the minister of Una Church of Christ in Nashville. Don was the first person Bob had ever heard quoting Watchman Nee from the pulpit, and even more importantly, Don was teaching about the Holy Spirit in a way that the Hugheys had not heard before, at least not in the Church of Christ. Bob and Peggy saw that Don had a heart for Jesus, and in a very short period of time the Lord brought about a friendship between them.

Bob and Peggy were not the only people going to hear what Don was sharing. Many students from David Lipscomb College began to go wherever he was speaking. Don was creating waves for himself within the church, not only because of his teachings, but because he was hitting the streets of Nashville and ministering to the hippies who were inhabiting the downtown area. This was the beginning of a movement that would bring freedom to thousands; but it also brought trouble, for there were people within the conservative ranks of the Church of Christ as well as other denominations who could not accept a present day move of the Holy Spirit.

After Don Finto moved from Una to Belmont Church of Christ on what would eventually be known as “Music Row” in downtown Nashville, the spiritual explosion and eventual schism with the mainstream Churches of Christ would manifest itself. At this time the Hugheys were warned to stay away from Belmont Church and the strange things that were going on there. However, another chapter in the life of Bob and Peggy was about to be written, although it would still take a few years for all the events to unfold.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Meanwhile, Bob went to the local Church of Christ bookstore, Twentieth Century Christian, and had them stock Watchman Nee books. He was reading them, giving them away, and stuffing them all over the walls of the Vultee church library. He wanted others to taste the life he was experiencing.

As he continued to read on his own, Bob saw the present day reality of the Holy Spirit. He realized that the *baptism of the Holy Spirit* was a scriptural thing. Bob wanted everything God had to give him, so in a simple way Bob asked for the Holy Spirit. (See Luke 11:13.) He then thanked the Lord for giving the Spirit to him, knowing that God had heard and answered his prayer.

I was in my office at Vultee when I first asked for the Holy Spirit and I knew I was going to get into trouble, but I did it. I didn't know exactly what it was, but I knew it was available, and I knew I wanted it.

The Church of Christ is a stickler for the Bible. They are known to “speak where the Bible speaks and be silent where the Bible is silent.” They constantly encourage their members to study the Word of God and be familiar with its contents. Bob was doing just that, only the conclusions he was reaching were much different than the status quo of the church.

We learned that everything God wrote for us in the Book is for us today. I had come to the place where I had concluded that either it is *all* for us or none of it is for us. I wasn't going to play any more games. The game we had played was, “Uh, well, yes, this verse is for us, but the next two aren't. The next three are, the next four aren't.”

Not even Ph.D.'s could agree on what God was saying. We knew God wasn't confused. So we came to a place where we were going to believe it all or we weren't going to believe in any of it. We just started and continued taking Jesus at His Word.

The more they grew in Jesus, the more Bob and Peggy wanted to get out and share what they were learning. It seemed to go with the territory. Accordingly, the more they grew, the more they challenged the old wineskin of the church institution and the more resistance they saw from the eldership at church; although the rest of the congregation put up with Bob well enough.

As a teacher in Sunday School, Bob taught the college class. The lessons were more than the typical instruction of “get a good job, get married, be a good taxpayer,”—sometimes Bob cut against the grain of the entire capitalistic American lifestyle. One of his former Sunday school students recalls what it was like to sit in one of Bob's

The Wake Up Call

classes: “I used to get so mad at Bob, because everything he said spoke against what I stood for. I had my ideas, I had my goals, I knew what I was going to be. Then after I got baptized in the Holy Spirit, I understood what Bob had been talking about all those years.”

The Watchman Nee books coupled with the exposure to Belmont Church brought the Hugheys to a place where they started to question some of the traditional stands of the Church of Christ. Bob was wanting to move forward, but as far as he could see, the elders were content to stand pat.

Initially, Bob and Peggy had agreed to come to Vultee because the elders had given them the impression that the church would allow them to travel worldwide sharing the gospel. The longer they stayed at Vultee though, the more it became clear that the elders wanted Bob and Peggy to stay home. At different times Bob seriously considered moving to another country to do mission work, but in some way or another the plans were always thwarted. They once tried going to Singapore, but the elders and the senior minister wouldn't allow them to go. Their words were, “Any coolie can run a printing press in Singapore. You are needed here.”

Bob confronted the senior minister on this and said, “On that day when Jesus asks me why I didn't go to Singapore, will you stand up and say that you were the one who blocked it?”

The minister said, “Yes,” so Bob dropped the attempt to go.

Bob once figured up how much money people were wasting on hospitalization and life insurance every year. It amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. He went to the elders and said, “We have bought into the world system. The Bible tells us that we are supposed to take care of each other as a family. Let's tell everyone to drop their insurance, put it in a savings account, and commit to take care of each other for the rest of their lives.”

Bob got laughed out of the meeting and learned a lot from that experience.

The Lord said to me, “Bob, don't wait for everyone else to get radically submitted to my will. You do it.” So we did.

Bob told Peggy what the elders' meetings were like, and Peggy said, “I thought that at these meetings you were supposed to be built up and edified.”

Bob said, “No. It's like being on an airplane going down the runway at full speed. I'd just start getting airborne, then I'd get shot down every week.”

The increasing conflict with the elders and the spirit of the institution sent Bob to his knees; he sought the Lord about the mindset of the church. The Lord was quick to reveal to Bob that the church's stubbornness to change was a result of pride, and

A Lifestyle Of Light

that pride did nothing but build barriers and put up walls.

I was reading the book of Acts. At that point, I started looking around at where I was. It made me start to think, "I am in the nicest, deadeast, smoothest-running organization that is doing nothing that I've ever seen." I was working at a self-perpetuating institution. This was not church, it was a graveyard! The best description of what I saw in the Spirit was that it was a machine, a man-made contraption that did absolutely nothing. It was sort of like those old Rube Goldberg cartoons. There were wheels wildly whirling, bells clanging, buzzers going off, and lights flashing and flickering. This church was a machine that just perpetuated itself. God showed me something very important that day. Nowhere in the Bible does it say, "Come to me and join some nice smooth-running organization." Nor did God ever intend for me to work for one.

One of the more innovative and scriptural projects that Bob instigated took him to the poorest people in the city. Bob would go into the slums, knock on front doors, and say, "Hi, I'm a believer in Jesus, and Jesus wants you to come to a dinner tonight in your honor."

All of the people invited were people from the projects and all of them were black. Bob and Peggy just wanted to bring them out of their environment and treat them like kings for a few hours. At the Hugheys' house, the people would be prayed for and fed a fabulous meal. Bob would also entertain them and pray over the entire crowd there. They would sing and sometimes have a little devotional. Then he would take them back. This was just "the normal Christian life" to the Hugheys!

What was life to Bob and Peggy, the church tried to implement in a program. The elders asked Bob and Peggy to begin an official outreach to outlying areas. However, after trying to get things going, Bob found obstacles in his way. A map was drawn up, and Bob was told that he was allowed to share with people within the boundaries of the map, but that he could not cross the line and talk to anyone else. This was very upsetting to Bob, and he called all the elders and deacons together for a special meeting.

At the meeting Bob said, "You have drawn lines and you have said that I can't go across those lines and reach out to any people on the other side of the line. Until you erase the lines, we can't have any kind of outreach, or at least the kind you are wanting."

For Bob, it was just about the final straw.

To confirm the impressions in his heart, Bob decided to find out, one way or the other, whether Vultee was or was not listening for God's will.

The Wake Up Call

I was in the back of the church building shaking hands with just about everybody after I had been preaching at the Sunday service. I tested some things that day. I wanted to test the sincerity of the people. It was becoming clearer and clearer to me that God wasn't doing anything there and that no one was hearing God, but I had to be sure. As the crowd walked out the church door, those who passed by or shook my hand would ask, "How are you doing?"

So, to see if they were really listening, I said to every one of them when they asked me that question, "Terrible!"

Every one of them responded by saying, "Great, good to hear it!" or something similar.

Over 700 people passed through the doors that day, and not one person whose hand I shook heard what I said. That was not love. That convinced me that there was no sensitivity to Jesus Christ in that group. If we are to be sensitive to God, we *will* be sensitive to each other.

Soon afterward, Bob met with the eldership and tendered his resignation. When he was asked why he was leaving, Bob shared with them the word that the Lord had given him.

I've been here for four years looking for a ray of light coming through just a crack of these doors, and yet all I've seen are closed doors and doors that are shut tighter than ever to the Lord.

One of the elders at Vultee came and asked the Hugheys what it would take for them to stay. They were offered a new house in another neighborhood as the Hugheys' home had become like Grand Central Station. More money was offered, too—anything to get them to stay. Bob had heard all of this before from Stephens-Adamson, but nothing in the world could get him to stay when the Lord was telling them to leave. Bob told the elders that he and Peggy had to go where the light was shining.

THREATENING THE INSTITUTION

Faith is not a problem for people who know Jesus. It's only a problem for people who aren't sure about His life.

We're cutting through the sham.
We're cutting through the form.
We're cutting through the religion.

—Bob

The second stop on the Hugheys' 1973 tour of ministry was Bowling Green, Kentucky, where Bob was campus minister at Western Kentucky University (which will be shortened to WKU).

Bowling Green is about an hour's drive north of Nashville, nestled in the rolling, green hills of southern Kentucky. Two outstanding aspects of Bowling Green are the university and the Corvette plant, and since Bob's days with Corvettes were over, he and Peggy and Nolan went to WKU, ready to walk in their newly found freedom in the Lord and to share that freedom with others.

The Hugheys had been in fellowship with believers from backgrounds other than the Church of Christ, many of whom were young people. What Bob and Peggy saw in these young men and women was something different; they were exhibiting more fruit, more joy, more peace, and more love in their lives than anyone the Hugheys had ever met. It was the type of fruit Bob and Peggy were desiring for their own lives. Yes, they had been taught about the fruit of the Spirit, but they were never taught how to get it. The remedy was simple; God gives the fruit of the Spirit to those people who have the Holy Spirit and are dead to the flesh, dead to the world, and dead to self.

This may seem like a simple revelation, but it was truth not being taught then in the Church of Christ. Nevertheless, at this point in time, Bob and Peggy were not really considering leaving what they had grown up in, even though they knew there

Threatening the Institution

was much more to God's kingdom than the Church of Christ was offering. The next few months would change all that; but in the meantime, the new frontier of a campus ministry lay ahead, and along with Jesus, that was what Bob and Peggy set their sights on.

The questionnaire Bob was asked to fill out to get the job was much more than part of an application process. Specific questions were asked so the church running the campus ministry could filter out anyone who was not doctrinally sound. Bob knew all the right answers and believed them in his heart to be true when he filled out his answers to the quiz. However, there were no questions about *what else* Bob and Peggy believed which, in an ironic twist of God's will, proved to be Bob's greatest success and which would, again, create conflict in a system that refused to flow with God's will.

The Christian Student Center was located on the outskirts of the WKU campus. It was a very nicely furnished three-story building with ping-pong table and meeting rooms. Bob, Peggy, and Nolan lived in an apartment on the floor right above the student center and were furnished a van to use. There was never a time when the Hugheys were very far away from the student center or the center of activity.

Initially Bob was to offer a Bible study for the college students. Of course, he would do the teaching, and Peggy would assist with the many activities going on. As usual, though, God had something planned that would redefine the words "Bible study," something neither Bob nor the church running the student center could foresee.

A key event in getting things started happened shortly after the Hugheys had arrived in Bowling Green. Bob was in his new office unpacking one morning when two young guys walked in. It would be a day Bob would never forget.

The names of these two visitors were Danny Haynes and Wayne Embry. They were a real sight to see, both bearded, but Wayne was a great big, burly fellow, while Danny was a little bitty, small-framed, quiet, intellectual type. The two of them sat down in Bob's office and talked with Bob for over two hours. By the time they got up to leave, the morning had passed. Apparently, Bob was just what the doctor ordered as far as Wayne and Danny were concerned. Wayne got up out of his chair and yelled out, "PRAISE GOD! GOD HAS SENT US A SHEPHERD!" Both young men proceeded to hug Bob with great exuberance; then they left.

Dazed and amazed, Bob sat by himself in his office, yet the zeal of these two young men was still bouncing all over the room. The only thought that came into Bob's mind after this meeting was, "Those guys are strange...and wild!"

In his weekly meeting with the elders of the church sponsoring this student center, Bob mentioned his meeting with the two enthusiastic young men. But instead of words of encouragement, the elders warned Bob to stay away from the likes of Danny and Wayne. When Bob asked them why, their response was, "All they do is study and pray all day."

A Lifestyle Of Light



*Nolan (center) with the guys who “prayed too much,”
Danny and Wayne — 1973*

But as far as Bob could tell, these two men were walking in the Spirit, and God was using them to touch other people’s lives. Of course, they were also turning the campus upside down in the process! This, however, was just what Bob was desiring to be involved with—something happening, something fresh, something that was full of God’s touch.

Everything was set, and Bob started teaching his Bible study. Bob simply shared from his life experiences and his newfound walk in the Spirit. The Bible study grew rapidly, drawing more and more inquisitive students who wanted to be a part of what was going on. Bob was sharing much more than just some good teaching. The students were touching *life*, and that life ignited a fire that swept the entire WKU campus.

From week to week, Bob noticed that the young people were getting there earlier and earlier. Even before Bob started speaking, they all had their Bibles open and were reading them. This was different, and Bob knew why. What before was a mere routine, a meeting which the students were expected and at times even commanded to attend, was turning into a river of life-flowing water.

Soon the teaching started bearing massive fruit. As Bob continued to teach and share at the student center, more and more students started coming to Jesus. The proof that God was doing a very special work in all of this was that Bob never even set foot on the WKU campus! Instead of trying to manufacture a lot of big numbers at the campus ministry, Bob would sit at his desk all day, study his Bible, and pray. As a

Threatening the Institution

result, Bob did not have to go searching for people to share with; God continually led people to him!

People were accepting Christ on an ongoing and ever growing basis. Bob and others were baptizing people day and night, or so it seemed. Some were people Bob had never even met before! The Holy Spirit was doing a sovereign work; it was a good thing and it was full of life.

God gave the Hugheys favor with the students, but the spirit of the institution refused to have any part of this move of the Holy Spirit. So, once again, Satan came in to steal, kill, and destroy.

A large number of people were coming to Jesus. The problem was that most of these people did not fit in the box that the church elders had for them. The elders sat down with Bob and warned him that he was going too fast. Dumbfounded, all Bob could say in reply was, "I'm not doing anything. I'm just studying and praying, and people are coming to Jesus!"

Though the student center was described as a non-denominational ministry, it was being run by a non-denominational denomination, namely, the Church of Christ. The sign in front of the center originally said, "Church of Christ Student Center," but by the grace of God the words "Church of Christ" fell off. Bob wanted to keep those words off too, because he believed in walking what you talk, and if this student center was to truly be non-denominational, then the Church of Christ label contradicted what the center was all about.

Swarms of young people were becoming Christians, but the elders were wanting "Church of Christ Christians," and Bob was sharing more than what the Church of Christ believed. Bob's teachings had such power because the words were flowing from the tablet of his heart and not from some man-made, nicely worded, prepackaged sermon notes.

In fact, a pivotal time in Bob's life and a major trigger in the success of his campus ministry came because Bob had the faith to ditch his canned notes.

Bob had the ultimate file book. It was a fancy filing system in one gold-edged file book. With this one book, Bob was able to cross reference every article, periodical, book, or outline on any topic. It was like having his own homemade encyclopedia. Yes, Bob was organized; yes, Bob had plenty of outlines to fuel his Bible studies for a long time—but despite all of these prearranged outlines, God knew they all had to go.

One of the greatest times of my life was in 1973 when the Lord had me get up and burn all my lecture notes and sermon outlines. I'd worked years and years and years on those notes, through Lipscomb and Bible classes. I had all of the "true" notes, and God said, "It's simple, Hughey. Do you want to minister death or do you want to minister life?"

A Lifestyle Of Light

That day in Bowling Green, Kentucky, I emptied out the file drawers. Scary? Yes. I tried to reason with God: "I'm not dependent on all of those notes." He said, "Good, then why don't you go ahead and burn them?"

You'll know how much you are in bondage to something when you start to get rid of it.

I knew a minister who told me that he had five years' worth of sermons in his file, so all he had to do was move every five years, and he would never have to study the Bible again.

I got rid of all of my commentaries and seminar outlines just to hold on to Jesus.

Things were booming in Bowling Green with Bob and Peggy right there in the middle of all the action. All the while, they kept growing in Jesus and were becoming freer and freer.

However, the elders started calling Bob to some meetings...secret meetings...secret night meetings, always in different places with no one aware of them except that small group. The elders did not want anyone to know that they were talking with Bob. In each meeting, the elders kept emphasizing that Bob was moving too fast and that he needed to slow down. It did not take long for Bob to see that the elders were not going to budge from their preconceived notions.

Bob sought the Lord as to what he should do. Just before the next meeting was held, the Lord gave Bob a word. When the meeting started, Bob interrupted and said, "I think I need to say something that will affect the outcome of tonight's meeting. The Lord told me that the reason we are having a conflict is that you are looking for a baby-sitter to take care of your social club. God hasn't called me to that, so I resign."

Of course, the elders didn't want Bob to resign. Just as the previous church had done and Stephens-Adamson before them, the elders tried to get Bob to compromise by dangling a few sweet carrots in front of him to entice him to stay on with their plans. It didn't work, for Bob and Peggy had already made their decision, and they knew it was God, and they knew they were not turning back from God's will.

People began asking them, "If you leave here, what will you do?"

They knew of a congregation in Venice, Florida, that Vultee had helped to start, so the Hugheys visited there to spy out the land. It seemed good to them and to the Holy Spirit that they move to Florida.

After returning to Bowling Green, Bob and Peggy put up a cardboard sign in front of the student center that said, "SELLING OUT," and once again the Hugheys sold all to follow Jesus.

Bob wrote his official letter of resignation to the church elders in Bowling Green, KY and told the elders that, though the Lord had led him and Peggy to Bowling Green

Threatening the Institution

to share Jesus, the Lord was finished with them being a part of the campus ministry and was calling them to leave.

The final slap to Bob's face came the Sunday before the Hugheys headed out to Florida. The church did not know how to handle the situation. The elders knew that a lot of good fruit was coming from the ministry, yet for some reason, the elders concocted a new version of the details of Bob's resignation. During the Sunday service, one of the elders got up in the pulpit and read a letter telling the elders' version of why Bob and Peggy were leaving—they had fired Bob to spare the flock from a false prophet.

However, one small thing happened that Sunday which the elders did not expect: Bob and Peggy were there and sitting on the back pew listening to everything! Apparently the elders thought Bob and Peggy would be long gone, but since Bob had nothing to hide, he and Peggy had returned to the church unexpectedly.

Bob had no intention of letting this embellishment of the truth go unheeded. He calmly walked down the aisle of the church and in his usual friendly way said, "Four months ago the Lord led us up here to Bowling Green, and now He is finished with us here and is leading us somewhere else."

It was short, sweet, to the point, and it was also the truth. Bob did not feel that he needed to defend himself or try to explain his actions; he knew the truth and God knew the truth and that was all that mattered.

In a few days the Hugheys had packed what little they had left, and pulling their Nimrod tent-camper behind their 1965 Dodge Dart, they headed for Florida and set up home at the Royal Coachman Campground between the cities of Sarasota and Venice.

CHAPTER 10

FREE, FREE, FREE

...discipline yourself for the purpose of Godliness...

—1 Timothy 4:7

People asked me if I worried after we sold everything again and moved to Florida. The answer is quite simple...dead people don't worry. Besides, worry is a prayer to the wrong God. If I had wanted to worry, then I would have stayed in the world.

—Bob

Florida, the land of sunshine, beaches, and oranges, a nice place for a vacation. But the Hugheys did not move to Florida to go on a holiday.

The reason they chose Florida was simple. Bob and Peggy had traveled to Florida during their days at Vultee to help start a church. They knew a lot of people in the area, the climate was good, and they would not have to spend money on heating and air-conditioning. Food would be available, too, at least in the form of fish and oranges!

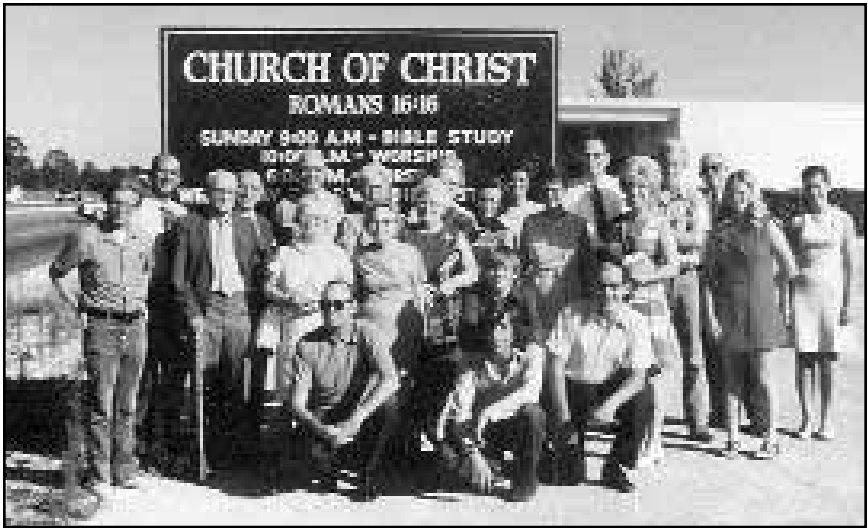
They lived in their Nimrod tent-camper and rode around town in their 1965 Dodge Dart that already had 150,000 miles on it. Peggy used a small gas stove to cook meals, and they used a Coleman cooler to keep food cold.

The church in Venice told Bob and Peggy that they were an answer to prayer, then proceeded to give them money. When some of the church members greeted Bob and Peggy with a check, they said, "We just want to help you." Though the offer was sincere, Bob and Peggy both knew that they had not moved to Florida to spend their time doing the "church work" expected of them. God had other intentions, and as Bob and Peggy prayed about it, God told Bob to "give the money back. There are strings attached to it."

As he gave the check back to the church, Bob simply told them, "We don't want any money. We just want to help you and work with you." The people at the church were dumbfounded. One person from the church said, "We don't know how to handle you, Hughey, no one has ever given us money *back!*"

The Hugheys' time in Florida turned out to be a crucial turning point in their lives. Bob was tired of wrangling with the church. The product of the institutional church seemed to be exactly the opposite of what he read in the Bible. Bob wanted this time

Free, Free, Free



Church in Venice, Florida— 1972

in Florida to be a time of seeking and searching and listening to God for truth. Bob told the Lord, “I don’t want to be deceived, Lord; I just want to know Your will.” Bob then proceeded to ask God to “take our brains out and wash them in the detergent of the Word, the Spirit, and the blood of the Lamb.”

For the Lord to accomplish this, Bob and Peggy knew they would have to do more than spend a little time in the Bible. So, beginning in Matthew 1:1, Bob and Peggy started reading aloud to each other and spending long periods of time in prayer all day long, every day. Together they sought the Lord and prayed to discover what God was saying to them.

We said, “We want to unlearn everything that man has taught us and we want You and Your Word and Your Holy Spirit to teach us. Remove all of the traditions man has taught us and teach us Your way.”

It was a long, hard five months. Try spending eight hours in the Word and prayer every day. Additionally, the Lord had Bob and Peggy involved in a number of house groups eager to listen in on what they were learning. It was difficult and it took discipline.

It was, “Flush your brain down the tubes, Hughey.”

A Lifestyle Of Light

But it was a very critical time in our walk with Jesus. You talk about *major* deliverance! It set us free to follow Jesus. We learned to trust Him and not man. We learned that our faith and our reliance was on Him and His Word and His promises, and that men of the world will let you down, but He never will.

If a person wants to grow in the Lord, then there has to be a lot of unlearning that has to take place. That means unlearning everything that has been received by the world system, letting the Holy Spirit be the instructor, moving that person in the realm of the kingdom.

Bob had already divested himself of all the notes and outlines he had accumulated at Lipscomb and from his own private study. With that step of faith accomplished in Bowling Green, God honored the move to Florida by moving Bob through a great time of cleansing and of learning how to listen to the Holy Spirit. It was a tough time, but it was the *right* time, as the Lord allowed a total revolution to take place within Bob's and Peggy's hearts.

As they studied the Word in that camper, the Lord totally changed the Hugheys' view of the Body of Christ, salvation, 1 Corinthians 12, 13, 14, and who *they* were in the Body. As their lives were being changed, the Hugheys were studying to hear the Word of God for *themselves*, not to teach a class or to argue with someone.

In 1973, in Florida, we were instructed by God to "forsake all that had been taught to us by man." One of my first questions to the Lord was, "Lord, with whom do I fellowship?"

From our background, we were very narrow about those with whom we were allowed to have fellowship. God said, "Don't you worry about who you fellowship with. As you follow Me, I will have other believers there for you to have koinonia, fellowship, with."

Since He answered that question for me, I have never lacked for fellowship. In fact, sometimes I wonder if I have too much fellowship!

One of the main questions people ask Bob and Peggy about this period in their walk of faith is, "What about Nolan? How did he handle all the moving around?"

This is a legitimate question; however, too often parents use their children as an excuse to *not* obey when the Lord is calling them to step out in faith and follow Him. "Oh, I would do it if it were not for my kids."

God does not give us children to hinder our walk with Him. The world says that children are a bondage, too expensive and troublesome. The Lord says that children are a blessing, and they are to be a vital part of the parents' walk of faith.

More times than not, it is the children who adapt best to changing circumstances and adjust to new settings and places, usually much more smoothly than adults. God

Free, Free, Free

gives children to *add* to our walk with Him, not to detract from it.

Likewise, Nolan seemed content to be wherever his parents were led to go. It was tough for him at first to leave Clarksdale, Mississippi, as he had many friends there. There were times, too, he felt that his parents spent too much time on “ministry” and not on him. However, Nolan would tell anyone that any complaint he had about his parents’ new lifestyle was minor in comparison to the positive changes that had taken place in their lives, especially his dad’s.

Before, Bob had only spoken empty words when he lip-synched, “I love you,” to Nolan. Now, however, Bob not only spoke those words with meaning, he also demonstrated the substance of his words with action. Nolan had his dad back from the grip of Satan, and if it meant traveling all over the country in a tent-camper, it was fine with him. Considering what he had to put up with in the past, the trade-off was well worth it.

When they needed finances, God would always open up little side jobs and odd jobs. Bob cleaned out bay front property, worked in an upholstery shop, mowed yards, trimmed palm trees. Once, while trimming a palm tree which hung over a lake, Bob saw two alligators peering up at him.

The upholstery shop was one particular job totally arranged by God and for reasons other than financial. Bob had been sharing Jesus with the lady who ran the upholstery shop and whose husband was in total rebellion and running from God. The man would frequently take Bob deep sea fishing, but as soon as Bob would start talking about Jesus, he would clam up. This man’s wife asked Bob to start working at the upholstery shop. Bob said, “If I can make some money for you, fine. But I don’t want this job as a handout.”

Bob ended up working there, and he used this job as God would have all believers in Jesus use their jobs—as a vehicle to share the good news of Jesus Christ. In addition to the upholstery business, Bob was about God’s business as he counseled people who came into the shop.

On one of his first days there, the husband came in and said, “Bob I need to talk to you. I need help.”

Bob said, “I know it, Ed, and Jesus is the answer.”

Right there in the shop, this man fell on his knees. Weeping, he said, “Nobody should be as far away from the Lord as I am.” Bob consoled him, and immediately this man confessed his sins, gave his life to the Lord, and started walking with Jesus. One year later, he died of cancer.

This incident let Bob see that his time at the upholstery shop was finished, for Bob knew why God had led him there. Although Bob stayed on another two weeks to help

A Lifestyle Of Light

out, his purpose there had been accomplished, so he moved on.

Another time, a lady that the Hugheys knew came to them and said, “We’re packing and heading up north, but we still have a lot of food around the house. We were wondering if you could use any of it.”

Could they! A mass of groceries were brought over, including all the staples and sugar and lots of packaged food that had never been opened. There was even a huge ham! There was a fleeting thought that maybe this food had been bought especially for them, but at that point it did not really matter, and they received the food gladly, as from the Lord.

That was one of the very few times that anyone came to the Hugheys offering a gift. The Hugheys were given very little; and that’s what they lived on, very little.

They didn’t starve though, and this was a great training ground for carrying on, as their life progressed, the blessing of how to live simply. When food supplies seemed low, they went out fishing and would sustain themselves on what they caught. One time the floor in the back part of their car wore completely through, so Bob went to the dump, found a piece of old galvanized metal, and after cutting it to fit, put it in the back floor of the car where it stayed for years.

Many would call these hardships unnecessary, but the Hugheys knew better. Bob and Peggy considered every trial that faced them as training, for God had already taught them that He trains His children to prepare them for what He has in store for them in the future.

When we were in Florida, we were able to see Apollo 16 lift off. We stood on the top of a motor home, and I took pictures. As it lifted off, even though we were miles away, the whole earth shook around us tremendously. I was in awe of the power that was in that rocket. But God spoke a word into my heart that day. He said, “Hughey, the power of Apollo 16 is Mickey Mouse compared to what I’ll do in your life if you will just believe.”

Bob and Peggy *knew* they had a call on their lives, and in Florida God made that call even clearer.

God was saying, “Bob, don’t wait for groups, I am calling individuals.”

Hence, the Hugheys knew their call was not to groups, but to the people of the world wherever God told them to be. They were willing for God to send them to any country, and it was to the country that He eventually led them...Country Music U.S.A...back to Nashville, Tennessee.

Near the close of our period in Florida, Don Finto called one day. He and all the people at Belmont Church back in Nashville thought I was working full-time and gainfully employed in a church in Venice, Florida. He said, “Hughey, we’ve all

Free, Free, Free

been praying about an upcoming Nashville Evangelism Seminar and we think you ought to come up and speak to us.” After praying about it, I called back after about ten days or so and I told him okay, and we went up to Nashville. That was November 1973. We drove two thousand miles round trip and we were given \$100 for our expenses! We didn’t have anything. God took that \$100 and covered all of our driving expenses and all of our living expenses.

God really taught us that He will take what He gives us and multiply it to take care of all of our needs.

The Hugheys’ time in Nashville was blessed. The Word was spoken without any institutional hindrances, and people who had been locked up in all sorts of bondage were being released through the freedom that is in Christ.

The Hugheys returned to Florida refreshed and seeking the Lord about the next step in their lives. They knew that in their time in Florida they had accomplished all the Lord had wanted them to do. They were in their tent-camper saying, “Okay God, send us anywhere in the world You want to send us. It doesn’t matter whether it’s Africa, Asia, or anyplace else. We are willing to go.”

Just days after their return to Florida, Bob received a call from Al Jaynes, one of the elders of Belmont Church back in Nashville. Al said, “Hughey, a few months ago we started a ministry called ‘Koinonia.’ It’s a coffeehouse/bookstore used as a focal point for ministry among the hippies, young people, and street people who frequent the downtown area of Nashville. We need a new manager and already have thirteen applicants, but we don’t think any of them are what we need. We think you are the one to be here.”

Bob and Peggy prayed about it for two weeks, and when Al called back for the decision, Bob told him that he and Peggy felt it was the Lord that they come there. Al asked them how long it would take for them to pack up and be in Nashville. Bob said, “We’ll need at least twenty-four hours to get up there.” They all laugh about it now, but at the time Al said, “Twenty four hours? I just moved across town and it took me four weeks!”

Bob, Peggy, and Nolan picked up everything and twenty-four hours later were in Nashville. They had no inkling that anything special was going to happen to them there, but when people are walking in God’s will, the results are *always* special. As it turned out, the Hugheys were about to begin a journey that would affect this nation, and even this whole world.

When God called us in 1973 to just follow Him and be willing to go wherever He called us to go, it was one of the scariest commitments I’ve ever made to Jesus Christ. It was scary because my security had been in the Church of Christ and in

A Lifestyle Of Light

the fellowship of my Church of Christ brothers. But during that time in Florida, God said, "Follow Me, and I will give you everything you'll ever need, every day, if you will just trust Me. Bob, let Me take care of the church, you follow Me."

THE BOTTOM LINE

I just look at some of the things we put before Jesus. We've elevated doctrine above Jesus. We've made doctrine a god rather than letting Jesus be Lord. Doctrine fits somewhere way down on the list. Jesus is Number One. We've made theology an idol, but you can only see theology correctly when your eyes are fixed upon Jesus.

Some people have even elevated the Bible above Jesus Christ, and they worship the Bible rather than the God the Bible reveals through Jesus Christ. When you see Jesus, you see what the Bible is for; it's to reveal Jesus and His love and His grace toward us. There are people walking around the city right now who have a head full of Bible but don't know God or Jesus Christ.

We've put our groups before Him. Denominations have been elevated above Jesus Christ. Even our non-denominational denominations have been elevated above Jesus Christ. From my background, baptism was the thing that the church put ahead of what Jesus did on the cross for us. If baptism was the answer, then all God had to do was send us baptism.

He didn't even send us Christianity, He sent us Jesus.

CHAPTER 11

KOINONIA DAYS

There's never a dull moment in Jesus. There are surprises every day in the Lord.

—Bob

In 1973, the Lord led us to Koinonia, right in the middle of the “Jesus Movement.” We spent six really, really good years there. We saw God pouring out His Spirit without measure. We didn’t do anything to bring people in, they just came. It was fantastic to see God working without us doing anything at all. We didn’t do any advertising; we didn’t ask for money. We just sought the kingdom first and stayed dead to ourselves every day. God has promised that if we do that, He will give us what we need. That’s the truth for the whole Body of Christ. The best way to describe what happened in those days is “dramatic life change.” We saw people healed and people set free from demonic activity including addictions, and by addictions, we mean everything that one could possibly be addicted to. We saw marriages healed. It was a really great move of the Holy Spirit in this city. We continued to grow and we continued to be open to God about where He wanted us to be.

—Bob

Having arrived in Nashville, Bob, Peggy, and Nolan walked into the dilapidated, old building that was now called “Koinonia.” The person who was supposed to train them in how to run the store had already left, so the members of the Board of Directors of the ministry basically said, “This is it. It’s all yours.”

So, as of December 22, 1973, Bob officially began managing the place. At that time in Nashville the hippie movement was taking place. Nashville always was a little behind the times as far as the rest of the country was concerned, but in God’s plan it was perfect timing. Once again, Bob and Peggy found themselves right in the middle of a major move of God.

When the Lord called us to manage Koinonia, we didn’t have anything except my Bible and my Watchman Nee books! The Lord led us to an apartment, but there were no furnishings in the apartment at all. We moved in, not worrying about what we were going to do about furnishings, but we knew that God was going to

Koinonia Days

supply all of our needs.

Do you know what? The Lord gave us exactly what we needed, piece by piece, exactly when we needed it. He gave us the money to get our furnishings, or things were given to us as gifts. We didn't have to go into debt to get anything. Of course, when people came to visit us, they often had to sleep on the couch.

It should be emphasized that Bob and Peggy went to work for Koinonia, *not* Belmont Church, although they were next door to each other and closely associated due to the work and the people involved in the work. The ministry was overseen by a board of directors made up of four men and one woman.

Considering all the fluffy, sparkling buildings used for ministry today, the building that housed Koinonia might not even qualify for such use in this day and age. However, God looks at the spiritual, not the physical. The small store had a very rustic interior covered with barn-wood and had a big barn-wood counter. There was an old, wood-burning stove sitting on top of a worn, patchwork carpet. The old building stood near the corner of Sixteenth and Grand, just off of what would eventually be known as "Music Row" in the downtown area of Nashville. It wasn't much to look at as it was downright old, but that was okay.

Initially, the entire inventory, mostly books with a few albums interspersed, totaled between \$2,000 and \$3,000. Later on a few odds and ends like Christian gifts and jewelry would be added to the inventory. It was never more than a few items that filled a small tray—crosses, doves, Stars of David, and the like. There may have been a few rough, little handmade things like a cross made out of nails or other things made by some of the believers who hung around the shop.

At the first board meeting, Bob asked about the current financial condition of the store. It turned out that the store was in debt for \$5,000 to some people in Jacksonville, Florida, who had loaned the money to get the store going.

Since Bob believed that God wants believers to live debt free, Bob, Peggy, and everybody on the Board prayed that if the Lord didn't get the store out of debt in six weeks, then it should be shut down. This was not a problem with God as the store did get out of debt in plenty of time, due to the store's business and gifts from believers. Moreover, there never was any other time that the store was "in the red" as long as Bob ran it.

In fact, by 1979, Bob's last year to manage the store, Koinonia was running a \$250,000 a year business, kept alive through unsolicited contributions and sales. Moreover, the ministry was *giving* thousands of dollars to other ministries.

The store itself was a non-profit ministry. For the first few months the store was in business, if it made \$15 to \$20, they would consider it to be a good day. A \$100 day was really big time!

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob, Peggy, & Tom Minton at old Koinonia — 1974

In the back of the bookstore was a small coffeehouse consisting of a few tables clad with red-and-white checkered oilcloth and candles. All of the tables were arranged on a patchwork carpet with crosses and doves all over it. The setup was pretty simple with hot tea, coffee, hot apple cider, soft drinks, and pre-packaged snacks being served. This was just a place for people to come in and have the freedom to sit around and talk. Naturally, when people did come in, Bob and Peggy would start sharing Jesus with them. They started a Bible study on Friday evenings, which, over the coming months, developed into a time when different teachers from various groups in the Body in Nashville would come and lead the study.

The coffeehouse atmosphere also allowed some of the guys to come in with their guitars to just sit around and pick. With time, people in the store began to sit on the floor and start singing along with the singer. In the winter, the people would sit around the stove or fireplace; it was a blessing in comparison to having no air-conditioning in the summer months.

A movement of the Lord had started when Don Finto left Una Church of Christ and went over to Belmont Church of Christ; Koinonia would be a part of that movement. At that time Belmont was a dead inner-city church with only a few members. Since Don was evangelizing and working with the street people anyway, Belmont had asked him to move there and preach. At this time, Don was also a professor of German at David Lipscomb College. So when he left Una Church of Christ, many of the people

Koinonia Days



Old Koinonia — 1974

who were attending there as well as students at the college started going to Belmont. That was the beginning of what the Church of Christ would eventually label the “Belmont Movement” among the churches in Nashville.

When God called Bob and Peggy to Koinonia, it was as if He were calling them to participate in what was going on at Belmont, too.

Bob eventually became an elder, the youngest at the time. He taught regularly at the church for years, filled in as preacher for Don when he was gone, and was generally active in everything that happened at the church for six years, from 1973 to 1979.

In 1973 when we went to Koinonia, we got a letter from one of the staunchest defenders of the Church of Christ doctrine. In the letter he asked, “What’s the matter? Is your faith shipwrecked?” I wrote back, “Don’t worry, my faith in Jesus is stronger than it’s ever been. I understand less, but I believe more.”

Opposition is something to be expected when one is walking on target in the Lord’s will. What is sad is that much of the strongest opposition comes from one’s own brothers and sisters in the Lord! Almost immediately upon the Hugheys’ arrival at Koinonia, the elders at Vultee, Bob’s former congregation, asked to meet with them. Of course, Bob and Peggy wanted to know what was going on, so they went and met with the elders. During this meeting, the elders told them, “We are afraid that you are going to

A Lifestyle Of Light

be identified with the disturbing things that are happening at Belmont; thus, ‘your good will be evil spoken of’” (see Romans 14:16).

Bob assured them that Koinonia was the place that God wanted Peggy and him to be ministering, that Peggy and he had sought the Lord and had prayed intensely before accepting the offer. Bob and Peggy were confident that Koinonia was where they were supposed to be as far as the Lord’s will was concerned.

This didn’t convince the Vultee elders, though, as they felt obligated to try to put a stop to this “Holy Spirit” thing that Belmont claimed to be walking in. As a result of the Hugheys’ association with Belmont Church and the weird “holy rollers” there, one of the elders (who loved the Lord and truly tried to walk in integrity before God and man) actually came over to Bob and Peggy’s house and officially withdrew fellowship from them, something Bob and Peggy still respect him for doing.

Other elders from Vultee met with Bob and Peggy privately. But perhaps the real concern was not so much a doctrinal thing as a fear that Vultee would lose many people to Belmont, as Bob’s and Peggy’s presence would lend credibility to the whole movement.

The elders had previously voiced their opposition to the Hugheys even before they started going to Belmont. Way back when Bob spoke at the Nashville Evangelism Seminar, the elders had asked Bob not to speak there. Bob had told them that he had prayed about it and felt as if the Lord had said it was all right to go. However, to try to be sensitive to their concerns, Bob asked them, “Would it be fair to you if we start praying that if God doesn’t want me to speak there He will stop me, even if it means Him taking my life?” The elders agreed, but God did nothing to stop Bob. On the contrary, Bob’s time there was blessed by God in a very special way.

Nevertheless, one of the Vultee elders got up on Sunday morning and made an announcement from the pulpit that there were false teachers at the Belmont sponsored seminar. Though the Hugheys’ names were not mentioned specifically, the implication was there and intentional. The elder warned the people at Vultee to stay away from the seminar. Bob telephoned the elder (amazingly, it was the same man who had originally given Bob the copy of *The Normal Christian Life!*) and asked him if he had time to get together to talk about the things that were said from the pulpit that Sunday.

The elder said, “Well, I didn’t call any names.”

Bob said, “You’re right, but everybody knows who you were talking about. When you say things like the things you said Sunday, you are talking about my eternal salvation!” However, the brother said he didn’t have time to talk with Bob even though Bob said he was willing to get together with him anytime, anywhere, over the Word of God.

About ten years later, Peggy and Bob were eating lunch at the Dairy King on

Koinonia Days

Thompson Lane when they saw this same elder and his wife pull into the parking lot. The Hugheys just looked at each other and said out loud at the same time, “This is the Lord!”

The man came up to them and said, “You know Bob, there has been a lot of talk about you and what you do and what you stand for. I want to know the truth about all of this.”

Bob replied, “Brother, I’ve always wanted to tell you the truth.”

They set up an appointment to meet at the brother’s home. When Bob and Peggy went there, the elder continued in the things that he had heard: “You have been accused of embracing every religion...” They thought Bob and Peggy accepted Buddhism, Hinduism, and everything else. That was the “muddy water” going around that Satan was using to steal, kill, and destroy fellowship among the believers. Despite the false rumors that had been spread, the Lord cleared things up with “living water” so that, by the time the discussion was over, Bob was down on his knees just sharing Jesus in reconciliation with his friend and brother from years past.

After it was all over, what the enemy had conjured up in division, the Lord had healed by bringing both couples together in “one heart and one mind.” They wound up hugging and crying and praying and laughing by the evening’s conclusion.

It was into this elder’s Sunday School class that Bob and Peggy walked when the Lord led them back to Vultee for a visit. When the brother saw them walk in, he said, “Bob, do you have a word to share with this class?”

Bob said, “Brother, my heart is full of the Word of God. Are you sure that you want me to share?” He gave his approval, and that was the only time Bob has ever been asked to share at Vultee since 1973.

During the Dairy King encounter, an interesting conversation took place. The elder asked Bob if he remembered the prayer that Bob had prayed for him several years earlier. He said, “Bob, you prayed that God would strip away everything from me that would keep me from a walk with Jesus. Since then I have lost one million dollars in cash, my wife’s health is gone, and I have had a heart attack. But you know, I also have a precious relationship with Jesus Christ.”

Soon after all of this, the elder’s wife died, and it was only a few years after her death that the elder was gone too. Bob was an honorary pallbearer at his funeral.

THE PRAISE GATHERINGS

In an interview with a Christian magazine, Steve Chapman explained how the group Dogwood had been formed. Steve and his friend Ron Elder had come to Nashville from West Virginia. As with most musicians coming to Nashville trying to make it in the business, they arrived with no money and no place to stay. Bob let them live in the

A Lifestyle Of Light

Koinonia building where they were provided a place to sleep. In exchange, they were to keep the place clean and be the unofficial night watchmen. Being located in the heart of downtown Nashville, the area had a tendency to get a little dangerous at night.

During the day there were people, young and old, just sitting around the tables in the coffeehouse behind the bookstore area. A couple of guys might pair off and start singing in one part of the store while another few guys sitting elsewhere would play and sing. There was always the sounds of praise floating around for customers to enjoy.

One day Steve was just hanging around the bookstore and picking a few songs on his guitar. Listening to the music and liking what he heard, Bob said, “Why don’t you and Ron and some of the guys just show up and play your songs at the coffeehouse this Saturday night?”

Steve agreed. This is how Dogwood got started and was also the beginning of what was to be known as the “praise gatherings.” These praise gatherings would be one of the earliest forerunners of what would eventually blossom into contemporary Christian music.

However, unlike the present Christian music scene, the praise gatherings had no neon lights, no mail-outs, no promotion, and no T-shirts. The gathering was just a sing-a-long that caught on through the Spirit’s fire.

It is important to note that these were *praise* gatherings, *not* concerts. What the Lord had shown Bob over the years was that the spirit behind concerts is the spirit of entertainment. Therefore, the minute the Body of Christ starts crying “entertain me,” that is when they will start drifting away from what God desires for them. It is the Lord’s desire that we be built up and edified, strengthened in faith, power, and love, that we can go out and take the world for Jesus Christ.

During these glorious years at Koinonia, in spite of some of the musicians getting bent out of shape with Bob and his emphasis on the words of the song rather than on the music, they were able to keep the Saturday meetings as praise gatherings. The usual scenario would be for Bob to come out and share the Word before the music started. He would call everyone together and pray over the entire evening and the assembly. Some of the musicians and groups who played at these gatherings were: Don Francisco, Clay in the Potter’s Hand, Dogwood, Brethren, even fourteen-year-old Amy Grant, as well as many other well-known names who happened to be passing through town such as John Michael Talbot. They would always focus in on just praising the Lord.

Picture hundreds of people, young and old, from all different backgrounds and social status, sitting on the floor for hours. Interspersed in the music or at the end of the music, Bob would get up and minister the Word and pray for everyone. He would

Koinonia Days



Praise gathering at Koinonia — 1978

also work closely with the musicians to make sure that the Word of God got out, and they would always “pass the hat” for a love offering for whomever was playing that night. There were no salaries or contracts.

Considering the doleful, worldly state of the Christian music scene today, it must be emphasized that these early musical get-togethers at Koinonia were *true* praise gatherings. They were *not* entertainment and they were *not* concerts. They were worship and praise gatherings, with hundreds of people participating, singing and clapping and praising the Lord.

All the while, dozens were getting saved in a steamy, musty, old building with no air-conditioning. All they had were those big, noisy, rattling fans that seemed to blow the humidity all over the room; but in the spiritual world, the winds of the Lord were blowing in gusts as, right and left, people were being filled with the Holy Spirit, healed, delivered, and everything else that accompanies something fresh in the Lord. This was all a sovereign move of the Lord, and it happened every weekend! Baptisms became a daily occurrence and took place at all hours of the day and night.

It must also be remembered that Belmont Church, the congregation most closely associated with Koinonia, was still an a cappella Church of Christ! Yet, just on the south side of the church building, instrumental music was being “instrumental” in bringing hundreds of people to Christ! Of course, it was just as natural that many of the people brought to the Lord at Koinonia overflowed to the north side of the street

A Lifestyle Of Light

to Belmont Church. It took years for the church to work through the a cappella music question before music was ever allowed to be played in their assemblies. Some of the elders at Belmont also had problems with other things happening at Koinonia, because not only was instrumental music being used, but people were receiving all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, including speaking in tongues.

HAPPENINGS AT KOINONIA

At Koinonia, the main goal was *not* to sell books. There were tables set up with books on them; people could come in and browse; but for Bob and Peggy and eventually other staff and volunteers, top priority was to tell everyone who came in about Jesus. Sometimes Peggy would strike up a conversation with those who showed an interest in talking, but she would leave the others alone.

Not Bob. He literally would follow people all around the store, breathing down their necks, always reminding them, “We are here to help you. We love you and we care for you.”

The more those people tried to avoid him, the more Bob stuck with them. Bob was there to point everybody who came in to Jesus Christ. Even if they didn’t think they had a need, Bob would somehow find one! That is how persistent he was. They *would* have a need after they had been around Bob for five minutes! If someone purposely went out of his way to avoid Bob, that really turned Bob onto that person even more!

Even the “snooty” people who entered the bookstore would eventually find themselves pried open by Bob’s persistence.

Yes, it sounds aggressive, maybe even harassing, but God honored and blessed it because Bob was living “in deed and in truth.” Everyone who worked at Koinonia knew that Bob and Peggy’s purpose for being there was to lay down their lives twenty-four hours a day for all the people.

Bob knew he wasn’t there to sell books, and sometimes that created conflicts. Yes, it is true that Bob had to pay all of the bills, but it was clear to him that paying the bills was not the primary reason God had him on that corner in Nashville, Tennessee. It was to share Jesus Christ, and he knew it.

One of the least important things for me at the bookstore was making money. I remember that people would come into Koinonia and say, “I want to buy a new Bible.” I would tell them, “You don’t need a new Bible.” I’d talk people *out* of buying a lot of stuff because that’s not what they really needed. They needed Jesus. They needed a living relationship with Jesus. Others who came in needed prayer, or encouragement, even a word of exhortation. I wasn’t there to be commercial. I was there to see that God’s business was done.

Koinonia Days

Unfortunately, not everybody recognized Bob's call as much as he did. Bob was faithful to this call, though, and was willing to accept any negative reactions. Jesus called it "paying the price." Bob was careful *not* to point people to any church, including their next door neighbor, Belmont. Bob pointed people in the only direction that was the way, the truth, and the life; that is, Jesus Christ.

Bob used his Koinonia technique in other evangelistic venues. If a group of people were out on the street handing out tracts or just sharing the Word with passersby, and if someone didn't want to talk with Bob and tried to walk away from him, Bob would run after him saying, "You might run from me, but you can't run from Jesus. He'll get you sooner or later!"

A large number of people passed through Koinonia, as if the Lord had brought them there specifically. Many of these stragglers were brought to the Lord and baptized.

In the 1970's, drug addicts and people living together and having free sex were coming to the Lord, and it was then that the parents got upset with their children. As long as the kids were stoned or living together, there was no complaint; but when they came to Jesus, they started opposing their kids' lifestyles.

Here are some of the hearts the Hugheys were dealing with daily:

They had known a young lady named Cookie for a while and knew that she was born again and walking in God's Spirit. Raised a Catholic, she was going to a Catholic church to try to share Jesus with the people there. She came into the store one day and asked Bob what he thought about water baptism. Bob said, "Let's go back and get the Word and see what it has to say."

They started reading some scriptures together, and in the middle of it she raised her voice and said, "Stop, Stop, Stop! That's enough. I want to be baptized." So, Bob baptized her.

The funny thing was that even though she was raised Catholic, the Lord led her to David Lipscomb College where she walked around the campus, being led by the Holy Spirit, and shared Jesus with many of the lost church-going students at that Christian college.

Another young man who was a student at Vanderbilt University walked into Koinonia to talk with Bob. He was about ready to graduate with a double major in some extremely difficult subjects. To say the least, this guy had a really big brain! He told Bob that he had seen some fellow students walking around on campus with Bibles. He had been deeply impressed by their obvious joy and happiness and wanted to find out more about this Bible they were reading. Though he was getting ready to graduate, he figured that with all the books he had read in college, he could

A Lifestyle Of Light

read at least one more before graduation. After reading this Book on his own, he found himself with Bob. As they talked, this student asked Bob to “wash” him. Bob said, “I will, if you are a believer in Jesus.” The young man said that he was, so Bob, wanting to make sure, asked him how he came to faith in Jesus.

He said, “I started reading the Bible and came to the thirteenth chapter of John. I saw that Jesus was a great man who did miracles and people followed Him, yet He took a basin and washed feet. I thought that anybody who was that humble could be trusted. So I gave my life to him right then!”

Bob then inquired of the young man how he came to decide to be baptized. He said, “I was reading the sixth chapter of 1 Corinthians, and it was describing my life: ‘...and such were some of you. But you were washed...’ So, I want to be washed, too.”

This student had never been to a Christian meeting or in a church building in all of his life. He had never even seen a baptistry! Bob took him over to the old Belmont building where there was a block and tackle hooked up to a heavy steel lid that covered the baptistry. (It was fondly referred to as “The Tomb.”) The young man took one look at this dungeon-like pit filled with water and exclaimed, “What is that?!” Bob said, “This is for your baptism. We’re going to bury you.”

Several people showed up to witness it (there always seemed to be a bunch of people around Koinonia!), and Bob baptized him. When Bob brought him back up out of the water, the fellow had a look of amazement on his face and said, “That was so good! Would you do it again?” Bob said, “In Jesus’ name!” and put him under for a second time!

There were some wild baptisms during this time. Once, a girl came up out of the water speaking in tongues. As she was getting dressed, everyone there could still hear her going on and on!

In a Maranatha fellowship in Owensboro, Kentucky, Bob was finishing up a time of teaching in a meeting and he jokingly mentioned that since he had come from a Church of Christ background, anyone who had any questions about water baptism could ask him. After all, he was a “specialist” in that area.

One young man took Bob at his word and came up to him asking, “Sir, you mentioned that you were a specialist in water baptism, so I have a question. I’m new in the Lord and I was out on a small island in the middle of Kentucky Lake last week. As I was studying and praying by myself, the Lord kept showing me the importance and urgency of water baptism. So, I told the Lord that I would get baptized when I arrived back into town. But the Lord said, ‘No, NOW!’ I didn’t know what to do, so I walked out into the lake up to my waist and said, ‘I baptize me in the name of Jesus!’ Then I dunked myself. What do you think?”

Koinonia Days

Bob said, “You obeyed, brother. That’s great. If the Lord wants you to do anything else, He will show you!”

That’s the kind of honest hearts Bob and Peggy were dealing with in the hundreds and in the thousands during their years at Koinonia.

There was another young man who had accepted Jesus, but his family had a history of demonic activity; thus, they were opposed to everything in this young man’s spiritual life. As Bob was baptizing him, this guy began frantically thrashing around in the water and gasping and choking as if he were fighting a shark in the water! No one present knew what in the world was happening as they witnessed the violent splashes made with flailing arms and legs. When Bob finally was able to fish him out of the baptistry, the young man explained that Satan had tried to drown him because Satan didn’t want him getting baptized. How does that fit into your doctrine and theology?

I was baptizing a man at Belmont Church one time, and as we descended into the baptistry, I instructed the man to clean out all of his pockets including his billfold. He looked at me and said, “No, I want my wallet to go under too!”

I said, “You are going to make progress with God!”

The truth is, *everything* is His. Some people have wallets with money in one place that “belongs to God,” another place that is “theirs,” and another segment of the billfold that is “ours.” It’s all God’s.

My pet verse in the Church of Christ was Acts 2:38 [“...Repent, and let each of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.”] My group *lived* in Acts 2:38 for years and preached Acts 2:38 and wondered why nobody came to Jesus. By God’s grace, I started preaching “Jesus” and hundreds came to Jesus, and they all started *living* in Acts 2:38 too. Hundreds were being baptized at Koinonia, yet I never had to preach one message on it. Some of our baptizing would take hours and go into the wee hours of the night, not like in many churches where they push it off to the tail-end of a meeting where a curtain gets jerked open, a few words are babbled, a song is sung, then *zip*, everyone goes out to a restaurant.

A country and western group had heard about Bob and Peggy down in Venice, Florida, where the Hugheys had previously been so active. Some of the members of the group had heard there was a bookstore in Nashville that allowed bands to play. They headed up to Nashville and asked Bob if they could play at the coffeehouse, even though they weren’t a Christian band!

Bob did not let them play at the praise gatherings, but he did let them stay with him, Peggy, and Nolan at their apartment. The night the band moved in, Bob was holding a Bible study at the apartment, which the band members attended. The bass fiddle player ended up accepting Jesus, while another confessed later that, after the Bible

A Lifestyle Of Light

study, he flushed all of his drugs down the toilet. Another of them even went on to a full-time ministry.

These were the kinds of things happening every day around the Hugheys and Koinonia.

It cannot be emphasized too much that this was a direct, dynamic move of the Holy Spirit with God using the Hugheys as His tools. It wasn't their power, zeal, or vision. It was God sovereignly moving in people's lives.

Bob and Peggy have sweet memories from their time at Koinonia. Many of the young people they met have remained dear friends over the years. One of the most memorable individuals the Hugheys were involved with was named Harry.

Harry was an epileptic who was into drugs, had long hair, played guitar in a band, and basically led the rock n' roll lifestyle. He was a dope-head, and I'll never forget the night he said "Yes" to Jesus, and God set him free from all of that bondage. When he came to Jesus, he got baptized in water and in the Holy Spirit and came up out of that water speaking Jesus. He didn't know anything about end times or even beginning times. He knew nothing about hermeneutics or homiletics. All Harry knew was that he was lost and now he had been found (see Luke 15:24).

After about a week of walking with Jesus, Harry came into the bookstore and said, "Bob, I forgot to take my anti-epilepsy medicine, but I haven't had a seizure in a week."

As of last report, he still had not had a seizure.

Almost immediately after coming to Jesus, Harry started a ministry at International House of Pancakes. He was unlearned, uneducated, and had no Bible school training, but he had Jesus. Harry spent eight to twelve hours a day there sharing Jesus. He would just go and buy a cup of coffee and a pancake, then he would start talking to people. I'm convinced that hundreds of people came to the Lord there through him. In those days, there were more people being saved at IHOP than in most churches.

Harry's lack of doctrinal eloquence was probably the best weapon he had for affecting peoples lives as he had no set program, speeches, or spiel that would hinder him from just doing what the Lord wanted him to do. Furthermore, it was not just at IHOP that Harry was able to have an impact. Even in everyday things Harry was, directly and indirectly, helping to bring people into the kingdom.

Harry was about to move from his apartment on Seventeenth Avenue South in downtown Nashville. After all of his belongings were moved out, Harry just thanked the Lord for allowing him to stay in that place for a season. As he was about to leave

Koinonia Days

it for the last time, Harry prayed over the apartment for the next person. He prayed, “Father, I pray the Holy Spirit would fill this apartment so that whoever moves in here will come to know Jesus.”

Harry didn’t know that a forty-year-old Jewish homosexual was going to be the next resident! The same day the new tenant moved in, he went across the street to Koinonia and met Bob. The man, a bit strangely, told Bob, “I don’t know why I’m here, but there’s just something drawing me!”

Over and over, this man kept coming into the bookstore and, each time, Bob would share a little with him about the love of Jesus.

This guy just kept coming into the store, and I knew it was the Lord drawing him to His Son. One day when he walked in, our conversation moved to the time when he had first met me. He said, “When I first met you Bob, you scared me to death.”

“Why?” I inquired.

He told me, “Because when I saw you, I knew that I was standing there naked before you and that you were seeing right through me and knew about everything that I was.”

I said, “Yeah? No big deal because I love you.”

There’s no judgment, there’s no condemnation in love; the Holy Spirit brings conviction. When we walk in the light, we see everything as it really is.

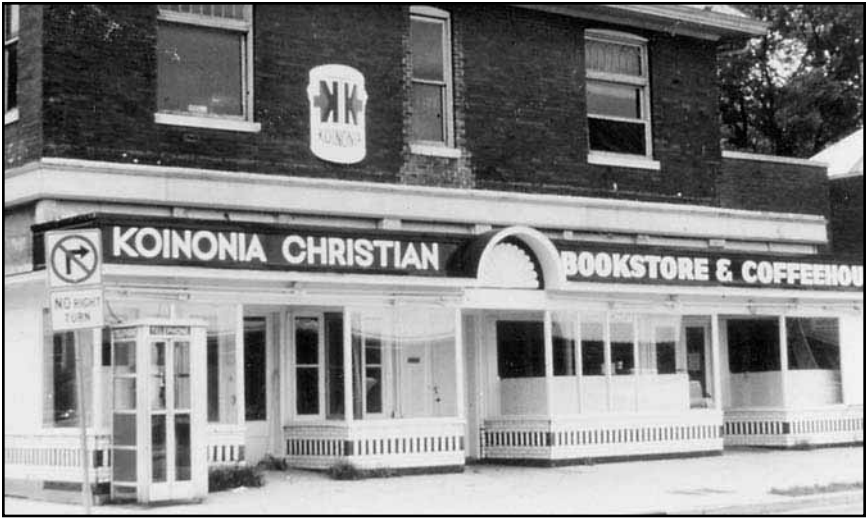
Bob continued to share Jesus with him and, eventually, this homosexual Jew was set free from his sexual bondage and became a born again believer in Jesus! And it was all due to Harry knowing that when rooms get filled with the Holy Spirit, the person occupying that room can get filled too! (see Acts 2:2).

Things were really hopping at Koinonia. Not only were the praise gatherings and Bible studies bringing in the people so that the creaking building was bursting at its seams, but they also showed movies once a week. Two doctors, Alan Kaiser and John Leonard, both from Vanderbilt University Hospital, taught regularly. There was also a class on Bible prophecy led by Dr. Fred Hall that was a regular staple for years.

To say the least, the little business/ministry that began on a tattered shoestring kept growing and growing. By 1975 the business was booming, and the contributions grew proportionally. This was all taking place even though Koinonia never advertised or begged for money. Bob was the only worker receiving any sort of salary; everyone else was hired on a voluntary basis. Later, as the ministry grew, others became salaried workers. Anyone who made a minimum \$5 donation would be given a free book, poster, or small plaque. Later on, albums were given away as well.

In 1975, an important thing happened. The dime store next to the Koinonia build-

A Lifestyle Of Light



New Koinonia — 1975

ing, which had been there for thirty or forty years, decided to go out of business due to too many robberies. They said it was getting to be too dangerous in that part of town, so they were shutting things down. At the time, Bob was paying \$125 rent per month for the space Koinonia occupied. The realtors of the dime store offered Bob the building, which was much larger and three stories tall, for \$200 a month. This was a *major* decision for everyone concerned with the financial stability of Koinonia. But then, what building could house the Almighty God anyway? The Lord gave them the green light, so one weekend in July, the entire store was moved to its new location next door.

From the first day after the move, everything at Koinonia doubled. Business shot through the roof, contributions sky-rocketed, the crowds at the gatherings multiplied, and best of all, the anointing of the Lord was even more powerful than ever before. It was a tremendous act of God for Him to hand over the new building for only \$200 a month.

Every year there was a Christian Booksellers' Convention in some big city in America. Bob and Peggy would go to see all the new books, albums, and writing material being offered on the market. With the move to the new place, instead of buying \$500 worth of merchandise at the Christian Booksellers' Convention, Bob and Peggy would order from \$10 thousand to \$20 thousand worth of inventory and pay for it as it came in. At the same time, Koinonia was still giving money away to other ministries.

Through being at Koinonia and attending the Christian Booksellers Convention,

Koinonia Days

Bob and Peggy met many popular authors and singers and formed lasting friendships with many of them. Often, Bob would invite these authors and singers to speak, sing, or “share” at Koinonia’s annual “Come Together.”

In 1976, Bob was thinking about all the well-known people he and Peggy had met. But the Lord responded by saying, “Bob, there are no stars in the Body of Christ. We are all one and we are all equal. There are to be no ‘haves and have nots.’ There is only one real star, literally, and He is the bright and morning star and His name is Jesus. You are to keep your eyes on Him. You are to keep lifting Him up.”

That really impacted Bob’s life. It taught him to love people where they are. If they happen to be rich and famous, or if they are poor and will never be known, if they are gifted or not, Bob is to love them...and not be intimidated by any of them. Bob saw that members of the Body of Christ are not to be intimidated by any person on the face of the earth, no matter who they are. We are able to live in this because we know who we are in Christ. If we have an intimate relationship with the King of kings and Lord of lords, then we are not going to be intimidated by anyone else on earth.

Lots of things happened at Koinonia. One morning when Bob and Peggy drove up, they saw fire trucks in front of the place. Koinonia had been on fire. Evidently one of the donated gas furnaces had flashed, and the old barn wood and paperback books had caught on fire. Fortunately, the firemen were able to get the fire under control without too much damage. There was no insurance on the building; however, people came in and started helping to get things straightened up on that same day. By the end of the next day, everything was back to normal, or at least as normal as could be expected! Everything was repaired quickly, and the Lord even replenished the money to buy the stock that had been destroyed.

On another morning, Bob and Peggy walked in to find that the store had been robbed. Burglars had broken in and stolen some jewelry displayed in a glass case up front. The very next day when Bob and Peggy came in for work, there was a note in the jewelry case that said, “God will restore what the thieves have stolen!” Money had been left there to compensate for the pilfered jewelry.

Good or bad, there was always something going on at Koinonia. Once a witch came walking through the Bible study, banging on the wall with a two by four piece of wood.

One time at the bookstore, a young man who lived near Koinonia dragged me outside of the store by the collar. He had both sides of my shirt held in his clenched fists. With all the hatred he could muster, he said, “Do you know what I’m going to do to you? I’m going to kill you!”

I said, “Johnny, that’s your problem, not mine.”

Then he screamed, “After I kill you, I’m going to blow this place up.”

A Lifestyle Of Light

Once again, I said, “Go ahead, Johnny, that’s not my problem.”

Then he said, “Look at you, you yellow-bellied Christian, you’re shaking all over.”

I said, “Yes, I am shaking all over, but I love you, Jesus loves you, and Jesus is the answer to your problem.”

You see, man can’t do anything to me.

Salesmen would come in and want to set up a display, and Bob would drive them crazy by saying, “We only buy what Jesus tells us to buy.”

Another young man Bob had been counseling got so angry with Bob that he went through the whole store overturning all the book cases and display racks. Afterwards he went and killed one of the sisters in the fellowship as she was sitting in bed reading the Bible and writing down what God was saying to her.

Obviously, this event made the headlines of the paper, television, everything, with many people being quoted and misquoted. Bob was in the trial. He was described as this man’s “religious mentor” and was called to testify. The whole thing was a mess.

It was at this time Bob learned that the media very seldom gets a quote right. In fact, he could only think of one sentence on which the media quoted him correctly. Under oath, Bob had been asked if he thought the man accused had an uncontrollable temper. Bob said, “I don’t think there is such a thing as an uncontrollable temper under the lordship of Jesus Christ.” That was the only correct quote that made it in the newspapers.

The young man was convicted and received a seven-year prison sentence.

Bob and Peggy were a part of the “good, the bad, and the ugly,” and along with it, “the blessing and the persecution” that go with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Preachers would come up to Bob and tell him, “We like the fruit of your ministry but we don’t like the way you are doing it.”

Bob has been told this for over twenty years.

“Even so, every good tree bears good fruit; but the bad tree bears bad fruit. A good tree cannot produce bad fruit, nor can a bad tree produce good fruit. . . . So then, you will know them by their fruits” (Matthew 7:17,18,20).

OTHER NOTABLE INCIDENTS FROM THE HUGHEYS’ TIME AT KOINONIA

A minister came into the bookstore one evening in 1974. He had just come from a witch’s coven. He asked us to pray for him, as what he had seen had turned his face as white as a blank piece of paper. His eyes were spinning around in opposite directions, and his tongue kept curling up and rolling out of his mouth. All of us there washed him with the Word and prayed for him. He was delivered from the

Koinonia Days

satanic things he had witnessed and walked away cleansed and whole. He told us, “Let me go through the Yellow Pages and show you the names of pastors who are into witchcraft.”

I remember one guy named Henry. He had long, blond hair all the way down his back. He eventually came to Jesus, and a little while after that, he came into the bookstore with his hair cut short and clean.

I took one look and said, “Henry! I hardly recognized you!”

He said, “I’ve got a new outside to go with my new inside.”

We hadn’t judged him by his outward appearance, but the Holy Spirit cleaned him up . . . spirit, soul, body . . . in that order.

One of my first experiences in Nashville was counseling a homosexual pastor who was living in an adulterous relationship and wondering why his church wasn’t growing!



“Manager Bob” — 1978

Bring the name of Gary Paxton up to Bob, and he always starts his sentence out with “The Wild Man!” Here was a man on the cutting edge of the Christian music scene. Most people remember Gary from his days as a performer, hitting the Top 40 as half of the singing team of Skip and Flip, or as the lead singer for the Hollywood Argyles who sang “Alley Oop” which hit number one on the pop charts. He was also a producer involved with as wide a variety of songs as “The Monster Mash” by Bobby “Boris” Pickett and “Cherish” by the Association.

As Bob tells the story, Gary was sitting in his pickup truck just outside the Belmont Church building. He was just sitting there and kept watching all the people going inside the building. It was like a zoo. He saw people wearing suits and ties and semiformal dress, some were walking in with bare feet, while others entered the doors in their overalls or jeans. As he witnessed this strange potpourri of humanity all entering the same building, he thought, “This must be God, because this is what a family is like.” From that point on, Gary was involved with Belmont and the Koinonia

A Lifestyle Of Light

ministries.

Even to this day, Bob and Peggy are close with Gary. Bob says, “He was a real character as he would wear red jumpsuits with wild-looking hats or other funny-looking clothes and do his hair in all sorts of strange styles, even shaving his head and wearing wigs. He did all of this just to have an image that people would remember.”

One of their first encounters with Gary occurred when Bob got a call from him. Gary asked Bob to come over to the RCA Recording Studios where he was just starting to cut an album. So, Bob left Koinonia and walked down the street to the studio. As Bob entered, he saw all the musicians, engineers, and technical people waiting around.

When Gary saw Bob, he said, “Here’s my pastor. I want him to pray for us before we hit a lick here.”

Bob even baptized some of Gary’s children. This close relationship continued for years. Gary would come into the bookstore, asking if the words to one of his new songs was scripturally sound as he was determined that all of his songs should be right.

Gary was a huge success in the secular music business, and he used his wealth to tithe some big wads of money to the Koinonia ministry. Gary was also the man who donated the money for the entire sound system that was used for the praise gatherings.

Everybody and everything under the sun seemed to be making its way to see what was happening at Koinonia, some good and some not so good. Bob had the amazing knack of being able to stir up both the righteous and the unrighteous.

Every time there’s a fresh move of the Holy Spirit, counterfeits will abound. For seven years at Koinonia every counterfeit, tangent, and movement that sprang up in America came to our door to try to get us off base, but God protected us from it all. However, we would see some dear brothers and sisters get caught up in all sorts of fads. During the heyday of the “Discipleship Movement,” some people wouldn’t even change a flat tire until they could call their pastor. Others came into Koinonia and called their pastors to ask if they could spend one dollar.

All the different cults would try to infiltrate the bookstore because they thought they could skim off some of the good fruit that was happening at Koinonia. Although many of the cult members would say all the right things, Bob would get a big red flag, and bells would start going off in his heart whenever they came into the store. Their words were right, but their spirit was wrong; their spirit did not agree with the Holy Spirit. Usually Bob would confront them and let them know that they were welcome in the

Koinonia Days

store as long as they were seeking the truth about Jesus, but he would not allow them to use Koinonia as a place for them to propagate their heresies.

Not only were spiritual tangents trying to derail what God was doing at Koinonia, but the worldly American culture also tried to seep in and have as many people conform to its image as it could dupe.

For all of his life, Bob had been a clean-shaven man. However, in 1978 Bob saw that the unisex movement had ensnared many worldly people and that many people in the church were buying into it as well. As far as Bob was concerned, a man was supposed to be a man, and a woman was supposed to be a woman. A person need not have to undress to find out which one it was! So, on August 15th, while he and Peggy were in Israel, Bob stopped shaving so as to be an example of a godly man to the rest of the world.

As usual, Peggy was years ahead of Bob in discerning God's view of gender. In the early 1970's she had seen men's hair getting longer and women's hair getting shorter. Yet the Bible states that "a woman's long hair is her glory" (1 Corinthians 11:15), and it appeared that some men, even in the church, were trying to rob the women of the glory that God Himself had chosen for them. Therefore, instead of letting a hairdresser get the glory, Peggy chose to let her hair grow long, straight, and beautiful, both to please the Lord and her husband and to let other women know of the blessings God has for a woman when she allows herself be what God has created her to be.

Since much of what was going on at Belmont and Koinonia had evolved out of the Church of Christ, there was obviously a lot of curiosity from members of the Churches of Christ, especially the young people, many of whom were open to see beyond the limitations their church had put on the Lord.

Students from nearby David Lipscomb College, Belmont College, Vanderbilt University, and others, often strolled into the store. Sometimes the bravest students would question Bob about certain Bible passages, or they would ask Bob what he thought about some controversial issue. Others would try to find out if Bob had some ulterior motive behind all of the successes at Koinonia.

Some people used to come into Koinonia and ask me, "Bob, what's your five-year plan?"

I'd say, "My five-year plan is the same as my one-day plan—carrying about in my body daily the dying of Jesus Christ that the life of Christ may be manifested in me." That's still my plan."

Koinonia sponsored all sorts of conferences and seminars. Besides that, Bob and Peggy were themselves going out and speaking or teaching at retreats and churches

A Lifestyle Of Light

all over the place. They also traveled some with Dogwood and several other musical groups. The groups, of course, would sing, and Bob would minister the Word, and Peggy would love Bob! From church buildings and public assembly halls to football stadiums, Bob was ministering the Word of Christ all over the country.

WHITE PASTURES

As the Christian music scene continued to thrive and grow, there were Bob and Peggy on Music Row in Nashville, right in the middle of it.

The Hugheys were always busy witnessing much good fruit in everything they were involved with. It could have been that *too much* was happening. Bob, who always seemed to be in the thick of things, was pushing himself beyond his own physical limits. It was hard for him not to because there was such revival going on around him. However, where there is revival, Satan is usually close by to try to discourage and destroy.

One Saturday in 1977, Bob had been very busy. He had mowed the lawn, washed the car, played tennis with Peggy and another friend, and taken a hot shower—all of this without eating even a morsel for breakfast. Later he went out looking for a car for Nolan. As he bent over to check the bottom of the car for possible leaks, Bob suddenly fell to his knees and wasn't able to get himself back on his feet.

Something was wrong. Peggy was able to help Bob into the car and back home to rest. She called two friends who were nurses. When these two sisters came to the Hugheys' apartment, they took Bob's pulse and said, "You're going to the hospital."

Dr. Alan Kaiser, a friend of the Hugheys who taught regularly at Koinonia, was informed of Bob's condition and he met the entourage at the emergency room at Vanderbilt Hospital. Bob's pulse was very erratic, so much so that it was difficult to even measure his heart rate. Finally, the diagnosis was confirmed, and it was serious. Bob was in atrial fibrillation.

Bob was rushed to the Intensive Cardiac Care Unit and hooked up to various wires, tubes, and I.V.'s. After three or four days in this setting, the Lord began to minister to Bob in Word and in health. First, the Lord showed Bob that he had gotten caught up in "busyness." The Lord said, "Bob, you are trying to do too much; you are trying to be the whole Body but you are just one small member of it. It's time for you to simply function as the part of the Body I have called you to."

It was at this time that Peggy told Bob, "The Lord makes you lie down in *white pastures!*" (referring to the sheets on the hospital bed).

That night, one of the young doctors who was attending Bob and who had fallen asleep while praying for him all night (Bob had led him to Jesus) came into the room and lifted his hands in the air. He said, "Bob, praise the Lord! Your heart has converted!"

Koinonia Days

Bob laughed and said, “Brother, I thought that happened back in 1967! But it was so good, I’ll take it again!”

When a heart “converts,” that means it has returned to its normal rhythm. From that moment on, instead of being a patient, Bob was allowed to move around with monitors and all the hookups and minister to the sick throughout that wing of the hospital. Literally, Bob was going from room to room sharing the Lord and praying for all the people.

The doctors told Bob that they were going to put him on Lanoxin, a medicine that would keep his heart beating regularly, and that Bob would be on this drug for the rest of his life. The doctors were wrong.

Another of the doctors, Dr. Andrew Spickard, knew Bob too and had a great time writing a special prescription that he knew would work only for Bob. As he took out his pad, Dr. Spickard, another believer in Jesus, said that he had been waiting years to write a prescription like this one. On the prescription pad, he drew three circles, labeled, “Spirit, Soul, and Body.” Dr. Spickard said, “You have been living a lot in the soulish area, and God has allowed this to happen to get your attention so that you will walk only in the Holy Spirit.”

There was a big move of the Holy Spirit at Vanderbilt University at this time, and many of the students and doctors were coming to the Lord—so many that a Sunday night Bible group began to minister to the incoming believers. At this study, hundreds of students came as well as some doctors. Some of the students would make it over to Koinonia Bookstore, so Bob and Peggy made many friends on the medical staff, and the Lord built up many close relationships.

This “move” at the university coincided with what was going on at Belmont and Koinonia. The fruit was a result of no man, program, or human effort. It was totally the Lord.

After his stay in the hospital, Bob heeded the Lord and resigned as an elder at Belmont and cut out a multitude of other activities he was involved with at the time, which amounted to about five or six full-time jobs and ministries.

I was not called to be a pastor. At Belmont in the 1970’s, they saw that I was a leader in the Body. The problem was that the only box they knew to stick me in was to make me an elder. That was like putting a round peg in a square hole. It just didn’t fit and it did not produce very good fruit. I am not a pastor. Those elders’ meetings drove me crazy—they killed me! They still do. If I had anything to do with a dull elders’ meeting, it would disband after one meeting. I’m just not a meeting guy.

A lot of pastors are dying of heart attacks. I got dealt with in 1977. I was doing way too much and ended up in Intensive Cardiac Care. I now believe that it was

A Lifestyle Of Light

the grace and mercy of God that said, “Bob, you are not the whole Body of Christ. You are only one itty bitty, Mickey Mouse member. Just be faithful in those little, itty bitty, Mickey Mouse things I’ve given you to do. Remember, those things are not found in busyness and hyperness.”

Although we’ve heard that idleness is the devil’s workshop, I think, in our society today, that being too busy is the greater temptation. I just don’t see too many people being still. There must be times in our lives when we are quiet before the Lord. God speaks softly, and we have to listen to hear. We get so busy in the church, on top of the church, under the church, and around the church. We can get into busyness even when we are involved in “good works,” so much so that we die.

Psalm 46:10 was the Word that the Lord burned into my heart in that hospital room in 1977. He had me lying down in “white” pastures when He spoke the word to me, “Be still and know that I am God.” One version of the Bible translates that to be, “Let go, relax, and know that I am God.”

Do you see that in the world? Are people letting go and relaxing? No, because the natural tendency of the flesh is to get hyper and more hyper. But the word of the Lord is, “Be still.” He tells us this because He loves us. There are lots of people working *for* the Lord but not resting and communing *with* Him. Whatever it takes for Him to get our attention so that He can teach us to rest in Him and wait upon Him and to walk in His peace, He will do it.

There was a man I was counseling. At the beginning of the session I asked him what his daily schedule was like. He said that he got up early in the morning, ate breakfast, then spent two hours in the Word and in prayer.

“Good,” I said. “Then what do you do?”

“Then I take a 30 minute rest. After that, I study and pray for three more hours, then I take a lunch break, then I study and pray for three hours in the afternoon, then after my next break, I finish the day off in the Word and in prayer.”

After he said all of this, I said, “Here’s the word of the Lord for you. *Don’t study and pray!*”

That doesn’t sound very spiritual, but he was way out of balance. He was taking everything in. God wants us to be quiet and also to be involved in what He wants us to do. That is taking it in and then giving it out.

Most people, however, have the natural tendency to give, give, give, without taking anything in. That’s called busyness. It’s when you are still before Him and knowing that He is God that you can hear Him and begin to move in what He wants you to move in. *I need that!*

DEATH TO THE VISION

God was not content to let Bob and Peggy stay still and slide into stagnation. Things began to change around Koinonia. One of the first areas of ministry affected by these

Koinonia Days

changes were the praise gatherings. Bob had always dealt with the praise gatherings with the mindset that God inhabits the praises of His people (see Psalm 22:3, KJV), not the entertainment.

For many years during the praise gatherings, people were coming to the Lord in droves and being healed and delivered from all kinds of dark spiritual forces. In time though, both Bob and Peggy saw changes trying to elbow their way into the purity of the blessing as the contemporary Christian music movement started revealing itself. Some of it was, in part, rebellion against the old, show-type Southern Gospel. With honesty of heart, when it all started no one really thought about making money out of it. These young men and women were merely looking for a vehicle to express the message of Jesus and get it out to their own peers.

As that original heart faded, the change came when the audiences, the people *listening* to the music, began lifting up the musicians rather than the Lord. Rock music is notorious for its “idols,” but when it comes to the Lord, there is still no place for them, especially when it comes to praise and worship. But that is what many of these musicians and groups had become—new idols in an old deception. Strangely enough, the musicians allowed the audience to do it, so that in time, the music became more important than the message.

Bob would have to stop some of the groups and tell them to “get their music down and their message up,” reminding them that their whole purpose for playing was to get the Word out. As time progressed, the musicians got so into their music that the message began to become secondary (which sounds strikingly similar to the same spirit dominating so much of the Christian music scene today). It was a sad state considering that, originally, the musicians just wanted get the message of Jesus out, knowing that their music was always to be subservient to the message.

Lots of groups came through Nashville and auditioned for the praise gatherings; only a few of them, however, were allowed to play, because Bob only chose those who wanted, first and foremost, to lift up Jesus.

This was the criterion Bob used, not only for musical groups, but also for any tracts, bumper stickers, and books: “Does this lift up Jesus?” Every book or piece of material sold at the bookstore was read by at least one member of the staff or board of directors, then assessed for its spiritual content before it was permitted to be presented and sold to the public.

Despite Bob’s efforts to stop the direction of this movement, it became increasingly noticeable that what was becoming important to the crowds at the praise gatherings was the music. Bob has said on more than one occasion that when the world got hold of the music to make money, then the music was transformed into the entertainment “industry” that it is today.

A Lifestyle Of Light

During the Koinonia days, musicians would come up to me and say, "Praise the Lord! I'm going to sing for God and have a music ministry." I would say, "Good! Then, what are you doing here? You need to hit the streets." And they'd respond, "Well, that's not what I had in mind."

Once, a young man came into the bookstore from up East somewhere. He had walked and hitchhiked to Nashville because he said that God had told him to come to Nashville and be a "singer for God." When I heard this, I asked him, "What makes you think God wants you to be a singer?"

He said, "I got my confirmation on the way down here."

"Yeah? What was your confirmation?" I asked.

He said, "Well, I stopped at a truck stop to get a cup of coffee and I sang a song there. Somebody came up to me and gave me a quarter! That's the only confirmation I needed to sing for God."

It takes more than a quarter to confirm what God wants you to do.

We "lived" on Music Row for six years on the corner of Sixteenth and Grand. All of these people kept coming in to the bookstore, trying to find life through music. "If I can just get a song recorded, then I'll find life." If that's so, why are so many musicians on alcohol and drugs? Why are so many marriages falling apart? It's not the satisfaction that the devil would have you think it is. You can only see music right if your eyes are on Jesus.

So what had started out clean in the Spirit has ended up in a pile of flesh. I really believe that because that is scripture. Of course, we are speaking generally as a whole. There are exceptions, and there is still a remnant, even in music.

Perhaps the roots of these fleshly transformations arose as the artists stopped being led by the Holy Spirit and, instead, started being guided by the advice of managers, promoters, and businessmen who had no interest in seeing people come to Jesus except for financial purposes.

There was always a conflict between the business and the ministry aspects of Koinonia. In so many of the board meetings, this conflict seemed to make itself known. Bob's heart was in ministry and in pointing people to Jesus, in being sensitive to the customers' needs and serving them. Koinonia even made enough of an impact on the community to have been written up in the local paper. They were on television, interviewed on radio, and even featured in an article in *Nashville Magazine*. In that article, one of the captions described the atmosphere around the bookstore: "Love So Thick, You Could Cut It With A Knife." That same article showed a picture of the sign, "Our credit policy is Romans 13:8, 'Owe no man anything but to love one another.'"

God's hand was on the ministry. Bob enjoyed the business aspect of Koinonia as well; he was a very good businessman and he enjoyed seeing God bless the work. But

Koinonia Days

things at the bookstore and coffeehouse grew to the point that, in addition to the volunteers, the Board had to hire people to work there, even on Saturdays.

Though everything was going well, for many months Bob and Peggy were sensing something. They were detecting that either God was telling them it was time to move on or that the anointing and blessing of God was getting ready to leave there. This was the sense in Bob's heart.

All the while, Peggy had been given a word from the Lord, "Come ye out from among them and be separate." Since Belmont Church was booming and everything at Koinonia was going well, Peggy didn't understand that word. After what eventually happened, Peggy now sees things much more clearly.

Koinonia had been such a major part of their lives for so long, it was difficult for Bob to have the faith to leave at that time. God was faithful, though, and at a board meeting in April 1979, the Lord did for the Hugheys what they didn't have the faith to do themselves.

Bob entered the meeting with his usual stack of papers and things to pray about and seek the Lord on. However, one of the board members interrupted and said, "Well, before we begin, we have something that we want to share with you, Bob. We think that God is going to expand your ministry by your leaving Koinonia."

Bob smiled, shut his notebook, and said, "Praise the Lord! I think you're right. Does that free me from the rest of this meeting?" Then, he got up from his seat and left.

While Bob was in that last board meeting, the wife of the chairman of the board went over to the Hugheys' house to be with Peggy and prepare her because she thought Peggy would go to pieces. It takes more than the loss of a job for Peggy to take her eyes off of Jesus, so instead of panicking when she heard the news, Peggy said, "Well, we've been wondering what we were supposed to do." She was confident that this was from the Lord in answering that question.

Bob and Peggy were given severance pay for one more month while they continued to pray and seek the Lord for direction for their lives. The Board never did tell Bob why they let him go.

Koinonia was the only place I've ever been fired from; however, in looking back I see that it was a great blessing. At the time it happened, though, it was tough walking through it. Because of those events in 1979 when I got fired from Koinonia, I can now say, "Thank you Lord for what happened."

This is not to say that Bob didn't have to work through the abruptness of his "lay-off." He had to give it to the Lord about five hundred times to prevent even a seed of bitterness from setting in. Today Bob and Peggy have a good relationship with all the

A Lifestyle Of Light

people involved, and he is grateful for the fact that they let him go, for he now knows that the Lord really used “the firing” in his life to set him and Peggy free to walk in a further dimension of God’s grace and power.

Those days from 1973 to 1979 were great, but I don’t have time to camp around where God used to be. We don’t serve the great I WAS, but the great I AM!

People say, “I want to work *for* God.” This is nice, but God is looking for people to work *with* Him and who will cooperate *with* Him. Some people have this kind of mentality: “I am going to be a worker for God,” which translates into “Thanks God, I’ve got my vision and I’m going to keep on doing my own thing, even though the Holy Spirit left ten years ago.”

That’s not what God is looking for. God is looking for people who are willing to work *with* Him, so that when He is through with a ministry, we can say, “He’s finished here, let’s go on.”

I want to be right in the middle of what God *is* doing, not what He *has* done.

CHRISTIAN MUSIC SCENE

[One of the most memorable messages Bob ever shared at Belmont was when he read directly from a twenty-three page contract that a Christian musician sends out before he will appear in concert.]

There are three pages of the contract about ordering food, yet Jesus said, “Don’t be anxious” about food and to “take no thought about what you will eat.” Here’s an excerpt:

Meals: Buyer is expected to insure that all meals provided are top quality. Cold food and beverages are to be kept on ice. Hot food and beverages are to be maintained at their proper serving temperature. Buyer should provide at no charge to the artist.

Buyer should provide breakfast for the crew of the artist, plus local people: (1) assorted breakfast cereals, (2) sweet rolls, (3) fresh juice, (4) fruit juice, (5) milk, (6) hot coffee.

Dinner: Serve from 5:30-6:30. Buyer should provide a hot catered meal at the venue for artist and crew prior to concert. Buyer will provide a private dining area with seating for artist and crew. Tables are to be provided with tablecloths, napkins, silverware, glass plates, and condiments to compliment every meal, such as, salt, pepper, sour cream, salad dressing, and butter.

Monday: Broiled flounder, rice, carrots or broccoli, tossed salad, hot rolls.

The list goes on like this for Tuesday through the rest of the week.

The following list shall be provided for each evening meal.

(1) Salad dressings: Thousand Island, French, Bleu Cheese, Ranch, oil and vinegar, and Italian.

(2) Beverages: iced tea (unsweetened), 2 gallons of spring water, 2 cases of Perrier water, 2 cases of Coke Classic, 1 case of Dr. Pepper, 1 gallon 2% milk.

A Lifestyle Of Light

(3) Dessert: Choose from any two: apple pie, chocolate cake, jello, fresh fruit, ice cream, carrot cake, cheese cake....

It goes on and on for twenty-three pages, specifying very exacting menus for lunches and dinners for every day of the week. There is even a demand of having fresh cut flowers in the hotel room!

That's the contract you must sign if you want this particular singer to share Jesus.

Now here's the balance: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head" (Matthew 8:20).

The balance is Jesus. You are tempted to get caught up in the world in "your ministry," but this is not God.

CHAPTER 12

FLEXIBLE AND AVAILABLE

(Clarksville, 1979-1981)

In 1975 the Lord gave us two key words that were to undergird our lives: We were to “be *flexible* and *available*.” As we look at Jesus and His life, He was flexible and He was available. He was free to be where the Father wanted Him to be, doing what the Father wanted Him doing, and speaking what the Father wanted Him to be speaking. I thought it was a new teaching, but no, it was to be a new lifestyle and it would be a lifestyle that would continue to threaten a lot of people and a lot of religious institutions. The Lord made these two words life to Peggy and me when He freed us from Koinonia. He gave us the freedom to be anywhere in the world.

—Bob

Bob and Peggy knew that God wanted the same lifestyle that Jesus lived to be lived out in them and in every believer. The Lord showed them that too many believers in this world have a tendency to have all kinds of restraints and allow themselves to get stuck in all sorts of ruts. They build a wide variety of scaffoldings and supports around themselves that keep them from being flexible and available.

So, in 1979, God finally gave Bob and Peggy the ability to walk out, in faith, the word that He first gave them in 1975. When they left Koinonia, Bob and Peggy received invitations to speak at fourteen or fifteen different ministries associated with Maranatha Ministries. Still seeking the Lord, the Hugheys hooked up with them for a while. As they had done in the past, Bob and Peggy went into this season of their lives with no income at all. In time though, calls came for full-time ministry from all over the United States and the world, including Florida, Colorado, Jerusalem, and Singapore. There were nearly a dozen offers made, asking Bob and Peggy to come join them. Some of these offers were very lucrative and offered a lot of “benefits.”

Together Bob and Peggy sought the Lord...not the offers...and the only one that

gave both of them peace was the offer from a small fellowship in Clarksville, Tennessee, which is about sixty miles northwest of Nashville. Since they never do anything without the other's agreement, Peggy and Bob knew that this was the place to which the Lord was calling them. And, as with most of the places the Lord led them to, He used totally supernatural circumstances to get them to Clarksville.

Nonetheless, Bob had his heels dug into the concrete all the way up Interstate 24 to Clarksville. He didn't want to go because he couldn't stand the town of Clarksville. Yet they had received a four-page prophecy beforehand of what they would be going into in Clarksville and how God was going to use them. The prophecy predicted that "there will be stumps and stones in the soil that, as you work the soil to get rid of them and plant the seeds, good fruit will be produced." It was right on.

This four-page prophecy had come from a sister they didn't even know, nor did she know what the Hugheys were going through at the time. However, Bob and Peggy knew that this prophecy referred to Clarksville because it was talking about the "next place they were to go." It mentioned that Bob had to leave Koinonia the way he did lest he have pride about his leaving. In other words, Bob's firing was a deliverance from pride setting in if he had taken the initiative and quit.

The prophecy was given before Clarksville, but Bob and Peggy saw that it was meant for Clarksville *after* they moved there and saw what was happening. This had just affirmed and confirmed that Clarksville was the place God wanted them to be.

The fellowship in Clarksville was not a new place for Bob and Peggy. They had ministered there earlier when they went with Amy Grant to Dunbar Cave for a weekend retreat. They had a good relationship with a man named Phil Nelson, who was pastoring a group called Christ's Chapel. It was obviously a unique movement of God's people and one that Bob and Peggy knew the Lord had His hand in.

Phil had not told them beforehand how the Lord was directing this situation so as not to manipulate their decision, but after they made the decision to move to Clarksville, he reconfirmed their move. Phil had been in Chicago praying, when the Lord told him that he was to leave the Clarksville fellowship. Phil then asked the Lord, "What will happen to Christ's Chapel?" The Lord said, "Bob Hughey will go there." As he continued to look over the city of Chicago, Phil heard the Lord say, "You are going to be here." So Phil let the sovereign work of the Lord play itself out.

The elders of Christ's Chapel knew they were getting two extraordinary people when they first met to talk with Bob and Peggy about how much the church was going to pay Bob for a salary. Bob was quick to look each elder in the eye and say, "I don't care how much you pay me because I'm not a hireling and I'm not for sale, to you or to anybody else."

These men had never come across anything like this before, and they certainly did

Flexible and Available

not know how to handle Bob and Peggy. One thing was for sure, Bob and Peggy were supposed to be there in Clarksville; and obviously, with Bob and Peggy at the forefront of their church's activities, there was going to be a lot of growth taking place.

God has put the responsibility of how much money I'm to be paid on the elders. It's their responsibility to go before the Lord, and it's up to them to listen to God for what they are to pay me.

I don't have to go somewhere and try to make a deal with them. I have a lifelong contract with Jesus Christ that if I walk after His Spirit, He's going to give me everything I need. That's freedom. I won't be in bondage to a salary. That's not to mean that I'm ungrateful to the ones giving, but I know that it is my God who is doing the supplying. I can't let the money a church pays control me.

So many preachers are very uptight over their salaries because they know there are strings attached to that salary. They've sold out to a job and to a profession instead of being sold out to Jesus Christ.

A preacher came to me once and said, "Bob, I'm in so much bondage. I'm in so much debt that I can't get in the pulpit and teach what God gives me to teach because I know the people won't like it. I'm afraid they'll fire me, and if they fire me, I'll go bankrupt."

You see, you have paid people doing God's job instead of God's people being called by the Holy Spirit. When Paul and Barnabas were set aside by the Holy Spirit to go out and preach the Word, they didn't put together a non-profit organization or gather a committee to support them. They followed the Holy Spirit and went where the Holy Spirit told them to go. They knew that they would be taken care of. In some places they were abounding, and in some places things were scarce. Whichever way it was, they were giving glory to God every step of the way.

When Bob and Peggy moved to Clarksville, Peggy was asked to manage their Christian bookstore, named Shekinah, as Bob would be busy in all the fellowship affairs. The people were aware of their experience in running Koinonia.

Bob started teaching at Christ's Chapel in November 1979. He was also involved in various house groups in the area while still involved with one house group back in Nashville. At Christ's Chapel, all they did for a meeting place was rent buildings and old store fronts. The people who attended had a hunger and a freedom that was just the atmosphere for Bob and Peggy to thrive in.

From the outset, Bob stretched their perception of what "church" was all about. Instead of the resistance Bob's previous organizations had put out, Bob found that the members of this fellowship were more than willing to follow the Spirit's lead. Surprisingly, Bob found many of the people to be even more radical in the Lord than he and Peggy, but that was a relief rather than a problem, for after his past experi-

A Lifestyle Of Light

ences in the Church of Christ, Bob would much rather have tried to cool off a fanatic any day than to try to resurrect a corpse!

In Clarksville, Bob and Peggy found themselves immersed with two hundred fanatics in one fellowship.

We never had a creed. We never read a creed. When we put together a directory, we added, "This is part of the children of God who fellowship here sometimes." We met in an old furniture building. We were totally non-exclusive and all inclusive.

As we met as elders, sometimes the Lord would say, "Don't meet here today. Go down to so-and-so church and fellowship with them and love them today." Then we'd put a sign up on the building which said, "Gone to meet at the Free Will Baptist Church."

One Sunday the Lord worked it out for Bob to teach at a nearby Methodist church. To put it mildly, this particular church was in a deep slumber. So on that Sunday evening, Bob showed up along with the other two hundred maniacs from Christ's Chapel! They all were there to share Jesus and to just love and encourage their sleepy brethren. During the service, the minister asked Bob to get up and share the Word with the congregation.

Before the service ended that evening, that little Methodist church, which was so cold that the members would not even hold hands with each other, was taught a lesson in the freedom of real worship and true praise. The Christ's Chapel crew sang, praised, and danced around the entire church chapel that evening with a fervor and freedom that touched the hearts of many who had previously only known deadness and formality. The Body of Christ was functioning as it was meant to be.

The congregation at Christ's Chapel was always open to the dynamic move of the Lord; this was a five-star move of the Lord. In part, this was because there were very few hindrances during the meetings. Everyone was intimately involved with everyone else; there was no living up to some super-spiritual image. Everyone's weaknesses and strengths were exposed to all, so that the relationships bred reality, and from the reality came life.

A good example of the transparency and openness that kept the Spirit able to move freely in the church happened one Sunday when a prophetic word was spoken in the assembly. The word came through a vision in which members of Christ's Chapel were seen coming in on Sunday morning, hanging up harnesses on the coat rack, and exchanging them for plastic faces with smiles on them which made it look as if everything was fine and dandy when, in reality, there was bondage. Then, after the service, the false faces would be hung back up, and the people would put the harnesses back

Flexible and Available

on and go home.

One of the elder's wives, being deeply convicted as she heard this vision being described, spoke up and said, "That's me! I'm in total bondage to cigarettes and I've been putting on a happy face, making everyone think that everything is all right when it's not."

This sister had taken a brave step to freedom, but Bob knew there were more people in the congregation who were in the same, or even worse, bondage. Bob got up before the church and spoke, "Many of you are in the same chains as this sister and are in bondage to cigarettes and all other types of habitual bondage. It's time to be set free."

Over a dozen people got up and laid their packs of cigarettes and smoking paraphernalia in a pile at the front of the assembly. That entire service was devoted to the laying on of hands and the deliverance of those church members from smoking. Later Bob buried all the evidence of smoking bondage on some nearby farmland. That day many people were healed of their addictions and set free in a new way. It was this type of freedom that characterized what was going on at Christ's Chapel on an ongoing basis.

The smoking incident was just one of many times when the Lord showed His power to deliver and heal. On other occasions, deaf people regained their hearing and one girl was healed of epilepsy. Probably the most remarkable event was when a man actually died during one of the services. There happened to be two nurses at the service at the time, and they rushed to the man's aid but found no pulse and no blood pressure. In an instant, the elders anointed the man with oil and began praying over him. Not only did the man recover instantly, but his blood pressure returned to a better level than he had when he had been healthy. Although this event happened prior to the Hugheys moving to Clarksville, it still exemplifies the power and grace that was already upon the group.

Let me challenge you with this:

Where the Spirit of the Lord is,

an Acts chapter 2 life is resulting.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,

there is dramatic and tremendous life change.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,

people are being raised up to serve tables
as in Acts, chapter 6.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,

people are being set aside for the ministry of the Word and of prayer.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,

A Lifestyle Of Light

apostles are being raised up and being sent out in Jesus' name
as in Acts, chapter 13 .

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,
apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers
are being raised up by God—

Not to make a big fat church,
but that the whole Body might come together
in unity and power and in love,
that the whole world may know that, truly,
God has sent Jesus as Savior and Lord.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,
there are no ruts.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is being poured out,
there is revival taking place.

I want to challenge you to be in the Spirit of the Lord.

If God told us today to “get out of the city, I’m about to destroy it” as He warned Sodom, if He said that today, most of us would be part of the ashes instead of part of the exodus. That’s a word of warning. It’s a word against apathy. It’s a word against complacency. It’s a word against being in ruts. It’s a word to encourage us to come to Jesus, to turn away from the world, to turn from sin, to turn away from all of our past ruts, and get into the fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit and pull in our oars and put up our sails and go on with the Lord.

The days of game playing are over. It’s either time you come down and get right with Jesus or get out the back door and go to hell like a man. It’s time to know the calling that Jesus has on your life. It’s time to obey Jesus, for He gives His Holy Spirit to those who ask and those who obey Him. May His kingdom come, may His will be done in *my* heart and in *my* life. God has not called everyone to be an apostle, but one thing is for sure. He does have a calling on your life and He is speaking to you to fulfill that calling. It’s not to be conformed to the image of this world. It’s to be transformed by the renewing of your mind by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Evidently, the leadership at Christ’s Chapel did not want to be conformed to the image of this world, and Bob, for the first time, was able to participate in how the Lord calls us to lead. This was totally different than what he had experienced in all of his previous church functionings.

Elders’ meetings killed me all of my Christian life except for those five years at Christ’s Chapel in Clarksville, Tennessee. Why? We had six guys who were not trying to build a kingdom for themselves. They had nothing to gain and did not want

Flexible and Available

to get into a place of prestige, preeminence, power struggles, or to try to be the most spiritual person. They were dead to themselves.

When we came together, we would get flat on the floor before God to hear His voice, do His will, and be what He called us to be. For all the years we were associated with the fellowship, we walked in total unity. It was awesome. Yet the church system wouldn't have picked any of those men to be elders. We never voted on one decision, and great grace was upon us. We were intent on one purpose, and that was to hear, seek, and do the will of God. It was freedom and it was life. Great grace was upon that fellowship because there never was any jockeying for position among the leadership.

While in Clarksville, Bob and Peggy still made it back to Nashville to teach a house group at Jim Williams' house. They frequently were speaking, teaching, and counseling in Nashville. It was during this period of time that the Hugheys' old Dodge Dart started wearing out and began giving Bob a lot of trouble.

At this same time, Bob received a phone call from a brother in the Lord who said, "I have a little bit of money I would like to give you and Peggy for a trade-in on your car. Why don't you go out shopping and see what you can trade for in another used car?"

Bob and Peggy prayed about it, but they didn't have any real peace that the Lord wanted them to do what the man had suggested. They did go to one place looking at new cars, but as Bob was sitting there with the saleslady, he said, "I'm not supposed to be here." The saleslady asked him why not, and Bob said, "Because Jesus said to seek ye first the kingdom of God, and He will add to us what He wants us to have." So Bob stood up, thanked the lady for her trouble, and left the dealership. They also didn't look for any more cars.

Later that week as Bob and Peggy arrived at the house group meeting in Nashville, they saw parked in front of the house a brand new, white 1981 Chevy Chevette. It had a full tank of gas, all stickers and licenses paid for, keys in the ignition, and a sign on the back window that said, "To Bob and Peggy from Jesus!"

This was the first time, but not the last time, that God would supernaturally supply Bob and Peggy with a car. They drove that Chevy until their first round-the-world trip.

After God had manifested this particular act of grace, the man who had earlier called asking Bob and Peggy to look for a trade-in, called again. This time he said, "Bob, I need to ask your forgiveness for something. The Lord told me to *buy* you and Peggy a new car, but I tried to buy the Lord off with a few hundred dollars by getting you to trade in your old car. I missed the blessing of God because it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Ironically, the saleslady whom the Hugheys walked out on called them up to see if

A Lifestyle Of Light

they had found a new car yet. Bob told her the story of what the Lord had done to give them their new vehicle, and the lady said, “Well, you said that God would give you what you needed if you seek His kingdom!”

The Hugheys were amazed at God’s wonderful generosity toward them. They knew they could always trust in the Lord, and He would supply all of their needs. Over and over again, the Lord demonstrated His desire to provide everything necessary for life and for godliness to Bob and Peggy. From Clarksdale to Clarksville, the Lord’s hand was always open. One would think that a car is a pretty big gift; however, the Lord had supplied Bob and Peggy with an even bigger gift prior to their move to Clarksville.

Some people in Kentucky had heard Bob and Peggy speak at the Nashville Evangelism Seminar several years earlier. They had called Bob up and asked him to share with their group in Kentucky. Over the years these people had given to the Hugheys financially, and once again, they called up and said, “Come up to Kentucky and see what we have for you.”

When the Hugheys arrived, they found that these friends had bought a double-wide mobile home in the middle of the countryside, with acreage, furnished full of antiques, and with central heat and air-conditioning. They said, “We’ve bought this for you.”

It was a very nice gift, but it was one of those situations where the Holy Spirit said, “Don’t take this because it is not from Me.” Bob said, “Brother, this is really nice and generous and loving, but we can’t take it.” The man, accepting Bob’s reply without problem, instantly said, “Okay, I’ll put a for sale sign out and sell it.” So he sold it.

Over the years, these same people kept giving to the Hugheys, offering them nice things including a houseboat (although that wasn’t the Lord either).

Finally, in 1977, they gave Bob and Peggy a half acre of land with a cabin built on it, as they wanted the Hugheys to have a place to get away from the city. They dubbed the place “The Getaway,” as the plans and name for the cabin came from a drawing out of a magazine. This time, the Lord laid on Bob and Peggy’s hearts that they should at least purchase the building materials, so they ended up paying between \$7,000 and \$8,000. The other people didn’t want Bob and Peggy to spend the money; nonetheless, the Hugheys felt the Lord had called them to do so.

The cabin itself was small, only 750 square feet. But it had two bedrooms with bath, a kitchen/living/dining room combination, a porch with swing, and was heated with wood. People later lived in it while the Hugheys traveled around the world; after long trips, Bob and Peggy would go there to recuperate and rest. For over ten years, this little cabin was used for everything from retreats to honeymoons.

God’s generosity and provision for Bob and Peggy would probably take up an entire book in itself; however, for the purposes of space, there will be just one later

Flexible and Available

chapter devoted to the Lord's miraculous ways of supplying all of Bob and Peggy's needs, both past and present.

Bob had two major episodes with heart problems; the first being back in Nashville during his time at Koinonia. The second occurred while Bob and Peggy were in Clarksville.

In 1980 Bob and Peggy were visiting Bob's mom and dad, who lived in Smithville, Tennessee. Once again, Bob went into atrial fibrillation, but this time they both knew what was happening. Peggy put Bob in the car and rushed him to the hospital in Clarksville where he stayed for only twenty-four hours.

Bob was admitted into the hospital and was hooked up to monitors to check his condition. Peggy wisely called two of the elders from Christ's Chapel to come to the hospital to pray for Bob. They came immediately, went in to see Bob, anointed him with oil, and prayed for him. Bob was healed! To prove this, the doctor, who was also a believer in Jesus, had all of the plugs pulled off of Bob, handed him his clothes, and told him that he could leave because he was healed.

For anyone familiar with Cardiac Care Units, you know that things like this just don't happen. Usually a patient is gradually downgraded to another room, and then another, as the patient is continually checked until stabilized. Bob went straight out of the ICC and went home.

It cost Bob \$300 to be released from the hospital, which he paid for in cash since he had no medical insurance. He was told the balance of the bill would be mailed to him. When he got home, there was a check for \$300 waiting for him that someone had left on their table *that day!*

While managing Koinonia, Bob and Peggy had been allowed to take six weeks off in 1978 to study and pray in Israel. It was during this extended time overseas that they spent a few days in Jordan and Turkey, and they also visited L'Abri Institute in Switzerland where Francis Shaeffer's ministry was located. The Lord used them to share Jesus and to reach out to others during this trip.

Even though they were in Clarksville, the Lord kept stirring a desire in Bob and Peggy to go out and encourage people in tough places. They knew that God wanted them to go to the places where the big name speakers would not go. Most people do not realize that many "name brand" preachers demand a guaranteed minimum attendance and even guaranteed minimum love offerings; they will not go to any place not meeting their minimum requirements! But Bob and Peggy had seen too much in the Lord to start playing that game. In 1981 Peggy and Bob both came to the place where they believed the Lord wanted them to launch out and go around the world... by faith.

In choosing the particular countries where they were to go, Bob and Peggy got out a map of the world and began praying over it, asking God to show them where He

A Lifestyle Of Light

wanted them to visit. They also checked with travel agencies for the best and least expensive tickets. Eventually they decided on about twenty different countries.

Peggy, though, kept getting a nudge to go to Taiwan and kept mentioning it to Bob, and Bob kept saying, “Peggy! We’re going around the world! Look how many countries we have already picked out!!!!” Calmly, Peggy just kept encouraging Bob to pray about it. As it turned out, they had tickets to so many different countries that the travel agent let them choose several more stops, including Taiwan, at no extra cost.

Provisionally, the day after Taiwan was added to the itinerary, the Hugheys received a letter from a dear sister in the Lord whom they had known for years. This friend was sharing the Lord in Basel, Switzerland. In the letter she wrote, “. . . I know about the trip you are about to start on, and the Lord has shown me that you are going to Taiwan. Here is the reason the Lord wants you there. . .” In the letter, this woman of God went on to give the name and address of people that the Lord wanted the Hugheys to meet. Already, God’s hand print on the trip was becoming evident.

On the Sunday before they were to leave on their journey, the elders called Bob and Peggy up to the front of the assembly to be anointed with oil for their trip. One of the elders, Wayne Shelton, put a little dab of oil on Bob’s forehead and said, “We are anointing you, Bob, in the name of Jesus.” After the oil was put on Bob, Wayne said, “I haven’t obeyed the Lord yet, I need to put more oil on you.” So he put a *lot* more oil on Bob. As the congregation of 150 to 200 people continued praying, the elders rubbed the oil into Bob’s hair. But the Lord was still not finished, and Wayne said, “God said to do the whole bottle!” So he did.

“As the oil was poured on Aaron and ran down into his beard” (Psalms 133:2), so too, Wayne poured oil, the entire bottle of oil, on Bob, saturating his entire head, face, neck, and any other part that the oil happened to drip on. Bob and Peggy were ready to go out into all the world.

Along with the oil, God’s Word was also poured out in that Sunday service. Once again, it would be a word that would forever redirect Bob and Peggy’s entire life, for it was an insight of the things that were to come and the way that Bob and Peggy would be living for the rest of their lives. “Bob, we are anointing you to be a *servant*, not a king. We already have a king and His name is Jesus.”

Everywhere they were to go after that day until now, when people ask them, “What do you do?” Bob always says, “I’m a servant.”

That’s not just a line, it’s a life, because it was then that Bob and Peggy were set free to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, their Lord and Master.

Bob once said, “I can’t tell you of all the hundreds of opportunities that have come up to share Jesus in America, in foreign countries, and on planes. As I talk to people and they ask me what I do for a living, I can always say, ‘I’m a servant.’”

Flexible and Available

Bob and Peggy moved all of their belongings from their apartment in Clarksville into a building next to their cabin in Kentucky. Christ's Chapel decided not to replace Bob, as the Lord had been doing a dynamic work in raising up capable leaders from within the fellowship.

Nolan, his wife, Cheryl, their daughter Christy, and Peggy's parents were at the airport along with a few other friends, but not many people were there to see Bob and Peggy off on their new adventure. When Bob first sat down on the plane, he started crying. He and Peggy were heading out into the unknown. They had nobody supporting them, and all Bob could see was being out on the road for a year, full of question marks and unpredictability. Bob couldn't even think of anyone who would be praying for them other than a few close brothers and sisters and a few family members.

It was a scary thing to go out "unto the world," even though it was the call that Jesus has on every life lived in Him. Bob and Peggy had only a few contacts in some of the countries to which they were going. In most of the countries they were praying about traveling to, they knew no one.

Praise the Lord! I'm free to say that Jesus has called me to be a servant. I don't have to try to impress you with anything. I'm free to be a servant of Jesus Christ. I'm free to be poor, I'm free to give everything away, I'm free to be real, in Jesus name. As I was interviewing for that job in Clarksville, I remember the brothers asking me what my vision was, and I said, "I'm not out to build my kingdom; I'm not out to build a church; I'm not out to build a denomination; I just want to be a servant of Jesus Christ." If it means a cup of cold water, then glory to God; if it means teaching, glory to God; if it means changing a diaper, bless Peggy!

The Body of Christ is for use,
not for decoration.

It's a living organism,
not an organization.

To create an earthly thing is easy,
but it's cheap.

It will not endure,
and it will not produce any fruit for eternity.

To be co-laborers with God and to be involved in the building of the church of
Jesus Christ

takes time, energy, effort, and dying to self...

but it's eternal

and will last forever and ever.

I could get a Bible school program going.

I could start a new bookstore.

A Lifestyle Of Light

I could have a nationwide watts prayer line.

I could do all of that,

but it would be man doing it.

You can easily do something and make it look great.

I could have a tremendous ministry in a great building,

and it might even be called “born of God,”

and it would all still be flesh.

CHAPTER 13

SERVANTS OF THE MOST HIGH

If anyone serves Me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall My servant also be...

—John 12:26

It's not that God follows Bob and Peggy wherever they go, it's that Bob and Peggy follow God wherever He goes.

—J.H., a brother in the Lord

The greatest freedom I've ever experienced in my life is when Peggy and I traveled around the world with nothing but what we had in our backpacks. We started out around the world, each with a backpack, a sleeping bag, and also a tent. We had no income. We just headed out and went where God showed us to go. Six-and-a-half months later and me forty pounds lighter, we ended up back in Clarksville, with our lives changed.

As Peggy and I left Tennessee in 1981, just working our way around the world, the word the Lord gave us was that we were to go and comfort, encourage, and help people in tough places. That may not sound like a super-spiritual ministry to you, but we knew what the Lord had called us to do and we did it.

We experienced a lot and we learned a lot. I learned that I'm poor; I'm miserable and naked and blind and wretched and rotten to the core, but I'm saved through the grace of God as revealed through our Lord Jesus Christ. I'm just not pure in heart yet. I want to be. That's my prayer, and that's the will of God, but I'm not. My heart is wicked, it's deceitful, it's scheming— but Jesus is still Lord and He's the one who is faithful.

You see, sometimes here in America as we sit in our nice charismatic churches, we get to thinking that everything is okay and God owes me this and God owes me that. But when I get out of my rut and I get into another culture, God really shows me how un-together I really am, but how together He really is. I have not been found faithful, but He has, and that's the good news!

A Lifestyle Of Light

FIRST STOPS: NASHVILLE-HOUSTON-DALLAS-LOS ANGELES

It didn't take long for God's reassurance to show Bob that all of his anxieties were for naught. When Bob and Peggy boarded that plane in July 1981, they had no idea that a good friend of theirs was also on the plane, going to Houston on a business trip.

When the friend recognized them, he went over to their seats and said, "You know, it's funny, but I was praying for you two just this morning. As I prayed, the Lord told me that I was supposed to help you in some way. I was sitting over there in my seat going through my billfold looking for the \$100 of 'mad money' I keep in my wallet to take on business trips like this one to Houston, because I never know when I'm going to be called out of town. As I went through my billfold, I found \$200 instead of the usual \$100 I store there. So, here. This \$100 is for you to bless you in what you are going to be doing on this trip."

He also gave them a brand new money clip engraved with the presidential seal and Ronald Reagan's signature to keep their money secure. God used a man who didn't even realize that Bob and Peggy would be on the same plane as he. But this "divine encounter" was just a small example of how God was smiling on His two children of faith on this, the first leg of a long, long, hard trip.

In Houston the Hugheys taught in a couple of house groups where many who heard their message shared spiritually and financially with them. Then the Hugheys were off to Dallas where their friend Walter broke open a piggy bank and gave Bob and Peggy several *pounds* of coins he had collected.

From Dallas they flew to Los Angeles where they stayed for over a week because Peggy wanted to do some buying at the Christian Booksellers' Convention for the Shekinah Bookstore back in Clarksville.

A little side note here. Peggy actually wanted to leave on the trip with nothing but the clothes on her back, taking the words of Jesus literally. Bob wouldn't let her because of his admitted lack of faith. When they arrived in Los Angeles, different people at different times gave Peggy clothes for the trip! Her initial desire to let the Lord supply was already being answered.

On the last day of the Christian Booksellers' Convention as things were shutting down, a lady who had a booth there wanted to give Bob and Peggy something for the trip, but all she had left from her display was a jar of Knotts Berry Farms jelly. It didn't seem like much of a gift, but the Hugheys were overjoyed because Peggy had brought along a jar of peanut butter to have just in case of emergencies if things got really rough, which it did. This jar of jelly was the perfect complement of provision. In big things and in little things, Bob and Peggy were learning to rejoice.

Another sister they knew gave Bob and Peggy a little travel bag with the Christian "Ichthus" (fish symbol) on the outside of it. When Bob opened the bag to put some-

Servants of the Most High

thing in it, he discovered a \$100 bill right there in the bottom of the bag.

Throughout their time in Los Angeles, Bob and Peggy stayed with different people. Once when they got into the car they were using to get around town, they discovered an envelope on the floor that had “For Bob and Peggy” written on the outside. Inside was more money for the trip.

Most of us do not realize how contagious faith can be until we start walking in it. In one of the groups where Bob and Peggy spoke, there was another husband and wife, Dwyatt and Wanda, who had spent some time in China teaching English and sharing Jesus. While in China, this couple was asked to bring more people over to teach in the Chinese universities. This couple knew that it would be a big step of faith to try to start an organization that funneled Christian teachers to China, so they were wavering a bit in the attempt. However, after they heard Bob and Peggy sharing about stepping out in faith and going around the world with no income just to share Jesus, this other couple made up their minds to go ahead and start sending people to China. Since then, hundreds of believers have been used to bring thousands of Chinese people to the Lord.

LOS ANGELES TO HAWAII

In Hawaii Bob and Peggy went to Kona, on the big island, where they worked with Youth With A Mission (YWAM). Bob and Peggy just walked into the main office and said, “We want to serve you. How can we help?”

Most people envision doing some great “work” as they launch out to “do something” for God. But not all the things God might have us do will seem very spectacular.

When we made it to Hawaii, we were with YWAM and spent time helping them refinish furniture. I didn’t want to do that. After all, I’m a teacher! We had prayed, “Lord, we are Your servants. Please lead us where You want us to serve.”

Peggy had heard that YWAM needed people to help refinish furniture. I said, “Peggy, personally I don’t think I’m led to do that. I’m led to do a seminar somewhere.” However, God said, “You’ll do a seminar on how to refinish furniture because that’s what I want you to do.”

We went for a week, sweating it out and wound up finishing, or should I say, refinishing, all of it.

YWAM gave them accommodations in an old Japanese library where they slept on the floor. Their bed consisted of twenty-five to thirty throw pillows. It wasn’t the most comfortable arrangement in the world, but at least they had the library all to themselves...or at least...they *thought* so. It turned out that Bob and Peggy shared the

A Lifestyle Of Light

space with hundreds of white lizards, which crawled all over the ceiling and dropped in on their human roommates at various times both day and night!

They stayed there for the time it took them to complete the refinishing for YWAM, then God rewarded their obedience by opening up an apartment for them to stay in. This place had a beautiful view and a real bed! It was wonderful being able to get a real night's sleep instead of spending the night fighting off those kamikaze lizards in the library!

Later, we went out on the streets of Honolulu preaching and sharing and handing out tracts. As we did this, the prostitutes got all over our cases. One was particularly stirred up and yelled at us, "Get off my turf!" They were out trying to sell their bodies.

I went up to one and said, "Honey, put your trust in God and not your bod."

Right then, God turned the light on her sin, and the police arrived and arrested her, probably thinking the woman was trying to solicit me! As they were taking her away, I said to her, "Honey, do you know what the Word says?...The wages of sin is death. This was the truth two thousand years ago and it still is today. But likewise, the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ. Believe in Jesus and get set free."

If we walk in the light, it upsets people who are in darkness because their deeds are evil.

HAWAII TO OSAKA, JAPAN

It was August 17 when Bob and Peggy landed in Osaka, Japan. This was the first time on the trip that Bob and Peggy had to go through passport control lines, customs, and changing money. For the first time on this trip, Bob and Peggy knew what it meant to be foreigners for, from the time they stepped off the plane, they heard no English being spoken, nor could they read any signs. After a while they also realized that there were no westerners to be seen once they left the airport.

The only thing Bob and Peggy had going for them was a note that Noboru, the friend they were visiting, had written for them in Japanese to use upon their arrival. They also had Noboru's telephone number, but no one answered when Bob tried to reach them from the airport. Bob had written Noboru and his wife, Marti, telling them when they would arrive in Osaka, so Bob and Peggy continued on, trusting that Noboru would be home by the time the Hugheys arrived in their town.

Continuing to use their Japanese notes, Bob and Peggy caught the right bus from the airport to the train station. However, the train station was even more intimidating than the airport.

We were overwhelmed by all the ticket windows with big signs over them with no

Servants of the Most High

A, B, C's. We didn't know how to find the right window to get a ticket to Tokuyama, the station nearest to Noboru and Marti's town. Noboru had given us a note for the ticket vendor, but we still had to find the right line to the right window.

Right there in the middle of the train station, Bob and Peggy cried out to God for help. Shortly afterwards, a well-dressed, young Japanese man came up to the distressed foreigners and in perfect English asked, "May I help you?" Bob and Peggy explained their predicament to the young man, and he immediately pointed them to the correct ticket window. With joy and relief, Bob asked the man, "Sir, do you believe in angels?" The man just smiled and walked away. Bob says, "We knew right then that he was a ministering servant, sent from God to help the elect."

Thus, the Hugheys continued on their way, and Noboru and Marti met them when the train arrived.

We stayed with a couple Bob had married back in Nashville. The man was the former fiddle player in Jeanie C. Riley's band. He wanted to return to his home country and share Jesus in the village where he grew up.

—Peggy

The little village was called Yamaguchikin and, as usual, Bob and Peggy did not have an agenda. Their desire was to just encourage and serve in any way that God opened up. Peggy wanted to bake one of her famous chocolate pies, so she ventured into the village and rummaged through all the little village shops, gathering up all the ingredients she needed, converting her recipe from ounces to grams. The couple invited lots of people over to their home because no one in the village had ever tasted American pie before.

Marti, who was an American, had exclaimed, "Bob and Peggy, you don't have to do anything. Just sit here and let me look at you." Marti was so homesick, and it was much harder than she had imagined living in a small Japanese village where she was still looked upon as an outcast and stranger who refused to continue their traditions of ancestral worship.

OSAKA TO SEOUL, KOREA

In Seoul, Korea, Bob and Peggy stayed with Haskell and Enid Chesshir, who were missionaries leading the East-West Church of Christ that met in the basement of the Chesshir's house. On the Sunday after their arrival, Haskell taught first, then Bob shared. After the meeting, many people stayed and chatted with the newcomers. Bob's relaxed style and humorous anecdotes made many people laugh, except for one man. Peggy noticed that this one man never cracked a smile whenever Bob said something

A Lifestyle Of Light

funny. For a moment, she wondered if this man did not like what Bob was saying.

It turned out that he owned a toy factory, and instead of ignoring the Hugheys after the meeting, he invited Bob and Peggy to visit his factory the next day. The following Monday, after going to Bethel Church, Bob and Peggy caught a taxi to the toy factory. All Bob and Peggy were expecting was a tour of the plant, but the owner had other intentions.

He led Bob and Peggy right past the manufacturing area and took them into a small office. There in the office, he introduced the Hugheys to other employees who were part of the company's management team. For a while, Bob thought that all these people wanted to do was practice their English with Peggy and him. At first there were about eight workers sitting in on the discussion, but more started coming in as the time passed. Finally, after everyone was sitting down, the man who had invited the Hugheys there hushed the crowd, turned to Bob, and said in a quiet voice, "Tell them what you said yesterday at the church meeting. I want my employees to feel the same way I felt."

Both Bob and Peggy were really surprised to hear this; they had judged the man incorrectly for, in truth, God had been working in the man's heart at the worship service, which had been the reason for his serious expression.

We were really astonished to get this open invitation. It was a perfect introduction for me to speak the gospel to all the top executives of the toy factory.

Bob and Peggy never did get their tour of the toy factory, but the Lord had arranged that appointment for a higher purpose. As they left the factory, the Hugheys were handed a big bag full of three stuffed animals. Eventually, Bob and Peggy gave the toys away to their grandchildren, everything except a soft and cuddly koala bear which Peggy still has not parted with.

After we returned to America from our trip, we received a letter from the owner telling us that the company was doing well and that its success was due to our prayers for them. We praised God for the open door He gave us and for the hungry hearts of the men at the toy factory.

During that initial meeting at the Chesshirs' home fellowship, Bob and Peggy were introduced to an older gentleman named David Cho. Like many of the people who attended the meeting, Brother Cho found Bob and Peggy to be unique servants of the Lord. After the meeting he came up to Bob and, in a very bouncy voice, told Bob it was imperative that both he and Peggy meet another leader, Pastor Park. Bob told Brother Cho that he and Peggy needed to pray about it, but nonetheless, in typical

Servants of the Most High



*Chessirs and their valuable aide, Suse,
with Bob & Peggy, Seoul, Korea 1981*

oriental fashion, Brother Cho refused to take no for an answer.

Two days later, Bob and Peggy were loaded by Cho into a taxi which was to take them all to where they were supposedly scheduled to meet the mysterious Pastor Park.

God had set the stage for a totally wild “spiritual” experience (what *kind* of spirit, this author will not venture to guess!). The morning Cho arrived to pick up the Hugheys, the Korean monsoon season decided to arrive in full force. Torrents of rain pummeled, smashed, and belted any object, both animate or inanimate, perpendicular to its path. Even the usually friendly Yellow River had burst over its banks, with its chugging water swallowing as much dry land as it could.

The taxi dodged its way around the massive mini-lakes that covered the streets across the entire city of Seoul. At times it seemed the car was not being driven as much as being swept by the ever expanding river. After forty-five minutes of participating in this indoor canoe ride, the taxi stopped and anchored itself at the bottom of a steep hill. As Bob looked through the rain-spotted taxi side window, he could see at the top of the hill what appeared to be a church building.

The three passengers poured out of the taxi and began the long, squishy, sweaty march up the hundreds of steps leading to the building. With each step up, the Hugheys were hit with another bucketful of rain, which totally penetrated their thin blue jeans. Peggy’s tennis shoes were nothing more than canvas washcloths by the

A Lifestyle Of Light

time she, Bob, and Cho made it past the last step.

Drenched from head to toe, and now huffing from the long march up the steps, the Hugheys were escorted, not into the main entrance of the church building, but rather to a little door on the side. Almost as if it were scripted, Cho knocked on the door, and in just a matter of moments, the door opened and out stepped a little Korean man dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and white tie. This gentleman was not an usher; it was Pastor Park himself, and he had what appeared to be a microphone in his hand.

All this time, Bob and Peggy had been led to believe that they were supposed to meet with Pastor Park. However, when they stepped inside, they realized that the little side door they had been led to was a stage entrance, and there was a meeting in progress!

Peggy had to wring the water out of her socks as she slipped out of her shoes into the slippers that Koreans customarily wear indoors. She and Bob were escorted to the stage where they sat down in huge, throne-like, red velvet, gold-trimmed chairs.

Apparently a special meeting had been called for the congregation to pray for the unity of Korea. Sitting cross-legged on the floor of the auditorium were hundreds of people in orderly rows, ensuring that everyone fit in the building. The place was packed out.

From what Bob and Peggy could understand of the situation, these special meetings were scheduled for every day of that week and were to begin at noon and last for four hours. Pastor Park was in charge of the meeting, controlling all the activities with his elbow and a big bell. If there was worship and praise taking place, Pastor Park would clang the big bell and everything would stop instantly. If there was a time of prayer, it would all come to an immediate halt the moment Pastor Park hit the bell.

At some point during all the pandemonium, Pastor Park gave the bell an especially vigorous bang. He then proceeded to introduce Bob and Peggy to the huge crowd as “singers from Nashville, Tennessee”! Bob looked at Peggy, and Peggy looked at Bob, and then Peggy said, “Bob, what are we going to do?” Bob said, “Well, I guess we are going to sing!”

Maybe it was prophetic, or maybe it was just symbolic of this humorous but disastrous encounter, but Bob and Peggy began singing “It’s Beginning to Rain”! When they finished, the crowd cheered and clapped their approval of their special guests.

Pastor Park joined in with the audience’s enthusiastic reception and spoke to the crowd, “I know that Bob and Peggy are special teachers sent here to us by God. I want them to be here and teach us every day this week!”

The activities started up again, and during the course of this particular period of prayer and praise, the Spirit of the Lord was there and many people were healed. A

Servants of the Most High



Bob & Peggy Praising God at Church in Seoul, 1981

band was there as well and had been playing music and accompanying all that was happening. Music, of course, is not strange to a church meeting, but what happened next was. It totally changed what had been happening in the Spirit.

After a short time of playing, all of the musicians stopped—all except the drummer. He hit the drum fiercely once...boom! Then again...boom! Then, he gradually began to pick up the beat, hitting harder and faster with each thump—boom...boom...boom... Boom, Boom, BOOM!

Bob and Peggy watched the drummer pound out his staccato rhythm, then they turned and saw that each member of the audience was following the drumbeat by pounding their chests with clenched fists, in perfect time with the drummer. Pastor Park seemed to be the instigator of all the hoopla, for every time he lifted his elbow, the drum would increase in intensity and frequency with each beat. Boom...Boom, Boom...BOOM, BOOM...BOOM... As the beat rattled out faster and faster, the crowd began getting worked up into an all-out frenzy. What Bob and Peggy witnessed at that moment was not unlike a human popcorn maker!

It began with everyone sitting on the floor. But once that drum got going, people would literally jump up and out into the rest of the crowd, literally flying in the air, then they would come crashing down to the ground and stay frozen in whatever position they happened to land in. People were lying around in every type of crazy

A Lifestyle Of Light

contortion that you could imagine.

Not only that, but Pastor Park would stretch out his hand toward each statue-like person and pray for them. At the end of each prayer, Pastor Park would screech out in a loud voice that sounded something like Velcro being ripped apart. At this point, the frozen person would loosen up and return to a normal, relaxed state.

Bob was totally dumbfounded and did not know what to think about all that was happening around him; he was not even sure what was happening, but he knew he had never seen anything like it before. He turned to Peggy to see what she thought, but when he looked, Peggy was gone! Bob thought, “Oh, no! The rapture has occurred, Peggy’s gone; what I’m witnessing is the beginning of the great tribulation!”

Actually, Peggy had quietly sneaked off with the interpreter to a small room where the noise level was a little lower. Bob went over to them just in time to hear the interpreter explain what was going on. The woman explained that the people had been stuck to the floor by the Holy Spirit, and it took a prayer by Pastor Park to unstick them!

Be that as it may, Peggy looked at Bob and said, “Bob, that drumming is not from God!” Bob said, “I agree. Let’s go back out and just start praying for all of the people.”

What Peggy and I saw that day was the wildest spectacle we had ever seen done in the name of Jesus. There were women and men dressed in white suits stationed all around the auditorium whose job it was to catch people as they fell after being prayed for. However, in one instance the person who was being prayed for kept standing, and all the helpers fell to the floor. I guess it was sort of God’s three-ring circus.

We prayed about it, then went back to the church the next day and taught about how the fruit of the Holy Spirit is righteousness, peace, and joy!

Bob and Peggy learned many lessons that day at the “Boom Boom” church. The first was learning how to disagree without condemning, and the second was that the louder the drumbeat, the less the Holy Spirit is usually operating!

SEOUL TO TAIPEI, TAIWAN

Bob and Peggy’s next stop was Taipei, Taiwan.

They were in the train station in Taipei, waiting to catch a train in order to visit a couple that a friend in Switzerland had written them about. While waiting, Bob started talking with a man who was sitting with them on a bench. They shared Jesus with him and even gave him a Bible. His reaction was one of excitement, so much so that he made Bob promise to come and see him after they finished visiting Lotung, the

Servants of the Most High

town to which they were then headed.

Bob took the man's address, then they caught the train and traveled down the east side of the island to the Home of God's Love, where they stayed. The couple there was really hungry for some American fellowship. Bob and Peggy were greeted with a meal of Taiwan-style pizza, and Peggy kept busy trying to kill all of the little ants scurrying around the kitchen and in and out of many of the dishes in the cupboard. To Peggy, this was a matter of cleanliness, but the young missionary lady knew the futility of trying to exterminate the pests. She turned to Peggy and in a tired voice said, "I don't even see ants anymore."

Bob and Peggy, once again, shared in various churches and house groups in the area.

As they were just about to leave, this time on a bus, the Hugheys received a message from the man they had met at the train station urging them to come and see him. They motored for four hours up to Taipei, then had to circle back around down the *west* side of the island as there were no roads across. They finally made it to their destination, Taichung, and were met at the station by the "train station man," who had brought along his boss, just for good measure.

Immediately, Bob and Peggy were whisked off to a restaurant, but the conversation was somewhat limited as neither of the Chinese men had much of a vocabulary in English, and neither Bob nor Peggy could speak any Chinese. Food, however, is the universal language everyone seems to understand. Bob impressed everybody with his ability to wield chopsticks, using them to deftly pick up fried peanuts.

Always liking to have a conversation going, Bob tried to stir things up by casually mentioning that he had not seen very many *beards* in Taiwan, he being the only one at the table with a beard. But the listening capabilities of the two Chinese men were no better than their speaking abilities. Both of them misunderstood Bob and immediately ordered all of them a round of *beer*! This was the first and last time Peggy ever tasted beer in her life.

After the meal, and after dropping off his boss, the Chinese man wanted to take Bob and Peggy to the south side of the island to meet his family. He first picked up his girlfriend, who was also his English teacher, then borrowed the company car and began the long drive south. He didn't watch his speedometer very well (perhaps that was in English, too), but in his haste to see his family, he was pulled over by the police for speeding. Apparently, his fine was fairly steep for the offense, but soon they were back on the road and finally made it to their destination.

Bob and Peggy were escorted to the man's home where, of course, nobody spoke English. Everyone just sat around looking at each other and smiling. Even though there was no real conversation, Bob and Peggy were treated very hospitably. They

A Lifestyle Of Light

were given fruit to eat, and before they could finish it, some little girls came into the house and braided Peggy's hair. It was such a rarity for any American to be seen that everyone wanted to participate in the event.

Bob and Peggy then made it back to Taipei where they caught the flight out to Manila.

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

Bob and Peggy did have some friends in the Philippines, Jerry and Frances Regan. Jerry and Frances were sharing Jesus in the jungles way south of Manila on another island. When Bob and Peggy arrived in Manila, they caught a taxi and made it to 333 Shaw Boulevard where they had reservations at the guest house there. Overall, it was a very nice, clean place run by New Tribes Missions.

Manila and the Philippines turned out to be the hottest place Bob and Peggy would visit on their entire journey. They decided to "rough it" like the missionaries and stay in the guest house, passing up the extra cost of air-conditioning. However, in order to make it through the sweltering nights, they moved their cots directly under the ceiling fan where they huddled together undressed. Here, they soaked in every occasional puff of stale breeze that happened to hit them, turning over every few minutes. From the outset, the humidity was so thick there was no choice but to be drenched in perspiration everywhere they went.

At the guest house, Bob and Peggy had one of their more memorable communions with the Lord. They had been given some unleavened bread, but they needed grape



*Peggy, Frances & children,
Quezon City, Philippines - 1981*

juice to go with it. Across the street from the guest house was a little grocery store, so they bought the grape juice there. After a nice, peaceful time of prayer and meditation, they took the bread and then the fruit of the vine. It took no more than one small taste for Peggy to burst out laughing. The juice tasted *awful!* When they bought the bottle of juice, they hadn't read the label, which stated that the juice was concentrated and

Servants of the Most High

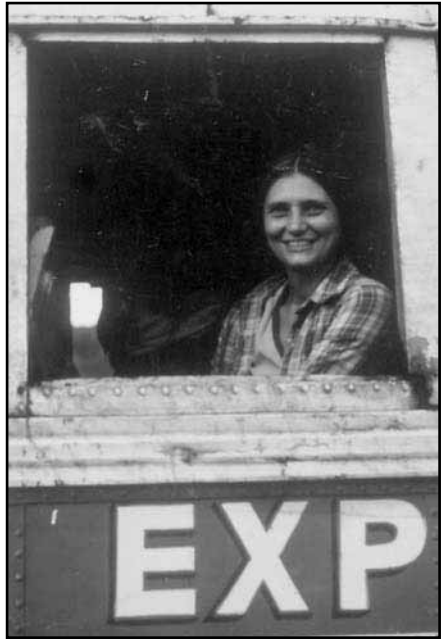
needed to be watered down with one part concentrate to nine parts water for consumption. Their desire for some “sweet” time with the Lord in quietness turned out to be exceedingly sweet—sickeningly and syrupy sweet!

Officially, New Tribes Missions refused to recognize the power of the Holy Spirit. There were, however, Spirit-filled people scattered throughout the various projects the group was involved in. Initially, Bob and Peggy met with the leadership and submitted themselves to that particular local authority. Bob told them that he and Peggy had come to visit with Jerry and Frances, but they also did not want to cause any problems. Both Bob and Peggy asked the leaders to pray about their plans to see the Regans and to let them know if they thought it was the Lord for the Hugheys to go make the visit. All the leaders had to do was pray overnight, for the next day they gave the okay for Bob and Peggy to head out for the jungle to visit their friends.

Transportation in any third world country is always time consuming, usually very irritating, and sometimes even treacherous. Bob and Peggy had to catch a flight from Manila to Palawan which was an hour's flight by jet. From that backwoods little airport, they were taken to their next guest house via motorcycles—Bob on one, Peggy on the other, and with all their gear packed on as well. The driver of Peggy's cycle hit a dog as they sped through the dirt roads through town. This was particularly nerve-racking because leaving the scene of an accident like that often brought the penalty of being beaten and arrested. To say the least, it was a wild ride for both of the Hugheys.

Jerry, Frances, and their two small daughters met Bob and Peggy in Palawan, where they decided to take Bob and Peggy to visit *another* couple on the southern part of the island. At 4:00 a.m. the next morning, Bob had to get up and go to the bus station to try to hold seats on the next bus out to their jungle destination.

So there was Bob, in what seemed like the middle of the night, sitting in an old, rickety bus that had no glass windows, no doors, and boasted wooden planks for



Peggy - window bus, 1981

A Lifestyle Of Light

seats. By the time the bus was ready to leave, the old, beat-up contraption was full—full of people, pigs, chickens, crabs, and fish. In other words, the bus was a stinking mess, both inside and out.

The first difficulty began when the bus's starter didn't work, or maybe it just didn't have a starter to begin with. This meant that all able-bodied men had to get out and push the thing to get it fired up. On the way, there were two blowouts, and the tie rods fell out of the front of the bus. Fortunately, there were two mechanics who rode along in the bus for just such occurrences, as they obviously were common and expected. The total time of the trip took eight hours.

When they finally reached a crossroads in the jungle where the bus was to let them off, the Hugheys and the Regans got into an old World War II jeep that had been customized for jungle travel. After riding for another hour and a half, they finally made it to a little fishing village to meet Jody Crain. Jerry tried to find Jody because this was the town where they had agreed to meet, but after looking and looking, it became apparent that there was no Jody Crain around to meet them.

It was during this wait that Peggy had to use the "comfort station." Just to get there was an effort; Peggy had to roll up her pants and wade through water and mud just to get to the toilet. Welcome to the Philippines!

After waiting nearly three hours, they decided to rent their own canoe to try to get to the village where Jody lived. God's timing was perfect, for just as the deal was being made to rent the canoe, Jody showed up. Had he shown up just a few minutes later, they would have missed him altogether.

The adventure continued as Jody, his four-year-old son, Joey, the Hugheys, and the Regans loaded up on a thirty-five foot outrigger canoe equipped with a Briggs and Stratton engine. In addition, another eleven people joined the group, bringing all the required supplies. The little engine had a shaft going out the back of the outrigger, and the throttle consisted of a wire on a wooden spool. Jody stood up on the boat, holding onto the mast and running the throttle with his foot.

There they were, slicing through the water of the South China Sea, finally on their way after so many obstacles. But it turned out there was one more storm to weather, literally. A bad storm started brewing and blowing as they were out in "no man's land" in the sea. They had seen the storm coming while they were on the shore and had debated whether they would be able to outrun it. They had misjudged it, and there in the middle of the sea, the storm caught up with them.

The wind started gusting in rapid fire action, and the waves got so rough they jarred loose the seaweed from the bottom of the ocean. This seaweed began to mat together around the propeller, choking it and eventually killing the engine. There was only a small tarp for protection, so between the torrential rain and the slapping waves,

Servants of the Most High

the boat was taking in more water than it could hold. While everybody else was getting soaked, Bob was bound and determined to save his camera by stashing it underneath him. The boxes that held all the supplies started to disintegrate as the water kept dousing everything on the boat.

There they were, adrift in a stormy South China Sea. Finally, Jody and one of the tribal guides started bailing water out of the canoe with cans, but it was a losing battle as the waves were much more demanding and intrusive.

So, as a last resort, Jody actually dove out into the shark-infested, turbulent water and swam underneath the boat where he started peeling off the matted seaweed from the propeller, freeing it so it could start turning again. After detaching all of the seaweed, Jody then proceeded to take the carburetor completely apart, piece by piece, cleaning and drying each part and making sure there would be no water in the engine at all.

It was then that Bob repented and gave his camera to Peggy. Bob had been doing everything he could to protect, at any cost, that camera and the pictures inside as he thought the pictures would make a great slide presentation. But instead of protecting “at any cost,” Bob decided it was better to obey Jesus and “pay the price” of doing what Jesus would have him do—he got up to help the others bail water. The exact moment Bob started bailing, the engine started running again. Everybody was relieved at the sound of that little motor sputtering back to life, and someone broke the tension by joking that they could have saved themselves a lot of trouble if Bob would have just repented sooner!

By this time, the skies began to clear as the storm had finally passed over. With the engine now seaworthy, they revved it up and started out again up the coastline. The beauty of the coast caused Bob and Peggy to forget about the ordeal they had just survived. The canoe was skimming along the gorgeous, deep blue waters that now were razor-sharp in clarity, revealing schools of tropical fish swimming all around the area. With the clouds gone and a soft breeze comforting the occupants of the boat, they could look out and see all the sandy beaches untouched by greased-down, pot-bellied tourists. Each beach was supported by an infrastructure of palm trees that seemed to hold the sand in place. Hours later than anticipated, they finally reached their destination.

Bob and Peggy didn't know what to expect concerning their living arrangements, but they were pleased when they saw they would be staying in a nice, split-level, grass hut. Some of the local people went out and caught lobsters, and that night Bob and Peggy were treated to a baked lobster dinner with the tastiest bananas for dessert. The Lord worked it out for Bob and Peggy to stay in a very beautiful place.

Although Bob and Peggy were able to visit some of the nearby jungle villages, it was

A Lifestyle Of Light

clear that the main purpose for their visit was to minister to Jody and his family. One reason for this was that the Crains' brand new house had just recently burned to the ground. In fact, when Bob and Peggy arrived at the camp, the ashes of the house were still smoldering.

Think of it, two country bumpkins from Tennessee living in a grass hut on the banks of the South China Sea! The houses were all built on stilts, while the walls were made from woven grass and reeds. It was a naturalist's paradise—they were able to go snorkeling in the sea, observe all of the exotic fish, and swim past the electric-like underwater plants that seemed to have as much energy as the fish. It was a magnificent piece of God's creativity, but after those few days, it was time to leave.

Once again, Bob and Peggy, with the Regans and all of their supplies, boarded the outrigger canoe and started the trek back to the village where Jerry and Frances had been sent to minister. Fortunately, the return trip was as uneventful as the trip out there had been draining. Jerry had been to the village by himself a few times before, but this would be the first visit for Frances, the children, and the Hugheys.

They traveled a long way through the jungle brush in one of the old jungle Jeeps. When the jeep could not make it any further through the thick jungle, they got out and walked for over an hour, sloshing through the rain, dodging, darting, and slapping the mosquitoes, all the while knowing that the pounding heat was seemingly more relentless than the mosquitoes. They had to cross over a river infested with leeches and snakes, yet they forged on, sinking deeper in the mud with the weight of their backpacks.

Finally, they arrived at the village. This village was smaller than the previous one they had visited with Jody; there were only a few huts, maybe four or five. No one seemed to care about the new strangers who had slid into their village, as the men and women, in loincloths, kept going about their routine.

A man did finally come up and greet the village guests. He immediately scaled a nearby coconut tree, collected a few coconuts, scampered down the tree, and lopped off the tops of the fruit so the visitors could have a little bit of refreshment to replenish the fluids lost from the heat and humidity. This is the time where it would sound nice to tell how Bob got down on his knees in thanksgiving for this simple gift. However, the truth is, at that moment Bob was imagining how nice it would feel to be sitting in an air-conditioned McDonald's!

The group drank the juice down gladly, then they went over to survey the huts where they would be sleeping that night. *Home sweet home!* As they walked around and prayed over the huts, a snake fell from the roof of one of the huts, bouncing off of Jerry's shoulder. Fortunately, that was all the snake did. The villagers came and hacked the reptile to pieces, telling Jerry how very dangerous it was and how very poi-

Servants of the Most High



Ready to Sail, 1981



Launch, 1981

A Lifestyle Of Light



*Captain Jody & Crew on South
China Sea, 1981*

sonous. A snake bite in these parts would mean certain grave sickness and probable death. As nice and relaxing as the visit to the previous village had been, this new village was proving to be exhausting and difficult.

The six of them were given a “homey” little bamboo hut to share, so there they were, all crammed together with little space to spare. If that wasn’t awkward enough, just below their hut (remember the huts are on stilts), they shared space with water buffalo, pigs, and chickens, while mice, cats, and rats crawled in and out of the porous holes in the floor. To make matters even worse, Frances was sick the entire time they were there. Of course, once Frances became ill, both children, at

the same time, got diarrhea. It was not too surprising that there were no toilets in the village, which made things even more uncomfortable for everyone involved. What the villagers used was what everyone used—the ground.

The mud was so thick around the hut that it stuck to their shoes; their feet and legs ached from the heaviness of the clay-like sludge. If this wasn’t enough, the mud usually got tracked all over the porch and hut so that mud, dirt, dust, and slime were the constant companions of the residents of the hut, along with the animals and the sickness.

Bob told Jerry that if they were able to do anything in that village other than just survive, then it was the grace of God. Any idea of a glamorous missionary life went right out the window!

One morning Bob got up and decided that he and Peggy *really* needed to wash some of their clothes because, at this point in the trip, their clothes had gotten pretty dirty as they had worn some things over and over again. Moreover, the jungle of the Philippines had permeated everything in their backpacks whether they had been used or not. Of course there was no local “jiffy-mat” to get everything washed, dried and neatly pressed in an hour, but there was the nearby river. How convenient—this way you didn’t have to worry about having the correct change!

Bob and Jerry walked about a half-mile (it felt like several miles) outside the vil-

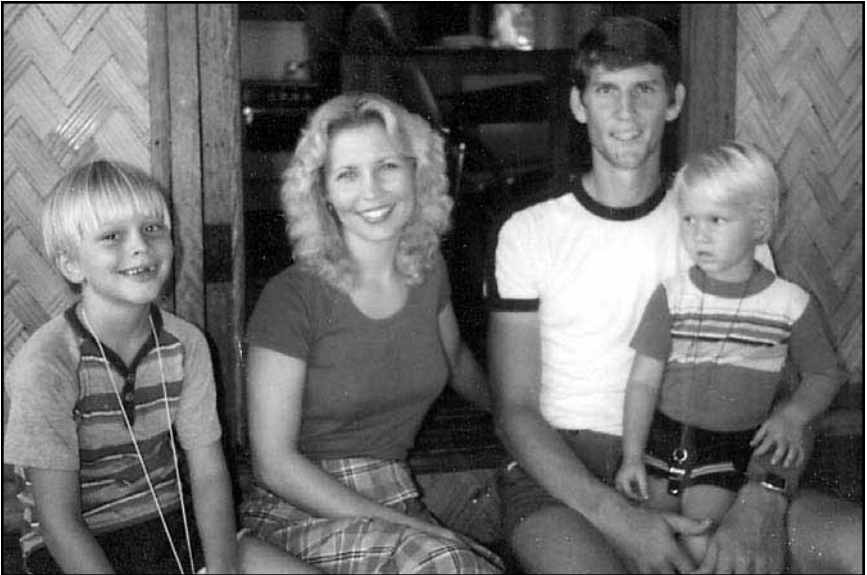
Servants of the Most High

lage into the steamy jungle until they came across a small stream. The first step in washing clothes was to chase out all of the water buffalo and snakes. Once they were clear of all *visible* living creatures, Jerry and Bob waded into the middle of the stream and started beating all of their clothes on a rock. This was the wash cycle.

After they were able to get everything washed and as rinsed as possible in the silt-laden stream, they then began the most difficult job of this project. Picture the exhausting task of loading and carrying all of those wet clothes back through the jungle and over to their hut. Remember, wet clothes weigh many times more than they do when dry.

By the time they arrived back at the hut, Jerry and Bob were totally out of breath, but they did make it. There was still no rest in sight, however, as they had to figure out where they were going to hang all of the clothes to dry! Jerry found an old clothesline in a barrel and strung the line up between the hut and a banana tree. With the clothesline secured, they then started slopping all of the wet clothing across it. By this time, both Bob and Jerry were hot, dirty, and weary, but they knew that when the chore of hanging all the clothes was completed, they would finally be able to take a break.

So what happened? This may seem too predictable, but yes, when the last piece of clothing was draped over the line, the rope broke and everything fell into all of the miry mud and muck and dirt and dung that was waiting below on the ground.



Crain Family, Philippines – 1981

A Lifestyle Of Light



Hiking into Village – 1981

Knowing that the joy of the Lord was their strength, they continued to live in victory...!?

No. Bob just looked up at Jerry and said, “I want to get out of here!”

The Hugheys’ jeans had soured from the constant dampness and humidity in the air and from the rain that persisted in keeping everything wet. So the next day or soon afterwards (it seemed like years), Bob and Peggy along with the Regan family hiked out of the village. Inevitably, everyone in the return group lost his or her balance and wound up falling into the mud at some point. Everyone, that is, except Bob, who caught himself with two fingers to spare himself even more fellowship with the slime and mud.

Bob and Peggy both were hoping that their “perils of the Philippines” were over, but again they had a faith-building surprise waiting for them. They all hopped into a Jeepney to go back to the guest house, but on the way back their driver got into a race with another vehicle, and they began speeding through the backlands at a furious pace. The two Jeepneys raced for one-and-a-half hours through the jungle, just the two of them. To make matters worse, the dried dirt from the road began to blast the passengers all over from head to toe. Now the combination of wet, sweaty, and clammy skin mixed with blowing gusts of dust and dirt, resulted in what you could best describe as “a mess.”

Servants of the Most High

Peggy was in the front seat by the driver. The windshield was tilted so that the blowing dirt hit her straight on. Her long, wet hair was a perfect lodging place for the wayward, streamlined dust, so that when she later tried to comb her hair, all she found on the comb were globs of mud. Peggy really got her life right with the Lord on that ride, if you hear Bob tell the story, but the truth was that Bob was even more scared than Peggy.

They did make it back out of the jungle in one piece, and then they had to do the eight-hour bus ride back to Palawan. When they arrived, the first thing they did at the guest house was load up the washing machines and wash all of their clothes. This took an entire day! They also washed clothes for sick missionaries to help them out and give them a break and a chance to recover from their illnesses.

When it was time to head back to Manila, they made reservations on the one plane out. When they got to the airport, though, the plane hadn't arrived. Bob went over to the officials, and they told him, "Oh, sorry, the plane is late. There's been a storm in Manila. It should be here in two hours."

They jumped back on their motorcycles, were driven back to the guest house, waited for two hours, then hopped the motorcycles back to the airport, and as before, waited quite a long time. As they were told the delay would now be an hour and forty-five minutes, they did the motorcycle roulette again, went back to the guest house,



Bob & Peggy in Jeepney – 1981

A Lifestyle Of Light



*Bob & Peggy in
Jungle of Palawan – 1981*

waited, and for the third time took the motorcycles back to the airport. This time they were told that the plane should be arriving at any moment. After going outside to listen for the engines of the plane, it became obvious after a while that there would be no plane coming in any time soon.

Bob had had enough. He went over to the control tower, climbed up the ladder and asked the surprised air traffic controller, “Where’s the plane? We’ve been out here three times today and have wasted a lot of time.” The man indifferently replied, “Oh, there is no plane today!” Just like that. Bob figured that if he hadn’t asked, they would have continued playing motorcycle tag to and from the airport to the guest house.

Bob then asked the air traffic controller when the plane *would* arrive. The man replied nonchalantly, “Oh I don’t know, maybe tomorrow. Check back then.”

This is common third world procedure for delays, and they *don’t* give

complimentary hotel accommodations for the inconvenience. After motorcycling back to the guest house, they spent the night, returned to the airport the next day, and by God’s grace, the plane did come, and Bob and Peggy finally made it back to Manila.

But that was not to be all the Hugheys saw of the Philippines, for the leadership of New Tribes asked them to visit more missionaries, this time at the north end of the island. They made their way via a ten-hour bus ride, on a much better bus than they had ridden before. Once they reached the northern area, they were told they were going to be visiting a young lady who was the only American in a small village located still farther to the north. To get there, Bob and Peggy had two choices. They could walk eight hours or take a seven-minute plane ride to where the village and the young lady, Lynn, was. So, from Aritao they took a Super Cub prop plane, which landed on the top of a mountain on a jungle airstrip which had been hacked out with

Servants of the Most High



*"Our Plane" at Flight Base,
New Tribes Missions, Philippines,
1981*



Aritao, Philippines, 1981

machetes. They visited Lynn and other people in that vicinity, and Bob, Peggy, and Lynn still have great fellowship via mail to this day.

They had to radio the flight base to have the plane come and pick them up, so now the wind was a factor in the timing of the flight. At the time Bob looked out to check the wind, he saw the sock

hanging limp, so the pilot said he would see them in a few minutes. Sure enough, after about ten minutes, the plane was sighted where he started to pass over the pickup area. The plane made two swipes over the runway, but he couldn't land. The winds had kicked up, so the pilot radioed the airfield and told them he would try again the next day. He did try and he did land the next day.

Now it was time for the Hugheys to experience takeoff at this primitive airstrip, a wild event in itself. At the end of the runway was a one-thousand foot drop straight down, while the runway itself was akin to a cow path all the way to the drop off. Actually, the cows *did* use it sometimes as a path!

That flight out was unforgettable. As the tiny prop plane became airborne, it instantly dropped down into the ravine between a chain of mountains. The plane swerved in and out, up and down, through the ravines, following them all the way back. As they swayed back and forth, they could look down and count the cows and

A Lifestyle Of Light

observe the village people working in the rice paddies. It was an awesome and thrilling ride.

They caught the bus back to Manila, thinking they could relax and look forward to an uneventful evening, but as they were about two hours into the return trip, the bus broke down. All the riders waited for hours until another bus passed by. When it did, all the Filipinos on the Hugheys' bus jumped onto the passing bus, leaving Bob and Peggy in the middle of the country, by themselves, sitting on a broken-down vehicle! After several more hours, another bus finally arrived, picked up the Hugheys, and they eventually made it back to Manila.

MANILA TO HONG KONG

In Hong Kong, the Hugheys had the address of Youth With A Mission (YWAM) at 10 Borrett Road (YWAM has since moved), which turned out to be an old British military hospital. YWAM gave them a place to stay, but Bob and Peggy slept on the floor in their tent to protect themselves from mosquitoes. Bob said the mosquitoes were chewing on them as if they were corn on the cob! In fact, the bugs were biting so fiercely and viciously that Peggy covered herself all the way up to her neck. Yet, when she awoke the next morning, she couldn't open one of her eyes because her eyelid had swelled up from a mosquito bite.

Another night, Peggy had to go to the bathroom. She walked down the long hallway to the toilet. Someone else had beaten her to the toilet, for as Peggy looked in the stall, there was a rat crawling out of the commode! She jumped around trying to scare it away, but the rat was jumping around with Peggy and couldn't find its way out. It finally got caught behind the door. Peggy didn't want to scream as she knew she would wake up everybody and cause a big stir, so she just did the "Dance of the Rats" right there in the middle of elegant Hong Kong.

They stayed with this YWAM group for a week working on outreaches.

We got into Hong Kong, and I hadn't beaten her and I hadn't cursed her, but Peggy sensed that something was wrong. In her own quiet, yet loving way she said, "Bob, I think there's a wall going up between us, as well as spiritual blockage."

We were staying at YWAM, and the Lord gave us His Word from Daniel 7:25, "And he will speak out against the Most High and *wear down* the saints of the Highest One..."

We saw that Satan will try to wear down and wear out God's people even as they are doing good things. So for five days we stopped all ministry. It would have been better to go back home right then than to have let Satan tear up our relationship—better to go home and forget ministry than to see our relationship destroyed and lost.

The Lord also taught us not to make decisions when we are tired. It's the enemy

Servants of the Most High

who wants to force you into making decisions when you're tired.

We stopped handing out tracts, we stopped preaching on the streets, we stopped going to meetings, and we got with each other. We spent time and energy with each other. We read the Word together and we prayed together. We spent five days in the Word and prayer and loving one another and letting God restore our physical, spiritual, and emotional relationship with Him and with each other. We had sex. Our sex life had been put on a shelf somewhere. The world says sex is *the* big thing. It's big, but it's not that big. It took us about five days to get that relationship alive again, receiving from the Lord and sharing with each other.

Then after that five days, God said, "It's okay to go on, but don't ever forget that your relationship is more important than your ministry." Since then, we have never forgotten what we learned in Hong Kong.

Pastors all over this country and all over the world are elevating ministry over family relationships. They're building big ministries while their families are going to hell. And that's not God. If there is ever any blockage in our relationship, then I will not go speak anywhere until it's cleaned up. We're clean. That's something you don't just pick up at a discount department store. It's listening to God. It's agreeing with God. It's submitting to God. It's dying to flesh. It's dying to self. It's dying to the world's image of marriage and letting the Word of God be released in our hearts...and repenting.

I see us as having a pipeline between us, a pipeline of communication, and if Peggy does something I don't like, a little grain of sand forms in that pipe. Now a little grain of sand doesn't sound like much, but tomorrow something else happens and another little grain of sand comes, and the next day something else happens and I'm not feeling good and another grain of sand comes. The first thing you know, that pipe is totally blocked. So what started out as a God-opened pipeline has become a clogged sewer full of junk. When it gets to that point, it becomes Roto-Rooter time!

A brother in the Lord whom Bob and Peggy had just met asked if they would like to take a short trip across the border into China the following Saturday. The trip would be a guided tour and paid for. The one tiny, little catch to the deal was that Bob and Peggy would also take some Bibles in with them. The Hugheys were thrilled because they really had wanted to be able to do this at some point, but they really did not know how to go about it. Obviously, the Lord had it already scheduled on His itinerary.

Bob and Peggy were briefed on all the exchange processes. They would each take in a bag full of Bibles, then exchange those bags for empty ones. This was in case people on the tour happened to notice that they were not bringing any bags back with them. The trip would take one entire day, and Bob and Peggy would be able to do some sightseeing around the Chinese border town of Shenzhen.

The bags Bob and Peggy carried each contained fifteen Bibles. They could not

A Lifestyle Of Light

carry more because of the weight. Their contact in China would have to carry both bags with him after the Bibles were delivered, and that would be all the weight he could handle. While carrying their bags, Bob and Peggy tried to act as if their zippered carry-ons were typical, touristy, light-weight luggage, so as not to arouse any suspicion. On top of the Bibles, they had stuffed clothes in the bags, just in case they were stopped at customs.

It has been estimated that about 250,000 Bibles are smuggled into Communist China every year, yet the number of people who come to the Lord per year is double or triple that, so it was vital for Bob and Peggy to follow all their instructions carefully so as not to get caught by the officials. They were told to separate themselves from each other as they went through customs. In case one of them was caught, the other one might have a better chance of getting through.

The border between Hong Kong and Shenzhen is a little bridge, but on one side of the bridge is the bright, modern, free city of Hong Kong, and the moment one crosses the bridge, the gray, musty, archaic system of Communist China becomes very apparent. It is like crossing over from light into darkness, from color into black and white.

When Bob and Peggy arrived at the border, they were taken with others into a room and asked to form a single line. They didn't realize that they were just moments away from going through customs, so they failed to let any people get in between them. There was a guard at the door telling people to wait and when to go on through.

Bob was motioned on through with the group of tourists who were waiting in line. However, the guard stopped Peggy and motioned for her to get into a different line with another customs agent. Eventually she was asked if she had a camera and then was allowed to pass through.

Once we both made it past customs, both of us just wanted so badly to say, "Praise the Lord!" but we had been cautioned against that.

After a few minor delays, the Hugheys met their contact and were able to complete their mission by handing their bags of Bibles over to him.

Just think, instead of adventures like this, Bob could have still been sitting at a desk in Clarksdale, Mississippi, wondering what life was all about!

Back in Hong Kong, Bob and Peggy were wondering where they would go on Sunday for fellowship. They found out there was a meeting of believers at the Furama Hotel, so on that cloudy, drizzly Sunday, Bob and Peggy decided that this was where the Lord wanted them to be.

If ever they had heard God correctly, this was the time, as this particular visit would

Servants of the Most High

establish a relationship which the Lord would use, even to this day, for Bob and Peggy's encouragement.

They arrived early, entered the room, and sat down in a row of folding chairs about two-thirds of the way back. On the same row and a few seats farther down, another couple was sitting by themselves. Bob turned to Peggy and asked, "Don't you want to move down a few seats?" Peggy really didn't feel like it, so she said, "No." Then Bob said, "Well, ask God if *He* wants you to move." Peggy did, and God did, so they moved down next to the couple and introduced themselves.

The other couple was Ross and Yvette Sutherland, from New Zealand. They had never before been to this meeting either, so they invited Bob and Peggy to tea afterwards, "tea" meaning an entire meal in New Zealand English!

As we were eating, Ross told us how he came to the Lord and how he had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. Right then I asked him if he had ever been baptized in water. He said, "Funny you should ask. Our pastor has been teaching on that." I said, "Do you know that Jesus wants you to be baptized?" He said, "You're right."

Ross pulled out a church bulletin from his pocket and showed Bob that there was going to be a baptismal service at the Sutherlands' home fellowship in New Zealand. It was at that fellowship, after they had returned, that Ross "and his household" obeyed the Lord's prompting and were indeed baptized in water.

But for the next two to three days, the two couples spent lots of time in fellowship with one another in the Lord, getting to know each other and totally enjoying each other. In those few, short days, the Lord instantly and eternally knit them together in the Spirit. As they were about to head back home to New Zealand, Ross told Bob that the Lord had put it on his and Yvette's hearts to pray for them every day for the rest of their lives, and Ross believes in taking the Lord seriously, as we all should. Beginning that day, Ross and Yvette started a journal in which they wrote down the things the Lord gave them on Bob and Peggy's behalf.

We spent three days with them in 1981, and they've been praying for us ever since. They said they wanted to participate with us in our ministry. Since their ministry is intercessory prayer, year after year they have gotten down on their knees and prayed for us. Ross will call us or write us with what God has given them to tell us. They have had everything from dreams and visions to prophetic words for us, and everything comes true! They're just plain, ordinary, unselfish people who have become extraordinary people because they have a heart for God and are plugged into Jesus Christ.

Ross and Yvette give us what money cannot buy—constant intercession. No matter where we are on earth, we know Ross and Yvette are lifting us up to the

A Lifestyle Of Light



*Ross & Yvette Sutherland with
son Donald & his wife, Anita, Hong Kong, 1981*

Father's throne.

Here are just a couple of incidents that show how Ross has nailed it.

Once we sent Ross the name of a couple who had been separated for over five years. They had been married for nearly forty years before the separation. I asked Ross to pray for them. Soon afterwards I received a letter from him that said, "Bob, God told me that I didn't need to pray for them. He said that everything was under control and that they would be back together within six weeks." Six weeks to the day, this couple was reconciled.

Another time Ross sent a letter saying, "Where are you off to now? We had a vision where we saw you two with your bags packed, and the Lord's hand was with you." When we received that particular letter, our bags were packed and we were about to leave the country.

HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE

After Hong Kong, the Hugheys next stop was Singapore. During the flight Bob was able to share Jesus with a lady who had been sitting near them for part of the trip. She was the owner of several dress boutiques in Singapore and Hong Kong. As the plane

Servants of the Most High

was landing, this woman asked Bob if they had any Singapore dollars to get into town. When Bob told her they had none, this lady put her hand out and placed enough Singapore dollars into Bob's hand to get them there. Bob and Peggy were stunned at the woman's generosity. This was how God provided for the Hugheys' bus fare into the city.

When we made it to Singapore in October of 1981, we didn't know anybody. The first thing we did was go to a Christian bookstore in the Lucky Plaza Shopping Center and ask them where God was moving in the city. They gave us the name of a fellowship, Calvary Charismatic Fellowship, and we went over there. The meeting was held on the upper floor of a tall office building. The auditorium was large and very nice, shaped like an arena and filled with stuffed theater seats. We sat in the back row of the auditorium to watch the proceedings. There were hundreds, if not thousands, of people there. In fact, they had to have five two-hour assemblies. They needed this many meetings to minister to all the people who were coming. When we arrived there, we didn't know anybody in the entire building or in all of Singapore for that matter. As we sat down on the back row, the person up front who was speaking said, "God would have Bob and Peggy Hughey up here sharing testimonies today."

That had to be the Holy Spirit because, as far as they knew, no one in the entire church knew who Bob and Peggy were! Bob went up and told the large crowd what he had seen and heard the Lord doing on their travels and what He was leading them into as their journey continued.

The most memorable thing that happened to Bob during that week of meetings came at the end of a service when the pastor asked him to come down and pray for people. There was a long string of people lined up waiting for Bob to pray for them. However, Bob was the one who needed the most help. By this part of the trip, Bob was suffering from weariness and fatigue from being on the road for so long. He literally was about to collapse from pure exhaustion, especially since he was having to pray for such a long period of time, so intensely and for so many people.

As all of this was taking place, Bob thought, "Well, Lord, I'll just go ahead and pass out right here if that's what You want me to do."

Just as his knees were about to give way, Bob felt two hands grab his waist from behind, and they held him up, taking all of the weight off of his feet. Bob was held up this way while he finished praying for everyone in that long line of people. When he had finished praying and had said his final "in the name of Jesus, Amen," the hands loosed their grip, and Bob went and sat down. That was just one example of how God held Bob and Peggy up supernaturally and took their burdens away.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Over the course of that week, Bob and Peggy started witnessing on the street with other members of this fellowship. They would go and sit for hours at the world's largest McDonald's Restaurant (at least it was at that time). As they sat there, God would bring people from all over the world to their table. The people would be at the table with their burgers and Cokes while Bob and Peggy would minister Jesus to those who were hungry and thirsty...and not for McDonald's either! In fact, they told one couple to go ahead and finish their hamburgers, but the people responded by saying, "No, we're hungry for what you have!"

We didn't go in there demanding that meetings be set up for us. I didn't storm in saying, "I'm Bob Hughey, man of God, with signs and wonders following, from Nashville, Tennessee." No, we went in quietly and submitted to the Holy Spirit, and God knit us together with the brothers and sisters in that particular city.

One day on the streets of Singapore, Bob and Peggy engaged three young men in conversation, noting that one wore a T-shirt on which was the phrase "Rivers of Living Water." As they began to share the Lord with one another, they discovered these men were sailors on shore leave from the aircraft carrier USS Coral Sea. Over the next days, they visited at the church meetings with Bob and Peggy, bringing other believers from



the ship. During their fellowship time one day, Bob said he had always wanted to be on an aircraft carrier and would that be possible. One of the young men, Joseph from the island of Tonga, made the arrangements, taking his day off to be their guide. When the day came to go on board, they were ferried out to the ship in choppy waters and given an all-day tour. A gift for the Hugheys from a great God!

Peggy & Brother from Tonga on Aircraft Carrier USS Coral Sea, 1981

The fellowship in Singapore was a very international one. There were people in attendance from almost every country you could imagine. Bob and Peggy saw several women walking around wearing Indian sarees, so they decided to chat with one of them as India was one of the countries the Hugheys were to visit. Standing on the

Servants of the Most High

sidewalk and milling around with the other brothers and sisters who had just exited the meeting, a certain young couple caught Peggy's eye. Judging from their complexion, facial features, and dress, the Hugheys assumed that this couple was from India.

As it turned out, though, they were not from India, but from Sri Lanka. That was fine, too, as Sri Lanka was their next stop just before India. The couple was from Colombo, the capital city, which was exactly the place where Bob and Peggy were planning to go. It was then that the Hugheys shared with these people the name of the couple they would be staying with upon their arrival in Sri Lanka. The Hugheys were overjoyed to discover that the Sri Lankan couple they had just met knew the people they were going to visit in Colombo. Since Bob and Peggy already had this couple's address, they didn't inquire about it, but this lady asked to see the address they had. Upon seeing it, the lady told Bob, "This couple doesn't live at this address anymore!"

This was God accurately directing the Hugheys and preventing any mishap or confusion. The lady didn't know the new address, but she told the Hugheys whom to get in touch with to get the new address once they arrived in Sri Lanka. Ironically enough, this chain of events didn't stop as it was this contact in Sri Lanka who also gave Bob and Peggy the name of a contact in Bombay, India, Jerry Whitaker. God, throughout Bob and Peggy's entire trip, went before them and cleared the way.

FOLLOWING JESUS

God always protects us and takes care of us. He directs us and leads us to certain people. We know that these are divine appointments. We know that the hearts of the people we meet have been prepared to hear the message God has given us to share. All over the world, we have met certain people whom we knew God had arranged for us to meet.

—Bob

SINGAPORE TO BANGKOK, THAILAND

In Bangkok, the Hugheys stayed at a mission guest house where missionaries from all over the country came to get a little bit of rest and relaxation.

One of the missionaries invited Bob and Peggy to go home with him, so they went on an overnight bus trip. During the bus ride, passengers were served rice soup, but Bob wouldn't touch it. Peggy felt that she should eat what was put before her, especially since the next meal might not be as good. On the table, they had this bottle of...well...stuff. Peggy saw the other people using it, so she decided to try some herself. It was fish oil!

They gave the passengers red, yellow, and green-colored soft drinks. Peggy smelled the contents and told Bob the drinks smelled like bubble gum. Bob, however, was not about to experiment with anything new, and he refused to have any, calling the refreshments "fish oil with color in it."

The bus was equipped with a TV that blared loudly through the entire trip. Bob's other recollection of that bus ride was the toilet on the bus that got plugged up and evidently spilled its contents. It was the most awful, stinking smell Bob's nose had ever been subjected to. The Hugheys tried to filter out the smell by putting their coats over their heads, but to no avail. And, despite the hot weather outside, Bob and Peggy were sitting right by an air-conditioning vent on the bus, so they froze the entire trip.

Finally, after hours of bearing the food, the cold, and the stench, the Hugheys arrived at the town of Nakon Phanom, along the Mekong River.

Following Jesus



New believer & family in Thai village, 1981

The next day we rode out on a motorcycle to a nearby village. In this village there was what the local people referred to as a “spirit tree.” Some of the people working in this area know there are demons, but most of them do not believe in the power of the Holy Ghost. As soon as we reached this spirit tree, Peggy and I started casting out demons and praying against them. The missionary who took us had been ministering and translating scriptures in that village for almost twenty years, yet in all that time, only two people had come to Jesus. After we left Thailand, that missionary wrote us and said there had been a mighty stronghold broken and a lot of people had a new hunger for the Lord. The village had burned down, and the people had blamed the spirit that lived in the tree. They then rebuilt the village in a new place.

However, sometimes those who are walking in the Spirit can be threatening to those who are not. Since Bob and Peggy had come from a background that did not believe in the present day working of the Spirit, they had and still have a place of concern and ministry for those who might oppose them. During their stay in the village, one of the mission’s workers who was under intense legalism told Bob that he did not believe Bob was saved. (Some of the missionaries are from backgrounds that are even more legalistic than the background Bob and Peggy had come from.) Since Bob had not come to the Lord through the same legalistic ritual that this particular worker had,

A Lifestyle of Light



Bob & Peggy on right, Water Buffalo on left, Rice Paddy Thailand, 1981

the worker doubted Bob's salvation.

Instead of arguing with the man, Bob told him, "Pray for me, brother." The man prayed for him, and immediately afterwards Bob looked at him and said, "Brother, I hope you find the freedom and grace in Jesus because if you don't, you're getting wound tighter than a ten-dollar watch and you're going to explode."

During the rest of their time in Thailand, Bob and Peggy shared in various other places.

BANGKOK TO SRI LANKA

After about two weeks in Thailand, Bob and Peggy flew into Colombo, Sri Lanka. Their flight had been delayed because Queen Elizabeth was departing from the airport. Bob says, "We joked when we landed that the red carpet was for us!"

Using the instructions given them in Singapore, Bob and Peggy made it to the suburb of Mt. Lavinia where they connected with the International Gospel Singers. They expected to visit friends who were a part of this group, but unfortunately their friends were in Italy at the time. Though Bob and Peggy were disappointed to have missed them, they were thankful that they were allowed to use their bedroom and private bath in the group's team house. The house was in a great location, very near the sea, and they stayed there for the entire week of their stay in Sri Lanka.

Following Jesus

We and those with us had been preaching all day, all over Colombo, Sri Lanka, handing out thousands of tracts and Bibles. The people we were with told us that when anyone comes to help them, at the end of the day they like to take them to the best restaurant in town. I thought, "Glory to God! Move over Pizza Hut and McDonald's, here we come!" Not so in Sri Lanka. They took us to the best restaurant in town, and we got a bowl of rice soup. I broke two teeth on the rocks in the rice soup. But in Jesus Christ, I can be content in Colombo, Sri Lanka, eating rice soup...*the rest of my life!*

We've stayed in grass huts, mud houses, and in embassies. We've stayed with the rich and famous as well as with the poorest of the poor and the down and out. This is because we are not seeking things, we are seeking God's kingdom. Therefore, we are content with wherever He sends us.

SRI LANKA TO BOMBAY, INDIA

When Bob and Peggy arrived in Bombay, they were greeted with rain. They stood in the airport for over two hours waiting for the Lord to direct them as they had no contacts and knew no one living there.

It was awful. Finally, a lady came up to us and started talking to us and told us she had heard that a particular hotel, the Red Shield Inn, was nice. As we had no other options, we decided to try the hotel. Somehow, we made it down to the hotel and found out that the rooms were about \$1 US per day. The price was right, but boy did we pay for it!

The rooms were terrible! The rooms reeked with the odor of vomit mixed with urine that had dried on the floor. Birds would fly in and spread their droppings everywhere. The beds looked as if they hadn't been changed in weeks. The plumbing in the lavatory was not connected to any pipes, so that waste was dumped directly onto the floor to flow lazily around the outer edges of the large bathroom. Of course, this environment was very attractive to some very large mosquitoes! On top of these luxuries, there was a huge steel bar that went across the door allowing us to lock our room with a very large padlock. This caused us to think that this guest house may have had some trouble with thieves.

We could hear the sound of people gagging and retching from other rooms throughout the hotel. Finally, in disgust and despair, I told Peggy, "God has got to get us out of this place, or I'm leaving India and never coming back!"

Realize that Bob had lost nearly forty pounds by this time and was growing in weakness.

The following day, Bob and Peggy took a taxi to the Swedish InterMission Office where they were told they could meet Jerry Whitaker. They introduced themselves to

A Lifestyle Of Light

the man in charge and told him whom they were looking for. He smiled and said, "You never know when Jerry Whitaker is going to be around here," but he kindly offered Bob and Peggy seats and told them they could wait.

They were prepared to wait for several hours, or all day long, but about ten minutes after they had sat down, in sauntered a sandy-haired, lanky, young man. After talking to the man behind the desk, he turned around and Bob asked him, "Are you Jerry Whitaker?" He jumped back in shock, then turned to Bob and asked, "Who are you? How did you know I was going to be here?" Bob told him, "I'm Bob Hughey, and people in Colombo, Sri Lanka, told us." Then Jerry said, "I've been traveling the last three days on top of a train from southern India. I didn't even know when I was going to be here."

Then Jerry hesitated a moment and said, "Bob Hughey. Koinonia. Nashville, Tennessee. I've been there." Apparently, Jerry used to travel from his hometown of Whitehouse, Tennessee, to attend the praise gatherings at Koinonia when Bob managed the store.

Jerry was a real encouragement to us. It just helped us to see someone from the West who was surviving in India!

Bob was weary from the trip, sick with uncontrollable diarrhea, and suffering from the filth and degradation of the culture and the demon infestation of the land. So when Jerry and Anne, an Indian believer, took Bob and Peggy to Paradise Cafe to eat, Bob told Jerry, "I'm dying, and I've got to have help." Jerry replied, "I've got a man God wants you to meet."

They took Bob and Peggy to Pastor Joseph's house, where they met Pastor Joseph and his wife, Florence, which began another long-lasting relationship.

Pastor Joseph told us we weren't staying in a very good place, that we needed to come out and stay with him and his wife. We stayed with Pastor Joseph at his home for two or three days after which he introduced us to Church Mission House, and that's where we moved all of our belongings. Though we slept on cots, had no hot water, and the mosquitoes ate us alive, it was a real step up from the Red Shield Inn.

Pastor Joseph, a small, soft-spoken man of God, has his own incredible life story to tell, one which could be a book in itself, or even a movie. He was orphaned as a child, unschooled, and abandoned like so many children to live a life on the streets of Bombay. As he grew up, he tried to find peace through religion, philosophy, and yoga...until he met a British naval officer who gave him a gospel of John. He read the

Following Jesus

booklet that night and afterwards gave his life to Jesus. Eventually he became a minister for “the Brethren,” an ultra-conservative denomination. Pastor Joseph found the reality of the Holy Spirit, and soon after he was the head of a non-denominational, charismatic fellowship.

Something was not right though. The fellowship was successful by all worldly standards, but despite the fact that his church had several hundred members, Pastor Joseph began wondering if there was more for him and for the Body of Christ. Almost everyone else in the congregation was content to just let things meander on, but there were a handful of men, mostly young men in their late teens and early twenties, who along with Pastor Joseph were hungry for more than just the routine denominational life.

These young men began to fast and pray on Pastor Joseph’s behalf, drinking only water for forty days. It was during this time that the Lord gave Pastor Joseph a word: “I have thousands of people for you in this city, but it is *you* that is the problem, not Me. You are not ready yet.”

With that word, Pastor Joseph and the others who were seeking the Lord shut down all the programs, meetings and ruts, broke up the fellowship, and started all over again. But there was a difference this time—they were beginning according to the way God looked at things, not the way man would have it.

The vision was a simple one. With the few people who shared the vision, they would begin evangelizing the entire city of Bombay, with its population of over ten million, and hand out tracts, scripture portions, and Bibles, making sure that *every person* in Bombay was exposed to the good news of Jesus Christ. There would be no attempt to build a new denomination or to construct another church building. They would rent and fill the already existing church buildings that stood empty and hollow in Bombay.

In the matter of a few short years, these half-dozen men saw close to a thousand people come to Jesus. By 1990, the one thousand had continued meeting in their own homes and reaching out to their neighbors. By 1995, there were nearly twenty thousand people in eighteen hundred house churches. Nearly one hundred house churches formed monthly in all areas of Bombay, including the slums.

A dynamic wind of the Holy Spirit is sweeping over the country of India, and it was this move of the Lord that Bob and Peggy stepped into when they met Pastor Joseph for the first time in 1981.

Bob was still very ill. Peggy almost had to carry him into the meeting at Pastor Joseph’s apartment. The meeting carried on as planned with singing and praise and testimonies. The Spirit was really moving, and Bob did not want to interrupt what was going on; however, Bob was going downhill fast. With what little energy he had left,

A Lifestyle Of Light



Sharing a meal with precious saints, Bombay, 1983

Bob, pale and nauseated, stopped the meeting and spoke up, “Brothers, *I’m dying!*”

It was not very spiritual but it was the truth, and the Indian brothers and sisters knew that this was not an interruption, but an opportunity for the Lord to work. They were used to seeing Westerners having such physical problems in their country and they knew exactly how to deal with it. They all surrounded Bob and laid hands on him, praying that the Lord would show his mercy on Bob and heal him. Within minutes the fever left, Bob’s color returned to normal, and he started feeling as if his batteries were being charged. The healing was complete.

But more than a healing took place that evening. From the moment they arrived in that meeting, Bob and Peggy were *instantly* welded together with the believers in India. Their fellowship had nothing to do with doctrine and theology. “We fell in love with them, simply because they were following Jesus, and we were following Jesus,” say the Hugheys.

Bob and Peggy spent the rest of their time in Bombay hitting the streets with four of the young men from New Life Fellowship, Ivan, Chicu, Shelton, and Jerry. Though there was a gap in age, Bob and Peggy found themselves to be of one heart and one mind with their young counterparts.

Following Jesus

My impression of these guys was that they were the most mature young people I had ever met in my life. I thought that with the wisdom and stability they were walking in, they must have all grown up in Christian homes. Boy, was I wrong! Just about all of them were formerly either Hindus or pagans and had just been born again a year or two before. Here we were with these guys who were only nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one years old, but they were totally pure in heart with no fleshly ambitions or guile and totally committed to the Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever they went, they shared Jesus, be it on the streets of Bombay or at the jobs where they worked.

Peggy and I witnessed in Bombay the purest, cleanest thing and the most mature men I have ever seen in the Lord. Jesus wasn't an 'add on;' He *was* their life. Incorporated in these young men's lives was a walk with Jesus that was a total revelation to us.

These young people had a maturity and confidence that surpassed most *elders* back in America. Something very special was happening in India with these people, and Bob and Peggy rejoiced that the Lord was allowing them to participate in what was going on.

Over the next fifteen years, the Hugheys would return to India on eight other occasions, each time seeing the Lord doing more and more than the time before. So much has happened to the Hugheys, and they have had their eyes opened to new aspects of the Body of Christ.

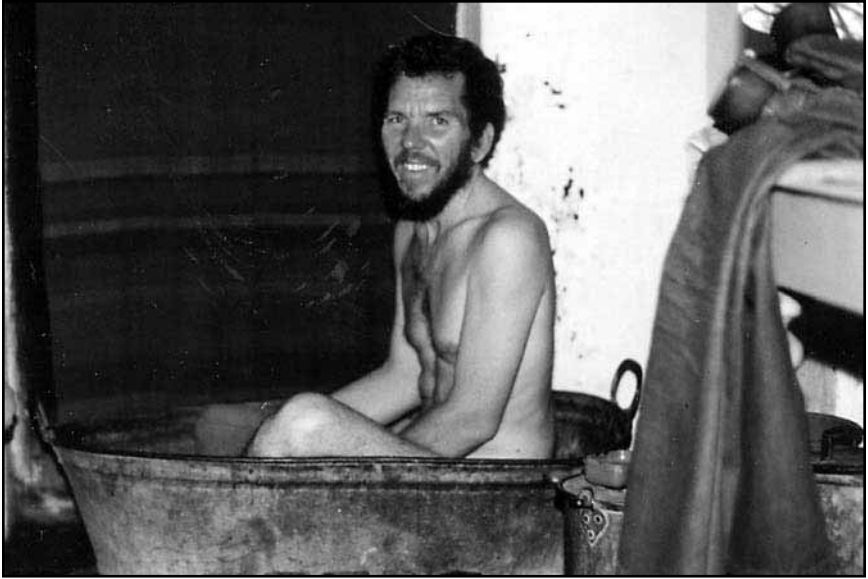
Our time in Bombay changed our lives. It gave us a different perspective of the wide spectrum of God's power. In India, we saw God pouring out His Spirit on all flesh. We saw people radically coming to Jesus Christ. We were told many times that the Indian people worship 300 million different gods, so we saw pagans full of every kind of evil spirit turning around and being filled with the *Holy* Spirit.

BOMBAY TO DELHI, INDIA

If Bombay had been a "blast" for the Hugheys, then Delhi was a "disaster." They stayed at a local church compound, but from the outset the Hugheys felt unwelcome. In fact, the Hugheys were told upon their arrival, "This is *not* a guest house."

Bob and Peggy tried to make the best of the situation, but no one in the entire ministry wanted to have anything to do with these new visitors. Bob had even tried to find a few people to share communion with him and Peggy. However, the only response he got was the directions to a cabinet housing the wine bottle. Bob decided that at least he and Peggy could share communion together; however, when he opened the cabinet, the wine bottle looked like something one would find in a haunted house. The bottle was old and dusty, but what was worse, upon opening it, instead of the sweet

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob's "Hot Tub" in Delhi, 1981

fragrance of wine, the Hugheys met a layer of mold. Eventually, Bob found some toilet tissue and strained the wine through the tissue to salvage something that they could drink.

At that ministry in Delhi, we didn't meet anybody or see anything that was going on in the Lord. The most I received there was a cold shoulder and a hot bath in a galvanized tub. Peggy and I literally shook the dust off of our feet when we departed from there.

Although Bob and Peggy mainly just "existed" in their visit to Delhi, Peggy wanted to make the most of the opportunity and go see the Taj Mahal. It is not very often that a person gets the chance to see one of the great wonders of the world. Bob was not really very interested in going there, but he relented. Most tourists take the long six-hour bus ride to Agra to see the Taj, but Peggy had been told that the train to Agra was more comfortable and the countryside more scenic, so she and Bob headed to the train station to buy tickets.

What Bob and Peggy did not know was that the tickets by train were much more expensive than the bus tickets. Still standing in front of the ticket window after purchasing their tickets, Bob and Peggy realized that they had spent way too much money,

Following Jesus

more than they had anticipated. After talking it over, they decided they did not want to go at that price. Bob slid the tickets back to the ticket seller and told the man that he had decided not to go and that he wanted his money back.

Here's where the hassle began. The ticket man insisted that the tickets were not refundable, which angered Bob in no small way since it had been only a minute or two since he had bought them and he had not even moved from the window.

Bob would not take no for an answer and demanded his money back. The ticket man then said that all he could do was give back a partial refund. By this time, the manager had been brought into the fracas, and Bob was exploding. Bob was not going to leave without his money! and the train people had no intention of giving Bob's money back to him. Finally, after much heated wrangling and bickering, Bob tore the train tickets into tiny pieces, threw the tickets into the ticket agent's face, and walked away from the counter.

Peggy had already seen what was coming so she had left the counter, found a seat, and sat down crying. Bob joined her, still steaming from the "encounter at the counter." As they sat there in the train station, the Hugheys started praying out loud, and the Holy Spirit just nudged Bob with this word, "Bob, you blew it. Now, go over to that man you have just chewed out and confess your sins to him."

The peace of the Spirit had encompassed the situation, and Bob got up, went over to the ticket counter, confessed his sin, and apologized to the ticket agent. By this time the agent had picked up the pieces of the shredded train tickets and taped them back together, and after Bob's confession, he gave the Hugheys a partial refund on their tickets. Visiting the Taj Mahal would just have to wait until another trip to India.

Tired, afflicted with "Delhi belly," and frustrated, Bob praised God for the situation, but he praised God even more when he and Peggy boarded the plane to depart from Delhi.

INDIA TO PAKISTAN

The day before Thanksgiving, the Hugheys flew from Delhi to Lahore where they stayed at a cheap place, the Menora Hotel. Bob was weak, Bob was sick again, and Bob was tired. The hotel did nothing to make Bob feel any better. When they opened the curtains and looked out the hotel window, all they could see were stacks of old tires that had been piled up to rot away.

They checked out the YMCA in Lahore, and the conditions there were even worse. Though they had taken all the money they had on the trip, they only had enough to stay at the cheapest hotels and eat in the cheapest restaurants. Unlike the lifestyles of many so-called world evangelists who wine and dine as if they were aristocrats, the Hugheys traveled like Jesus lived. Peggy recounts what it was like:

A Lifestyle Of Light

It was really, really hard. I was scared because Bob was so sick, and we didn't know one person in the whole country. The very first night we were in Pakistan, Bob was wrapped up in blankets and shivering with chills and fever all night long. I was praying that the Lord would turn this experience into something good, and He did.

Bob made it through the night. It was Thanksgiving Day in America, but his prospects for the day in Lahore did not look good.

It was in Lahore, Pakistan, that I spent the loneliest day of my life. It was Thanksgiving Day, we were in a Muslim country, I didn't know one person, and I wanted to be home with my family. I longed for home, but there I was, thousands of miles away, and my flesh really got hold of me. Someone had given us a little bit of spending money just before we left. When it was given to us, the people told us to buy a nice western meal after we left India. So, we went to the Hilton, which was just down the street from our run-down hotel.

In Pakistan, chicken is more expensive than beef, so we *forced* ourselves to take advantage of the cheap price of steaks, and we ordered two big, fat, juicy, filet mignon steaks. We were also served greens, turnips, tomato, french fries, and a banana split, all for only ten dollars. As I was praying and thanking God for the food, I just broke down and cried because, despite everything, I still was really lonely. No one in the world knew where we were, and we knew no one in the whole country of Pakistan. Peggy and I talked about our families at home, who would be eating their Thanksgiving meals, then we'd both start crying. I wanted to be home during this holiday and I had to be stuck in Pakistan!

After we finished eating, we went out on the street to just see what was happening. As we strolled down the street, we noticed a man and a woman standing in front of a store window. As we passed them, I said, "Hi, where are you from?" Puzzled at being approached by a stranger with a foreign accent, they said, "Pakistan, of course! How about you?" When I told them we were from Nashville, Tennessee, they were elated, as they were familiar with country music.

"What are you doing here in Pakistan?" they inquired. I said, "My wife and I are servants of Jesus Christ. We're here in Pakistan just following Jesus and sharing the good news of His kingdom. Are you believers in Jesus?" The woman surprised us with a cryptic reply of, "Why not?"

As it turned out, this couple *were* believers in Jesus! In the midst of a lousy and lonely day, God had led us to Johnny and Shelley, right there in the middle of Lahore, Pakistan! All of a sudden, I wasn't lonely anymore as we had run into two members of our family in Christ! They invited us to their home, and we met and fell in love with the entire family. The next day they had us over to their house for a wonderful chicken dinner and they gave us a personal guided tour of the city of

Following Jesus

Lahore. We spent a week or ten days with them and their whole family. During that time, we prayed with them and shared our lives with them in another divine appointment.

From Lahore, the Hugheys flew to Karachi. As they were getting off the plane, Bob saw a man who was spotlessly dressed in an expensive business suit coming out of first class. They merged together into one line, so Bob asked the man where he was from. His answer was, "I live here in Karachi."

Bob continued the small talk, which turned out to be not so small. "Where have you been?" The man said, "I've just come from China where I was having meetings to set up international travel between our two countries."

Now, it was the other man's turn to ask Bob where he came from and what he did. Now, remember that Pakistan is a Muslim religious state. Before entering the country, Bob and Peggy were warned that while in Pakistan, there are three things that should not be mentioned: (1) that you are an American, (2) the nation of Israel, (3) Jesus Christ. So, of course, Bob killed three birds with one stone by saying, "I'm Bob Hughey from the United States. We're on our way to Israel, and we share the good news of Jesus Christ with everyone we meet!" Peggy was freaking out at Bob's boldness as neither one of them desired a prison ministry in Pakistan!

That seemed to be all the Lord had for this particular conversation, so the Hugheys disembarked and started out the door of the plane and down the steps to ground level. Just then, a limousine with flags flapping sped up to the steps, obviously to pick up someone who was very important. Bob wondered who it was for, but he shrugged it off, and he and Peggy began to follow the rest of the crowd on the long walk to the terminal.

Just then, the nicely dressed Pakistani man called over to Bob and asked, "Where are you going, Bob?" Bob said, "Over to the terminal to go through customs." The man said, "Oh, no. You and Peggy are getting in this car with me!"

They climbed into the limousine, and the man, who was a government official, took them personally through customs and even helped them get a taxi. As they said good-bye, the man gave them his phone number and said, "If there is anything you ever need, please let me know, I want to help you. And of course, I would also like you to come visit me in my home."

The man turned out to be the Minister of Transportation for all of Pakistan!

After saying good-bye to their newfound friend, Bob and Peggy came back down to earth and headed for the local YMCA. Believe it or not, this YMCA was being manned by Muslims. Pakistan, being a Muslim country, obviously does not get very excited about Jesus Christ. There were no Bibles allowed in the rooms, and the employees were hostile to the name of Jesus Christ even being mentioned. This was discourag-

A Lifestyle Of Light

ing, but that is how it was. Bob, however, was determined to find someone in town who was sympathetic toward the gospel of Christ. Bob asked the clerk at the front desk if he knew where the Bible Society was.

The clerk pointed to a man and said, “Funny you should ask, there’s the head of the Bible Society right there.”

That was God’s perfect timing! The man’s name, which cannot be used for fear of reprisal to him and his family (he shall be referred to as “Masood”), was there to try to get permission to leave an open Bible in the YMCA! As usual, and as it should be between believers, the Lord just knit Bob and Peggy and Masood together.

We’ve shared in his home and handed out scripture portions with him. Since we’ve seen him, his offices have been set on fire, and he has received threatening phone calls, but people are coming to Jesus. We couldn’t believe it, but Masood drives around town with a “Jesus Loves You” bumper sticker on his car. If you have ever been to Pakistan, you would know how radical this is. I was wishing he didn’t have it on the car, because in the middle of one trip in the car, the vehicle broke down, and we had to get out and push!

Since there was no schedule to hinder the Holy Spirit, Bob and Peggy spent their two weeks in Karachi, helping Masood, distributing tracts and scripture portions in the slums, speaking in a meeting held by Operation Mobilization, and as usual, just getting to know and talking with other residents who were staying at the YMCA.

It is in this informal way that Bob and Peggy find the most open doors to share the “life” that is in Jesus with other people. Despite the ominous beginnings to their trip to Pakistan, much good fruit came about as a result of the Hugheys’ time there, and God topped off the entire visit with an interesting occurrence just as Bob and Peggy were leaving the YMCA to fly out of Pakistan to Egypt.

I normally initiate conversations; we are called in Jesus’ name to be initiators. You are called to be salt and light in this world. That’s not something I need to fast and pray about. We all have that calling from Jesus.

Our time in Karachi had ended, and we were sitting in the lounge of the YMCA waiting for our taxi and talking to some of the guests. I happened to mention praying about something, and immediately, one of the men we were chatting with said, “Sir, will you pray for me?” I said, “Yes,” and asked the man, “What’s going on?”

He said, “Well, I’m a Muslim, and we don’t believe in divorce, so I married a Catholic woman because I knew that they don’t believe in divorce either. We had two children in our marriage, but she just divorced me and married another Muslim man with other wives! I’ve been on medication and I’ve been going to a

Following Jesus

psychiatrist. Strangely though, during all this time, I've felt as if I should get off of the drugs and pray. Will you pray for me?"

I said, "Do you know Jesus loves you?" He replied, "I told you, I'm Muslim!" I answered, "Yes, but in these days, God is pouring His Spirit out on all flesh, and that includes the Muslim people."

At this, the man began to relate a dream that he had had. "I was walking through the country, and a man on a white horse came along and told me to come up with him onto the horse. So I got up on this horse, and the man said, 'I want to take you somewhere,' and he took me to a mountain. Then the man told me to get off of the horse and go to the top of the mountain. When I got to the top of the mountain, there was a cross there, right on top, and it was glowing."

At this point, the man, turning to Bob and Peggy, asked, "Do you have any idea what this dream might mean?"

Bob thought to himself, "Well, I'm not big on dreams, but I've got this one!" Aloud, Bob told the man, "Yes, I know what your dream means. This is God speaking to you through that dream, letting you know that the only way to peace with Him is through the blood of Jesus Christ that was shed on the cross of Calvary for you."

Once again, the man emphatically insisted, "But, I told you, I'm a Muslim." Bob said, "Yes, you did tell me that. But, God loves you and He cares for you, and you'll only find peace when you look to Jesus." Right then the man beseeched them, "Please pray for me." Bob and Peggy laid hands on him and prayed for him. They left him with a New Testament and told him to read the book of John. Then they walked out the door.

They knew it was no coincidence that this had happened; in fact, it seems to happen all the time because they are always flexible and available. They know that these divine moments will happen constantly with people who are hungering and thirsting.

PAKISTAN TO ISRAEL

It was not an easy task to go from a Muslim country like Pakistan to Israel, the next country the Hugheys were going to visit extensively. In order for them to get to Israel, Bob and Peggy would have to fly to Dubai, United Arab Emirates, lay over there, then go to Cairo, Egypt, lay over there, and *then* fly into Israel. Maybe this does not sound so bad, but there was a catch.

Egyptian law states that anyone staying in their country for over twenty-four hours has to obtain a visa. So...guess how long the layover was for Bob and Peggy in Cairo? Twenty-six hours! The day before they were scheduled to leave Karachi, Bob and Peggy had the task of obtaining a visa from the Egyptian Embassy. They hopped a three-wheeled, motorized rickshaw in the hope of getting the visa and getting back to the

A Lifestyle Of Light

airport in rapid time. However, the time schedule in many foreign countries does not match the pace most Americans are used to.

The rickshaw driver had no idea how to find the Egyptian Embassy, so he stopped quite frequently to ask directions. After about two hours of this stopping and starting, with each person asked replying with different directions (or so it seemed), Bob and Peggy got an involuntary tour of Karachi!

The embassy turned out to be in a residential area somewhere on the outskirts of Karachi. Bob and Peggy went in and explained their situation to the person on duty. The Hugheys were told that in order to get a visa, they would need photographs, and those photographs would take at least twenty-four hours to obtain. On top of all this, the Hugheys were told that the person who processed visas was not there anyway.

God had prepared the Hugheys for this resistance, for as they entered the embassy, a man told them, “Don’t worry, it won’t take as long as they tell you it will take.” With that word, Bob told the person who was waiting on them, “Well, I’m sitting here until I get a visa.”

Bob and Peggy both went over and plopped down on a seat, forcing the people there at the embassy to deal with the situation. Sure enough, after about an hour, out came a man with Bob and Peggy’s visas all stamped and ready to go—no waiting, no hassle, and no pictures. So, despite the red tape, the procedures, the policies, and all the political wrangling, God provided Bob and Peggy with all the “pull” they needed to get them through another tight situation.

The flight out of Karachi was total chaos. Despite the constant pleading from the stewardesses, the people in the 747 jet would not sit down for takeoff. The captain of the flight even made an announcement, but the people on the plane apparently had a different definition of “order” than Americans do. During the flight, Bob and Peggy smelled the smoke of burning fires as some apparently used the flight time to cook! One lady was standing up and holding her baby as the flight landed! By this time, Bob had sunk into his seat, hiding. He says, “I just wanted to get into Israel. I knew I was in enemy territory and I just felt like pulling a mask over my head!”

During their layover in Cairo, Bob discovered that his backpack had been lost along with one other passenger’s bag. While Bob was trying to fill out all the paperwork to reclaim his bag, the other man whose bag had been lost ran out to the 747 jet, crawled up into the baggage compartment of the plane and pulled his suitcase and Bob’s backpack out.

After the man gave Bob his backpack, Bob and Peggy had to try to find a place to stay the rest of the night. It was already two o’clock in the morning, so they trudged out into the Cairo night, found a hotel room, some Cokes and bananas, and crashed. The next morning, they had olives for breakfast, boarded their plane and headed for Israel.

Following Jesus

Back in their days at Koinonia, Bob and Peggy had taken a few trips out of the country, including Israel, so the territory here was at least a bit more familiar than it had been previously.

Upon their arrival in Israel, the Hugheys headed for Christ's Church Hospice, which was located inside Jaffa Gate. This was where the Hugheys had stayed before. In fact, Bob and Peggy had previously been given the opportunity to manage the place, but Bob had refused.

It was at this hospice, back in 1978, during a vacation from Koinonia, that Bob and Peggy had one of their most memorable divine encounters.

JERUSALEM, 1978—THREE YEARS EARLIER

Bob and Peggy were sitting around in the guest house lobby talking to people about Jesus when an African man from Zimbabwe leaned toward them and said, "I believe in what you are doing," and handed Bob a few shekels. They were surprised as they had never met this man before in their lives. They asked him for his business card, but he had run out of them, and he scribbled his name and address on a piece of paper.

Later on, as they were going down the steps of the guest house, they passed a friend who was also from Zimbabwe. Bob hailed the friend and told him, "Hey, we just met someone else from Zimbabwe." To Bob and Peggy, it seemed like an amusing coincidence, but when they showed their friend the scrap of paper the other man had written his name on, his mouth dropped open and he said, "Do you know who this is?"

Neither Bob nor Peggy were able to make out the man's name on the paper. It looked like Abel something. They were right. The name on the paper was Abel Muzorewa, the first black Prime Minister of Zimbabwe. He had been visiting Israel and had been making pro-Israel statements over the radio. Once Bob heard the name, he remembered that back in Nashville during their time at Koinonia, Abel's wife, who was attending school at Scarritt College, used to come into the bookstore for counsel and prayer! Bob said, "I have to meet this guy again and tell him that I know his wife!"

Unfortunately, they had no inkling how to track him down again. No problem with God. One evening, Bob and Peggy were walking down the street in the Old City of Jerusalem at about 10:00 p.m. All the shops were closed, and most people clear the streets as it is fairly dangerous during that time of the night. As they continued to stroll down the street, they saw someone ahead of them looking in a store window. It was Abel Muzorewa!

Bob went up to him and said, "I know who you are and I've prayed that God would lead us back together." Bob talked with him about his wife and about his and Peggy's life in the Lord. Abel stopped Bob from talking by saying, "God wants you to write a

A Lifestyle Of Light

book. The book of Acts is still being written, and the two of you are involved in it. I will personally see to it that it is distributed to believers in Zimbabwe.”

As it turned out, after he left Jerusalem and returned to Zimbabwe, Abel Muzorewa was imprisoned for making a pro-Israel speech. Yes, the book of Acts *is* still being written! Later on though, after Muzorewa was released, the Hugheys were reunited with him in Nashville and facilitated his speaking at the Monday businessman’s luncheon and Belmont Church.

ISRAEL TO EUROPE

We didn’t really have an itinerary when we began our first around-the-world trip, but we sort of planned to arrive in Europe in the springtime. We had left home in July and gone west, thinking that we would possibly be gone an entire year. As it happened, by the time we arrived in Israel, which was in December, we were so totally exhausted that we were not able to volunteer for work on a kibbutz (even if they had accepted us at our advanced ages). Instead, we used the time in Israel to rest and to share with Israeli friends and with people from other countries whom the Lord put in our path.”

Because we didn’t spend as much time in Israel as we had planned, and also because we had arrived in Israel earlier than we thought, it was still the dead of winter when we traveled into Europe. After flying to Athens we used the Eurorail tickets we had purchased in Israel for all of our travel in Europe. From Athens we took a train over the Corinthian Canal to Patra, Greece.

Although their time in Greece was short, the Hugheys remember it well, because it was Christmas time, and they heard the sound of Christmas music in every city. After having spent the last month or so in Muslim countries, hearing all those songs about Jesus really blessed them and stood out as a real encouragement from the Lord to keep going and to not lose heart.

Patra was a seaside resort town, so Bob and Peggy took a ship, slept in some bunks downstairs below the deck, and soon arrived at Brindisi, Italy. After another long train ride, they finally came to Bressanone on New Year’s Day, 1982.

This is where our clothing problem began. Bressanone is located in the mountainous northern region of Italy, a ski resort town, and there was snow on the ground. However, we had left our winter clothes at home in the U.S. When packing for our trip the previous July, we had not foreseen that we would end up in Italy in January. We had thought we would be wintering in the Middle East, a more temperate climate. The snow on the Alps was beautiful, but we would have enjoyed the view more if we had been adequately dressed. Even though we came unpre-

Following Jesus

pared, the Lord provided the clothes we needed. In Bressanone, our Italian friend and her mother noticed our light-weight clothing. They became so concerned about us that they gave each of us a sweater; Peggy's was even hand knit. We were especially grateful because we had only met this friend once before, on a train in Italy, but had stayed in touch.

In Germany, we were clothed by some American friends, both old and new friends, who were in the military service. I was given jeans, undershorts, long johns, T-shirts, a sweater, and a knit cap. Peggy was given a heavy coat, sweaters, knee socks, a long, knit cap/scarf, and a new sweatshirt. Also, they gave us money. Some of it was for Peggy's January birthday with which she decided to buy some warm boots. Up until that time, she had been wearing only canvas tennis shoes in the cold weather. Her feet had ached very badly once when we had to wait a long time at the Darmstadt Train Depot.

Jesus gave Peggy an extra blessing in Heidelberg, Germany, when she left the train station to go shopping for her boots. As she walked block after block looking for stores, not knowing in which direction the shops were located, freezing rain was falling on her. By the time she returned to the train station, much later and still without any boots, a thin sheet of ice had formed all over her clothes. The amazing thing was...she didn't feel the cold temperature. Even her feet hadn't felt cold although there was snow on the ground and her shoes were made only of cotton. God is good!"

Later, as they traveled through Switzerland, Peggy was able to find some beautiful furry-lined, dark brown, suede leather boots which kept her feet toasty warm throughout the rest of their trip. Peggy even now wears those boots.

All during their travels in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, the Hugheys continued to visit and encourage brothers and sisters in the Lord, sharing in fellowships, meetings, and house groups and serving those people whom the Lord had called out. All the while, God was ministering His grace and might in Bob and Peggy's lives, showing them that no matter where they were on earth He was there and ready and willing to meet their needs in every circumstance. So what started out in July of 1981 as a big question mark—will God really see us through?—ended in February 1982 with all question marks gone and replaced by a big exclamation mark—*God is abundantly faithful!*

EUROPE TO “HOME”

The Hugheys arrived back in Tennessee feeling totally annihilated physically, but spiritually Bob and Peggy had been blessed to have their eyes opened to a walk of faith that transcended the limitations of the American religious system and way of life.

A Lifestyle Of Light

We left the United States without a program but we knew the Lord had said, “Go.” The first trip lasted six and a half months and we visited twenty-three different countries. We had no support then, and no church supports us now. We went by faith in Jesus Christ. Faith works when you are in Calcutta or in Nashville. God, the great I AM, is all over the world.

One of the most wonderful things we noticed upon our return to the United States was that neither our clothes nor our shoes showed any signs of wear and tear on them, and He provided for us miraculously every day. It’s really hard for us to allow Him to do that here in America.

A lot of people feel sorry for me. They think that Bob has been dragging me all over the world against my will, but I think it’s marvelous! I know that I’m fulfilling God’s purposes for my life as now I know that my number one ministry is to love and to serve Bob.

—Peggy

WE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

U pon returning to the United States, Bob and Peggy initially stayed at their cabin in Kentucky. However, when they went to visit their friends at Belmont Church, many changes had developed, which Bob and Peggy found to be quite disturbing.

Belmont had always been a hub for musical activity due to its involvement in the Christian recording industry. Many of the well-known singers and groups in the scene attended Belmont, so it went without saying that there was always an emphasis on praise and worship. However, what began as a pure time of singing and worshipping God turned into a period of worshipping worship. It was like going to a concert, with all the emphasis on musicianship.

Instead of growing in the knowledge of God's grace, Bob and Peggy saw that many brothers and sisters at Belmont were celebrating their freedom by moving deeper in the flesh. It was then that the Lord gave Bob a very pertinent and long-lasting word.

There is a tremendous responsibility in being led by the Spirit, for the greater the freedom, the greater the responsibility.

The Lord gives us His Spirit to empower us to follow Him, not to flaunt in pleasing the desires of the flesh.

In their ventures around the world, Bob and Peggy had witnessed and experienced revival of the purest kind. Yet on their return home, they saw a bunch of spoiled Americans abusing almost everything God had given them through apathy, wastefulness, and materialism.

Probably due more to exhaustion than anything else, the sights he saw at Belmont caused Bob, for the only time in his life, to want to kill himself. Bob thought, "If this is the best America has to offer, then I would be better off driving my car off a cliff and ending it all right now."

Reverse culture shock affects different people in different ways, so Bob and Peggy zipped up to their cabin in Kentucky to just rest, pray, and seek the Lord about their attitudes and commitment to Him. It took about six weeks for them to work through a lot of the stuff they saw upon their return to the United States, but in God's timing,

A Lifestyle Of Light

the Lord had Bob and Peggy trusting in Him to take care of His church. It was their calling to follow Him.

After visiting Nolan, Cheryl, and little Christy, who had moved to Pensacola, Florida, while Bob and Peggy traveled around the world, the Hugheys found an apartment to rent and began working again with Christ's Chapel in Clarksville, Tennessee.

Just like Belmont, though, things had changed at Christ's Chapel while Bob and Peggy had been gone. Instead of coming back to the church of freedom and growth they had left, what Bob and Peggy found was church in disarray and dissipation. While they had been backpacking around the world, the church in Clarksville had begun to so "grow" in their spiritual discernment that they were using all of their freedom to backbite and devour one another and beat each other over the head with judgment and condemnation. They were using their spiritual gifts to destroy and tear down, rather than to build each other up. The congregation was falling apart.

Shortly after they returned, Bob started teaching again at Christ's Chapel. However, Bob was not one to sweep things under the carpet and let Satan have a field day. On that first Sunday he began teaching, Bob started his lesson out with, "Many of you think that now that Bob and Peggy are back, everything is going to be okay, but that is not the truth. The truth is that nothing here will be okay until you confess your sins and repent of them."

For the next *two* Sundays, the people of Christ's Chapel spent their meeting time in rampant confession and repentance of their transgressions against each other. After that time of cleansing, God's grace started flowing again and, as before, Christ's Chapel became a vibrant family where lives were being changed and God's Spirit was being poured out.

In retrospect, God's discipline might have been on Christ's Chapel because they had really failed to be a part of what Bob and Peggy were doing around the world. Despite all the good fruit happening while Bob and Peggy had ministered there, there was very little support or prayer from anyone in the church to help them backpack around the world, and that is *not* how the Lord wants His Body to be functioning.

In so many ways, today's churches have become blind about the Lord's work. A missionary seems to be someone in a far-off land somewhere who needs to return to America and go on a whirlwind "beg-a-thon" to scrape up the necessary funds to go back to that foreign country to continue the work.

God sees things much differently. His desire is that as He raises up individuals from each group of believers, the support will come from family members within that congregation who catch the vision of what God is wanting to do. A missionary, then, is not some far-off stranger, but rather your own brother or sister in the Lord. Support comes as a natural outflow of Body life within that congregation, not just a check written out to some sterile ministry.

Apparently, Christ's Chapel learned their lesson, for when Bob and Peggy were called out to go around the world ministering for a second time in 1983, the people

We'll Never Be the Same Again

of Christ's Chapel helped to support the trip by taking up a collection and sharing it with them. And, the second time around, Christ's Chapel grew spiritually, emotionally, and physically because they had participated in what God was doing with Bob and Peggy as members of the Body of Christ.

Bob and Peggy continued to minister in and around Clarksville, sharing in house groups, retreats, and seminars, generally taking up where they had left off before their first round-the-world journey, but with even greater power.

It was only about a year later that God started putting events in motion which would birth a second round-the-world trip for Bob and Peggy. Once again, they would have the privilege of watching the Holy Spirit work in marvelous ways.

Our second trip around the world in 1983-1984 started when we were contacted by a friend of ours, Tim Ruthvin. Tim had been in Bendorf, Germany, where he had been asked to put together a leadership retreat on a boat for about four or five days. As Tim was praying about the details of this retreat, the Lord told him that he was not to be the one doing the retreat, Bob and Peggy Hughey were the ones He wanted to be there to share and to teach. Tim called us up and told us what the Lord had told him, so Peggy and I started praying about it. As it turned out, the people in Bendorf wanted us to stay there for a month to share and minister in various assemblies and meetings.

As we prayed about it, Peggy and I got the leading that this was to be the first stop in another trip around the world.

Once again, the Hugheys packed up all of their furniture and stored it in a friend's basement. Finances came from various sources. Remarkably, the people in Bendorf, Germany, sent the Hugheys a check that paid for round-trip airfare from the United States to Bendorf and back. This may not sound very astounding up front, but in the course of their ministry, *very few* groups have paid for the expenses it takes for Bob and Peggy to travel and survive. This case was a rare exception.

The check from Bendorf was applied to the tickets for the more extensive trip around the world. As before, Bob and Peggy bought open-ended tickets to allow God to set the agenda for how long He wanted them to stay in each place. The itinerary was very "loosey goosey." Instead of going from west to east, this time Bob and Peggy traveled from east to west.

Seemingly, after only just catching their breath from their first adventure around the world, Bob and Peggy were off again with their first stop being Bendorf, Germany.

THE CALL ON THE BODY

I don't want to live an extra twenty-four hours if God has no life in it. I don't want to live one day longer than what God needs to fulfill His purposes and plans for me. That is freedom. That means, if you live, praise the Lord! If you die, praise the Lord! You are free to go anywhere or stay anywhere He wants you to. You are free to be where He wants you to be. You are free to speak to the people He wants you speaking to. You are full of grace; you are full of power. You are full of freedom because you know that you are not here to do your own thing anyway. You are here that His will might be done in you. That is *total* freedom. Then, if you live, praise God! He has more for you to do. If you die, praise God! He is finished with you. That is what God is looking for in the Body of Jesus Christ in America. It's then and only then that we will be about the Father's business. I don't want to hang around trying to build my kingdom, my estate, or my business. I only want to be about His business.

Ask yourself these questions:

“Would it be all right with you if Jesus came back tonight? Is there anything you are involved in that you would like to get finished up before He comes back?”

If so, it *could* be an idol in your life. I'm not saying that it is, but it would be in some places! If indeed we are His people, living for the glory of God, walking in His Spirit, washed in His blood, then you don't sweat it. If He calls you to go to Asia, then you go to Asia. If He calls you to go to Iran, then you go to Iran. If He calls you to go to Uganda, then you go to Uganda. If He calls you to go to India, then you go to India. You go where He calls you to go. Why? Because you are just here for His purposes anyway. That is freedom. That is the God life.

Now, where are we? We sing, “It is well with my soul.” Is that the truth, or is it just another catchy, religious song?

We sing another song based on Philippians 3:10-11, “I want to know Christ and the power of His rising, sharing His suffering, conformed to His death.” That still hurts, and it is still painful.

That song continues, “When I pour out my life...” I still like to hang onto *my* life.

“To be filled with His Spirit...” Well, I'm willing to have just enough of Your Spirit to get by, Jesus. I'll give you ten percent. Are you happy now, Jesus? And Jesus says, “You are not going to be happy until you give it all.”

The rest of that song says, “Joy follows suffering and life follows death.” I like that

The Call on the Body

joy part, but forget the suffering...

It is so easy to get caught up in nice, new songs and miss Jesus. It's really easy for me to raise my hands and sing hard and loud, when in my heart I'm not hearing and not wanting what He is calling me to.

Every day I am tempted to say, "Thanks Jesus for the good ride, but I think I'll take the day off and do what I want to do."

Then, He will say, "Okay Bob," and He will let me do it.

Then after I do it, I say, "What a waste."

It's then that God says, "I have given you all you need to know Me, so trust Me."

That is when you enter into the Stephen life, the John life, the Paul life, the kingdom life, and the abundant life. But not until all has been signed over will you really know what it means to cry out, "Jesus is Lord!" That is what God is calling us to.

I've seen all the tangents from the "discipleship movement" to the "tongues for everybody" thing, and I know that there will be even more new tangents coming. The word of Jesus is, "Don't be deceived."

Just because someone comes up to me in a quivering voice, I don't get bent out of shape, because God doesn't pour out His Holy Spirit on us today for us to play with Him. Babies play with the Spirit, but the mature are the ones who carry about in their bodies daily the dying of Jesus.

Just remember... we have been crucified with Christ.

So...

Dead men aren't frustrated.

Dead men aren't confused.

Dead men aren't disappointed.

Dead men aren't suffering.

Dead men don't get their feelings hurt.

Dead men don't struggle.

Dead men aren't bored.

Go on! Live like dead men that His resurrection power might be demonstrated in and through you!

PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

I don't mind serving
as long as people know who it is serving them,
and they realize that it's *me* serving them,
and as long as it's an opportune time for me
and in my schedule,
and that it doesn't cost me
any time, energy or money,
or as long as it doesn't put me out,
or I don't have to go out of my way
and it's in my time-frame;
then I don't mind being a servant at all,
humbly speaking,
with just a little recognition...in bold print!
And then there's Jesus, who said,
"I am among you as the one who serves" (Luke 22:27).

—Bob

July 1983, and Bob and Peggy were off again. Getting on the plane and leaving their families at the Nashville airport was really hard for the Hugheys. But believing they had been called to obedience, they swallowed hard, gave hugs to their loved ones, and turned and walked away, boarding the plane that would eventually drop them off in Germany.

Their first stop was in Darmstadt, where they visited Roger and Margaret Hogan. It was Roger and Margaret with whom the Hugheys had stayed back in 1982. For one solid week, Bob and Peggy shared in fellowships all over that area. They spoke at a meeting on the army base, a house group in Frankfurt, and at Dove Charismatic Ministries in Cologne. One of their more interesting meetings occurred when Bob was

Paths of Righteousness

allowed to share at a Catholic women's Bible study. Bob shared for over an hour and a half at that meeting because some strange topics kept coming up which Bob was asked to address. Most of the questions arose from conflicts between the Catholic doctrine and what the Bible taught.

During the course of the meeting, one woman asked Bob, "Well, the Bible says one thing, but my church says something else—what do I do?" Bob, in his own style of cutting through religious rhetoric said, "Lady, if Jesus says one thing and your church says something else, you'd better listen to Jesus!"

God had poured out His Spirit that day so that, through the words Bob spoke, the women there could be led into the full truth.

As the Hugheys continued to obey the Lord in word and in deed, the Lord in turn made Himself very conspicuous by providing for them in ways they could never have predicted. Although *some* money had been given to the Hugheys to help pay for the trip, Bob and Peggy still had to live on a fairly tight budget. Yet the Lord always came through to let His abundance flow.

As we walk and as we live, God's graciousness and the way He supplies for us continues to amaze Peggy and me—it shouldn't amaze us by now, but it does. When we arrived in Darmstadt, there was a letter waiting for us that also had \$50 enclosed. Also, during that first week in Germany a man came up to me after I had shared at the fellowship and handed me 250 German marks which, at the time, was worth nearly 100 American dollars. After that, another man gave me an envelope which contained \$100 in U.S. currency. So, again in Germany, the Lord proved that He is Jehovah Jireh by meeting all of our needs spiritually, emotionally, and physically.

TO BENDORF

The Hugheys did not know what to expect when they stepped off the train in Bendorf, Germany. All they had been told was that they were to speak at a leadership conference that was to be held on a boat. Regardless, Bob and Peggy's purpose for being in Bendorf was never in doubt.

Bob and Peggy had never met the people who had invited them to speak; all Bob had in his hand was a phone number for the Gliess family. Peter Gliess was the Lutheran pastor who had arranged for the Hugheys to come to Bendorf.

Bob telephoned the family, told them that he and Peggy were at the Bendorf train station, and, surprisingly, he was told, "No, you're not. There is no train coming through Bendorf at this time. Besides, the train station has been closed." Bob said, "I'm looking right at the sign, and it says 'Bendorf.'" They said, "Well, if that's true

A Lifestyle Of Light

then we'll see you in about one minute.”

Sure enough, only a few minutes later, Peter, the Lutheran pastor, along with Dorothee, his wife, met Peggy and Bob at the station. Peggy was greeted with a red rose. They discovered that the conductor had stopped at Bendorf just for the Hugheys, as no one else got off, and the train immediately departed.

The Germans took one look at Bob and Peggy, who were wearing their usual blue jeans and carrying backpacks, and began to laugh. “We were just talking to each other saying that we hope Bob and Peggy are not like the typical American pastors. Since we're not typical German pastors, wouldn't it be something if they arrived with blue jeans and backpacks.” That was the Hugheys exactly!

Back at the pastor's house, Bob and Peggy had a wonderful welcoming party. There was no ice cream and cake though.

They took us back to their house where they had bread and wine set on a table waiting for us. They didn't fellowship with us on the basis of how we looked or dressed or even our doctrine. We were all united as one through Jesus Christ.

After Bob and Peggy settled down in their room, they were informed that the original plans for the conference on a boat had been canceled. That freed them over the next month to share at house groups, meet with house group leaders, talk with youth groups, and even speak at the Lutheran church.

Initially, there was a problem to overcome. Since the Lutheran church is the official state church in Germany, church policy would not allow any non-Lutheran to teach at an assembly. Peter circumvented this rule by allowing Bob to give a thirty-minute greeting at the beginning of each service.

Since Bendorf is just a small town, the arrival of two Americans to the village was major news. Soon a reporter from the local paper was out at the Gliess's to interview Bendorf's foreign visitors. From the outset, Bob knew that God didn't need any good press or advertisements, so the interview came about not for Bob and Peggy's glory or for the newspaper, but so the reporter could hear about Jesus.

During the interview, Bob and Peggy shared about all the different, miraculous experiences they had been through over the past few years and how God had provided for them constantly, even though they were not affiliated with any group or denomination. The reporter was deeply moved during the interview and, as he was leaving, the man, after hearing of the wonderful works of God in Bob and Peggy's lives, had tears in his eyes and said, “I am glad to know that God is still working today.”

Later, the Bendorf paper had a half page article of the interview and on the front page of the paper was a picture of Bob and Peggy.

Paths of Righteousness

That article really lifted the Lord up, for which we were grateful. Later we found out that the reporter had accepted Jesus and had been born again. He was moved by the Lord during that interview and he is still walking with the Lord today!

From the time the Hugheys arrived in Bendorf, their schedule was pretty much planned out. Of course, there was the “informal” ministry to individuals and strangers that Bob and Peggy are known for, but for the month they stayed in Bendorf, Bob and Peggy were involved in a wide variety of meetings, including candlelight ceremonies, confirmation services, Bible studies, and a three-day pastors’ conference. After only two weeks of this jam-packed schedule, Bob was asked if he and Peggy could extend their visit to Christmas!

During the various meetings, many people saw a life that had previously been confined to the pages of the New Testament. Meeting Bob and Peggy gave them a new, refreshing hope of a dynamic life in Jesus.

As usual, some of the greatest needs in the people arose because of the conflict between what the state Lutheran church taught as policy and what the Bible taught as truth. The major controversy Bob and Peggy ran into came over water baptism.

Officially, the Lutheran church in Germany accepted infant baptism only and had a policy *against* any other form. However, many of the believers in Bendorf who were really seeking the Lord saw that in the Bible all the references to baptism pertained to adult immersion. Though Bob and Peggy never tried to push anything onto the people, the issue kept coming up, and Bob was never one to fudge the truth.

In addition, the state church’s policy provided that its pastors were expressly forbidden to be immersed as adults. Should any pastor disobey, he faced immediate dismissal from his ministry.

At a three-day leadership conference, Bob and Peggy had the opportunity to share with and encourage a young pastor who was about to be fired even though all the man had been doing was preaching the truth of the Word and lifting up Jesus. Of course, his ministry was growing rapidly, with many people accepting Jesus. However, this pastor’s methods differed from the Lutheran line, so he was being called to task over what he was saying and doing. And, once again, just as he had in other churches, Bob was called upon to shine the light of Jesus into a church full of legalism and bondage, to show the difference between the church of Jesus Christ and the dead world church.

During the conference, Bob taught from the first three chapters of Colossians on walking in this world with Jesus. After the meetings ended, Bob and Peggy spent over an hour counseling and praying with the people, some of whom were Lutheran pastors and their wives as well as quite a few young people.

A Lifestyle Of Light

I saw that God had been preparing me the last several years just to share life with those people at that conference. The revelation, the practical experience, the experiences He has led us through, and what we have seen so many others go through enabled us to speak the Word cleanly, simply, and yet boldly, without compromise. I knew that many hearts were blessed. Some of those people were walking in really tough places, but it is in those places that we are called to walk and obey Jesus and not worry about future consequences because the future is really in the hand of the Lord.

During the final night of the conference, there was a collection taken for Bob and Peggy that totaled over 700 marks, which tallied up to nearly \$300.

Earlier in the Hugheys' visit to Bendorf, during lunch time with the Gliess family and friends, Peter got everyone's attention and then made a speech about the blessings of God. He told of some money a person had given him to do with as he felt the Lord was leading. Peter said the Lord wanted him to give it all to Bob and Peggy. He then handed the envelope over to Bob. After opening it, Bob discovered that it contained 500 marks, which figured to nearly \$200. Again, God was showing Bob and Peggy that obedience pays off!

After finishing several weeks worth of some intense time of ministry, Bob and Peggy were given the opportunity to have a few days' rest at the pastor's getaway cottage in Brubbach, a tiny country town about thirty minutes drive from Bendorf. But God is full of surprises even during periods of relaxation.

As they were enjoying the quiet of the countryside, Bob and Peggy heard a knock on the cottage door. To their surprise, it was Heidi and Peter, a couple from the Bendorf fellowship. Heidi explained that after hearing Bob share on the previous Sunday, she wanted to do something to contribute to the Hugheys' ministry. She began to pray for the Hugheys, and the Lord told her to "give Bob and Peggy some money." Heidi told the Lord, "Lord, I don't have any money." To which the Lord promptly replied, "You have jewelry. Sell it and give it to Bob and Peggy."

She immediately obeyed and traveled out into the country with her husband to give Bob and Peggy the gift. That gift amounted to 1,000 marks, which equaled 400 American dollars.

There we were in Brubbach, and God had this couple come out in the country to give us money! What was amazing about our communication with each other is that Heidi had never studied English. Now this may grate against your doctrine, but the only English the woman knew was what she had been given when she was baptized in the Holy Spirit. At that time she was given the gift of English. She never studied it in school. She just started praying out loud, and English came out. If

Paths of Righteousness



Peter & Dorothee, Bendorf, Germany - 1983

anyone doesn't believe God still gives gifts today, they need to meet Heidi and hear how she received her gift of English. It's exciting. We just communicated with each other with the gift God had given her. If you don't believe in such things, this lady will make a believer out of you, but at the same time, don't get bent out of shape about it.

The two couples drank a few cokes and had some cake and cookies, having fellowship with one another for about an hour. Before they left, Peter had another surprise. He was a salesman of hair products, so he blessed Peggy with a beautiful travel case filled with different kinds of good shampoos and conditioners.

It just blew our minds! We were just sitting out in the middle of nowhere in Germany, and God sent these people to our door with gifts of all kinds. God is good!

Back at the Gliess's house in Bendorf, it was customary for the Hugheys to begin their day at the breakfast table where, along with Peter Gliess and his family, Bob and Peggy would pray and read the Bible together. On one particular morning, Bob, in his personal time of prayer before going down to breakfast, was given a word from the

A Lifestyle Of Light

Lord. It was a word that he did not want to hear, and especially a word he did not want to share with Peter. Yet, Peter had told Bob from the very beginning of their visit, “God has sent you to teach me and my family how to walk with Jesus.” Bob decided that if this word was really from the Lord, then God would open up an opportunity to share it without it having to be forced or manipulated.

Peggy and Bob made it out to the patio where breakfast was waiting for them. Soon, Peter and Dorothee came and sat down. Immediately, Peter looked at Bob and asked, “Has God given you something special for me today?” Bob looked at Peggy, fidgeted in his chair, and reluctantly answered, “Yes.”

Peter was anxious to hear what the Lord had told Bob, but he noticed Bob hesitating, so after a few moments of Bob’s stalling, Peter asked, “Well, what is it?” Bob started to compromise and tell Peter something else, but Peggy’s gentle, loving foot kicked Bob from underneath the table. His interpretation of this *nudge* was, “Go on, Bob, tell Peter what the Holy Spirit has given you to tell him.” So he said, “Brother, Jesus wants you to be baptized in water.”

Enraged, Peter jumped up from the table screaming at Bob! If Peter chose to be baptized, it would be the end of his entire ministry! He would lose his home, his job, and his retirement, which at the time was only five years away. Dorothee later said that she had never seen Peter act like that in all the time that she had known him.

A month had passed since they had arrived, and despite a lifetime’s worth of ministry still needed, Bob and Peggy knew it was time for them to leave Bendorf and move on.

As Bob and Peggy said their tearful good-byes to the Gliess family, Peter came up to Bob and asked, “Bob, will you still love me and fellowship with me even if I’m never baptized in water?” Without hesitation, Bob answered, “Yes.”

Ironically, since that visit every member of Peter’s family has been baptized in water except him, and no matter what Peter does, Bob and Peggy continue to do to Peter as they do to everyone else they meet—they just continue to love him where he is.

God showed me that the people in Bendorf didn’t need to hear another teaching, they needed a demonstration of the Spirit and power of Jesus Christ. So, God had me wash their feet, because very few people are willing to wash feet anymore. But Jesus did it. Things like that will never make it on Christian television, but I’m not in competition with anybody. I’ve been set free from trying to top anybody’s testimony.

I was a totally hyped-up person for so many years that I cherish days now that I can spend entirely in the presence of God and fellowship with Him. We spend so much time talking and too little time listening. Then we wonder why we don’t

Paths of Righteousness

know God's will. You don't get to know a person by just talking to them, you also need to spend time listening as well.

Therefore, I know my Father's voice over and above every other voice. Sadly though, a lot of things attributed to my Father are things He has never said because God isn't confused. Some people tell us that God led them to get a divorce. They are deceived because God won't ever lead you into anything that He hates, and He only hates those things that are bad for us. He loves us and He is saying, "Come to Me. Listen to Me. Trust Me. Walk with Me, and you will have life."

MORE EUROPEAN STOPS

From Bendorf, the itinerary went as follows: Ministered on husband and wife relationships at Koln. Returned to Darmstadt to share at the base chapel again. On to Munich to be with Maranatha Ministries. Relaxed in the Alps.

Wherever they happened to be speaking or traveling, Bob and Peggy emanated the power and love that comes through a marriage relationship based on a deeper relationship with Jesus. When the Hugheys attended any meeting, Bob generally did all of the talking while Peggy just sat there quietly, usually next to her husband.

Yes, Bob is the loud one, while Peggy usually does not say anything. However, no one can be around them for very long without observing the silent strength behind the man. It has been said many times that Bob is the mouth and Peggy is the heart of their relationship with each other and in Jesus. Without even saying a word, Peggy touches the lives of many people, shining as a jewel of the rarest kind.

In all of the hectic traveling, speaking engagements, and worldwide mayhem that she and Bob seem to get tangled up in, Peggy rarely shows any impatience, anger, or irritation. Throughout the fleabag guest houses, strange food, and uncertain travel arrangements, Peggy demonstrates an evenness of character that provides a remarkable model in today's society of what a Godly woman looks like, how she talks, and how she serves her husband. Friends and strangers alike, all of them listen to Bob, but even more powerfully, they are touched by Peggy.

Because of this unique equilibrium that keeps their relationship sharp and fruitful, the message Bob and Peggy share is powerful in its simplicity. Bob and Peggy are not deep, complicated people, and they have remained that way throughout the years because their simple message and life is the greatest strength they possess, and it is with that strength that the Body of Christ is blessed.

The Lord gave us a word years ago, and that was, "I will bless people by them watching you. It's not what you say that will be a blessing, it's what you are that matters."

A Lifestyle Of Light

An interesting encounter happened on the train from the Alps to Garmisch.

We were on a train in Germany in Bavaria going up to the Zugspitze, one of the mountains. I noticed a Jewish couple sitting near us. The woman was reading a book in Hebrew, so I thought it would be a great opportunity to share life with two of God's chosen people. So, in my good "southern" Hebrew, I looked over to them and said, "Shalom y'all!"

Surprised, the man asked me if I was Jewish. I said, "Well, yes, by second birth."

Since there were many U.S. military personnel on the train, the man asked me if I was in the military. I pointed upwards and said, "I'm in His army."

Although the man said he understood, I could see that I had baffled him a little bit. Soon our discussion intensified, and when the man found out that we were going to stop in Israel in a few weeks, he wrote down his name and address and said, "Call us when you get to Israel."

In that short period of time, God brought Bob and Peggy and Eli and Zipi together and created a friendship that the Lord would use in only a few short weeks to bring the Good News to many more Jewish people.

Throughout Europe, on trains, buses, in hotels, restaurants, train stations, taxis, shops, on street corners—in every walk of daily life—Bob and Peggy shared with whomever the Lord brought into their path, or whosoever's path Bob and Peggy were brought into!

This open schedule that the Hugheys continually live in brought one observer to say, "Bob and Peggy are so led by the Spirit that we don't like to organize anything when they come visit us."

Sometimes the sharing of their faith brought some rather negative responses. One of the more unnerving incidents happened at the Bristol Hotel in Zurich, Switzerland. One morning Bob and Peggy decided to go down to the hotel restaurant for breakfast. The restaurant was no more than a crowded room with just a few tables. One was expected to find a table and sit down no matter who else might be sitting there—a common European custom.

As Bob and Peggy scanned the room for seats, it was obvious that finding two chairs at the same table was going to be very difficult, since most of the tables already had two or three people sitting at them. Undaunted, they continued to visually skim the room until they spotted one lone table with just one man sitting at it. They asked the man if anyone else was sitting there, trying to be polite, but the man dropped his paper down just enough to glare at them, showing non-verbally that he really was not

Paths of Righteousness

happy with the thought of them sitting near him. Nevertheless, seeing no way out of it, the man informed them that no one else had laid claim to the seats.

The man had a few papers and letters sitting out on the table along with his breakfast. Bob, in his usual way, tried to get the man to talk a little bit, and noting the address of one of the letters, Bob spoke out, "Oh, you are from Australia I see." In a low tone the man grumbled, "Yes." Bob took this one word as a positive response, so he continued talking, "Well, what do you do for a living?"

Those words acted as a detonator to cause this already irritated man to explode into anger. "I can't believe that an English speaking person would be so rude as to ask a question like that. That is none of your business!" The man continued ranting and raving, and verbally ate Bob and Peggy alive. By this time, both the Hugheys were actually shaking.

Trying to do something that might cool off the tension, Bob said, "Well, I don't mind telling you what we do. We share the good news of Jesus Christ with everybody we meet." They then tried to eat, but by this time the entire table had a cold chill around it. Finally Bob said, "I want to pray for you," which he promptly did. In the prayer, Bob asked for forgiveness for disturbing the man's meal as well as praying that the man would come to know Jesus and life in Him.

As the man hurriedly finished his meal and got up to leave, Bob said, "Sir, I just want you to know that I love you, and Jesus loves you." With his whole face twisted in a grimace of rage and his chubby jowls flapping with fury, the man screamed, "I'll tell you one thing, you have ruined my bloody breakfast!"

That was the last of the man from Australia.

After Zurich came ministry throughout Italy and Greece where Bob and Peggy met people from all over the world, handed out their cards, and shared Jesus. Bob gets an address from every person he meets and is able to share Jesus with so that he can continue to write them and in some way help them to see the light of the gospel.

ISRAEL AGAIN

By October, Bob and Peggy were once again in Israel, the country that had started it all two thousand years before with Jesus and twenty-five years before with Jesus and Bob. Because of Jesus, Israel has become a country that Bob would die for, and the Jesus in Bob has opened a very special place in his heart for the Jewish people.

Romans 11:1 states, "I say then, God has not rejected His people, has He? *May it never be!*"

You'd better believe this whether you can tie it in with all of your theology or not. You've got to believe this. God has not rejected His people. This is probably going to shatter some of the doctrine you've been brought up with, but let me tell you,

A Lifestyle Of Light

as part of my southern Illinois upbringing, I hated Jews. I was never taught to hate Jews, but just as a part of the cultural surroundings, I grew up with a hatred for them. These scriptures changed my heart and my life toward the Jewish people. God has *not* rejected His people whom He foreknew, and that's still the truth.

God told Elijah, "I've got a remnant"; and He's always had a remnant, even when the Jewish people were rebelling against Him. Amidst an obstinate, stiff-necked, uncircumcised people, God had a remnant, and so He still has today. And among the Jews today, God still has a remnant, in spite of their unbelief.

"I say then, they did not stumble so as to fall, did they? *May it never be!* But by their transgression salvation has come to the Gentiles, to make them jealous" (Romans 11:11).

That's an important line. The Jews had eyes, but they didn't see. They had ears, but they didn't hear. They had hearts given over to a spirit of stupor, rebelling against God. But because of *their* transgression, salvation has come to you and me. That happened for one reason and one reason only, to make the Jews jealous.

Isn't that exciting? This is going on today! All around the planet, as the Gentiles come into the fullness of the Holy Spirit and into a right relationship with the Father through the Messiah, Yeshua HaMashiach, we come to that place of security, peace, love, and power. Because of this, the Jews are going to be driven by jealousy to ask, "What's going on with you?" This will open the door for you to say, "It's a relationship with *your* God through the Messiah," and they are going to be coming to Jesus as a result.

Why? The Jews are seeing the futility of what law produces, and they will be seeing the fruit in the lives of those Gentiles who have found the grace of their God demonstrated in His Son, Yeshua HaMashiach. They'll be drawn by jealousy into a place of faith in God, and it's already happening today.

God's remnant has been chosen by grace, and now all of us can get in on it.

Almost immediately upon their arrival in Israel, Bob telephoned Eli and Zipi. (Their names are short for Elijah and Zipporah.) The Lord continued to knit the two couples together and opened the door for the Hugheys to continue to share about their walk with the God of the Jews.

When I talked to Eli on the phone, he asked Peggy and me to come over to their house for dinner. We arrived at their house and found that they had invited a lot of other people also. As we sat down, Eli said, "Bob, tell these people what you do." So I did, and as I spoke, one of the men asked if I would speak to a group of Israelis he wanted to get together. He said, "I want the power that you have."

Just as he promised, he called together nineteen Israelis for Peggy and me to share with. As we were introduced, the man said, "Here are Bob and Peggy Hughey. Bob has something to share with us, something that we need, so we need to listen."

Paths of Righteousness

For the next several hours, we sat there sharing the good news of the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Messiah with these people. Most Jews in Israel do not even believe in God, let alone Yeshua HaMashiach. Did you know that? Most Jews in Israel do not even believe in God, yet miraculously, there we were, invited to speak the good news to a group of nineteen people. For two and a half hours we got to share the good news of Jesus Christ with them. We don't have all the answers, but we know the One who does. His name is Jesus.

Since then we have been invited to Eli and Zipi's house dozens of times; we were even able to share at a Passover Seder. It was there that twenty Jews from all over the world were gathered. Some were newcomers from Russia and the Ukraine. I do know that five different languages were spoken at that particular Passover. Although we were the only Gentiles participating in this traditional event, this is how we were introduced: "We'd like to introduce Bob and Peggy Hughey. They aren't Israeli, but they are more Jewish than most Israelis."

Near the end of the meal, four women came over to us and said, "We want to come over to your table and talk to you about spiritual things." One of them said, "Don't you think all of this boring?" I emphatically said, "No! To you it may only be ritual and tradition, but we believe in everything that has been said here tonight."

We tell the Jews we encounter that we serve the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Messiah, and we have been given great favor with them. We really believe



Eating Knaffe in Jerusalem - 1983

A Lifestyle Of Light

that this has happened because we don't belong to any religious organizations. I don't even use the word *Christian* because of the connotations that go with it. *Christian* means anything that you want it to mean. This includes loose morals, dead religion, and rituals.

Another reason why God has blessed us in sharing with the Jewish people is that they all have been trained about every Christian organization in the world. When they start firing questions about which group we're in, we say, "We're not in any group." We tell them, "We believe in your God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Messiah and we walk with Him every day."

If we even mentioned a religious institution, there would be walls going up higher and thicker than Jericho's. Instead, when we go to Israel the Lord has us meeting gobs of people from all over the world. He then gives us opportunity to share with them in all sorts of different places. We've shared on the streets, on buses, in eating places, at our hotel, and even places of business and shops. If we went over there with a quarter of a million dollars, rented some big auditorium with a massive public relations blitz, we wouldn't even come close to sharing Jesus with the number of people we do every time we go there.

As we just go there and live simply, trying to be sensitive to the Holy Spirit as to whom we should be with, the Lord is always faithful to keep us swimming in the waters of life with the Jewish people we meet. This is probably because anytime we head out for Israel, we always spend time praying before we leave that the Lord would lead us to those special people who really need Jesus; that is, those who are hungry. Not the Pharisees or the religious or the self-righteous, but the kind of people Jesus moved among in his day. Those are the ones we want to be with in this day because Jesus is still moving among them.

This means we don't have to work anything up; the Lord leads us to the ones who are hungry. We may never know what impact our words have on some people, but we speak what the Lord gives us and leave the rest to Him. We are confident the Lord will send others to water the seeds we always plant. We are also sure that God will give the increase as well, because we have found out the hard way that the best "follow-up program" is the one given over to the Holy Spirit.

A Jewish lady asked, "Do you mean to tell me that God speaks to you?" I said, "Yes, just like He did to your Father Abraham. I walk with Him just like your Father Abraham."

"Where do you go to church?" she asked, trying to categorize my faith. "I don't go to church. I walk with God and I go where He tells me to go and do what He tells me to do."

"Well, where do you get your money?" "God gives it to me. It's *your* God!"

Peggy says to them, "Thank you for your unbelief because it's only through your unbelief that we have been grafted in."

Paths of Righteousness

As we enter these days, as we see that we are grafted into the Jewishness of the Messiah, there will be more of us relating to the Jews. I say this because I believe that the days of the Gentiles are nearly over, and those times have been fulfilled. What we are seeing now is an increasing hunger and thirst among Jewish people all over the world for their Messiah. We, as believers in their Messiah, are called to bless Israel. We are called to pray for the peace of Jerusalem (see Psalm 122:6). We've been called to esteem them highly as the apple of God's eye. I am constantly praying for a move of God among the Jews all over the world.

As usual, there were also times when the Hugheys met resistance to their message; however, even in opposition, Bob and Peggy learned valuable lessons from the Lord.

I remember we were at the Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem where we were ministering and sharing the Lord with the people there. This Jewish girl came up to us and said, "Why don't you go back to America and minister to all those screwed-up Christians there!"

Unfortunately, she saw what many American churches seem to be blind to, because she was talking about the people who hang on to Jesus with one hand and the world with the other. You see, Holy Ghost and flesh don't mix. Holy Spirit and self don't mix. Holy Spirit and evil spirit don't mix, either. That's the lesson we learned from that experience.

SINAI

Bob and Peggy had been on the road a long time, almost three months, and were eagerly anticipating their next leg of the trip as it was to be a wonderful opportunity to share Jesus with the Multi-National Peacekeeping Forces in the Sinai Desert. Before they had ever left Clarksville, Tennessee, to travel around the world, they had gotten together with an acquaintance of theirs from Christ's Chapel Fellowship who just happened to be the Criminal Investigative Director of the Peacekeeping Forces. He invited the Hugheys to go down to the base located in the Sinai to speak to the troops. He arranged all the details and had arrived in the Sinai ahead of them. Bob and Peggy got their visas to enter Egypt, and after spending a few more weeks in Israel, they caught the bus from Eilat and forged out through the desert to find the army base. What happened on that trip turned out to be one of the wildest stories Bob ever tells.

We were going down through the Sinai Desert. We already had been traveling for a long time and we were both very tired. We were riding on this Arab bus through the Sinai from Eilat to Sharm El Sheikh, which is at the very tip of the Sinai where the Multi-National Peacekeeping Forces were stationed. We had been invited to share Jesus with these forces down there—thirteen hundred "captive" soldiers

A Lifestyle Of Light

and sailors. That was fun, but getting down there wasn't.

It was Friday, the holy day for Arabs, and we found ourselves on an old, broken-down bus, clattering through the blowing sands and the waves of heat. Now on this bus, they were blaring this *very* Arab sounding music. I'm sure it was soothing to the Arabs, but to me it was like a thousand fingernails scraping across a thousand chalkboards played at 78 rpm's, with a million heavy metal guitars blasting away on their highest pitched strings. Waaah-aaaaaah-Waaaaah-aaaaah!

This music screeched on for seven straight hours, rattling the sound speakers in such a way that the sounds coming out were just a distorted remnant of squeals and piercing notes, which blasted our ears like a bad dentist with a whining drill. I found something else out on that bus ride. Arab cigarettes stink even worse than American cigarettes, and it seemed like everyone on that particular bus was severely addicted! On top of the grating music and the belched-out smoke, the bus was also packed with all the spirits that accompany Islam.

So there we were, riding on this bus. Peggy knew that I was having a hard time. She didn't even have to have a gift of discernment to realize what was going on inside of me. Being the gracious woman that she is, Peggy tried to get my mind off of the external circumstances and back onto spiritual things. She turned to me and said, "You know, being in the desert reminds me of Abraham and Sarah and their family over in Ur." I looked up at her and bluntly said, "Honey, I don't give a damn what Abraham did. I'm just trying to make it through this bus trip!"



Blessing Sent from God on Bus in Sinai - 1983

Paths of Righteousness

You see, I'm not very spiritual but I *am* real. Of course, I knew right then that I had rebelled against God and sinned against Peggy. By God's grace, I immediately confessed my sin and started praying. I also reached down for my Bible and started washing myself with the Word of God.

A few minutes later, someone came by and tapped me on the shoulder and in a low voice said, "Excuse me, what is that book you are reading?" I really wasn't in the mood to begin a prison ministry at that particular time in my life but I told the truth and said, "It's the Bible, the Word of God."

If you've never been in an Arab country, please note that *that* particular statement could cause some major problems and has even led many believers to their deaths.

The man then inquired in an even more serious tone, "Are you a believer in Jesus?" I said, "Yes, and I'm willing to die for it." Just then, the man bent down a little further and said, "Me too. Praise the Lord, brother!"

Moments later we were surrounded with sixteen Egyptian medical students God had put on that bus, each one filled with the Holy Spirit. All of them came over to our seats and hung around us until they got off at the Red Sea.

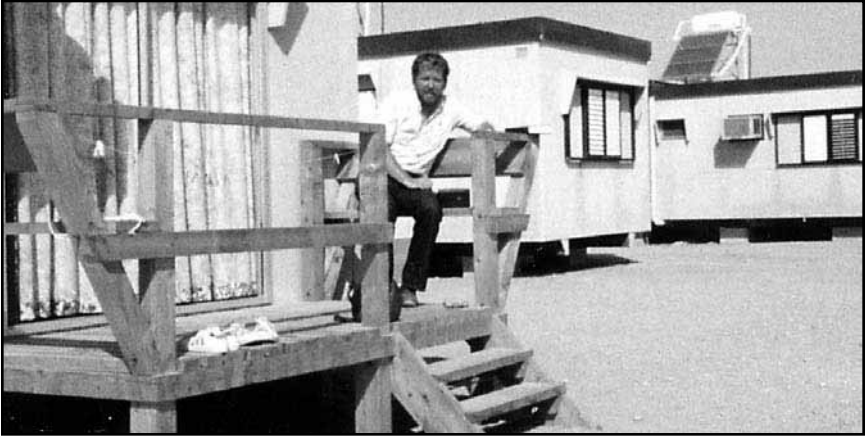
After arriving and settling in at the Peacekeeping Forces army base, we were loaned a vehicle and were able to spend the next two days on the beach of the Red Sea with these medical students, sharing the Lord Jesus Christ and praising Him in song and fellowship.

The Lord taught me that He is ready and able to redeem my junk. Yes, I admit that it's full-time work for Him to take care of me because I prove to be unfaithful, but He proves to be faithful. I have a desire to be faithful, but I confess that I'm not there yet, and still, His strength is manifested in my weakness.



Mess Hall in Sinai with Multi-National Peacekeeping Observers - 1983

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob on Porch at M.F.O. Base - 1983

It was the middle of the night in the middle of the desert when the bus driver opened the doors and let Bob and Peggy off the bus. Looking around and trying to get their bearings, they saw absolutely nothing except a glow on the horizon. So that is the direction in which they started walking. It was not long before that glow turned into the army base. The Hugheys were greeted by the cold muzzles of machine guns. Security was tighter than ever because only a few weeks before, the marine barracks of the troops stationed in Beirut, Lebanon, had been blown up.

C-rations were provided for Bob and Peggy to eat, and they were put up in the V.I.P. quarters, which was a portable, modular building and very comfortable. The officer who had invited the Hugheys arrived the next day (he had been called away by an unexpected emergency the day before) and had already set up meetings where Bob and Peggy were allowed to speak, teach, and minister. Several people were coming to the Lord at that time and were being baptized in the Red Sea.

The officer later took the Hugheys into the desert in a four-wheel-drive, air-conditioned vehicle. They went to Mount Sinai where they climbed the mountain and spent the night at the top.

We were on the top of Mt. Sinai where we slept in sleeping bags all night. I'm glad I did it once but I don't care to do it again. The word the Lord gave me on the top of the mountain was, "Hughey, you don't have to climb any more mountains. The Law came through Moses, but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ. I sent Him to you, and that is called Good News."

Because the bus trip to the base was so rough, it was a relief for the Hugheys to

Paths of Righteousness



Bob with M.F.O. Soldiers at Sharam El Sheikh, 1983

find conditions on the military base to be quite nice. There were thirteen hundred people who lived on the base, and one of the men who happened to attend some of the meetings where Bob spoke was in charge of the mess hall. He told Bob and Peggy to follow him to the mess hall one night to sample some chocolate chip cookies just coming out of the oven. The soldiers and the Hugheys ate like kings: sirloin steaks and lobster for dinner with banana splits for dessert. Just another day of ice cream in the desert!

Since the food was fantastic and the accommodations were great, Bob and Peggy would have really liked to stay at the base for a much longer period of time than they did. But if they had wanted to get fat, lazy, and comfortable, they would have stayed in America. It was time to move on...again.

CAIRO AND PAKISTAN

One bus later, across the Sinai and over the Suez Canal, Bob and Peggy entered Cairo.

While they had been in Darmstadt, Germany, Bob and Peggy had met a lady in one of the fellowships. She and her husband, who was a physician, told the Hugheys that once they made it to Cairo, they could stay with them at their home.

After a few days of sharing and ministering there, Bob and Peggy caught the first plane out to Karachi, Pakistan, to be reunited with Masood, his wife and the whole family.

As usual in a hostile country, Masood's ministry was doing well; and as is even more usual, where there is growth in the Lord, there is also persecution. One story

A Lifestyle Of Light

Masood related to Bob described the daily peril believers face in Muslim countries.

Masood told Bob that Islamic fundamentalists had infiltrated their Bible studies. One night a few of them entered the Bible study and kidnapped Masood. They took him somewhere outside of the city and stripped him naked before their entire group of about twenty individuals. They all discussed one thing, how they were going to kill him. They began arguing among themselves about the method they were going to use and what kind of torture they wanted to inflict on him. Some suggestions included making him drink kerosene, then lighting him up. During this discussion, Masood picked out the leader of the group and looked at him with love in his eyes. All he got in return, however, was a look of stabbing hatred. Then, almost in an instant, this man's disposition changed as if he had had a change of heart.

Masood remembers very little after this point except that he awoke outside, still somewhat disoriented. Somehow, he had been given back his clothes and the keys to his car, so he was able to make it back home safely, albeit in the middle of the night. All of this was a miracle, especially as he had been blindfolded when he was taken away and had no idea where he was.

His wife normally cannot sleep if Masood doesn't come home at night, but that night the Lord had given her peace so that when her husband arrived home, she was in bed fast asleep.

Lahore was the next stop in Pakistan. The Hugheys figured their time in Lahore would be short because no one in the city knew they were coming. However, Bob and Peggy did try to visit their friends, the Smiths, whom they had met on their first trip there. Unfortunately, it was not easy finding them because they lived in an out-of-the-way place. Bob and Peggy walked down sidewalks and crossed over streets to try to locate the Smiths. They eventually wound up walking down an old back alley, dodging mud puddles and potholes, when a car pulled up beside them. The door of the vehicle opened, and a voice called out, "Get in!"

What appeared to be the makings of a hostage crisis was instead a family reunion, for the person in the car who had seen Bob and Peggy meandering down that dark alley was no one else but Johnny, the friend they were looking for!

Though totally unannounced, the Smiths seemed almost to have anticipated the Hugheys' arrival in Lahore. Instead of the loneliness that had overwhelmed them on their first visit, Bob and Peggy were encompassed with a wonder-*full* time of fellowship, dining, and prayer with the Smith family.

Paths of Righteousness

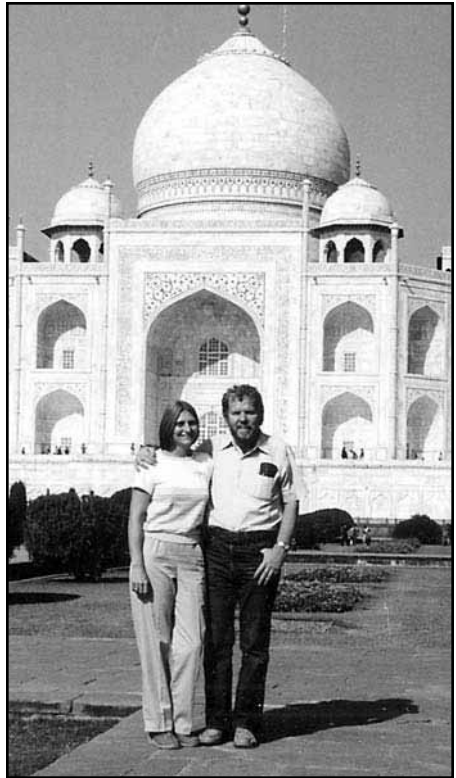
INDIA

Encouraged, Bob and Peggy flew to Delhi, India, where, miracle of miracles, they made it to the Taj Mahal! Although, whether the grueling, six-hour bus ride is worth the one hour at the Taj Mahal is still very debatable. With all the splendor and mystique the Taj Mahal represents, the six hours of banging, bumping, jarring, and thumping in the dilapidated, old contraption that served as a bus made for a rough ride both at 6:00 a.m. when the tour departed and at 1:00 a.m. when the tour arrived back in Delhi. The best part of the trip was to be able to brag that you survived it! Quite possibly the Hugheys had it right the first time—if you really have to see the Taj Mahal, then the train might save you a lot of time and wear and tear, even though you pay dearly for the comfort.

Bob and Peggy have had many memorable experiences on their subsequent trips to the Taj Mahal. Most recently, after leaving Agra and while returning to Delhi, Bob noticed the bus swerving and veering all over the road. Bob thought the driver was just dodging cattle and potholes. However, after the driver kept pulling off to the side of the road and getting out, Bob realized the man had been drinking something alcoholic the entire trip.

That may have been the most memorable Taj trip, but the most fruitful trip occurred when God turned a mishap into a time of ministry and service.

One of our most unforgettable trips to the Taj Mahal happened because we didn't go in to see it! Peggy had fallen down some steps on a bus and was having difficulty walking. She never griped or complained about it the entire two weeks we were in India. She's the one with the relationship with Jesus, not me; I gripe and complain all the time, but Peggy doesn't.



*Bob & Peggy at Taj Mahal
in Agra, India, 1986*

A Lifestyle Of Light

Because of the pain she was in, we decided not to walk all the way out to the Taj Mahal. Instead, we stayed back with our tour guide. We started talking with him, and after I told him I was a servant of Jesus, our guide, who had been a Sikh, said, "This is a miracle! Last year I asked Jesus to come into my heart, but Lord Krishna also came in. Since then, I've been really confused."

So, you can guess what Peggy and I did. We sat there with this man, and for an hour we ministered the Word of God to him and prayed for him. When the other people in our group returned from the Taj Mahal, we all laid hands on him and bound every evil spirit and confusing spirit and false god. Then I got his name and gave it to the believers so that he could get plugged into a fellowship in Delhi.

It was no accident that Peggy fell down those steps. We saw that the whole purpose of our trip to the Taj Mahal was to lead us to this man and to encourage him in Jesus Christ. There is nothing insignificant in the Lord.

In Bombay, Bob and Peggy began where they left off in 1981, by immediately plugging into what was going on with Pastor Joseph and all the zealous young men and women of New Life Fellowship. It was total revival time!

I've got to get out of America to grow with the Lord because it's hard to live here and live in faith with Jesus.

Think of the best quality person in the Lord, the purest in heart, the most committed to the Lord. Then picture eighteen thousand people like that. I go over there for my own good. You'll think you're spiritual until you meet them. After you see their purity and devotion and life, you'll want to dig a hole in the ground and bury yourself. They're free! Their eyes are focused on the reason for their lives, and they believe and walk in everything in the Word.

"God chose the poor of this world to be rich in faith" (see James 2:5). If God chose the poor of this world to be rich in faith, why do all of us want to be rich in this world? Why do we spend all of our time trying to buy, get, accumulate, and hoard the things of this world, when the Word says that God chose the poor of this world to be rich in faith?

We say, "I want faith," yet we contradict ourselves by spending the majority of our time and energy seeking the things of this world and going in directions other than following Jesus. There is a conflict in some people because their treasure is in their job.

There is a paradox both in this country and in India. Here we have the nicest, cleanest, most comfortable lifestyle, yet despite all of our labor-saving devices, we don't have enough time for God. India is the worst place to go on the face of the earth, yet it's a spiritual gold mine when it comes to participating in the kingdom of God. In America, we are driven to convenience and excess. In India, you are driven to faith.

Paths of Righteousness

“God chose the poor of this world to be rich in faith.” America has a problem—people who want to be rich in this world and rich in faith—but that is an impossibility. I go to India to get my faith built because I see a living demonstration of the spirit and power of God. I don’t hear teachings about it, I don’t see videos about it, and I don’t follow someone around who’s doing it. To the extent that you want to be rich in this world, that is the extent to which you are going to miss the kingdom of God. (See 1 Timothy 6:9-11.)

Let us never forget what Jesus said. Your heart is where your treasure is, and your treasure is where your heart is, and you can’t separate them. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and I’ll give you what you need (see Matthew 6:19-20). That is what Jesus said, and yet I find people all over this land seeking their estates first and wanting to play around in the kingdom of God. That’s an abomination to God, because resurrection power works only in dead people. I find that everyone wants resurrection power, but no one wants to die for it, and a life without resurrection power is just a bunch of religious bull.

You may consider that I’m coming on strong, but I truly believe that if Jesus isn’t worth dying for, then He isn’t worth living for either. Therefore, we should live our lives to die daily. To the extent that we die correctly on a daily basis, that is the extent to which we’ll be living correctly in the kingdom of God.

In India, God’s Spirit is being poured out on all flesh. In just one month, six thousand people came to the Lord in Bombay alone. I’m talking about demon possessed people, deformed people, rich, smart, and illiterate people. Even lepers and eunuchs are coming to the Lord. Along with this move of God are the accompanying signs and wonders and healings. Everything they live for is Jesus, so they are seeing their prayers answered powerfully and quickly. Most people in America spend the majority of their time praying for money, cars, clothes, houses, and food. We *never* hear that in India. Do you know what the believers in India are praying for? “God give us twenty people this week, give us thirty people this week to come to Jesus.”

Over here, in the richest nation on earth, we hear, “Oh God, we need another thousand dollars. Add another ‘zero’ onto my paycheck.” The truth is, we don’t need any more money, we don’t need any more cars, we don’t need any more houses. We need to see how miserable, blind, wretched, unkempt, and poor we are and cry out for the mercy of God to forgive us, cleanse us, and deliver us.

India provided the environment for Bob and Peggy to really function at their spiritual peak. The entire country is in need of Jesus, so they rarely had to look any farther than the street in front of their guest house to find plenty of people who were all too ready to hear some good news. Over four million people live on the *streets* of Bombay, India, with a good percentage of them maimed, diseased, and infested with all kinds of spiritual and physical bondage. The opportunity to minister occurs about

A Lifestyle Of Light

twenty-seven hours every day.

Don't feel sorry for Peggy, feel sorry for me! Peggy would be on the streets of Bombay bathing all the dirty babies, if it wasn't for me! It's Peggy who does all the wild things, keep that in mind.

Once when we were out, we saw a bunch of lepers, the "untouchables" of India, with no arms and no legs, just scraping against the ground, writhing along through the manure and filth on the streets. Peggy said, "Bob, come on. Let's go over and lay hands on these people and pray for them." I just looked at her and said, "No, I'm going back to the bus. If you want to lay hands on them, then fine, you can go do it, but I won't." And she did. She went and loved them, and that was God.

After I had run to the bus and hidden, the Lord spoke to me and reminded me that, to Him, we are all untouchables. Some of us think that we're really nice, but in comparison to the Holy God, we stink!

The truth is, God is perfect. He is light; in Him is no darkness at all. There is no variableness, nor is there any sin. No, not even a hint of sin. We have never yet grasped what sin is because it's only when we really comprehend how bad sin is that we can really know grace.

We think that we are all nice guys, but by thinking that, we show that we've not fully accepted ourselves as sinners. God hates sin, and we've been wallowing in it up to our eyeballs. We are warty. We haven't been bathed in twenty years. Yet God has reached down in this filth, in the garbage dump of humanity, and has picked us up by the hand and has saved us. That sets you and me free to put our hands on the afflicted and the diseased and the unbathed. It gets me out of my nice, little, comfortable rut, my good-looking, good singing, nice-guy self and gives me the grace to reach out to the lost of this world.

God is a God of second chances. Only a few years later, the Lord would allow Bob to redeem himself from running and hiding on the bus that day.

In May of 1987, on our second of three trips to India within a twelve month period, we were on our way to go minister on the streets and visit some friends. As we went into the street across from the train station, we had to go up a long metal stairway to get to the correct platform to catch the train. As we approached the steps, a man with elephantiasis was sitting on the steps. This disease causes the limbs to bloat, twisting them out of proportion and causing a horrible amount of disfigurement to the person afflicted. I just walked on past the man, but the Lord said, "Go over and lay your hands on him and pray for him."

Right then I began to rationalize, "I'm the leader of this group, and we've got to get to our destination or we'll be late. Besides, we wanted to hand out these Bibles

Paths of Righteousness

and tracts and we won't have time." As this conflict with the Lord continued, God finally said, "Look, your handing out Bibles and tracts will have no blessing if you don't obey Me." So, I went back, laid hands on the man and prayed for him—just me. The man's face perked up and his eyes began gleaming. I really don't know what happened to the man but I know that I obeyed.

There are so many opportunities to tell people about Jesus wherever we go in India. Many of our American friends tell us that they aren't comfortable with sharing their faith so openly and so often. Some have even said, "I'm not comfortable with sharing Jesus so boldly; I'd rather just read my Bible quietly." We will pull into every little religious system we can to keep from walking in faith.

God had divine appointments prepared for us daily. We were walking past a bus stop when we heard two young men talking about Jesus. There are fifteen million people in Delhi, and here are two people on the street talking about when Jesus was born. We had actually walked past them, but Peggy had to go back. She asked, "Excuse me, are you talking about Jesus?"

Satish and Rajiv were the two young men, and Satish was a brand new believer and was out on the streets witnessing to Rajiv. He hadn't been to discipleship training school. He hadn't gotten his faith smashed in a Christian college. He just got born again, filled with the Spirit, and turned loose on the streets of Delhi. He didn't know a lot about Jesus, but he already knew enough about what Jesus had done for him.

I got into a taxi one Sunday morning as I was going to a meeting to speak. As I lay my Bible on the seat, the taxi driver turned and asked me, "What's that book?" After I told him it was a Bible, he said, "Oh, my seventeen-year-old son and I have been trying to read a Spanish New Testament to try to find out about Jesus. Could you please tell me about Jesus?"

Do we get that here in the United States? The hunger for reality and truth is so awesome and evident over there. The fields are ripe for harvest.

We just received a letter that there are twenty-eight people wanting to be baptized with no one there to baptize them. The hunger and the thirst for the Lord is tremendous. Now, if you looked at India with your eyes on India, you'd die in about a week. However, if your eyes are on Jesus, you'll see what He is doing. There is a body of believers there whom God is raising up with a maturity that Peggy and I have not seen on the face of this earth. Young men who are nineteen, twenty, twenty-one years old, some who were militant Hindus only two to three years ago, have now come to Jesus and are walking with a depth of maturity, grounded in the Word like nothing we have ever seen. The fields really are ripe for harvest in India.

We also met one of the wealthiest men in India. I spent the better part of two days with this man. He was the general superintendent of Tata Power, the largest power and light company in India. Millions of people would give their lives to be him—yet, after two days he looked at me and said, "Bob, I envy you." I asked

A Lifestyle Of Light

him, “Why do you envy me?” He replied, “I envy you because you’ve got something that I don’t have.”

This man had clout, perks, money, prestige, social status, and here we were in blue jeans and tennis shoes. . .and he was envying *me*! This was because he sensed something besides Bob. He sensed Jesus.

I told him, “Sir, the reason you envy me is because of Jesus. That is the only reason we have met and had this time together. It was so I could tell you Jesus loves you and He wants you to have life.”

From Bombay, Bob and Peggy went to visit Willie and Bev Soans in Nagpur. Nagpur is located in the exact geographical center of India and had been named after the snake god, Nag. If ever there was a perfect name for a city, this was it, for the entire city was oppressed as if a snake had its coil gripped around it.

Willie and Bev had been a part of the first wave of good fruit with New Life Fellowship in Bombay, and they *could* have stayed in Bombay and wallowed in their past glories. However, New Life Fellowship encourages all of its workers to seek the Lord and be ready to go out preaching Jesus to the rest of the country. New Life Fellowship works under the principle that God raises up workers within the local congregation to be sent out. The fellowship supports the couple for one year only, and if the work is not flourishing and self-supporting by the end of the first year, the couple is brought back to Bombay to continue the work there.

Though Willie and Bev had just recently moved to Nagpur, they were all too happy to share everything they had with Bob and Peggy. Literally, Willie and Bev served the Hugheys with the only food they had in their flat, knowing full well that God would somehow provide more when the time came.

The facilities in Nagpur made the guest house in Bombay look like the Taj Mahal. The Hugheys slept in a dingy, little hostel with no hot water and even less comfort. The style of the room was “early Appalachia.”

Once again, Bob was struck with diarrhea, nausea, fever, and all the other add-ons to a stay in India. Though it was December, the weather was still extremely hot and muggy, but they had much to be thankful for as the weather was actually cooler than normal, and the nights were even cold! But even that little bit of coolness wasn’t able to help Bob very much as he continued to be sapped and drained of all his energy. To add to his misery, Bob was spending December 22nd, his birthday, in the middle of India instead of at home with his family. Visions of Baskin-Robbins ice cream were driving him to delirium!

With his strength waning, everything else in Bob was affected, including his attitude, emotions, and perspective. And, to Bob’s dismay, the next city on their agenda was even worse!

Paths of Righteousness

CALCUTTA

That Calcutta is known as the “City of Joy” is worse than a bad joke. This city of the living dead is more akin to a ghost town populated by fifteen million people. Maybe this is due to the fact that Calcutta is named after Kali, the Indian goddess of death. This, the largest city in India, seems to greet every visitor with the unwelcome, reeking stench of stagnant water and the forbidding heaviness of moldy humidity. Calcutta is the only city in the world where the sky can be blue, while at the same time, the air on the ground is smoggy. There is a constant clamoring of tires screeching, dogs barking, and horns honking, yet the citizens do not seem to realize that anything is happening. Like prisoners with a life sentence of hard labor, there is a mask of futility on the face of each passerby, almost as if they have resigned themselves to a life of torture.

The city itself is a gray remnant of the days when the British controlled the country. The beautiful, Victorian-style buildings that once made Calcutta the Paris of the East, now weep as widows, as a veil of gray soot covers their once spectacular beauty. Other “sights” that characterize Calcutta are the sea of disjointed and deformed beggars and trashed-out sidewalks lined with mini-cities of cardboard shacks whose yards consisted of the backwash of street sewage. Entertainment consisted of watching the amputees trying to scrape their way across the street during the real life “dodge ‘em” game the cars play on a daily basis, or watching a kitten die of starvation in a garbage heap. Of course, no matter where one goes in the city, whether in pleasure or in labor, there is the constant hounding of darkness which covers and smothers the entire city like a jealous mother watching her delinquent children. Calcutta was tough.

The first clue that Calcutta was not going to be fun came as the Hugheys were getting on the plane in Nagpur. Bob was searched as he was getting on the plane, and it was discovered that he was carrying a Swiss Army knife. This knife had been given to Bob by a man who had been in prison, and it meant a lot to Bob, so he didn’t want to hand it over. Nevertheless, the authorities claimed the knife was considered a weapon, therefore it was not permissible to take it on the flight. The knife was confiscated, and Bob was given a receipt and the assurance that after he got off the plane in Calcutta, he could pick up the knife by showing the receipt to the officials there. Predictably, the officials in Calcutta looked at the receipt and told Bob that he should never have released the knife in Nagpur. They searched for it anyway, but to no avail. The knife was nowhere to be found.

Frustrated, Bob went to the Indian Airlines office where he made an appeal for compensation. It took two or three meetings to get things resolved, and it was while going to the final meeting that the Hugheys had their oft-related “taxi” incident.

A Lifestyle Of Light

They hired a taxi to pick them up and take them over to the Indian Airlines office. The driver pulled out onto a street where there was a huge demonstration against something about the government—a mass of nearly one million Indians. The car was totally surrounded and virtually immobilized in its tracks. Not only were they hemmed in, they realized that the angry crowd made for a potentially dangerous situation. Also, Bob, a stickler for being on time, realized that it was becoming increasingly improbable that they would make their meeting anywhere near the agreed time.

Being worn down already, he was fuming that the driver had turned down this clogged-up road. Bob was about ready to “cold cock” the driver when Peggy, in her typical stabilizing way, turned to her husband and said, “Bob, you are getting ready to have a heart attack.” These few words, touched by the Holy Spirit, were enough to get Bob’s eyes off of the situation and back on God’s peace. He said, “You’re right. It’s not worth it.” He then opened the door of the taxi, grabbed Peggy’s hand, and they dashed out into the crowd, making their way to the appointment on foot.

Bob should have remembered that Indians aren’t big on being on time, so despite the delays, he and Peggy arrived at the meeting before any of the officials did.

Many of the top officials of Indian Airlines were all together in this one big office. One of the men asked Bob, “What do you think about India?” Bob asked, “Sir, do you want me to tell you the truth?” The man did, so Bob said, “We love the people, but without Jesus, this country is hopeless!” He said this, realizing that the room they were in was full of pictures of many of the Hindu gods.

The situation was finally reconciled as the airline agreed to compensate Bob with a certain amount of money with which he bought another Swiss Army knife. In retrospect, Bob saw the whole fiasco as an opportunity the Lord used to get many of these top airline officials to hear about Jesus.

The Hugheys had entered the ticket office of Thai Airways in Calcutta and given their tickets to the lady at the counter for their seat assignments. The woman said, “Oh, Mr. Hughey, you are in first class.” Bob said, “No ma’am. We bought the cheapest tickets available, check again.” The woman looked at her computer screen and said, “No sir, it’s written right here that you are in first class or business class *the rest of the way around the world!*”

To this day, Bob and Peggy still don’t know how that happened. That was more money than they had to spend. The airlines sent a car to pick them up, with leather interior and with flags on the outside. They were chauffeured and personally taken to the plane. The stewardess took their coats. They were being treated as if they were royalty, despite the fact that both Bob and Peggy were wearing their old, faded blue jeans! On the flight they were served filet mignon, had access to a full-sized salad bar,

Paths of Righteousness

and were seated in the best seats on the plane. Truly, God had worked a miracle.

After arriving home months later, they tried to find out how all of this had happened. Peggy had remembered that the lady in the travel agency who had originally booked the tickets had mentioned trying to get first class for them somewhere on the trip. They went to see her to thank her for arranging the first class seats, but the lady looked bewildered and said, “I don’t know what you are talking about.” The Lord redeemed what had turned into a pretty rough visit to the most populated city in India.

After a few more days of wondering why they had wanted to go to Calcutta to begin with, Bob and Peggy were belched out of the belly of that city and with great relief headed for Bangkok, Thailand. But the lousy hotel rooms with worn-out beds and the constant battle of just surviving had taken its toll on Bob.

In three days in Calcutta, India, I developed a hard heart. I made it through Calcutta and was on the plane flying to Bangkok, Thailand, when God said, “Bob, you’ve developed a hard heart in the last three days. You have two choices: confess that and repent of it and let Me bring cleansing and healing to you, or you can go on and die [spiritually] because you’re separated from My Spirit and My kingdom.”

On that plane, I confessed, “Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner! I *have* developed a hard heart!”

On that plane, on New Year’s Eve, 1983, God forgave me, blessed me, cleansed me, and revived me. I had two choices: I could let Him cleanse me, forgive me, and heal me, or I could carry it around and let it affect and ruin every relationship I’m in.”

Bob got another word while he and Peggy were in India.

The Lord gave us the word in the Spirit to “speed up our trip.” As we completed India and finished visiting Calcutta, God gave us the word that “most of what I wanted to do with you has been accomplished.” We did not fully understand why, but we knew that we were supposed to obey the Lord, not question Him.

The first nudge the Lord gave Bob and Peggy that He was going to rearrange their trip came all the way back in Lahore, Pakistan. Right there, at a conference, were the people he and Peggy had planned to visit in Sri Lanka. Bob and Peggy were able to fellowship their friends in Lahore; thus, Sri Lanka was scratched from the schedule.

STOPS EASTWARD

When the Hugheys arrived in Bangkok, they stayed at the New Tribes Missions Guest House where they had stayed previously. Bob was pleasantly surprised when he

A Lifestyle Of Light

found out that the people he and Peggy wanted to visit out in the “boonies” were in Bangkok. This allowed Bob and Peggy to visit their friends and avoid a long bus ride to the countryside. By not having to leave Bangkok, the Hugheys were able to shave off several days from what they had originally planned.

Singapore and Hong Kong were more or less rest stops on the trip, allowing the Hugheys to refresh themselves and relax a little. The fellowship in Singapore that Bob and Peggy had previously worked with had moved, so they just spent most of their time hitting the streets themselves and sharing the Word of Jesus with whomever they met. In Hong Kong, Bob and Peggy got to spend some time with Donald and Anita Sutherland, Ross and Yvette’s son and daughter-in-law. In both cities, the Hugheys only stayed a few days as the Lord kept leading them quickly forward.

When we arrived in the Philippines, we were planning to fly to another island to visit Jerry and Frances Regan and Jody and Barbara Crain, as we had on the first world trip. We asked some people at the guest house if they knew the Regans. They told us, “They’re staying at the guest house in the hall right across from you!”

Sure enough, when we knocked on the door, there were Jerry and Frances. Incredibly, Jody and Barbara were there too! We spent Peggy’s birthday in Manila eating Mexican food and fellowshipping and encouraging them. Because both couples were there in Manila, we did not have to take the two weeks that we thought we would need to visit them.

The Hugheys did go up country and spend time again with Lynn, but overall, the visit to the Philippines was virtually cut in half.

Taiwan was the next stop, and Bob and Peggy were reunited with their friends the Skiles for Chinese New Year. For a few days they visited the orphanage and the bookstore, then Bob and Peggy were off to Korea.

In Korea, the Hugheys made a return visit to the “Boom Boom” church. Bob told them that he would give a greeting at the service but that he was not going to do any teaching. However, when he and Peggy arrived at the church, they saw a huge sign on the building that read, “Welcome Bob and Peggy!” The church treated their guests royally, fed them, made photographs of them, and extended great hospitality in the oriental fashion.

After a stopover in Tokyo, Bob and Peggy found themselves once again in Hawaii where they stayed a few days with Maranatha Fellowship. However, like most of their previous stops since India, the Lord kept shortening the visits. This was not by choice of the Hugheys, but everywhere they went, the schedule for ministry worked out to be very short and very sweet.

Paths of Righteousness

After leaving Hawaii, they made a quick stop in California before heading home. After six and a half months on the road and in the air, the Hugheys, tired and a little puzzled, arrived back in Tennessee in February 1984, still wondering why God had sped the trip up so much on the last half of the journey.

God's timing is just as perfect as everything else He chooses to do, and in a matter of one week, Bob and Peggy would be very grateful that they had listened and obeyed the Lord when He made it clear that He wanted them to finish their second round-the-world trip earlier than expected.

God has a holy calling on your life.
Are you knowing that today?
It's not to live like Bob and Peggy Hughey . . .
 it's to be faithful to the call He has on *your* life.
You are called to be a servant.
You are called to sing forth His praises.
You are called to point people to the Lord Jesus Christ,
 by your life, your walk, and your talk.
We are not called to play religious games.
We are not called to come to church
 with plastic, false faces.
I wore one of those to church for thirty-one years,
 three times a week:
 “How are you, Bob?”
 “Great! Fantastic!”
And my heart was full of darkness.
My life was lived in rebellion,
 and it was all a lie,
 a religious farce.
He's called us to *real* life.
He's called us to speak the truth to each other.
He's called us to be honest and live in integrity and love.
He's called us to let Jesus Christ have His place as Savior
 and Lord,
 that He might have preeminence, first place,
 in everything we do in our lives.
Not just in what we sing.
Not just in what we talk in church.
But, in reality in life as we walk with Him.
And so, you, having been chosen of God,
 God has laid His hand on you and He says,
 I have chosen you.

B O B ' S A F T E R W O R D

AMERICA VS. INDIA

E N T E R T A I N M E N T V S .
T H E K I N G D O M O F G O D

One person who went with us to India said, “Bob, in India, you were the mildest man I saw.”

He was right. I *am* mild. We are so warped in our perspective that those we think of as radical over here are mild over there! Get that into perspective!

God is looking for instant obedience, no matter what the external circumstances look like and no matter what we feel like. Jesus set us free from being controlled by externals to be controlled by the internal Spirit. In India, we see that corporately.

I hope you've come with hungry hearts to hear what the Lord may have to say to us. Pray that, after today, none of us will ever be the same again and that God would just totally *shatter* everything that's in us that is not of Him. Pray that He would release a whole new flow of His Holy Spirit in us and through us, and we catch a vision of what He wants to do in Nashville, Tennessee, or wherever you might be living.

Amen? Are you ready for that? Are you sure? Are you willing to count everything as loss for the sake of knowing Christ Jesus our Lord? On a daily basis? Knowing that you'll never outgrow it and that you'll never be back into complacency and ruts again? Does everybody *still* “Amen”?

It's for the sake of the kingdom of God, it's not for my sake; it's not for any man's glory, it's for the glory of God. We're not trying to build anything or start anything. All we want is to see the kingdom of God come in power in hearts and lives. Don't settle for a cheap imitation of God's kingdom.

Acts 4:18-20: “And when they had summoned them, they commanded them not to speak or teach at all in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said to them, ‘Whether it is right in the sight of God to give heed to you rather than to God, you be the judge; for we cannot stop speaking what we have seen and heard.’”

That's our bottom line. I cannot stop speaking what I've seen and heard. Don't try to stop it. If you catch a vision or revelation from God about it, great, go with it. If you don't, okay, just don't try to stop it.

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

After going to India, my life will never be the same again. It was the most powerful month of our lives. It makes the move of the Holy Spirit in the '60's and '70's during the Jesus Movement look like Mickey Mouse, or at least ABC's in the reader of the kingdom of God. It's the most explosive thing we've ever seen.

It's really a letdown to come back to the reality of middle Tennessee and its religious spirit with all of its connotations. It's rough coming back. The culture shock in India is spiritual instead of physical, despite the poor living conditions. Everybody there among the believers was totally immersed in the Word and sold out to God; I get more out of two weeks in India than four years of Bible college. I get more out of two weeks in India than ten years of sitting in Sunday school classes.

When we go over there, it is total intensive discipleship training. By being in India for just a few days, I learn more about what it means to walk with Jesus than I did in the first thirty years of my life!

They live and breathe Jesus. There is *no* conversation that doesn't center around Jesus, and if it does stray off to another subject, it's only a matter of two to three minutes until it's back on Jesus again.

So many testimonies in Nashville are twenty years old. I went to one person here and said, "I've heard your same testimony for twenty years—don't ever say it again. You wait until God gives you a fresh testimony to share." It was moldy and stale. It stunk!

"The supernatural has become normal." That's the line the believers in India kept giving us. They aren't seeking the supernatural, they're not seeking signs and wonders, they are seeking the kingdom and embracing the cross of Jesus. We're not talking about people like Bob and Peggy, we're talking about people in industry and business, everybody walking in the spirit, and they know what a business is for.

The word God gave me for India was, "You don't need anything we have in America, we need everything you have."

That prophecy is coming true. India is going to be exporting the pure and true gospel of Jesus Christ to the rest of the world. One of the poorest nations on earth, average wage \$1 per day or less. "Did not God choose the poor of this world to be rich in faith" (James 2:5)? That's an irreversible, irrevocable kingdom principle. It's just the truth.

It's wanting fellowship with other believers and paying the price, not asking, "Well, how much is this going to cost and how much time and energy will I have to expend?" It's knowing that the cross of Jesus calls us to die to our agenda. The highest calling among us is to be a servant of all. That's the truth.

Do you still love me enough to give your time and energy to me?

Thousands of people are coming to Jesus in Bombay; the rich and famous, and the

A Lifestyle Of Light

poor and unknown people in the slums are becoming one in the name of Jesus.

When Pastor Joseph came to Nashville, he said, “Bob, the church in America doesn’t want the message that God’s given you and Peggy, but we do! We thrive on it.”

Do you know why? They are not threatened by the prophetic Word of God. They embrace the pure, prophetic Word of God. It’s not received over here because it’s *pathetic* not prophetic. People travel all over America to get some new goose bump instead of embracing the cross of Jesus Christ—to die to self daily and die to sin daily and die to the world daily and die to the damning religious spirits here daily, that the resurrection power of Jesus Christ can come forward in hearts and lives.

This is serious, Church! We need to have our brains taken out and washed in the blood of Jesus Christ and get rid of the religious spirit in Nashville.

There are 850 to 900 church buildings in the city of Nashville alone, and new ones are springing up every day. The religious spirit has got this place in bondage. This is the most bankrupt, pathetic, spiritual nation I’ve been in my life. People are dying and going to hell, with religion up to their ears! That’s most people in this country. This may sound harsh, but in India, we experienced the reality of the kingdom, and once you’ve experienced the reality, you see just how bad it really is here.

We know a couple who are both veterinarians, and a year ago the husband stepped out of that because he said, “What I’m doing as a veterinarian is not compatible with following Jesus.”

Are you there? Would you quit your job today because it’s not compatible? Would you quit if someone wants you to compromise a little bit? God’s looking for people who will not compromise one tenth of one degree, because the minute we compromise, the anointing of the Holy Spirit leaves.

Something else. When sin is illuminated in India, it’s nipped in the bud. In Nashville, it’s swept under the rug. I spoke at the biggest charismatic church in Nashville ten years ago. I told them, “The rug here is so lumpy that it’s time we take the rug out and get the sin out from under it.”

It was the last time I ever spoke there, and they’ve still got the rug, totally covering up immorality for twenty years. God has a name for that; it’s called “a whited sepulchre.” In case you don’t know what that is, a whited sepulchre has all the guise on the outside of being pure and holy and spiritual, and inside it’s full of dead men’s bones.

Jesus called it a whited sepulchre two thousand years ago and He is saying the same thing today. I’m sorry, but I know. I wish I could get excited about the hands being raised and the dancing taking place, but I know the truth of what’s inside, and it’s an abomination to God what’s going on in the churches here in America. We’re bankrupt!

I was talking to one of the prophets in India and told him that we were praying for

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

him to come over here to America, and he replied, "I'm supposed to come after the disaster."

Send it, God! Send it! Whatever it takes! This nation has to be brought to its knees. Pride, self-righteousness, and religious spirits have blinded the eyes of people in America. We are blind and naked and poor and bankrupt and we think we're rich! We're dead and we don't know it! It's pathetic.

Why is it not happening here? Why is there no dramatic outpouring of the Holy Spirit? There are a couple of things the Lord has shown me as I have prayed about this.

First, "Jesus saw the multitudes and was moved with..." (see Matthew 9:36)." Moved with what? "Compassion."

We see the multitudes and we think they're all nice guys, and the word the Lord gave me years ago was "nice guys are dying and going to hell, Hughey." Being a nice guy gets you to hell! It's only an encounter with the resurrected Lord Jesus Christ that can get you out of hell and the hell out of you and all of us into the kingdom of God. There has to be a restoration of compassion in hearts for the *ones*.

In 1980, when Pastor Joseph was about to shut down everything at his church and quit the ministry, some young brothers in their late teens and early twenties went on a forty-day fast for him, drinking nothing but water. The Lord told Pastor Joseph, "I've got thousands of people for you, but you're not ready."

The guys talking revival today in so many churches in America are doing nothing but selling you videos and getting big love offerings. I don't know a pastor in America who is ready for revival. Most are insecure, hiding behind pulpits, wanting to protect their people from the pure Word of God. It's pathetic!

The truth is that we're being damned and going to hell while everyone's preaching "peace, peace."

"Don't rock the boat, Hughey!"

You know what? I want to please God today and I don't care if you like me or not. That's been dealt with a long time ago. I want the truth of God to come out in this city, and it's been hidden from the masses in this city; that is, the truth of Jesus Christ. Sin has been swept under the rug instead of being nipped in the bud. The wolf goes where there are fat sheep...and he ain't here in Nashville. Nashville is full of carcasses with life and wool painted on them; the fat sheep are over there in India, and that's where the wolf is going to be.

The second thing the Lord showed me was Acts 1:8: "...but you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you." *Dynamite!* What we saw in India was dynamite. What we see here are Lady Fingers. Lady fingers are those little, tiny firecrackers. They're the smallest things you can buy and still call firecrackers. They

A Lifestyle Of Light

go “poof,” and we think that’s dynamite. “Oh, we’ve got the Holy Spirit,” “poof,” “poof,” “poof.” Listen, when the dynamite of God comes upon you, it’s going to blow your flesh to kingdom come. It’s going to blow your kingdom away. It’s going to blow your flesh away. It’s going to blow those religious spirits out of you. It’s going to blow your education away. It’s going to blow everything away that’s not of God and release then His dynamite, His power, to empower you on a daily basis. The people in India have learned what it means to take authority over anything that lifts its finger in opposition against God. People are not getting in bondage to counselors over there, they are coming to Jesus and getting set free and being delivered from demons.

Judgment is coming on Christian counselors in America. We have been praying about three couples in one city to be reconciled and remarried; all got divorced because Christian counselors and pastors told them to. God gave me the word why this counsel was given; those pastors and counselors didn’t want to put out the time and energy to walk in unity and healing and restoration with those couples. You see, the truth is not being told. I didn’t see anybody getting counseling over there, but I did see multitudes coming to Jesus and getting healed, baptized in the Holy Ghost, and set free to follow Jesus.

A couple we know in Bombay, Shekhar and Lavina Kallianpur, recently had a baby, and as the baby was being birthed, the cord was compressed, cutting off the blood supply to the baby for fifteen minutes. The doctors said that the baby would be brain damaged if not dead, and that if he was born alive, it would take weeks or months for him to be able to function or even nurse. In three days, he was back with his mother and was completely normal. The unbelieving doctor told them, “Your God has performed a miracle!”

This is the norm!

In one section of Bombay, the outreach started with one couple. By the end of the year, there were 700 house groups of five to fifteen people each. This is in just one section of Bombay in one year! When the work began in the slums in January 1993, there was nothing. One year later, there were 146 house groups with another 46 to be formed within the next twenty days.

Their goal was 11,000 new groups by the end of the year; *not* 11,000 new believers, but 11,000 new home fellowships.

You see, when the Spirit comes upon you, then Acts 17:6 becomes reality where it says that everywhere they went, they upset the world.

In Nashville, you get rebuked if you start upsetting anything in the religious world. But God’s will for you and me is that every step we walk upsets the world.

“But, Hughey, you’ve got to be respectable.” Jim Bevis said it ten years ago, “If being respectable would have gotten the job done, then Jesus would be back by now.”

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

Being respectable isn't getting anything done. It's a nice, cool way of watering down the truth of Jesus Christ.

It is God's will that as you and I walk in His Spirit and are led by His Spirit that the world would be upset by us. Why? Because every false god is confronted and dealt with in the name of Jesus.

"Hughey, that's not love." Listen, if I love you, I'll tell you the truth.

"But, Hughey, you're coming on too strong." I love you enough that I'm telling you the truth. I want to see you saved. We need to be saved.

"Well, I got saved thirty years ago." Oh yeah? What from? For many people, it doesn't look like they've been saved from anything. People are still addicted to cigarettes, masturbation, pornography, greed, covetousness, religious spirits... what have you been saved from?

The message in Acts, chapter 2, is "be saved from this crooked and perverse generation." The word in America today is "get saved from the religious spirit in America! And by the way, you get eternal life too."

We've had it all messed up, even backwards. I don't care if you ever talk to me again. I have peace with God that I'm telling you the truth that will save you. It will save you, but you don't get it watered down from Bob anymore; you're going to get the pure stuff.

Luke 8:14: (this is one of the big problems in Nashville) "...and the seed which fell among the thorns, these are the ones who have heard, and as they go on their way, they are choked with worries and riches and pleasures of this life and bring no fruit to maturity."

The material blessings God has given us have been turned into a curse by Satan himself and have choked the very life of God in many of us. This is the truth, so help me, God!

We have been with people who earn the equivalent of only one American dollar per day, and they give no thought about where their next rupee is coming from. They're just being filled with the Holy Spirit and walking in that Holy Spirit, and they *know* that God is going to take care of them. How do they know? He says so! You don't have to get a group together to confirm it. It's just the truth. But it's only the truth to those who seek first His kingdom, and that's why it's not happening here. We're seeking first our estates and our riches and our kingdom, and not His kingdom, and we've dealt with people for a month who are seeking first the kingdom of God.

Here in America, it's like, "Oh, I'll give God a little dab on Sunday morning or afternoon and a dab of ten percent of finances or something like that" under the precept of "God helps those who help themselves."

No, *God helps those who commit their ways to Him*. He's got to take care of me.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Why? Because I don't have any time to do anything else but what He wants me to do. His Word is truth. As we seek first His kingdom, He will take care of us and give us everything we need.

The problem is that we're not content with what we need. We've got our list of wants and we've got our list of needs, and we are wanting to live in our wants and not in just our needs being met. That's one of the curses.

One of the blessings of mobility that God has given this nation has been turned into a curse. We'll drive five hours to see somebody laugh, when the truth of the matter is, we ought to be on our faces crying before God and repenting of our religious spirit. We'll give away hundreds of dollars in big love offerings to be taught how to "laugh" in the Spirit, when the Spirit of the Lord is weeping over this city.

The Spirit of God is sad about America. God is not happy with us in America. I don't know if He gets uptight or not, but I do know He gets full of wrath and anger, and we are experiencing it.

I was talking to a friend the other day who said, "You know, Bob, I was sitting in church Sunday and I just sort of looked around me. I saw one person on their third marriage, another one in the process of getting a divorce and another one living in addiction."

I jokingly told him, "That really sounds like the kingdom of God to me!"
Whatever happened to Jesus?

Another friend once said to me, "Bob, the cross has been taken out of the message in America." It's been taken out by insecure people who are interested in big crowds rather than the truth getting out. The cross is the focal point. That's where Jesus died and that's where we die because it's after the cross we experience resurrection power.

We are spoiled brats.

Without the cross

there is no salvation

deliverance

outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

What we have in America adds up to zero.

We can drive hundreds of miles to get our ears tickled to hear what we want to hear. That's a curse! God's desire is to raise up the Body of Christ based on location in this city and in this nation. Then we start using mobility for what it was meant for; that is, the apostolic call of getting the message of Jesus Christ out all over the world. But the vision is that you go into house groups based on location, not on who the teacher is or whether he's a good teacher or not. That doesn't matter. What does mat-

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

ter is if you've got a vision from God and you are willing to pay the price for the vision of God to come.

I asked them in India, "When do your house groups divide?" They told me, "Oh, when they get up to eight or nine people."

So you see, it's everybody going to their neighbor sharing Jesus. It's progressing one person at a time. You don't cast pearls before swine (see Matthew 7:6). That sounds like judgment, but I've learned a long time ago to not waste time on anybody who is not hungering and thirsting for Jesus. I don't have the time to waste. We spend all of our time with the ones and twos who are hungering and thirsting. That's got to be the way we function here in America.

The ones who are full of religion, let them be full of religion. *You* offer life and *you* offer Jesus and the reality of Jesus Christ. If they take it, great.

If you gather, meet together, worship and break bread, that's *Acts two!* That's the reality of Acts, chapter two! "Not a needy one among them."

If it gets up to eight or ten people, split! It's on the basis of location. It's always decentralizing. The last words of Jesus were "*Go!*" He never said, "Come to my group! Come hear my pastor, come drive clear across the big city and go see a big show." He said, "*Go.*" *Go* tell them. *Go* make, *Go* do. That's the word of the Lord.

We've been praying for the wrong things in America. We're praying for new jobs, bigger cars, a bigger house. In India they're praying for souls to come to the Lord. They see the value of a soul. They are not swapping church members who are moving laterally from one church to another. It's people coming out of darkness into light.

We participated in a wedding of a former Muslim from the Sudan and a former Hindu woman. The wedding lasted six hours. There were Muslims at the wedding trying to kill the man because he had come to Jesus. He had just written a book exposing Islam and was moving to another country to share Jesus. Their wedding wasn't show time, it was worship time.

In their house groups, they go with the idea that they're going to have to change. They know from the outset that as they grow, they'll divide and bring new people into other groups. They know that you can get comfortable with a group and die.

There are many different Jesus's being preached in Nashville today, but it's not the same One being preached in Bombay, India, because the fruit is not the same...and the fruit is *not* here...it's over there.

Just because something is called "Christian" or "Jesus" doesn't mean a thing. We have to be discerning people to see if we are being led down an avenue of deception or if we're being told the truth. Don't believe everything you hear. Test it and check the fruit.

Do you know what the leadership in India is doing? They're raising up other leadership.

A Lifestyle Of Light

The Indians are going out to the Gulf States and winning people to Jesus, while we're here worshipping worship. We worship music. One of the big, false gods here is music, Christian or otherwise. Probably ninety percent of what is called Christian music isn't. In India I watched a video exposing contemporary Christian music in Nashville. They have the courage to tell their people, "Don't have anything to do with the Christian music coming out of Nashville."

In 1981, they asked me to bring over worship leaders from America; I told them, "No." When they asked why not, I said, "I don't want to screw up what God is doing in your midst."

There is no professional staff there. It's just raw men and women, full of the Holy Ghost, worshipping and praising Jesus. The Word says that the Lord inhabits the praises of His people (see Psalm 22:3). Some people are healed spontaneously during worship and praise. Grace is upon them and revival is taking place, while we are here playing church. I'm *not* saying that *everyone* is playing church, I'm speaking in general terms about what's happening in America today.

It's not an indictment against everybody here; some of you are walking and some of you are not, and you know who you are. It's not nice to judge, but some of you here are playing games; some of you are locked into dead, religious, spiritual institutions and don't even know it; and some of you have been set free but you are disjointed, and that's not God either.

God wants us knit together in love in this city. Any of you who catch a vision of this, I'm willing to walk it out with you and lay down my life for you. But...I'm not going to be your house group leader and I'm not going to be *the* teacher that people drive to see. I'll be a facilitator that God can use to raise up leaders in this city to those who catch the vision.

I've got a new vision today for the Body of Jesus Christ, and I'm willing to lay down my life to walk it out and facilitate seeing God raise it up in the hearts and lives of those who share the common vision—to see the disjointed members of the Body of Christ all functioning in the move of the Holy Spirit and being knit together in love with other members of the Body of Jesus Christ.

When we bring Pastor Joseph over from India and take him to all of the different places to speak, he always asks, "Why don't they worship and praise here?"

The enemy has ripped us off with all of our printed and nonprinted programs that quench the Holy Spirit and legislate the Holy Spirit over into some other place. It's a *new* form of godliness denying the power (see 2 Timothy 3:5).

I want the will of God in my life more than anything; that's why I'm going to India without complaining. I want it in your life, too. I want you, *today*, to experience the fullness of the will of God, and it's not hocus-pocus and it's not goose bumps. It's

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

denying yourself, taking up your cross, and following Jesus daily. It's being gifted by the Holy Spirit, equipped by the Holy Spirit, and empowered by the Holy Spirit for the *Holy Spirit work!*

It's God raising up men and women into leadership positions; it's not to keep them subdued, keep them under my teaching, keep them under my authority, or keep them in submission to me. It's to raise them up as mature men and women in the Body of Jesus Christ and release them in the Holy Spirit.

It's constant evangelism.

I've been in one group who said, "We don't want any more people coming in," and it died. The groups in India are birthed with the intention of growing and dividing.

In Bombay, when we got to Churchgate Station, our little team of eight people were going in one direction, and the masses of hundreds of thousands of people were going the other way. God taught me something very important right then. He said, "Bob, this is the way that it's supposed to be in Nashville. The masses are going to hell. You are on a different track. I want you to be walking in the opposite direction of the world, because *broad is the gate*, and most people are going that way. *Narrow is the way*, and only a few people will go that way (see Matthew 7:13). I don't care if everyone else in the world is doing it. I don't care if everyone else in the church is doing it. If it's not born of the Holy Spirit and is not being led by Jesus Christ, I'm not going to participate in it."

Therefore, if we are walking in His Spirit, then we are going to be walking in the opposite direction of the majority of people we meet each day. To walk *with* the Lord means that we will be walking *against* the grain of the normal American person.

The first thing I noticed about the believers in India is that no matter who you are, the first thing they say to you when they meet you is, "Praise the Lord!" It's *not* "How's your car?" or "How's your job?" or "How's your body?"

India is hopeless without Jesus, but they know it. Over here, there is enough hope that I can get a better job, a better place to live, a better car, a better this, and a better that, that we don't see our need for Jesus like they do. They *see* it. They *know* it. They take Jesus at His Word, and great grace is upon them.

There is a quality of life in the believers over there that we don't touch over here, and it really speaks to us. You can tell the difference between the believers and the non-believers just by the look on their faces.

In America we go to hear good teachings, and then we talk about good teachings, but we still don't want to obey. We hear teaching upon teaching upon teaching. In India they don't hear teachings; they hear the Word of God and obey. That's why one American pastor said, "I have never seen such committed leadership in one church in all of my life."

A Lifestyle Of Light

You never hear them talk about jobs or business unless you ask, because the kingdom of God is their priority. The kingdom of God is their whole thrust.

In India, the church's security is not in the pastor, and the pastor's security is not in the "mother church." Their security is in the Lord, and they are about their Father's business. They have a vision of establishing believing fellowships all over India and they're going to do it. The church there is not built on human personalities or personal charisma or on anyone's musical abilities. It's built on the Word of God.

We were talking with Jerry D'Souza, who had left his lucrative job with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. The Lord led him to start his own business called "Gracious Advertising." I asked him, "Jerry, how's your business?" He said, "Well, Bob, God is really blessing it. We are providing for our family as well as helping other families in the fellowship, but that's it. I have to be really careful, or the business will control me. Then I'd want to get bigger and bigger and bigger. I'd be tempted to get into making money!"

Jerry is one of the full-time leaders in New Life Fellowship and he has a clear perspective of what a business is for. A business is a gift that God has given him to support him and his family and to give to others while he shares and ministers in the name of Jesus. If I read the Word of God, that's what a business is for. It's not the god we've made it here in America.

You know I don't like to compare, but in the book of Acts it says, "Now the Bereans were of more noble character than the Thessalonians" (Acts 17:11, NIV). In like manner, the leadership in Bombay is more noble than in any other place I've ever seen. Not only do they search the scriptures, but they also obey, and their priorities are ordered of God.

We are so propped up here. We have our props; we have our facades that we hide behind. We hide behind our clean bodies. Over there, you're filthy, and that humbles you because you can't stay clean. One pastor who went with us over to India took as many as five showers in one night. We hide in our comfort zones over here, but in India it's 108 degrees with no air-conditioning. Just having four people in a taxi is like being in an oven. Everything that we hide behind over here gets stripped away. It's raw life.

I've been thinking a lot about things and I've decided that so much of what we call "being led by the Spirit" is not being led by the Spirit at all. I say this because, if we are really led by and empowered by the Holy Spirit, then the fruit of the Spirit will be produced in us. That means that even if we are in a taxi that feels like 125 degrees, we will have peace and joy and power and we will still be proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ. If we are in the midst of the slums, where people are defecating all around us, and if we are walking in the Spirit, we'll still rejoice. But I wasn't rejoic-

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

ing. The slums affected me, and the heat affected me too.

But if you are walking in the Spirit, no matter what you're eating, you'll be praising the Lord and be full of His joy. We're so spoiled over here. If we've got the right kind of food, we can really flow. God showed me that food should have nothing to do with whether you walk in the Spirit. Your clothing should have nothing to do with whether you are walking in the kingdom of God. The place you stay, if it has rats crawling around it or not, should make no difference in your walk in the Spirit. I can take you anywhere in India, and within two minutes we'll find entire families of rats.

To walk in the Spirit means that it doesn't matter if I'm in prison or residing in a condo in Florida; the Holy Spirit is leading me and guiding me and producing fruit. It doesn't matter if I'm eating filet mignon here or curried rice in India, I'm still full of joy and peace. I'm not afraid of being knocked off by a rickshaw or being run off of a bridge; if I'm walking in the Spirit, I will have peace. If I'm walking in the Spirit, I'll have joy no matter where I am. If I'm walking in the Spirit, the kingdom of God is evident and being released in me, and I'm about the Father's business no matter where I am.

After being in India, I'm convinced that most of us don't know what it means to walk in the Spirit. We get a little headache over here and it's, "I don't feel like praising Jesus today." Or I get a little backache, and it's, "I just don't feel like gathering with the brothers and sisters to praise the Lord and encourage them." We go so much by feelings over here, and feelings have got nothing to do with walking in the Spirit. Feelings have got nothing to do with walking by faith.

Faith means that I'm going to believe God, come hell or high water, come life or come death, come plenty or come famine. Faith means that I'm going to believe Him and take Him at His Word and walk it out, even if I die. That's faith. There just isn't a lot of faith over here.

One brother who was having a miserable time in India was wearing a T-shirt with "The joy of the Lord is my strength" written on it. It didn't help. You have to do more than wear it. You must walk it, too. To walk with Jesus means that if I'm standing before a firing squad and they are raising the guns to shoot me, I'm still full of joy and all the other fruit of the Spirit is being demonstrated in me.

I know that persecution is happening to the believers in India. We were told of two young men who were preaching on the streets. A gang of Hindus overpowered them, and after beating them up, began to throw one of the young men up in the air. As he fell toward the ground, they held out knives for him to fall on. As they repeatedly did this, the man continued to cry out, "Jesus loves you!"

That's just one example. We met people at Bible college who had been beaten, kicked, and had their tracts and Bibles set to flames.

A Lifestyle Of Light

What is going on here in America? Have you ever wondered why there are no beatings or floggings taking place over here? It's because we are no threat to the devil. We have been watered down by the world and watered down by materialism—so much so that we are no threat.

Let me tell you what church is. When the church starts walking in the Holy Spirit, persecution will be here and floggings will also be here. You see, the devil can't stand it when Jesus is preached and lived. He is not being threatened because we've been preaching the good news and living the bad news. That is not a threat. However, if you let your life be brought up to the level of Jesus Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, the devil will be threatened. He will hate it, and there will be persecutions taking place.

Persecutions are nothing to be feared. Instead, we should praise God for them. We think that suffering is when the air-conditioner in our third car goes out. Let's get our lives aligned with the perspective that God has for the church and not with what is going on in America.

All the while, people ask why so much is happening over in India and not over here. It's because there is faith over there. Why is there revival over there? It's because people are walking by faith. Yes, they've got warts and they're saved by the same grace that we are. Yes, they're washed in the same blood that we are and have the same Spirit that we have, but they're letting the Spirit empower them in a way that most of us in America can't fathom.

They're taking Jesus at His Word.

One of the senior pastors over there said that the miracles and healings are mainly occurring at the street meetings among the uneducated. There aren't many miracles happening among the educated. It's funny that we're doing everything we can to be educated, and the truth is, it's harder for a brilliant person to enter the kingdom than it is for a person with a simple child-like faith. The Word of God teaches that. God chose the poor in spirit to be rich in faith. Jesus Himself said, "Woe to you who are rich!" Yet our system perpetuates everything that leads us away from being rich in faith.

We want to hang onto two kingdoms. We want to hang onto two worlds. We want to please two masters. We can't! So let's please pray for one another that we'll turn loose of the world and all of its trappings.

People asked us before we left for India, "What will you do over there?" If we didn't do anything, it was worth eternity for what God did in us because what we see and experience over there is the book of Acts. Don't be surprised when I say that the book of Acts is not finished. It *is* still going on today, and God wants our lives to be a chapter in it.

Bob's Afterword: America vs. India

People ask us why we can't have that here. It's not that we can't, it's that we don't. There is no clear-cut answer to this question, but some things are certain. We are dry and don't realize it. In our culture (this includes our spiritual culture), we have too many distractions, and our allegiance is divided between the world and God. We try to hang onto too much in the world. Jesus calls it the deceitfulness of wealth and riches (see Matthew 13:22).

God chose the poor in this world to be rich in faith, but it's hard for us to get this through our heads because our actions betray us. We all want to get rich and have faith at the same time, despite what God says. You make your choices every day. The whole American system is contrary to the way God wants us to live. So much of the time the demands of our culture are a liability in walking in faith with God.

After seeing the believers in India, a well-known American pastor said, "I'm not seeking the kingdom first." We will hide behind hairdos. We will hide behind the name of our church or any other false god rather than get honest with God and with each other. We know brand-name speakers and brand-name teachers and brand-name musicians. We will hide behind past testimonies. We will protect ourselves rather than let God strip away our American flesh.

In India, you get all the cheap "Praise God's" knocked right out of you, and you see very quickly what you're really made of and how much of you is the Spirit of God and how much of you is just cheap American flesh. It takes about three days for all the charismatic hype to be stripped away. For the first three days it's, "Praise the Lord! It's great to be here!" Then, diarrhea sets in and it's, "How long are we staying? I feel led to serve God back in my comfort zone in America."

The word the Indian believers gave us in 1992 was "the supernatural has become commonplace among us." The miraculous is so commonplace that they sometimes fail to mention it because it's nothing out of the ordinary. They didn't even tell us about the dead people who were raised on the streets; that was so old, it was a month ago. You have to pull stuff out of them because the testimonies are usually as fresh as the day.

But this is what happened. Jerry and Isabella were involved in a street campaign when a dead baby was brought in to be prayed for. They laid their hands on the child, and soon the baby came back to life. From that one demonstration of the Lord's love, hundreds of people there accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior. But that's not all.

Word got around of what had happened, and Jerry and Isabella were asked to pray for an old man who had just passed away. Again, they laid their hands on the lifeless body, and soon the body returned to life. Again, hundreds of people placed their faith in Jesus due to God's move over there.

Do you know why this is happening so frequently in India? They aren't using these

A Lifestyle Of Light

demonstrations of God's power to build church attendance or beef up *their* ministry. They don't use incidents like this for *their* glory, but instead for the glory of God.

God can't trust us with things like that in America. If someone were raised from the dead over here, the first thing that would happen is we would see some minister in a bouffant hairdo boasting about it on his TV show. Then his ministry would start advertising the sale of the video for a generous donation. It wouldn't stop there, though. Soon afterwards they would be gathering names and trying to put together a "Dead-Raising Seminar" to teach everyone how they too can raise the dead. Of course, the end result would be a congregation of "dead raisers," who judge which people are the most spiritual by how many they have raised from the dead that week.

When the believers in India see the multitudes, they, like Jesus, are filled with compassion. Here, we see the multitudes and are filled with apathy, or at the most, dollar signs. I think all this just makes God want to *barf!* Vomit! That's what's going on here. It's *barf* time.

I refuse to be identified with any denomination in America because what started in the Spirit has wound up in a pile of flesh. It's show time. "The show must go on." We're men-pleasers and we're intimidated by children of darkness.

BUT, HOW DO YOU LIVE?

Somebody once came to me and wanted me to disciple them. I said, “Okay, godliness with contentment is great gain. When you get that one down, come back, and I’ll give you another one.”

—Bob

It did not take long for God’s wisdom to reveal itself, for the week after the Hugheys returned to the United States, Peggy’s dad became seriously ill. Bob and Peggy rushed down to the hospital in Birmingham, Alabama, to see him, but after another week her father died and went to be with the Lord.

The Lord knew what was going to take place and He prepared us. We obeyed, so we were able to be with Peggy’s dad before he passed away. We also helped Peggy’s mom walk through the funeral and helped with all the arrangements for his burial in Louisville.

Considering the difficult circumstances the Hugheys faced upon their return to Tennessee, it is no wonder that Bob and Peggy spent several weeks at their cabin in Kentucky, recuperating from the fatigue, jet lag, and emotional turmoil of the past six and a half months.

Just like the first round-the-world trip, the Hugheys had made no arrangements with the church in Clarksville about returning there to minister. However, Bob and Peggy did go there to teach and serve at Christ’s Chapel from time to time as well as other places in the middle Tennessee area. Nevertheless, they never moved back to Clarksville. God seemed to be bringing the Hugheys’ time of service there to an end. But that was not all the Lord was finished with.

The people at Christ’s Chapel had always been open to the word of the Lord. One day as Bob was praying, the Lord gave him a distinct word for the Clarksville fellowship. After praying more about what he was to do with this word, Bob went to the

A Lifestyle Of Light

elders at Christ's Chapel and submitted it to them. They were in agreement with Bob that it was a word for them, so the elders let him share it with the fellowship on the following Sunday.

This was the word he had heard: "I've blessed you as you have trusted Me and obeyed Me. I've given you revelation, I've healed you, and I have used you to touch other people's lives. You have been faithful in little things, and I want to release more for you to walk in."

The fellowship went on for weeks after that, not really understanding what the Lord was saying to them. One day Bob felt as if the Lord was saying that the group was to disband and stop meeting as a corporate fellowship. The house groups and the relationships were to continue, but the group as a whole was to go out and permeate the whole, holy Body of Christ.

Bob submitted this word to the leadership, and their response was, "Praise the Lord, yes!"

The following Sunday the elders made the announcement, and about one month later Christ's Chapel held their last meeting. Today, many of those people are still in fellowship with each other via various different channels, and that word to disband went on to produce good fruit, as most of the people there have gone on and grown greatly in the Lord since. The people in Clarksville obeyed the word of the Lord. When He said, "Disband and go out," they did.

So what was to become of Bob and Peggy? They had been driving down to Nashville once a week to teach at Belmont Church, so it seemed only natural that they should live in the downtown apartment that Belmont owned. How simple. Bob and Peggy could live there and be close to Belmont, once again to teach and to minister. Natural, yes, but God had something much better in the supernatural.

Belmont decided to sell the building which housed the Hugheys' apartment, so after only a few short months of living there, Bob and Peggy had to move again.

The Lord had always been faithful to provide for the Hugheys wherever He called them, and this move to Nashville would be no exception. When they found out they would have to move again, neither Bob nor Peggy had any idea what they were going to do to put a roof over their heads. It did not take long for God to unfold His plan. The Lord gave a striking example of how He desires the Body of Christ to function *all* of the time.

While they were trying to figure out what they should do, Bob and Peggy were approached by some friends who told them, "You don't need to be moving around all the time, you really need a place to live. We are willing to put a down payment on a house for you. All you will have to do is make monthly payments; then, of course, you will be co-owners of the place."

This *seemed* like a great deal, but Bob got a check in his spirit about the possibility of going into debt. Immediately, Bob went back to these friends and told them, "Your generosity and your love is evident, but Peggy and I can't accept your offer

But How Do You Live?

because we feel we would be violating the scriptural principle of not being in debt to anyone.”

God always blesses obedience, even if it means turning down a great worldly deal. It seemed incredible that anyone would refuse to take advantage of such a great offer, but Bob and Peggy knew that the Lord was true, and so was His Word about debt. The people who had originally made the offer respected the Hugheys’ integrity in the matter.

Bob and Peggy were approached again, but this time with God’s answer to their original obedience. The same friends told the Hugheys, “Would it be okay if we just had you pick out the house you like, we buy it, and you and Peggy live in it?”

In a matter of days, Bob and Peggy had moved into their new gift from God on Albert Drive in the Green Hills area of Nashville, Tennessee.

One of the most frequently asked questions the Hugheys hear from people is, “How do you live?”

God’s treasure-trove of blessing is eternally deeper than just a house. In fact, the further the Hugheys have gotten from materialism and the American lifestyle, the more God has proven that Jesus meant what He said when He spoke the words, “Seek first His kingdom and His righteousness; and *all* these things shall be added to you” (Matthew 6:33). Wherever Bob and Peggy step out in faith, the Lord’s provision accompanies the call.

The following excerpts are just a few of the examples of how the Lord supplies all of Bob and Peggy’s needs, above and beyond what they could ever think or imagine. These few stories also illustrate how the Lord gives them priceless opportunities to supply to others out of what He gives them.

(Most of the following stories are direct quotes from Bob.)

On our second trip around the world, we had made arrangements to pay by check in various cities. This was while we were at Clarksville. By the time we got back home to Clarksville, we had paid over \$2,000 in bills with checks during that six and a half months. Strangely, as I went over our bank statement, we still had the same amount of money, to the penny, that we had on the day we left, even though we had written checks for over \$2,000. I didn’t find out how that happened until years later. Somebody in another city had found out what bank we did business with and had gone over there to that bank to make deposits to cover every check we had written!

On a trip to Honduras, the people in the group we were with kept asking me, “Well, what do you do?” I don’t know how to answer this. My sister says she doesn’t know what to tell people when they ask her what I do, and my mother still wants to know what I’m going to be doing when I grow up! When we try to

A Lifestyle Of Light

explain to people what we do, they then ask, “Well, how do you live? Where do you get your income from?” One woman looked at us and said, “Goodness, you live like the apostles did in the Bible!”

Somehow, we get afraid that God is going to fail and that His Word is not true. When it comes to money, we’re especially scared. This is because the world worships money. It’s out to do everything it can—sell its body, soul, mind, emotions, and spirit—to get more money.

We’ve let that same mentality come into us as well. Sometimes we think, “I’m not sure God can handle me taking this step of faith.” Therefore we have old, stale testimonies from six years ago of how God dealt in our finances instead of the living, dynamic, abundant testimony of the Spirit of God working in us on a day-to-day basis. If your testimony is six years old, you had better check your god, or you, because there’s a real problem.

The last time Peggy and I went into debt was in 1971. We both felt that the Lord wanted us, with Nolan, to go to Sierra Leone on an outreach. I went down to the bank and borrowed money to go on a missions trip even though I had been convicted in my heart that we were to be out of debt.

After we returned from the trip, I went down to the bank to make my first payment. After checking the records and statements, the man who was helping me at the bank told me, “Mr. Hughey, you don’t owe anything here.” Startled, I said, “What? There must be some mistake because I just borrowed money to go on a missions trip.” In reply, the man said, “I’m sorry sir, you are totally paid for in full.”

To this day, I don’t know how God did that, but He did, and I have not been in debt for anything since. “No, nothing at all,” as the *Amplified Bible* says! We could not follow Jesus and live the life we live if we were not free from debt. I’m convinced that I don’t have to go into debt for God to give me what I need. Debt hinders the kingdom of God and thwarts the kingdom from coming in our lives. Debt brings bondage.

A couple of years ago, we received a call to go to Colorado. They said, “We want you to come and minister, but we can’t give you any money to come out here.” I told them, “Well, I haven’t made a decision based on money for the last twenty years anyway, so let Peggy and me pray about it.”

I asked Peggy, in mock seriousness, “Should we go there and do a teaching on giving?” After a moment of thought, she looked at me and simply said, “No.” This cut through everything, just one “no” from Peggy. Though she usually doesn’t say

But How Do You Live?

much, when she does speak, it usually cuts through everything. Peggy does not waste one word.

We prayed about the Colorado trip and felt like the Lord had given us the green light to go even though we would have to pay for all of our own expenses.

I was walking down Music Row one day, something I haven't done in years. As I was walking, someone pulled up next to me in a pickup truck and yelled, "Hey, Hughey, where are you going?" I yelled back, "Following Jesus!" The man then beckoned me, "Come over here a minute, I want to talk to you." I went over to him, he smiled and said, "God bless you!" stuck \$1,000 dollars in my pocket, pulled off and went on his way down the street!

It really does pay to follow Jesus! I know this because He says that He will give us everything we need pertaining to life and godliness. This is the truth, and this was God's way of supplying our needs so that we could go to Colorado and share with the believers there.

If anybody asks us if we have any needs, I respond by saying, "You need to ask God if we have any needs because I make all my requests known to Him." That's freedom!

Moreover, here is how the Lord blessed that decision to go to Colorado, not based on money, but based on the call of God:

It was May 1985 when we shared at that retreat in the mountains outside of Denver, Colorado. "Nobody can serve two masters" was my topic, and the verse I was keying in on was, "You cannot serve both God and Mammon" (Matthew 6:24).

This one guy came up to me afterwards. He was an actor and model and he dealt in real estate. He looked at me and said, "Do you know what my goal is?" I said, "No." And he went on to say, "My goal is to get rich, and I'm working eighteen hours a day to do it."

I said, "Do you know what the Word of the Lord is?" I then took my finger and started pointing to his heart. "No, what?" he replied. "You are going to be pierced through with many pangs" was my answer. "Those who want to get rich fall into temptation and a snare and many foolish and harmful desires which plunge men into ruin and destruction" (1 Timothy 6:9- 10).

That guy looked at me and said, "Who are you?" "It doesn't matter." He asked wonderingly, "Are you for real?" I said, "Yes, I'm for real, and that's just the truth. I love you and I don't want anything you've got. I don't want anything out of you. I just want to see you find life and to know the satisfaction that only comes through Jesus."

We got a letter from that man two weeks later, and it said, "Dear Bob and Peggy, you really affected my life that weekend. I want to know your Jesus the way you do. I want to be a part of getting the truth out, so here is a love offering to help you." I thought, "You know, if I had compromised the Word of God, then there would have been no blessing."

A Lifestyle Of Light

Anything that promises to bring satisfaction or fulfillment other than Jesus is a lie and a rip-off. Only knowing Jesus and His love and His purpose for your life brings life. Jesus is where life is.

The sad part to this story is that we visited this same man one year later, and he basically had disregarded all of our advice and spent most of his time, energy, and money on the world. He came to us in tears, telling us all his problems. He had been “pierced through with many pangs.” Fortunately, God has worked in this man since then. Now, he’s seeking God’s will and reading and studying the Word and praying. His life has been changed, and he has told us, “I am wanting the will of God for my life and I know that it’s not where I was looking for it before.”

The truth is, the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil, and it’s not the money. It’s an attitude of the heart. You see, whatever you are rooted in, that’s the kind of fruit that will be born out of you. Some of the fruits of the love of money are pride, greed, faith in money, and missing Jesus. You want more and more and more. That’s called covetousness. You are controlled by wanting to keep it and hoard it.

The love of money enslaves us in selfishness and it will ultimately destroy us. Colossians says that our roots are to be in Jesus. As we are rooted in Jesus, everything I need every day will be given me by my loving, heavenly Father in whom I have put my faith and trust and hope.

All the greedy people we’ve counseled never started out wanting to be greedy people. They were just “trying to make a living.” They say something like this, “God expects you to make a decent living, doesn’t He?” After they make their decent living, they then say, “God wants you to be a successful business man, doesn’t He?” (*Successful businessman* is just the American euphemism for *greed*.) Then, after becoming successful businessmen, they say, “God wants you to start building your estate, doesn’t He?” (an estate being all the material things that you are going to leave to everybody else).

I don’t find any of this in the Word of God. Do you see the trend? The spirit of greed just won’t let go of you. Remember, it all started with just “trying to make a decent living.”

We were in a restaurant where a friend of ours worked. He was serving a big party at the time, but there was one booth available near the group. Our friend was able to get two other people to take care of the party, then he came over and sat down at our table. We immediately started sharing Jesus with him because he was lost. During our conversation he told us that he was trying to fill his life with music because music was his life.

“I just can’t get enough music,” he said. “And you never will,” I added. “You will never fill that hole in you with music, with money, with good looks, or with

But How Do You Live?

anything else. That hole can only be filled with Jesus Christ.”

By that time, our food had arrived, so we all ate while our friend continued to talk to us and we continued to point him to Jesus. When it came time for us to leave, I asked for the check, and our friend said, “No check, it’s been paid for.”

We left rejoicing, gave our friend a big tip, and also left a tract telling him the good news of Jesus.

One night after we had spoken somewhere, we decided we wanted catfish, so we went to the best catfish restaurant in Clarksville, Tennessee. We really chowed down with catfish, baked potato, cole slaw, baked beans, and fresh lemon icebox pie. As is our custom, we prayed for the food. As we prayed, I said something I’ve never said before. I prayed, “Father, let the people here at this restaurant be blessed, including the waitresses. Let them all be blessed by You and Your Holy Spirit.”

We thoroughly enjoyed the meal and went to pay for it. The owner of the restaurant was at the cash register, and when we handed her our money, she said, “You don’t owe anything here.” I said, “You must be kidding.” “No,” she said.

I told her, “We just prayed that God would bless you here.” With that, she came from around the counter and hugged us and said, “Man, that’s what it’s all about. Go on and keep sharing Jesus!”

We were at the County Crossroads Restaurant. We had our granddaughter, Mandy, with us and we asked her to pray for us and the meal. She prayed and prayed and prayed and blessed everybody and everything.

After she finished, a man who was sitting next to us asked us, “What faith are you?” I told him, “We are believers in the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and His Son, Jesus.”

Somewhat surprised by that response, the man then exclaimed, “Oh, then you’re Israelites!” I looked at Peggy, and then said to the man, “Yes, you might say that. Peggy speaks Hebrew and she’s teaching our grandchildren how to speak Hebrew as well. We do visit Israel a lot, so I guess we are Israelites.”

“Do you belong to a denomination?” he asked. “No.” “Do you belong to a non-denomination?” “No, we are just purely believers in Jesus.” “Well, what do you do?” he inquired. “We follow Jesus and share His good news.”

We talked with this man and his wife for a long time; then they got up to leave. A few moments later, the man came back over to us, took our check from the table, and said, “God bless you,” and left. We shared spiritual food with him, and in return, God gave us physical food.

A Lifestyle Of Light

A person who felt like we were supposed to go to Israel November 1st came over to our house, stuck the money for the entire trip in my pocket, and said, “God bless you!” and left.

We had been praying about going back to Israel to strengthen the relationships we had established with our friends over there. We wanted to maintain and put some time and energy in those relationships.

On another occasion, we got a call from someone who asked us if we would be home for the next five minutes. They came over and stuck \$5,000 in my pocket and said, “You and Peggy are supposed to be in Israel.”

We pray, then see what the other is getting from the Lord, and if it’s a “yes,” then we begin trusting the Lord for the supply.

“Freely you received, freely give” (Matthew 10:8).

God desires to bless us. He gives us good gifts to enjoy, but never to hoard or to turn our eyes on the gift. The minute you get your eyes on a gift, whether it’s a physical gift or a spiritual gift, you start dying. I’ve seen so many people get a gift of tongues and start dying because they elevated that gift above Jesus Christ. God has promised that He is going to take care of us and that He won’t turn His back on us.

Another time, we were at the airport about to embark on an overseas trip. God had already taken care of our plane fare, but He also gave us the spending money for the trip as we were walking onto the plane. A person came to see us off at the airport and wanted to pray for us and the trip we were embarking on. After he laid hands on us and prayed, he put \$500 in my hands and said, “God bless you.” That is timing.

Everything we have is the gravy of God’s grace. The way God supplies our needs appears in such unique ways. One day, I went to the cabinet in our kitchen to get some salt to sprinkle on the tomatoes I was eating for lunch. I pulled the salt-shaker out, and there was a piece of paper laying on it. I thought that Peggy had left a note or put her grocery list there. As I pulled out the paper, \$100 fell out of the paper.

Earlier in the morning of that same day, I had been in the Word and in prayer. Later that afternoon when I pulled my Bible out to minister to some people, money fell out of the Bible. That’s *amazing grace*! It’s grace that He has given us exceedingly and abundantly more than we could ask or think (see Ephesians 3:20).

But How Do You Live?

Freely you have received, now freely give, in the name of Jesus.

Are you getting a picture of life in the Body of Christ? We won't be bound by collection baskets passing in front of us. As there are needs in the Body, God wants every need to be met *through* the Body, including spiritual, emotional, and physical needs. That's His will for the Body of Christ. We need to get out of the mentality of committees and baskets and envelopes and we need to get into the mentality of Jesus and the freedom in His Spirit and life in the Body of Christ.

We receive freely so we give freely. One time, a young couple came to us and was led to cash in their whole retirement program for vans for India. They came and brought us \$10,000. That was their entire retirement program that they'd been paying into for years.

Later on, I asked them if the Lord had been faithful to them, and they said, "Oh yes. In fact, within ten days, the Lord had given back the entire \$10,000 to the penny!" Exceedingly abundantly more than they could have asked or imagined, according to His power. They knew that it was God's grace to them. That's the faithfulness of God.

A young girl came up to us and said, "I'm going to be cleaning out my house and selling possessions of mine that have just been laying around and that I don't need." She later gave us a check for \$3,500.

If we are going to grow in Jesus, we must come to that place where we are willing to obey God rather than men. If we do, great grace will be upon us.

We need to be content and satisfied with what God has provided for us, *right now*. It doesn't stop there, either. We also need to change our lifestyle to conform to the finances that He gives us, instead of trying to squeeze out *more* finances to bring our lifestyle up to what *we* want. When we start getting bigger than Jesus wants us to, then we'll start begging and using man-made mail-outs to get the job done.

Do you know what? I'm a rich man! If you are content tonight with what God has given you, then you are a rich man and a rich woman.

Here's a story of how the Body is to function. The Lord led us to give our car away. That is all cars are for, to use and to share with others anyway, right? There's no asset in a car, they're all liabilities!

One day, a man called me and said, "Bob, you don't know me, but I know you. Would it be all right if I come by your house for five minutes?" Of course I said, "Yes," so he came to the front door; he wouldn't even come in. He stood outside and said, "God has used you to change my life as well as my wife and two sons.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Since the Lord has blessed my business, our family wants to give, but we don't want to give to some dead institution or to a building somewhere. My wife and I are of one heart and mind to share with you and Peggy." He then stuck something in my pocket.

I asked him, "Is this to be spent on anything in particular? Some people earmark their money for Israel or for India or to take Peggy to dinner or something specific." The man replied, "We've been watching you for three years, and you don't waste a thing God gives you. So please use this money any way He leads you." Then, he left.

About an hour after this man had gone, we got a phone call from our friend, Ross Sutherland, in New Zealand. Ross said, "Bob, I just had to call you. As Yvette and I were praying for you, we saw a man at your front door giving you a check for several thousand dollars." Jokingly, I said, "Brother, you're about an hour late; what took you so long?" Ross said, "The Lord said that in your flesh you want to give that money away to India or to Israel. But God said for you to take it yourself and buy a new car."

That was a good word, so Peggy and I kept waiting because the check the man had given us was for \$5,000. That's a lot of money, but not enough for us to get a new car.

Later, Ross called us back and asked, "What kind of car did God give you?" I told him, "Well, we don't have a car yet because \$5,000 isn't enough." Ross then asked, "Do you think an angel of God could be wrong? Just a minute. Let me go pray some more." Ross then laid the phone down and began praying. Now remember, this is a long distance call from New Zealand! Ross came back to the phone and said, "God said don't use it. You will have enough money for your car in seven days. See you later... Click..."

Now, even with a trustworthy brother like Ross giving me a word, I don't go around telling people what has been said because that is manipulation. We kept the word quiet and continued to make our requests known to God. On the seventh day, the Lord spoke to somebody else who gave us the rest of the money to buy the car we presently own.

Do you see how God wants the Body to function? God is knitting us together in His Spirit. He is binding us together in love so that we can receive from every member of the Body of Christ. Or, He speaks to and gives revelation to each member for the benefit of other Body members. The entire Body gets provided for as we learn to function together under the Lordship of Jesus Christ. That's good, and it's better than "playing church."

One night, as we were brushing our teeth before going to bed, I left the bathroom, and Peggy went in. Suddenly, I heard Peggy screaming, "Bob! Bob! Come here!

But How Do You Live?

Come here!" I thought, "What has happened to Peggy? Is she having a heart attack or something?" I went back into the bathroom, and there, scotch-taped to the commode lid, was a bulky piece of paper. I pulled the paper off, and there was a note saying, "God bless you as you serve Jesus and share with others in India." In the fold of the note were six \$100 bills.

One morning we got into our car and there was a \$50 bill in the ashtray. After that, I check my ashtray every day!

On another morning, we were praying and rejoicing in thankfulness for God and His faithfulness. Afterwards, we went out to get the mail and in the mailbox were two checks from two different people totaling \$625!

We got a phone call from a guy who asked if I had found the money he had hidden a month previously in our house. I hadn't found anything, so I told him no. The man said that he had hidden the money in a video case. I went over and found the case leaning up in the corner. I opened the case up and found \$1,000 inside it. It had been sitting there for a month.

We were going to take two of our friends who were visiting us from India to the Washington for Jesus Rally in Washington, DC. Right before we were to leave, we received a phone call from a friend in another state. During our conversation he said, "I hear that you are wanting to go to the Washington for Jesus Rally with two friends." I said, "Yes, we plan on driving up there and showing them the countryside in between here and there." Our friend said, "You shouldn't be driving that much. Your time and energy are too valuable. I am going to send you a check for \$1,000 to cover the plane tickets for you and your friends to fly there."

We were sharing at a workshop at a particular church. As we were leaving, there was a lady sitting in the hallway. She came up to us and asked, "Are you Bob Hughey?" I answered "Yes." She said, "Well, the cleaning ladies were cleaning the room where you spoke last night. They found this envelope on the podium that said 'Bob' on it, and we thought it would be for you. It had a note on it saying, 'The Lord has given this to you, John 1:1,' and there was \$20 with it." I said, "Praise the Lord! That's Jehovah Jireh, my provider! That's the way we live. He's taking care of us because we live by faith!"

It turned out that the lady worked at the church, but she wasn't born again. I know that God will bless that truth that we are not on anybody's payroll.

A Lifestyle Of Light

VANS FOR INDIA, \$55,000: TESTIMONIES ON SOME OF THE MONEY GIVEN.

God gave us the word that He was going to release a lot of funds for us to take to India to purchase vans for the fellowship there. They cost \$13,000 apiece.

In this fellowship, there's not a car in the entire church of two thousand people. Anytime you think you've got it rough, remember that in India the brothers and sisters walk, ride bicycles, take trains, buses, rickshaws, any way they can to get to meetings. There are no cars, so this won't be a luxury. The one van they do have is not used to go to skating rinks or bowling parties or skiing trips. It's used for one purpose, and that's preaching Jesus. It's about one-quarter full of Bibles and scripture portions, and they fill the other three-quarters full of people. It's on the road every day. If you saw the van, you'd say it had a curse on it, it's in such bad shape. You'd say it was only fit for the junkyard. But they use it every day to preach Jesus. They're committed to get the gospel of Jesus to every person in Bombay, which has fifteen million people. It's the whole Body doing it. It's not one or two people or paid professionals, it's the whole Body.

So... I found myself praying for two vans. Wednesday night, almost 24 hours later, the phone rang, and the woman who had called me up said, "You know, I don't normally do this, but I've had you and Peggy on my heart. Do you need \$600? I don't want to give a penny to buildings or anything that's going to burn up. I want to give it where it's needed to lift up the name of Jesus."

Friday afternoon, I got a call from someone who had never given us one penny in our lives. He said, "Vans for India? I've got \$10,000 dollars I'm giving you for a van."

We don't have a public relations firm, no brochures, no mail-outs. It's just people getting on their faces before God and seeking God. God is going to supply the need in the name of Jesus.

That's awesome! When we do God's thing, in God's way, the supply will be there... in *your* life! in fellowships! and in ministries!

As mentioned earlier, a couple had been praying and had felt the Lord was telling them to close their savings account and give it to us to take to India. They gave us a check for \$10,000, to lay up treasures in heaven. That's life change, not doctrine, not theology.

A college student came and said that the Lord had laid on his heart to participate in what we were doing in India and gave us a check for \$35. It doesn't have to be big bucks.

The Saturday night before we left for India, a man and his wife drove ninety

But How Do You Live?

miles to give us a check for \$5,000. The man said, “The Lord told us to give the money away. When we heard that Nolan had sold his computer and given the money for vans for India, we knew what you were doing was valid. I knew he was so much into computers, that for him to sell one had to be the Lord. I figured if Nolan can do that, then I can give \$5,000.”

A garage sale was held where children sold their toys.

One college student gave up a week’s pay.

Another person signed over his entire paycheck.

We had been invited to speak on a radio program that was broadcast all over Tennessee and several other states. We talked about India and our hope to take enough money to buy the vans. The host of the show exhorted the listening audience to send money to us to take for the vans. Of the \$55,000 we eventually took over there, \$54,990 came from the Body, without any pleas, mail-outs, or begging...and \$10 came from the audience from the radio program!

We wound up taking \$55,000 to India, with no glory to man. If we get glory today, then we miss it eternally.



*Nolan, Cheryl, Pastor Joseph
and New Life Van, 1988*

We had prayed that God would get more out of the money for vans than just \$50,000. The next day, the believers in India found a way to order vans in Germany that saved \$8,000 in import fees.

Of the money we took to India, \$50,000 went to vans, but we gave the other \$5,000 to the poor. We went house to house, hut to hut, in the slums and gave it all away. We also gave some of it to various fellowships.

We had been gone three days. When we came into the house after our trip, there, laying on the kitchen table, was \$1,000 labeled “For vans for India.” See what would have happened if we had locked the doors of the house?

I am committed to give to people who need it. People give to us as they are led by the Spirit, and because of that, our needs are met. We then, in turn, keep going and giving to other people. That’s what life in the Body is all about. I never want to

A Lifestyle Of Light

be the “dam” that stops the flow of what God is wanting to do. If we really love as Jesus loved, it will be reflected in the way we give and in the way we treat each other.

Here’s how we made it to India in December 1992. Alex and Janet Singh, some friends we have in Delhi, sent us a letter, and written in red ink across the top of the letter was the line, “India has a need, and it’s Bob and Peggy...” I thought, “That’s nice,” and laid the letter on my desk.

The next day, another letter arrived. This time it was from Ross Sutherland in New Zealand. It was an encouraging letter as usual, but there was a sentence in it that caught my eye, “. . . I know that you are reluctant to go back to India, but India has a need. . .” Once again, Ross had prophetically nailed a situation in its proper perspective. I then laid that letter on my desk on top of the one we received from Alex and Janet.

Morning passed into afternoon, and we had a lunch appointment with some friends of ours. I knew God was doing something just by the two letters we had received, but God had more. I asked them if they had been praying for us about India, and they told us, “You already have your answer, what are you asking us for?”

The minute I got home, I picked up the phone and made travel arrangements and reservations. I knew God wanted us to go to India. That evening, someone called long distance and said, “I’ve been praying for you, Bob, and the Lord told me to send you \$5,000 to get you and Peggy to India. As the saying goes, the check is in the mail.”

We made the decision to go, and within four hours the Lord had supplied the funds. When we had settled it in our hearts that God wanted us in India, I took the steps and did the possible by calling the airlines. God, meanwhile, was doing the impossible by getting together the money to get us over there. When you do God’s will in God’s way, the provision will always be there.

I was at a party and talking to a friend. In the midst of our chat, I noticed his tie. It was really a bad looking tie. I mentioned to him how “interesting” his tie was, and before I could stop him, the guy pulled the tie off and gave it to me!

Twenty years later, as we were packing to go to Israel again, Peggy told me she had read that the Lands’ End Company was having an ugly tie contest and she wanted to enter the reject that my friend had given me at that party. I could not have cared less, but diligent Peggy went ahead and sent the thing in.

Over in Israel, I told Peggy that we could no longer buy clothes from Lands’ End because they were too expensive for our budget, and we could not afford those

But How Do You Live?

kinds of clothes. Now, don't get me wrong, the clothes they sell are really nice, but we just didn't have that kind of money to spend.

After that timely decision, we were on our way out of Israel, and I was spending some time in prayer. It was then that God said, "Bob, give Peggy a \$50 gift certificate for Lands' End." I said, "No, God, I'm not going to do any more business with them because their prices are too high for us." God persisted and said, "Bob, I want you to love Peggy and give her a \$50 gift certificate." During the course of the trip, however, I forgot to give Peggy the money.

On the plane home I was praying, "God, is there anything you want me to do that I haven't done?" He told me, "Yes. Give that \$50 gift certificate to Peggy." So, I pulled out my billfold and handed \$50 to Peggy and said, "Here Peggy. God told me to give you a \$50 gift certificate to Lands' End. I don't have a gift certificate, but here's the \$50. God bless you."

We made it to Nashville, and among the people there to meet us were our friends, Randy and Nancy Fox, whose wedding I had performed. Nancy yelled out to me, "Bob! You won the ugly tie contest!" My award was a new tie and \$50!

Sometimes it really pays *not* to take certain money when it is given, and sometimes it pays to *give back* when God does not want you to take it in the first place.

In 1987, just four weeks before we were to go to India, God had not released any money for us to go. As I was praying to God at 8:00 a.m., I got really personal with Him. I said, "God, this is Hughey. This is just a friendly reminder that we leave in four weeks to India because You told us to go. We have reservations for ten people, but we don't have any money for ourselves."

At 10:00 a.m. a man called and asked if I could drive out to his office and see him. So I did. At his office, this man began writing out a check. I focused in at the pen scribbling out the figures on the check and I thought, "Thank you Jesus. You have really heard my prayer this time!"

I was excited as I reached out to accept the check that was being handed over to me. Just before I got my clutches on the gift, the Holy Spirit said very clearly, "Don't take that! That's not from Me!" *Whoa!* Every bit of my flesh wanted to say, "Get thee behind me Satan," and grab that check and run. But, with my hand still extended, I said, "Brother, I can't take this check."

He was stunned and said, "Why? My wife and I believe in what you and Peggy are doing. We've known you for years, and you've touched thousands of people's lives..." I said, "Brother, the Holy Spirit just told me not to take the check. I'm not rejecting you or your gift or your love. I'm just obeying Jesus."

I got up and ran where I wouldn't be tempted anymore; I ran home to Peggy. When I told Peggy what had happened, Peggy questioned me, "Are you sure you heard God right?" I said, "God clearly told me not to take that money."

A Lifestyle Of Light

By the way, I had seen the figures, and the check had been written for \$1,600.

The next day we received a call from a sister who asked us to come over and pray for her. We went over to her house only to meet two ladies on their way out the door. One of the ladies we knew, but the other one was a stranger to us.

Together, the four of us rejoiced and praised the Lord right there in the hallway.

Finally, as the two women began to leave, the lady we didn't know said, "Let's pray for Bob and Peggy." So they did. Again, it was looking like the ladies were finished with us, when that same lady whom we had never met came over to me and stuck something in my pocket and said, "God bless you, servants of Jesus." The last we saw of her was as she walked out the door. We then prayed for the person who had originally called us to come see her.

Driving home, we were somewhere between Granny White Pike and Lealand Lane when Peggy asked, "What did the woman give you?" I didn't know, so I pulled out the check and handed it to her. Peggy looked at it, paused, and said, "Guess how much?" I said, "\$100?" "No." "\$200?" "More than that." I then had run out of guesses, so I said, "How much?" Peggy shouted out, "\$17,000!"

I thought she was joking or had misread the figure, so I said, "Honey, your eye-sight is getting bad, you're seeing too many zeros!" I grabbed the check, looked for myself, and in total surprise kept repeating, "It's a mistake, it's a mistake!" I almost ran off the road as I kept rocking forward and backward in my seat and tried to drive at the same time! I had never met this lady before, nor had I put her on a mailing list.

We're not on a payroll and we haven't had a paycheck for over two decades. We have no board and we're not bored! I haven't been on a committee in twenty years because the Holy Spirit is quenched by most committees. So, we pray and obey.

A man whom the Hugheys knew came up to them and stuck some money in Bob's pocket, but the Holy Spirit said, "That money is not from Me." Bob kept the money in his pocket and set it out on the chest of drawers. The following day he put it back in his pocket, but never put it in his wallet.

Peggy, seeing all of this, wondered why Bob wasn't putting the money away or spending it on something. She finally asked him about it, and Bob said, "The Lord told me that it wasn't from Him."

Finally, about one week later, Bob called the man who had originally given him the money and went over to his office. Bob sat down and right away started sharing the Lord with him as they were really close friends. Somewhere in the conversation, Bob said, "Brother, I have to do something, and it's not rejecting you or your love or your gift, but I must obey the Lord."

But How Do You Live?

He then took out the money and handed it back to the man and said, "I'm supposed to give this back to you." The man was surprised and said, "Why? The Lord told me to give it to you." Bob said, "I don't know why, I'm just obeying."

After only a few minutes, the man began to cry and he said, "Brother, you're right. The Lord told me to give you ten times that amount, and I tried to make a deal with Him. Will you take ten times that amount?" Bob said, "Yes, in Jesus' name."

From that, Bob was again reminded that it pays to obey the prompting of the Holy Spirit.

We don't have any mail-outs. We don't beg. We don't have any television ads or a 1-800 number. Jokingly, we often remind ourselves and others that it's really easy to be in a faith ministry and serve money. It may be a joke, but there is some truth in it.

We don't pray about how much money God wants us to give away, we pray about how little He wants us to keep. We pray, wanting to give every day. I don't want selfishness to ever have even a one day stronghold. That's why we try to give daily. In fact, we give away more than we spend on ourselves. We have made that commitment, and God has blessed it.

I won't forget the lesson of giving that God showed me from a lady who lived in the slums of Bombay. We walked into her little ten-by-ten-foot shack, with one flickering light bulb and no running water. When we entered her hut, she took the only food she had in the house, an apple, and cut it into ten pieces and gave out one piece to each one of us who was there visiting.

Don't think, "Well, when I get my three Mercedes, two Porsches, and \$100,000, that's when I'll start to give." God tells us to just give the apple that He has given to us today.

God doesn't want us to live a "just-get-by" life. He says that He is going to give to us so that we can give.

One day the Lord wanted us to give \$75 away. That was a lot of money to us at the time, but the Lord told us to give it away, so we did. I thought, "Boy, God is going to have to really do a number to make up for this. I'll have to remind God that we gave out \$75 bucks today." That evening, He gave us \$750!

But you see, I just don't have the faith to give away \$75. The problem isn't with God; it's with Bob. I can't afford *not* to give when God is telling us to give! He will richly supply us abundantly.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Once, in April of 1991, Bob was praying to God about their finances as it had been a dry month.

“God, this is Hughey! Uhhh...God...only \$300 has come in this month and that isn't much to live off of.” God's response was, “Bob, you need to be giving more.”

Bob responded by righteously protesting, “But, God, I give more than any other person I know.” God said, “I don't care about anybody else; that's not what I'm talking about. I'm telling you that you need to give more.”

Don't waste your money by giving to something
that's going to burn.
We don't need any more Crystal Cathedrals;
they're all going to be a pile of ashes.
Invest your money in the kingdom.
People are important,
and the kingdom of God is people.
Love people,
and don't let things control you.

I [Bob] say this because I've seen brothers and sisters step on and over other brothers and sisters just to advance themselves to get another thing. That's a wrong value system, and it's not God.

I'm going to love you and care for you
and let everything else in the world
go to hell.
We are to be committed to one another,
to walk it out with one another.
Forget the big church buildings.
If we can't relate to the people around us,
then we've missed it.
Let's start loving each other
in word
and deed
and in reality.

Bob was praying because he and Peggy felt that God was telling them to go to Israel. Despite this, there wasn't one dime of funds to get them there, and the tickets

But How Do You Live?

had to be bought soon.

So again, Bob called out, “God, this is Hughey! You’ve told us to go to Israel, but there’s no money.” God said, “Bob, you’ve got a cow and a rototiller. Sell them.” “But God,” Bob reasoned, “I need those things for the farm.” “I’ve not called you to be a farmer, I’ve called you to share Jesus.”

In obedience, Bob prayed about how to sell the rototiller and the cow. The next day the cow sold; and the day after that, the rototiller sold. After they sold the cow and rototiller, it wasn’t twenty-four hours later that a check came in the mail for \$2,600, the exact amount needed for the Israel tickets. To this day, Bob knows that if he had not been obedient in selling the cow and the rototiller, the money would have never come in.

God taught him, “If you do the possible, then I’ll do the impossible.”

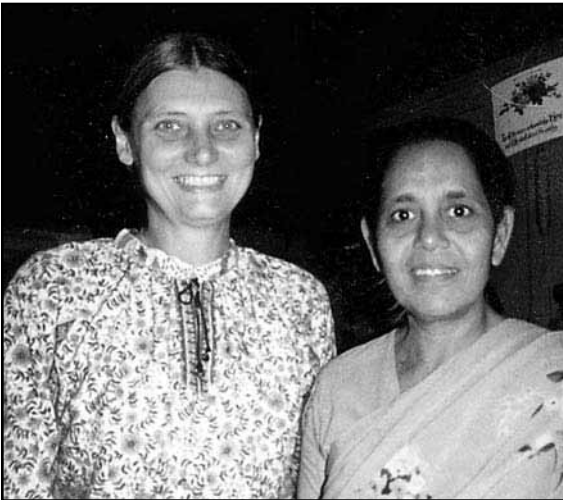
We’ve reduced giving to something we do to a basket on Sunday morning.

When we were in India back in May 1987, we prayed with a friend, Mary, who lives in Bombay. During the time of prayer, we felt that the Lord was telling us to give her 500 rupees (about \$17). Since God had equipped us with 500 rupees, we gave the money to her in the name of the Lord, prayed some more for her, then we went on our way.

After our return to America, we received a letter from Mary. In the note, she let us in on a great story. “I just want you to know what happened to the money you gave me. Shortly before you arrived to pray for me, I had promised a friend that I would give her 500 rupees to help them with their wedding. Unfortunately, I didn’t have the money, so I went to God and cried out to Him for the supply. Through you, I received my 500 rupees that I had committed to.”

Now, what if we had just given that money to a collection plate or an envelope?

You see, the gift of giving is



Peggy & Sister Mary in Bombay, 1983

A Lifestyle Of Light

to operate as the Lord gives opportunity. It's not under law, but freedom, as we're led by the Holy Spirit. Under this way of giving, you will be blessed, and the whole Body of Christ will be blessed also. I used to give to the penny what I could get as a tax write-off and I missed the blessing of God for all that time. It really is better to give than to receive, and you don't have to have a lot of money to be a giver, either. Just give as God gives you the opportunity to give.

A brother and sister in the Lord live on the outskirts of Bombay. For them to get to the fellowship, they had to ride a train for one and a half hours, then take a bus. God put it on our hearts to buy them a motor scooter.

The Lord was gracious enough to give us the money for a scooter, so we called them up on Christmas eve and told them we wanted to see them. When they came by for their surprise, they were overwhelmed and overjoyed.

What was most wonderful about this story wasn't that we gave them any money, but what they told us. They said they had been praying that God would give them a motor scooter by the year's end. Without any hints and with no pleas, they quietly sought the Lord for a scooter, and He was faithful to answer them.

We were in a hotel in Amsterdam on our way to India on May 18, 1987. At the table next to us, we noticed a lady who looked like she was from India. As she was eating her breakfast, we saw that something was wrong; she was totally torn up emotionally.

The Lord constrained me to go talk to her, so I went over to her table and handed her a tract. I said, "Here's some good news for you to read." We began to talk and we found out that she was from Delhi. In the midst of her crying, she told us that two thieves had just stolen her passport and all of her money. I then told her, "Jesus loves you and Jesus will take care of you." Her response was somewhat strange. She said, "Well, I'm cosmopolitan, I believe in everything."

We talked a little more, then started to leave the restaurant. In fact, we had entered the lobby of the hotel when the Lord nudged me again. The Lord said, "Go back and give her some money in the name of Jesus." So, I went back, and the lady was still there. I reached out with the money and said, "Jesus told me to give you this. This is a gift from Jesus, the way, the truth and the life" (see John 14:6).

We just dropped the money on the table, turned around and left, but we knew that she had been confronted with reality and that her "cosmopolitan" god never gave her anything...but Jesus had touched her life. We knew that she would never be the same.

But How Do You Live?

I really blew it with a lady at an apartment building. She didn't claim to be a Christian and she told Bob, "You keep your religion in church!"

I knew I had offended her and that I had not spoken to her in the Spirit of Christ. I prayed about it for two weeks and I went back to her and confessed my sin to her. She said, "That's okay, Bob." I told her, "No. It's sin, and I sinned against you and I sinned against God and I ask your forgiveness." She said, "Fine." Then, in reply, I said, "Oh, by the way, the Lord told me to give you double the money that I owe you."

There is one person who knows that Bob Hugheys' God is not in a box on Sunday morning with stained glass and a steeple. She knows that Jesus Christ is alive and well because she even got money out of it. You don't just do that in the world.

We were by ourselves in Morrison's Cafeteria. That was our quiet time with each other for that day. As we sat there, we saw a person, and the Lord spoke to both of us, the best I know how He speaks, through impulses in my heart and in my spirit. I didn't hear a voice saying, "Hughey, see that woman over there? She needs money!" We didn't get that. Peggy and I both, at the same time, knew that God wanted us to go over there to that woman and just bless her with some money.

We had never seen this lady before. We didn't know how she would use it. We didn't know if she was worthy or not. (I had a deacon ask me that question in a meeting one day. "Are they *worthy*?" and I asked him, "Are *you* worthy?") So, Peggy and I went over to that person and handed her the money and said, "God bless you," and went back and sat down at our table.

A little while later, that lady came over to us at our table with tears in her eyes and said, "Let me tell you what God has done. This morning I prayed to Him, 'God, You've said You will give me everything I need every day pertaining to life and godliness. You are my supplier. You know today that I have a need, and I'm depending on You to supply for that need today.' God used you to give me exactly what I needed."

Now, that makes for a nice, juicy testimony in a book, but that should be the everyday Christian life. That is what study is all about, that is what prayer is all about, that is what meditation is all about. I think that is what being led by the Spirit is all about—to be led by the Spirit regarding whom I'm with, where I go, what I do, and what I speak.

Peggy has often said, "Jesus only spoke those things that the Father gave Him to speak. He only did the things the Father gave Him to do. He only went to the

A Lifestyle Of Light

places where the Father led Him to go. He only gave to people that the Father led Him to give to” (see John 8:26,28).

It's that kind of relationship we are looking for as we grow spiritually. This enables us to be spiritual men and women, weight bearers, responsible people, who are led by His Holy Spirit.

We were going down the highway in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, looking for a place to eat. We passed a Pizza Hut, but the Lord reminded us that the last time we had eaten there, some “dark” spirits had been in there, so we knew the lord was saying, “No, not that one.”

We made a U-turn, drove nine miles back and pulled up at the Pizza Hut in the previous town. The waitress came by and mentioned that she'd be right with us. I said, “That's okay, I'm a big tipper!” That caught her attention, so she wanted to know why I was such a big tipper. So, I said, “Because God has tipped me so much, I can tip you a whole lot, too.”

Right there, in the middle of Pizza Hut, this waitress fell to her knees and cried out, “Oh, you don't know how bad I needed to meet you!” During our meal, this young lady spent about ninety percent of the next hour with us. As we left, we were able to leave her a \$50 tip. Days later, we received the following letter in the mail from her:

Dear Bob and Peggy Hughey,

I have been wanting to drop you a note but have not been able to for a few days due to the overwhelming amount of work I have had to do for school here at UT....

I am amazed at how the Lord uses a place like Pizza Hut to meet my needs in so many ways. There has not been a day or night that I have worked there since I was sixteen that the Lord has not blessed me with at least one table of Christian customers who are ready to encourage someone in the Lord. We may never know why we are somewhere, doing something, at some given time, but God knows, and He has a purpose in mind. I cannot tell you enough that your visit was an appointment that God set up! For the last few months, I have been struggling a great deal, not only financially, but spiritually as well. If there has ever been a time in your life when you knew that your relationship with the Lord was waning but you were just too tired from everything around you to do much about it, then you can relate to how I have felt. Between school and work, I spend most of my time just being plain tired. And I get tired of that! If it were not for the people that God miraculously sends across my path to encourage me, I feel that I would be wallowing in the pits of self pity—such an easy temptation to give into. But thankfully, He sends little pick-me-ups my way and sets me up straight again. Thank you so

But How Do You Live?

much for your obedience, you cannot imagine how much it has meant to me, and I will not ever forget it.

There are so many things that the Lord has spent nineteen years trying to teach me. Somehow, I get the impression that I am often a slow learner! Yet, there is one thing that He sends me back to the drawing board for, over and over again. And that is to learn to live by faith concerning my finances. Sometimes, I think God must watch and chuckle to see me trying to meet my own needs when He has already made provision beyond all that I could hope or ask for. At times He seems to provide for my needs just in the nick of time, just to show me that I cannot provide for myself, but that it is God who “supplies all our needs according to His riches and glory in Christ Jesus,” (and what a treasure that is!). My efforts are wasted if I think I am the one meeting my needs. And I can always tell when I get in the flesh and fret and worry over things, because things just don’t come together. But, when I give them over to God, the supply is always greater than the need. Your testimony really clicked in my spirit the vision of what the Lord has been showing me concerning my own life for many years—that He will supply all of my needs—He always has and always will be my source—I just have to get myself out of the way and let Him move. I am so glad that the Lord sent you my way to let me know that what He calls us to do, He will provide the means to do it with. . .

Your Sister in Christ,

As you can see, there *is* life after pizza!

That’s not the only Pizza Hut story we have.

We were at another Pizza Hut in Baumholder, Germany. The waitress there was from the Philippines. When we told her that we had also been to the Philippines sharing Jesus, she told us that she was a believer too. She spent the majority of her time talking with us. She told us that she was working hard to earn money to return to the Philippines because her parents were ill and dying. She wanted to see them one more time, but she just didn’t have the funds. So God led us to leave her a \$100 tip.

We just make the most of every opportunity like Jesus did. Jesus left the comforts of Paradise for me, so what else can I do but bless others as God gives me the open door.

These are just a few small sprinklings of the many ways God has used the Hugheys to bless others. Only when one has no security in money can one see what

A Lifestyle Of Light

to do with it, and only when Jesus is the sole source of safety, security, and hope can one know when to give, when to receive, and even when to refuse money.

Not all of the supply Bob and Peggy receive has such a miraculous source. There is one particular, regular source of income they expect to get that provides Bob with no small amount of laughter. After he left Stephens-Adamson, with whom he had been employed for thirteen years, the company sent him a letter stating that at age sixty-five Bob would begin receiving a retirement check for \$52 a month. As Bob says, "Boy, do I have security now!"

CHAPTER 18

THE ONGOING ADVENTURES OF BOB AND PEGGY (1 9 8 5 - 1 9 8 7)

One can learn a lot just by being with Bob and Peggy. No matter where they are, in comfort or in tough places, they are like two children in a playground. Everything is an adventure to them and an opportunity for sharing Jesus. Every taxi driver they ride with, every waitress who serves them, every passenger in their vicinity on the trains they ride hears about Jesus. The love pours out of them like honey from a comb in all of its sweetness and purity.

—J.M.N.

The years from 1985 to the present have been ones of perpetual motion for the Hugheys. They have visited and ministered in Central America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Eastern Europe (before the fall of Communism as well as after), and of course, all over the United States. Every year, the tally increases, but up to the printing of this book, the Hugheys have visited sixty-three countries, with no signs of letting up.

What follows in this chapter will be accounts of some of the high and low points on their travels, beginning with their third trip to India in 1985, which also took them to three countries in Africa and to Israel. Other stories come from their 1986 trip to Nigeria, Kenya, and Uganda. Keep in mind that the Hugheys were also ministering in other countries along the way.

Since first visiting Bombay, India, the Hugheys have always made it a habit to visit the Dharavi slum. This slum of over fifty square miles is the largest in Asia, with well

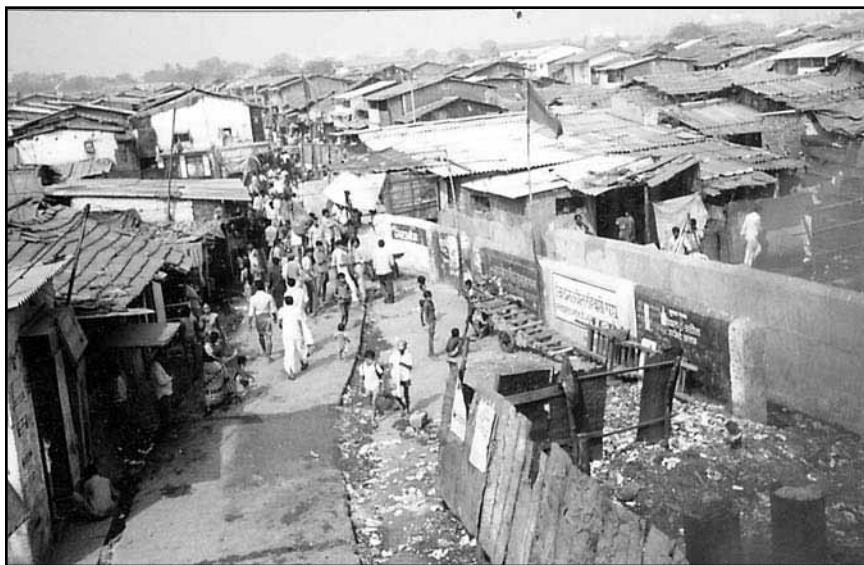
A Lifestyle Of Light

over one million people living in oppression there.

The following account, taken from my own diary, is an attempt to try to describe the sickeningly indescribable:

The day our group of eight people entered the slum was ordinary to most of the inhabitants but overwhelming to anyone else. Like most days in Bombay, it was muggy. When riding in a bus, the temptation is to open the window a little to try to bring some fresh air into the vehicle. However, a few whiffs of the stench from outside lets the passenger know that the window is *not* the way to go. The smell was a vigorous combination of human and animal feces mixed with a squirt or two of urine. There is also just enough smoke, exhaust, and chemicals in the air that the nostrils burn faintly with each inhalation. Of course, only those with extreme courage would ever dare to breathe through their mouths!

As the vehicle made its first turn into the slum, there was a total traffic jam involving cars, oxcarts, and human beings. All these ingredients made for a real mess as the dirt road, due to the recent rain, had turned into a sludge pool that seemed to suck the energy out of anything that trudged across it. Also, because of the rain there was water everywhere. Nevertheless, one got the feeling that the stagnant, diseased, and silt-laden water standing in puddles was a constant resident of the slum, rain or shine. It has been said that this slum is the only place where one could walk on water and it



Dharavi Slum, Bombay

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

not be a miracle!

The view from right to left was much too vast and deep to be captured by a still shot from a camera. Dharavi is a vast motion picture of death, as all color is seemingly absorbed by the surrounding dirt and mud. Each building was no more than a corrugated specter for the ghost of poverty to haunt.

From alley to alley, the maddening sound of trickling drips and drops of water reeking with filth and poison provided the rhythm that beat like a heart in pain. This sound provided the backdrop to an aura of uncleanness and a spirit of hopelessness.

After stepping out of the bus, one tries to be as optimistic as possible. Some even tried to comfort themselves by saying that this place could not be as bad as it looks. However, those types of thoughts would only be laughed at by the overwhelming view of uncompromising darkness.

The first stop on the “tour” was the New Life Fellowship English School, which is also used for prayer meetings. The consistency of the walls and the long, narrow dimensions of the room reminds one of a storage unit more than anything else.

As we made our way down the soggy, dirt street, we were each given tracts written in the local language of Marathi. Our next destination was supposedly to visit the home of one of the believers, but after walking only a short distance, a local resident walked up to one of our group and asked to see one of the tracts.

Since in America it is a pretty rare occurrence for anyone to ask to see a Bible tract, we were all a little surprised at the eagerness of this resident of the slum to actually come up to *us* to read what we had in our hands.

Once the man began reading the tract, everyone in our group was swarmed by children and adults alike, so that in only a few minutes, hundreds of tracts had been sucked out of our hands.

As we wound our way through the muddy, fly-infested, back paths of the slum, one of our group accidentally dropped the cap of his pen into the slosh below. He looked down at his pen cap, but the repulsiveness of the ground was so intimidating that the man decided it was better to just leave the pen cap to die in the grimy swill.

Soon we arrived at the “home” of a woman, which also housed her five children. The outside of the house was covered with what appeared to be sheet metal, or some sort of rusted out tin plating. The door was about four and a half feet tall so that even the shortest in our group risked cutting his or her head on the jagged metal crossing the top of the doorway. We entered into a ten-by-ten-foot room that was no larger than a storage shed sold in a department store. The room was lit by one neon bulb that buzzed and flickered overhead as we gathered around the woman and prayed that the Lord would supply all the needs for this family.

One could not help peeking around the room while the prayer was being spoken

A Lifestyle Of Light

and notice that this family lived with no toilets, no running water, no beds, no other rooms, no floor, no carpet, no refrigerator, no TV, and no food. There were a few sagging shelves where some pots and pans had been stacked away. Also on the wall was a calendar with scriptures on it.

Silently, we all squeezed through the front door and traipsed back to the bus. Though no word was spoken, everyone in the group was thinking similar thoughts. We knew we were leaving but we also knew that the people who dwelled in this slum would probably never escape.

This grotesque nightmare of hideous darkness called Dharavi is the human-created hell that most Americans shake out of their thoughts when confronted with an advertisement on television. But we were not watching television, and what we saw did not come across in a way that makes the viewer want to give a few dollars, but rather frightens the viewer by the depth of its lostness.

Our parting shot before entering the bus were the dogs with open sores lapping up water from the oily puddles, and the naked children with runny noses and clumped hair standing and staring at us, not asking for anything, and never realizing that they were the poorest people on earth.

The bus spun through the mud, dodging potholes, trash, and dung heaps and riding parallel past the moat-like sewer used simultaneously as a washing stream and a toilet. I looked back and thought, "I'm leaving, they are staying. What makes me so blessed? Why am I allowed to drive away from the twisted beggars that line the streets of this slum?"

It is this very slum where Bob and Peggy regularly go to help New Life Fellowship share the good news, and through many small cracks, the light shines through.

As in the last chapter, most of these stories are just as Bob tells them.

The slum we visited has over one million people. We met a man there who had been a slum lord. In India, a slum lord is akin to the old Chicago gangsters of the 1920's. Their job is to keep the people in the slum oppressed by making them pay regular "protection" money. In his words, "Six months ago, killing people was to me as easy and common as drinking a cup of tea is to you."

Six months previous to our meeting with him, this man had come to Jesus Christ, and Jesus forgave him, and Jesus delivered him, and Jesus set him apart for the work in the kingdom of God. Now he is a worship leader and overseer of several fellowships within that same slum.

Here, he would have to go to Dallas Theological Seminary for six years for us to have anything to do with him. Then go through psychological counseling to make

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

sure that his personality would fit in with all the personalities in our group.

He has been born again, healed, delivered, and baptized in the Holy Ghost and he is a leader involved with raising up other leaders now.

Whenever the Hugheys come to a strange city, one of the first places they go is to the local Christian bookstore to find out where in the city the Lord is moving. In most places, the bookstores are fairly easy to locate; in Bombay, Christian bookstores, or *anything* Christian, are not usually given the prime location.

Bob and Peggy found the Gospel Literature Service (GLS) on the fifth story of a crumbling, old building on one of the many back streets of Bombay. It was GLS that first printed Watchman Nee books, even before they were printed in America.

Bob and Peggy entered the building that housed the bookstore and noticed that the building had been declared “unsafe for human occupation.” However, the people who lived in the stairwell did not seem to heed the warning.

The staircase creaked like a man on his deathbed. With each step forward, there was no assurance that the next step would hold the weight of a human body. Yet, after five flights of winding through the dusty curtain of years of filth, the Hugheys made it to their destination, thinking that once they were inside, perhaps they would be safer.

The contents of the bookstore were, of course, mainly books, most of which had long been out of print in America. However, it was not any book that would touch Bob and Peggy’s lives in this store. Instead, the Hugheys would find, working as a clerk, a thin, almost frail man whose entire strength was in his beaming smile. This little man with the big heart was named Daniel.

For many years, Daniel has worked at GLS, making less than \$100 a month while supporting a wife and two children. He lives with his family in a rat-infested, little shack in the Dharavi slums, one family crowded in with over one million people. Most Americans would take one look at this man’s well-used clothes and street weary flip-flops and say, “Poor fellow!”

Most Americans would say that, but God doesn’t, because the people the world calls pathetic are the same ones that God calls blessed. We see this vividly in Daniel. There’s something about him that just emanates the joy of the Lord. His frail, little body is empowered by the happiness and grace that only the supreme Father could give. Daniel just bounces over the mud holes, cow dung, piles of human excrement, urine, and dead animals laying all over the streets. He is the envy of no one, yet from him, Bob and Peggy have watched and learned eternal secrets of the kingdom of God. Daniel has so tapped into faith and patience that he already is participating in his eternal inheritance.

A Lifestyle Of Light



*Bob & Daniel, "The Joy of the Lord,"
in Bombay, 1987*

During their different times with Daniel, Bob and Peggy found out that Daniel had been praying for a cassette player for over five years. Most of us in America have three, four, five, or even more cassette players sitting around the house unused.

God laid it upon Bob's and Peggy's hearts to go buy him a cassette player; they had been praying for Daniel for years that the Lord would supply all of his needs. They also do not pray about anything without being willing to be the vessels God uses to accomplish it. Daniel did not want the player for himself, he wanted to use it to play Christian music so that his

neighbors in the slum could hear it while he was at work.

Climbing up the dusty, cold steps of the condemned building that housed GLS, Bob and Peggy looked forward to giving Daniel the prize for which he had prayed so diligently for so long. To their amazement, when the player was finally revealed and presented to him, Daniel wouldn't touch it. Bob said, "Daniel, God has answered your prayer." But Daniel stepped back and said, "Brother, I cannot touch it."

Right then, without worrying about what anyone else thought, Daniel fell to his knees in praise, prayer, and thanksgiving, and he thanked God for His gracious reply and provision. Only after he gave God the credit and the glory did Daniel touch and receive his gift. Afterwards, to celebrate, he went outside and bought cold soft drinks for the Hugheys, spending a lot of rupees in the process.

Daniel is a man with the greatest joy one could ever hope to meet. He is living proof that the fruit of the Spirit is produced in those places where *you* don't have the strength, ability, or resources to produce it yourself. You are driven to Jesus in those

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

places where you cannot handle it on your own. Daniel also proves that joy is not the absence of suffering, but the presence of Jesus.

Daniel's peace and joy has nothing to do with where he lives. It's got nothing to do with what kind of car he drives. He'll never have a car. He'll never even have a motor scooter. He'll walk and ride buses and rickshaws all of his life. He's never eaten at a nice restaurant, where we might pay \$6.95 for meat loaf, potato salad, and baked beans. Daniel will never even see a place like that in all of his life. What he eats is rice on a piece of leaf, mixed with a little dal (lentils) and a little piece of bread. That's what he'll eat the rest of his life.

But he's full of joy. Do you know why? Because he has a good relationship with Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit is working in him. Joy has nothing to do with how your job is going. It has nothing to do with whether you own a car or not. It has nothing to do with whether or not you have any money in the bank. Joy has everything to do with how you're doing with Jesus. If you are walking with Jesus, then you have joy, and that joy is your strength.

On our visit to India in January 1987, Daniel came to visit Peggy and me at the guest house where we were staying. When we saw him, the first thing I noticed about him were his feet. They were cracked and blistered from the incessant Bombay heat. There were also bruises, blisters, and big calluses from the pounding of the pavement that Daniel goes through day after day. He was wearing flip-flops that were dirty and faded and worn thin. If we would have had to be seen in them in our culture, these mangled pieces of rubber would have been discarded years ago.

I'd look at his feet, then I'd look at his face, and there was that beam, that joyful light in his eyes and smile. The life of Jesus was oozing all over him, inside and out. Once again, I stared down at his pitiful feet. Right then, the Lord spoke a word to me from the scriptures, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good news" (see Isaiah 52:8).

Over the years, Daniel has given us gifts of good news and gladness. He has shown us what it's like to be a citizen in the kingdom of God.

Again, the Lord brought a word to me, "Bob, go wash Daniel's feet." So I went and got a bucket and a rag and started washing Daniel's feet. The next thing I knew, another man in our group, a very well-known singer in the church, was right down there with me, pouring water over those precious feet. We both just kept washing and anointing, and all the while, all of us were being baptized in tears of love. The Spirit of God was so evident in power that it filled the whole room.

A Lifestyle Of Light

After we were through, Daniel got up and started praying for all of us. We who have everything were blessed and ministered to by one who had everything in nothing. We said good-bye to our friend Daniel and released him to go back into God's kingdom while we went to our rooms, hoping one day we might see it as Daniel does right now. In Daniel, we see the kingdom of God happening, and the kingdom of God has got nothing to do with buildings or programs or material "stuff" or attendance last week or attendance this week or record contributions or how talented or pretty you are or even where your song is on the charts. It's got everything to do with relationships, with God, and with your brothers and sisters.

The worst flight Peggy and I have ever been on was from Harrare, Zimbabwe, to Lusaka, Zambia, on New Year's Day, 1986. We got on an old, forty-year-old Electra turboprop, and it was loaded. Some of the passengers were loaded too, and not with the Holy Spirit but with evil spirits. The flight was to take one hour.

An hour and thirty minutes into the flight, we landed back where we started. We got lost in the most horrible storm I've ever been in. Lightning, thunder, rain, wind blowing—that little plane was bouncing all over the sky. People were throwing up, screaming, and bracing for a crash.

It drove me to praise. Peggy and I were sitting there praying and praising the Lord and singing more praises to the Lord. We were blessing the Lord, praying in the spirit, praying out of the spirit, praying in the flesh, praying out of the flesh—whatever way I could pray, man, I was doing it in Jesus' name, just to stay in contact with the Lord. If it crashed, praise the Lord; at least we were going out full of praise and thanksgiving to the Father.

He chose to deliver us that day.

After we got on the ground, a lady who worked with the United Nations came up to me and asked, "Didn't I see you praying?" I said, "Yes, ma'am, you sure did." She told me, "I'm not sure about religion, I've never seen any point in it." She said that prayer was just a religious ritual to her.

I said, "Let me tell you, it's the difference between death and life now, heaven and hell eternally, and Jesus is the answer." "Well," she hemmed, "I'm not so sure." So I asked her, "Did the Good Shepherd take care of you to get you down and out of that plane?" She truthfully answered, "Yeah, He did!" Then she said, "Do you know what? Last night in my hotel room I picked up one of those Gideon versions of the Bible; isn't that about the same as King James? I read it for the first time in my life."

I saw God's overall picture there. He had used that whole experience to confront her with the reality of eternity, death, heaven, hell, and to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The plane we were in obviously wasn't the answer to the weather problem, so

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

they loaded us all up again, but this time in an old 707 Boeing jet. And this time we flew *over* the storm. We were flying along with all the bad weather below us when I looked out my window at all the clouds below, and there, in full color, was a perfect 360 degree rainbow, with the shadow of our plane right in the center of it.

God said to us, “You are right in the center of My will. Nothing can harm you, nothing can touch you.”

Again, the Lord taught us many things by what we went through. He showed us that so many of us have a messed-up perspective of the Lord. We believe that He has saved us. We trust in Him for eternal life. After He has done all that, we still don't think He will help take care of us in our day-to-day situations. The moral of the story is that the safest place on the face of the earth is right in the middle of God's will.

After Peggy and I arrived at our hotel in Lusaka, Zambia, we went out on to the main street to see what the city was like. As we were walking, we met a man from Czechoslovakia. I started talking with him, and when I found out where he was from, I told him, “You're the first person I've ever met from Czechoslovakia!”

He told us that he was an engineer and that he had been sent to Lusaka to do a job there. After explaining what he did, the inevitable question arose from him, “Well, what do you do?” As usual, I told him that I was a servant of Jesus Christ. When I said that, his next question struck a chord in me. “Why are there so many different groups?”

This man, from an Iron Curtain country (Eastern Europe had not been liberated at the time), didn't ask about religion or salvation or anything else. He zeroed in on the major problem confronting the church, both then and now, which is, “Why are there divisions within the Body of Christ?”

I responded to his question honestly by saying, “Divisions are not God's will.” He went on to say that he had friends in the Baptist church as well as in the Seventh Day Adventist church, and in his words, “They're both trying to get me into their group. Which group are *you* trying to get me into?”

I replied, “None. I'm here to point you to Jesus Christ.”

A fellowship in Nashville had asked Bob and Peggy, while on this trip, to check on a family whom the congregation was supporting and who lived in another East African country. They even supplied the funds for the Hugheys to go and encourage them. As it turned out, this trip had Bob and Peggy, literally, fearing for their lives

A Lifestyle Of Light

When we arrived, they told us they had some children visiting from England, and it wasn't a good time for us to be there. The truth was, however, that they didn't want us there because they weren't sharing Jesus with anybody; they were just living over there.

We let them know that we were planning on staying in a guest house in town, but they led us to believe that there was no hotel or place available. Then they told us that there were no taxis or buses, so we couldn't go anywhere. It was as though we had been put in a cage and couldn't get out. Once they saw they were stuck with us, they wanted to control us.

These people, supposedly, were Christians serving the Lord, but we couldn't tell it by being with them. They never mentioned Jesus, prayer, the Word... nothing. They had a room where they supplied videos for all the people in the city. Bad videos! They rented them out. There were demonic posters hanging up on the walls. The one ray of light was the daughter who was there. She asked us if we could pray before we ate because the rest of the family didn't even do that! They didn't pray at all or ever even mention Jesus. Nothing in the house would tell you that they were Christians.

We thought that one reason for all of this was that they were burnt out. Anyway, whatever it was, we were going to cut out the entire week we were supposed to be with them.

They had one son who presumably was autistic, and he would start screaming in the middle of the night. It all caused us to just hide in our room.

The man wanted to take us to a camp that was twelve hours away by jeep, so we went. We blew two or three tires on that long trip. The man was racing over the poorly constructed jungle roads at a breakneck pace on flat tires. There wasn't any traffic, just worn out roads with a maniac driver. During the trip, I asked the man two or three times, very nicely, to please slow it down a little. When that wasn't heeded, I turned to the man and said, "In the name of Jesus, slow down. If for no other reason, for the sake of our lives!" He did slow down a little.

We were also running out of gas. In the jungle, there is a gas station only every five to six hours; it was getting dark, at which time they all close down anyway, so we were really sweating it. We barely made it!

Peggy remembered, "We had our own little cabin, and the lavatory was just a suspended ring with all the porcelain broken out underneath. We were really worn out from the twelve-hour drive, so we were ready to crash. But when Bob drew the covers off the bed, there was a very large, fresh spot of blood right in the middle of the mattress. We were so beat that, at that point, blood didn't really matter, so Bob got into the bed as I turned out the lights. Just then Bob yelled, "Peggy, turn the lights back on. Something is on me!"

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

When the lights came on, Bob found a humongous spider crawling on him. It had apparently fallen from the ceiling. In the commotion, the spider got knocked off the bed. Bob and Peggy searched frantically to find and exterminate it—they searched everywhere, but the spider had disappeared.

They stripped all the sheets and covers off of the bed and began shaking them. They didn't find the spider but they did find the room full of dust and dirt from the covers.

The dust was so thick in the room that both Bob and Peggy started choking and wheezing and coughing. Eventually, both became hoarse and almost lost their voices.

It turned out that this camp was no more than an area designed for guerrilla warfare training, and from what Bob could tell, there was nothing going on that had anything to do with Jesus. There were pickled snakes in jars all over the camp and dried snakeskins hanging all over the walls of the huts.

While at this guerrilla camp, the missionary decided to show Bob the work he and his wife had been doing, so he loaded his family and the Hugheys into the car and drove a short distance to an area where, supposedly, progress had been made.

When they walked up to one nearby church, a person came out and said, "Get away from here. We don't want you here; you are the problem in this nation!" The believers themselves wouldn't touch this man with a ten-foot pole.

The only food Bob ate while he and Peggy stayed at the camp was a bowl of oatmeal, a boiled egg, and a piece of toast.

They spent one or two nights at the camp, but Bob says, "I spent my whole lifetime at that camp. It seemed like a hundred years."

When Bob and Peggy returned, they knew they "had to get out of there." When Bob told the man that he and Peggy were going into town to make reservations, the man said, "Sorry, there are no buses or taxis, you can't go." "I'll walk," Bob said. When the man saw how intent Bob was to leave, he drove them into town himself.

They walked into the ticket place to speak with the man who was there, named Abraham. When Bob told him he and Peggy wanted to leave on the immediate flight out (next flight in one week), the man said, "Sorry, Mr. Hughey, that flight is all booked up." Bob told him, "No, we've prayed and we are supposed to leave this place today!" Abraham simply said, "I'm sorry, there are no seats available."

The strange part of all this was that, originally, Bob and Peggy had tickets out on this flight, and the missionary changed the departure date without asking because he wanted to take them on another trip somewhere else. Nothing about that entire visit made any sense.

Bob fell down on his knees at this man's desk, put his head down on his arms and crying aloud said, "Mr. Abraham, God wants us to leave this place today!"

A Lifestyle Of Light

Unperturbed, Mr. Abraham said, “Sir, there are no seats available.” Bob adamantly said, “In the name of Jesus, God wants us leaving this city today.” “Well,” Mr. Abraham replied, “I’ll put you on standby.”

By now, Bob was bawling his eyes out. “*No standby!* God wants us out of this city today!” The man, employing another tactic, said, “Well, leave your tickets, and I’ll see what I can do.” Bob, with a note of finality in his voice, replied, “I am *not* leaving my tickets. God wants us to leave this city today!”

After quite a while of this banter, the ticket man, tired of the situation, finally said, “Okay, okay, you have seats.” He didn’t look at anything; he didn’t call anybody; he just gave them seats.

Bob and Peggy were at the airport, which was just an old, tin, Quonset hut, hours ahead of time. They were so early the airport had not even opened up yet, but the plane was there. The airline, to make room for two more passengers, had placed a wooden board between the pilot and the co-pilot. This was one of the few times that Bob said, “I don’t care if this thing crashes. I’m outta here.”

Bob and Peggy found out after their return home that Dave Harrison, a brother in the Lord who had been praying for them, had a vision during that same time that “we were with demon-possessed people who were trying to kill us, but they were actually missionaries who were not born again.”

Appropriately, once Bob gave his report on what happened on this African excursion, the fellowship that had been supporting these people for ten years dropped their support. The fellowship offered to bring them back over to America for one year to get their spiritual lives straightened out, but the people refused.

In the summer of 1986, Bob and Peggy were asked to speak at several conferences throughout Africa. From the moment they stepped off the plane, the Hugheys knew the trip had been ordained by God:

When we got off the plane in Lagos, Nigeria, I heard a voice from the past say, “Bob Hughey, what are you doing in Nigeria?” Surprised, I said, “You can’t run from God or your brothers and sisters. Give up trying to hide.”

It was Dean, a young man who was in our youth group at Vultee Church of Christ. Years ago, his mother and dad had been missionaries in Nigeria. Now Dean and his wife were going in there. You want to call it a strange coincidence?

Dean told us, “I thought I saw you in Amsterdam, but I thought that couldn’t be Hughey. Then, on the plane from Amsterdam to Lagos, I saw Peggy’s long hair and said, ‘That is Bob and Peggy!’”

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

To get into Nigeria, Americans have to change \$100 in American currency into Nigerian currency. Dean didn't have any money, and we did. It was just a beautiful opportunity to get to share with them and let them convert some money to get into the country.

We shared with one another what was going on in people's lives and encouraged each other right there in the airport.

We did a conference in Nigeria. There were five thousand people there from ninety-eight different churches who had never met together before. We shared the last day of the conference. As there were a lot of different languages, we used an interpreter in the main assembly.

The building had a large main hall with all kinds of smaller halls around the outside. Interpreters wearing headphones listened to what was being said in the different languages, and then immediately translated it into various languages to all the people assembled in the halls as well as to all the people who were sitting outdoors. They were really set up—the TV was there; it was a big thing. They started making some political statements, which I had some problems with, but God blessed it. There were good things happening there.

This conference wasn't actually one of the more important things that happened to us on this trip. We like those divine, holy encounters with individuals. Nevertheless, the conference went well.

It's very expensive living in Nigeria. Our hotel was nice compared to the others we could have stayed in, and it cost \$100 a night. The meals were \$15 to \$20 each. Praise God, the Nigerians paid all of our expenses. There's a lot of money in Nigeria, and they were really kind to us the three days we were there.

We went to downtown Lagos one day; we had about two hours we could spare. A woman came up to us where we had parked under a bridge. She was carrying a bundle in her arms. She came up to us asking, "Are you Christians?" Of course, we said yes. Then, to our surprise, she said, "Praise the Lord, you buy whiskey?" The lady then proceeded to pull off a cloth that was covering the bundle she was carrying to reveal an armful of booze.

The Muslims are really strong there and they don't drink, but the Christians have a testimony of having loose morals and drinking booze. She was really disappointed that she'd met a couple of Christians who didn't drink.

I learned something very valuable that day that changed my whole mindset. I want to be identified with Jesus Christ so that people will know that I don't stand for the junk in the world. Because of this and other incidents, I generally don't refer to myself as a Christian in most countries. It was a worldly, derogatory label originally and still carries a stigma with it today. Instead, I refer to myself as a "believer in Jesus."

A Lifestyle Of Light

Lagos airport is the toughest in the world to get through because of bribes, corruption, red tape, and so forth. We were ready to leave Lagos, we had our tickets, and we went up to get boarding passes. They said, “No, you’ve got to come back here.” So Dwight Marable, the man who had arranged for us to speak at the conference, went back and started talking to the airport officials. For three hours he was in a meeting because they insisted that we pay \$900 more for the six of us to get out of the country. They said they had raised the prices on the tickets.

We told them, “We *knew* you raised the prices, but we bought these tickets in advance and paid for them.” They said, “If you want to leave Nigeria, then you have to pay \$900.” After three hours of arguing and debating and appealing to authorities, we paid the additional \$900 to get out of the country. And it was worth it! I was ready to leave Nigeria.

We were to fly a Pan American 747 out of Nigeria across Africa into Kenya; they ran out of gas at the airport. We sat on that plane four hours (at least they had given us business class seats for our \$900!) while they went and got more gas to fill the plane so we could take off. It’s just a lot different over there.

Peggy and I were walking down the streets of Nairobi, Kenya, and just happened to be there for one day. A man and a woman came walking around the corner with one or two little kids. The woman looked at me and said, “I know you!” This is in Nairobi, with hundreds of thousands of people. I said, “Yeah, I know you.”

They were missionaries to Tanzania from Alabama and just happened to be there that day. We stood on the street corner and had a really good time of sharing. We had just met them in Nairobi the previous January of that year; they were there for conferences then; this time, they were there to go to a doctor.

After Kenya, we then flew into Uganda. Uganda is a tough place. There was gunfire every night we were there. You would hear machine guns and rocket-propelled grenades into the early morning. We saw human skulls and skeletons piled up by the side of the road just from the killing. Of the eighteen million population in Uganda, one million are orphans—one out of every eighteen persons in Uganda is an orphan.

We asked all the people (there were over one thousand in this leadership conference that we did for four days) how many had been touched by the killing in their immediate families. It was almost one hundred percent. The army consisted of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen-year-old boys; all the others had been killed off. It’s tough, it’s really tough, but God really blessed our time there.

The people were hungry and thirsty. Uganda is hopeless without Jesus Christ.

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

You need a four-wheel-drive vehicle to get through streets that have deep pot-holes everywhere. It's pathetic. We were to speak at a conference in Kampala. Some of the people had walked days to get there and slept on the ground during the conference. We had taken money to feed the people attending. Everything was cooked in these big, black pots. Everyone was served what looked like rice on the first day of the conference. I promise you that most Americans would not eat what these people were eating. They were going to make tea but couldn't get sugar because it wasn't available. They weren't going to have anything, but I wanted the entire group to have soft drinks. Their having a soft drink was totally foreign to them. They don't have enough money to buy soft drinks. We supplied the entire group with enough food, soft drinks, and desserts for the four days.

Two hundred people who were there for the conference were sleeping on the floor in one building. They just got there any way they could: walked, took taxis, buses. If they came over fifteen miles, we helped them with their transportation costs. It was an awesome week in my life. We saw people hungry and thirsty for the Word of God. Ten percent of the population at that time had AIDS. There were people at the conference with AIDS whom we prayed for.

The last day, one of the nationals got up and said, "There are probably people here who don't know Jesus." Twelve people were born again that day at the leadership conference.

Also at the conference, we felt the Lord was leading us to give away the clothes we had brought with us to wear, not some hand-me-downs donated from a dusty trunk in an attic. We cleaned out our closets of the clothes we were wearing and started handing them out. We also gave away toothbrushes, books, bumper stickers, etc., and distributed them to the people. The people there have *nothing*, absolutely nothing. We also gave candy out to the kids along the road. The leaders there said that they had never seen anyone who had come over to "minister" hand out their *own* clothes to the poor.

Peggy says: "Bob and I were sharing at the conference on husband/wife relations, and one of the pastors who was sitting on the stage later came to Bob and said that he went home and confessed to his wife; they forgave each other and were reconciled to each other. Also, God met financial needs that they had, all in that one day."

Even a prophetic word was spoken that seemed to be exactly what the believers there at the conference needed to hear: "Just as the blood flowed through the wounds of Jesus and brought salvation and healing, so the blood flowing through the wounds of the Body of Christ in Uganda will lead to salvation and healing for the whole country."

In Uganda most families of six to eight people live in a ten-by-twelve-foot room. Most of the people in the fellowship cook on open fire stoves and wash clothes in

A Lifestyle Of Light

a bucket. Most pastors don't even have a good study Bible with references and concordance. Most of the pastors even lack decent clothes. One pastor and some people with him walked 140 kilometers (90 miles) to attend the seminar. When the Word of the Lord was shared, a giving spirit came upon the entire group of people, and worship and shouts of joy accompanied the giving of money, goats, cows, chickens, pineapples...and even three children!...which the elders dedicated to the Lord and gave back to their parents.

This was the only time in my life that I heard what the book of Acts describes as “the sound of a mighty rushing wind” (Acts 2:2). There were over a thousand people there when I heard it, and I got a big goose bump all over my body and I'm not a goose bumpy kind of guy—but I was that day. It was the sound of the Holy Spirit being released in a thousand people's lives, and it was awesome.

At the conference, part of our teaching dealt with relationships. After we finished sharing, we opened up a time to read questions and give answers. The questions that came in amounted to a huge stack of papers. The first one I picked up read like this: “I just came to the Lord and I have two wives. What should I do?”

In Uganda polygamy is a big problem, and many of the questions dealt with this. Another question: “We are two wives married to the same man who is not a believer. What should we do?”

Another: “I have come to Jesus recently, and my husband is a practicing witch. Should I stay with him or should I leave him?”

Another: “Do you have to use candles in worshipping?”

Another: “Does a leper have to be healed of his leprosy before he can receive the Holy Spirit?”

Tough stuff. After picking up the first one and reading it, I said, “I think I missed God on opening it up for questions and answers.”

But we took the questions and combined them and tried to deal with concepts as best we could. We also encouraged them to have close fellowship with the overseers and the Body of Christ in the country, to seek Godly counsel and not worldly counsel, and to continue the ongoing process of growth.

There were a lot of single pastors and women pastors. Worship and praise was wild—absolutely, unbelievably uninhibited. Now, when you say “worship and praise,” I have a whole new dimension of what it is compared to what I used to have.

We had been given \$8,000 to take over there to feed and help the people. At the airport in Nashville before we left, a brother prayed for us. He laid hands on us and he laid hands on the \$8,000 that we were taking over there. This was his prayer: “Father, as Jesus blessed the loaves and fish beside the sea and fed the multitudes, I pray that you will bless this \$8,000 and multiply it so that the multitudes in Uganda will be blessed.”

Here was God's response to that prayer: Just before we entered Uganda, the exchange rate was 1,700 Ugandan shillings per dollar. The week we went in there,

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

the Ugandan government miraculously raised the exchange rate to the black market rate of 5,000 shillings per dollar. The week after we left, they devalued the shilling to 1,500 per dollar. For one week in history, God had the exchange rate at three times the normal level and took the \$8,000 we had to make it worth \$24,000. We



*"Bob the Millionaire" with
May, a missionary, in Uganda, 1986*

had suitcases full of money. We had dresser drawers full of money. We were millionaires for one week! (5,000 shillings x 8,000 dollars = 40,000,000 shillings) So, besides feeding the pastors for that one week, we also were able to set up a program to feed fifteen orphans for a year. We bought fifty bags of seed for the farmers. The land is fertile, but they have no seed. This will feed them from now on because they can grow their own food. We also bought fifty fishing nets for the fishermen. The seas are full of fish, but there are no nets. These nets will help to feed them for the rest of their lives.

Peggy and I left from Entebbe, the worst airport I've seen in the world. It had big sections blown up, bullet holes, no electricity, filthy; you had to go through and fill out forms that were really only pieces of a dark, purple paper they'd torn up. We were checked through, got our boarding passes, and got on the plane.

As we were sitting there, we saw bunches of people standing in the aisle of the plane. I turned to Peggy and told her, "Peggy, we've got a problem. I'll bet you they've overbooked." The officials on the plane were talking together, and soon after, they came through and told everyone they wanted to see tickets and boarding passes. We had ours, so I showed them, and they continued to check the other passengers' tickets. They then came back through with a long piece of white paper, which I found out later was the manifest, the official paper of who got on the plane.

A Lifestyle Of Light

They came and asked our name; I told them “Hughey, Bob and Peggy.” They looked at the paper and said, “No Hughey. Get off the plane.” I said, “No! I’m not getting off this plane. Here are my tickets and boarding passes; we’re staying on this plane.” They told me, “You’ve got to get off this plane.” I replied, “No, I don’t.” They finally gave up on us and went on.

Phil Perry, who had also come with us, was told he needed to get off the plane as his name wasn’t on the list either. Phil pointed at us and told them, “No, I’m with them.”

Two aisles behind us, the officials gave up and told everyone to get off the plane. It was mass confusion as everyone stood around in the hot sun in the middle of the tarmac. Three hours later they started reboarding the plane by calling names off the manifest. I told the guy standing next to us that we needed to go find a bus to rent to get to Nairobi, as our flight left today to Israel and there was only one flight a week to get there. I was griping and complaining; Peggy was praying.

Dwight and Linda Marable were the only two members of our group of six whose names were on the manifest. We found out that the guy who had gone to confirm our flights had put down “Maribel, 6,” so our names were not put on the manifest. Fifteen or twenty of us were still standing outside the plane wanting to board, with only four seats left.

Dwight and Linda were, in the meantime, speaking with the captain, telling him there were six in the party who all had international flights to catch and that one man back there was sixty-eight years old and had heart trouble; Dwight was responsible for him. He knew that in the Ugandan culture, age was highly respected. After everyone on the manifest had been boarded, the officials came to us and wrote our names on the list, and we were able to take *the last four seats*.

One man left behind told them he wanted his luggage, and if he didn’t get it he would hold onto the wheel of the plane and not let it take off. Finally, after thirty to forty minutes, they unloaded *all* the luggage and allowed those staying behind to get theirs. Four hours later, we took off. I was really happy when I felt those wheels leave the ground.

Bob and Peggy received a letter after they returned to Nashville. It was a letter from an overseer in Masaka, Uganda.

Dear *Reverend* Bob Hughey. I greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus. I believe you arrived safely, together with the brethren. I really thank God for the message which He put on your heart to share with us. Really, God performed a miracle in my life because of that word concerning love and marriage. In my family, there was a child who went into sin, and I did not have any love for her because of what

The Ongoing Adventures of Bob & Peggy

she did. Even if she asked for pardon, I was not satisfied, but because of that message you preached with your wife, I forgave her and now I love her and as soon as I came home from the seminar, I bought her a present to prove that I love her. Thank you very much for the living fruit of the Spirit. I ask you to give me more encouraging messages if possible. In Jesus' name.

THEIR ADVENTURES CONTINUE

(1 9 8 7 - 1 9 8 8)

Peggy knew that when she and Bob finished in Uganda, their next stop would be Israel. What Peggy did not know was that Bob had planned to surprise Peggy after Israel with a trip through Europe.

The entire trip to Europe was a surprise for Peggy. Although Nolan and I arranged the trip without Peggy's knowledge, Nolan wasn't sure I could keep a secret from her!

In Tel Aviv, Peggy and I went to confirm our return flights scheduled for August 23rd. The agent confirmed our flight to Amsterdam but then informed us we were not scheduled to fly home until September 5th. Peggy hurriedly jumped in with "No, we're going home the 23rd!" I looked at Peggy and said, "Surprise!" Peggy began bawling her eyes out.

When they caught the Eurorail train in Amsterdam, neither Bob nor Peggy realized that their trip through Europe would also be one of their most active times of ministry. It is sometimes hard to believe how many weird things happen to the Hughes on their trips, but the following are just a few stories from just that one trip through Europe where the Lord used Bob and Peggy to minister life in remarkable ways.

Our first train took us from Holland to Germany. We stopped in Erbach to eat pizza. As we were leaving the restaurant, we saw a whole gang of American students walking down the street. They were in Germany as exchange students and asked us what we were doing there. We told them we were sharing the good news of Jesus Christ. I looked at them and asked if any of them were believers in Jesus. It got really quiet, so I asked if any of them had read the Bible. One guy said he'd read a little bit one time a long time ago. I was just standing there on the street,

Their Adventures Continue



Revival Outside Pizza Parlor in Erbach, Germany, 1986

and the Holy Spirit came on me, and I started preaching:

“You know what? You can’t fill that place in your heart with exchange students, languages, studies, or anything else. You’ll never be at peace with God until you know the Lord Jesus Christ. You’ll never find purpose or direction for your life until you come to know the Lord Jesus Christ.”

One of the girls spoke up and said that someone had told her the same thing just three weeks ago and... “He’s been trying to save my soul ever since.”

We ended up speaking Jesus to these kids for an hour and a half; they kept firing questions at us. When we finally ended, the pizza place they were going to eat at had closed. They got Bread of Life instead of pizza!

We continued on by train, and at one stop all these guys with long hair and black leather suits were getting on. They were taking musical instruments, amplifiers, and other such equipment with them onto the train. They looked really strange.

I looked at Peggy, though, and said, “Those guys are believers.” She was wanting to know what in! She asked me how I knew, and I told her I’d looked in their eyes and knew they were believers in Jesus Christ.

They got on the train and sat in a compartment back-to-back with ours. The conductor began going through the compartments asking for tickets. When he reached the guys, we could hear him ask what they did and where they were from. They told him they were a rock group from Los Angeles. He asked what they were

A Lifestyle Of Light



Christian Rock Band on Train in Europe, 1986

reading and was told, “The book of Proverbs.”

After the conductor checked our tickets, I went to their compartment, stuck my head in, and said, “Hey, I guess we must be members of the same family.” One of the guys jumped up, grabbed me and hugged me and said, “Praise the Lord, brother! You’re the first born-again person we’ve met the three months over here in Europe.”

I looked at him after he sat down and asked him, “Do you know what the word of the Lord is for you? It’s ‘*No compromise*.’” He looked surprised and told me, “No compromise? We’ve just been sitting here talking about how we’ve been compromising. The leader of our group is a believer but he’s been wanting Rolls Royces and money, and we’re wanting to share Jesus and we’ve been compromising.”

I told them, “You can’t compromise. We must live in integrity; we must have our priorities sorted out before the Lord. Your music is not the answer for the world.” The guy said, “I know it. Last night we were playing to three million people on the radio, and I was just wanting to say, *Jesus is Savior and Lord*, and I couldn’t.” I told him, “You *must* speak the name of Jesus; you *must* point people to Jesus.”

I returned to our compartment and was telling Peggy what was going on when we saw the leader of the group return. When he walked into his compartment, the other guys told him, “You won’t believe what happened. Jesus Christ just came into our compartment and told us, ‘Don’t compromise.’”

The guy, stunned, said, “Whhhaaaaat?” and the others repeated it. Peggy and I went over there, and we all ended up with our arms around each other singing

Their Adventures Continue

praises to the Lord and praying for each other for about an hour. One guy asked us, "Did you ever think you'd be in a train ministering to a rock group from California?" I replied, "No, I never planned that, but my heavenly Father did."

We went on our way, knowing that as we walk in His Spirit, He has these divine encounters for us with people who are hungry, who need encouragement, who are lost and looking for direction. You're not all called to live like Bob and Peggy, but we are all ambassadors of Jesus Christ.

We were on another train when an Indian lady came in. She was wealthy and had homes in Bermuda, Holland, and other places and had traveled all over the world. She asked us what we did, and I told her that we share the good news of Jesus Christ.

She looked amazed and scornful and asked, "You mean you really believe in that stuff?" I said to myself, "Hallelujah. You got one here, Lord." I told her, "I'd bet my whole life on it; in fact, I'd bet eternity on it. I'm ready to die today and face my Maker because of the blood of Jesus Christ. Are you?"

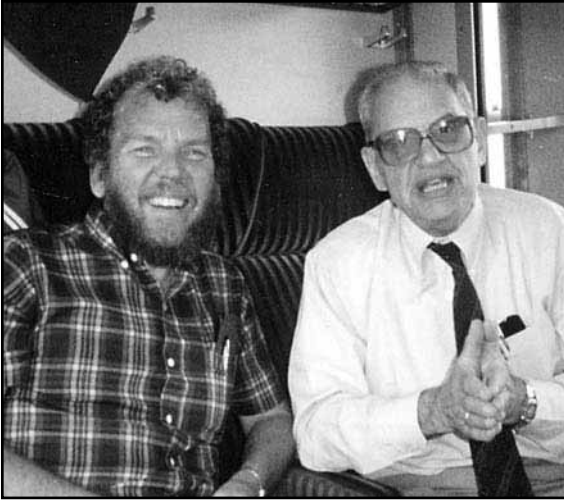
She could make no answer. We continued sharing with her, and she began firing questions at us. "What about all the starvation in the world?" I asked her, "You're from India? You know why people are hungry in India? Because of the 300 million demons you serve that you call *gods*. The people coming to Jesus Christ are being set free from the demon worship and they're able to see a cow for what a cow is for. They're able to see a rat for what a rat is for, and they can kill them and keep them from eating all of your grain. The problem is *not* starvation in India; the problem is the false gods you're serving."

"Well," she quickly retorted, "What about the overpopulation?" I replied, "There is no overpopulation problem. Did you know that all of the people on the face of the earth will fit within the city limits of Jacksonville, Florida? That cuts through a whole lot of junk that the humanists would throw out at you."

We had about two to three hours with this lady and we just kept confronting her with Jesus Christ and pointing her to Him. Pretty soon, a very dignified looking man, who I wrongly judged, came into the compartment. He looked very stern; when he opened his briefcase, everything was very neat, organized and in its place. As we were talking to the Indian lady, he sat listening to us confronting her with Jesus. After a short while, he looked up at me and said, "You know, Bob, you're exactly right. Jesus Christ is the only hope for the world today."

The man was the former surgeon general of the United States and had served under General Patton. He told us, "I came to believe in Jesus through the process of elimination. I came to see that life is *not* in money; the hope for the world is *not* money; the hope for the world is *not* medicine; the hope for the world is *not* education; the *only hope* for India and the rest of the world is Jesus Christ."

A Lifestyle Of Light



Bob with Doctor on Train in Holland, 1986

The Indian woman was sitting there listening to this man, with her eyes getting bigger and bigger and her mouth dropping open and her heart being plowed and beginning to receive. God was really using this highly intelligent, educated man to speak to her and to underline and confirm the things we had been sharing with her.

We found out she liked Bob Dylan music and asked if she had ever heard of the album *Slow Train Coming*. She hadn't, so we wrote down her name and address and

promised to send her a copy; she needed to listen to a song entitled "You've Got to Serve Somebody." I told her that one has to serve either pride, education, money, self, material goods, or something today, but you'll never find peace until you begin serving Jesus Christ.

As we all continued to talk, we found out the lady had gone to a Christian school as a child and that her daughter had spent two years studying the Old Testament. The doctor, in discernment, looked at her and asked her, "You've been hurt by some dead church, haven't you? Let me tell you, it's not in church, it's not in buildings, it's not in big organizations, it's not in religion...it's in Jesus."

Later, as the man was getting off the train, he asked us to make a picture of Peggy and me and send it to him as he'd never met anyone like us before in his life. He hugged us, blessed the woman, and left.

Just another three to four hour train ride!

We are called to be light, called to be salt, called to permeate wherever we walk, wherever God leads us to go. I've often wanted to do a book called *Plane Experiences* because of all the things God does in our lives on planes.

We were coming back to America from sharing the Lord in Honduras. As a man sat down next to me on the plane, I knew that our meeting was ordained of God. As is my custom, I started talking with him, and he came around to asking me what I did for a living. I said, "Well, let me first tell you what I did for thirty-one years."

Their Adventures Continue

I then went on to describe my life before Jesus and how I met Yeshua HaMashiach. I used this Hebrew term “Jesus the Messiah” because I knew the man was Jewish. Peggy and I seem to have some sort of discerning gift in recognizing the Jews. He had not told me his name or anything else to relate to me that he was Jewish, I just knew.

Before the conversation had progressed very far, this man was firing questions at me, such as, “Have you ever been to Israel or any Muslim countries?”

So, I told him how Muslims are coming to Jesus and Jews are coming to Jesus and how God opened up doors for us to share with non-believing Jews. Of course, at this point, he was feeling a little uncomfortable, so he asked me what I thought of Jerry Falwell. I said, “I don’t know anything about Jerry Falwell, but let me tell you about where I am.”

After I was finished sharing with him, I asked him, “Sir, what motivates you?” He told me that he didn’t know. “That’s a hard question.”

I asked him, “Are you trying to fill your heart up with cars, sex, money, pride...?” He responded, “Well, I wouldn’t describe me as *lost*. I’d say that I was in that gray area.” Then I said, “Jesus says that you’re either black or white, either for Him or against Him. The great delusion is that there’s a gray area.”

After talking intimately with him for almost two hours, we got off of the plane in Nashville, and I looked at him and said, “Do you know what? I used to hate your guts because you are a Jew. Now...I love you.” His eyes filled with tears, and he started crying, and the last words he said to me were, “Bob, I know you love me.”

That was sort of icing on the cake, and I got off of that plane saying, “*Thank you Lord* for these divine moments and encounters.”

It’s meetings like this that God, through His sovereignty and grace, arranges for us as we learn to walk in His Spirit.

Not all of the Hugheys’ ministry to the Jews happens in Israel. Very often in other countries, even here in the United States, God opens the door of opportunity so that Bob and Peggy can share with Jews from all different places, in many different configurations. Take, for instance, the time they were invited to go to Naples, Florida.

A couple called us and invited us to fly down to Naples, Florida, with them for a little mini-vacation. I prayed about it while Peggy packed!

We didn’t have anything else to do that weekend, so they came and picked us up in their new Mercedes and drove us out to the airport where we went to their private jet. A red carpet had been rolled out, and people were there waiting to help us get on the plane. All this luxury was just freaking us out!

After arriving in Naples, they rolled out the red carpet again while handing us

A Lifestyle Of Light

the keys to a brand new Chrysler. We stayed in a suite right on the Gulf of Mexico. We couldn't help but laugh the entire weekend as we knew we were in the lap of luxury while, in reality, we didn't have a thing to our names on the face of the earth.

Our friends were down there shopping for a new condominium, so as we went around with them, people would ask me, "Well, Mr. Hughey, what do you do?" I'd tell them, "I'm a servant!" and I would get some of the strangest looks from them. We ministered to a lot of unique people that weekend, ones I never would have gotten to share with otherwise.

On Saturday, the couple we were with had some business to attend to and they gave us the choice of going with them or staying at the suite and going swimming. And, of course, being the spiritual, discerning person that I am, I chose to go swimming!

It looked like Bob and Peggy would have the entire beach to themselves, because as they looked out of their third story window from the north to the south, all they could see was beach, with not a single person in sight.

The ocean was in perfect form. The waves were barely rippling, and the temperature was just right, so they figured God had arranged things for them to have some time to themselves swimming, with no distractions or annoyances.

They had waded out until the water was about waist-deep when they noticed another couple leaving their condo and walking out on the beach...walking right toward them.

Bob knew as he watched this couple draw closer and closer that they were Jewish. This discernment arises because Bob and Peggy know that God has put a love in their hearts and a calling on their lives to share Jesus with the Jewish people. Bob also knew that this meeting, like countless others, was no accident.

Being salt and light, Bob initiated the conversation with them, and right off the bat, this Jewish couple wanted to know where Bob and Peggy were from. Bob let them know that Nashville was their home base, but that they had been in Israel the week before.

The couple seemed surprised and said, "We're Jews and we've been married forty years, but we've never been to Israel."

Again, the standard questions were fired at Bob, like, "Well...what do you do?" Bob, as usual, promptly replied, "I'm a servant, a servant of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and Yeshua HaMashiach. We just follow Him and go wherever He leads us." "Have you been to Israel before?" they inquired. "That was our ninth trip," the Hugheys answered.

They continued to tee off more questions to Bob and Peggy about their lives,

Their Adventures Continue

including inquiries on how God supplied them to get to Florida. In utter amazement at the Hugheys' response, they said, "All our children chipped in together and gave us this trip as an anniversary present, and you're telling us that you're here for free!?" Bob said, "We just believe in the Lord and trust in Him."

"What do you believe about reincarnation?" was the next question they asked. Bob's response was, "Your Book says that it's a lie of Hinduism. Your Book says that it is appointed once and for all for a man to die and after that the judgment (see Hebrews 9:27), and I'm not afraid to die because of the blood of the Lamb."

For two hours, the four of them stood in the water talking about the things of God. They were shriveled up and waterlogged by the time it was all over.

Bob's flesh was saying, "Hughey, go swim!" But the Holy Spirit was saying, "I've got you here for something besides swimming. You've got the choice. You can stand up for your rights and go swimming and lose life, or you can lose your life for the sake of the kingdom and find it." Peggy and Bob chose that day to listen and yield to the Spirit.

At the end of the two hours, the lady looked at Bob and said, "You're Moses! I knew it the first time I saw you!" She stood there in the water and raised her hands and said "Convert me! I want to believe!" The man said he wanted to believe too, and that when he prayed he was going to ask God if He knew Bob Hughey and tell God that he wanted to know Him too, just like Bob.

So there Bob and Peggy were, in the water, never being able to swim at all, but realizing that God had brought them to Florida, not for swimming, but to obey Jesus.

And, as they stood there, Bob told this lady, whose name was Dottie, "Dottie, I was sitting up there on that balcony this morning reading your Book and asking your God to lead us to the people He wanted us to meet today." Dottie said, "Bob, we obviously didn't come down here to go swimming but to meet you. You've made our weekend."

We were on the streets of Israel for twenty-one days, in November 1987, sharing Jesus with Jews from all over the world. We spoke to people from at least fifteen to twenty different countries. They still aren't jumping up and down in Israel wanting to hear about the Messiah. It was bad back in the New Testament days and it's had two thousand years to get worse.

We met one young man on the streets and started sharing the Lord with him. He told us, "I'm disappointed in Israel. I just finished my military service and now I'm going to school, but I'm just disappointed." "I'm not disappointed," I replied. The man said, "I can tell. Why not?" I told him, "I'm not disappointed because my

A Lifestyle Of Light

hope is not in the nation of Israel. My hope is not in the military. My hope is not in doctrine. My hope is in Jesus, and that hope does not disappoint me.”

When you are not disappointed, the world can really tell it. The people in Israel are hopeless and pathetic. They've opened themselves up to every cult and every occult movement. The Hari Krishna people are over there on the streets preaching transcendental meditation. Jews will follow anything but Jesus. We even heard of a girl over there walking through the land, claiming to be the sister of Jesus and telling people to read the Bible and do drugs, and people were following her. Despite all this, the good news is that there are more people in Israel coming to Jesus than ever before. There are over three thousand known believing Jews in Israel today. There are over thirty fellowships, mostly house groups, spread all over the nation. This just coincides with a tremendous outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The year of 1988 began where the Hugheys had started in 1987—India. In fact, in just a twelve-month period, the Hugheys had taken three different groups to India, including several of the pastors from Belmont Church.

The third and final trip of that period contained within it, possibly, the most interesting five minutes of my, this author's, life.

Our little group of ten people were in Calcutta and had been taken to one of Mother Teresa's ministries. This home for the dying was a place where the dying people of Calcutta are literally pulled off the streets to be given a place of dignity to either recover or die.

The typical scene is people lying on mats all over the building. Many of the patients have I.V.'s sticking out of their arms. The sound of moaning and repetitious babbling seems to come out of nowhere, reminding any visitor that this place is *not* a tourist attraction.

Peggy, in her usual manner, knelt to pray for many of the worst cases. One man whose hand Peggy held smiled and seemingly did not want to let her go. While we were there, a body, just barely alive, was carried in. Apparently this poor soul had been lying out in the streets for three days before he was finally dragged over to the ministry for help.

Later, the entire group went to another of Mother Teresa's ministries. This seemed more like a convent as many workers seemed to be busying themselves with the duties of the day as well as finishing up their lunches.

The group was escorted upstairs where we were told to wait. I was not quite sure what we were waiting for, but after a long ten minutes of standing around, out from behind a curtain hanging over the doorway came Mother Teresa! She looked pretty

Their Adventures Continue

much like her pictures, only this time she was really standing there in front of us. Her stature was small and bent, and her face was carved with piercing wrinkles. In all probability, we had awakened her from her nap, as she also appeared to be a little pale. She was kind enough to shake the hand of every one of us in the group.



*“Cruisin in Delhi” and Jesus
is the One Way! 1994*

Within moments of the meeting, Bob and Peggy had positioned themselves to talk more with her. The

rest of the group took a few steps back while Bob and Peggy spoke with her. I could only see lips moving, with an occasional word or two making sense to my straining ears. One thing was certain, Peggy, especially, seemed to be firing a rapid succession of questions at the little lady.

Sadly, Bob and Peggy found out that day that Mother Teresa was exactly what she said she was—a good Catholic. As Peggy recounted later, one of the questions she had asked Mother Teresa was “Do you believe that Jesus is the only way?” Mother Teresa’s answer, Peggy recalled, was “...it’s through Mary.”

I think that if Bob and Peggy Hughey could ever really be disappointed, this was it, for they came to realize that despite the world’s accolades and admiration, Mother Teresa was just a sincere Catholic woman caught up in salvation by works of the flesh.

It was on that same visit to India that Bob, in his weakness, saw the power of God demonstrated in a tremendous and hilarious way.

In January 1988, our group was invited to be at a meeting on a rooftop in downtown Bombay. I wasn’t feeling well at all that particular day. To begin with, I had a headache that started at my navel and went all the way around to the back of my head. I also had diarrhea...*bad!* Just say “Bombay” three times and I get it—the “Bombay blast!” I’m really that weak. The building we were on was nine stories

A Lifestyle Of Light

tall, and I was tired and ill and not really wanting to be there. We had agreed to be there more as an encouragement to the believers.

Once we made it to the roof, I dragged myself to a chair and moaned, “Oh Lord what am I doing here?” Then I heard it. No, it couldn’t be. There in sort of a distant echo in the back of my right brain I heard, “. . .and God has brought Brother Bob here tonight to share the Word with us.” I thought, “My God! *Help!*”

They introduced me, and by God’s grace these words came out, “. . .for momentary and light affliction is producing for us an eternal weight of glory” (2 Corinthians 4:17). The Word was for *me!*

When I finished, I was weak and aching. I tried as cordially as possible to sit in my chair, but it turned out to be more of a sickening plop than anything else. I had been sitting there for just a few seconds, just enough time for my stomach to gurgle once, when that echo bounced through my throbbing skull again, “. . .Brother Bob, God isn’t finished with you yet. He wants you to pray for everyone here. . .*individually!*”

I thought, “Get off my case! I don’t want to pray for anybody, can’t you see that I’m dying? I just want to go back to the guest house and collapse into bed.” Much to my dismay, *all* the people—the whole rooftop full—lined up to be prayed for.

The first person came up, and I started to pray for her. Before I could even get a few words out, this person began to fall to the ground. I held her up by the arm and thought, “Don’t go down now, I’m not finished praying yet!” One after another—doctors, lawyers, actors—it didn’t matter who they were or what they did, as I prayed for them, they fell to the ground. Almost one hundred percent!

Later, I asked the pastor if anything like that had ever happened before. He looked at me and said, “That has *never* happened before.”

Not only had people never fallen prior to that meeting, we found out that cancer was healed that evening, and one lady who was going blind received her sight!

THINGS I HEAR IN LOVE

Beyond all these things, put on [walk in] love, which is the perfect bond of unity.
—Colossians 3:14

You can tell how you're doing with Jesus by your relationships with your brothers and sisters in Christ. I can appear spiritual, even be a spiritual leader and say religious things, and be dead because it's not being fleshed out between us.

How you love Jesus is directly related to how you are doing with each other. We'll sing, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" yet there's unforgiveness in our hearts toward each other, bitterness toward our mate, and covetousness in our hearts toward our brother, or we are insulting or being harsh toward our brother. There are no "zings" in love.

When you hear the word "love," what do you hear? First of all, "God is love." Don't read 1 John if you don't want to run into "God is Love." The Word says, "Anyone who loves [with agape love] is born of God" (1 John 4:7).

What would that do in churches if we really believed that? This cuts through a lot of theology, doesn't it? You can only love with agape love when it is born of the Holy Spirit.

"The one who does not love, does not know God" (1 John 4:8). I've been in churches in Nashville that are as cold and dead and apathetic to other people as anything I've ever seen. God isn't close to them, and you can have right names and right doctrines...and be lost.

The one in whom love is not being released and is not being demonstrated does not know God. In America we love things and use people instead of loving people and using things. The biggest, shiniest, chromiest things on the face of the earth are going to burn up into a pile of ashes, so why put any hope or any emphasis on them?

There's no fear in love (see 1 John 4:18). If I'm being yielded and being guided by His Holy Spirit, there will be no fear in me—no fear of man, no fear of living, no fear of dying, no fear of being found out by other people, no fear of punishment from God.

The thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians tells us what "love" is. His love in me will cover a multitude of sins in other people. This frees us from holding anything against

A Lifestyle Of Light

anybody. We don't get bent out of shape with each other then. There's that love that covers, that affirms relationships. Love does not judge, love does not criticize, love never comes at anyone else from a pinnacle of self-righteousness. Love is not jealous.

In love, there are no spiritual giants or spiritual dwarfs. We're all on the same level. That does away with distinctions and long, flowing, black robes and big, heavy, wooden crosses and degrees in Greek and Hebrew. Love sees no degrees.

Jesus sets us free from being anyone else. You're free to be yourself.

Love is humble. Whatever happened to humility? The American thing is "assert yourself." That's nice, but that's the opposite of humility. They'll say, "Well, if you don't assert yourself, nobody else will do it for you." Then, we can say, "I know the great Asserter. My public relations man is out of this world." You don't have to sell out to a P.R. firm. Our P.R. Man is from above and is not corrupted.

The Word says that love is a fruit of the Spirit. This means that, as believers, we are bound together, not by common theology, not by common doctrine, but by Jesus Christ, Who has shined light in our hearts. We agree that Jesus is Lord and *His* love keeps us holding on to one another.

Love isn't just something you learn from a book. It's not a feeling. It's a willful decision before God for eternity. It's not based on your performance. It's based on the Holy Spirit.

Love is a commitment. God has committed Himself to me, so I should commit myself to you. If the feelings are there, great! If they're not there, great! We still love. In fact, we probably learn a lot more about love when the feelings aren't there.

I learn a lot about love in India. I see people with nothing loving me who has everything. 1 John 3:16 says, "We know love by this, that He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." It's not the people who say, "I love you," who are loving. It's the people who live it.

The highest calling of God is
serving one another.
It's not lording it over one another.
It's not in teaching.
It's not in hiding behind a skinny pulpit,
or a fat one either.
It's loving and serving one another.
And for wives,
that means loving your husband.
And for husbands,
that means loving your wife.

Bob's Afterword: Things I Hear in Love

There are a lot of people loving each other but not loving their own mates. God isn't pleased with that, and judgment is going to come if we continue with that.

Don't answer this question out loud, but, "How's it going with laying down your life for your brother?"

Go home and think about that. If the kingdom of God is really coming in my life, then there's going to be that place in my heart where I'm really laying down my life for my brother.

When the thirsty multitudes come up to you and say, "I'm thirsty," do you say, "I'm sorry, my office hours are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.," or "Here, take some money?" "But I don't want any money. I just want you to touch me and love me. I just want a cup of cold water. I just want to be with you." "I'm sorry, I just don't have the time."

If you are laying down your life for the brothers, then that is a good sign that you are growing and walking in the Spirit. If that is not happening, then that is a good sign that you're not growing.

Love is obvious. The world is not looking for a new song about love. It's not looking for a new theatrical play about love. It's not looking for a new bumper sticker that says, "I (heart) you." They're looking for the reality of the acceptance, compassion, sacrifice, and life that really loves. You will blow their minds if you really love them. If we walk out with a fresh revelation of the love of Jesus Christ and His power through His Holy Spirit in my life and heart, it's worth every meeting that we've ever gone to in our lives.

"By this, all men will know that you are my disciples, if you _____" (John 13:35). You can fill in the blank with four hundred things that we've tried, rather than loving them.

This guy called me and asked me if I would give him \$10 to pay for expenses to cut a load of wood. The man cooked and heated his home with wood only. I wanted to pray about it, and when the man called back asking if he would get the \$10, I said, "You don't get the \$10, you get me." I worked eight hours that day chopping and loading wood. I spent \$35 dollars on gas and repairs to my chain saw and other materials, just to cut wood with this guy. Everything in me screamed not to go help, but in my heart, I knew it was born of the Holy Spirit. That night when I lay down, I said, "Thank you Lord that you equipped me to walk in love today, and not just hand out \$10." The easiest thing in the world would have been to give him the money, but it wouldn't have been love.

Jesus cut our whole pile of wood. He bought all of my meals for eternity. He has clothed me in garments of righteousness and salvation, and for two thousand years He has been preparing a place for me to spend with Him in eternity. That is love, and He

A Lifestyle Of Light

is still loving me. He stands before the Father tonight saying, “Father, Hughey is still down there blowing it, but I just want to remind You, he is ours. He is covered by my blood.”

That’s called the gospel.

It’s that simple. Faith in Jesus and a love for the saints is as deep as God intended it to get. The way of the world is complexity. The way of the government is complexity. The way of the world system is complexity. But the way of God is simplicity. It’s simplicity and purity of devotion to Jesus.

REDEEMING THE TIME

We are to be the examples of God in the midst of a decaying society. Therefore, we try to establish a relationship with every person we meet, whether it's on a plane, in a foreign country, or just as we do business around town. On many occasions we are able to get their names and addresses so that we can send them Bibles, tapes, books, or just a small gift, to bless them and let them know that we are thinking and even praying for them.

—Bob

When Bob and Peggy are not traveling around the world or ministering somewhere in the United States, they keep themselves busy by making the most of every opportunity that comes their way to be vessels for the message of Jesus.

Although the next few incidents may not seem to be momentous occasions for the annals of history, they just go to show that no matter where they are, Bob and Peggy use every situation for the Lord's advantage. Who knows? It is very possible that someone reading this book right now will find him or herself one day sitting next to a bearded man and his long-haired wife. Then, it will be much clearer just how intent the Hugheys are at making sure that everyone they meet hears about Jesus.

Between the stories are some practical lessons about just what it is that Bob and Peggy are all about when it comes to ministry and the Body of Christ.

(All stories are told by Bob.)

One night at a Dairy Queen, I pulled up to the drive-through window and stuck my head inside. As I leaned in, I said to the young lady, "Have you heard the good news tonight?" She replied, "What's that?" And I said, "Jesus really does love you!" Amazed, she said, "Oh, thank you so much for telling me that. I really needed to hear that today." Then I said, "Oh, and by the way, two ice cream cones!"

A Lifestyle Of Light

As the Lord leads us, He shows us people who are hungering and thirsting. Our job is to minister grace to them. Ephesians 4:29 says that you speak words that give grace for the need of the moment. Our ministry is never a ministry of judgment and condemnation; it's a ministry of grace because we have found grace!

That gets rid of useless debates. I refuse to waste my time with debates because I am convinced that nobody's life has ever been changed through arguing (see 2 Timothy 2:23). Arguing is only a touching of intellects; it's with the heart that you believe, and that results in righteousness (see Romans 10:10). We want to be people who have heart-to-heart relationships, not brain-to-brain.

We're not wasting our time trying to change people who don't want to be changed. God has put us with people who are hungering and thirsting for Him. So, we are feeding the hungry and giving water to the thirsty, and that's providing good fruit.

For thirty-one years, I thought my number one ministry was to condemn everybody. The world is already condemned because of rebellion, law, and sin, but Jesus came to save and to set free, and that is called the good news (see John 3:16). That is what the world needs.

People aren't interested in a new doctrine, a new theology, a new song, or a new bumper sticker. They're looking for life. They're looking for what works.

Part of our problem in America is that we, as the church of Jesus Christ, have been speaking the "good news," but we've been living the "bad news." We've knocked on doors, but all people have sensed is pride, ego, selfishness, selfish ambition, and self-righteousness. God is wanting to bring us up to the level where we are living the good news and have got something more than talk to share with a world that's going to hell. If we are walking with Jesus, we won't have to talk so much.

God doesn't expect one good thing out of you, because if He had expected one good thing out of you, then He never would have given Jesus to die on the cross and put His Spirit in you so that the Christ in you would be the hope of glory. God's not hoping that you will get better. God is hoping that you will see what He has done for you through Christ Jesus so that you will let Jesus and the power of His Spirit reign in you...

Then He produces the fruit.

Then He produces the life.

Then He gives you what to speak.

Then He leads you in what to do.

Then He empowers you as you do it.

Then you don't have anything to glory in...
except Him.

Redeeming the Time

If God expected anything good out of you, then Jesus would never have had to die. But He didn't expect anything good from you, so He sent Jesus to pay the price for you so that He could be the salvation, sanctification, and holiness in you.

God is not expecting you to "get holy." He knows you are not holy. That is why He sent Jesus to live in you, so that now when He sees you, He doesn't see you, rather He sees Jesus in you. Now, this means that every good thing that is born is born of the Holy Spirit in you, so God gets the glory, and you get the blessing because Jesus Christ is living in you.

Never forget that we are the cracked pots. With this in mind, God always gets the credit, lest we steal it from Him, for to the extent that we get and keep glory from men, we lose glory with God.

We were going to a meeting in Brentwood, Tennessee. It was hot outside, and Peggy was getting thirsty, so we detoured off at a little quick market to get a coke. While Peggy was getting her drink, I noticed that the clerk was from another country. I asked him where he was from, and he told me he was from Iran. I said, "I've never been to Iran but I've been all around it," and I started telling him all about our travels.

Soon he asked, "Well, what do you do?" So I told him, "I share the good news." He got all excited and said, "Would you please tell me the good news? I've been living here for five years wanting to know what the good news is, and nobody will tell me!"

We laid down our agenda and took the time to tell him what the good news was. Eventually this man came to our house where we were able to study and pray with him.

Bearing fruit is not something that you have to strain and grunt to produce. I've been going to Meyer's Apple Orchard in Centralia, Illinois, for over fifty years. I can go out in the middle of that orchard and listen to those trees, but in all the times I've been out there, I've never heard any of those trees moaning or saying, "I've got to produce an apple! I must! Oh, God, help me produce an apple... help me produce love, joy, peace!" Not one apple tree has ever groaned to produce its fruit in over fifty years.

Those apple trees are just there being apple trees, and through God's grace, wisdom, strength, and power, they produce apples. That is the same way that fruit is produced in us. It's not through pushing and straining and praying and fasting. It's by being what God has called us to be. Fruit is a natural by-product of a life with Jesus.

I've also learned something else. I never saw one of those apple trees eating an

A Lifestyle Of Light

apple! So much of the time we think that the love, joy, and peace God is producing in us is for us. The apple trees produce apples for other people to have. In the same way, the fruit that God is bringing about in our lives is not to make us some big, super-spiritual giant. It is so the fruit produced in our lives and in our hearts might be a blessing to those people who are hungering and thirsting. As they partake of the fruit God has born in us, they are satisfied because of what He has done in us and through us!

MINISTRY

Church is not the answer.

Committees are not the answer.

Doctrine is not the answer.

Theology is not the answer.

Music is not the answer.

My ministry is not the answer.

I am not the answer.

You are not the answer.

Jesus is the answer!

For God so loved us

that He gave us Jesus.

Everything I will ever need in this life

or in the life to come

is wrapped up in Jesus.

Do not look for Jesus

plus anything else.

The whole fullness of the Godhead

is wrapped up

in bodily form in Jesus.

Whatever you have got to do

in your life

to keep your eyes fixed on Jesus,

Do it.

I've only gotten a speeding ticket once since coming to Jesus. I was late for going to an appointment to share Jesus and I was justifying speeding to get there. That's not good theology!

When I went before the judge, he asked me what my plea was. I said, "Sir, I have sinned against God and against man." Puzzled, the judge asked a second

Redeeming the Time

time, “What did you say?” I repeated myself, “I have sinned against God and I have sinned against man.” The judge then said, “Well, don’t do that anymore,” and dismissed the case. I then gave the judge Ann Kimmel’s book *I’m Out to Change My World* and left the courtroom.

I don’t recommend this for ministry, but this does show that God can redeem any situation.

Even if someone calls and says, “Oh, sorry, I’ve got the wrong number,” I always say, “No, you don’t. There are no accidents in God. He obviously wanted you to hear that Jesus loves you and cares for you.”

I was speaking in a church in Pulaski, Virginia. This was a famous Methodist church that was listed in all the historic building magazines. As I spoke to the people, I thought that they were really dead and that I had wasted my whole week-end by being there. On Sunday morning, I prayed out loud that if anyone’s relationship with Jesus was based on that building, that the building would burn down! Then, I went ahead and preached out of the first chapter of Colossians.

At the end of the meeting, an elderly man of about seventy-five years of age walked up to me with tears gushing out of his eyes. He was crying so intensely that the tears were rolling down his cheeks in waves. He let the cause of his tears be known in an instant. His voice was tight as he spoke, “Brother, you are the answer to thirty-five years of prayers. For thirty-five years I’ve been praying and waiting for the Lord to somehow allow Jesus to be preached in this building.”

When the word “ministry” is spoken today, everybody sees:

Dove Awards, pulpits, TV cameras, bouffant hairdos, neon lights, fans, big buses with pretty paintings on the side and glorious names on the front...

God help us...

God have mercy on us...

God forgive us for making ministry an idol...

God forgive us for thinking that real ministry has anything to do with stages, television, buses, neon lights, or smoke bombs...

Forgive us for looking at all these things and not looking at Jesus...

When we look at Jesus,

then ministry comes into focus.

The problem is,

we don’t want it to come into focus

because we are more comfortable when it’s out of focus.

A Lifestyle Of Light

God is saying, "Church, I want you to look at Jesus..."

That's kingdom...

That's power...

That's grace...

That's mercy...

That's love...

and that's not too deep.

One of the gifts the Lord has us walking in is the gift of discernment. You don't hear much about the discerning of spirits today, but it is vitally important to us as we serve the Body.

We had a lady come to us who was wanting prayer for healing. As she walked into our house, I knew immediately, though I had never met her before in my life, that she had been involved in the occult. I wasn't really sure what she may have been involved in, but after she introduced herself to us, I gently inquired if she had ever participated in an occult practice. Her reaction was prompt and emphatic, "No, never! I sing in the choir at the First Baptist Church." Trying to be firm, but not accusing, I said, "That's not really what I asked you." Again, she was strong in her denial, "I'm a Sunday school teacher; I've known the Lord for many, many years." "I understand that," I replied, "but you're still not answering my question." Finally, she said an exasperated, "No!"

Now, I've never had this happen before or since, but right then I asked her if she had ever heard of Edgar Cayce. She lit up and said, "Oh, yes! In fact, I have an Edgar Cayce reading room in my house!" With that now uncovered, I went on to let her know that she would find her healing as she repented from this form of occult practice, confess it as a sin, and go on with the Lord. Do you know what? She did, and He did!

Our gift is not to flaunt, to camp around, or to start a "discernment ministry." It's there to fit the need of the Body at that particular moment.

Don't wait for the church to change for you to obey what God wants you to do. *He* is going to put the Body together. *He's* building His Church, and it doesn't look like anything that we think it looks like.

It doesn't have walls around it.
It doesn't have signs out in front of it.
It doesn't have creeds,

Redeeming the Time

either written or unwritten.
It doesn't look anything like we think...
so go on with the Lord.

A man who had been drinking somewhat heavily plowed into our car. There was over \$700 of damage to the car, but in the middle of the road, Peggy and I were praising God. I went over to the man who hit us and looked him straight in the eye and said, "God let this happen so that I could share Jesus with you." His reply to that was interesting: "Do you have the Holy Spirit?" I said, "Yes." He immediately said, "Pray for me, I need the Holy Spirit." Right there, we laid hands on him and prayed for him. This was no accident. It was a God-ordained, golden opportunity because this man needed Jesus.

The Body of Christ

has got nothing to do with any building
on the face of the earth.

The Body of Christ

has got nothing to do
with any program.

The Body of Christ

has got nothing to do
with walking down an aisle.

The Body of Christ

is every person whom God,
through Jesus Christ,
has received.

The Body of Christ

is every person
who has His Spirit.

That's the Body of Christ.

We are the called-out-ones.

We are called out of darkness.

We are called out of sin.

We are called out of law.

We are called out of self.

We are called out of bondage.

We are called out of death...

A Lifestyle Of Light

into His marvelous kingdom.
And Jesus is the Head of the Body,
and the Body is only moving
under the direction of the Head.

A woman came up to us on Mount Blanc in France. Her first words to us were, "You are Christians, aren't you?" I answered, "Yes." "I could tell," she continued, "because you've got so much joy and love and so much peace." Encouraged by this, I said, "Well, you can be a believer in Jesus too!" To which she immediately uttered, "Oh no, I'm an intellectual. I'm a physicist." I said, "Lady, don't let your brain rob you of the joy of Jesus." She then said, "I want to believe so bad but I just can't..."

We departed that day, but I knew that because of the truth I had spoken, she'd never be the same. This was because she had come face to face with the reality of Jesus Christ.

There is only one Body of Christ.
Let God raise His vision of the Body of Christ
in your heart,
so that His vision is *your* vision.
Don't be bound by buildings,
don't be bound by creeds,
don't be bound by pastors,
don't be bound by programs,
don't be bound by teachers,
don't be bound by names,
don't be bound by denominations.
Have the same vision of the whole, holy Body
as God sees it,
wherever you are.
The anointing of God will be with the Body
when God's will is done in God's way.
Every person who walks with Him
and knows Him
is a member of the Body of Jesus Christ.
We are called to be ministers of reconciliation.
We are called to be instruments of unity

Redeeming the Time

in the Body of Christ.

We are called to be people
who break down barriers that divide.

We are called to come together
to maintain the unity of the Spirit.

There is only one Body.

Now live like that!

That's what I hear God saying.

And remember,

you can't tell who is in the Body
by who is sitting in a church building
or who is not sitting in a church building.

In fact,

that has very little to do with it.

I don't want to build anything for myself.

I love you...

I don't want to use you...

I don't want anything from you.

I don't want your money.

I don't want your houses.

I don't want your cars.

I don't want your clothes.

I want nothing.

I love you...

and I only want to see Christ

formed in you

totally and completely

because that is where life is for you,

and that is where life is for me,

and that is what hastens His coming.

I have nothing to offer the world.

You've got nothing to offer the world.

God has got everything to offer the world
through Jesus Christ.

It's your ministry

to lift up the name of Jesus.

I am committed to walk with you

forever and ever,

no matter what.

A Lifestyle Of Light

Before I came to Jesus, the word “fellowship” was just a surface thing that meant looking at the back of the person’s head in the pew in front of you or eating and drinking coffee and doughnuts. After a while, that kind of fellowship gets real soggy! Real fellowship is a deep intimate relationship with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as well as the rest of the Body of Christ.

Stand against all the buildings
 that divide the Body of Christ.
Stand against all the signs
 that divide the Body of Christ.
Stand against all the creeds,
 both written and unwritten,
 that divide the Body of Christ.
Stand together in unity
 because God has called us to walk together
 in unity and love,
 under the Lordship of Christ,
 until He comes back.

Revival is not going to happen in the Body of Christ by our hiring some big-shot minister to come in and direct us. Revival comes when the whole, holy Body starts relating properly to the Head and to one another. That is when we are functioning in maturity.

We’ve had pastors who are feeding us Pablum and we’ve been wrapped in Pampers diapers. It’s time to get out of the vicious church cycle of reincarnation, where one generation of babies produces another generation of babies. God is wanting us to “grow up” into the Head, even Jesus Christ. God is wanting us to mature in Him, Jesus, that the total Godhead, which is in Jesus, will be dwelling in His Body today in every city on this planet.

We were in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, in May 1995, eating at a local restaurant when a man and woman with their four little children came in to eat. The Lord showed us that they were believers and were having a hard time financially; they were probably home schooling their children. The Lord said, “Pay their bill and don’t let them know where it came from.” So, I took their waitress aside and asked her how much that family’s bill came to. I gave her the money and told her,

Redeeming the Time

“Don’t tell them where the money came from—when it comes time for them to pay, tell them that Jesus took care of their bill, PAID IN FULL.”

The Lord tells us to do that a lot.

The Word says, “Be imitators of God” (Ephesians 5:1). I’d almost like to say, when you get through with that, let me know, and I’ll give you another Word. That cuts through religion.

What would happen if we never met again until we have acted on this Word? When would our next meeting be? Probably in glory. But, God doesn’t speak to hear Himself speak. He’s looking for people who will hang onto His every Word and let that Word become flesh in them (see John 1:14). I’m not talking about some new teaching, but *flesh*. That’s what He wants in us today.

Whatever aligns with the book of Acts is “church.” Whatever doesn’t align with Acts has got nothing to do with church. If we don’t do things this way, we will be deceived and trapped.

Remember, if you do God’s will in God’s way, the anointing will be there. The Holy Spirit doesn’t contradict Himself, so if we hear a prophetic word or see anything else that doesn’t align with the Word, we can dismiss it as an alternative to God’s will.

Acts 7:48 says that the only building God ever said to build was the tabernacle, and it was made so that it would be mobile. The Jews were able to tear it down and move it and stay only as long as God told them to stay in a place. God intended for His people to be mobile too.

Unfortunately, the Jews wanted a permanent structure, so God said, “Now, if you want to settle down, that’s fine. I’ll tell you how to do it. You’ll live in peace and security. You wanted it and you’ll have it, but I don’t dwell in buildings made with hands. I dwell in temples, and that temple is your bodies” (see 1 Corinthians 3:16).

Your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, so glorify God in your bodies. That means, let His glory live in you, dwell in you, and empower you, that wherever your body walks, people see a temple of the Holy spirit. That is God’s will for the church in the United States.

Peggy and I have handed out tracts to people in parking lots and said to them,

A Lifestyle Of Light

“Do you know Jesus loves you?” The typical response is, “Oh, well, I go to church.” To which I say, “That’s not what I asked you. I asked you if you know that Jesus loves you?” They respond in every which way, but we walk away sensing that, while they know a great deal about church, they don’t know much about a relationship with Jesus. They equate Jesus with a building.

People sometimes ask me, “Why do you keep going back to ‘Jesus loves you?’” “Because that’s what changes my life.”

You had better not be in a group with two heads. You had better be in a group that is submitted to the Lord Jesus Christ. If you are in a Baptist church and the Baptists are saying one thing and Jesus is saying another thing, you had better go with Jesus. If you are in a house group that says one thing and Jesus says something else, you had better go with Jesus, because God has given Jesus all authority over all things in the church. Besides, you will never miss by taking Jesus at His Word. We must come to the place where we desire to walk in truth rather than traditions.

RALPH CAMPBELL

When we arrived home from Israel in July 1988, one of the first bits of news we received was that one of my best buddies in the world, back in Clarksdale, Mississippi, Ralph Campbell, had died on June 13th. Ralph and I were really close friends back then. He would be at our house playing the piano every night. We did everything together. We would drive up to Memphis, Tennessee, 150 miles round trip, and invade a pizza parlor there. Ralph would get on the upright piano, and I would start singing. It would only be a matter of a few minutes before we had taken over the joint.

Together, the two of us did crazy, worldly things. I’ve got home movies of us on the side of a levee in our ‘57 Chevy with Ralph sitting on the hood and me trying to dump him off at 30 to 40 m.p.h. We did some pretty wild things in the eight-and-a-half years we spent in Clarksdale.

It was Ralph and his wife, along with another couple, who started meeting at our kitchen table to read the Bible in 1967. When I met the Lord, the other two couples went in other directions.

I remember getting with Ralph at the front of our apartment on Catalpa Street. That was the house of prostitution where we stayed after I came to the Lord, when we were waiting on the Lord for revelation on how to get out of Mississippi.

Ralph and I were out on the sidewalk, sitting on the curb in front of our apart-

Redeeming the Time

ment. I remember laying hands on him and praying, “Father, whatever it takes, I pray that You will do it in Ralph Campbell’s life, in order to get him to Jesus Christ.”

That was in 1967. For twenty-one years I prayed for him with no indication that anything had happened in his life. I would send him books with a note, “Dear Ralph, You have been on my heart. I thought this book might bless you.” Never in twenty-one years was there a phone call or a letter saying, “Thanks, I got it.” Nothing. I would call him. I would send him tapes. I prayed every Wednesday for him for twenty-one years.

So, when we came home from Israel and found out that Ralph had died, I cried. It tore me to pieces. I wept for the most part of a day. I cried because I knew that my old friend Ralph had gone to hell.

I thought back and remembered the last time I had seen him. It had been two years previously in the Atlanta airport. We had made contact with him, so he came out to visit us at the airport where we had a layover for a couple of hours. When we started to leave, I went up to Ralph, grabbed his arms, got right into his face, shook him really hard, and said, “Ralph, forget the Church of Christ. Get your life right with Jesus. If you have to go out and find someone who knows Jesus, then go out and do it. Just get your life right with Him!” I came on really strong.

In twenty-one years, I never heard one thing.

I thought to myself, “I have to know what happened to Ralph.” So, I called a doctor friend of mine who also knew him. I said, “I heard that Ralph Campbell died.” He said, “Yes, he did. He had a bleeding ulcer and bled to death in his

home, by himself.”

I then asked him, “Tell me what happened to Ralph?” The doctor said, “Didn’t you hear? A year and a half ago, Ralph was born again and was in fellowship in an Assembly of God, a dynamic fellowship. Bob, you would have loved his funeral! Three men got up and shared how Ralph had affected their lives through Jesus Christ within that last year and a half.”

I cried another day and a half, but this time out of joy and thanksgiving. I said, “Praise God! Ralph and I are going to share eternity togeth-



Peggy and Ralph

A Lifestyle Of Light

er!" That's better than driving your '57 Chevy down the levee!

The doctor also told me that one of the last things Ralph did was go to a taxi and tell the driver, "I want you to take me to someone who has nothing." Though it took the driver all night, finally they found a C.P.A. who had lost everything. Ralph sat with him all night and shared Jesus with him.

You might not realize what a miracle this was. Ralph ridiculed us. He made fun of us. All the while, he was hooked on booze.

I tell you all these things so that you will pray without ceasing (see 1 Thessalonians 5:17). That means "not growing weary." Don't give up! Do not ever stop! For if we truly love people, we will pray for them.

People ask me what I teach about the end times.

Well, I was teaching at a pre-millennial church, and as I was praying, God showed me that this particular group was full of pride due to their pre-millennial doctrine.

They asked me what I believed, so I told them that I was "pan-millennial." That means that I don't know, but it's all going to "pan out"!

This I do know, when He comes back, I'm going to be with Him no matter what my philosophy is. I'm called to prepare the Body for tribulation and then hope I'm wrong! I'll be the first one to say, "I was wrong! But I'm going with you anyway!"

FREEDOM IN LIBERTY

A letter from God to Bob and Peggy:

Be thankful and give much praise for the companionship and love that you have found in each other.

For through each of your weaknesses, I have given the other your strengths.

For in your unity in Me, I will pour out many blessings in your lives.

Take time for yourselves, for I even allowed My Son to hide from the crowds in the mountains. When He returned, I renewed His anointing and His ministry.

Do not neglect taking time to be alone with Me.

—Prophetic word given to Bob and Peggy

During the first half of 1987, the Hugheys had been feeling the nudge to sell their cabin in Kentucky. It had served as a refuge, retreat, and getaway for over ten years, but now that Bob and Peggy were living in Nashville, the cabin was becoming more of a burden than a blessing. After praying about it, the nudge they had been getting started turning into a shout, as the Lord was making it clear that He wanted the Hugheys to get rid of the place.

The Lord said specifically, “If you don’t get rid of it by June 30, 1987, then you can call this cabin ‘Ichabod’ [which means, My glory has departed]. I gave this place to you and I’ve blessed my people through it, but now it is time to move on.”

Bob and Peggy offered it back to the people who had built it for them, but the people didn’t want it. They also prayed about giving it away, but the Lord made it clear that they were to put it up for sale. They then put up a cardboard sign out in front of the cabin.

One couple came and looked at it. They said they wanted it and that they would pay for it over a five-year period. This happened on the very day the Hugheys were moving all of their belongings out. Bob and Peggy knew they were supposed to be out of there and had backed up a truck to the cabin to get everything out.

Bob told the potential buyers, “No, this place was given to us paid in full, and the

A Lifestyle Of Light

Lord said that it is to be paid in full by the next people who get it.” The couple then took out their checkbook and said, “How do you spell ‘Hughey?’” and wrote them a check for \$17,000.

Bob and Peggy got out and sold the cabin on the deadline day that the Lord had given them.

So, what were the Hugheys to do with all of this money? Some of it they gave away, other portions were used for travel, while the bulk of it was set aside in savings until the Lord should tell them what to do with it.

The Lord then laid it on their hearts to buy some land situated in the vicinity of Nashville. Although Bob knew land was fairly cheap out in the hill land of middle Tennessee, he was not sure just what kind of property he would be able to purchase with the money he had. Bob and Peggy searched all around Nashville looking for the land, and the Lord sovereignly guided them to a particular area.

They ended up at a gas station in a small town east of Nashville. Bob went inside to ask where the nearest real estate agent could be found; the man pointed to himself and asked what he could do for them. Bob told the man what they were looking for.

The man immediately led them to his four-wheel-drive vehicle and took them out to an abandoned farm near Liberty, Tennessee, that could be bought for just about what the Hugheys had to spend. This plot of land had a barn on the property and covered sixty-six acres consisting mainly of steep hills.

From the main road, the Hugheys had to drive a mile and a half down a weeded, rocky, rutted, old road. They had to cross brush and fallen trees and bump the neighbor’s cows off the road as well as gun the truck up some steep hills just to make it through the property. Everything was overgrown on the land, but after praying about it, the Hugheys knew that God was giving them a thumbs up to purchase it.

God’s timing is perfect! The Hugheys had been in Germany only a few months before, and the Lord had given Bob a vision of architectural plans for a house. Bob had immediately transferred the plans to paper. Three days later Bob told Peggy about the vision and how the Lord would be giving them this house sometime in the future. Now, as the Hugheys looked out over the land the Lord had led them to, they realized these plans were perfect for the acreage they had just purchased.

At first Bob wanted to build the house down near the old barn, which was standing on the only really flat part of the property. However, as Peggy and Bob kept exploring the land, Peggy found herself standing on the lower part of the first big hill. As she gazed around, Peggy could see literally hundreds of miles of countryside around her. Peggy knew that this hillside would make a beautiful setting for their house to look out upon.

Initially, the Hugheys built only a two-bedroom cabin with living room, attic, and

Freedom in Liberty



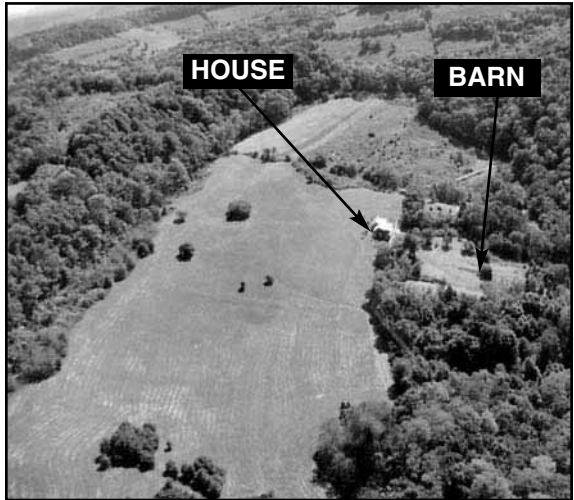
*View from Farm, Peggy, Nolan and family,
1990*

a small kitchen area, using it mainly as a getaway from Nashville. They never had plans to make the cabin their permanent residence. However, after the owners of the house on Albert Drive, where Bob and Peggy were then living, had to sell the house for financial reasons, they moved to the cabin to wait for the Lord to show them where He next wanted them to live. He then showed them they were to leave Nashville and stay in Liberty; they were to travel into Nashville

as He called them to go and minister.

By God's grace and the functioning of the Body, the little cabin in Liberty received an addition in 1991, which almost doubled the size of the house and facilitated Bob and Peggy's living there permanently. From all over the area, believers who had been blessed by Bob's and Peggy's ministry volunteered to help begin the necessary addition to the cabin.

Just before the Hugheys traveled to eastern and western Europe, these believers came together and staged a one day "house-raising." They volunteered their time and energy to dig, paint, hammer, and do every other kind of manual labor needed to get the job done. Other people gave carpeting, kitchen and bathroom fixtures, supplies, and



Aerial View of Farm in Liberty, 1992

A Lifestyle Of Light

equipment to be used to build the new addition to the house.

The Hugheys had previously heated the cabin with a wood burning stove, but one brother gave the Hugheys a brand new central heating/air-conditioning unit, totally installed.

Another couple, after the house-raising, left their own home to go and live at the Hugheys' cabin for two-and-a-half-months to finish the work on the cabin while the Hugheys were in Europe. They not only finished the outside work, but also finished all the inside, down to the last details—from arranging things in cabinets and drawers to decorating the walls.

Not only was the house taken care of, but some brothers gave money to help gravel the old path leading to the house. Formerly, the one-and-a-half-mile journey to the Hugheys' house was a treacherous road that could ruin a vehicle due to the pot-holes and boulders in the path. After the road was smoothed out, the Hugheys' home was easily accessible to almost any vehicle or to anyone willing to walk!

When the Hugheys returned to the United States and to their cabin, the construction had been completed, and they had a new home built especially for them by the hands of God and the work of the Body of Christ. And as Bob and Peggy realized later, the Lord had given them a central location that was not only close to the Body in Nashville, but was also very close to their parents and family.

Not long after the Lord blessed us with the sixty-six acre farm, I began to realize



Snowbound at the Farm, 1993

Freedom in Liberty

that it would need some care, such as...bush hogging. Therefore, I started looking around and checking out prices of both new and used tractors. I went to tractor dealers and farm auctions and looked at ads in the paper. What I learned more than anything was that I didn't know much about tractors or farm machinery in general. I had no idea what kind of tractor I needed, except that I needed something that would work on the steep hills comprising our farm.

I started crying out to the Lord, "Lord, You know that I'm a city boy, but You've moved us out here to the country, and I need a tractor to keep this place maintained and get it fixed up. I know that You have said that You will meet all of our needs..."

That afternoon our friend Ed, who lives in Virginia, called and asked, "Bob, were you praying for a tractor at about ten o'clock this morning?" I said, "Yes, as a matter of fact I was!"

Ed then told me, "I was out on a job this morning, and the Holy Spirit said, 'Bob Hughey needs a tractor, and you have it sitting in your barn. Get it and buy him a new bushhog, put it on the tractor, and give it to him.'"

Ed's wife later told us that the tractor was one that her husband had really loved and babied. She said that it must have been the Lord, otherwise he would have never given it up.

This couple brought the tractor down to Liberty along with the new bushhog they had bought for us. Needless to say, Peggy and I were overjoyed! The Lord, and Ed, knew exactly what kind of tractor I needed. Even though the tractor was



Bob on Answer to Prayer, 1989

A Lifestyle Of Light

an old model, Ed had maintained the vehicle so that it ran as if it were brand new. God gives good gifts! Also, He teaches us how to use them. Thanks to Ed's good instructions and the Lord's protection, I have made scores of safe trips across the farm.

A few years later, after countless excursions taking the pick-up truck back and forth into town, the Hugheys' old, second-hand truck started to fall apart. It was not long before Bob was shelling out some major bucks to keep the vehicle running. The truck was also in bad need of a new paint job.

We had been praying about this situation and we just couldn't decide what we should do. Should we hang onto the old clunker and get it painted or should we take the plunge and get another truck?

I priced some trucks at several dealers, and the price tag always made us groan! Four-wheel drive trucks are just so much more expensive than standard trucks, but we needed the four-wheel drive to get us up the steep hill to our house.

I continued to pray about the situation, and one Tuesday morning, in the middle of our indecision, a friend called us up and asked me how my truck was doing. I said, "Well, it's running today, so I'm content."

The man shocked both Peggy and me by telling us that the Lord had told him to get involved in our truck situation. He asked me if I would be home the following



Bob & Toyota truck: One of God's Gifts, 1993

Freedom in Liberty

Thursday, and I told him that I could be home anytime he wanted me to be.

It is difficult for us *not* to believe in miracles because this friend drove up to our house the following Thursday in a practically new Toyota 4X4 truck he had bought for us. This truck was a much nicer model than anything we could have bought for ourselves. To “top it off,” the truck was equipped with a very expensive camper top.

Again, the Lord supplied exactly what we needed. The brother not only delivered the truck to our front door, but he also gave us a check for \$700 to cover the cost of the license and tax. It really does pay to wait on the Lord!

As recently as 1995, the Lord was still making sure that Bob and Peggy could continue being at those places that He wanted them to be.

Ross Sutherland had given Bob a call from New Zealand sometime in 1994. Ross said that he saw the Lord giving Bob and Peggy a new car—a blue one, to be exact! Now, Ross has always been pinpoint accurate in his prophetic words to Bob, so Bob took this very seriously.

The timing could not have been better. The Hugheys’ old car had been driven all over the country and had nearly 150,000 miles on it, so Bob knew that it was only a matter of time before he would have to consider buying another vehicle.

However, nothing happened. Over a period of months, no car came the way of the Hugheys. The Lord had not given them the money to buy another car, so Bob wondered if, maybe, for the first time, Ross had just missed it.

The Hugheys continued to pray, and Ross would call every month or so and ask, “Well, is your new car there yet?” And Bob would always have to tell Ross “No, it’s not.”

In one call, Ross told Bob, “I wonder if God’s angels could be making a mistake?” Ross’s son had just gotten a new blue car, and even Ross himself wondered if the car that he had seen had somehow gotten rerouted to New Zealand rather than to Tennessee!

Over one year passed, and there seemed to be no car in sight for Bob and Peggy. The Hugheys, by faith, had even tried to sell their old car, but there were no takers. Things were not going right, and Bob and Peggy just did not know the reason why.

Finally, after a year of still getting the word that Bob and Peggy were to get a new car, Ross called up again and asked if the car had come yet. When Bob replied in the negative, Ross said, “Just a minute.”

Once again, though the call was long distance from across the world in New Zealand, Ross put the phone down and, with Yvette, started to pray to see if the Lord would make things clearer.

A Lifestyle Of Light

When he got back to the phone, Ross told Bob, “The Lord showed us this sparkling, clear stream of water flowing from Him to you, but there was a big stone in the stream that had blocked the flow. So Yvette and I, knowing that it was the enemy who had put the stone there in the first place, prayed, and now the stone is gone, and the rivers of water are flowing again.”

The very *next* day, Bob got a phone call from a brother in the Lord whom the Hugheys had known for a long time. The man said, “Bob, nearly a year ago, the Lord told my wife and me that we were to help you get a new car, but my wife and I were not in agreement as to how to do it.”

The wife had wanted to just send the money to the Hugheys, but the husband wanted to buy a car and drive it down to Liberty to give to the Hugheys personally. After a year of debating, the couple finally came to an agreement and sent the Hugheys \$10,000 to buy a new car.

Now, when Bob and Peggy look for a car, they do not just race out and get one. Instead, they go to different members of the Body and ask them to pray about it for them. On three different and separate occasions, those people the Hugheys asked to pray about the car all came up with the same model, a Toyota Camry.

We knew what a Toyota Camry costs, and we thought there was no way we could buy a new one with the money we had, so we started looking at used Camrys. We went to all the local car places and could not find anything for the money we had. On a couple of occasions when we did make an offer for a car, we were turned down. Then we found a used Camry at a dealership in Murfreesboro which was, again, too expensive for what the Lord had given us, but a few days later, the Lord opened up more funds to us. We went back to Murfreesboro to buy it, only to find that the car had already been sold.

We were a little disappointed, but we knew that in the past, whenever the Lord blocked something in our lives, it meant that He always had something better later on.

After more days of searching and finding nothing, the Hugheys were driving back home on I-40 one evening when it occurred to Bob that there was a Toyota dealer in nearby Gallatin that they had not checked before. At the dealership, Bob told the salesman that he was looking for a demo (demonstration model) or a program car to buy, but the salesman told Bob that there were no demos on the lot. However, the salesman told Bob, “We do have some new Camrys on sale for less than you would pay for a used one.” Bob thought to himself, “Yeah, sure, here is another used car salesman trying to sell cars, using lies and deception to get me into his web.”

Bob’s skepticism was unwarranted, on this occasion at least, because the sales-

Freedom in Liberty

man was true to his word, and two hours later Bob and Peggy were the owners of a brand new 1995 Toyota Camry, fully loaded, with a sunroof.

But that is not the end of the story. The car dealership in Murfreesboro that had sold the car the Hugheys had originally wanted to buy, called Bob and told him that the deal had fallen through and that the car was for sale again.

So, not only did the Lord spare us from buying a used car, but God allowed us to buy a brand new car for less money than the used one!

God's timing is unbelievable, and there should be no fear, no anxiety, and no worry in any of us because He has everything under control and He will accomplish His purpose and His Word that He has spoken to us through the prophets of long ago and of today.

One must really wonder about the state of the church these days. Of the many groups asking the Hugheys to speak and share, fewer and fewer are the mainstream churches. For the most part, the Hugheys are busy with phone calls from people who seek Bob and Peggy's help with untangling problems dealing with relationships and finances. Usually this is a by-product of fleshly decisions based on worldly counsel, oftentimes given by ministers and pastors sold out to the world system.

Everyone knows that, like it or not, Bob and Peggy will always speak the truth, no matter how tough the situation. Other than the daily flood of phone calls, the Hugheys do most of their speaking and ministry in small home churches, Bible studies, and special gatherings—more times than not, without any love offerings.

Since we've come back to Nashville, people have come to us and told us that they would support us if we would start another church. I tell them, "No, that's not the answer and that's not what Nashville needs. Nashville doesn't need any more groups. I want the groups to start living and working together in unity and love."

In 1984, I was asked by a church to help them facilitate house groups. I went home and prayed about it, and this is what the Lord said.

"Bob, house groups will never be what I want them to be when they are just a spin-off from the massive organization because they will be subservient to the spirit of the institution or organization."

I told them, "Thank you, but I'm not interested." They're still trying it today, ten years later, as a spin-off.

House groups should never be a spin-off because they are the foundation of what God desires to do in this city, in this nation, and on this planet.

Sometimes we say no when we are asked to come to a place to speak. Why? Don't I like those people who ask? Sure I do, but I pray about everything and I only want to go where He is leading me.

A Lifestyle Of Light

We said no to the 700 Club because God said that the 700 Club didn't have anything to do with what He wanted us involved in. A local radio station offered to support me on a radio ministry, and God reminded me that He didn't call me to speak to a microphone. I am a people person. I'm to look eye-to-eye and heart-to-heart.

I just cannot do anything that is not born of the Spirit with a clear conscience and still look Jesus straight in the face, knowing what He gave up for me. He gave up the eternal weight of glory. He gave up Paradise. He gave up bliss. Everything that you and I want to participate in, Jesus gave up those things and came down and entered the pits for me. He bore my sins and paid the price for me so that I don't go to hell. When I see what Jesus has done for me, it makes words like "commitment" or "self-denial" not sound so big. God's word to us is, "I've called you to be Jesus to the world."

When you learn to say no to things that are not God, you'll be free. Don't get involved in anything Jesus isn't leading you into. We are too busy sometimes to just stop and pray and ask God what He wants us to be involved in. If we're too busy to ask God that, then we're too busy! As we've traveled all around this planet, we see that Americans have a special problem with "busyness." Although we spend millions of dollars buying up labor-saving devices, we have less time than anyone else to do anything. In fact, as we travel, speaking all over the world, I see very little peace, very little joy, and very little righteousness, and I see less in America than in any of the sixty-three countries we've been in. The blessing of God has been turned into a curse on us in America.

Take time to seek God and know what His will is for your life. Do whatever He calls you to mightily, as unto the Lord, and learn to say no to anything that is not born of Him. One of the ways we resist the Spirit is wrapping ourselves up in busyness. We need to get alone with God and come face-to-face with Him. We need to be still for hours and hours and let Him reveal what's really in our hearts and get His will for our lives. A large majority of ministers in churches are walking in major sin and covering it up with busyness and good works. Even while their families are deteriorating, they're trapped in lust, greed, and sin. Sometimes we get so busy doing things *for* God that we miss that face-to-face, one-on-one, personal contact with Him.

I have no worldly ambition to build anything. I'm not even out to start a new ministry, so no one has to be threatened. No one has to be jockeying for position around me, and I'm not out trying to steal anybody else's sheep.

I shared in a fellowship in Kentucky once, where I got up and shared the Word of God, and they ridiculed me. Outraged, they said, "Do you think that's the Word of God for us?" And I told them, "I *know* it's the Word of God for you."

There's great danger in fellowships that have been delivered out of law into grace, to fall into humanism. I'm convinced that ninety-five percent of what motivates us in America is not the Holy Spirit and not Jesus Christ. Ninety-five percent

Freedom in Liberty

of what we call “walking in the Spirit” is comfort zone, ego, name, selfishness, and being identified with the best church or preacher.

God gave me the revelation in 1988, “It’s not your job to try to *fix* anybody or anything. Your priority is to love Peggy, because most of my servants aren’t loving their mates. Instead, they’re worshipping the golden calf of *ministry*. Love Peggy and feed the hungry and thirsty.” That is the order of my priorities.

When we arrived home after that revelation, the first thing that happened was a church called asking us to meet with them. In the meeting we were told, “Our church has some major problems, and we need your help to fix them.” With that offer would have probably come putting me on a payroll, giving me my own office, and other benefits, but I know my calling, and this wasn’t it.

How fitting it is that after so many years of seeking and following the Lord that God gave Bob and Peggy a house in Liberty, Tennessee. The farmland on which the Hugheys live seems to radiate the presence of the Lord. Hence, the farm has inadvertently acquired the nickname “Quiet Corner, U.S.A.”

When Bob got the notice in the mail that they were getting a new street address to replace the rural route and box number they already had, he made sure that he was allowed to choose the name for the mile-long path leading to their house. The county had assigned the horrible name, “The Alexandria to Dismal Road,” but Bob marched down to the county government office with his own name in mind.

Any road that leads to the Hugheys would also be a road that leads to Jesus, and Jesus Himself said the road that anyone would take to find Him would be a narrow one. Also, in choosing the number to put on their mailbox, Bob noticed that the number 1035 seemed fitting, as Acts 10:35 (NIV) says, “God does not show favoritism, *but*

Jesus Said “I am the way, the truth and the life”

John 14:6

Bob and Peggy Hughey

1152 Wheatfield Dr.
Lascassas, TN 37085

1-615-217-7306

A Lifestyle Of Light

accepts men from every nation who fear Him and do what is right."

So, as if the Lord Himself planned their address, Bob and Peggy live at 1035 The Narrow Way, in Liberty, Tennessee.

And if "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," then where there is "Liberty," that is where you will find Bob and Peggy Hughey!

Of course, the Hugheys have by no means settled in on their rural farmland; they keep as busy a schedule traveling all over the country and the world as the Lord leads. Thus, it is impossible to bring the story of Bob and Peggy Hughey to an end because their story as well as their message is eternal. However, it seems good to be reminded once again that the book of Acts *is* still being written today.

Bob and Peggy's vision for the Body of Christ is radically simple: "We see a knitting together of individual members of the Body of Christ, walking out the life of Jesus Christ in love and in the Holy Spirit, *not* organization to organization or denomination to denomination, but individual to individual."

He is looking for a people...

not a place!

His building program is made up of living stones...

not concrete blocks, lumber and nails.

He is looking for and raising up a people of faith...

not some theological meeting to come up with a statement of faith.

He is *not* starting a new non-profit organization...

He *is* bringing to life a living organism,

raising up apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers...

and with *everyone* in the Body a minister.

He is *not* looking for people known

by their doctrine, pastor's name, location...

but *is* raising up a people known

by their love for Him and for one another.

He is *not* looking for people bound by traditions,

but *is* raising up a people free in Jesus

and being led by His Holy Spirit.

Does this vision seem unrealistic, impossible, or idealistic? I do not think so, as the proof of the reality of this vision can be seen through two compelling lives who are wonderful twentieth-century living examples for the Body of Christ of what it means to truly walk with Jesus.

Freedom in Liberty



*Our Family, 1995
Son & Wife - Nolan & Cheryl
Children - Christy, Mandy, Josh, Jacob*

THE JESUS LIFE

The Lord has a way of getting our attention, calling us to Himself, changing our direction, changing our lives, and showing us His kingdom.

The kingdom of God

has nothing to do with buildings.

The kingdom of God

has nothing to do with padded pews.

The kingdom of God

has nothing to do with stained glass and steeples.

The kingdom of God

has *everything* to do with relationships—

a relationship with the Father.

a relationship with Jesus Christ.

a relationship with the power of the Holy Spirit.

It also has everything to do

with the horizontal relationships

that God has called us to in the Body of Christ.

That is the kingdom of God.

God delivered all of us [in the group he was speaking to] from “playing church” ten, fifteen, twenty years ago—some of us even more. But do you know what has evolved? *New* church games; new, religious, *charismatic* church games. We turn inward and we want to play our nice, little, neat, free games.

That is not God. Somehow we think that we’ve grown past the place of denying ourselves. Let us deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow Jesus daily (see Matthew 16:24).

That’s the good news of Jesus Christ. That’s life, and that’s kingdom.

The Jesus life says, “I didn’t come to speak my own words, I came to speak the words of the Father.” But instead, we’re giving our own counsel and opinions—counsel that is born of evil spirits and flesh and not counsel from the Word of God.

The Jesus life says, “I didn’t come to do my own will but the will of the Father.” But we think that we’ve matured to the place where we can start doing our own thing!

Bob's Afterword: The Jesus Life

We must have a fresh vision of who Jesus is.

We must have a fresh vision of who we are in Christ.

We must know that it's costly.

It cost Jesus His life...

and it will cost you yours.

In losing your life...

you find it.

Yet, we still want to get out of that and find our own life.

But, if you are doing that,

then you are losing it.

Only those who lose their lives *daily*

know what it means to live.

We'll look to the right,

we'll look to the left,

we'll look behind,

we'll look at the world,

we'll look at the church,

we'll look at theology,

we'll look at doctrine,

but we won't look at Jesus.

It's not in how high you jump or how loud you shout; it's in how you are walking. And it won't happen corporately until it happens individually. As we hear and respond to Jesus, do people sense Jesus in you?

What's the first thing that emanates from you when people meet you? Is it Jesus?

The whole hope of God is to work Jesus Christ in you and me. Then, wherever we walk in His Spirit, going about His business, speaking His Word, people sense Jesus Christ; they see the great life, they hear the Truth, and they are drawn to the Father through Jesus Christ.

Where are you?

You've got to deal with this, and you don't deal with it with me, and you don't deal with it with the elders—they have to deal with it themselves, face-to-face with Jesus Christ.

It's time for greed to go out of our hearts,

from the top to the bottom,

in the Body of Christ.

It's time for selfishness to go.

A Lifestyle Of Light

It's time for the pampering of our flesh to go.
It's time for a fresh work of the Word of God,
 which is quick and active and sharper
 than a two-edged sword.
It cuts and trims away flesh,
 but at the same time,
 it gives life to the spirit.
It's time for that to happen in you and me.

CHAPTER 22

BEGINNING AGAIN

All things have become new. ---Revelation 21:5

Bob hasn't had a normal heartbeat ever since he got born again!

---Al Jaynes

When Bob and Peggy first moved into their picturesque farm in Liberty, they were encouraged by God's massive grace and provision. Although they had been the recipients of countless gifts at the hands of God's abundance, they were always still gratefully surprised when He would spring another blessing on them. The farm was no exception. However, as in Jesus, grace always comes with a cost. God made it very clear to Bob that the farm was not to be a stumbling block of comfort or false security. Thus, from the beginning, the word of God regarding the farm was to be "I have you here only for a season." Though both Bob and Peggy faithfully lived on the farm and allowed it to be used for God's glory, a slow, even imperceptible, drifting began to take place (Hebrews 2:1). The days grew to years and the years moved into a decade. The "season" became what Bob described as an "eternal Fall."

In the beginning, though, the season on the farm began as a blessing. Bob wanted believers from all over the world and all walks of life to share in this beautiful living masterpiece. The farm was a southern Garden of Eden. In fact, Nolan planted a vineyard there. Thus, they decided to name the farm "Gan Ha-Gefen," which is Hebrew for "garden of the vine." Living there was amazing. Perhaps it is appropriate that Bob and Peggy moved to the farm on Thanksgiving weekend. The huge front window in their living room faced west and gave a daily showing of the spectacular evening sunset. It was a full life screen of all the color and beauty of the surrounding countryside. They could see three counties and hundreds of square miles. In autumn, the view of these hundreds of thousands of acres, literally, was a bouquet of orange, red, yellow and every combination in between beyond the imagination...and the world came there.

A Lifestyle Of Light

People came to visit from India, Israel, Switzerland, England, Uganda, Pakistan, just to name a few. It was used as a getaway for honeymoons, retreats, and times of spiritual contemplation. It was equally open to the rich and famous, the middle-class and the poor and unknowns. Bob and Peggy would have special times where friends, family and just plain old believers would gather for "non" Easter celebrations of the Resurrection and Fourth of July fireworks. Young or old, millionaire or penniless, God always put on a wonderful show of His creativity. The house was supplied with fresh water from a nearby spring. On any given day, any visitor could sit on the front porch swing and marvel at the vast array of trees, flowers and vines abounding with a spectrum of colors of almost day-glo intensity. Or, visitors could just sit back around the woodburning stove and scan the panoramic hillsides and watch the parade of wildlife, such as wild turkeys, bobcats, rabbits, deer, coyotes on their regular visits to the surrounding grassy fields. On rare occasions, Bob and Peggy even sighted a peacock and mountain lion.

From sunrise to sunset, the natural beauty and activity surrounding the farm was a daily devotional to God's power and wonder...and Bob and Peggy thanked God every day for what He had given them. They made sure that all who came to the farm would know the welcoming presence of God's outreached arms. Hence, as visitors would turn off the hard blacktop of the main highway onto the crackling gravel of the mile and a half long driveway leading up and down through cow pastures, winding through trees and picturesque landscapes, they would always be greeted with a sign on the front gate, "I have put before you a gate that no one can close."

With all encouraging and uplifting elements of the farm unfolding on a daily basis, the inconveniences attached with being on the farm seemed unremarkable and insignificant and, in and of themselves, none of the small irritations that were a natural part of farm life made much of an impact. Nevertheless, little by little, inch by inch, drop by drop, a very slow, unnoticeable drifting camouflaged in the quietness, began to send ripples in the still waters.

First of all, someone had to take care of the 66 acres of farmland. Behind the rolling beauty of the surrounding hills was some fairly rugged terrain all slanted at some daunting angles. A tractor would be needed to bush hog the place regularly. With all the nooks and crannies lined throughout the landscape, this would be no easy task as a tractor would be prone to roll over because of the rugged slopes. Bob was not intimidated. They were given an old tractor, and Bob would steadfastly try to tame the grass and weeds and dodge hidden trenches.

At first, like everything else on the farm, even bush hogging was a blessing. Bob and God would converse and commune in clear, intimate fellowship. God would speak to Bob, giving him words and revelations for himself and for those who came

Beginning Again

to him and Peggy for counsel. However, with 90% humidity, 100 degree temperatures and an unbridled sun pounding away on Bob's shoulders, bush hogging the farm became a burden. Even with Bob's firm determination and the old tractor, bush hogging the entire farm would take days and days and days to complete. Although God had called them to be on the farm, God had NOT called Bob to be a farmer.

The slow drift continued.

Not only was keeping the farm bush hogged a constant drain, but the sheer magnitude of keeping up the basic maintenance of the house and gravel driveways became almost a wound that would not heal. Bob took responsibility for taking care of the mile and a half gravel road that connected the farm to the outside world. He would use a box blade to fix potholes, only to see his hours of work washed away in a matter of minutes by the continuous spring and summer rains. He would cut and split all the firewood and have to remove all the huge branches that had fallen across the road after a storm. The upkeep of this property and the house and everything was a major challenge.

As the blessing slowly moved towards more and more of a burden, there was real conflict over the properties with one of their neighbors. It was almost impossible to find a compromise on anything. "It was almost impossible to communicate with them regarding roads, bridges, property lines, etc. For some reason, we could never get away from neighbor problems. We truly believe that we should live at peace with our neighbor, but he did not want peace with us, and it wore us out." Small, little things in and of themselves were no big deal, but as they were added together, the burden became larger.

After ten years of being nestled in the hills of middle Tennessee, small nudges from God started becoming more and more obvious. Despite all the blessings both Bob and Peggy could see that building stresses were just one way of God preparing them for the next step in the light. They were hearing that the season was about over and that they should prepare to flee.

One of the first indicators came when Bob was bitten by a tick and contracted Lyme's disease. At first, he was not sure what the problem was. His energy level just totally bottomed out. As the disease progressed, Bob reached a place where he was not able to even climb up on the tractor to bush hog. He barely could make it up the 15-20 steps into the house. Bob thought that he was just getting old, but, as he put it, "You don't get old that fast." At this point, the slow, nagging wearing out process continued its course, but now, death began to set in.

The realization that it was time to sell the farm was easy. Exactly HOW to do it just added more burdens. Over a period of two and a half years, a long learning process occurred culminating in the revelation of wisdom that reinforced in Bob and

A Lifestyle Of Light

Peggy what they had always believed, "DON'T DO IT THE WORLD'S WAY!" All the counsel they received was that they needed to sell their farm first...then, they could leave. This is how the world does it, right? This way led to a slow, agonizing death. According to Bob, "We tried to sell the farm ourselves for a year. Then, we gave it to a real estate agency for a year. For two years we tried, and this was WAY TOO LONG!" More death.

Peggy expressed it this way, "Everyone told us, 'Don't you know you have to sell your farm before you leave?' It seemed reasonable." It was the right, proper, orderly, **WORLDLY** way to do things and it all led to even more death. Yet, God seemed to be even more emphatically saying that He wanted Bob and Peggy to leave.

"For two years we were just constantly worn down. We tried putting it on the internet and ads in the paper, then a realtor...and nothing happened. People would look at the farm, but they would never buy it. We would offer to reduce the price by \$25,000, and everyone would tell us that the price was right, they didn't need a discount; it was a great deal. But the house would not sell. We kept thinking 'What the HELL is going on? Do we go get a condo, an apartment, an extended stay motel? We felt we needed to leave; it was detrimental to our health. It was controlling us. Travel to and from the farm, upkeep, all took a tremendous amount of time and energy.' Discouragement was seeping in.

To make matters worse, in the midst of all the turmoil, an aunt of Peggy's who lived in Georgia had broken her hip. Unfortunately, it had snowed, and the Hughey's couldn't get off the farm to go see her. They had to use an old road through their neighbor's property just to get out. However, upon their return, they received a phone call from the neighbor chewing them out for trespassing. Eventually, Bob sent them a letter and some money for "obvious duress." This was just another in the long string of events wearing them down. Ten years of non-cooperation with the neighbors finally got the best of Bob.

With the increasing problems involving the house, the neighbors, and his health, Bob knew something was incredibly wrong. He began feeling chest pains reminiscent of the heart problems he had had many years before. Yet, God has a way of getting a person's attention.

One morning, Bob looked outside to see the figure of a white horse at the bottom of the hill by a pond. Everyday, for every week, for months, this white horse would come and stand in the same spot all day long. Bob had never seen the horse before and he found it to be very strange that the horse would come and stand in the exact same spot day after day. Finally, Bob looked through his Bible to see what the Word indicated about white horses. There it was in Revelation, a white horse means **DEATH**.

Beginning Again

Then, the terror of the 9/11 terrorist attack hit. Bob's reaction to 9/11 was to make a very bad decision and buy a television set. He wanted to see all the news. So, for hours and hours everyday Bob and Peggy would watch the news and listen to the radio. The news added to Bob's stress. In retrospect, Bob says, "I don't think it is God's will for us to fill ourselves up with so much death and destruction. Be careful what you watch and listen to."

There is a basic spiritual principle that the deeper one walks in the Lord, the more INTENSE the enemy strives to steal, kill and destroy that believer's testimony and faith. "I lived in darkness for 31 years, and everything went well. I came to Jesus and everything went to Hell." No one is immune to Satan's attack. "The greater the anointing, the more he wants to steal, kill and destroy."

In the midst of all that was happening, Bob and Peggy decided to take a trip to see Aunt Bessie in Texas. However, as they motored through Tennessee and into Arkansas, the darkness of flesh and death that had been accumulating was about to burst through the floodgates and accelerate at an ungodly pace.

Somewhere in Arkansas, Bob's hands and feet began going numb. At first, he thought he had just been holding the steering wheel too tightly while driving through Memphis. Then, he started thinking it was his blood pressure. Whatever it was, the physical symptoms were also taking an emotional toll. After spending a night in Arkansas, they made a U-turn and headed back to their home in Tennessee. "We had been traveling a lot that year (2001). I remember while traveling in Australia and New Zealand my feet and hands had felt numbness. Now, it was happening again."

When they arrived back at the farm, Bob tried to take matters into his own numb hands. He tried to figure out on his own what was wrong and then let God fix it. After three weeks of failure, Bob finally called a doctor in Clarksville he knew in whose home Bob had held a Bible study for a few years. The diagnosis was pinpointed as atrial fibrillation, and Bob was immediately put on digoxin to help put his heart in order.

The diagnosis was accurate; however, everything became intense and emotional. Bob began focusing on the waves rather than on Jesus. All he could think of was getting his heart fixed, and it began bearing rotten fruit. Bob began having a mindset of death. He bought FOUR cemetery plots and TWO caskets. As Bob continued his "spiritual fibrillation," he wanted everything done and taken care of for Peggy's sake, typical of Bob...but where was Jesus?

While Bob's emotional level continued to rise, his spiritual reliance was dropping. In an attempt to just get away from it all and have a rest, he and Peggy decided to drive to Destin, Florida where they had found a really good deal at a hotel. So, off they went.

A Lifestyle Of Light

But the beach was not the answer. Now, not only was Bob's heart giving him trouble, but his focus became so off-center that he literally began falling apart. In a sense, Bob had reverted back to his pre-Jesus days. When flying, he would work himself up into a frenzy because he knew that if just one bolt from an airplane wing came off, then he would die. The problem was NOT that Bob was afraid of dying; he had reconciled that a long time ago. Bob was now focusing on every irregular beat of his heart and how it would affect him and his life. He was not afraid to die. He was afraid to live. As Bob put it, "The fear of living set in."

For Bob, the thought of living as an invalid was more than he could handle. If there is such a thing as "panicking in the spirit," that is what was happening. All he could visualize was the worst case scenerio with him being led around by Peggy like an old man. He felt like everything had to change, his diet, the way he walked, and the way he acted. Thus, the pressure of "doing the right things" added even more stress rather than relieving it.

Bob was compensating by "over-trying," which agitated him even more and compounded the problem. "I felt I had to change everything I had ever done or would ever do for the rest of my life, and it short-circuited me, body, soul and spirit."

Bob's entire being was put in shock. His low point was only getting lower.

Soon, the results of the "resting" in Florida began showing up as Bob was barely able to breath. All he could do was gasp for breath; he could not manage to breathe deeply enough to satisfy his need for air. He rolled around in bed at night, sleepless and frantic. He was being viciously consumed by fear. What was supposed to be a relaxing getaway wound up with Bob pacing the hotel room like a caged animal. Peggy would literally beat his back trying to loosen up the muscles. As Bob became increasingly uptight, nothing seemed to help.

"We would read chapters and chapters of the Word and Peggy would be praying and crying out to God. I was a basket case."

Bob's intense nature was turning inward and working against him. Describing his state, "My mind was on me. I was looking at all the waves around me instead of looking to Jesus. My mind, body, spirit, everything was going wrong. I thought, God, haven't we been seeking you? Haven't we been dying to ourselves wanting people to know you? Why is all this happening to me? We've not asked for ourselves."

Perhaps the lowest point of this entire drama was when Peggy tried to pray for Bob, and in desperation and hopelessness, he barked out, "DON'T TOUCH ME AND I DONT WANT YOU TO PRAY FOR ME!"

It was bad enough living in atrial fib, but Bob was now dying in a "spiritual fib," that is, that God had somehow forsaken him and was not in total control. "I was

Beginning Again

believing the lie that everything I had ever done in my life had been a total failure. I thought that I had done nothing right and there had been no blessing my whole life. How could I be that deceived?"

Obviously, resting in Florida was not the answer. Bob thought, "We can't stay here any longer. We need to get home and get help. We got into the car at 4 or 5 a.m. and drove straight back to the farm in Liberty, TN."

The first night back was reasonably calm. Both Bob and Peggy caught up on some sleep. But by the second day, Bob's heart was racing again, and with it raced the doubt and confusion. Finally, while driving home from Wal-Mart at midnight, Bob stopped the car at the intersection of Highways 96 and 70. He had reached the crossroads. With both heart and spirit pounding, Bob looked over to Peggy and said, "You drive, I'm not hearing God at all. You make the decision of what we should do. I trust the Lord will guide you."

So on a December midnight, with a 17 degree outside temperature, Peggy drove Bob to the emergency room of the Smithville, TN hospital. Bob's heartbeat was measured at 300 beats per minute, which was way too high. In Florida, Bob had taken himself off of his heart medicine because he thought it was the side-effects of the medicine causing his panic attacks. However, it was more the THOUGHT of being on the medicine, rather than the medicine itself, that was driving his emotions.

In the hospital, though, Bob was put back on digoxin, as well as six other medications. The doctor came in with his chart and told Bob, "I want to do some tests and I see some corrective surgery." Bob recounts, "I made the decision a long time ago not to do any corrective surgery and told the doctor 'no.' He put a big X on his paper and walked out. I've never regretted that decision."

Bob had entered the hospital telling the doctors that he was in atrial fibrillation. Five days and \$10,000 dollars later, the doctors released him telling him that he was in atrial fibrillation. Bob had just turned 65 and was feeling much older. However, a new year was about to begin, and though some hard changes were on the way, they were changes that would eventually get Bob back on track and back into the light. Nevertheless, the new year of 2002 began just as 2001 had ended. Bob's faith was still in critical condition.

"I don't like doctors and I don't like medicine. But God was putting everything together to teach me. I used to be really big on 'obedience.' Now, God was teaching me that trusting Him was just as important." The first step of trust began with a phone call. Bob had told a friend about his atrial fibrillation ordeal. The friend, in turn, e-mailed Dr. John Dixon, head of Cardiology at Vanderbilt University Hospital. Dr. Dixon had met Bob and Peggy several years earlier at a Bible study in his home.

Upon hearing the news of Bob's plight, Dr. Dixon phoned Bob and told Bob

A Lifestyle Of Light

he wanted to see him and offer his help. As it turned out, God began a relationship that would bypass Bob's heart problems and connect directly from spirit to spirit and bring everyone involved closer to Jesus as well as bring God much glory and praise. "I think God led us to him [Dr. Dixon], not to get medication, but to get life and to submit to him as unto the Lord. I needed help and I knew I needed help, but what I needed most was to learn to submit to imperfect people whether I live or whether I die. Imperfect people are the only kind of believers we have in the Body of Christ."

Dr. Dixon understood Bob and Peggy in a spiritual dimension that other doctors would not. In a profession built on making quick decisions, trusting in test results and cutting away problems with scalpels, faith does not always figure into the solution. Despite his training and position, Dr. Dixon allowed Jesus to take on the primary role as healer and comforter, while medicine would play a secondary and supportive role. Immediately, Bob's medication was reduced from seven to three. Doses were lowered so that Bob could be using only what was deemed necessary. But much more than that, Bob, Peggy and Dr. Dixon began fellowshiping, not in a heart problem, but in Jesus as the answer to the problem. The healing had begun!

"My faith had sunk so low. All I could see at that point was that we would pray for other people and see results, but when we prayed for ourselves, it seemed like God didn't answer. That was a hard thing for me to deal with and it bothered me really a lot. He didn't answer the prayers for us the way I wanted them, which kept me from being grateful for what he had given us."

The road to recovery did not begin with some blockbuster vision or revelation, but with a little book, "God's Word of Encouragement," containing Bible verses meant to build up. Bob would read one verse at a time. I thought, "Let's just start with one verse, 'God loved the world this way...' so that I could zero in on one thing, one nugget of truth God had for us for that day." God used the booklet as a tool to get his heart, mind and eyes back where they should have been.

Bob's faith had bottomed out to the place where he had stopped singing; he wouldn't sing any hymns. The joy was taken from him. Despite the low point of not wanting Peggy praying for him in Destin, panic attacks, gasping for breath and being consumed with fear, Peggy stood interceding for Bob day and night. Peggy never lost it and never gave up on him.

Soon the answers started trickling in, one by one, building back what had been torn down. "Part of the problem was pride in me," says Bob. "I would see other people with problems and think that I could handle anything. I couldn't understand it when people said that they were just hanging on. That didn't sound spiritual to me. But I understand now. I thought I could handle anything. I always heard from other people, 'Bob'll do it, Bob'll do it.' But I was wrong. God has a way of showing us we

Beginning Again

are all equal...and equally in need of HIM! I thank God that he let me have atrial fib to get me to where I am now. But it was really hard at the time."

The new year of 2002 did not really begin as a happy one for Bob. He describes it as a "cripple year" for him. However, by the end of the year, there truly would be an "out with the old, in with the new" spirit formed in Bob's life. But that pruning process, though necessary, is not meant to be easy or fun.

Although the relationship with Dr. Dixon brought an association of encouragement, one of the medicines Bob was taking was warfarin, a blood thinner that demanded a strict adherence to a schedule. The medicine had to be taken at exactly the same time every day with no exceptions or interruptions. Moreover, Dr. Dixon told Bob, "Your healing is in your rest."

Bob knew that he had to slow down, but he was really discouraged that, between his heart condition and the medicine, he and Peggy would have to drastically curtail, if not eliminate, traveling around and sharing and ministering to the Body as they had done for over 30 years. It seemed that Bob's journey with the Lord had crash landed into "the valley of the shadow of death."

However, "resting" in the Lord did not mean "stopping" in the Lord as Bob thought it meant. Fear of the medicine was immobilizing him, but God was not finished with the work He had started. God used a prophetic word to put Bob back into action, on HIS terms rather than Bob's.

A spirit of infirmity and hopelessness set in. "At first, I didn't think we could travel anymore. I was even too afraid to go out and speak. I didn't think I would be able to do anything. Then God used Nolan powerfully to speak a word that would re-energize my mind, body and spirit and bring rebirth to my walk with God and lift that dark cloud . I started believing Him and us again, and it got personal. I was taking a nap, and Nolan walked into the room and stood by my bed. He asked if he could pray for me, and then the Word came out."

As Nolan spoke, the words ran through Bob as if spoken by Jesus. The word was, "Dad, you need to get out of bed and hit the road. The anointing of God is on you and Mom as the two of you go out. I have been with you all over the world and have watched it. It is not you; it is God."

With that word, Bob got up, and slowly, he and Peggy began functioning in the Spirit once again. "We are where we are today because Nolan spoke a pure, prophetic word for us. Rest and be healed did not mean we had to stop." Bob and Peggy began traveling and sharing all over again.

The Lord sealed his word with a trip to Hawaii. It was on this trip that Bob saw that he could adjust his warfarin doses even while flying. During the trip, God led Bob and Peggy every day, everywhere, specifically to share with people who were hun-

A Lifestyle Of Light

gering and thirsting for hope. The trip was a supernatural gift from God and would, literally, resurrect Bob Hughey from the tomb of fear and self-pity and back onto the road of life.

The prophetic word given by Nolan effectively moved Bob back in line with God's will. The burden of fear in Bob was gone, but the burden of what to do with the farm still remained. But not for long.

The problem actually had had nothing to do with the farm, but with how Bob was handling the farm. It seemed that all the effort he and Peggy were putting into trying to sell the farm only magnified the stress Bob was having in dealing with the matter. Nothing was working, no one was interested, and it was eating away at Bob's faith because he knew God wanted Peggy and him out.

But God had the answer before it even became a problem, and once again, it was a series of prophetic words that unlocked and unleashed the light to deal with the issue. Once again, it was Nolan who started the ball rolling. As Bob was sitting at his desk, Nolan brought up a point in the spirit that neither Bob nor anyone else that he knew of had considered, "What did the Bible say about dealing with property?"

Nolan said, "God has used you to raise up good stewards such as Paul and Phil Perry. Let them be stewards of the farm." That word clicked with Bob and Peggy. He thought, "That's it. That's God." It brought light where there was darkness and it made some semblance of sense out of the confusion. It was the light to walk in the next step.

Nolan had nailed it. The Bible often referred to using good stewards in dealing with an owner and that owner's land. Paul and Phil Perry had been with Bob in the Clarksville, TN days and had grown into trustworthy and dependable men who walked in purity and steadfastness. Why not try? The world's way only supports an independent spirit based on the principle of "I made it, I earned it, I bought it, I can handle it and I can take care of it myself!"

But the truth was that Bob had not been handling it well for almost two years, and the burden had negatively affected every part of his life. On the other hand, the better way of walking in the biblical principle of stewardship would mean that Phil and Paul would take over the dealings with the farm on Bob's and Peggy's behalf. They would oversee the selling of the farm and carry out Bob's and Peggy's hearts' desires. Their priority would be Bob's and Peggy's well being and to please them in every transaction in which the farm was involved.

Bob told both of the Perry brothers that as far as what they did with the farm, "You can have it, live in it, rent, whatever you want to do with it." After praying about it, both Paul and Phil agreed with Bob to be stewards of the farm.

Paul, the contemplative brother, however, spoke two prophetic words to Bob

Beginning Again

that became real turning points in how God would direct Bob and Peggy in dealing with the farm. The first word was "You have three options. Walk in the light, rest in His peace, or grope in darkness."

The second word came a few weeks later and was as tough on Paul in giving the word as it was profound on Bob and Peggy in responding to it. Paul told Bob, "You only have one life. Live in the life He has for you to live today. You need to trust your future to the Lord, not to the farm. Leave NOW. Pack up and GET OFF THE FARM. BE FREE."

In retrospect, Paul recounted, "This meeting took 10 years off of my life. It was a very difficult word to give because Bob had always been my teacher and mentor."

Bob heard the word of the Lord that Paul spoke. "We immediately left Paul, drove to a house that we had looked at earlier and put a down payment on it. The next day, I called Paul and said, 'Paul I did it. You said the word of the Lord was to get off the farm, so we went out and bought a house. And that was a turning point in our lives.'"

Bob was free, and the crisis was over. "We celebrated. I'm free and happy. Nothing had changed in the physical, but I had changed inside." Peggy added, "We needed that push." As a result of their obedience, after about one year under the stewardship of Phil and Paul Perry, the farm was sold, as well as the tractor. Everything worked out. *

"The Lord provided a house for us, and we still have no debts! He is true to His word! When we tried to do it the world's way, we died. When we did it God's way, we found life! The whole world can't contain Him, yet we try to put Him in a box...a wet, cardboard box."

So, what has been the result of several years of crisis, pruning and dying? People are saying, "BOB IS BACK!"

"His word to us is 'Therefore, if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. The old things have passed away; behold, new things have come; 'I am making all things new' (II Corinthians 5:17; Revelation 21:5). No more doing it like the world and listening to what the world says is right. I believe if we had left the farm three years ago when God told us to, we would have been blessed and saved ourselves a lot of hardship, including my heart going into atrial fibrillation. Still, I thank God that He

* As Peggy recalls, "Looking back on it now, we believe that God didn't let the farm sell because He was saving it for Nolan. Ross Sutherland called from New Zealand with a prophetic word that God had already told the person who was to buy the farm. Upon hearing this word, Nolan spoke up and said that he was the one. So we were thrilled; and praise God that Nolan did indeed buy the farm."

A Lifestyle Of Light

found us worthy to suffer for His sake. Today, I am at total peace with myself and with God. What a way to get there."

The recent trials have also taught Bob and Peggy a lot about the Body of Christ and the prophetic word. "Our whole culture is based on an independent spirit. But I see that the independent spirit KILLS. This independent spirit has also infiltrated the church. God's perfect Body is made up of many imperfect people. Yes, He wants us to be insulated from sin but not isolated from other believers."

As far as his walk with Jesus, Bob says, "I've learned a lot. I've learned that if you are walking by faith and it's easy, you're not walking by faith. We never outgrow the cross, and the cross doesn't get lighter. I was foolish enough to believe the lie that I was too spiritual for all of this stuff to happen to me. I was having panic attacks and I didn't even believe in them! The last three years have been a lot of growth and a lot of learning."

The need for the prophetic word in the Body has become even more important to Bob and Peggy. A prophetic word is NOT a hyped up power trip, but rather a powerful word to help believers be equipped. "There must be a people who hear God and speak His prophetic word, which will always go against the norm. Then, there must be believers who hear the word and know it is from Him. Finally, there must be a people who receive the word, knowing it is from God and walking it out."

In September 2004, Bob and Peggy returned to India where they continued to invest in the hearts and lives of many of the believers they had met years before. They were welcomed with open arms and hearts. "We had a spontaneous sharing of Life with no programs."

That is how "B & P" continue to live. With each year, their relationship just grows and grows. "These days, we're really into cleaving and becoming one." They continue to walk to a different heartbeat. They continue to see through the system, still laughing, still rejoicing, celebrating life and walking in today's fresh square, and not tomorrow's "what ifs." God moved them off the farm and into a house on "Wheatfield" Drive. The symbolism speaks for itself.

Now in its third printing, A Lifestyle Of Light has been given away to more than 6000 people all over the country and all over the world. Bob and Peggy Hughey believe that they are to give the book away to all who will read it. We jokingly say that the book is the #1 bestseller of the Salvation Army, as they have made more money off the book than either myself or Bob and Peggy. Although their story spans many decades, the fruit of their lives is still as fresh as ever. Recently, Bob found a message from a woman on his answering machine. "Hi. I found a book called A Lifestyle Of Light, written in

Beginning Again

Bombay about you guys. And it was up here in Montana on the freebie porch of one of our bookstores. (The woman's voice cracked and she began crying) I want to thank you for this book. It makes me feel like I'm not crazy. Bye."

Bob and Peggy had no record of sending any books to Montana. After much effort, Bob found the woman's telephone number and called the woman back. Like so many who have read the book, she was worn down in her walk. Reading the book rejuvenated her and changed her life. By God's grace, the same has happened to many others whom the Lord has found to read this book.

Here are some responses from people who have read "A Lifestyle Of Light"...

“If all this is true, this pretty much renders all
we know of American Christianity wrong.”

“...We find ourselves totally burned out on years of trying to
make church work...feeling like misfits and failures. Frankly, I don't know
what downward spiral we might have gone on when we finally gave up on
"church"...if we didn't have wonderful living examples, like you, to turn to.

We still feel scared and lonely. We weary of the misunderstandings
and upbraidings by family and friends. But, it is infinitely comforting just
knowing you've been there and walked in this for many years...
and we can turn to you for both counsel and understanding...

AND (rarity indeed!) example.”

“Thanks for a great adventure. Any story of the
Hugheys has to be a huge story, a worldwide epic.”

“It has been a pain to my flesh and a light to my soul.”

“Bob and Peggy are the best "pointers to Jesus" I've ever known.”

“We received your book, or should I say the Lord's book, because the Lord's
anointing is on it...it had me repenting and confessing...can hardly put it down.”

“I have heard you talk about a relationship with Jesus for 30 years.
Now, after reading the book I know what you are talking about.”

A Lifestyle Of Light

“Hebrews 11:1 and 2 says, “Those who walk by faith obtain testimonies.” Your lifestyle of testimonies has witnessed and imparted volumes of eternal life to us.”

“I can't begin to tell you how blessed I am reading this book about your journey with Jesus...I stayed home and read and wept and read and laughed.”

“As we have been reading, we are being exhorted about a supernatural walk of reality in faith and trust that we just never quite knew ‘was available.’”

“I am almost to the end of your remarkable book.
To read it must bless any sincere believer in Jesus.”

“God is getting through to me by using your book. The freedom of faith and love in Jesus is washing me, again, in His grace.”

“I will cherish the book and savor every word, because the words tell of God's mercy to two simple folks who longed to know Him.
My, how that knowledge has touched a load of people!”

“Your book is an oasis in the desert for me. I have read and re-read different parts, and, after the holidays, I plan to start at the first and read it through again.”

“It has been so faith building and, at times, very thought provoking and challenging.”

*Blessed...
are those who
bear the Word of God
and obey it.
—Luke 11:28, NIV*

*Many people shall go and say,
Come and let us go
up to the mountain of the Lord,
to the house of the God of Jacob;
and he will teach us of his ways,
and we will walk in his paths:
for out of Zion shall go forth the law,
and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.
—Isaiah 2:3*