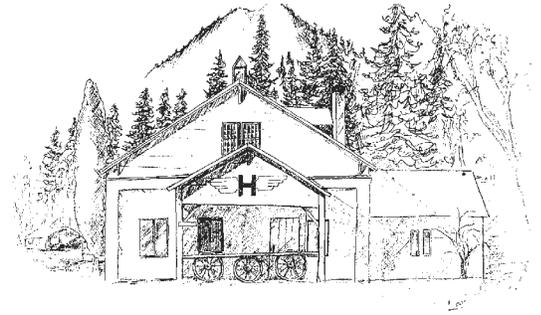


Flying H Youth Ranch

370 Flying H Loop
Naches, WA 98937



“...turning the hearts...” Malachi 4:6 since 1962

November 2, 2006

We get to see God do life-sized salvation and deliverance. Here is an example.
(This is an essay by one of our residents.)

It all started July 12th, when I was assigned to another court date. I was told that it was moved from Tuesday the 12th to Friday the 15th. I was expecting a couple days in juvy, but when my future mentor stood up and said “I would like to recommend him to the Flying H Youth Ranch”, I was fittin’ to blow my brains out. I was already suicidal, so there wasn’t a whole lot stopping me from killing myself. After Mr. Moore and Mr. Alumbaugh introduced themselves to me and my grandmother, I was given the option to take the venture up to the ranch with my grandma, or them. After making my decision to ride with my grandma, they overruled it and thought I should ride with them instead.

After I cooled down a little bit, learning that the intake process would only take a day and a half to complete, I started talking. When Mr. Moore asked what I was thinking, I said “All right, I guess. It’s only a day and a half, right?” To my surprise when he said, “No, it’s for a whole year!” (Little did I know it would be longer than that). I got a little frustrated, so I didn’t want to talk anymore for a while.

After my first day in the program, I figured I should get used to it, because it would be a while before I could leave. So I accepted the program on my initiation day on the 16th of July. After that, I felt a change instantly. I almost completely eliminated anger from my emotional system. On average, I was 78% happy, 20% sad, and barely 2% angry. I started repairing my relationships with my family, and pretty much everything was good until Christmas vacation.

Around the second day of leave, I started getting back into magic, Daemons, Vampires, all the stuff that I wanted to get away from years ago. Not long after that, I got possessed again, for the third time in my life. I didn’t know it then, but it was the same creature that got a hold of me that last two times. It didn’t take me long to make a decision. I decided that I didn’t want the ranch to see me in my current state, so I made the plans to run away to my mother’s house. I made calls for someone to pick me up, but he forgot so, I walked from 46th Ave. to 10th Ave., got a ride from there to 3rd St. When I finally reached my destination, I thought “Do I really want to stay here until I’m 18?” At that time, I decided, yes. I saw the small studio apartment as “home”, at least for now. While I was there, I could feel it swirl inside me, angry at me because I won’t let it do what it wanted. I found out long ago how to suppress it, but far from being able to control it.

On the 8th of January, I made contact with the ranch. I let sadness and fear, and power control me, rather than giving it to Jesus like I learned at home and at the ranch. On the 9th, I opened the door to the little studio apartment to my surprise, I find a cop looking for me. After he talked with me and my mom for a little bit, he took me outside to where my grandma was waiting. He gave me the choice to go back to the ranch, or to go to juvy for an unknown period of time, as little as three days. Still feeling that I didn't want the ranch to see me in like I was, but afraid of juvy, and not getting a chance to release this creature that had a firm grasp at this time, and also to own up to my mistakes, and troubles, I knew that returning to the ranch would be the better idea.

At 11:00 pm on January 9th, I returned to the ranch, and later that night, for the first time in years, I cried in repentance. I cried because I knew what I did, and I knew it wasn't something that I could deal with on my own. Sometime around mid-February, God lifted the creature that hindered my existence.

I guess I traveled a little off the subject, and made this more of a life story, but it all comes into play. Without the ranch, I wouldn't have come looking for repentance. I would have welcomed any additional power. I would have taunted those who didn't know what its like to have something that great swirling around inside of you. I would have tried to gain more power until it would lead to my demise. I would have allowed my pride to blind me from seeing the truth, and what this creature could actually do to me. Without the ranch, I don't think I would be alive right now. I think I would have either spiraled out of control and committed suicide, or allowed me to get possessed and leave the creature full control over me. I don't know what could have happened.

In the end, I know that the ranch has saved me, protected me, and taught me throughout this 15 ½ months. I don't know what could have happened. All I know is that I'm happy now, happier than I've been in years. I got out of drugs, anger, suicidal tendencies, destruction, power lust, disorder, defiance, skipping school, laziness, any one of those could have ruined my life completely, but I stopped them with the help of the ranch and people, and more importantly, My savior, Jesus Christ. And all I have now is one more goal, finish school.

The enemy is seeking someone to devour. We also know that it is God that saves. We have the privilege of being tools in his hand, and get to see God at work each day. Thank you for partnering with us.

God bless,

Bob Hostetler
Executive Director