

Epics from Marie's Life's Journey

Piecemakers Country Store, 1720 Adams Avenue, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 (714) 641-3112 mail@piecemakers.com

The Life and Death of a Hippie Preacher

The documentary, “The Life and Death of a Hippie Preacher” was just that — a shooting star that led the people nowhere. It perhaps could have been subtitled “The Clash of the Gentile Preachers’ Egos.” Or “The Last ‘All Aglow’ of a Dead Hellenistic Age”.

Whatever the title, David Di Sabatino captured the flavor of the Jesus movement as I, too, was plunged deeply into the wave; my Jesus surfboard taking me beyond the shallow preaching of the Jesus hippie.

Lonnie was more like my son, my friend, than my mentor. As God saw fit (before Lonnie was a part of Calvary) to let his Shekinah Glory rest on our house, the hippies from around the world found a home with someone older with like mind and we were all riding the same wave. I was forty-six at the time. I had met the Lord in my bedroom, in my sleep, without the help of a sermon. My conversion was so profound that my daughter once cried out in pain, “My mom died when I was twelve years old.”

The hippies would have found their way to Calvary Chapel with or without Lonnie. Chuck Smith was a good steadying influence and a father figure. Plus being an example to follow as God was shaking all the monkeys out of the trees and anointing fell like a torrent from heaven. It was up to each of us to find our way with the teachers and prophets He sent to help guide us.

However, the seed planted in my heart was not the seed of the shallow miracle table we were all witnessing at that time. He came like a thief into my life and cut me to the quick so my vision was continually, “That I may know Him and the power of the resurrection.” I was baptized into Christ’s death and there was no recovery or no turning back. The gospel in my heart was the one Paul preached. Chuck was preaching the rapture that made all who believed it more arrogant than they already were, as each thought they would be raptured

and “to hell with everyone who believed otherwise”. Truth was much more palatable than the miracles, dying so others might live more real than laying hands on people who looked to you for miracles and ear-tickling messages.

Even though the spirit that fell was like John the Baptist light I found no one who filled his shoes crying out, “Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand.” Or “I baptize with water but the one who comes after me will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire.” Or “I am not the Christ for I am not fit to tie His shoes.” Or “Who told you to flee from the wrath to come, you vipers and you snakes.” No preacher or teacher had a gospel that made straight the crooked places to make way for the coming of the Lord.

In other words there was nobody who dared include the cross, the doorway into heaven in their sermon. The price to pay was too dear and costly.

If I said the truth that nobody had met the Christ I had met they would all be appalled not realizing that the Holy Spirit always bears witness of Jesus Christ whether it is John the Baptist light or Jesus Christ, a greater light, or the light of the awesome Creator. All in the hippie movement met only the baptism of water and not the One who would baptize in fire.

These scriptures that were like stepping stones leading me into the rest, the land flowing with milk and honey, were never heard from anyone in the Charismatic move. Perhaps because if they preached it they were expected to walk in it. Let me name just a few:

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

LEAVE YOUR FAMILY UNIT, HUSBAND, WIFE, YOUR VERY BLOOD LINE AND FOLLOW ME.

HE CHASTISES THOSE HE LOVES.

**BLESSED ARE YOU IF YOU ARE PERSECUTED
FOR MY NAME'S SAKE FOR YOURS IS THE
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.**

**IF YOU SEE A BROTHER IN SIN GO AND
RESTORE HIM IF POSSIBLE.**

I would like to tell you a story about that last scripture. I was probably the first to know of Lonnie's problem with homosexuality.

I will not go into the details of the happening but I was concerned enough to go to Chuck and tell him that Lonnie needed help. Instead of going to Lonnie, he preached a sermon about a lady out to ruin Lonnie's name. My son happened to be in church that day and he said it was very obvious he was talking about me. Nothing was done to help Lonnie. I told Lonnie to confess his sin but he, too, like Chuck, lived in denial not aware of the awful judgments of God.

God was prodding me to continue to "come out of the unclean thing", the church that was part of the world.

At that time Bob Mumford appeared on the scene. Wow, here was a teacher who had more light than Chuck Smith. Of course anyone who had more light was considered in error except those of us who loved the truth more than the fear of error. So I grabbed Lonnie and told him about this awesome teacher. Lonnie should have been a movie star. He was a natural actor. Again the story is too long to tell about his meeting Mumford.

That same Mumford will not speak to me today nor allow me to buy any of his material. He asked to be taken off our mailing list. Perhaps the light we here at Piecemakers bask in is error to him also.

God is definitely going to a "people who know Him not". His curt reply to the disciples who came to Him bragging about all the wonderful things they had done in the name of Christ was, "Get thee hence from me you doers of iniquity, I never knew you."

The anguish Paul felt when he saw his Jewish kinsmen being cast off has been my anguish as time and again I have reached out to Mumford, Smith, Art Katz and others whom I honored and respected, only to be looked upon as some rebellious soul caught up in error. My heart is beginning to heal from their rejection of the Christ they so readily confess but know Him not.

Christ centered community was part of our life style from the beginning. We started with many and God continued to wash out the cowards and those not willing to lose their life. Like Gideon's army the large number became a few chosen ones who continued to die daily, willing to give up their will to gain His will, willing to shed their blood in exchange for His.

I have met a few communities thus far and they all end up being like the "Charismatic move" — just another life style with all the religious trappings. All will have to pass the test in the next wave coming as He lowers the cross into humanity and also His righteousness which will show up all the phonies.

Does He have a remnant who will indeed accomplish what the hippie movement failed to do?? I am certain it is happening even as I write for out the ashes of a dying Gentile age is arising, comely, gentle, all aglow, Israel, God's glory in the flesh.

Looking back over the last forty years, I wouldn't have missed those "fleshpot" days with all of its pitfalls for anything in the world. However, alas, alas, Lonnie's body perhaps died of AIDS, but his and the spirit that fell in the 60's died of a more deadly disease called self glorification — the honor from men.

We are about to see the awesome Baptizer of Fire, the One whose winnowing fork is in His hand and trust me when I tell you He will let no one be glorified except Himself for His very purpose for coming will be to represent the One who sent Him, even our Father.

Marie

Marie Kolasinski