

# ROEVER

## foundation

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*From the heart of  
Dave Roever...*



The COVID-19 virus has changed the political and economic landscape of the world. Nothing will ever be the same again.

Oh, we will recover... from the disease. It's our vulnerability that will never be the same again.

China has perpetrated the biggest blackmail scheme in history to cover their massive failures. The communists' game of smoke and mirrors points the finger of accusation for their own misdeeds at their enemies and accuses them of the offences. It is that old game played out by political pundits...do your worst and evil deeds, and when caught blame another.

The magnitude and scale of the accusation by the Chinese dictator, Xi, that the COVID-19 virus was taken to Wuhan, China by an AMERICAN SOLDIER exceeds even the wildest imagination of the most self-deluded imbecile. This disease has started a war... for now, it is a war of words. Be reminded, conventional wars start by words. This time the conventional has the capability of evolving into nuclear, biological, and chemical warfare. World stability is at risk.

China has been building highways and massive airports in banana republics for years. They buy tinhorn dictators with luxurious gifts. They've built rocket and fighter plane bases on stolen islands and atolls from Vietnam to the Philippines. They have set themselves up for the instant overtaking of whole continents by their massive standing army. "Made in China" is more than clothing and TVs. More than cell phones and auto parts. They control most of our medicinal imports, such as, antibiotics. Make no mistake, COVID-19 is more dangerous than high fevers and dry mouths. It has exposed the vulnerable underbelly of America to the enemy of the East. While we fought in the Middle East, we let the greatest threat in America's history own us through massive debt and hold us hostage through healthcare products.

Throughout the history of mankind there are records of wars, plagues and pestilences which have decimated the world's population. The difference today is that there are more people than ever before, and the transmission of plagues is almost instant because of world travel.

Human existence has been and will always be tenuous. In fact, America sees itself as temporal. Buildings in Europe were architecturally designed to last indefinitely. I've stayed in homes in England and Germany that were over 1000 years old. The Europeans thought their country would be there a thousand years later. In America, we build buildings of sheet metal and wood. Even our skyscrapers are designed to be temporary and replaced on a predictable timetable. Subconsciously, we don't expect to be around a thousand years from now. At the rate we are going, I wonder about a decade from now!

Politics is imploding and our outlook is bleak with rogue countries like North Korea, Iran, and Pakistan possessing nuclear capabilities. Peace is not likely internationally. True peace is in the heart of the Christ follower. Laws are moving ever closer to the total shutdown of houses of worship and specifically Christianity. Stay alert and follow your heart.

At this ministry, we are more in the fray than ever before. Our work abroad extends to 36 nations and a dozen languages. Our military commitments remain active through video conferencing. We are expanding our media outreach exponentially. No days are wasted by a shelter-at-home decree. Our commitment to win the lost has intensified as the days grow shorter to the return of Christ.

Churches and charitable organizations will fail without financial support. This ministry needs support like everyone else. We believe that God is our source through the kind hearts of people like you who believe in our mission. I'm asking everyone who reads this appeal to give in support of our military and student outreach in America and worldwide. Thank you for doing something. Anything. Any amount of giving makes the difference!

*"if my people, who are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."*

2 Chronicles 7:14 ASV

# Safe at Home?

*(Because we are moving from a "Stay-at-Home" decree to a "Safe-at-Home" order I decided to share with you a story I've shared many times. The true story of Luke...)*

I finished the assembly program and waited in the middle of the gym floor as some four hundred students gathered around in typical fashion. Typical because kids flock to me after an assembly, wanting to talk, hug, cry...anything to get some personal attention. I was enjoying this one-on-one time when the principal walked up with a young man in tow.

"This is Luke, Mr. Roever." In hushed tones the principal continued, "Luke was found under his house where his father kept him chained. He doesn't speak much, Mr. Roever, but I thought you might want to say something to him."

Luke wore old shoes with no strings, no socks, and blue jeans with holes that were earned the old-fashion way. A faded army jacket partially covered a dingy gray T-shirt. He had a ball cap pulled down low to avoid eye contact and, I presumed, to cover his bald head, shaved because of lice.

I'm a hugger. I believe in personal human contact. It stems from my childhood where I found my greatest security in my parents' arms.

I bent down to hug Luke. I'd scarcely touched him when he jumped back and stiffened. I was shocked. What did I do?

"You can't hug Luke because of his father." The only time the man unchained him was when he wanted to use Luke for his own deviant purposes. The degenerate savage had sodomized Luke for two years. He'd beaten him into such fear that the boy had lost all sense of reality.

A short time before our visit to the school, Luke had been released from the state hospital, hopefully to be mainstreamed back into society.

This was the first time I could ever remember being told I couldn't hug a child. I didn't like it. I didn't like the fact that a man could do to a child what the beast had done to Luke.

I had a job to do. I was not going to be denied communication with this boy. I put my hand under his chin, raised Luke's face and looked intently into his troubled eyes. Were they his father's eyes? I hoped not.

"Luke," I said, "I love you." Did his ears hear me? Or, were those ears like his father's – deaf to reality, deaf to love. Was Luke beyond reaching? Was there an ember of hope left in this child?

I said it again, "Luke, I love you."

No response.

I went on, "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to hug you."

"Luke, I'm, going to put my arms around you. It will not hurt, and it's not dirty. Not all men are like your father."

"I want you to know, I accept you with my embrace, and I welcome you into my world. So, get ready, Luke."

Very carefully I slowly slipped my arms around the residue of an abused, traumatized shell of a human being. His eyes darted wildly around in search of an escape route if it became necessary, but he didn't jerk away.

Have you ever hugged a telephone pole? My arms were wrapped around rigid sinews and muscle stretched over bone.

I told Luke five more times I loved him. Then I prayed for him.

No response. Aching inside and feeling I'd failed, I turned to walk away when I heard a mumble.

I looked back over my shoulder to see a tear-soaked face on a broken little guy saying two words. "Thank you."

Since meeting Luke, I've shared his story in hundreds of public school assemblies. I use the story as a springboard for addressing abuse. Some statistics say up to 40% of females and 25% of males are raped before they reach adulthood. But almost more staggering than the statistics is the fact that most of these atrocities are committed by family members or friends.

Add to those statistics a myriad of teens who are mentally or emotionally abused, and you begin to get a tiny picture of the problems that are in the home.

In talking to students about Luke, I openly urge those listening to me to report any kind of abuse to someone in authority.

This nation is now rebuilding from a devastating economic blow. But during the time of "Stay-at-Home," thousands of children and young adults were exposed, not to the virus, but to physical and sexual abuse. These young people are bruised and scarred beyond what any disease can do. They are left feeling hopeless as they have been betrayed by those they trusted. Their lives are ruined without the intervention of an Almighty God!

Your gifts of love will allow me to reach into the lives of those who are scared and bring a message of hope and love to their troubled soul. More important than a stimulus check. More important than gifts received at a food bank. They need to hear the message of the bruised Savior!

Help me, help them! Send the best gift you can.