



From the Desk of
Doris Prinzing

Dear Lenella,

June 17th

This salutation came to mind as I began to write this letter, "Greetings to the scattered flock".

When Ray was twenty-one and we were living in Grants Pass, OR, there was a small shed in the back yard, that had been used as a chicken coop. It was a place where he went to meditate and pray. It was there the Lord gave to him 2 Peter 5:2, and Ray knew he was called to "feed the flock".

It is so comforting to hear from so many of you, and to praise the Lord that He ministered the encouragement and instruction to nourish and sustain as the messages were sent forth. Ray's desire was to never seek nor to bring glory to himself, so as I enclose excerpts from some of the many cards and letters I have received, it is to honor the Lord for the vessel He used.

From Ohio: When I heard how heartbreaking it was, because Ray wasn't himself anymore, but had truly been brought to "nothingness". That night I awoke around 2:00 a.m. and you both were so much on my mind and in my prayers. This was not a time of lamenting, but of standing by. Ray never preached of escaping what God brought and I knew in spirit he was still saying amen to the Father's handiwork. One way God has spoken to me thru the years is by mental pictures. I heard the words, "brought to nothingness" over and over in my mind. I saw a transparent outline of a man - no features - just sort of a shadowy fading figure that had in it's midsection a lump of gold. This gold was smooth and shiny, which means it had been purified and melted. It grew even as the human outline faded.

From Texas: To the loved ones of our precious brother - they are many!

In the flesh, I never knew him; I never shook his hand.
By his writings so anointed; in God a mighty man!
I still read those words our brother wrote,
Those words of life, written in his heart; He shared with us by note.
I never heard him preach and I never heard him talk,
But through his pen, God spoke to us; Light unto our walk!
What a precious brother, to share so much, he is truly a friend of God.
What he taught me, is to seek and to plea, "Lord, spare not your rod".
I never knew him in the flesh, I never shook his hand,
But in God I knew him well; in the spirit, a mighty man!

From New Mexico: I just wanted to write and let you and your dear family know how very much I valued and held dear brother's writings, and I even feel his loving presence as I write this note. You all made a difference in so many lives. That ministry will not die, but is sealed up in the hearts of every individual who read the writings. As you know, you are all partakers of it too.

From Oregon: (Ray's sister) Thank you for sharing your last thoughts and time that you were with Ray. We know he is in a better place and it was time to let him go, but nevertheless what a void has been left in his place. His life touched so many lives and will continue to do so more than we will ever know. God certainly gave him a very special ministry and we are going to miss his sharing the words that God would give him. As I was reading this morning from Daily Overcoming, I thought we do still have him with us in memory, words and thoughts. He wasn't just our older brother, he was someone we could lean on, because of his wisdom and strength, a man of great integrity and dependability. It is a joyful memory of our family being together last October and getting to be with both of you.

In Praise to the Lord,

P.S.

Thank you so much for your letter. It's such a blessing to know that the literature is still being sent forth and reaching hungry hearts.

I do have one request and would so appreciate it if you would send it:

My heartfelt gratitude and appreciation to all who have sent cards and letters of condolence.

Praise the Lord for the anointing of the Spirit that continues to reach hungry hearts with truth and understanding of His Word.

We know "He doeth all things well", and gives us His peace and strength to go through the hard places.

Bountiful blessings to all.

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