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Tower NYC

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It's only in Jesus Christ

Events / Media Calendar



Mission America in Freedom Tower

"Take heart, America"

The heart of America cracks apart and we shield our ears against the fearsome shattering sound. Accusations spew from angry citizens like shards of glass aimed at severing our traditions of mutual respect. America writhes in pain. Who will bring the remedy? My glorious homeland has been wrapped in darkness. (Isaiah 60:2) And what is a nation, but its people? I hear stories of many Americans who suffer with depression and hopelessness. Yet, there is a Bridge for Peace. Jesus Christ is the cure for the agony.

We, as B4P ministry, launched Mission America in November 2018, calling a worldwide team of missionaries to respond. After thirty years of American missionaries bringing healing to the nations, it was time to bring the blessing back home. B4P missionaries answered from South America, Australia, Africa, Europe and North America. They invested themselves and their resources in traveling to New York to pray for us and found a people whose hearts are fixed on God.

Imagine the scene. A team of Bridge for Peace 20+ missionaries from

across the planet arrives one Saturday morning at the observation deck of Freedom Tower. We walk silently and prayerfully to the great windows overlooking the Statue of Liberty and the Hudson River. The view is crystal clear. The B4P mission team is also clear on the purpose for which we came. God anointed the B4P team as servants of Jesus Christ to see with supernatural clarity into the heavenly realities and release healing through intercessory prayer. I felt the gravity of this weighty assignment and was certain

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of two things. One, God handpicked this team from across the world. Two, we would complete the purposes for which He called us to Freedom Tower. We had no agenda other than relying on the Holy Spirit. We listened as a team for what to do next. As is our habit, we circled up to pray. And then it happened.

Louise, missionary from Australia, shook her red silk banner high into the air and it floated gently down to rest on the floor in the center of us. The banner proclaimed "Abba Father". Yes, America needs the guiding hand of an all-wise father. A father who knows us thoroughly. A father who loves us all. A father with a more complete vision than America's founding fathers. A father who can bring comfort and stability to the broken and grieving American family. A father who can restore hope. Our Father God, our Daddy God, our Abba Father.

The team prayed, pouring out love for those struggling with confusion and fear, for those who see only darkness ahead. I thought, "*Freedom Tower security will be here any moment to break this up.*" Certainly, every

movement is observed and I doubted we would be permitted to remain in a circle, praying out loud, and blocking the view. In the next moment, our circle was broken. But not for the reason I expected. People, tourists, joined in our circle. Some were weeping. A burly man stood on the outer edge of our group, tears streaming down his face. A B4P team member reached her hand out to him, inviting him in. He shook his head. He could not join in, but remained standing on the periphery. Listening.

No one interrupted and the B4P team continued to release God's healing in the Name of Jesus under the control of the Holy Spirit. Each missionary attended to the prayers in the circle, building on what was said, waiting on the prompting of the Holy Spirit. We stood in one accord, agreeing with one another, listening with our spiritual ears, no one overriding another, but respecting each team member's contribution, until a peace settled on our hearts and Ed closed us in prayer. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, now and forever. The team responded with a heartfelt, "Amen."

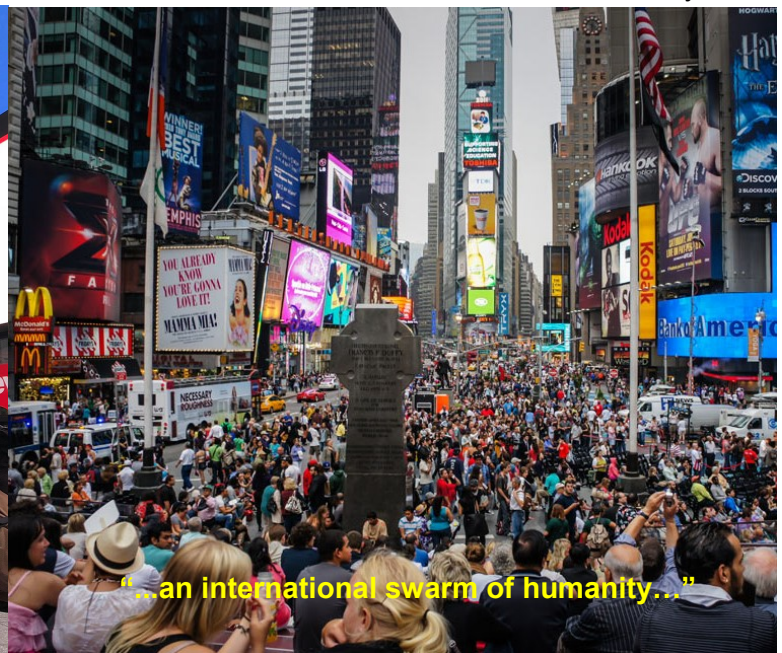
Louise lifted her majestic banner, carefully folded it, and carried it in her

arms. As we broke formation, security appeared and explained to us how we could not do what we just did. Certainly, security knew what was taking place all of the time, but permitted it. God made the way.

Many of the B4P missionaries had never been to America. What was their impression of Americans? They prayed for Americans in restaurants, hotels, Time Square, retail stores, and everywhere we went. (The alarm in our B4P headquarters went off one night and police were dispatched before Ed and I could stop them. An officer turned up to ascertain the premises were secure. Two B4P Australia missionaries prayed for the officer whose wife was near to giving birth.) The joint consensus of the nations was that "American's are amazingly open, faith-filled people."

Take heart, America. "Steep yourself in God-reality, God-initiative, God-provisions." Luke 12:31 MSG Pray with faith that the Holy Spirit will convict hearts, lead us in repentance, and transform our land. God bless America. Stand beside us and guide us through this night with Your light that shines from the heart of every believer.

—Annette



Sign for the Times

Mission America teams fanned out around what is, arguably, the epicenter of New York City (if not human civilization!)...an international swarm of humanity in search of the elusive holiday spirit. Full of the *Holy* Spirit, we walked and talked and prayed with individuals from countries as varied as the giant digital displays competing for our attention. Chile, Taiwan, Bolivia, Tonga... Most accepted prayer gladly. Two men rocked nervously, bodies craving drugs, under elevated train tracks palms outstretched for money. I gave them some and asked one if he wanted prayer.

"Naahhh," He responded warily.

"Yes you do!" His friend insisted, as he grabbed his hand and planted it firmly in mine. That's a friend.

Moving on, we saw another team praying with a man resting his cardboard sign on the ground. It read, "Need money for weed. Hey, why lie!"

We prayed with others and then I spotted the man again, displaying the crude sign up over his head.

"Wally," (my teammate from Ohio)

"this guy needs a double blessing. Let's go pray with him." Wally agreed.

"There's no high like the most high," I started. He smirked and said, "I get it." We began telling him about the intense love God has for him. The kind of love that would satisfy the hungry place in his heart that the finest marijuana in the world never could.

His attitude became progressively more belligerent. Unfazed, we continued in a relaxed, friendly, and loving way to share the good news that Jesus Christ died to give him abundant life. We shared the gospel without wasting words. He became increasingly agitated, using vulgar language, voice rising in pitch and intensity. He advanced toward me, his face stopping a millimeter from mine.

"GET OUTTA MY SPACE...YOU'RE IN MY SPACE!" He spit the words out, enraged. I happened to look down at my feet. We were toe-to-toe. He was rising on his to become taller, more menacing.

I felt we had done our part. There was no fruit to be gained by continu-

ing the encounter. We turned to go as he continued his vile rant. As I did so I realized quite a crowd had gathered to watch the spectacle unfold. Yet, I was utterly unselfconscious. No adrenaline rushing, no rapid pulse. The supernatural peace of the Spirit within. I experienced Philippians 1:28, "Don't be intimidated by your enemies. This will be a sign to them that they are going to be destroyed, but that you are going to be saved, even by God himself."

A police officer friend at church who works Times Square area surveillance later told me, "Oh yeah, I know that guy. He's totally demonized."

At the Freedom Tower, the United Nations, Statue of Liberty and other strategic locations around NY City we entered Satan's space. We got in his face and usurped his place. Toe-to-toe in a prayer battle we were poised to win from the start. The encounter was proof of the effectiveness of Mission America, proof of the victory that is ours in Jesus, Who called us, equipped us, and directed our steps.

—Kevin



Aboard Lady Liberty Ferry: Nora, Sharron, Annette, Tim

Real Liberty

Our small B4P flag displaying the cross superimposed on the world fluttered above our heads while a Mission America team member lifted it high against the blue sky. It kept the twenty-six of us together as we trekked to historic Castle Clinton to collect our tickets for the ferry to the Statue of Liberty. Along the way, I hopped up on the stone wall and clicked on my red megaphone to declare truth as B4P mighty prayer warriors gathered round. "Real liberty is found in Christ. Freedom abounds in obedience. We go to the Statue of Liberty in obedience to God's call to pray for America to be delivered from demonic bondage. Jesus Christ paid the price for all sin. Yesterday, we met with Peter at the United Nations chapel, who shared his heart as an African sent here to work for peace. We stood in the General Assembly and prayed for UN ambassadors, but we are Christ's ambassadors to the world. We are under Christ's authority to release His supernatural peace."

Lining up at the detectors for security screening, my megaphone came under scrutiny. The female inspector waved it in the air calling, "Follow me." We quick-stepped across the terminal to the far corner where her supervisor stood. She looked like she was definitely not having a good day. She took the megaphone giving

me a sharp-eyed stony look designed to intimidate.

"Hi, I'm Annette from Bridge for Peace! I'm here with missionaries from all over the world to pray for America." She blinked and looked at me intently for a long moment. Then her face softened as she shouted, "This is what this country needs!"

"That's what we thought! We come in the Name of Jesus Christ!"

"Jesus is the answer," she burst out. Spontaneously, I raised up on my tiptoes and threw my arms around her. She grabbed me in a bear hug and we laughed!

"Hey," I said, "let me pray for you."

"I sure need that. C'mon, pray for me!" I blessed my dear sister in Christ.

"I will *personally* take care of your megaphone. You come see me when you get off the boat."

New York Harbor reminds us of the terrible journey people took for freedom. Christ took the most terrible journey of all - becoming human, dying on the cross, all for our freedom. Jesus stands on the golden shores of heaven, the Light Bearer, arms opened wide to the masses yearning to be free, offering real liberty to all who will call on His Name.

—Annette



January

9-28 **India** Mission

21-Feb 3 **Uganda** Mission

February

12-March 3 **Rome** Prayer Walk

March

26-29 Nat'l Religious Broadcasters Conference, Anaheim CA

April

6-13 B4P RaphaEl **Zambia** Mission
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Annette's Blog

www.annetteeckart.blogspot.com

Facebook Pages

Bridge for Peace
Bridge for Peace: Uganda
Children's Villages
Bridge for Peace, RaphaEl
Medical Missions



Event Details

www.bridgeforpeace.org/

TV Times

All Nassau and Suffolk Counties:
Mon. 10 a.m. Channel 115
Tues 7:30 a.m. Channel 20
Wed. 8:60 a.m. Channel 115
Manhattan MNN 3p.m:
Alternating Mondays starting Nov 26

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