

Going Back to Move Forward: A Visit to Portland

I remember the first time I saw downtown Portland over thirty years ago. The city was beautiful, with glistening lights and the fresh smell of rain on a cold winter night. It was once home to John G. Lake, the renowned faith healer, and a variety of Christian churches. At one time downtown Portland was known for businesses that closed during the lunch hour to conduct Bible studies.

Today Christians are subject to ridicule and open hostility. The city has transformed into a place of desolation. Homeless tents are on every corner and under every overpass. Open drug use and perversion have become commonplace. The once clean streets of the city are now littered with excrement and needles, illustrating the effects of liberal social legislation. Nudity has been legalized and drug abuse has been decriminalized. Lawlessness is rampant now in the city that once decried "Defund the police!"

Affluent store fronts are now boarded-up and littered with graffiti. Empty buildings are considered "fair game" to the street rabble. One could not witness such horror without a prayer burning within for this shattered community. The oppression and heaviness of the city was matched only by the weight of the tangible grief of the LORD.

My dear friend, a long-time resident of Portland, described her car windows being shot out and bullet holes pummeling her neighbor's home. There were children sleeping behind those pocked marked walls. While some remain, others have evacuated to escape the violence and the 2nd highest tax rates in the country.

Rebellion, chaos, and anarchy are funded in the City of Roses, with monthly payments enabling the homeless and drug addicted to remain within the status quo. The water fountains, once a source of delight on a hot summer day, are now used by the homeless as their own personal bidets.

Signs reading "Masks Required" and "We Support Social Distancing" have already been taped to shop windows ahead of the next plandemic.

Although faithful prayer teams walk the streets of Portland every Saturday and homeless ministries canvas the area with love, the region needs more. It needs all our prayers to usher in transforming work of God. While the Lord assured me that the seeds I had sown in this once great city were not forgotten, I wept as I closed this chapter in my life.