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To Whom it may concern:

Shalom (*Peace be unto you*)! Hello, my name is Russell Howard; I am a native of Louisiana. I know this is a long letter, and you may be a very busy person, but I beseech you to prayerfully read the whole letter; and pray about it, please! I will be contacting you directly soon. I grew up in Baton Rouge, in the Sherwood Forest area, in the 60's & 70's. I graduated from Broadmoor High School in 1980. I met Jesus Christ shortly after High School. As a new believer, I was drawn to a love of Israel. In 1988, I cofounded a ministry called "Jerusalem Connection," and left Louisiana. Since 1988, I have been solely focused on ministry in Jerusalem, until now, because of this recent event that I am about to share in this letter. Please bear with me because I need to be thorough, and tell the whole story. Over the years, I have taken many, many people to Israel and have personally been there almost 40 times myself, sometimes for 60 days at a time. It is not on behalf of this ministry "Jerusalem Connection" that I write you, but as a simple servant of the Lord, because of a personal testimony of an event that happened to me while in Baton Rouge, during the "Great Flood of 2016!"

Over the last 30 years or so, I have very rarely visited Baton Rouge. Baton Rouge will always be dear to me, because it is my hometown, but I have been actively about my Father's business and my calling to Israel. Providentially, I believe, I was in Baton Rouge from June until late August of 2016, working on a book project concerning one of my sons. I believe, with all certainty, I had a visitation from the Lord during the flood. I will recount this experience the best I can. I will use black ink for my thoughts. The actual "Words" from the Lord, I believe, I will print in **Red**.

### **NOW TO THE VISITATION...**

I was at my brother and sister in law's house for these several weeks. They live in White Oak Landing subdivision, a very nice neighborhood in Baton Rouge. After being in Baton Rouge for a couple of weeks I quickly remembered Louisiana weather – Hot – Humid – Rain! During the first couple of weeks, some interesting things happened! First Baton Rouge got national media attention because of a "Black Lives Matter" protest / riot which took place in my childhood neighborhood – at the corner of Sherwood Forest Boulevard and Airline Highway. Shortly after that, again, there was more national media attention with a sniper shooting. Several policemen, just a little further down the road, were murdered at the corner of Old Hammond Highway and Airline Highway. I saw this as a demonic assault on authority. Demons are under the charge of the lawless one. According to the Holy Scriptures all authority is of God. Why Baton Rouge? Why my childhood neighborhood of all places in the country? I have been a believer almost 40 years and have learned in Spiritual Warfare that usually before a significant move of God takes place, there is usually a demonic assault of some kind in an attempt to preempt the move of God.

Near the end of my stay in Baton Rouge we received a report that a bad rain storm was coming in from the Gulf, but in Louisiana that is about like saying it is going to snow in Red River, New Mexico, where I now live, a small ski village. Hard rain is, of course, a common occurrence in Baton Rouge. So none of us were alarmed. I think that was the mindset of all of Baton Rouge. I moved to Baton Rouge in 1965 and have never seen the likes of what was about to happen. Well, it started to rain that first day and it rained hard all day nonstop, heavy, heavy rain. Then hard rain continued all night and we lost power in our neighborhood. So we lost all contact with the outside world. The hard rain continued all day and night the second day. In some places over 25 inches fell, in less than 48 hours, we heard. All three exits to our subdivision were underwater. The next day the rain stopped but the amount of water was incredible. The weather channel later said 7.1 trillion gallons of water fell in two days. That is the equivalent of four times the volume of Lake Pontchartrain. Jones Creek and the Comite and Amite Rivers could not handle all this water. The last big flood of the Amite River in 1983, we heard, was 24 feet; 20 feet is flood stage. The report was that the Amite River would crest at around 40 feet. This was unbelievable, but it happened before our eyes. The water continued to rise and rise. We were one of the last two houses to go under water in White Oak Landing. Everyone around us had anywhere from 3 feet to 6 feet or more in their homes. South Harrells Ferry Road, one street over from us, became a torrent river. The water was about a foot deep in our house. While the water was downstairs we attempted to sleep upstairs, but the heat and humidity were unbearable. It was while I was lying in bed upstairs that second night in my under clothes, trying to sleep but sweating profusely, that I had this visitation.

Before I share this visitation, I must first share a short visit that I had with a brother, named Buz Treme, about four weeks prior to the flood. Buz and I met at a coffee shop on Coursey Boulevard for about two hours. Buz shared with me that he was, that very week, in the middle of selling everything they owned, including his house, so that he and his wife could be a part of what he called "The Mississippi River Revival." He said that once they sold everything they were going to buy a truck and a fifth wheel to live in as they travelled and served the Lord during "The Mississippi River Revival." I had never heard of "The Mississippi River Revival" before. I would come to hear a lot about it on my next trip to Baton Rouge. I had questions but kept them to myself -like "Has this revival already started?" or "Did you have a dream or vision about it?" Then he proceeded to tell me that it would begin in Baton Rouge (The Mississippi delta and head up to the headwaters in Minnesota). I then remembered a brother in the Lord, I know, James Hanna, who recently told me that on (9/11/99) he and a few others at the instruction of the Lord began a canoe ride down the Mississippi River starting at the head waters in Minnesota heading down to the delta in New Orleans, stopping at every town and proclaiming judgment and preaching repentance of this nation concerning our treatment of the "Red Man" and the "Black Man." It took them two months to get down to New Orleans. They got out and finished the trip there in New Orleans on Veterans' Day 11/11/99. I thought to myself that I needed to get Brother Buz and Brother James together. Also, before the flood, I had been invited to a revival in Baton Rouge by a friend of mine named Lee Serio. A prophet and evangelist from South Africa had come to Baton Rouge to lead the revival. It was to me, a typical so called revival. I went with Lee at his invitation but was not overly impressed. I have seen hundreds of these in the last 35 years. Lee wanted me to critique the meeting. There was preaching, prayer, healing, and many slain in the spirit.

Now back to the visitation. I was lying in bed sweating and complaining to myself that why couldn't this flood have waited a week, so I could have been out of here. I said to myself, "I am trapped here." I was not thinking of the Lord nor talking to Him. I was just complaining that this had interfered with my agenda, my plans. Then the Lord spoke to me and said, "You are trapped and I have you right where I want you!" It startled me at first but quickly got my attention. I exited complaining mode. I lay there quietly and thought about it for a few minutes. I really was trapped. In all directions I was surrounded by 10-20 feet of water. I asked the Lord why I was here and He did not answer that directly. He said to me a few minutes later, "I have touched the Jones Creek and the Comite and Amite Rivers with my little finger, but I am about to touch the Mississippi River with my hand!" He then said, "This is an act of my mercy and love and longsuffering!" This is when I became very sober minded and a Spirit of the fear of the Lord hit me in great measure! I was truly trapped and we had gotten reports by now of the enormity of this flood and how that thousands and thousands had lost their homes and vehicles, but this was just His little finger! WOW! One street over, people were being rescued from the trees by boat. We heard their yells for help! As I thought just for a second on the meaning of the Word from the Lord and the size of the upcoming judgment on the Mississippi River, my mind couldn't go there. A quick cold shiver, in the midst of that heat and sweat, went up my spine. "It must mean hundreds of thousands will be affected," I thought to myself. As I thought those words He said, "There is going to be a Revival but not like men's revivals! I am sick of men's revivals! I send my judgments and chastise my children and they repent but for a moment, and then they minister to one another in their need, as they ought to do. However when it is all over, all they do is praise one another on what good people they are and how well they helped one another, and no one repents of their sin! This revival is about the Blood of my only begotten Son. I am pleading with this nation, the Church in this nation, and my children in this nation. This revival is about repentance of sin, sin of this nation, sin of the Church, and individual sin. Men's revivals are like a stench in my nostrils. They are like the blood of bulls and goats to me. This revival will start in Baton Rouge and move from house to house up the Mississippi River unto the head waters in Minnesota. Men must repent or perish. My long, long suffering with this nation is over. My ministers will minister the "Bread and the Wine" from house to house in remembrance of the body & blood. Those that are revived will hear my voice and I will provide a way of escape, but those who will not repent, this will come upon them suddenly and they shall not escape." I had been anxious to get out of town and go home, but after the fear of the Lord hit me I was willing to stay and do what I thought was His will without even asking Him. I was planning in my mind, as soon as the water receded, to start breaking bread with the flood victims. I was presumptuous. He answered my thoughts with a stern rebuking voice, "NO ! This is My revival, in My time, in My due order!" That startled me and I said, "Then what do you want me to do?" Then He said, "I want you to tell three people: Glen Barras, Lee Serio, and Buz Treme." I then thought, "Then can I go home?" And He said, "Yes, but remember what I have spoken to you here!" The water began to recede and took almost 3 days to go down. I got on my assignment as quickly as I could. I first went to share the Word with Glen Barras. Glen is a pastor of a home fellowship in South Baton Rouge. He was formerly with Jimmy Swaggert Ministries and also Christian Life Fellowship but was led by the Lord to begin home meetings. I delivered the Word as best I could and Brother Glenn seemed to receive it. He said he would pray and also share with the men in his life to whom he was accountable. We later spoke again and he said after prayer the Word bore witness to him and the others to whom he had shared it. I told him that the Lord had released me to go home, but I felt like I was on call, if and when the Lord wanted me to return to Baton Rouge. I then shared the Word with Brother Lee Serio. He received it with readiness of mind. Both Glenn and Lee's homes were spared of the flood. That was not the case with Brother Buz. My heart went out to him with much prayer. I texted him several times to try to get together with him about this Word. He had lost all of his belongings and his house. He was so busy with all the needful activities after such a tragic event that we were not able to meet face to face, so I emailed him my testimony. I went back to the Lord and He confirmed that He had released me to go home and that I could share this Word with others there in Baton Rouge. I shared this Word with all I saw before leaving Louisiana. I have prayed and believe the Lord said to share with all that will listen, and "Let him who has ears hear!"

I left Baton Rouge heading back to New Mexico where I live. As I drove back I thought about my two month visit to Baton Rouge and all that had happened to me while I was there. I felt the Lord tell me that the three events: the protest / riot, the shootings, and the flood were all related. I didn't understand it at first. It took a couple weeks of the leading of the Lord at home, and then came the understanding after watching two movies. (I know this is a long letter, but please bear with me and continue.) My first question was, "Why me when you have called me to Jerusalem?" His answer was... **"How do you expect to walk in the faith of your Fathers, when you have not acknowledged nor repented of the sins of your Fathers?"** After hearing that, I began to think about my upbringing and schooling. I loved history as a child and always made excellent grades in American history and Louisiana history, but I felt the Lord urge me to revisit that history because I had not learned it based on truth but on the white man's view and indoctrination. So I prayed to the Lord, "Where do I start?" and I believe I heard the Holy Spirit say, **"Baton Rouge."** So, I spent hours on Baton Rouge history which led me to the Native American Indians, which led me to The Red Stick Indians, which led me to a certain Indian Chief named Tecumseh, which caused me to tremble in my spirit. Baton Rouge (Red Stick), of course, got its name from the French, specifically from a French explorer named Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, who while travelling up the Mississippi River on an expedition came upon a thirty foot tall Red Stick, named in the Indian tongue, Istrouma. This Red Stick was a boundary marker between two Native American Tribes. Red sticks can be markers or symbols of war. I also found out that there is currently a Red Stick Memorial on Scott's Bluff on the banks of the Mississippi River where this red stick was originally found, which is today, Scotlandville, named after Dr. William B. Scott, on the current Southern University Campus. Southern University is one of the top five Black Colleges in our country. It was established with the help of President McKinley originally in 1914, in New Orleans, but was moved to Scott's Bluff the place of the Red Stick. As I pondered this, I was seeing again the connection between the "Red Man" and the "Black Man." Nothing is by coincidence. When I had first gotten back to Red River from Baton Rouge, I had asked a question of the Lord, "Where in Baton Rouge will this revival begin?" I had even forgotten that I asked that question, but after being led to this long history study on the Red Stick, and after finishing it and praying, I felt the Lord say, **"This is where, The Mississippi River Revival will begin at the Red Stick Memorial!"** When I resumed my study, I was led to a certain Indian tribe named the Red Stick Indians. They are also known by the name Creek Indians or Musgokee Indians. The Red Sticks dwelt as far east as Georgia throughout what we call the Gulf States, all the way to Louisiana. The main Chief of the Red Sticks, Big Warrior, lived in an Indian village named Tuckabatchee, in what we call Alabama today, more specifically what is the modern town of Birmingham. This is also a "Red Man" & "Black Man" connection and not a coincidence. I will explain about that at the end of this letter. There were many tribal nations on the East of the Mississippi River during the time of western expansion in the late 1700's and early 1800's. There were five main native tribes east of the Mississippi River known as the Five Civilized Tribes, the Red Sticks, the Choctaw, the Cherokee, the Chickasaw, and the Seminoles. There was much frustration among the Native Americans as the frontiersmen and the United States government continued to make treaties and break treaties, forcing the tribal nations to sell more and more land. The United States vision was called "Manifest Destiny" - to push from ocean to ocean, ever expanding westward at all cost. This study eventually led me to the most famous Red Stick Indian of all time, even though he considered himself Shawnee Indian. He was a mixture of both. Ultimately, this is where the Lord was leading me all along. Tecumseh was the one that prophesied, not predicted, the Great New Madrid earthquake of 1811 -1812; and that was after he had prophesied the great comet of 1811. He attempted to unify all the Native American tribes to survive the great genocide of the Native Americans by the white man. He was led and directed by a Red Stick vision that he had. He desired peace with the white man and almost embraced Christianity, but was offended and stumbled at the hypocrisy of the white man. He was unsuccessful in his attempt not only with peace, but even survival. (Please read the enclosed brochure that I have written entitled, "Istrouma, Red Stick, Baton Rouge, and the Tecumseh Prophecy!")

After returning to Red River, where I live, from Baton Rouge after the Great Flood and then being led through this history lesson from the Lord, all that was left, as they say, was the icing on the cake, which was this. I spent a few days chewing on all this and one evening I wanted to take a little break from it and watch a movie and relax with my oldest son, Joseph. We sat down in my office and went to Pureflix, which is a Christian version of Netflix. I scanned the movies and stopped at a movie called Woodlawn. I was thinking it was just a football movie, but to my surprise, it was much more than that. (If you haven't seen the movie, I highly recommend it.) It was about Birmingham, Alabama (*formally known as the Indian town of Tuckabatchee, capital of the Red Sticks*) in the 60's and early 70's, and has a timely spiritual message. This movie is a true story. One of the main characters in the movie was a young man who had just been to a Billy Graham crusade in about 1972 and received a calling from the Lord to become a sports chaplain, which at that time was something new. He decided to approach Woodlawn High School in Birmingham, Alabama, because this town was the focus of the country. The racial tension and the forced integration by the Federal government had brought Birmingham national attention. Woodlawn was a white school that had just received 500 black students bused in from another part of town. Four black students joined the football team but sat the bench because of racial prejudice, until this young sports chaplain led the whole team to Jesus. It gave birth to a revival in the school, then to another school, and then to the town. (You really need to watch this movie because it is prophetic and has parallels to Baton Rouge.) While all the racial tension in Birmingham was getting national attention a revival began to explode from within. Baton Rouge is currently experiencing that same racial tension and is also getting national attention and I believe revival is soon to break out. I was in shock as I watched that movie and really saw what the Lord was doing. Then the next day, again, I was trying to unwind a little and watch a movie with my son and the same thing happened. We went to Pureflix again and this time stopped on a movie called "Awakened"! The young man in the first movie we watched, "Woodlawn," went to a Billy Graham crusade in 1972 and received his calling to become a sport's chaplain. Shortly after that, a few years later, in 1975, Billy Graham gave a prophetic word at a meeting in New Mexico. He said, at the meeting in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that the Native Americans were a sleeping giant, that would soon awaken, and that they would lead the last great revival in this country. The movie, "Awakened," is about this revival among the Native Americans which began in 2015, 40 years after Billy Graham's word in 1975. (I also recommend watching this movie.)

Thank you for reading such a long letter. I wrote the best I could to detail the whirlwind of events that have taken place over my life this last year. The conclusion of this is that I have talked to the Tribal Chiefs involved with this Native American Revival, and I have set up a meeting with them in November, when I come back from Jerusalem at the end of October. The power behind the Native American revival is the fact that they have chosen, in obedience to the Gospel, to forgive the white man, not based on his repentance. Perhaps they are the key to help the black man to forgive the white man, again not based on his repentance, or the lack thereof. I hope, before the meeting with them in November, to have put together a committee in Baton Rouge, of maybe 10 people or so, which can help me facilitate a large gathering in Memorial Stadium where we can host these tribal leaders in a "One Blood" Revival. I would like to encourage both black pastors and white pastors to get involved. This would be a multi racial / multi cultural Christian gathering. Please read the two sample brochures included in this package. It could be a two day event with praise and worship with many speakers, Native American pastors, African American pastors, White pastors, and city leaders. I would also like to invite Franklin Graham as the keynote speaker. Please get on board with us; this could be the beginning of a Baton Rouge citywide revival and more than that, maybe the beginning of the much prophesied "Mississippi River Revival"! I will be in Baton Rouge promoting this and meeting with anyone interested on August 14<sup>th</sup> through August 18<sup>th</sup>! My phone number is 575-779-0520!

Sincerely,

Russell Howard

**P.S.** Please feel free to pass this on to others. Please share with anyone that you think may help. I am not interested in my name being promoted, in fact, I would rather keep low key in this. I just want to see this gathering take place before the Lord's hand touches the Mississippi River in, perhaps, another Great New Madrid earthquake.