

Why I wrote about women.

By John P. Rothacker

After reading or just hearing about my writing of three books on women, namely, how they are to minister, dress, and wear headcoverings, one might ask, why did I write these books? Very simply, because as I was returning home in 1969 from a five month apostolic trip and saw what was happening in and to congregations, I realized that the problems associated with women being out of divine order were numerous, and I was burdened in prayer as I talked to the Lord about it. I should relate, that very shortly after I had been ordained in 1967 as an apostle, the Lord had opened my eyes to see the truth of headcoverings, as it pertains to authority in the church, and His kingdom. Also at that time, I discussed with a precious sister in the Lord the problem I saw with women, especially young girls, dressed like they were, coming back from a church picnic where some had gone swimming and therefore were dressed anything but modestly. She agreed with me that it certainly was not of God, and we prayed about the situation. Then when returning from the trip in 1969 and praying about my new understanding of how spirit filled congregations were functioning and having problems because of spiritual deceptions and false revelations concerning or through women, I was praying about the situations. That was when the Lord spoke to me so clearly to write three books on the matter, which I have now done.

One might legitimately wonder why me, why did the Lord choose me to write on women these three teachings which are so impacting upon women's lives but also upon the lives of the men, and the church as a whole. Since the time that the Lord told me to write, not only has He confirmed it many times in different ways, but the need as we see what is happening in the church is so much greater today then it was even then.

But why, me?

To help you understand and appreciate this, I believe it will help to know a little about my background and upbringing.

I was born into a family where I never once in my life heard my parents argue or fight. And my father never got up from the table, morning, noon, or night that he didn't get or ask for his "dessert," which was a fond gentle kiss from my mother as she arose, went over to where he was sitting at the head of the kitchen table, and

stooped down and kissed him fondly on his lips before he would even budge. That my friends impacted my life, and brings tears to my eyes even now as I remember the love they had for one another, especially father's waiting patiently for his "dessert" and his tremendous love for my mother. I loved both of my parents, but learned to idolize my mother from that experience, and to idolize love for a woman, a wife, that naturally I wanted for myself when I grew up. I had two older sisters, and loved and respected them as well.

Unfortunately, as I grew and left home and the spiritual shelter of two devoted Christian parents, went to college for one year and ran out of money, and so went into the military to get the G. I. Bill so I could return to college, I had not been trained to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus, but just to believe and go to church and live right. But my friends, that is not enough. We must learn the ways of the Lord, and to become His disciples like He said, **"If you abide [live in, pray, meditate, follow, and remain in daily] in my word, then you are truly disciples of Mine; and [then] you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"** (John 8:31-32).

I saw my father read his bible every day, but none of the rest of us did. (Until much later in life when my mother read the scriptures daily to my father when his eyesight failed.) I was fascinated when around the supper table my father would tell us stories, some of which were spiritual, how that someday an antichrist would arise and rule the world, and that there would be a one world government, a one world religious system headed up through Rome, and that the Jews would return to their land. I would at night then read the book of Revelation about these things, and wonder about it all.

But I was raised also in a harlot religious system, that most do not understand today, yet. (To understand this, I suggest that you read my book on The church.) I liked church, respected it, felt some obligation to the system, as I recall a couple of things. I had joined the church as a teenager, having taken a few weeks of catechism and professed the beliefs, had enjoyed Sunday School at times, those times when they told bible stories and not just socialized. Had been impressed with the plaque at the end of one of the pews in the sanctuary, that was a memorial where President Rutherford B. Hayes had always sat, and the church was named after him, The Hayes Memorial Methodist Church, the only one of that denomination in town, as was the case of most of the other main-line denominations.

But we were not trained to be disciples. And so when I was in the military, I started becoming sexually promiscuous, not ever considering committing adultery, as I had learned **“Thou shalt not commit adultery,”** but after all, I was single, and what another single girl and I did with our bodies was our business, wasn't it? I was not taught the truths of God's word, that our bodies belonged to God and that they were to be the temple of the Holy Spirit. Who was He? The third person of the trinity; but just someone we sang about, but never really knew, although we heard Paul's words to the Corinthians regularly, **“And now, may ‘The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all,’ both now and forever. Amen.”** (2 Cor. 13:14) **“The communion of the Holy Spirit”** infers that we know Him as a person, have fellowship with Him, but I didn't know Him, and I don't believe many others did either, including some of the pastors we had.

But as I continued to grow, I always longed for a woman to love, to marry, with whom I would raise a family and have children. But the problem was, it was still I, and not Christ, in control of my life.

In fact, even after having a very real experience one Sunday morning when my first sergeant in the Air Force invited me to his Baptist church, and I prayed to accept Christ after the preacher saw me crying and came back to me, I went back to the Methodist Church there in Wichita, simply because I was a Methodist, and didn't know anything else. They preached the social gospel there. But I determined I would read my bible through before I got out of the service in the one year remaining. But somehow I got begotten down in the begats, and never made it. I was too busy enjoying my sinful life style.

After going back to college, I took psychology and philosophy, and became an agnostic as evolution was being poured into us also in most of my classes. What happened to me was what Paul warned about in Colossians 2:8, and is happening to so many when they go to college, or now even high school or grade school, and are not prepared for the attack: **“See to it that no one takes you captive through philosophy and empty deception, according to the tradition of men, according to the elementary principles of the world, rather than according to Christ.”**

I was taken captive as a spoil by the enemy of our souls and stayed that way throughout the rest of my professional training. But the Lord is faithful, and just a few weeks before finishing my Pedodontics Internship at Children's Hospital in Columbus, I was

given a book by a friend and former roommate (whom I might add later became the first person I led to Christ). It was election year, 1964, and the book was None Dare call it Treason by John Stormer. This book tells us how the systems of antichrist and totalitarianism are corrupting our world, and especially here in America in our educational, religious, and political institutions, and the major media of TV, newspapers, and magazines. I also obtained The Conscience of a Conservative by Barry Goldwater, and A Choice Not an Echo by Phyllis Schlafly. After years of “wine, women, and song” I had my eyes opened to what was happening in the world, and realized I was a conservative, because I had been taught biblical values, and became the fastest pamphleteer in the West as I headed out to California to take their state dental board, as I was now ready to head for taller grass, having outgrown the sins of Columbus. But the Lord was working on me, and when I stopped, with a hitchhiker I had picked up, in one of the big casinos in Las Vegas, I was sickened by the show. The scene was something from another planet, weird music and mist whirling around, and the sensual acting was “so physical” and morbid, so cold, with no love to it at all. I was repulsed -- I longed for real love.

After taking the California Dental Board, and cruising down the ocean highway in my Mercedes 190SL sports car, with the top down and my pipe smoking in the wind, I returned to Columbus to await the results. But before I got the great news that I had passed the board and was licensed to practice dentistry in California, I met a Christian woman activist in a booth at the Ohio State Fair, and she sold me a book on the life of a Baptist missionary who was martyred ten days after the Second World War was over. Now I had prayed out in anguish a few months before, “God, if you’re real, get me out of this mess. I just want to love people, like my father.” You see, I had come to realize that I really didn’t love anybody. I had received such love from my parents, that I was so hungry for the real thing. I had had dozens of relationships, but there was never any love, at least on my part, from me, as I was empty. I was not down and out, but up and out. A single bachelor doctor, with a beautiful sports car, nice gem quality diamond ring (waiting for the right girl to give it to), tailor-made suit, cashmere top coat, GBD pipes, in a penthouse apartment that I had for free, just one block from dental school, overlooking the campus at OSU (the girl’s dorms), where I managed an apartment and rooming house for graduate students. The Lord was so good to me, even though I knew Him not. I can remember telling my young assistant pastor from home who had come to visit me, “I just can’t believe the bible anymore, I’ve had too

much science!” And he replied, “That’s alright, John, I don’t believe it either.” And I said, “Fine.” And we had another drink.

Now, as I read the book, I was moved by such a life of dedication to God, self-sacrifice, and righteousness and love. It was a Saturday night before the national election in 1964, and I had my feet propped up with a drink in one hand and a pipe in the other, and I can remember now that a few months before that I had stood there in front of the chair before my big bay window looking out wondering that if there was a God, why didn’t He come down and show Himself. I looked out into the sky and the expanse of heaven and saw no evidence of God. I had been so brain-washed and blinded by secular, humanistic education and pseudo-science. Now as I read the story of this dedicated Christian, I came across a statement recorded from a letter the missionary had written in 1944, in which he said: “I believe that this war and the ensuing federations will set the world stage, as never before, for the rise of anti-Christ!” The Spirit of the living God took this inspired, prophetic revelation of the rise of antichrist and brought together the end-time prophecies that I had been taught as a child with what I had been studying the past few months, as He, the Holy Spirit, descended upon me and filled the room and myself where I was sitting with His mighty presence, and I was made anew! Changed into a new person, forgiven of all my innumerable sins, washed clean by His blood. I was instantly delivered from smoking cigarettes which I had come to despise and had tried in vain in my own power to quit, filled instead with His love and power, and motivated by the love of God. I knew God was real, the bible was true, evolution was a lie (as I had just met the Creator personally), Jesus was my savior, and that it had been the Holy Spirit who had been “bugging” me for the past several months. I trashed the beautiful decanters of hard liquor in my built in bar, as I no longer desired or needed that, and replaced them with an open bible and tracts. And dear reader, I have known since that time that we are approaching the end of this age, and that I would be alive in the end-time. In fact, many years after writing the three books on women, the Lord had me set them aside as He told me, “They are not for now, but for the end-time.” Well, the time has come for them to be gotten out, as He told me a few weeks ago, that it was now time to get my Web site done.

After I was converted, and really came to know Christ, and was ordained, I still was not ready for this ministry concerning women. I was single, committed to remaining so if the Lord wanted it. In fact, He allowed me to think I would never marry so that He could do

more work in my life. You see, the tremendous love and desire I had had to have a wife to love, sex with love, not lust, and to have children were all actually idols in my life, as they are in most people. You see, anything we desire more than God Himself is an idol, and I can remember so clearly the years it took as He distinctively removed these idols from me, one by one, and set me free to love Him supremely and first of all. It was painful, but, oh, so necessary. These desires are legitimate desires, from God, but if we want them more than Him, they are idols, and must be removed. This is why so many men fail at certain aspects of their ministry. The enemy moves through their wives and threatens them, and they yield to the wife as Adam did, and lose out with God. Lose ministry, and understanding, and position with God.

But after more maturing, the Lord awoke me one Saturday morning, the summer of 1982, while I was home visiting my mother, and put this tremendous love in my heart for Dulce, and I knew I was to marry her. We hadn't seen each other for about seventeen months except once, because the Lord had told me to break it off, as we were getting too close to damning sin, and those days were over and had been for many years. Eighteen to be exact.

Dulce and I first met in 1970 at an International Christian Fellowship picnic at the Park of Roses where I was ministering and she had been invited as a guest. She was in Columbus for the summer studying for her Masters degree in Education at OSU. When I laid hands on her to pray for her, it came to me, "She's a pretty little girl. She'll make someone a good wife someday." Little did I know that twelve years later the Lord would reveal that this was me.

Well, after I proposed, and many of the folks in my fellowship and I had fasted and prayed to make sure this all was of the Lord, as I certainly didn't want to make a mistake in marriage, I proposed, and my mother confirmed it, along with many other words and scriptures which the Lord gave me, and the Lord told me to marry her on February 14th, and take her to Hawaii for our honeymoon the 15th. We were married on Valentines Day, 1983, and how I thank the Lord for my precious wife. "**He that finds a wife finds a good thing**" the scripture says, and the only thing better than that is when God finds one for you, and it is the perfect one for you. Many people pray and ask God for a companion, but it is the Lord who makes the match right, and His ways are perfect! I had told the Lord, at one point, that if He wanted me to be married, He would have to bring her to me as He brought Rebecca to Isaac. And He did, Praise His name forever!

Before I married her, I shared the truths that are in my books with her, for I knew that she must be obedient to God's Word and will, if we were to be married. She not only was and is, but also to the truth about Holy Nutrition, and other truths of His Word. She is a precious, humble, gifted, and anointed servant of the Lord who loves Him also with all her heart.

The scriptures teach us that he that is forgiven much loveth much and how true that is. I have been forgiven so much, and so the amount of love I have been given for the Lord is much, and I trust with the prayers of the saints, will enable me to minister the truth to His body in the true love of God, so that both men and women can come into divine order in the love of God, and we can see the body of Christ mature and lose its spots and wrinkles and be the glorious bride of Christ He is after and has waited for since the beginning of time. Praise the Lord!

I hope, dear reader, that these thoughts from my life will help you to see my love for women in general, my wife in particular, and other precious sisters in the Lord that have been such a help to me, and whom I hold precious in the Lord, and am so thankful to God for all they mean to me. My blessed mother who is now with the Lord and with my dad, loved me so very much, and was such an example of a godly woman as we see it in Proverbs 31, and now my wife who also fits the pattern. What wonderful and precious gifts from God, and I hope dear reader, as you read the books that I've written under the Lord's instruction and direction, that you too will become what God wants you to be, whether male or female, become that man or woman of excellence and humble, loving obedience to the will and ways of our great God and savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom all praise is due. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" Amen!

Brother John

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