



# Bob King Ministries

*(Hungry Kids International)*

May 2015

*Blessing children in Mexico and other countries*



We welcome Jesus Ivan, 14, who recently joined us at Casa Jovenes Del Rey.



Children attending outreach at boys' ranch.



Victor celebrates his seventh birthday.



Casa Jovenes Del Rey boys help the contractor with repairs at Casa Del Rey.

**D**ear Partner:

God bless you! Thank you for loving Jesus and His little ones! I look at the expressions on these children's faces and thank God for you. I can never get enough of seeing precious children give their hearts to Jesus Christ because that is the purpose of my life. I would like to tell you of a childhood experience that changed my life forever. It is so sacred to me that I rarely talk about it.

It happened when I was eleven. I was bitten by a spider and soon developed a very high fever. It was during WWII. The hospitals were crowded, the doctors were working overtime and it was almost impossible to get a doctor to make a house call. My father was away preaching a revival, my brother was in college and my mother was alone. We had no car. An ambulance was out of the question.

It was late at night. As my fever climbed higher and higher, I turned my head toward a light streaming through the window. The pain subsided. I drifted off to sleep and began to dream (or so I thought). Soon I felt myself quickly floating upward, passing through the ceiling and onto the roof. Curious, I looked around and saw some funny-looking pipes sticking up through the roof. "I didn't know the top of the house looked like *that!*" I mused, and then quickly began to ascend upward at an incomprehensible speed, coming to rest in the shadow of an object that resembled a huge, round ball.

Although I didn't see him, I knew Jesus was standing there. He asked, "Do you want to go to heaven with me now, or do you want to wait?" Oh, how I wanted with all my heart to go right then! I pondered the question: "If I go now," I reasoned, "I do not have anything to give you, but if I return, I'll bring as many souls to you as I can."

With that, I quickly descended, passed through the roof and saw myself lying on the bed. I felt my spirit enter my head and quickly pass to my chest and arms. As it reached my stomach, I gasped and thought, "Oh, I forgot to breathe!" Mother was shaking me and calling my name. She was frantic. She was praying.

That experience is etched in my memory and, for so many years, I could not even talk about it, although it is the deep, motivating factor that has tenaciously wrapped its tentacles around my heart and won't let me go! Thank you for catching the vision with me as together we bring jewels to Jesus!  
God bless you.

*Betty King*



Evely, Dulce, Lucero, Daniela, Julieta, and Yolanda and their children wish Mommy Angelica a "Happy Mothers' Day"!



Enjoying a good game of soccer at the boys' ranch.

Thank you, Pastor/Contractor Marko Antonio and guys. Good job!

