

# JAY FERRIS TESTIMONIALS

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"There have been a few people that have come across my path who immediately changed my life. Jay was one of them. Before I was impacted by his words, I was impacted by the essence of love that broke through His eyes, smile, and being. Shortly after meeting him, I also heard his words. The essence of his message was love. This message touched something very deep within me. It gave me hope. It put words to a longing that burned deeply within me for a long time. It was a burden for a New Testament community to live by a supernatural love so profound that relationships could flourish which transcended every barrier, including gender. A community that loves this way is one that loves like God. Jay was this kind of a lover.

After I heard Jay's heart, I knew Jay was a dear father in the faith. He was a man after my own heart. I looked forward to knowing and gleaming the riches of Christ from he and Carleen, and they were always more than happy to make themselves available to me. Little did I know, however, how limited our time would actually be.

I had an opportunity to see Jay in his home a couple of days before I left for a two month trip to Europe. A few weeks earlier, Jay had extensive surgery and was in a tremendous amount of pain. Astonishingly, he wanted to see me. I was humbled and honored that he wanted to see me in light of all that he was dealing with. There are no words that can adequately communicate the love that his request conveyed to me.



2012 Searching Together Conference  
Jamal Jivanjee and Jay Ferris

I'll never forget the drive over to Jay & Carleen's home that day. The Lord spoke to my heart very clearly. Here is a paraphrase of what I heard: "Jay is going to share a message with you today. Receive it, and treasure it in your heart."

Jay indeed shared a message with me that day. It is one that I'll never forget, and always treasure. It was also quite sobering. He encouraged me to continue proclaiming this message of love, and he also warned me that this message would cost me my life. That was the last time I saw him.

I'm thankful for you, Jay. You lived and loved well. Thank you for preparing the way through his love. Behold, the blind see, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and His love transcends the greatest offense. "

~Jamal Jivanjee



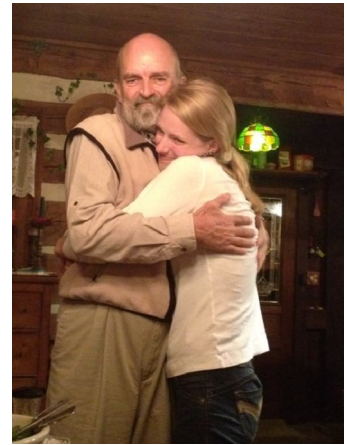
"Some of my favorite times with Papa was in the early morning. Early morning chats we called them. Papa would already be up before I was and I'm very much an early riser. If the weather permitted we'd be outside on the porch with coffee and talking about spiritual matters which I soaked up because to both of us it's food of another kind. We always ate later than normally at the cabin, time flies when Jesus is in the midst of it all.

Other moments during the days would be us joking and having our own times of fun and understanding where we stood. Papa was always there to give me hugs, kisses and caresses aplenty. I loved his smile, the twinkle in his eyes and his laughing at some dry snarking I said. The way he'd tell me; "I love you so much"

There's no one else like Papa, even though he's really my uncle, I couldn't have asked for a better grandfather since Granddad Hick and Opa Martin my parents fathers died before I could begin to know and love them.

I'll always treasure the memories and happy times I had with Papa and I'd do it all over again, happily."

~ Hope Martin



"It's one thing to know the height and depth of God's Love for us with Him only, and yet quite another to know it in that pure form in relationships with others. It is joy unspeakable. Jay knew this and lived it, gender neutral, and in the context of my relationship with him, I came to know it and live it as well. I don't know of a greater gift God could have given me. Once you taste what is ours in the Spirit – what He intended for us to live here and now – there is no substitute.

The almost 10 years that I've known Jay, since he led me to Christ in a real and unreligious way, have been the richest and most alive I have had in my life of 56 years. Most of our correspondence was by email, but the Spirit knows no boundaries, and we were able to go places in the Spirit together that has forever changed me. I've been on mission trips with him – mostly via internet – where I've learned so much about living life in the freedom that He intended – what He died to make possible. I've seen what we're up against to live this freedom, and what it takes to live and stay there. This could not have been possible without Jay's steady hand and consistent input and Love. He lived the "Lover in Training" life, and helped me to learn and live it, too. I believe it is the highest calling we're here to learn, and I know of no other way to learn it but in the context of these relationships that God gives us – what Jay called "relationships from God". I am so eternally grateful to God for the relationships He has given me to "bang around in" and learn how to know one another after the Spirit, not the flesh – knowing that what God has done in giving us to one another is a "done deal", for eternity, and not even the gates of hell can diminish it. This is the revelation that Jay had, and lived, and I am a second witness to it.

I'm so very grateful to Carleen, William, Heather, Melissa and Tim for opening up their homes and lives for me to participate in learning what God wanted to instill in me thru Jay, and living it in relationship with him, and with them. Jay's family is truly unique in this respect, and I believe especially precious to God because of it. I know they are very precious to me.

It is such a huge loss, to me and so many, to lose Jay on this earth. My belief is that He is still with me in Spirit, and that makes every day still so blessed. What I learned with him is forever in my heart, and I look forward to those whom the Lord gives me to reveal more of what we learned. For now, I'm resting knowing that Jay is resting in God's Love."

~Lisa Weger

"I wish I could be there today to celebrate Jay's life. He inspired all of us with his unique outlook and approach to life and death. All along the way he made it clear that he was most interested in seeing what could be learned from this illness that could help others, and he maintained that altruistic interest throughout. He was able to form a coalition of providers with very different approaches and push the boundaries of medicine. He gave us feedback on what things could be done better, an essential need that is often overlooked. He most inspires me however by his ability to continue to form deep and meaningful relationships and impact people's lives even while going through such difficult times - this is truly unique. I think his unwavering faith and the incredible support of his family inspired him to accomplish these things. We will never forget Jay. God bless you all."

~Dr. Matt Rees



"I wish I had known Jay longer, but it seemed to be in the providence of God that I would become closely connected to him in the last year of his life, start helping with his blog, and then intensively spend a lot of time with him and his wife Carleen in the last 4 months of his life. As a spiritual father, a prophetic voice, and in my belief as genuine an apostle as there ever was, it is hard to put into words the experience I was afforded. Even though this was a period of great weakness for Jay, being "poured out like a drink offering" as he said more than once of his situation, everywhere he went, and I was able to go, whether it was Maryland for the surgery, or the local hospital in North Carolina, an inner strength poured out of his brokenness. A couple days before he passed he even whispered to the hospice nurse that he loved her, and she sought me out to share this in tears. Jay didn't *just* say it, in fact he wasn't always able to make sense toward the end, but he emanated the passion of his heart. With or without words, you always felt the love of God from him.



What I think inspires me most in Jay is the 'special eyes' God gave him to see in the created things a parable that hides a divine reality. Even in the many times he spontaneously sang you a Frank Sinatra song, for example, it became a love song of heaven. Jay was a brilliant man who could have become wealthy with his inventions, or changed the face of government with his drive and charisma. But instead he was so captivated by a revelation of God's kind of love in Jesus Christ, and the Kingdom of God became his meat and drink, and love his currency. With the eternal intimacy of heaven in view, Jay boldly went places few if any dare to go, and was not ashamed of the raw passion and power in the Cross of Christ to heal every wound, break down walls of gender and flesh, and bring everything into oneness.

There are simply no words to describe how much I love and miss him. Someone of this kind doesn't just leave the earth without feeling a huge hole in one's heart and life. Like a child anticipating Christmas I simply cannot wait to see him again in the resurrection! :-)

Meanwhile there is a precious legacy of relationships and written words that Jay left in his trail! It gives me a sense of comfort and hope in these last days that we have them, and through a continuation of them to know that he and his ministry in Christ will live on here with us, in Spirit. Thank you Lord, for your gifts to us. Thank you for Jay Ferris!

~Pamela Spock



"Jay Ferris has been a sweet presence in our lives for many years. Long lengths of time would pass without much notice but there was always a kind and gentle spirit about him when our paths would cross. Several times he came by my office and left one of his books, unknowing to me at the time that he was building a foundation of a loving, spiritual relationship that would take root in the years that followed.

My husband says that every time he looks at the northwest corner of our log home he thinks of Jay. It was that corner that I remember sitting at with tears in my eyes on a hot summer day, frustrated that we couldn't get those 'weathered' logs to fit together like they should. It was Jay who came by and showed Scott how to cut the logs to fit and shared his expertise. We tried to pay him for his time but he refused, of course, and left us with some insight to the value of love & friendship and how a monetary price can't be put on that. Unknowing to us at the time, his actions, words and kindness were not only helping to build up and strengthen our home but our hearts as well.



The last advice a college professor shared with my senior forestry class has always stuck with me. He said, "We didn't teach you how to go out in the world, get a job and know exactly how to do it. We gave you the tools to be able to figure it out." That little piece of wisdom has proven to be true in my career and I've always been thankful for those 'tools' and that school of thought. I can't help but think of Jay when I reflect on that advice because, on a much deeper level, he has enabled me with 'spiritual' tools necessary to go through this world, all the while pointing me in the direction of a merciful & watchful God. What I loved about Jay is that he wouldn't just give me all the 'answers'. He would give me words of great encouragement and truth and guidance and in doing so equip me to dig deeper within my own faithful resolve. If we always had the answers readily available, life would be easy. But then there would be no "glory in conquering"...no struggle to strengthen us. Jay knew this... and because of him I have a yearning for more knowledge & wisdom of God's word. Because of him I see the importance of 'relationship' with others and sharing Jesus on the 'horizontal'. Because of him I thirst more for God's revelations and I spend more time allowing those revelations to take a tighter grip on my soul.

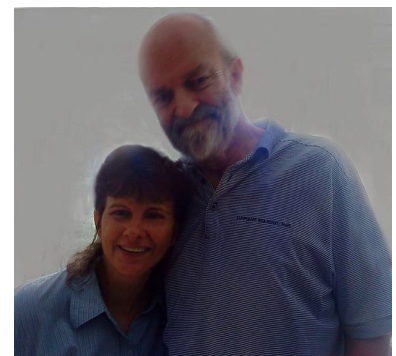
A favorite author, Augusta Jane Evans, once quoted in a novel, "...we who profess to yield up all things for Christ must not shrink from sacrifice." Jay was a man that did not shrink from sacrifice. He loved with the love of Christ. I will forever be grateful for the impression Jay has left on my heart. I will forever be grateful for a God so loving as to allow it."

~ Robyn Houser



"I loved Jay the moment I met him, and what an impact Christ in him still has in me. I have no words to write that truly speak the depth of my heart. I feel as though I am fumbling for my words that are far too small and inadequate. The day we met, I knew that this is a saint who knows Him, whose very presence expresses Christ before even a word is spoken. I love Jay so.

When the news of Jay came to me, I was like a small lingering cloud after the stormy season; still within the calm. My love for Jay, along with the tremendous revealing of Father's longing through Jay, hit my heart like a long aftershock. I knew what Father has grown in Jay's heart for



the Love of His longing. Through Jay, I know that Father has set in motion the further and profound revealing of His Love in us. I knew this would be the next step: True Love.

Jay and I had an opportunity to talk by ourselves for a bit while Jon, Dotty and I visited recently. We spoke about Love, about the Relationship Builder, the Love relationships that we receive, that Father builds us into in Christ. What Jay has spoken to me, in voice and in presence, has been fully received. I see this all consuming, overwhelming unity of our oneness—Love's Life of Relationship, pure and unhindered.

As I sat there, listening to his words, I'm unsure if I was breathing, I knew I was about to receive a gift that cannot be measured. Those words that came from Jay's heart are of the purest gold for the body of Christ. Christ expressed Himself through Jay like an exquisite oil, a spicy-sweet perfume that filled the room. Though Jay was in a weakened condition, the words he spoke were words of power and were stunningly profound, like an enduring aroma that filled my heart, bound up in the eternal oneness of Love's intention. We must recognize one another whom He has built together. Those whom He binds together are the ultimate maxima of intimate and seamless love, the Spirit of Relationship is Divine life together, living daily in Love. Our Love bonds so completely, so utterly, just as ever is in always, our Love remains our Life.

I am grateful that Father brought Jay and I together. I miss him, and I love him so. “

In Love! ~Kat Huff



"Like Little said in Mr. God this is Anna, "I keep him here in my middle". From our first miraculous meeting I knew the bond between David and Jonathan. I felt as though I was one of two Siamese twins separated at birth and then united again. He affirmed and completed me in the Lord. If like with Jesus I didn't have him inside, "in my middle", the loss would be unbearable. He was a gift to me from the Father. The transmutation of Spirit and the deposits he made in my life and heart were formidable. Though I'm tempted to despair in my grief, still I cannot. For he is not gone, just departed on an even higher journey. I will miss him, and wish there were times we could sit and 'reason together", times I could kiss his cheek and tell him of my great affection for him, but instead I will celebrate his life lived here on this plain until we can once again sit in celestial wonder and once again reason together."

~George Dunn



"Dear Jay, You know I'm not a writer. I could never put into words the true and important impact of our relationship on my life these 14 years. Thank you from deep inside for your faithfulness, for your integrity, for your transparency, for your tenacity, for your encouragement, for your love and care...first for me, and then for Damir and me, and then for Damir and Lara and me. So glad you are finally experiencing the desire of your heart...being One. You are missed here. "Unforgettable, that's what you are...though near or far. Unforgettable, in every way...that's how you'll stay."

~Love, Em

"My lasting impression from first meeting Jay on North High Street in the 70's was of a handsome, athletic man enjoying his children on the front lawn by turning a cartwheel while wearing his white tuxedo. This was clearly a genius who was not bound by conventional thinking. If he had a strong feeling, he was willing to express it openly. Family and friends were to be enjoyed when gathered together.

Sharon's and my theology have been shaped permanently by Jay's insight that God calls us not to love just any "neighbor" as ourselves, but that He places specific individuals into our lives for His purposes and that we are to be as committed to these relationships as He is. American churches do not live this way: relationships come and go and commitment is hard to find. But we have found that some of our relationships have been long and hard, but they are fruitful and eternal.

Jay was a dreamer, an architect and a builder. What he could conceive he could build: a house, an internal combustion engine, a family, a Christian fellowship. I often noticed that people thought he had strange things to say, when actually he was quoting the Bible by heart and people did not recognize God's Word being told them. Jay was saturated through and through with God's Word and he sought to not only live it and speak it, but to be just as saturated with God's love.

His love could be ferocious at times and I had to see his heart behind his words. I have seen humor, generosity, fiery holiness and tender care. Jay Ferris lived a monumental life and he will not be forgotten. Today he stands before the Throne clothed in shining white robes of light that proclaim his righteous works here on earth. We shall meet again and we shall shine and we shall turn cartwheels."

~ *Martin Van Horn*



Serendipity...

"We met Carleen and Jay on May 20, 2012 at their beautiful house. Who would have thought that after three years living the Golden Valley we would find such treasure?

Unfortunately, it was right at the time when Jay was entering the final battle with his health. We saw him living in the present; enjoying each day to the fullest. Almost impossible for many people. His faith and his family sustained him and he showed such courage and strength so that I, for one, was transfixed by this man.

I say it was serendipitous for us to meet is because that word applies to fortunate discoveries by accident. Not only was the "forward" on one of Jay's books written by a dear friend of my Father's, I was soon to see that Carleen and I would become close friends. It was like we had known each other forever. When I went to see Jay in the hospital, he spoke for about an hour about such things that I had never pondered and I came away a different person. He also sang with that glorious voice for a minute or two. His greatest concern was for Carleen..... was then, and always has been, from what we observed. How blessed their marriage was/is. Impossible to think of him in the past tense -- but then the problem is with the English language, not us!

Meeting his children was another treat in store for us. How lucky we feel to be living in this valley with all the exciting things for the future that Jay's family have learned from him. What a man!"

~ *Virginia Hawkins*

## REMEMBRANCES OF JAY FERRIS

"I first met Jay and Carleen at a house church conference in South Carolina around 2003. The first words I heard uttered from his lips came in a discussion time after a brother had presented a degrading talk about women in the church. Jay's response was firm, but loving. He advocated for the sisters in a beautiful way. I knew I needed to know him more deeply!

Then in 2005, he and Carleen came to the 6<sup>th</sup> Searching Together Conference in Osceola, WI. His session – "Kingdom Authority on the Horizontal in the Present Age" -- was amazing. No doubt, it went over the heads of some. But the love of Christ pierced the heart of one brother so much that he walked around the grounds, weeping.

During that conference, some brothers and sisters were sitting in our living room. Someone asked Jay to clarify and explore the phrase "gender-neutral" that he used in his talk. He replied in a somewhat metaphorical way, and a lively conversation ensued!

Jay spoke at the 2010 ST Conference – "The Who, What, Where & When of Love" – and, after entering his physical battles, presented

"How Do We Restore Love to a Rogue Church (4th John)?" at the 2012 ST gathering. Also, at the 2010 ST Conference, Tim Price did an outstanding interview with Jay concerning the Kingdom of God. Untold people have deeply benefited from this DVD.

While Jay, Carleen and Pam Spock were in Maryland (March, 2013), I felt strongly that we were to travel to NC and visit them. We left on April 21. We picked up Kat Huff in southern Indiana, and arrived in Bostic NC on the evening of April 24. Even with all their burdens, they asked us to stay in their home.

There are no words to describe the specialness of this time with Jay and Carleen. On my birthday, the 25<sup>th</sup>, we sat on their porch in the bright sun, and I read excerpts from Henri Nouwen's *Reaching Out*. As Henri spoke about "A Suffocating Loneliness," these words resonated with Jay:

*"Why is it that many parties and friendly get-togethers leave us so empty and sad? Maybe even there the deep-seated and often unconscious competition between people prevents them from revealing themselves to each other, and from establishing relationships that last longer than the party itself . . . Usually there is food enough and people enough willing to eat it, but often it seems that the food has lost the power to create community, and not seldom do we leave the party more aware of our loneliness than when we came . . . They come to their food with the suspicion that there is no one who cares and offers love with no conditions, and no place where we can be vulnerable without being used."*

We left Jay and Carleen's later in the day on the 26<sup>th</sup>, and headed to Mooresville for a one-day conference, which Leah McConnell Randall hosted. Jamal Jivanjee was at this conference. He had spent some time with Jay around New Year's 2013. When I told Jay that Jamal would be at the conference on the 27<sup>th</sup>, he asked that Jamal stop by and see him on his way back to Nashville, if possible. At the conference I strongly encouraged Jamal to stop in Bostic, and he did on April 28<sup>th</sup>.

On April 29<sup>th</sup>, Jay entered the hospital.

I stand amazed at how Christ has come and appeared to me over the years in the most beautiful, unbelievably gifted, humble, and broken believers. Jay was one of them. When he talked publicly and with me privately – and I lack words to explain this experience – it was like you knew his insight was deep, but it came out of his mouth veiled and the weight of it crept up on you. But it was about Christ, not Jay. He cared not about his image. He wasn't interested in dog-and-pony shows, man-handling the Kingdom, or "spiritual" down-line marketing techniques.

Thank you, Lord, for expressing Yourself through Jay in such remarkable ways, and bringing him into my journey with Christ.

Like all those in faith since Abel, we look for a better resurrection in Christ"

*~Jon Zens*



"As a young Marine I had lost touch with the importance of my faith in and walk with Christ. Life as a Marine meant being hard core and living on the edge. A healthy relationship with Christ would require me to humble myself in a way that being a real man wouldn't allow. However, in the spring of 1994 I met a man that made me realize you could make Christ the center point of your life, show love and compassion, and still be a rugged hardworking man.

I was serving as a Marine Recruiter and had met Tim while he was still in school. He had showed some interest in joining the Corps, so I made an appointment to meet with Jay and Carleen. Within minutes of arriving at their home, I made a connection with Jay. While we certainly spoke about the Marine Corps, our conversation went far beyond what the Marine Corps could offer Tim. Jay wasted no time working Christ into the conversation and asking me where I stood. Before long Jay and I had developed a friendship and I was fortunate to start seeing Jay for who he truly was.

Jay was a hardworking, rugged, and strong as an ox man that could do nearly anything. His work ethic and stamina was as good as any Marine I had ever seen and his drive was unmatched. More important his devotion and faith in Christ was just as strong. Working several projects together I was able to spend countless hours with Jay and broaden my understanding of the Bible and Christ's true purpose for us as Christian men. Through those experiences, I rededicated my life to Christ in one of our study groups in 1994 and haven't looked back since.

In some ways I saw Jay much like Abraham or King David. That is, a man that truly cared for those around him but could be as solid as any man that has lived. Throughout the remainder of my career as a Marine I never forgot the great examples that Jay provided me. I believe I was a better leader and more in tune with Christ's purpose in my life because of the time Jay and I spent together.

Sadly, as life can be the Marine Corps moved me around the world and I lost day to day contact with Jay. However, his impact in my life is as strong today as it was on our first meeting. His legacy and discipleship will live on because of the lessons and challenges he laid upon the hearts of countless Christian men and women. Those of us still here will continue to stay the course and cherish the fact that we will see Jay again."

*~ Philip L. Pauley*



"While the rest of us struggle on here, peering through the glass darkly for a time yet, Jay has graduated to dwell in the True Light, Jesus, Himself. " ..... joy unspeakable and full of glory ", is an apt description, but leaves much to our poor imaginations.

Having spent some years here in western North Carolina in home gatherings with Jay and Carleen, my family and I enjoyed our relationship with them immensely.



A particular memory of mine involves a trip I made with them by car returning here from Conn. We had spent the night half-way home in a motel and were packed and ready to leave by 8am next morning. I never sleep too well away from home anyway, so was a bit groggy. I had literally just closed my back seat car door when Jay piped up from the driver's seat with, " Okay, what deep subject can we get into? ". I assumed of course that he was joking, but no, Jay being Jay, was serious. My response? "Jay, I've had one cup of coffee this morning and my brain isn't up to ANY conversation at all just now, much less anything 'deep', sorry".

Carleen, knowing her husband so well, wasn't the least bit surprised by his suggestion.

Jay, what a lovable guy, kind and generous without compare. The world is a lesser place without him in it. We look forward to being where he is ourselves someday .....when it's our turn. With SO many happy memories... “

~ Margo Liedkie



“Jay Ferris was our son Jeff’s father-in-law. We were in his company only on a few occasions, the wedding of Melissa and Jeff, a few enjoyable lunches with Carleen and Jay in Rhode Island and Connecticut and a fun filled vacation in Florida. We discovered that Jay was a very religious man and had very strong opinions on politics. We also learned of his travels and the meeting and marriage to lovely Carleen. Jay’s favorite topic, with us, was family and especially his daughter Melissa.

In January our family traveled to Disney World for an eight day vacation. This group consisted of my wife and I, Jay and Carleen, Melissa and Jeff and their two children Sasha and Teddy. At the time Jay was already feeling the effects of his illness, but that did not slow him down or dampen his spirit. He was there to see Melissa cross the finish line to complete her first marathon race. Jay did not let his health interfere with anyone’s good time on vacation. He was at Disney to have a good time with his family and nothing would slow him down or dampen his spirit.

We will always remember his hilarious encounter with the breakfast waitress at Fort Wilderness, how we all laughed and had such a good time when Jay and the waitress sang and playfully teased each other. We played hard, ate good and had interesting conversations. Jay was a good family man, he didn't let his health hinder him or spoil anyone's good time. He never complained because he loved his family and had strong faith in God. We love you Jay, may you rest in peace.”

~Louise & Ted Stolaz



“I first met Jay in 1976. I was working some with Action Crusades, a men's ministry of the Assemblies of God. I was at their Conference in Detroit, Michigan, and at one point we were divided into small groups. When I went to the Sunday School room for the group that I was assigned to, there were about eight of us and I was immediately bonded with two of the men. Their names Jay Ferris and Hugh Hedges.

In the next year or so Joanne and I were invited by Jay and Hugh of them to Connecticut for some ministry. This began an almost annual visit for a number of years to Connecticut for ministry they had arranged along the shoreline between New Haven and Old Saybrook. At first our emphasis was on mobilizing believers for personal evangelism and Jay and Hugh both became part of our Lay Evangelism organization. Later our emphasis was regarding GOD's plan for His Church. Jay was more into this

latter subject than Hugh - and Jay and Carleen and Joanne and I became closely bonded together because of it.

We had the joy of watching Jay and Carleen metamorphose from being wealthy, important, new believers in Jesus to simple, humble, very dedicated followers of Jesus. It was also our joy to watch Missy and Tim grow up during those years, and to meet William and Heather.

When Melissa lived in Bend, Oregon, we were blessed to see Jay and Carleen on several occasions when they came to Oregon to see Missy. Then when they moved to North Carolina we were invited to spend time with them in their cabin and ministered in the area February 13-23, 2004. Jay was one of the teachers at two House Church conferences that we sponsored in Salem, Oregon, in 2006 and 2007. October 5-7, 2012, Jay came out to be part of a three-day time of prayer in Oregon City and this was the last time that we saw him.

So it was our privilege of knowing and walking with Jay (and Carleen) for 36 years. He was, indeed, a dear friend and co-laborer in God's Kingdom. It is also my conviction that he was a true prophet of GOD speaking truth to the Body of Christ with great love. And being a lover to those whom GOD gave him. He was faithful to GOD, His calling on his life, and His purposes regarding His Kingdom.

I must add, though, to be perfectly honest, that I didn't always understand what he was saying - he talked so fast, covered so much ground, and used such big and theoretical terms, that I often did not get what he was saying. But I got what I could - and was grateful for that!

We will certainly miss Jay. We look forward to staying in touch with Carleen and their grown children. I'm sure they would appreciate your prayers.

Jay's writings were awesome! I already greatly miss my friend!"

*~ Nate Krupp and Joanne Krupp*



" Jay Ferris: What an astounding man. What a tremendous earthly loss. What a beautiful heavenly gain.

How could anyone forget that voice? Not only when he spoke, because his words were certainly profound, but also when he sang, especially when he sang. His voice could carry you to a different dimension. Thankfully, that voice will live on in Tim, who inherited his wonderful singing voice, and William, whose speaking voice, even as a teenager playing hooky, could trick the principal over the phone with its uncanny likeness to Uncle Jay. He wasn't just Jay, he was my "Uncle" Jay. He has been a part of my life since as long as I can remember and because of that he is family, my family.

At one point, when I lived in Austria as a child, the Ferris family lived in Germany. We visited them there and captured the visit in photographs that found their way into an album I peruse every once in a while. As I continued to grow up, he was a part of my life at various stages and we took pictures of those times as well. Now that he is gone, I will revisit those photos more often and with nostalgia.

And talk about brilliant. I always used the words genius and inventor when I described him to people who had never met him. Not many can claim those titles.

I used to love seeing the houses Uncle Jay built with his own hands. What a master builder. What a Renaissance man. He could do it all. In fact, I lived in one of the houses he worked on and added to in Clinton, Connecticut. It was beautiful. My favorite part of the whole house was the submarine bunk bed he built in Tim's room. What other kid could claim he slept in a submarine at night? Remarkable, Uncle Jay.

My mom always reminds me how Uncle Jay predicted I would be the first woman President. I take it as a compliment. Although I may not fulfill his prediction, I am grateful he had so much confidence in me. My mom also reminds me how, at the age of three, we lived with them at the Clinton house. I would command and boss Indiana and Jason around, the Ferris family's dogs. Perhaps that's what inspired his prediction.

When I think of Uncle Jay, the following words come to mind: "relationships that come from God" and "love." These are the primary lessons he taught me. For this, I am indebted to him.

In fact, it is almost as if he could have written this verse from the Message version of the Word: "The whole point of what we're urging is simply love—love uncontaminated by self-interest and counterfeit faith, a life open to God" (1 Timothy 1:5).

Uncle Jay will never be forgotten. Not only will he live on in and through his sons, but when I look at his wife, Carleen, and daughters, Heather and Missy, I see strong, beautiful women who are trailblazers and innovators and life changers, just like Uncle Jay. I am a better person just for having known him and his loving family.

Finally, I am grateful God answered my prayer. I saw Uncle Jay one more time before he went to be with the Lord. But the best part for me? My little baby girl, Vienna, got to meet my Uncle Jay."

~Bekka (Van Horn) Ewald



"I met Jay and Carleen when I was very new in the Lord and they made me feel so special and included in the Beloved. Jay particularly blessed me with his encouragement and love as a father in the faith and as one who appreciated and encouraged me in my gifts - especially in the area of singing. He would always say, "Give 'em heaven". I was single until I was 32 and his encouragement always made me feel cherished, which gave me the grace to continue to trust the Lord until the Lord brought forth the man I was to marry. There have been wonderful experiences together even in Germany. My last memory of Jay in person was when he was dressed in a Tuxedo and he sang with me "Unforgettable", Nat King Cole's song rendition with his daughter. Jay was certainly an unforgettable person as he transparently shared his love and faith. I am very grateful to the Lord for such a special gift."

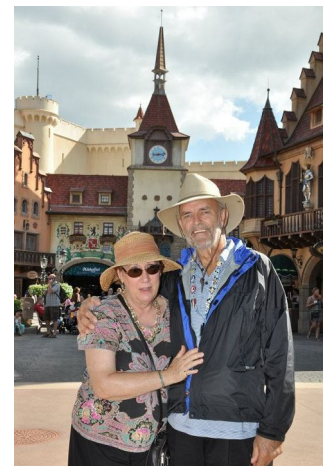
~Sheila



#### Uncle Jay- Faithful Servant

"I never really knew my Uncle Jay until he moved to the mountains of North Carolina. Before that, he lived in Connecticut and we were living in Maine. I remember holidays at the big house he and my Aunt lived in. Huge Christmas trees and him spinning me around in an office chair in some hallway.

But it wasn't until he and my Aunt Carleen moved to an ancient log cabin in North Carolina that most of my memories began and I got to know the other side of my Uncle. We moved shortly after to a little town about 2 hours away from their place and we would visit quite often. Uncle Jay started building post and beam houses and he and Aunt Carleen worked so hard to make that abandoned cabin a beautiful home.



The first time we visited, I remember Uncle Jay stepping out of the cabin with a big country hat on his head. He had traded his business dress shoes for a pair of worn work boots and had his jeans tucked in the tops. He was smiling through a big bushy beard. I was only 7, but I knew my Uncle had become a mountain man!

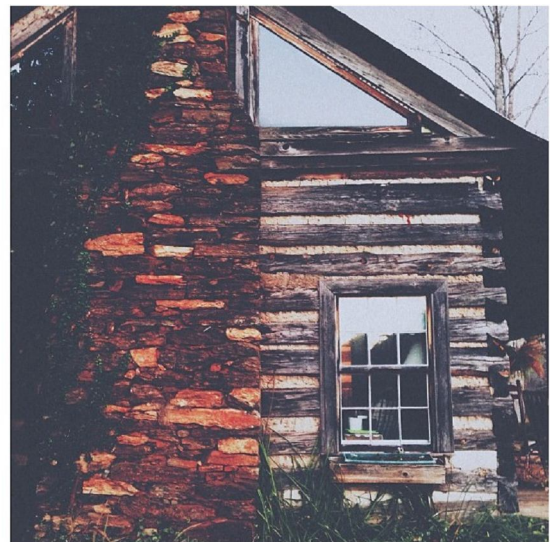
The cabin quickly became a favorite place for us kids as we ran helter skelter around the mountains, swam in the river and chased Uncle Jay's junk yard kitties around. Uncle Jay loved his kitties and was always bringing new ones home that he would find in the lumber or junk yards. He had a way with animals and they loved him. They had a huge black snake living in the beams right above the front door for a long time.

There were gold mines on the property and my Uncle spent long hours replacing beams and digging them out. We kids would sneak up there and go in even though Mom would often times tell us to "stay away from the mines!" I'll never forget when Uncle Jay found a speck of gold. I literally mean a speck. He kept it in a small box with a magnifying glass on the top so you could see the thing. Ethan and I lost the speck at the breakfast table one morning while we were looking at it. The box opened and the gold fell out into one of the table boards- never to be seen again. Uncle Jay just laughed and said the table would be worth a million dollars!

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Uncle Jay had this old jeep that he had ripped everything out of except for the driver's seat, gas and break pedals, steering wheel and the ignition. Basically it was a huge gocart. We would pull into the driveway and Uncle Jay would come racing down the mountain in that old jeep. Against all rules ever made about safety, all 8 of us kids would pile into the back of that thing. Some standing holding onto the roll bars. Others sitting on the wheel wells and still other half hanging out the back and side trying to fit us

all in. We older kids would grab a leg or arm of a younger one and we'd be off to great adventures and lost trails off the mountain.

Thanksgiving became a tradition up there and I remember thinking the old cabin was the perfect place to remember the pilgrims. Uncle Jay was an inventor and was always building something. He brought up rock from the river bed and built the beautiful bathtub, shower and toilet in the master bathroom. The water would cascade over the rock like a waterfall. We could fit 4 kids in that thing! He built the staircase up to the loft out of a single tree trunk. He was amazingly talented like that. Always seeming to make something out of nothing.

Probably my favorite memories are of our Y2K days. Yes we prepared like the end was coming! Uncle Jay tilled up a huge section of turf for a gigantic garden. Mom and Dad would drive us up every Wednesday to work. We got chickens and brought our dairy goats up. Uncle Jay got some emus, saying that just one of their eggs could feed our whole family. He would send us kids in the pen to search for these gigantic eggs. Armed with pitchforks, brooms and boards. Anything we could get our hands on because these huge birds were mean! You could hear them in the tall grass making that funny and terrifying sound in their throats. We never did find any eggs. We stored up beans, wheat, oatmeal, toilet paper and other goods. We used the mines as storage.

After working in the heat all day we'd run screaming down to the river and jump in. Uncle Jay was always there with his trusty pistol. Someone up river would yell "Snake!" All of us kids would scream and grab a rock along the river side while my Uncle would calmly pull out his gun and shoot the intruder as it came swimming down the river into our swim hole. As soon as the shot rang out and we got the okay from him, we'd all jump in again. I remember him shooting upwards of 4 during one swim.

He told us the spring water was clean enough to drink from the river. We kids would dare each other to do it and did for several years until Uncle Jay and Aunt Carleen stumbled onto a wild hog bathing area upstream. =)

Uncle Jay was always there. He always made time for us. He was always there at our graduations, choir concerts and birthdays. He always had a word of encouragement, and funny story or joke. One morning when three of us kids were staying with him, he gave us this horrible tasting red juice to drink with our breakfast. It wasn't until we'd drank some while gagging it down that Aunt Carleen came in and told us we were drinking the hummingbird feed she'd made. =)

All these memories are so wonderful and I can see them playing out in my mind, clear as day. Uncle Jay entertaining us kids with his version of "Jesus is the vine and we are the branches." His perfect Donald Duck impersonation. His stories. But most of all his love for the Lord. I don't think you could talk to him for more than five minutes without the conversation going to the Bible or something the Lord was teaching him. Uncle Jay didn't just talk the talk. He lived it. You could see it in everything he did. His love for his family. His work. Life in general as he lived it to the fullest. He had a real relationship with his Savior. He was never afraid to stand up for what he believed in.

After a hard fight with cancer, Uncle Jay went home to Jesus this morning. Oh I can only imagine the welcoming comity that was there to use him in before his Lord! "Well done my good and faithful servant." Uncle Jay is now whole and perfect, praising with the other saints that have gone before us! My heart aches to have him here with us. To go on one more ride up the mountain in the jeep, to have him meet Laughter. But my heart also knows that he is right where he has longed to be: at the feet of Christ.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his faithful servant. -Psalm 116:12"

*~Grace Jessup*



“Ahh... Jay. This world is less without you in it.

My history with the Ferris family goes back to the beginning of their time here in Golden Valley for you see, my Bo and I, and my boys George and Mike, why, we lived in the cabin before they came here. We'd left it, reluctantly, but moved over to the Edison Queen Place where we ended up staying for nearly 17 years. From the Queen place, I wrote about the cabin:

*Sitting in a bowl of redbuds,/ the cabin spoke to me,/ of things gone by, pie in the sky,/ a dozen different dreams./ I came to it a crippled child,/ I'd walked a million miles,/ in my mind by that time,/ in shoes that didn't fit.”*

Isn't it lovely when you can look back over your shoulder into the past and see that during a time you thought you were utterly and completely lost you were not alone? Today, I look back and I know that the cabin was bait the Lord used to draw me out of the world. Because of the cabin I began an unexpected journey. I can also see today, looking back, that I was a place holder. In my obedience to drop my former life and move to the cabin, I held the place for 17 months. This was a time of tremendous healing for me and a time for the Ferris's preparation. We were gone almost a year before they came, but the horses were still there, in the bottom land on the property Bob Singer would later buy from Hattie Mae.

I met Timmy first. He took me, the horse lady, straight home to meet his mom and dad who welcomed me with open arms and I think peach cobbler. The work Jay was doing at the cabin was unbelievable. I'm still impressed that the man could build screen doors that fit into those crooked door frames! He moved a window, and a stairwell, reframed a mantle, built a bath, and oh so much more. His work was masterful and his knowledge boundless. I was thrilled to find he'd preserved the crude stained glass window I'd made.

So, a couple years later I undertook a project at the Queen Place and realized that Jay was just across the valley with a wealth of construction knowledge... I asked for his help and he came to the house with some sheet rock tape and some tools and he taught me how to mud sheet rock. Following his instructions I purchased tools of my own and completed my project using 72 pounds of joint compound and a quarter mile of sheetrock tape. Jay furnished the sheet rock tape; he had the good metal mesh and allowed that he was probably done with sheetrock and generously gave me a whole bag of it.

One day, Jay showed up with a book he'd published, “Going Back For The Offended” and it wasn't until then that I began to realize I was one of the offended, a disenfranchised believer, stuck out on my own for many years, living apart from the church and other believers. Reading his book I grew into the knowledge that organized religion was not the prescription I was neglecting, but the beginning of a deep and personal relationship with the Lord outside of Church, a relationship that had not grown because I was stuck. Realizing that I was offended made it possible for me to forgive the offence and deepen my relationship with the Lord.

Fast forward to Jay's Blog which I subscribed to when he started. Sometimes I got it, more often I had to mull it over, sort of like the offended thing... Jay's work is something I have to grow into and when I get it – I get it. So, here I was a baby Christian after years and years of religion and I am reading Jay's Blog and I'm thinking, you know, I don't have to stay a baby, I can actually start reading the Bible and learning, shame to be in my 50's never having read the entire Bible. And I started reading the Bible. I don't know when I started, I didn't mark down the date down or anything, I just opened it one day and started. It's like serving God, it's not a goal you mark down, measure, and track. You just start.

Jay invited me to a Bible Study he was holding; they were going to study Revelations... But my husband Bo was working a job in Mount Holly NC, he works 10 hours a day 5 days a week, with 8 hour shifts on Saturday and sometimes Sunday. Mount Holly is an almost 70 mile drive, one way, which means Bo leaves at 4:30 am and gets home at 6:00 pm. I had other evening commitments and felt like I couldn't

add another one. Jay understood. I kept reading his Blog occasionally posting a comment. He was going to teach James, next, the Gospel of Love. I told my husband that if it was all right with him, I'd like to go.

And then cancer struck hard. Jay began an unexpected journey and kindly shared it with all of us. While I was praying for him and continuing my walk with the Lord, people kept showing up in my life and in my work. I am convinced these people are sent, just as surely I was convinced that Jay would be healed. Who better to heal than a man whose walk with the Lord touched so many, whose life was a testament to God's love? But it wasn't my call to make. I've decided I'm not going to be offended, that would negate the lesson Jay brought which is to live genuinely, love generously, and share your talents. (You never know who is watching). God will bring it out for the best. He'll put us in the right place at the right time. Yes, I know, Jay is completely and totally healed, he has a new body and a new life as he begins a new chapter.

As for me, in the Bible, I've started a new chapter too. I'm up to John. "

*~Karen D. McCall*



"My loving memory of our beloved Jay is his overflowing, expressive, and sensitive love for all, as well as his great desire that we become one in our Lord with no labels and division . I will never forget seeing him dance and sing as we all sat around singing karaoke together and saying to us, "when I sing , there is no pain!" I thought to myself then, keep on singing Jay, keep on singing! Now he is singing anew with all the saints and angels. I'm looking forward someday to singing again with this dear brother in the place where every tear will be dried and there is no more sadness, pain, division or labels that divide us from the Love of God our Father. Jay, your song will always live on and be a part of my heart."

*~Millie Spock*

"I met Jay only once, several years ago. Subsequently, I briefly corresponded with him via email. Jay was not hard to get to know. He was open, uncomplicated and honest. Yet he obviously had a deep relationship with the Lord. May God's blessed presence be with all who are left to mourn his passing."

*~ Maurice Fuller*

"I only spoke personally to Jay once, but our correspondence over the last 6 years was precious and deeply helpful to me on my spiritual journey. His unfailing giving of himself to His Lord and others is what touched me. I saw him as a spiritual father, who saw Truth beyond that which most see, and imparted the blessing he had received to those the Lord had given him. At last you're home, dear friend. Enjoy!!"

*~ Frances Wessel, Nuremberg, Germany*

"Jay has always had a heart to see the kingdom of God and the love of God be known to all that God brought into his journey in life. Well done thou good and faithful servant. Jay always had a warm smile and a loving hug whenever we saw him. He had passion and yet a gentle spirit. He was also quite ingenious in what he could do. We'll never forget the time we were at someones funeral and Jay discovered he had a large hole in his black socks. He knew just what to do, he got out a black magic marker and colored his ankle black and the problem was solved, ingenious! Jay you will always be in our hearts and look forward to joining you someday in Glory. "

*~ Tom & Kathy MacGregor*

"Dear Jay, It is my deep conviction that you were a true prophet of God, speaking truth to the Body of Christ with great love. And being a lover to those whom God has given you, you have been faithful to God, His calling on your life, and His purposes regarding His Kingdom.

Your going to be with Him is in His timing, not ours. I only wish that your writings could have a wider circulation - and I will continue to do what I can in this regard.

You have been one of my closest friends and co-laborers. Joanne and I have many wonderful memories of our times together - in Connecticut, Indiana, North Carolina, Oregon, and elsewhere. I will miss you terribly!

Carleen and your children will always be in our thoughts and prayers. May your final days be filled with peace and joy."

*~Your friend – Nate*

"It has been a long and beneficial relationship in Jesus, a relationship that began before Face book, before texting, before cell phones, before e-mail, before the Internet, even before the personal computer. Much time has passed but Jay's unwavering message spoke to the church, not as an organization or physical structure, but as relationships. Relationships are a living thing and are marked by occasions and events, among which our collective memory fondly remembers:

- Weekly fellowship in Clinton on North High Street – a new beginning for Susan & I
- Fellowship and growth at Breakneck Hill Road and Cow Hill road
- Women's bonnets at fellowship?
- Trips to Charlestown, RI Beach
- Should we not mention clam fritters?
- Winter Weekend retreats to the castle-like Sheraton Resorts in Framingham MA, & Nashua NH
- Debates about "breaking Bread"
- Fellowship at Macgregor's service station
- Attempting to translate Jay's thoughts into English
- Hosting visiting ministers like Frank Wrenn
- A life together in Golden Valley

It had been an enlightening and invigorating walk for which we will always rejoice, while looking forward to our next walk with Jay."

*~ Don & Susan Hurley*

"Out of the many Wonderful messages that I heard Jay bring among the saints, one I think will always stand out. Under God's anointing, as he was often moved to speak on Love, he would sometimes turn to passages like Romans chapter 5, verses 1-11, and declare how God redefined Love at the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. (John 3.16.) Inspired! Inspiring! We praise and give You Glory, Father God, in Jesus' most Wonderful Name."

*~ Peter Dunn*

"Jay was a big man in many ways. I remember getting one of his last few reports and a sense of grief poured over me... But then I got to thinking about so much of what he lived for and spoke about: we not hear to survive... Jay lived a great life, one that was pleasing to God. He was a "preacher" in the most

basic sense: he comforted the afflicted and he afflicted the comfortable. He lived his ministry and didn't look back for a title or a following. This is something few people ever live up to."

~ *Tim Price*

"I loved the song in Jay's heart, for it was the LORD singing and beckoning, leading me and my family into fields of encouragement and edification where we ate together of the Word and there were no bones at all. Thank You, LORD, for the life of Jay Ferris -- a learned Barnabas! A courageous seer! Thank You for strengthening Jay to obey Your requests of him to speak unpopular truths into a world that prefers its own.

With gratitude and a confusing combination of sadness with gladness, we stand alongside Carleen and the entire Ferris Family, worshipping You, LORD, for imparting to us the sure the knowledge that we will see Jay soon again. Soon and very soon."

~ *Whitney McKendree Moore*

"Jay Ferris was my brother's best friend when we all were so young back in Greenwich, CT, and he was like a brother to me too. In fact, Jay was my guardian angel. He was the one constant, bright, shining example I had to look up to, saving me from multiple crisis's. He often brought kindness and sanity where there was none. One story I am happy to share is that when Jay became a model in NYC he brought along pictures of me. As a result, I got several jobs at \$50/hr no less and this was in the late 50's! It was great until my father interfered and that was the end of that. Still, the experience opened my eyes about a lot of things".

~ *Barbara Knox-Mavroleon*

"Jay was a very unique brother in Christ. I am better for having met Jay and Carlene. The overwhelming thought I have in remembering Jay is his passion for intimate relationship with his Father was only equaled by his passion for others to have that same relationship. Jay was an earthly father with the concerns and intentions that displayed our heavenly Father. May we all carry with us the Jay qualities of fathering and leave a legacy of family."

~*Butch Renaud*

"I didn't spend lots of time with Jay, but the occasions we shared together were meaningful and intense. I appreciated his determination to stay out of religious boxes, and to challenge them when he encountered them in others. His fast, deep intellect was something I particularly enjoyed, though his quick wit was often nuanced in a way that could shoot over my head a bit. For all of that, he was careful to keep the "main thing the main thing," always focusing on the love of Christ and keeping this central to whatever conversation in which he was engaged. I thank God for his friendship. He certainly enriched my life, and I know that he would say the same in reflecting on the time we shared, as he deeply valued Christ in others."

~*Daryl Wood*

*A letter to Jay (just before he passed)*

Dear Jay,

I care for you and I always have and I am going to miss your face and your smile and I am confident that God and Jesus will take good care of you up in heaven and I'm going to pray for you. You've been brave and courageous. Very very brave and courageous. This is an awful awful thing, cancer is, that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. And I hope your very very nice good children will keep your legacy on earth, and will see you in heaven. I can't believe something like this would happen to you. If I could take it back regardless how much money I had to give I would take it back from you to allow you to live longer. I'm sorry about the pain and possible suffering although I don't and I'm very sorry that I didn't talk to you on the phone like I wanted to and that is going to be one of the biggest regrets of my life. Tim, Will, Missy, and Heath and myself even though I'm not related will always have you in our thoughts and hearts and will always pray for you that you will be taken care of well in heaven. I'm counting on you to look down on us, especially Carleen and I know that she will remember all of the good times that you had in the countryside in North Carolina and that I missed your not living in CT all those years. But I'm happy for you that you were happy to live down there. Now whenever I drink Poland Spring water it will remind me of you and Carleen going to the streams near your house. I always thought you were an extremely handsome man and you are such a good guy, very honest, never a bad word. I looked up to you as a role model, such a good person and I am going to miss you tremendously. If I could change or take back anything of your horrible cancer, I would in a heart beat. With all my heart and soul. Cancer scares me. I hope Heather, Tim, Missy, your whole beautiful family, no one gets it.

James Jay Ferris I wish this wasn't happening. But I feel powerless and helpless and empty because there is nothing I can do about it. It is a monster. I feel so sad and sorrowful that I probably won't see you again and I love you and I wish I got to know you better and God bless you and your soul. I will never forget about you till the day I die and I love you. Bless you now and forever. In heaven you all share. I hope you will look over us all from heaven. I will cry for you many times for the rest of my life. This is not a lie.

Much, much love,  
~(Pickens) John Magee

PS. I always thought that you had a lot of integrity and such good values and morals. I wish I didn't have to let you go. It feels like something is tearing my heart.



"Jay and Carleen have been spiritual parents to me. They not only raised me in the knowledge of God, but encouraged growth in expressing God's life through music and words. Wednesday night fellowship in Connecticut was full of music and prophetic teaching; but the love shared was the greater gift. I did not have a chance to share this song with Jay, but memory of him comes through the words.

**Hope of Glory**

Eye for an eye, no longer free  
When the plank in your eye is all you see  
Tooth for tooth, a toothless smile  
Bury this death, Lord, through the faith like a child.

Poor in spirit a kingdom home  
Day of mourning a life reborn



Meek in strength the heirs of earth  
A righteous hunger filled with worth

Christ in you the hope of glory  
Christ through you the way of healing  
Christ as you, his way of walking on earth  
until all things become new.

For those of mercy, mercy shown  
The pure of heart God is known  
Those of peace will bear his name  
For righteous shunned a kingdom reign.

Christ in you the hope of glory  
Christ through you the way of healing  
Christ as you, his way of walking on earth  
until all things become new.

Love,  
Kevin Schutz



“Jay and I were walking one day, below the cabin, down on the little stream that runs through the land. He was giving me a history lesson on the cabin and the woods and we were enjoying the autumn sunshine and comforting breeze.

He was outwalking me, waiting for me to catch up as we moved across the fields. Every few minutes he would ask, “are you doing all right?” “Is it difficult to walk?”

Jay was fighting the devil of cancer and without any indication or complaint of weakness or pain or illness, he was asking me if I was all right; he was more concerned with my trifling physical issues than his own.

And anybody who knew Jay at all, even a little bit knows that was vintage Jay. Classic Jay. Essential Jay. Looking out for somebody else. Caring. Doing that “Jesus thing” that seemed to be the very blood flow of his life.

So much will be said on this day as hearts overflow, and as memories surge to the surface and as each person who knew Jay in his or her own unique and individual way recollects the life-moments, the life-lessons, the life-expressions that brought them into Jay’s sphere and have made them to be better people.

My simple words are merely a reflection of the colors, the textures, fragrances and sounds of the purest symphonic release, all touched by and therefore transformed by Jay Ferris.


And so to the point of it all: Jay Ferris was my friend and I was his. And forever I will thank our God for arranging the introduction and for encouraging the discussion.

Carleen, Melissa, Heather, Tim, Pam, and others, my prayers are with you. That means I am praying. My love is with you; that means what it says. And my love is enhanced, enlarged, extended, broadened by the Love that captivated Jay and catapulted him into so many hearts in so many places.

To all my brothers and sisters gathered to remember today, I am praying that Jay's desire for you will be fully discovered, fully realized, fully lived.

Were not the miles so great and the hours so few, I would be among you all; instead, I'm with Jay, in my heart, in my mind and in my soul"

~Greg Austin



I felt life the day I met you  
Your heart reached deep  
melting mine  
I tasted peace when you hugged me  
Your arms reached wide  
consuming my being  
I heard 'friend' when you spoke  
Your words reached long  
grabbing my soul  
The odor of your love  
reached high  
wrapping round me  
The day I met you will  
never be forgotten  
For the day I met you,  
I saw Jesus....

~ Katie Stuckas



"I've thought long and hard about the testimony I'd write in response to the opportunity to do so. Again and again, I find there are so few words which can express the magnitude of the gift of God Jay Ferris was in so many lives. I first met Jay in 1984 when we were newly arrived on the CT shoreline and "Amazing Jane" of the Amazing Grace bookstore, in listening to our views and concerns about the Church, said with enthusiasm, "You have to meet Jay Ferris!" But my husband had met Jay as early as 1972 at Pat Self's barn. Even prior to that introduction, he'd heard there was a man on the shoreline espousing the Church as a relational body of believers - Jay Ferris!

We were welcomed into Jay and Carlene's home along with so many others, amid on-going renovation and reconstruction, the tumult of active children, two of whom had to unfortunately continually come and go, and economic hardship - all of which wasn't spoken of but was obvious. What was more obvious was the outpouring of love of this man and his family, who selflessly opened their home and their lives to anyone willing to partake of them.

Jay was reviled by some for the message he was burdened to share and shared with a pure heart and a burden of love for those who call themselves the Church, but so much more so was loved by those who had ears to hear and to rejoice in the message he bore. Jay was a challenge to keep up with intellectually and one has to wonder if that, in and of itself, was perhaps the reason some with lesser gifts, feeling threatened, opposed him. But as challenging as it was to keep up with him intellectually, if

one was diligent in attempting to do so, the singularity of his message was clear - it was love. It was love he spoke of, love he shared, love he ministered in, and love for which he will be remembered. We thank God for Jay and for his family who loved him enough to share his love with us.

We will keep you in our thoughts and our prayers at this important time of rejoicing in Jay's life and the love he imparted to us and between us! We can only imagine the love fest it will be and our hearts are gladdened by it! “

~Michael and Laurel



“When I first met Jay Ferris I was attending a SEARCHING TOGETHER conference. He had both a compelling voice and presence. My first thought was C.E.O. Chief Executive Officer. Jay was very gifted and my guess was that whether in business or politics he was a natural. I read later that he did have political experience. I cannot remember the title of the presentation he shared that day, but I remember a phrase from Jay's teaching: “a drop dead gorgeous woman walks into the room.” Topically it would have fit into the category *love in the Kingdom of God*.

Jay also wrote about other topics including money, and whatever he wrote about was good material, but I found his teachings about *love in the Kingdom of God* breathtaking. Like a fine musician may guide you on a vicarious roller coaster ride of emotions, Jay had a gift for writing and speaking about the Kingdom in a way that tugged your heart strings. Jay was also able to speak the truth about the Kingdom in a unique manner that caught your ears, so that it easily rose above the chatter of other voices, which were merely tossing around old manna like grains of stale salt. During that talk about the “drop dead gorgeous woman” there were listeners whose hearts were closed. Like offended Pharisees they made dramatic exits. Jay spoke kingdom truth in a very distinctive and memorable fashion. It was their loss.

While many gifted writers write about the Kingdom, few do so after sitting at the feet of Jesus first. I don't know much about Jay Ferris. Being as gifted as he was, my first mentor in Christ Jesus would have called him a self-made man. That was my mentor's way of saying that a person was so naturally gifted in one or more ways that they didn't need God and that if God wanted to use them, the Lord needed to slowly, softly, transform them into a fit vessel, like a good horse trainer breaks an exceptional, but untrained horse. So I am sure that Jay had times in his life where things should have gone smoothly, but instead hurt and disappointment were the result.

Children of the Kingdom who are broken in this way have one of two ends. They become hard and bitter. Or the fleshly strongholds in their lives that keep them from growing more abundantly in the fruit of the spirit dissolve. Children of the Kingdom who allow God to train them, so they become more and more Christ-like, exhibit a divinely sweet heavenly fragrance. That sweet fragrance is reminiscent of the salty tears or costly perfume of the women who anointed Jesus feet. Jay Ferris was one of the children of God who stayed the course and matured into a spiritual father.

*“For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel.” 1 Corinthians 4:15*  
*I write to you, fathers, because you have known him that is from the beginning. I write to you, young men, because you have overcome the wicked one. I write to you, little children, because you have known the Father”. 1 John 2:13*

While some groups teach that calling someone a spiritual father is a sin and that only Jesus' Father can be called a father, it appears that Paul and John both write about the necessity for matured spiritual fathers. Jay Ferris was one of those rare spiritual fathers that scripture teaches is essential for the body of Christ. Of course we have to keep in mind that we don't need more title designations assigned by men

to leaders who have not matured spiritually to the point that they are able to walk as seasoned male or female mentors. We need more Christians who mature to the point that they function in the roles that the Lord wants for His Kingdom. I did not have the privilege to know Jay Ferris as personally as many of you have had, but I feel that he would have agreed with my statement about titles and functions.

Most men so gifted, as Jay Ferris was, when being transformed from a diamond in the rough to a scintillating gemstone, often shatter (become hard and bitter) before the final product appears. Thankfully that was not the case for Jay. He became a great vessel of wisdom for the Kingdom. We will miss Jay Ferris, who functioned as a spiritual father in the Kingdom of Jesus. We will also miss the Wisdom of Jesus that he so freely shared.

~Wayne O'Conner



"Jay entered their lives when they first met Jay and Carleen at their son Jeff's wedding in 1991. It was a brief encounter but they recall the Ferris's were introduced as very special friends of the Hedges' family.

The next time they met was in 2003 when they were searching for a place to live in the south. Jay and Carleen welcomed Carol and son Jeff into their home one weekend and helped with the search.

It was a Friday and Carol had traveled from Connecticut to Golden Valley to view some property located on Firetower. As it turned out, the mountain was fogged so the planned visit to the Firetower property had to be postponed until the weather cleared. Jay suggested that they check other places during the wait and led the way. He made calls to realtors he knew and they were off to check them out.

Jay was good at pointing out pros and cons of each place visited and he led the way as they walked various properties. Believing their day was over, they saw a realtor sign across from Good Ole' Boys and decided to follow the lead. They drove east on Jonestown Road and turned up Melton Rd. After pulling in the driveway, they were intrigued by what they saw. A very seasoned barn stood at the entrance to the property. Beyond this stood a dilapidated garage, several very old out buildings, and a little farmhouse that was clearly unoccupied. They peered into the windows and doors of the house and checked out all the old buildings. They wondered how many acres were involved and based on this first impression they knew a call to the realtor was in order. That evening, Jay and Carleen shared the pros and cons of living on Firetower vs. living in the lower elevations of the valley. They shared a meal and relaxed after a long day. Carol realized from this brief experience that Jay and Carleen were very special people and fine folks to know.

On Saturday morning Jay, Jeff, Carol and the realtor were off to walk the Melton Road property. This time they were able to enter the farmhouse. As they walked the property line and grasped all this location had to offer, Carol recalls Jay saying that Terry and Carol would have their very own national park if they had this place with its springs, branches, timber, fields, old buildings, and, according to Jay, the very best neighbors one could want in the Smith family.

Once inside the old farmhouse with its bead board walls and ceilings, Carol envisioned some type of large addition that would keep the old farmhouse in tact. Jay encouraged her with additional ideas based on his building skills and experience. As they departed the place, Jay, Jeff and Carol were now convinced that this was the place Carol and Terry were seeking. That night, Carol called Terry in Connecticut and the next day the realtor had an offer. And at this point, Carol still had not visited the property on Firetower.

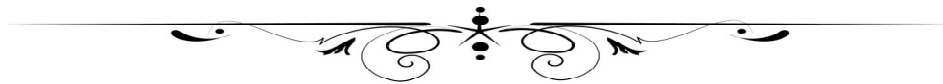
So, it is with much gratitude and appreciation to Jay and Carleen that some ten years later, Terry and Carol now live and call that property home: a property with Jay's vision of their own little national park in Golden Valley, NC.

Another recollection of Jay is that on a subsequent occasion, it became necessary to move the smokehouse as it was too close to the farmhouse. Terry and Carol were a bit skeptical because of the mortise and tenon construction, but Jay considered the move to be just another task. He cut some large trees and constructed a sled. The smokehouse was raised and the sled moved under it. The sled and old building were then carefully dragged to another location. This was just another example of Jay's faith and determination in making things happen. The relocation of that building cleared the way for everything that followed.

A closing recollection of Jay is that when Jay talked with people, one knew right away that Jesus was his Lord and Savior. Jesus was beside Jay in all that he did and all that he thought. He openly spoke to the Lord. Jay had a knowledge and appreciation for the words in the Bible like no one else that Carol and Terry know. Jay knew the Word and Jay lived the Word.

Knowing Jay was an honor and privilege. Terry and Carol know that Jay is happy being with the Lord, and the Lord is happy having him."

*~Terry and Carol Tinkel*



" Jay presented the best, most effective "Biblical Love Message," I ever heard, delivered over the years. His presentation was intriguing, allusive, exciting, and sincerer; yet he still maintained a crystal clear message, of Jesus' Love to & for his creation. We received "/\_too much too little too late\_/"(by Johnny Mathis)/of what he had to give.

An Agape Prophet passed our way and ended his trek much too soon.

Jay, we will all be eternally gratefully to you, for your passion & your legacy that you shared with us, and the patience you demonstrated while communicating this Agape Message"

Au revoir Maestro.

*~Thomas Macon*



"I know I'm late with my contribution. It occupies me much more than day to day tasks. Reason to ask why?! My answer could be understood in humble: Jay introduced me into thinking without any kind of LORD around! I am deeply grateful for this help from him, because it helps me to this day to understand what happened in my home in Schura, with my company, founded in 1948 from scratch together with my parents and the family which grew from it.

It is no question for me anymore, and it is with the help of Ayn Rand, to whom he introduced me by her philosophic masterpiece "Atlas shrugged" and, historically forgoing "Fountainhead". It is to my shame, that everything just came worse later than I could imagine, how extraordinary embittered people who used to love each other could become once their daily base of existence became endangered: How many gruel wars refer to the LORD as the commander of what one/they do to please him?



Jay was a person you had no option but to love him. This is how I remember him over the many years, we had to work or simply to do with each other. It was sheer pleasure! I learned from him, that what you do goes easy from the hand if you try to please people with truth, no lie in principle, honesty from the heart, love for almost every error they afford to encounter you with. Often, you remain unperceived!

Jay, to my recollection, often had seen problems ahead of me long before I could develop even a faint idea of them. Often he came up with the solution before I had realized the problem. That is fun, or pleasure, if you please. I deeply share his contempt of churches, or what comes through their existence into our human daily life. Ayn set the rules! I do not know whether Jay would call her his teacher. I lived with him as taught by her.

We have a famous old novel "Michael Kohlhaas" from Heinrich Kleist. It goes back into the early years of the 18th and 19th century. I read it with my class in 1947, maybe as the only one in our small class of 14 who really understood its meaning. Michael Kohlhaas was a horse dealer, who fought bitterly for "his" right and was finally sentenced to death, a sentence, which he well accepted under the condition, that the two stallions, who were stolen by robber knights, were remitted to his heir in perfect shape. I have seen Jay many times in a comparable role in life.

What seemed to be common ground for both of us is Jesus - and the contempt of what his disciples made from what he taught to these days. My hope is, Ayn Rand is a help for the world to start understanding this bane on Jesus Christus example. I also hope that we might see each other later, again, and remember the evening in Clinton, Conn.

~Kurt Held



"As these words were given to me 40 years ago, for a great man, George Self, who had entered into eternity, there is only ONE other man, that these words can be bestowed upon and I give them as my true gift of heart.....

*KNOW YE NOT,  
THAT A PRINCE ....AND A GREAT MAN HAS FALLEN, .  
AND ALL OF THE TRUMPETS, SOUNDED FOR HIM ,  
ON THE OTHER SIDE!*

I hear the words to the old Hymn, BLESSED ASSURANCE, JESUS IS MINE, OH ...WHAT A FORTASTE OF GLORY DIVINE..... Jay Ferris, has known and embodied that "blessed assurance", and has always carried within him the witness of that, and that Glory Divine. He often pressed through, as the scripture to the "shedding of the blood" to know and comprehend the depths of the Savior and Lord that he had so clearly come to know.

With his helpmeet, so clearly given by the Lord in the Lord, they walked together as God invited them to do, and were agreed, in the most important arena of literal LIFE, and that was in their walk with Jesus Christ.

At the glorious season of true Holy Ghost Revival in Connecticut in the late 60's and early 70's, God poured out His Spirit on a people, who were captured wholly, by the King, and His love poured through them, and ultimately they became His Living voice of love to OTHERS! Through Christ alone, they too saw others through the eyes of their greatest love...the ONE TRUE LOVER OF OUR SOULS..... JESUS CHRIST, and became His precious ambassadors, in so many varied as well as practical ways.

There was the gift of love and Brotherhood (a constant theme in these two lives and in Jay Ferris , more than anyone I have known, among thousands, over these years. A Brother in Spirit to another great and mighty warrior, George Self, two who, were iron sharpening iron, and to my daughter and to me , when he too went to be with his beloved Savior.

Two: The remembrance, of an extraordinary sacrifice, of a wedding ring , to supply, a trip to Ohio for special treatment, and being "alongside ones", in laying down their lives for the Brethren,(us!). The special visit when you met us here in Richmond, and the photo that reminds me of Jay proudly holding Heather's glorious little baby, a grandchild her dad never got to see.

It meant so much, for Heather to have Jay proudly hold that little creation Hunter Anne,(and with Carleen at his side, stand in as extra parents, to a special girl, who had lost her dad, but identified with these two for all that they had meant to us in our early years, and forged in the fire. She looked up to you both so greatly, as integral parts of our lives, to let us know that we were loved and remembered by such special and treasured friends. Those are wordless moments beyond expression.

There is so much that I would share, but my last memories, are visiting Jay and Carleen at the hospital in Maryland. What a personal gift that was, that will keep us for a long time to come. With all that Jay had been through , there was an inestimable strength in his body, mind, and Spirit.....that cannot be measured or calculated. Jay had always found his Purpose in Christ's love, and the Love of his Jesus ,flowed through every cell and pour of his being.

It was that! strength , that was so tangible, and to the last, I felt that in the long, conversation that day, about the Jesus things on his mind and heart, he was seeking to convey every ounce of it to us, while he had time and moments to buy up. What a testament of the love that Jay and Jesus had for one another, and Carleen has been under the tent and tabernacle of that expression of Joint Love, that will forever cover her for now and all eternity.

Any other person , would have petered out, by the export of the hours spent that day...ah! , but not God's beloved Jay Ferris,.....He was energized by the Holy Spirit, and the Lord must have looked at all of that, and just again , as so often , delighted, in this Warrior Son.

Two things that will not leave me: One, was that as we left the hospital and to all go to lunch, it was a very cold day. Yet, this man who had been through so much, had a stalwart strength, that was breathtaking, and he took my arm and then my hand, as we walked and tucked it in his jacket pocket and held so firmly to my hand as if he would never let go, and he TAUGHT his heart out for the Lord and for me, to hear God's truths for one last time.

What a testament of God's truth living in a man: nothing of self , and all of Jesus to the very last. But no!, there was still another letter when he got home , sent out to all that he loved and who loved these two, and it was all about God's LOVE, of course.

Might I ever, know the Savior as this man has. I'm ever thankful for the living example in both Jay and Carleen that Heather and I have known, and thank God for their influence and love in our personal lives...that also spills over, to others, just as they would want it to.

Having walked the journey of these 40 years of widowhood, I know that it is critical to long and later, remember those who remain to continue the work that he first began in us. With assurance to those who remain , and Carleen especially, I will say with all of my heart, that the God that we came to know during the great Revival of the Jesus Movement , has never left me , nor forsaken me and called to an unusual journey of absolute faith, not, by my might and power but by His Spirit. To God be the glory.....Great things he has done, is doing and will do!

Jay Ferris, is an "heir of salvation , purchased of God, Born of His Spirit , washed in His blood." This was and is his story, and his song, his testament always, , praising his Savior all the day long, and now praising his and Carleens Savior for all eternity long.....One day soon , these two will be reunited and their joy will be complete. Hallelujah, Jay Ferris: what a friend and Brother, and what a Savior!

~ Pat Self (*His Bride*)



## Letters to Carleen...

"Good Morning Fairy Godmother....

You have been on my heart and mind as have your children, so I wanted to touch base for just a bit.

I have no idea what this morning finds for you as you walk through these last days, hours and perhaps even minutes, but this I do know...you are loved and admired for all you have taught us over the years and especially through this journey. Years back Donnie and I lost another spiritual great to cancer and it was said of Jackie that he had taught many how to live in Christ and had finished his race teaching us how to die as well. I suppose that was true....but I was always more struck with his wife Nell. I marveled at her ability to hold, serve, care and love Jackie to the end...in fact I wrote to her at his passing it was like watching her escort him into the presence of the king and lay him down there, leaving him only there and knowing that was the only place she would leave him and that she was leaving him in the safe and secure care of the King. She was beautiful to behold watching that process....she pales next to you. You see Carleen you have not only love Jay and are even now escorting him to his final presentation to the king, caring , loving, serving , holding.....you have also been carrying all of us and our needs to love, contact, hold, touch, through our goodbyes and hellos. Because you have the strength, and the LOVE for so many some how you have managed to walk through this yourself but also hold us in our process too. Grace was always taught to the unmerited favor of God....I learned differently a year or so back....it is NOT the unmerited favor of God, but actually is the POWER OF HIS ENDURING PRESENCE IN OUR LIVES....you have walked in GRACE and continue to provide that grace, to all of us. You were so much strength to me Monday. I am so blessed to have you in my life.

I want you to know that when Jay is gone, and his voice silent, that you have a powerful voice that we need to learn from....DO NOT DOUBT THAT. You will continue the message, the song, with your own anointing, purpose, your own message that needs to be heard. So I want to encourage you that when a time of rest, grieving, recuperation, refueling is done....SING GIRL SING!!! I need to hear your song!. It is going to be quite the symphony.

To your children, Heather, Tim, Melissa and Will (I never met William)....I say thank you...you shared your parents, you shared your place, your home, your time....and their love. What a sacrifice you have given to the body of Christ. I hope you know it was not unnoticed or unappreciated. Tim, I am so grateful that you are so strong and there for your Mom...she is in good care and I know she will be safe in your watch care for the rest of her life. She is so very proud of you and I know you Dad is too. Melissa, your visits to the valley with the grandbabies were always "interrupted" by spiritual children in for visits, meetings etc. and you shared...and you fought for information and some straight forward true answers....love that! Thank you for sharing. Heather....I met you only once, but I heard your voice many times....that relentless fighter for your Dad...that intelligence to sift through MOUNTAINS of research hidden in the recessed of cyberspace to find a help and a cure...girl if I ever have to fight....I want you on my team. You children have been so gracious and certainly so much more than I would have ever been if

my parents had been as yours are. So much character and love to share your very home and your rightful place as children with so many other "children" I would have never been so wonderful. Thank you so very much. My life is so much better because you shared.

Jay, you may not hear this now...but you will when you arrive...when you get to the dance floor of heaven  
.....DANCE MAN DANCE!!! SING SING SING!!!

My love to all of you as these days go by and my love to you as we all start the next phase of the journey  
TOGETHER.

Warm hugs and sweet kisses  
~LuAnne Lovelace



Dear Carleen,

I know there are many there who love you and Jay and will love you during this time. I know you were there for us 40 years ago and I wish I could physically do the same for you and your family. My heart and prayers are there.

I will forever cherish the time we were afforded a couple of months ago. One last hug, One last laugh, One last good word of advice and opinion and One last prayer. What more can I ask for?!

When I think of Jay Ferris, the words that come to mind are "they just don't make them like that any more". Men of that kind of character, integrity, honor, strength, love, faith and sense of justice deserve two names don't you think! John Wayne, Jay Ferris, George Self...you know the type...and we were blessed to know them. I will always be so grateful how Jay showed me what a true friend is when he (and you) laid down your lives for my dad and mom during dad's illness, I will always remember how he treated me like a princess and took me to NY which opened up a whole new world for this farm girl who has never been the same since, I will always remember how he held Hunter Anne as if she was his own granddaughter which meant so much to me not having my dad here, I will always remember how I was the "other Heather" but he never made me feel "other"...just loved, I will always remember his passion and love for the Lord, I will always remember him as one of the last few voices of truth and the world was a better place for it....I will always remember him.

I love you and am thankful that you have set such a sweet example of a woman truly in love till death do us part. Please tell the kids (we are all still kids) they are in my thoughts and prayers.

~ Heather Stoner



My dear friend, Carleen,

We rejoice with you that Jay is finally in Heaven and his pain and struggles are over. I just have this fabulous picture of Jesus wrapping His arms around Jay and of Jay's HUGE smile as he wraps his arms around His Lord. What a wonderful meeting that must have been.

But, at the same time, we feel the terrible loss to you, his family, us as friends, and to the Body of Christ. But, we must not second guess God's plan for Jay. We wouldn't wish him back to endure more pain, but, because we love much, we grieve much.

You and Jay entered our lives that first amazing time when we came to Conn. for ministry. (Well, that's when you both entered MY life. Jay and Nate met that God-ordained time at that men's meeting. I shared some of this with Jay when he was in Oregon for that prayer time last fall.) Having lived a pretty sheltered life - mostly around preachers: father, brothers-in-law, first husband, and, basically church people - you and Jay were the first couple I had met personally who had lived and prospered in the world, then given their lives to Jesus, and were so powerfully sold out to Jesus and His Kingdom. Most Christians that I knew had, more or less, been Christians all their lives - that is - grown up in the Church and given their hearts to Jesus at an early age. We all had had very little contact in the world. But, you both were different and I was so impressed. You lavished your love on us and blessed us like we were someone special and important - and we were really nobodies. That was the beginning of a friendship that has been so special for over 35 years. And, of course, Jay's intelligence kept me on my toes every minute we were together. I got better as time went on, but, to begin with, when Jay was talking - and he did talk fast - I couldn't let myself take a breath for fear I would miss a whole paragraph. It's a wonder I didn't turn blue. But, being with you two was always so stimulating. Jay had the capacity to love - and show that love - like few people I know. I have never met another like him, nor do I ever expect to. Our friendship with you guys was more meaningful than you probably know. Nate would not have even THOUGHT of having a conference, or gathering of any kind for the Body of Christ at-large without inviting Jay to be a part of it. And even though distance did not allow our paths to cross very often, each time was treasured. His no longer being here on this earth leaves a huge hole in our lives.

We were so very blessed by your positive attitude and the victory we heard in your voice when we talked the other day. And I know from personal experience that God will faithfully walk with you through this time of sorrow and adjustment. YOU have a story to tell now. I pray the Lord will open doors for you to share your testimony of victory in the midst of sorrow - when the time is right - for His glory.

We love you Carleen and definitely want to keep in touch. Just because Jay is gone does not mean that YOU are any less important to us. You are a very important part of the team that you and Jay made. You completed Jay in a most unique and special way. BUT, we love you for who YOU are as a woman of God, dear friend, and magnificent hostess. We treasure our friendship with you - and always will.

Please know that you are and will be in our prayers,

With much love,  
*Joanne*



Dearest Carleen,

I just awoke from a dream in which I was with you, speaking with you. I'd made mention of the former times of financial hardship you and Jay endured and you replied, "Yes, it is in poverty that we begin to see the abundance of His riches." It reminded me, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall see God."

You must, at this time, feel somewhat impoverished, bereft of this wonderful man with whom you shared your life. Shared is the operative word. Without your willingness to share this man you so loved, to share your lives and your love with us, so many of us would be so much less enabled to know and enjoy the good things of the Lord.

It is such a very tender time, this time of transition, of letting go of one so loved. And you have endured so very much as you approached it, caring for and encouraging Jay while preparing yourself for inevitable separation. I am comforted that you were able, by your love and by the strength of the Spirit, to

provide Jay with a good death. I believe it is the greatest gift we can provide to one we love and I am aware of the extreme cost. I am comforted by the fact that Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus, wept even though, as God, He knew that He would in the next moment raise Lazarus from the dead. It is so poignant a demonstration of Christ's true humanity and true Divinity and in it I find liberty in the tears of our sorrow. They do not betray the knowledge that Jay is with the Lord. They are the outpouring that Jesus demonstrated that we might have liberty, even in the knowledge of that eternal life.

In this time, we feel the poverty of spirit in a way unlike any other time. And in this time we anticipate rejoicing in the abundance of His riches in the time to come. This is my prayer for you, that the Lord, your husband from the foundation of the world, will shower upon you so abundantly His riches, that you will be buoyed up every day hence forward, that you will lack for nothing in the Spirit nor in the world.

We will all miss Jay, certainly none of us more than you, and we are grateful for both of you loving us.

All our Love,

*Michael and Laurel Poletti*



My dear sister, Carleen,

Jon & I are so grateful to the Lord for the rich last days visit with you and Jay. It was a God-directed visit that was precious. Jay & I had some time in solitude on the back porch, mostly quietly just being in each other's presence. Sometimes quietness can speak volumes.

In those days at the end of April, Jay told me of some rapturous encounters with the Lord. Those moments blew me away. I don't know why I was so surprised because Jay's communion with the Lord was so rich and deep. It is a treasured time to me!

The Lord has given the gift of Jay's presence to many of us who were privileged to know this man of God and you, his life-long mate. Now Jay is resting in Jesus, his battles won, his war against the evil forces accomplished, and he remained faithful...still standing firm (as in Ephesians 6).

Jay, gone from our present company, yet speaks.

Thank you, Carleen, for being his faithful bride for all these years. You have been the 'wind under his wings.' It is a joy to be your friend.

Love and long, silent hugs,  
*Dotty and Jon Zens*

PS... we will continue to bring you before the throne of grace



At times we went dueled in disagreement. Only the truest people will allow such honest debate and not recoil from the toughest of questions.

Like a bridge over troubled water he came to ease my mind at a time of great distress.

Sail on silver bird, sail on by...your time has come to fly...all your dreams are on their way.

Thank you from the depths of my heart Carleen for the love and kindness---the river you poured out for me expressed in the way you loved one another. Jay's buzz word was always "relationship," and it

would have been vapid had it not been for his devotion to the relationship he had with you. That's what I will always remember. The way he loved you was his non-verbal--faith in action---gift to me.

Love,  
~ Joanna Garrett



Jay & Carleen,

Yes, George told me Jay is home and hospice is helping. We won't horn in on your family time. We want you to know how much we love you. I wish there were a way to hug you through this email. My heart is breaking for you both. I won't offer any shallow platitudes. I am confident that where you are crossing over to is FAR better than here. No more suffering no more tears, bathed in our Lord's love. I can only imagine when our eyes will see, when we see Him face to face and you see what He has been hoping for from eternity's genesis.

Jay, as I told you 2 years ago when I found out you were sick: "Your legacy is that you love deeply and are loved greatly and that you radiate the love of Jesus. I can think of no better legacy, and there is still more to come."

Jay had a wonderful impact on me and Craig-both of you. You were instrumental in helping me know the love of Jesus and to only settle for genuine relationships from God, not counterfeits. I will continue to declare these things.

You put up with a lot of flack from me and still loved me. You loved my feisty-ness.

Carleen will be taken care of, between the Dunn's and us, she'll always have a home with us, if needed. Please, let us know if you need anything! We mean that.

I love you and am praying for peace and for God's palpable presence and comfort for you, Carleen and the family.

Well done dear Jay, good and faithful servant.

Love, Jeanne Schlumbohm