

*Hearing someone got fired for attending an event you put on definitely feels like the wind ripped through your sail. What a whirlwind it has been and what an amazing friendship has been forged by going through the fire. Through it all, Nate Wolfe has been an inspiration of perseverance, humbleness, faithfulness and steadfastness. He is the one we call for encouragement, wisdom, prayer and discernment. We are so incredibly blessed that Nate's journey took a detour from attending Take On The World 18 because we know what mighty works are to come from seeking truth and not being afraid to share it! Thank you for inspiring us with your boldness and unshakable faith.*

- **Chris and Liz Bailey: Creators,  
Take On The World Conferences**

*I'm elated that Pastor Nate has answered the call. Nate Wolfe is someone that I look up to. He's an incredibly genuine, loving and godly man. He walks with integrity and God is truly leading his every step on the journey set before him. It's an honour to call him a friend, brother and have him co-host with me on the Celebrate Truth Radio Show. It's time to stand up for the literal interpretation of the Bible when it comes to creation and Pastor Nate has heard the calling and continues to stand up to the lies of the world no matter what the cost.*

- **Robbie Davidson: Celebrate Truth  
Speaker, Author and Filmmaker**

*Nate Wolfe has the ability to simplify the complex; a rare gift in a world dedicated to confusion. It is always a pleasure to work alongside a brother with integrity, imagination and a consuming drive to uncover and stand by the truth. Wow, what a concept! When we think of Nate we think of strength, peace and determination to learn and live the truth. Hearing his story reminds us that standing in truth is always the right thing to do!*

- **Michael and Maria Solomon:  
Creators of CanonQuest**

*From my experience, most pastors are afraid to discuss the subjects Nate covers. It is refreshing to hear a Pastor step on the toes of man's traditions and stand firmly on Truth. I am blessed to be able to know Nate and call him my friend.*

- **Chad Taylor: Speaker, Author of  
"Where Are We? Earth According  
to the Bible"**

# **Fired for TRUTH**

*A Testimony of Revelation,  
Rejection, and Renewal*

By Nate Wolfe

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## **Dedication**

I dedicate this book to [YHWH] Yahuah, the Most-High Elohim and to His Son Yahusha, the Savior of the World.

I also dedicate this work to Jennifer, my loving and faithful wife of 27 years, and to our children Harrison, Holden, Hudson and Hannah. Thank you all for supporting me in my ministry and encouraging me to create a YouTube channel in 2018 to begin sharing truth via the most well-known modern media of our time.

I want to thank the many friends, brothers and sisters who rallied around me after my firing for truth and who have stood by me in prayer, fellowship and financial support through this first year of my renewed ministry and sharing of the true Biblical Cosmology.

# **Table of Contents**

## **Part 1: Childhood and Adolescence**

Introduction

Family Foundations and My Childhood

The Early Teen Years - Disappointment and  
Diligent Seeking

The Later Teen Years – Answered Prayer!

## **Part 2: College Life and the Early Marriage Years**

Major Decisions and New Directions

College Life – In the Foothills of the Ozarks

Our “Wilderness Wanderings”

## **Part 3: Ministry and Maturity**

National Tragedy and a New Start

Bitten by a Preaching Bug

An Important Truth Sidebar

## **Part 4: New Revelations**

O-H-I-O and Our Awakening to Truth

“Flat Smacked” by the Word of God

Indoctrination – Peeling Back the Layers

## **Part 5: Truth Gets Serious**

Take on the World... Wait... What?  
Moving Forward: Fervent Prayer  
Father, Send Your Spirit,  
Show Me Your Presence  
Fired for Simply Seeking Truth

## **Part 6: Changes, Challenges and Creation**

A New Ministry Begins  
A Wave of Spiritual Attacks  
Mounting Anger, False Accusations and  
Vicious Individuals  
Why the Truth of Creation Matters

## **Part 7: Final Sharing and Exhortation**

Convinced by Evidences  
Be Not Deceived  
A Testimony Conclusion... Or is it?  
Will You Stand for TRUTH?  
The Ultimate Truth

Acknowledgments  
How You Can Support My Ministry  
Recommended Resources  
Biblical Cosmology Video Study Notes

# ***PART 1***

## ***Childhood & Adolescence***



## **Introduction**

Thank you for taking the time to read and consider this book of testimony to the truth of God's creation. It is an account of my seeking of Biblical truth for over 25 years, and specifically highlights a very important truth that I came to within the past 3 years. It is also the testimony of the Heavenly Father's faithfulness and working in our lives as a family that has sought to follow and serve Him. It shares important Biblical information about the deception that is the world through Satan as well as the true nature of the Creation as stated by the Creator in His own inspired Word.

It is my hope that each person who reads this work will be informed, inspired, encouraged and even challenged regarding the items shared within it. Truth is vitally important to our physical and spiritual lives! After all, it is the truth that will "set us free" from not only the lies and deception in this world, but from the penalty for our willful sin!

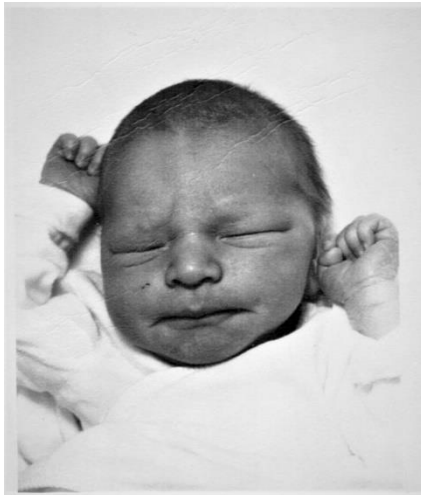
*"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."*

**(John 8:31-32)**

Praise the Father for His goodness, mercy and great plan. Praise the Son for His willingness to submit to the Father's will and for His great sacrifice for the penalty of our sin.

# Family Foundations and My Childhood

1973. Green Bay, Wisconsin. It is springtime and a son is born to Wayne and Geri Wolfe. He is their first child. They name him “Nathan,” which means “gift of God.” His namesake would be revealed as purposeful at a later date... for God’s future plan!



January 1976. Winter. The Wolfe family adventure truly begins as they move to Alaska, the “Last Frontier.” My father had taken a position as Clerk with the State Trial Court in Anchorage, AK.

We packed up our small moving van and journeyed in winter across the lower states, up through Canada, and into Alaska. My mother was pregnant with my baby sister who would be born that summer. What a big change was beginning for our young family. I remember riding in the little moving van. Little did I know what amazing things this life would bring.



This new adventure would not be without its challenges and heartaches. Within a year or so, my parents would divorce due to relationship issues and broken trust. My mother was thrust into the life of a single mom in the 1970’s which was not an easy task! I can only imagine how hard it must have been for her being so very far away from her family. My mother is the oldest of 9 siblings. At the time of the divorce, all of her family still lived in

Wisconsin, which in 1976 felt a world away. However, my mother was strong, and the provision of God in our lives was more than adequate. We lived in a trailer house not far from a great job with the phone company that the Father would bless my mother with.

In 1978, she was making \$10.65 an hour with very good municipality benefits. For a woman with a high school education at this time, it was a solid income. Some people might have considered us poor compared to others, but I don't ever recall as a kid going without. Pictured below is my sweet bike!



Although my father continued to be in our lives, and did offer to us some monthly support, he was not a believer. He was a strong male figure in my life, but not one who was following God. The Lord would raise up spiritual men in my life afterwards, who would model a committed spiritual life for me. For this I am truly grateful. A few years after my father and mother got divorced, a man name Dave

entered our lives. He was the first of two “Davids” that God would put into our lives. Dave the first was thirty-eight and worked for the city of Anchorage as a water tester for area creeks. Dave was an avid runner and was also recently divorced. He had three boys who were a few years older than me. My mother met him locally and soon they were married and merging into a family with 5 children! I can only imagine how exciting and challenging that was. I was about seven at the time. My younger sister Nicki was four. I do have many memories from this time, some good and some bad. Considering that we were a blended family, there was a good sense of unity and togetherness.

We went camping a lot and often enjoyed time with friends coming over to the house for meals together. There was no abuse at all, but often strife between the children... a fairly normal dynamic among blended families. That life would suddenly be changed after the first Dave died abruptly one night of a massive heart attack, not many hours after running a marathon. Apparently, he had a heart defect that was the real issue. It was not the running that caused him to die. He was so young... not yet forty years old! The whole family was numb. My sister and I did not really have the maturity to deal with all that was happening and changing in our lives. Dave’s boys were devastated. It was a most difficult time.

This was yet another shock and tragedy that my mother endured. She was now the head of a household of grieving stepsons and her own confused son and daughter. The first Dave passed away two weeks before my mother was to give birth to my second sister Stephanie! Amazingly

my mother again was strong for all of us. With help from the Lord and from others, she was able to weather the storm and keep us together. My mother was loving and generous despite the emotions that erupted with Dave's three boys.... and understandably so! My mother contacted the boys' biological mother in California and began communicating with her. She moved to Alaska to care for her sons and she and my mom worked out living arrangements for a time until everyone was on their feet.

Eventually my mother would hand the house over to the boys and their mom and we would move out. What a generous and compassionate move! It was beyond anyone's expectation at that time. She was the grieving widow. She could have kept that house. Her decision affected many people in positive ways. I do not know if my mother realizes how that selfless act impacted me as a young child! Behaviors like this from those who raised me and who were close to me, have shaped my thinking and helped me to consider how to treat others with compassion.

Young boys always seem to have a desire to be just like their dads. My dad was a man's man, and master of his domain. He was well respected among his peers. He could hunt, fish, camp and build things with his hands. He was never afraid of anyone and seemed to always be at the top of life. I was all boy, but I was often timid, unsure of myself, and seemed to not have the heart of a lion but rather a lamb. My father never said so, but I got the impression that he wished I was more aggressive, more "Alpha." Many people would comment that I was so much more like my mom. This really upset me at first! I wanted to be like my

dad, not a woman! However, later in my life I came to realize that being less like my dad and more like my mom was a tremendous blessing.

My mother had a compassion about her that I found myself following. My heart was more like hers. Looking back, I now view my likeness to my mother as a compliment, and as a blessing. God gave me a soft heart, not an aggressive one... a compassionate heart, not an assertive one... a humble heart, rather than a proud one. I am thankful that I am like my mother!

Before we gave the house to our stepfamily, I had moved briefly to Fairbanks, Alaska to live with my dad who relocated from Anchorage. He temporarily was working in Fairbanks for the Court System.

After a few years of living away and with all that had happened in my blended family, I was missing him and wanted to get away from it all. I lived with him for about two years up to age ten. I needed to be with dad at the time, but looking back, that must have been hard on my mom, especially with all the change and challenge that she was going through. During the time I was away from Anchorage, my mother met Dave number two at a Marriage Encounter Weekend. This was an important development in our family that still positively impacts us to this day.

After meeting each other they hit it off almost immediately and were soon married. This second Dave also had been divorced and brought with him four children to the family! Again, our family merged and encountered both joys and challenges. This Dave was also an avid runner!

What are the chances of that? Both named David, both divorced with children, both runners at heart.



However, with this Dave, I would have the chance to get to know him as a father figure and not simply as a “step-father.” I moved back to Anchorage to live with them and we became a family. I appreciate Dave because growing up he always took very good care of my mother. Dave often would go for walks and talk with me, trying to show care and concern and seeking to build a relationship with me. This meant so much to me. I am so grateful for the time he took to reach out to me and spend time with me. I know that sometimes I was difficult to deal with, but he was so patient with me.

This Dave never treated us “Wolfe” kids like we were different than his own. In fact, Dave and Geri would have a child together... my younger brother Doug. Something about this birth helped to glue the two families together. My younger sister and brother were never thought



of as “halves” by me; they were simply my brother and sister. We did normal family things together and even took time to travel a bit and sometimes go fishing. This photo is me with a 30-pound Alaskan King Salmon I caught when I was 10 years old near Homer, Alaska.



In my early teen years, I would move back in with my biological dad. It seems the pain of divorce kept me going back and forth. After a few years of living with one parent I would be drawn to the other. In junior high I was a quiet kid who only had a few close friends. I was average and even a little nerdy. At this time, I was not spiritual. I had been raised to this point as a Catholic. I remember going to Mass, believing in God, praying to Him, but never feeling connected to the Catholic church. Maybe I was confused... maybe I was just enjoying living my own life.

But back in the recesses of my mind and heart, I knew God was there. I had an occasional feeling that He had something more planned for my life. I could not put my finger on it, but I often prayed and continued to think about His will.

Later in high school I moved back in with my mother. My dad had been traveling a lot during this time and I was missing time with her. I was tired of being left alone at the house. I had a lot of fears about life at this time and needed more companionship. I was emotionally and spiritually immature. I don't blame my dad for working and traveling. He was providing, doing what working dads do. I did not have a lot of positive influencers in my life at this time. This was partially due to me being kind of an introvert and not letting a lot of people into the personal areas of my life.