



Happy 90th!

From Your Family



To Dad
on your 90th Birthday
with all our love
Jill, John, Penny, and Carla

GROWING UP



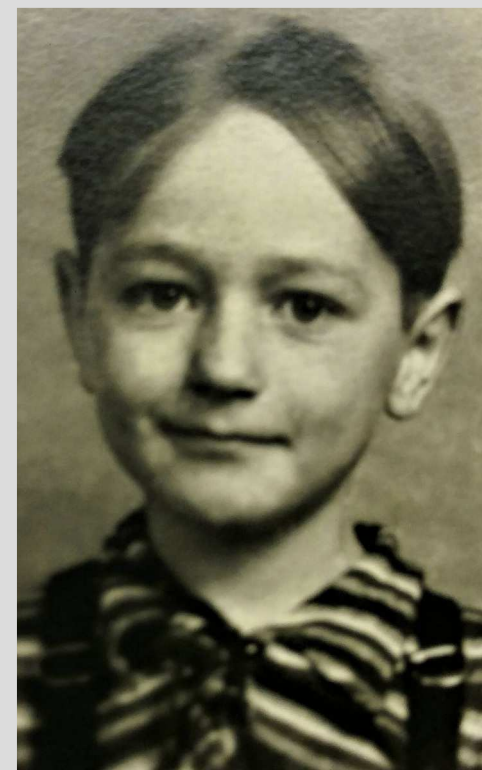




auf unsere Reise zur Stadt



a church in 1930's in Alberta Canada











RUTH

What I remember about Don was that when we lived in Canada, we had a wonderful school system with advancement for everyone. When we came to Schaumburg there was one teacher for all eight grades. Mrs. Sanders took Don and Lois and privately schooled them in reading and arithmetic and evidently they succeeded. When we came to Chicago Don and Fritz walked every day to Curtis school.

In Schaumburg we lived near a golf course which had a pond. The pond would freeze over every winter so Dad got us all ice skates and we would hike over there and he taught us all to skate. Don was the best and I think he taught others to skate at St. Louis. When we moved to Chicago, Palmer Park was close by and it had a warming house. They would have the whole rink to themselves.

I took care of Don and Fritz for several months while Mom went to Edmonton Alberta to recover from a surgery I think. Hulda took care of the house. Mom would have German immigrants help with the housework and she would teach them English.

So I remember the years growing up, but another person's memory will have to cover the years from St. Louis on.



LOIS

We were just about a year apart and we were both born in British Columbia. Of course boys didn't play with girls then.

But one memory I have of Don – he was perhaps a year old, we were very young- and were living in Canada and didn't have indoor plumbing. So we had little pots we would sit on. Don and I would sit next to each other and as we were sitting each on our own little potty we would scoot all around the dining room and living room and try to bang into each other.

For vacations growing up we would always go to a lake so Dad could go fishing. We couldn't get in the boat until we had learned how to swim so we all learned early and would go swimming lots.

When I was about 6 we moved back to the US and traveled by train from Canada. Of course Dad and Mom didn't have the money to have sleeping cars so Don and I slept up where you put your luggage.

FRITZ

I think we started out sleeping together always. He was my bed partner because of limited space. Before we went to bed, Dad always told us stories. A lot made up- about knights in armor (Gottfried and Poloma) and things like that.

We played together lots. Ran out in the fields in Schaumburg together. Hunted for golf balls like crazy people. We were really close. At that point, I grew taller than he, I think that was a little difficult for him, but other than that the competition wasn't too great.

He was more oriented to fixing things and making plaster of Paris figurines. He put things together. He was really good at looking for garbage. One of the deep pains in his life came of this. He and I used to scourge the allies of our neighborhood looking for scrap metal. When we had enough, we'd take it to Yitzkies, to get money. That's how we had some money. From the crap we picked up here and there he put together a bicycle, fenders, and all sorts of extras, painted it all himself. I had a bike too but nothing on it. One day we went to the local park to go swimming. He took a big heavy chain to lock his up. I didn't bring



a chain. When we came out after swimming, his chain had been cut and his bike had been taken. He had to be humiliated to ride back on mine because mine was left there.

The other big event was when we were in Schaumburg. We were playing ping pong in the church basement. and Don smelled smoke. I told him he was fancifying. He said, "No man, I smell smoke." There were some basement doors and he went through those and ran upstairs and the whole place was ablaze with fire. I ran home because someone else had called the police. The cops found it inexplicable that we would be

playing ping pong in the basement and hadn't started the fire ourselves. My Dad finally told them not to come anymore. Finally a week or two later a kid was caught trying to light another church and confessed to having started ours as well.

We also used to ice skate. My dad arranged with the park guy who turned lights out so that we could skate until he would pick us up. We both skated in silver skates. I never got any metals. Except once when the 2 guys ahead of me fell. But Don did. I always accused him of stealing my metals. Wasn't true, but made for a good story. I remember I was chasing him one time on skates and didn't see another guy and hit him full blast, fell back, was bleeding out of my ears- I had fractured my skull. With his ice skates on Don walked with me across bumpy field to get to a doctor. I of course blamed him.

Another time I was chasing him on foot and coming up to the avenue - it was a busy street with the streetcar line. He ran across the street and I ran and didn't look and got hit by a car and rolled up on the hood. There was a cop right there but I tried to run away because I hadn't changed my underwear, as Mom was always warning us to do in case we got picked up ever.

We used to ride the train out to a town called Holmwood. We went to a Jewish golf course named Raveslaw. And did caddying. Dad wouldn't let us go on Sundays so we were always at the back of the line the next Tuesday when golf started again.

Don would save all his money. I would spend my all on ice cream. He would want a bite or lick.

Once in a while we would do a stupid thing. A train that ran near where we lived would slow down, and we would run and grab a bar and ride it to the next town.

Then we went off to college, to prep school. Mom wanted us to stay home, but we had to go when 15. And we were ready to go, because our 3 older brothers had already left at age 15. So Don and I followed. First time we were really split up. Lived in same dorm for a year or two but never roomed together, which I thought was always kind of strange in retrospect.

Then when in the seminary, we cleaned a private grade school every day together- the blackboards and the bathrooms. We sat at the same table to eat every meal. But he hung around with a different crowd because he was older than I was.

From there met he Marty, I can't remember how. I knew her because I was the milkman to that area. I was really jealous because she was good looking.

After he graduated from seminary, then he went up to Canada. I really wanted to go to Canada and asked to be placed there- I had been born there, Don was up there- but got sent to New Jersey.

So we spent a lot of time together growing up.

PFOTENHAUER FISHING



DAD AND MOM





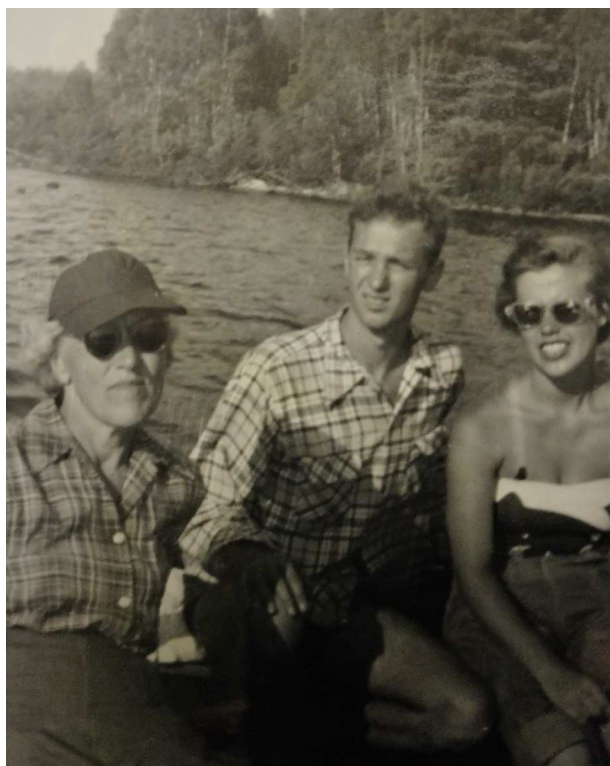
EARLY DAYS WITH MARTY





Mr and Mrs Don Pfotenhauer
August 27th, 1954







CHILDREN





Jill



When we lived in Kamloops, you would hide in a room down the hall. I can still feel the excitement and fearful anticipation as I would slowly walk down the dark hall, knowing you were going to jump out at me at any moment. Ahhh!! And I would laugh and laugh.

You gave me a bouquet of tea roses when I "became a woman". It made me feel so valuable and secure.

You liked us wearing dresses. If we wore a nice shirt with jeans you would say "Ober ooie, unten phooie!"

We were in bed, and laughing - not going to sleep. You were downstairs watching TV with Mom, probably Mission Impossible. Up the stairs you came to give the expected spanking, but at the last minute you turned it into tickling!

I remember mornings, and your face, an inch from mine as you said "I'm not leaving until I see the whites of your eyes!"

There was that Memorial Day when you and John and I paddled the whole way down the Rum River to Anoka, with wet butts, thinking that any moment the sky was going to clear.

You have amazed me over and over at how you are able to laugh at life. The memory that stands out beyond them all happened a day or two after you had the operation in your head to fix the nerve. You had to wear sunglasses (eyes real sensitive?) and sitting at the breakfast table with your oatmeal in front of you, you were weak and had a hard time keeping your head up. So you just laid it down onto your bowl and after a moment said "Its a good thing I have these sunglasses on, otherwise I might drown in my oatmeal!"



John



One of the enjoyable memories I recall with dad was our session of staining the wood work for our home at 756 131st Ave. As you will recall, we spent quite a few nights sleeping on mattresses in the living room during that time, and the days were spent working on the construction / finishing of the home. On at least one of the days us kids, along with dad, were in the back yard (?) with all the wood trim pieces laid out across a

couple of saw horses. To pass the time, we played the verbal charades game. I recall all of us laughing especially hard at the "You Cat Bed-zer" word. Of course there must have been others that were equally funny, but that one sticks out in my memory. Dad has always been good at making fun out of any situation.



The same time period also reminds me of cutting down many trees with dad, brother Berry, Louis and Leroy. The picture of us digging away and chopping at the roots of those trees is still quite vivid in my mind. It was very satisfying for a 12-13 year old boy, as I was at the time, to be involved in such an important activity, like clearing the land for your soon-to-be home.

Another group of memories with dad for which I am very thankful are the multiple vacations - Maynard's cabin of course, but also him taking us out west through the mountains of Colorado, Arizona, Utah and Idaho; climbing up mount Doris (by Hungry Horse), visiting the Catskill mountains in New York, and taking care to balance our electrolytes while at a cabin in Libby Montana. From that last particular trip, we have photos reminding us of roaring laughter over the game UNO, and mountain trekking up A-peak. One of the fun things about those memories, is that we only have to mention one or two words about them to dad and he will start laughing along with us. I still enjoy exploring the beauty of God's creation, and am very thankful to dad for introducing us to it in so many ways.

And speaking of introducing us to ..., I recently was asked to identify the best day of my life so far. It has to be the New Year's Eve



service (1964-1965) when dad welcomed us up to the altar after the regular service to pray and ask God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. As mom might still recall, I was glowing for weeks after God met me in such an impactful way that night. The encounter has had a lasting impact on my life and will until I get home to heaven. So, I am thankful for Dad's willingness to say - let's try this out and see what God might do. Certainly a great memory.

That is enough for now. Lots of others could be added, like playing cuffs and red-light, green-light down the hallways, and a trip with dad to a weekend worship retreat in Florida, ... but, that's enough for now.

John

Penny



I am so thankful for you Dad. I am thankful for your cheery "good morning to you. It's a beautiful day!"

I am thankful for your discipline when I was little..." bottoms up"...I always knew it was good and I was loved.

When I became a woman you made me feel valuable, loved and secure. That carried and protected me many times growing up.

Vacations are fond memories for me too! I remember Colorado, the big mountains, beautiful winding roads; Arizona, Nevada and the many trips to Montana..... trickling streams, wide open plains and you singing all the way there. " Lucky old Sun"... "give me land lots of land under starry sky's above, don't fence me in"... I am so thankful for the love of God's beauty you instilled in me and the love of gardening. Little did I know when I was weeding those long rows of beans that one day I would actually love doing that!

You have been ready to listen. On several occasions I would find you in your study, share with you what was on my heart and you would loving listen and help me. I remember a day you came to my room to remind me "God's love is as sure as the sun. If I can stop it from rising, then I can stop His love!" And it surely is.

I particularly remember going down the aisle with you at my wedding! And you marrying us. Your admonition to Paul and I was wondering "the Steadfast love of the Lord never ceases!"

I am so thankful for your unending love for me for it has worked it's way in my heart to know the steadfast love of my Heavenly Father...that never ceases and is new every morning!! Happy 90th birthday Dad! The best is yet to come!

From your Jewel of the north

Psalm 112

Carla



When I think of you Dad these are a few of the things come to mind.

Your love of being on the road, for new adventures, and of being in the wilderness.

I remember the road trip you and Mom took in your 80's out to the west coast and back. Stefan and I were able to share the expanse of the highway you took cutting through Nevada that was off the beaten trail. I remember getting up at 4 in the morning to head off to across the country in a U-haul to Boston together. When you were in your 80's yet you would take off on your own to hike to South Lake, *stock* in hand.

Your love of people.

You just like them. You enjoy talking with them and hearing their story. You're not afraid of them. I remember you starting up conversations

with waitresses, cashiers, people on the hiking trail, and making rounds at receptions talking with whoever happened to be there.

A compassion for people

Your being pained for parishioners at WOTC Lutheran church who struggled with cancer and broken families moved you to seek God for a real answer. Your sitting in the cold ER waiting room at U of M and in between strikes sharing about the hope Jesus has to offer with the native American girl as you saw her distressed inspires me. And your compassion for the guy that had just hit you with his car and sent you flying onto the pavement, "Because it's not every day you hit someone and you probably need prayer more than I do."

Your boldness and thought to share about God

I'm remembering you sharing with Dr Haines and the times you've prayed with nurses and other doctors at the end of appointments, or in the midst of everyday circumstances, when I've been ready to get on to the next thing and you've stopped to tell someone that God cares about them.

Grace

I have always felt safe talking with you because I knew you wouldn't condemn me, but would understand and love me. Those not present are safe in conversations with you.

Talking theology together...

Your knowing the word, getting excited about the goodness of God as we share. We have a few unresolved differences but it's safe to talk about them and they'll be resolved eventually. Looking forward to spending eternity with you because of all God has done for us through Jesus Christ.

THE PRECIOUS SPOUSES

Phil



Nadine

One of my most precious memories of Dad is the day we were painting the living room in the house on 131st. It was before John and I were married, when I was living at Stuarts' house on Pierce. I asked Dad a question, that I thought he would have a quick answer to, but the answer ended up being a few hours long...long enough to do the living room AND the dining room.

I asked him, "What is the "old man" referred to in the scriptures?" For me the answer was a life changing understanding of the great grace that has been given to us and that answer was a foundation for living a spirit-filled life, having God's laws written on my heart, being transformed by His love and conformed to His image, not by adhering to laws but by understanding His grace.

I also learned that day that he'd had polio and his shoulder gave him trouble. I sometimes wonder if the TN is a result of the compensations his body had to make to adapt to the damage from the polio.

I also remember a day we were fishing in the Boundary Waters. I'd been skunked and hadn't caught a thing. He said I needed to use his rod for a while. Not half a minute after he had handed me his rod it lunged and I had a big bass. How does he do it?

Paul

I suppose, looking back to February of 1982, I should have felt some intimidation in meeting my future father-in-law, Don Pfothauer, for the first time, but I was way too in love with Penny to know any fear.

We shared a Sunday meal at their house in Blaine. Two of my college friends were also there, and we would be making our way back to Bemidji, Penny included, after dinner. My two friends got the softball questions from Don, but he saved the hard ones for me. They were all serious, very serious, but only one question sticks out in my memory. Don wanted to know my father's name. When I said it was Levi he immediately began quoting a Bible verse that I was unfamiliar with at the time.

He will sift as a refiner and a purifier of silver; He will purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer to the Lord an offering in righteousness.

Those words from Malachi spoke to my heart, and I felt no fear at all (like maybe I should have) because maybe I was deep in love with the Lord at the time.

Thirty-eight years later and the purification process continues. Truthfully speaking I'm not fond of the refiner's fire, but I trust the day is coming when I will be a righteous

offering. Even for Don, the most complete Christian I know, the process is currently incomplete.



Keith



Don loved fishing.

I loved fishing.

I loved Don.

I loved catching bigger fish than Don did.

I suppose it is a flaw in my character, but that is the truth of it.

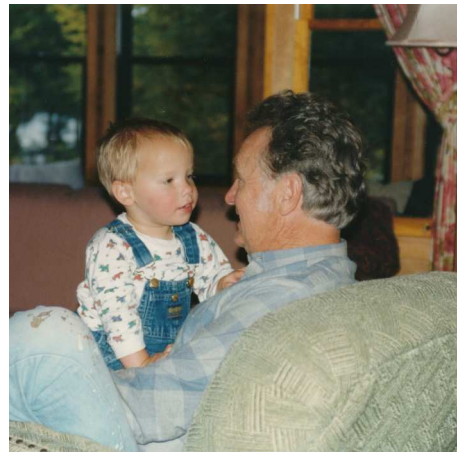
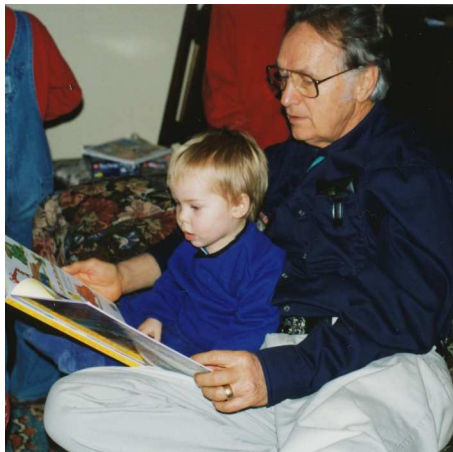
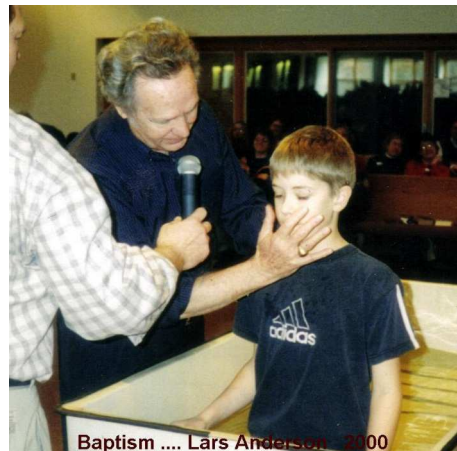
Besides, I suspect that Don loved catching bigger fish than me, and he was a pastor. Still, the bottom line is that I caught a 17 pound Lake Trout in the presence of Don. And he didn't.

Perhaps a free fishing license might change things, but perhaps not....

Happy 90th, but it still might not be enough.

GRANDCHILDREN







Grandpa, I so appreciate you! My memory I have to share with you is from a couple years ago, when you dropped me off at the airport to go home to CA. It was just the two of us and before I got out you stopped me to pray for me. You asked God to make me part of His plans. You didn't want me to be limited to just what I can do in this life. You asked God to enable me to be part of His purpose at this time in our world. The purpose that caused Him to decide to have me live at this time in history. This gives my life meaning.

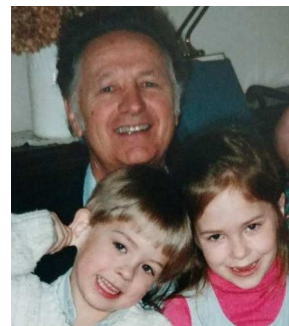
This has become my own prayer, although it wasn't then. As the months passed and I thought about it, I understood better what you had prayed and how precious it is. Now God's purpose for me is the hope I have to keep me "upright and sucking air," as you would put it. There are many challenges I'm facing, but I put my trust in Him, who is able to accomplish His purpose in me! I love you and what you have done for me is deeply felt and useful in my life.

Love, Britt



Although fishing excursions, winter walks around the old property, and Grandpa's post-dinner stories hold high regard in my memory, I will never forget the playful game he used to play with me and the other cousins... the cuffs. I remember running around Grandma and Grandpa's old house laughing my head off while trying to escape from Grandpa and his ominous phrase "I've got the cuffs on you." Avoiding grandpa usually didn't last long, and quickly ended with me being scooped up into his warm embrace and then tickled until my breath was replaced completely by laughter. At that point, the cuffs would be enforced and I'd be stuck smiling in Grandpa's grasp. Occasionally Grandpa would let his grip on my wrists loosen, and another escape attempt would ensue. The escape attempt of course would result in more giggling evasion and the whole process would repeat. This memory along with others ring loudly in my mind of a gentle and loving grandfather who delighted in expressing his playfulness and God's joy with his grandchildren through games, jokes, and laughter.

-David



When I was 15 I had grand dreams of moving to Jamaica to open a little shop on the beach by the ocean. Grandpa smiled & chuckled as he expressed that he thought this was a brilliant idea & supported the plan completely. He didn't bring up the lofty ridiculousness

of this goal, he simply supported me & pointed out all the positives of my "life plan" & dared to dream with me.

This memory always warms my heart as it is a testament to Grandpa's supportive nature. He is a believer of the miraculous & a supporter of the seemingly impossible because his faith is so deeply embedded in his character. It is easy for him to believe in the impossible because he knows all things are possible with God. - Suzy

Some of my best memories together are from fishing through the years - from catching deedle-doodlers for big Daniels' Bass and the occasional lake trout strike, to Northern and Walleye after the long portage into Swamper Lake, to introducing Katie to Minnesota fishing on Birch Lake and hearing stories of life ministering in the wilds of Montana. It was wonderful to see you in Boston after driving out with Mom, and to be able to give a tour of the city under Katie's stick shift driving. We love you! - Leif and Katie

If you have any photos of early years fishing together, would love to include one. I have also attached a photo from the Boston visit :)
- Leif



How to put into a few phrases the impact and blessing of a lifetime of friendship and support? All of the hours spent out fishing for malts at the Trail Center, and your endless cheerfulness, even in the face of "nichts gebe". Treasuring time spent together through the ups and downs of watching countless Vikings games and Super Bowls. Talking over the phone giving updates on my life knowing you're always lifting me up in prayer. Bible classes in our basement when we were young. Inspirational faith that God remains faithful and present even when you were struggling with your Trigeminal. Stefan



A few especially precious things I think of when I think of Grandpa:
- a lived out example of marriage: incredibly valuable heritage to experience what it looks like having God's covenant standing the test of time, especially seeing the two of you loving each other through the thick and thin of recent years
- a wonderful laugh: a hearty sense of humor, twinkly little eyes, and joy (whether around the table playing Wise and Otherwise, or when popping a ripe blueberry into his mouth, or teasing one of the grandkids, or playing "got-the-cuffs-on-you")
- patience and perseverance: as demonstrated by a green garden and tasty produce...and somehow also bringing to mind a sturdy hiking stick and dear, brown battered hat
- a deep conviction in God's reality and present-ness in the nitty gritty of daily life: "faith is the assurance of things hoped, the conviction of things not yet seen"-- watching you battle with trigeminal neuralgia and pit against the fear a certainty that God really is bigger and really is involved and active, an expectation of His hearing and answering prayer -Karin



MINISTRY





Tom and Susan Stuart

Congratulations Don on your 90th Birthday! Oh how Susan and I wish we could be present to celebrate with you, Marty, all your wonderful family, and the saints at Way of the Lord.

Only eternity will reveal the impact your faithful walk with Jesus, life poured out for others, and the testimony to the power of Holy Spirit and preaching of the Word has had not only upon our lives and but on countless thousands of others.

We still remember with great fondness our first visit to WOTC in October 1971, when University Ave. Elementary School was the Sunday morning meeting place. As newly saved believers we were warmly welcomed by you and Marty with open arms. Inviting us after the service into to your home for lunch, you also took us into your hearts becoming a spiritual father and mother to us. Little did we realize, that it would be the beginning of 22 years of journeying together with you as our shepherd and mentor, where God would use you

to shape and disciple us into His call to ministry upon our lives.

What a blessing after 49 years, to still call you our spiritual father, dearest friend, and encourager. We have always been inspired by your fearless obedience-of-faith commitment to the ways and the will of God. A quintessential "Don Pfotenhauer" moment occurred at a body retreat back in the late 1970's at the Shepherd's Inn where a home group was doing a skit on the verse in 1 Peter 4:12 describing the fiery trials that test our faith. A guy dressed up like flames of fire was moving around the room threatening and frightening people who were running from him. Your reaction disarmed us all and gave us an object lesson we never forgot. Rather than cowering from the flames like everyone else you walked right to the person portraying the fire and embraced him.

Thank you for your example and investment into our lives over all these years. Thank you for seeing Jesus in us and encouraging us with

countless opportunities to serve the Lord and grow in our faith and trust in God. Thank you for your inspiration in not being disobedient to the heavenly vision given you for the church of Jesus Christ and God's eternal purposes and stewardship granted Way of the Cross and Way of the Lord.

May the Lord richly bless you on your ninetieth birthday! With love, blessings, and many fond lessons and memories from your life,

Tom & Susan Stuart



Dave Reid

Beloved Pastor Don and Marti,
Pastor Don and Marti have been kindly affectionate toward Pene and I for years.

Fred Rodman, our original mentor, after we had been baptized in the Holy Spirit, encouraged us to become part of Way of the Cross . Fred, in essence, passed us off to Don as he went forward with his own church ministry.

To be in relationship to Fred and Don was important because they wanted to make sure that the Word of God and the Spirit of God were vitally connected. All of this was 'heady' stuff for us coming out of the evangelical stream.

Pfotenhauer's and Reid's lived through a lot of life together. For the purpose of this special birthday, and to be 'short, sweet and gone' as Larry says, we love to remember Don and Marti's two visits to Tanzania.

Our family expectantly fixed up a bedroom. We found and installed an air conditioner. We were going to host royalty!

Don was able to preach to his hearts' content and to the Tanzanian churches' delight. In Mlandizi, the place of bananas, Don wore the brethren out going through the letter of Ephesians. At Kigamboni, many came to Christ at Don's preaching. On Zanzibar Island, [99% Muslim], Don, Marti and I gathered together the diverse group of island pastors to challenge the critical necessity for unity. We met in the oppressive but historic Livingstone Anglican Cathedral, built on top of the original East African slave market. We preached, taught, prayed, sweat, pleaded and God brought a tremendous breakthrough. We danced enthusiastically, sweat some more and eventually found a shower at the Arab hotel.

I believe Don's greatest joy, [Ask him] was not in the couple of safaris we did, though the animals, mountains, and savannas, provided much enjoyment. Rather about 50 of us gathered near the edge of the Indian Ocean. Don and I were asked to baptize about 17 that amazing day. Palm trees waved, humble

dhow [fishing boats] were anchored nearby, curious onlookers gathered on the white sandy beach. A brief teaching explained baptism and then testimonies were spoken. Incredible testimonies of persecution from Muslim background believers, sin forgiven, and new life begun.

Don and I walked out together. The wind created gentle waves.

The precious people came out, some very afraid of the ocean. Don proclaimed, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit ." Together we lowered each precious person down into the sea and back to new life in God's Kingdom. What was so memorable and such a delight to Pastor Don was that most of the brethren came up speaking in tongues. Joy, real joy.

So pleased that you are again restored to strength Don. We are so pleased to be your friends! We love you. Happy Birthday.

Dave and Pene Reid,
January, Scottsdale, AZ.

Pene Reid

Pastor Don

When I think of you I think of your
messages or God's messages
through you.

'But God'

'The nevertheless gang'
they became life lessons for me!

When I think of you Pastor Don I
think of the messages you taught in
Tanzania.

You have walked them out in your
life even though they were very
hard!

Your God is BIG!!!

I remember being very angry at
you one time and saying things I
was later very sorry about, your
forgiveness was real and Our
relationship continued to grow.

Thank you for living out what you
preach, man of God.

Love,
Pene Reid

Lans and Vee Wonders

(1.) I first met Don in March of 1984
at a New Testament Church
Leaders Conference in Eden Prairie.
The keynote speaker was Costa
Deir, but the convenor, Chuck
Porta, had also arranged several
workshops to be led by other
"renewal and restoration" pastors
and teachers. Don was one of
them, and was to share on the
relationship between faith and signs
and wonders.

Unexpectedly, Don warned about
the dangers of putting our faith in
signs and wonders, since the Enemy
of our souls can counterfeit
miracles and so mislead, potentially,
even the elect. Instead, Don
pressed us to put our faith directly
in Christ and His Word, after which
the Holy Spirit would "confirm" our
faith with "signs following" (as per
Mark 16). Right away I knew this
man sought to follow God Himself
and not what was popular doctrine
in that day.

(2.) A year later (1985), as I was
leaving my Presbyterian pastorate
in Russell, MN, I decided to visit
Don Pfothbauer's church -- Way
of the Cross. It was a surreal
experience: as I drove into the

parking lot, I saw people going into
what, at a distance, looked like
maybe a phone booth...and then
disappeared! (Shades of Dr.
Who!!!) Of course, the new
sanctuary above ground had not yet
been built -- the congregation was
meeting underground in the
basement (my first experience with
being part of an "underground
church"! :-)

I don't remember what the sermon
was about, but we had Communion
together in little groups...and my
daughter Petra experienced her first
Communion there. The Lord's
presence and encouragement were
strong: the visit left a lasting
impression upon me.

(3.) Fast forward another 10 years:
Larry Alberts had rented out the
new sanctuary for a conference
entitled "Streams Flowing Together
-- Gathering Unto Him" which
featured Bob Mumford, Bob Ewing,
and Bob Jones. I was completing a
pastorate at an Evangelical
Covenant Church in Star Prairie/
New Richmond, WI by this time,
and was searching for "next steps".

During the conference, Don was

moved three different times to act out prophetic pantomimes, that depicted themes the Lord was underlining for the regional Body's future calling:

a.) Don put on a baseball cap, brim backwards, and urged us to focus on the next generation;

b.) Don felt led to "throw seed/rice" -- representing either evangelistic outreach, or weddings (either way, representing "growth", since the rice thrown at weddings is a sort of physical "prayer" for fertility and fruitfulness). With the advantage of hindsight, we now see that marriage and family was a follow-up to youth and young adults continuing in the Lord.

c.) Don then began weeping up front. At the time, we assumed he was weeping for the lost who still needed to be reached before the end -- but it may also have been an echo of Ralph Martin's prophecy back in 1977 to "Weep and mourn, for the Body of My Son is broken...." Only as true unity is restored in the Spirit can the Body sustain itself during the coming times of persecution, deception, and trial...and draw more seekers to itself in Jesus' name.

At that time (1995) Jenny Johnson of Northside Christian School campus (at WOTC) experienced her second grade class getting similar prophetic words "downstairs" as what the adults were receiving at the same time upstairs! As a result, I began praying that my wife, Vee, would be enabled to teach at WOTC/Northside at some point in the future. Four years later, she joined the WOTC/NCS faculty as 3rd and 4th grade teacher, with Char Wennerlund as her classroom aide. She then continued to teach here up until June of 2018.

(4.) In the spring of 2006, I had completed my eleventh year as academic dean of ACTS International Bible College at Antioch Christian Fellowship in Eden Prairie (later renamed "Life Church") when the school was told that it would have to close its doors for budgetary reasons. By this time, Don had retired as senior pastor at Way of the Cross, and Larry Alberts had taken the reins as "apostolic overseer", renaming WOTC as "Way of the Lord." In consultation with Don as the new president of the school, Larry then bought ACTS for

\$10.00 (!) and we moved its file-cabinets and library and two staff people -- myself and registrar Denese McAfee -- to continue operations at Way of the Lord! (Late summer 2006)

Less than a year later (March 2007), Vee and I purchased and moved into Don and Marty's old home at 131st and Van Buren in Blaine, and I was privileged a couple of years later to write the second-to-last chapter (about "the Move" of the Spirit that began here on October 29, 2006) in Don and Marty's book, "Jesus, Where Are You Taking Us?" Meanwhile, Don and I have meet most Tuesdays over the last several years for mutual reflection and commentary on what is going on in the world. I count him as a very, very important brother and friend -- and always will!

HAPPY 90th BIRTHDAY, DON!!!

In Jesus,

Lance (and Vee) Wonders
January 15, 2020

Marlys Jentoft

1967 my Bible study was praying for a man down in Minneapolis who was Lutheran and having church trials because/ what he believed about the HS That was Don. That was our first awareness of who Don was. We moved to Minneapolis in 1971 were again made aware of their ministry in WOC. Eventually Lord led us to go to WOC, we were pretty bruised, but when had been there 2 weeks. This is a place where you can do bad or dumb things but that doesn't make you bad or dumb. It was a place where you were treated with respect and given and chance to grow in the Lord and it changed our lives. We so value the friendship of Don and Marty because the love we received from them and the encouragement and affirmation and the healing that came to our lives.

Kathy Schalla

It's hard to believe, but our family has been united with Don & Marty Pfotenhauer for almost 50 years! We shared in the early excited amazement of the outpouring of the Spirit and have walked together since. The Lord used Don's gift of Bible teaching greatly in Ivan's and my life from the beginning. Since 1978, when we moved to Way of the Cross from Michigan, we have learned together about living in the community of believers. I guess you could say we grew up in God alongside one another...brothers and sisters! I think I speak for Ivan too when I say "Thank you, Don & Marty, for the faithfulness to Jesus which you have modeled for us and countless others for over half a century! We love you..."

Diane Williams

Happy Birthday Pastor Don,

From 1961 and 1962 when you were my confirmation pastor at Olive Branch Lutheran until now in 2020, I have received the benefit of your teaching, your love for the Lord, and your counsel in my life. You always steered me in the right direction. I am so grateful for your encouragement to pursue my calling in missions. It's been 41 years now since I first did my Discipleship Training School with YWAM and I've been so glad for that little nudge into YWAM. I have realized that the mentoring and the foundation that was laid in my life in my early days at Way of the Cross was passed on to those I have mentored and disciplined over the years in YWAM. Thank you that I've been able to 'restore, refresh and shelter God's people' as I learned at Way of the Cross!

Diane Williams

Currently serving in Youth With a Mission India

Wade and Kathleen Scheil

Happy Birthday Pastor Don,

We have always appreciated your caring, Pastoral heart. Twenty three years ago, shortly after Sam's birth, you stopped by our house to visit us. Sam was still in the NICU at Children's Hospital and you brought sunshine into our home during that challenging time. We felt cared for, supported and encouraged by your kind gesture and wise words. Now Sam calls you and Marty, Grandpa Don and Grandma Marty!

We love and appreciate you very much. Thank you for saying "Yes" to the Lord so many years ago. You've impacted our lives and we are very grateful for you! Happy Birthday!!!

We love you,
Wade and Kathleen Scheil

Debra Holm

From Debra Holm, For Zion's Sake memory
"The Word of God says Praise the Lord with dancing - I would like to see that here, could you check into that?"
Don Pfothenauer 1981

Thank you for your vision and encouragement.

(Picture below is who we are now)

Debra Holm (Debbie Holm)
Key of David International

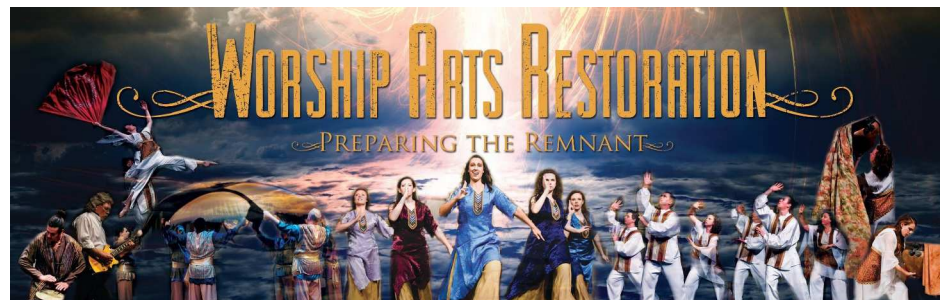
Carolyn Whitson

Our family has known Don since the early 1970's. He is a key factor in our spiritual growth. We were part of the exciting Charismatic Movement.

We moved to Blaine in 1981 to be close to Way of the Cross Church. I was Don's secretary from 1988-1997.

In recent years, when my husband Ray was in declining health, Don would visit us in our home and gave us communion. Don & Ray's favorite author was Louis L'Amour. Don would borrow paperbacks when he visited. During Ray's last earthly days, he visited him at Mercy Hospital. He spoke at Ray's Memorial Service with encouraging words. His inheritance from Ray was all of L'Amour's paperbacks!

Lovingly, Carolyn Whitson & family



Judy Glines Storgaard

Here are my thoughts.
In 1960 our family moved to Coon Rapids, MN. from the Minnetonka area. I was 5 and my brother Mike was 14. My mom was offered the church secretary job. Which she thoroughly enjoyed. Working for such a Godly man that allowed her to use all of her artistic talents made for a very happy home. My brother had already been confirmed and I was just starting my Christian journey. Pastor Don confirmed me in 1968 at the old building on University Ave. That was the year that the Holy Spirit blessed us with His presence. I have always thought of Pastor Don as a father figure and the Billy Graham in my life. He loved me through some of the worst days of my life and never gave up on me. His dedication and prayers to our family has held us together. There are not enough words of gratitude that I could express. Except thank you.
Love Judy Glines Storgaard

Trudy (Drevlo) Fisher

As a Mo Synod parochial school teacher, I was so happy to hear there was another who was "kicked out of the synod after the baptism in the Holy Spirit. You were my "hero", mentor for years!

Not only did you teach me so much, but you also gave me hope for a better tomorrow. I owe a great debt to you! Thank you so much for staying strong and setting a standard for the rest of us. May God give you more years yet. The Body of Christ needs you. May God continue to bless you with good health. Amen

Julie Martini Dustin

I found out about your Father's birthday party from someone who received the invite. As I was thinking about the vast history of your parents life and what they imparted to so many people. I remember receiving the baptism of the holy spirit during confirmation class in the basement of their first home they built by the church. As I was reflecting on all of this I saw a vision of your Dad at the party with all the people that will be coming. All the people your Father and Mother faithfully prayed over, that we all now were gathered around him praying for him! Praying for his health to improve, our turn to now pray for this man of God!

Sincerely

Julie Martini Dustin

Roger and Rosemary Dittmer

We have such warm and fond memories of our 24 year relationship with you, Don and Marty. You warmly welcomed us into the fold, treated us like family, invited us to your home group, and encouraged us on a regular basis. We look upon you as our second parents and love you and thank you both so much. You have offered us sage wisdom and warm hugs, tender concern and generous friendship. It has been both a privilege and an honor to know you and sit under your teaching and guidance all these years. May God bless you richly with His abundant blessings of joy, good health, prosperity, fulfillment of purpose, and His perfect shalom. Happy 90th birthday, Don! We are celebrating you both as the beloved Son and Daughter of our almighty King!

With love and appreciation,

Roger and Rosemary Dittmer

Chris Massoglia

Once when I was 15 or so and was really hungry for Jesus, I was sitting in the front pew listening to Pastor Don preach. I had recently met the Lord in a powerful way and I specifically remember Pastor Don coming up to me after the service and thanking me for being attentive and receiving the word. He encouraged me to continue to hunger for The Word of the Lord & for truth. That encouragement was a key factor in my continuing to go to church at WOTL, asking my parents if it could be my home church, and encountering Jesus during the 06 revival mtgs. Thank you Pastor Don for your lifetime of shepherding and encouragement. You are a hero of the faith to me. - Chris Massoglia Jr.

Dave and Nancy Oberg

David and I had the privilege to attend Marty and pastor Don's home bible study. It was very anointed and we were able to get to know how wonderful pastor Don is. Many, many years ago we first met him at a prophetic gathering on University Avenue, and David got ministered to by pastor don.

He is such a blessing and words can't express the love and respect we have for this wonderful man of God.

David and Nancy Oberg



Jon and Amy Sellers

Happy 90th Birthday Pastor Don!

We have only just met you but already have been blessed always by the presence of the Lord in you and by the seasoned words you speak. We are learning from your example of faithfulness and look forward to all we will continue to learn from you in the future. Thank you for being so welcoming to newcomers and for your hunger for God. You are a true Father in the body.

Love, Jon and Amy Sellers



John Zupek

Don --

Happy #90th Birthday! When I think of you I often think of our trip to Spain. It was so much fun to have you and Marty on that trip. We had awesome bread and wine in Girona Spain. It was one of my favorite cities that visited. And of course, you remember the Zup-De-Loop around the roundabouts. I still laugh and can see all the vans following me around the circle several times.

Thank you so much for sharing your weekly thoughts with me. I looked forward to your Tuesday afternoon office drop in. You always had a dream, a verse or some revelation to share. I sure do miss those days.

May the Lord continue to pour out more of Holy Spirit upon you and Marty. I am praying that you will see the vision fulfilled regarding the property build out. I believe it is going to happen soon. Love you Don! God Bless and Happy Birthday!

Charlotte (Anderson) Minogue

These are the memories of Pastor Don

I am forever grateful for Pastor Don introducing me to Lauren Hibbard. It was after Tuesday night Bible study. Pastor Don said to me, "I have someone I want you to meet." We went outside and Lauren was sitting on the steps. He introduced us and said, "I think you two will be good friends." We were Up to the day she went to be with Lord on July 1, 2003.

Last but not least he sent Diane Williams my way to bring me to church. She became a great mentor over the years.

Linda Heir a woman with gentle wisdom.

I loved hearing him teach the word. He has the knowledge of the Bible and brought the books in the Old Testament to life. Especially the book of Exodus.

Happy Birthday Pastor Don

Charlotte Minogue aka Anderson

Matthew Goers

I was honored to get to know Pastor Don a few years ago. I was also raised Lutheran and received the baptism of the Spirit of God when I really had no grid for it. I pastored a non-denominational church for several years and, through a series of events, ended up at Way of the LORD in about 2014. I was blessed to meet Don and Marty and get to know their story.

For a period of time, a group of people went out two by two once a week to all of the churches near Way of the LORD's facility, regardless of denomination or affiliation, to meet the pastor and pray with him or her. I was privileged to travel with Pastor Don to several of these churches. I went with him into a Baptist General Conference church and met a young, bi-vocational man who was passionate about reaching the Twin Cities with the gospel and prayed fervently with us for revival among the ministry. One of the greatest honors I had was to be with Pastor Don when he returned, for certainly the first time in many years, to King of Glory Lutheran Church in Blaine, where he had served many years before. We

went into the pastor's office and met him. The current pastor was leery at first, but soon warmed up and brought us into the sanctuary, where he asked questions about the stonework around the altar, which Pastor Don helped lay. We prayed together, and a wonderful full-circle release was given to that congregation in the Spirit. I was also with Pastor Don when we went to another Missouri Synod Lutheran Church, and the pastor left a meeting with some of his parishioners to personally ask Pastor Don if he would be willing to come to their church to teach about the gifts of the Spirit.

Pastor Don also honored me by personally inviting me to a Bible study in his home. I only attended a few times, however, before I had a conflict with another group that wanted me to lead a Bible study, and I felt they needed my presence more. Over time, I felt the LORD drawing me to Josiah Center in Maplewood and attended Way of the LORD less and less frequently. I am currently serving as a pastor at Josiah Center, where a River of Glory Outpouring has been meeting nightly for over 2 years. Several of the people there also know and are

Colin and Mary Akehurst

Dear Pastor Don,
Grateful for your words of encouragement and prayers for our family.
How beautiful is the body of Christ as we love one another.

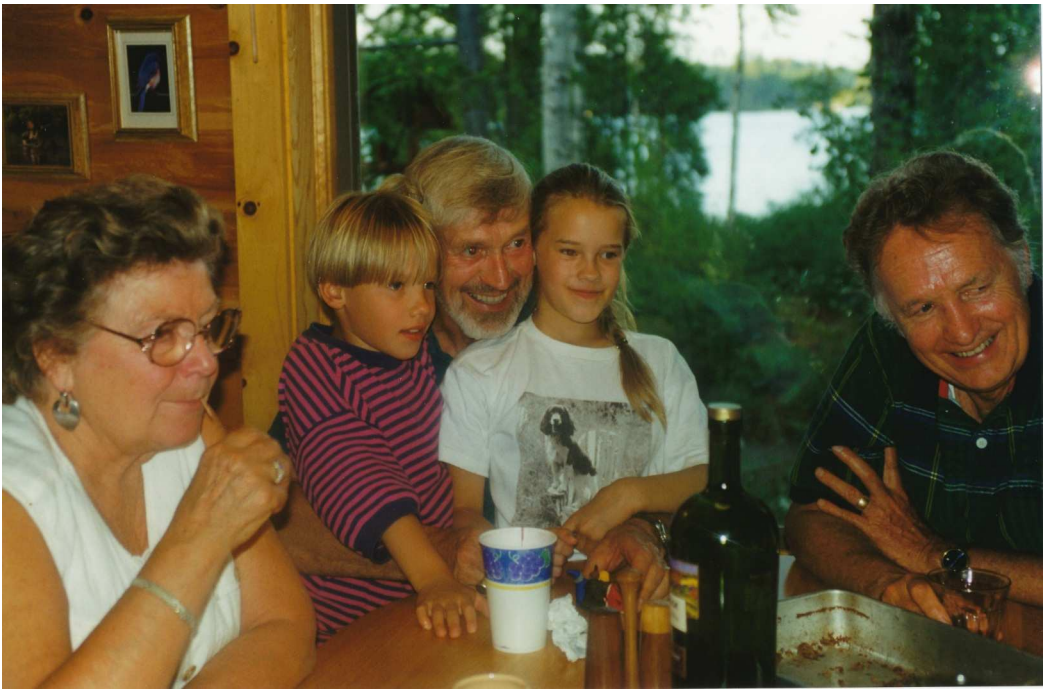
All our love,
Colin & Mary Akehurst
with sons David & Andrew

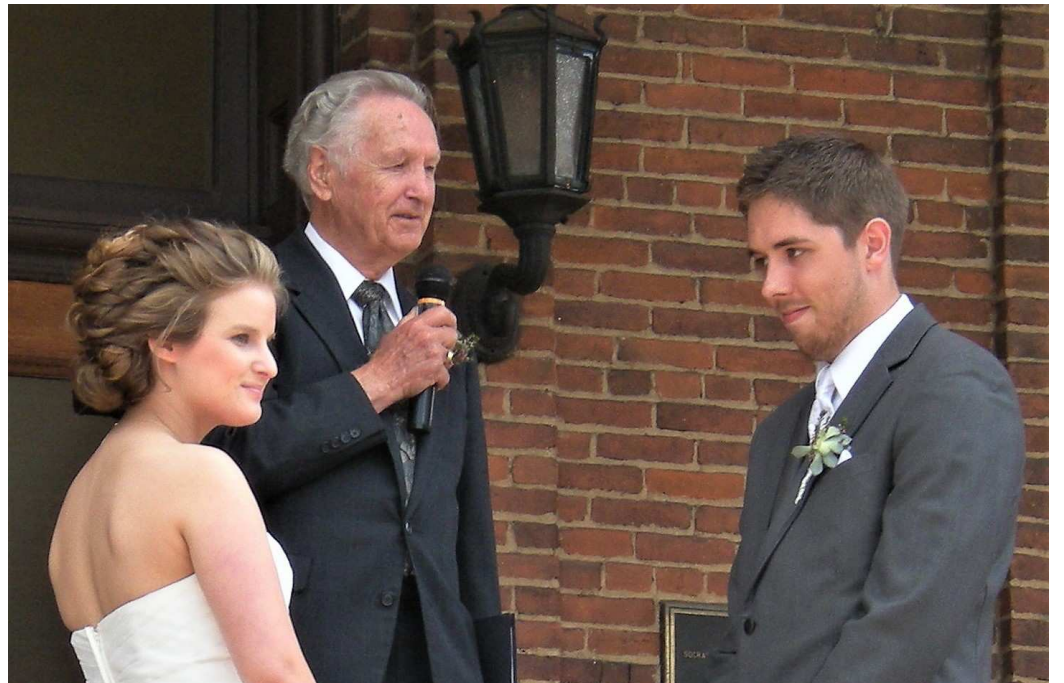
grateful for the role Pastor Don played in their lives.
I am truly blessed and grateful to have had opportunity to get to know one of the fathers of the Spirit-filled faith in the Twin Cities; indeed, one of the pioneers of the move of God that is even now springing forth around the world, with Minnesota being one of the epicenters. The groundwork that was laid in the Twin Cities by this great minister of righteousness has a greater place in the history of God's Kingdom than I expect we realize.

Happy birthday, grandfather of the faith Don Pfothauer, and blessings to you, dear Marty, Larry, Joe, Hans, and all at Way of the LORD carrying the vision forward into these final days

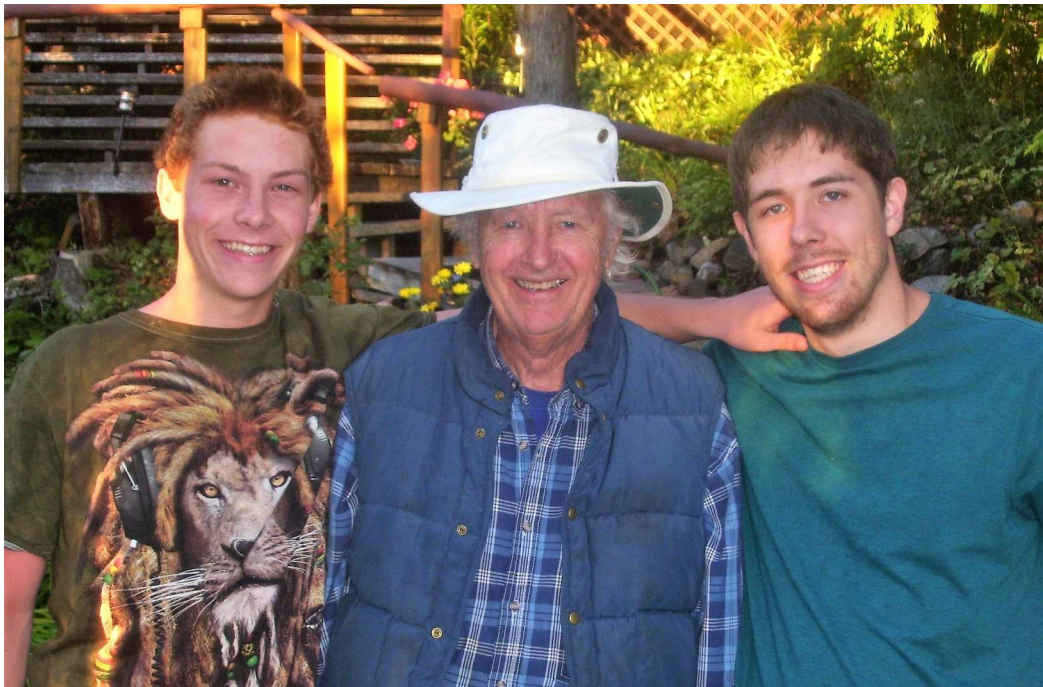
THE LATER YEARS

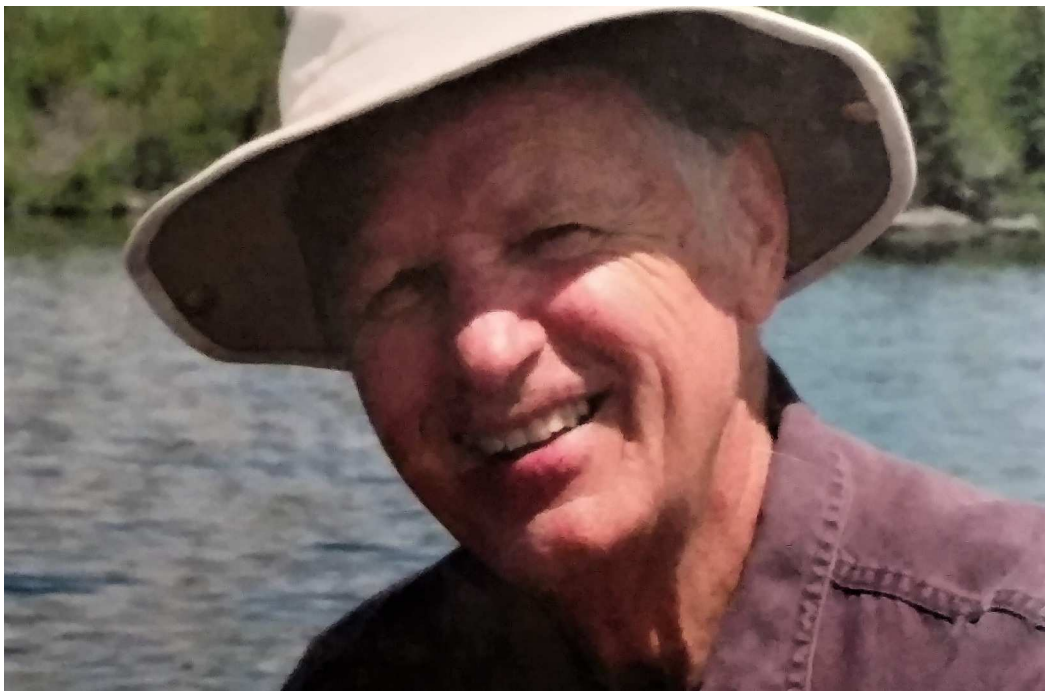






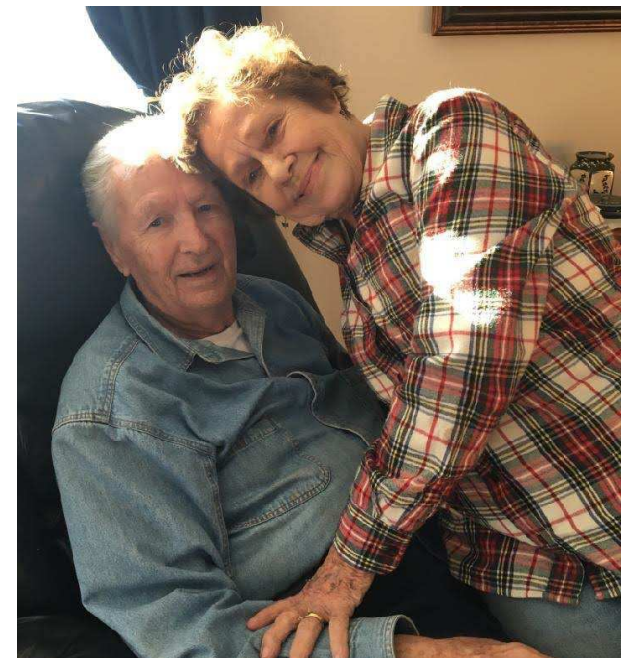
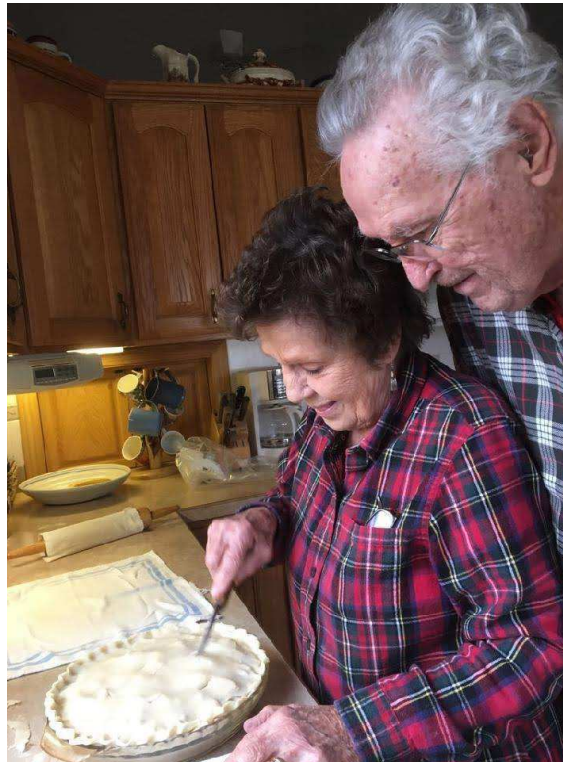


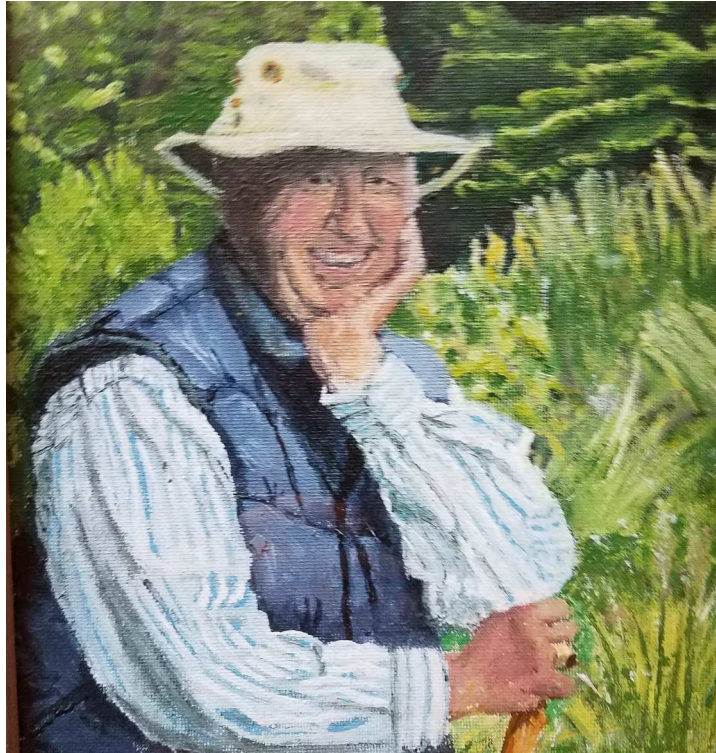






from Becky McCarthy





*Oh give thanks to the Lord,
for He is good,
For His lovingkindness is everlasting.*

Psalms 107:1

