

Short Biography of Katherine Register

I was born in Flint, Michigan on February 25th, 1943. I grew up in the farmlands of central Michigan. I didn't grow up in a Christian household. We did go to a Methodist church and one Sunday, I don't remember what was preached, but I felt a compulsion to go to the alter as they were singing, "*Just as I am.*" I was eleven years old and this was completely out of my normal personality range, but as they sang I found myself at the alter. I didn't know anything about Jesus, really . . . and I didn't have any education about what I had just gotten into, but I would talk to God.

At that age, I remember praying and asking God to stop the Korean war. It was very concerning to me. I had other God things happen that came up in my spirit and didn't make sense in my head.

My dad's thing was that *there was no God, and religion was a crutch.* In spite of that, God led me, from time to time, and I had a hunger for God.

My dad was an orphan, raised by an alcoholic uncle and as a result he was very abusive and oppressive, and life was hard with him. I grew up feeling insecure, inferior and very self-conscious.

When I was a teen we moved to Phoenix. I attended high school there and had the good fortune to go on a school field trip to Europe. That was the beginning of my emancipation from torment. I went away a wounded child and came back a strong willed budding adult. I married Henry "Speed" Register and had two daughters, Katherine Kristine and Theresa Lyn.

Henry wanted a worldly, business woman for a wife and I simply wanted to be a wife, a mom and homemaker. I helped put him through college and on the day that he graduated, he didn't come home. He left and it was extremely difficult because I was pregnant at that time and hadn't wanted to tell him until he was finished with school. She was born early and only lived two weeks.

It was a very difficult time, even though I had family. I felt very alone. I dated some, I went to college, I worked, I raised my girls, but I felt alone.

When I was in college, I owned my own home, had an income and was dating a successful doctor but I had a growing emptiness. I house sat for a wealthy couple one summer and I just happened to turn the TV on to this

odd program . . . TBN, and it just was riveting. My head didn't get it but my heart did. When I got back home, I found it on a UHF channel I never knew it existed.

All during this time, I would have episodes of extreme spiritual warfare. I didn't understand it then, I do now. Around that time, I met Donna Crow. She was a Christian and I wasn't. Even though I went forward as a child and made some sort of connection, I didn't think of myself as a Christian. Donna mostly prayed for me, and talked about God a little bit, as she thought I could hear it.

God was working on me in the spirit, and one day, when I was on the college campus, at ASU, I suddenly found myself saying, from my heart, *"I would give my life to know the person of truth."* I didn't know enough to say anything else, but I felt like someone was standing there in front of me, and hearing me. Being a college student, I knew man's knowledge only went so far and I knew there had to be more. What there was on that campus wasn't enough. I used to go into Danforth Chapel on campus and pray.

I kept feeling a sense of death approach me for several months, and during that time, I kept hearing the number seven. I didn't know what it meant. While listening to TBN one

evening, I heard the alter call and I wanted to give my life to God but nothing seemed to happen. I turned the TV off.

The spiritual warfare was fierce at that time and I prayed my own prayer. I couldn't say the name of Jesus, but I did say, *"Father in heaven, I accept the work of your Son, I give you everything I am, and everything I can be, and if you are real . . . make yourself real to me."*

That was Jan **7**, 1980 at about **7:45** p.m. at **7708** East Thomas Road in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Immediately, it was like peace rained down on me, where there had been absolute torment. It was so exhilarating, I didn't know whether to go run around the block or get quiet. For the next several hours I experienced God in such a way that it transformed my life from that day forward. The power of God raced through me like fire and I couldn't stand up. Then He began to speak to me. He said, *"Don't be afraid. Be healed in Me. Surrender all things unto Me. Seek first My righteousness."* I experienced a very brief trip to Heaven with Jesus and I saw people worship. I was in a crowd of people worshipping. My room was full of light and God was more real than my furniture, or my house.

My thought was, *“Oh my God. I can speak to the one who created the whole Universe and He can speak to me. I can hear God!”* Needless to say, I wasn't the same that evening when my kids came home. I was never the same. From that moment on everything changed. I wasn't the same daughter that my parents knew.

I didn't know anybody that I knew that knew God like that. Everybody I knew just seemed so casual about Him. I cried for practically a whole year afterwards, just at the mention of His name. It would just dissolve me. He loved me, and I had never known such love.

The things that God said to me about seeking His righteousness was something that Donna had said to me but now it became alive. She, of course, was very happy when I told her my experience. We began to be prayer partners and deepened our friendship as the Lord led us to be “two” that He sent out like He did the early disciples.

I wish I could say that the warfare stopped, but it didn't, it intensified. I had to grow up fast. That was what the angel told me the night I was born-again, *“Time is short, you have to grow up quickly, read your bible and be baptized.”*

I learned to worship God as a form of warfare after reading a Merliin

Carruther's book on the power of praise. Praise, worship and surrender were my power tools.

God immediately began to use me in the area of words of wisdom, words of knowledge and the prophetic, though I didn't know anything about it.

I attended various churches in my area in an effort to learn more and connect with other believers. I watched Christian TV for hours, largely Kenneth Hagin and others who mentored me. As I was mentored, I mentored others. I seemed to always end up ministering to pastors and those in leadership. God used my gifting to support and encourage those who had little support.

Then the Lord led Donna and I to share housing. (Being very independent, we thought it would be brief . . . now 28 years later . . . He still has us working as a ministry team.)

We moved from Phoenix to the White Mountains where we did Prison ministry and I was a chaplain at the local Hospital. This was unique because I was not a licensed or ordained minister, but our reputation was that of people who knew God and the hospital administrator – a Jewish man – said he felt we were needed. Donna only did the chaplain

work with me for about a month, then God led her to step aside and let me take over. I did this work for over a year and saw people healed and led to the Lord.

Donna became ill during our time in the White Mountains and it was several years before we could leave the area. Both of us felt led by God to move to Oregon. Initially we moved to Salem and eventually we ended up on the coast in Depoe Bay. There I attended a church where I was part of a worship dance team. We had wonderful worship adventures and experimented with things like flags and banners. I did some choreography and designed costumes there.

All through these years I have walked closely with the Lord and seen Him support and lead me through some very difficult times; helping my mom care for my dad before he died, and then having the sole care of my mother in the last few years of her life and helping care for Donna when she was ill, and then helping her care for her parents also.

Though life has had many challenges, and I have not always known how to stand in freedom, God has always been at the center and He always leads me to triumph.

In 2001 we moved to Eugene. Since then, in addition to many life responsibilities, I have been extremely

involved in Excellent Things, Fountain of Life Healing School, and local ministry in Valley West, Churchill Estates etc. We daily minister to the sick (both nationally and internationally,) and those with emotional needs.

Our immediate vision for the future is to establish a Christian healing retreat center where we can minister more on a local basis. Both Donna and I feel that this is a season where all the training we have had is coming together to a focal point of creativity and productivity in the God's Kingdom.

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