

"Enemies Move In Predictable Patterns"

It sent chills down my spine as I saw the statement.

I saw the deep revelation behind it, the awesome truth.

Did I read this in some deep spiritual document?

Did I hear it from some wise master?

Did I glean this from the strategies of some great general?

No.

I saw it on a billboard.

The billboard was advertising video game awards.

I guess it meant that all video games have repeatable and thus predictable patterns. If you could figure out the pattern, you had a better chance of winning.

Enemies Move In Predictable Patterns.

I immediately saw this as a great truth in life.

A MountainWings Moment.

The vast majority of things that we struggle with, we have struggled with before.

It's not new.

It repeats.

It's old and familiar stuff.

It's a predictable pattern.

I can't think of any NEW flaws that I have.

I can't think of any behavior that I want to change now that I didn't have ten years ago.

ALL of my enemies move in predictable patterns.

I struggle with diet, trying to eat healthy and moderately.

I struggle with pride, trying to have enough humility to hear God, enough self-assurance to do what God wants me to do and then not get puffed up about it when He gives me success.

I struggle with budgeting money.

I struggle with spending enough time studying

I struggle with spending enough quality time with the kids,

my wife, and others who need my help.  
I struggle with looking and thinking where I shouldn't.  
I struggle with just not wanting to do what needs to be done.  
I struggle with enemies.  
Enemies that rob me of so much that the creator desires for me.  
All of these enemies have been with me for a long time.  
If you are honest with yourself, you have them too.  
Enemies that move in predictable patterns.  
Those who win at the game, figure out the pattern of the enemy,  
and break

**1John 4:4** Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.

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dec 11

**unknown**

**If plastic water bottles are okay, but plastic bags are banned, — you might live in a nation (state) that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots WE DO LIVE IN SUCH A DUMB COUNTRY!!**

**If you can get arrested for hunting or fishing without a license, but not for entering and remaining in the country illegally — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If you have to get your parents' permission to go on a field trip or to take an aspirin in school, but not to get an abortion — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If you MUST show your identification to board an airplane, cash a check, buy liquor, or check out a library book and rent a video, but not to vote for who runs the government — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If the government wants to prevent stable, law-abiding citizens from owning gun magazines that hold more than ten rounds, but gives twenty F-16 fighter jets to the crazy new leaders in Egypt — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If, in the nation's largest city, you can buy two 16-ounce sodas, but not one 24-ounce soda, because 24-ounces of a sugary drink might make you fat — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If an 80-year-old woman who is confined to a wheelchair or a three-year-old girl can be strip-searched by the TSA at the airport, but a woman in a burka or a hijab is only subject**

**to having her neck and head searched — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If your government believes that the best way to eradicate trillions of dollars of debt is to spend trillions more — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If a seven-year-old boy can be thrown out of school for saying his teacher is "cute" but hosting a sexual exploration or diversity class in grade school is perfectly acceptable — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If hard work and success are met with higher taxes and more government regulation and intrusion while not working is rewarded with Food Stamps, WIC checks, Medicaid benefits, subsidized housing, and free cell phones — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If you pay your mortgage faithfully, denying yourself the newest big-screen TV, while your neighbor buys iPhones, time shares, a wall-sized do-it-all plasma screen TV and new cars, and the government forgives his debt when he defaults on his mortgage — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**If being stripped of your Constitutional right to defend yourself makes you more "safe" according to the government — you might live in a nation that was founded by geniuses but is run by idiots.**

**THINK BEFORE YOU VOTE IN ALL UPCOMING ELECTIONS. MOST OF THE IDIOTS RUNNING THIS COUNTRY SAY ONE THING AND DO THE OPPOSITE KNOWING THAT THE PEOPLE WHO VOTED THEM IN DO NOT PAY ATTENTION**

**Romans 1:26** For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature:

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dec 18

*Old Guy and a Bucket of Shrimp*

This is a wonderful story and it is true. You will be pleased that you read it, and I believe you will pass it on. It is an important piece of American history.

It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier.

Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of

the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts...and his bucket

of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the

hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave.

He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down

to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like 'a funny old duck,' as my dad used to say.

Or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant .... maybe even a lot of nonsense.

Old folks often do strange things, at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida ... That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran

out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive. Every day across America

millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...

Suddenly, Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and

his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men.

Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait . . . and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull... And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

Reference:

(Max Lucado, "In The Eye of the Storm", pp...221, 225-226)

PS: Eddie Rickenbacker was the founder of Eastern Airlines. Before WWI he was race car driver. In WWI he was a pilot and became America 's first ace. In WWII he was an instructor and military adviser, and he flew

missions with the combat pilots. Eddie Rickenbacker is a true American hero. And now you know another story about the trials and sacrifices that brave men have endured for your freedom.

As you can see, I chose to pass it on. It is a great story that many don't know...You've got to be careful with old guys, You just never know what they have done during their lifetime.

**Matthew 6:31** Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

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dec 25

## **Merry Christmas**

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### **Two Coats**

A man said to the crowd...

“If you had two cars in your driveway, would you

a) either sell one and give the money to the poor, or

b) give the car to the poor?"

The crowd shouted, “Why yes! Of course we would.”

Again the man shouted, "And if you had two houses, would you give one of them to the poor, as you cannot possess in two houses at the same time?"

Again the response from the crowd was overwhelming,

"Yes" they cried.

The man shouted again, "If you had two coats, would you..."

and was interrupted by a man in the crowd who said,

"Hold on a minute, we ALL have two coats."

The man no longer continued.

Everyday in life we are the first to condemn others for having many things while there are people in the world with nothing.

"Why don't the celebs give some of their money, etc., etc.?"

However, when it comes down to it and we are being questioned, we are the first ones to say, "Hold on, why us?"

Too often in life people don't think before they speak.

They judge others before looking thoroughly through themselves.

Next time... Please THINK

What you do to others... you should do to yourself.

What you say to others... you should say to yourself.

What you think about others... you should think about yourself.

What you see in others... you should see in yourself.

THINK BEFORE YOU ACT! Shelly Ryan

**Luke 6:33** And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same.

Nov 6

Today is Charlie Chaplin's 125th birthday - a good day to recollect his 3 heart-touching statements:-

(1) Nothing is permanent in this world, not even our troubles.

(2) I like walking in the rain, because nobody can see my tears.

(3) The most wasted day in life is the day in which we have not laughed.

LIFE is to enjoy with whatever you have with you, keep smiling

If you feel STRESSED,

Give yourself A Break.

Enjoy Some..

Ice-cream/ Chocolates/ Candy/ Cake

Why?

B'Coz

STRESSED backwards spelling

is DESSERTS ...enjoy

Alphabetic advice for you:

A B C

Avoid Boring Company..

D E F

Don't Entertain Fools..

G H I

Go for High Ideas .

J K L M

Just Keep a friend like ME..

N O P

Never Overlook the Poor n suffering..

Q R S

Quit Reacting to Silly tales..

T U V

Tune yourself for a Victory..

W X Y Z

We Expect You to Zoom ahead in life

Very ....beautiful lines pls store it.

ONE Good FRIEND is equal to ONE Good Medicine. . .

Likewise ONE Good Group is equal to ONE Full medical store...

Six Best Doctors in the World-

1.Sunlight 2.Rest 3.Exercise 4.Diet

5.Self Confidence & 6.Friends

Maintain them in all stages of Life and enjoy healthy life

If you see the moon ..... You see the beauty of God .....

If you see the Sun ..... You see the power of God ..... And .....

If you see the Mirror. You see the best Creation of GOD .

So!

Believe in YOURSELF. We all are tourists & God is our travel agent who has already fixed all our Routes Reservations & Destinations

So!

Trust him & Enjoy the "Trip" called LIFE...

One Life will never come Again. . . .Live for Jesus Today. . .

Share to all people who are important to you ...

**Acts 4:12** Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

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Nov 13

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/SN5c-m45fxs>

**1Th 5:18** In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

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Nov 27

I FIND IT INTERESTING THAT A HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL CAN SEE THE PROBLEM, BUT OUR SOCIETY CANNOT.

Tennessee Football

This is a statement that was read over the PA system at the football game at Roane County High School, Kingston, Tennessee, by school principal, Jody McLeod.

"It has always been the custom at Roane County High School football games, to say a prayer and play the National Anthem, to honor God and Country."

Due to a recent ruling by the Supreme Court, I am told that saying a Prayer is a violation of Federal Case Law. As I understand the law at this time, I can use this public facility to

approve of sexual perversion and call it "an alternate life style, "and, if someone is offended, that's OK.

I can use it to condone sexual promiscuity, by dispensing condoms and calling it, "safe sex." If someone is offended, that's OK.

I can even use this public facility to present the merits of killing an unborn baby as a "viable" means of birth control."If someone is offended, no problem...

I can designate a school day as "Earth Day" and involve students in activities to worship religiously and praise the goddess, "Mother Earth", and call it "ecology.."

I can use literature, videos and presentations in the classroom that depicts people with strong, traditional Christian convictions as "simple minded" and "ignorant"and call it "enlightenment.."

However, if anyone uses this facility to honor GOD and to ask HIM to bless this event with safety and good sportsmanship, then Federal Case Law is violated.

This appears to be inconsistent at best, and at worst, diabolical.

Apparently, we are to be tolerant of everything and anyone, except GOD and HIS Commandments.

Nevertheless, as a school principal, I frequently ask staff and students to abide by rules with which they do not necessarily agree.

For me to do otherwise would be inconsistent at best, and at worst, hypocritical.

I suffer from that affliction enough unintentionally.

I certainly do not need to add an intentional transgression.

For this reason, I shall "Render unto Caesar

that which is Caesar's,"and refrain from praying at this time.

"However, if you feel inspired to honor, praise and thank GOD and ask HIM, in the name of JESUS, to bless this event, please feel free to do so..

As far as I know, that's not against the law--yet."

One by one,the people in the stands bowed their heads, held hands with one another and began to pray.They prayed in the stands. They prayed in the team huddles.

They prayed at the concession stand and they prayed in the Announcer's Box!

The only place they didn't pray was in the Supreme Court of the United States of America-the Seat of "Justice" in the "one nation, under GOD."

Somehow,Kingston, Tennessee, remembered what so many have forgotten.

We are given the Freedom OF Religion, NOT THE FREEDOM FROM RELIGION

Praise GOD that HIS remnant remains!

**Hebrews 13:8** Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.

**Malachi 3:6** For I am the LORD, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.

Oct2

Once upon a time there was a rich King who had four wives.

He loved the 4th wife the most and adorned her with rich robes and treated her to the finest of delicacies.

He gave her nothing but the best. He also loved the 3rd wife very much and was always showing her off to neighbouring kingdoms. However, he feared that one day she would leave him for another.

He also loved his 2nd wife. She was his confidant and was always kind, considerate and patient with

him. Whenever the King faced a problem, he could confide in her, and she would help him get through the difficult times. The King's 1st wife was a very loyal partner and had made great contributions in maintaining his wealth and kingdom. However, he did not love the first wife. Although she loved him deeply, he hardly took notice of her! One day, the King fell ill and he knew his time was short. He thought of his luxurious life and wondered, "I now have four wives with me, but when I die, I'll be all alone." Thus, he asked the 4th wife, "I have loved you the most, endowed you with the finest clothing and showered great care over you. Now that I'm dying, will you follow me and keep me company?" "No way!" replied the 4th wife, and she walked away without another word. Her answer cut like a sharp knife right into his heart. The sad King then asked the 3rd wife, "I have loved you all my life. Now that I'm dying will you follow me and keep me company?" "No!" replied the 3rd wife. "Life is too good! When you die, I'm going to remarry!" His heart sank and turned cold. He then asked the 2nd wife, "I have always turned to you for help and you've always been there for me. When I die, will you follow me and keep me company?" "I'm sorry, I can't help you out this time!", replied the 2nd wife. "At the very most, I can only send you to your grave." Her answer came like a bolt of lightning, and the King was devastated. Then a voice called out: "I'll leave with you and follow you no matter where you go." The King looked up, and there was his first wife. She was so skinny as she suffered from malnutrition and neglect. Greatly grieved, the King said "I should have taken much better care of you when I had the chance!"

Ê In truth, we all have 4 wives in our lives: Our 4th wife is our body. No matter how much time and effort we lavish in making it look good, it will leave us when we die. Our 3rd wife is our possessions, status and wealth. When we die, it will all go to others. Our 2nd wife is our family and friends. No matter how much they have been there for us, the furthest they can stay by us is up to the grave. And our 1st wife is our Soul. Often neglected in pursuit of wealth, power and pleasures of the world! However, our Soul is the only thing that will follow us wherever we go. So cultivate, strengthen and cherish it now, for it is the

only part of us who will follow us to the throne of God and continue with us throughout Eternity and our next life. When the world pushes you to your knees .....you're in the perfect position to pray. Pass this on to everyone that you care about as I just did. With a prayerful heart...

**Hebrews 13:5** Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

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oct 9

## FRIENDS

We all have a variety of friends who are different in character.

I think that each one helps to bring out a different part of me. With one I am polite, with another I joke, with another I can be a bit naughty. I can sit down and talk about serious matters with another and with another I can laugh a lot. I listen to one friends problems and then listen to another one's advice to me.

My friends are like pieces of jig saw puzzles that when they are completed they form a treasure box of a treasure of friends. They are my friends who understand me better than I understand myself. They're friends who support me thru good days and bad and doctors tell us that friends are good for our health. We call them Vitamin F for friends and count the benefits of friends as essential to our well being. Research shows that people in strong social circles have less risk of depression and strokes.

If you enjoy Vitamin Friends constantly you can be up to 30 years younger than your real age. The warmth of friendship stops stress and even in your most intense moments it decreases the chance of a cardiac arrest or stroke by 50%.

So in summary; we should value our friends and keep in touch with them. We should try to see the funny side of things and laugh together and pray for each other in the tough times.

The most beautiful thing about friendship is that we can grow separately without growing apart. A true friend will never choose between one or the other, of two friends that have a disagreement, especially if it meant a parting of their ways.

**Proverbs 18:24** A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

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Oct 16

## One on the wall

I sat with a friend in a well known coffee shop in a neighboring town and as we enjoyed our coffee a man entered and sat at an empty table beside us. The waiter came over and placed his order saying, two cups of coffee, one of them on the wall. We heard this order with rather interest and observed that he was served with one cup of coffee but he paid for two. As soon as he left the waiter pasted a piece of paper on the wall that said 'a cup of coffee'.

While we were still there two other men entered and ordered three cups of coffee, two on the table and one on the wall. They had the two cups of coffee but paid for three and left. This time also the waiter did the same thing and pasted a piece of paper on the wall that read 'a cup of coffee'. It was something unique and perplexing for us and we finished our coffee and left. After a few days we had a chance to go to this coffee shop again and while we were enjoying our

coffee a man, poorly dressed entered. As he seated himself he looked at the wall and said, 'one cup of coffee from the wall please'. The waiter served him the coffee with the usual respect and dignity and the man had his coffee and left without paying. We were amazed to watch all this as the waiter took off a piece of paper from the wall and threw it in the garbage.

Now it was no surprise for us, the matter was very clear. The great respect for the needy shown by the people of this town made our eyes well up in tears.

Now think about this; the poor man entered the coffee shop without having to lower his self esteem, he didn't have to ask for a free cup of coffee or knowing about the one who is giving him the coffee. He only looked at the wall, placed an order himself, enjoyed the coffee and left.....

Probably the most beautiful wall you've seen anywhere.....

**Ezekiel 12:25** For I am the LORD: I will speak, and the word that I shall speak shall come to pass; it shall be no more prolonged: for in your days, O rebellious house, will I say the word, and will perform it, saith the Lord GOD.

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oct 23

The Rules for Being Human

1. You will receive a body.

You may like it or hate it, but it will be yours for the entire period.

2. You will learn lessons.

You are enrolled in an informal school called Life. Each day in this school, you will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant and stupid.

3. There are no mistakes, only lessons.

Growth is a process of trial and error.

Experimentation.

The "failed" experiments are as much a part of the process as the experiment that ultimately "works".

4. A lesson is repeated until learned.

A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. You can then go on to the next lesson.

5. Learning lessons does not end.

There is no part of life that does not contain its lessons. If you are alive, there are lessons to be learned.

6. "There" is no better than "here."

When your "there" has become a "here" you will simply obtain another "there" that will again look better than "here."

7. Others are merely mirrors of you.

You cannot love or hate something about another person unless it reflects something you either love or hate about yourself.

8. What you make of life is up to you.

You have all the tools and resources you need. What you do with them is up to you. The choice is yours.

9. Your answers lie inside you.

The answers to Life's questions lie inside you. All you need to do is look, listen, and trust.

10. You will forget all this. ~Cherie Carter-Scott

**Genesis 1:26** And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

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Oct 30

**The Story behind the Gospel Hymn, 'I have Decided to Follow Jesus':** About 150 years ago missionaries stirred by the Welsh Revival went to India. A Welsh missionary brought a man and his family to Christ in Assam. A number of his neighbours received Jesus Christ through their witness. The Tribal Chief called the village together. He demanded that the man and his family publically recant their belief in Jesus Christ.

The man refused and the Chief was enraged, saying that they would all be killed if he did not give up his faith in Jesus Christ. He was unmoved and began to sing: "I have decided to follow Jesus, I have decided to follow Jesus. I have decided to follow Jesus, No turning back. No turning back. The chief signaled his archers and the man's two sons were arrowed. The Chief asked him if he would change his position.

With his two sons dying on the ground, the man continued to sing: "If none go with me still I will follow; If none go with me still I will follow. If none go with me still I will follow. No turning back, No turning back." The Chief signalled the archers and the man's wife was killed. Again the Chief asked the man to reject Jesus Christ. He sang these words as his final reply: "The Cross before me, the World behind me; the Cross before me, the World behind me; The Cross before me, the World behind me. No turning back, No turning back."

Again, arrows found its targent and Christ's true believers all lay dead on the ground. The Chief couldn't understand why a man would give his life and those of his family for a belief in a man who had died so many years ago in a land so far away. There must be something special about such a faith. He decided that he would taste that faith for himself and publicly made that confession and when he did the entire village of Assam was converted to Christ.

As a little boy, I sang that song in the Evangelical Lutheran Church and can remember those days when our Church still believed the True Gospel of Christ and the Holy Bible as God's Word.

***I HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW JESUS!***

**I have decided to follow Jesus**

**I have decided to follow Jesus**

**I have decided to follow Jesus**

**No turning back, no turning back**

**The cross before me, the world behind me**

**No turning back, no turning back**

**The cross before me, the world behind me**

**No turning back, No turning back**

**Though none go with me, still I will follow**

**No turning back, no turning back**

**Though none go with me, still I will follow**

**No turning back, no turning back**  
**The Tongue**

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It is a helpful tool  
That is used as a dangerous weapon  
It is so light  
Yet we fail to hold it  
Instead of using it as a magic wand  
To tap a bit of encouragement upon one's heart  
Or a smile upon one's face  
We use it as a sword to cut people down  
Leaving their hearts broken  
And their self-esteem low  
Instead of using it  
To turn ourselves into little angels  
Placing blessings upon one's life  
We use it to turn ourselves  
Into fire-breathing dragons  
Who insists on one's life being taken  
We use it to curse others  
Not realizing we are really cursing ourselves  
We must learn to hold this dangerous weapon  
Before we kill others as well as ourselves  
We must learn to watch the words  
That we allow to roll off of it  
We must allow it to be known  
As a piece of gold from heaven  
Instead of the flames from  
**James 3:5** Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth  
great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

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Sept 11  
This is one of the most beautiful & powerful e-mails I have received lately.  
<https://player.vimeo.com/video/89476173>

**What really matters, is what did you do with Jesus?**

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Sept 18  
**No Excuse Sunday**

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To make it possible for everyone to attend this Sunday,  
our church is going to have a "No Excuse Sunday."  
Cots and hammocks will be placed in the aisle for those who say:  
Sunday is my only day to sleep in.  
Eye drops and extra coffee will be provided for those with tired  
eyes from watching TV or partying late Saturday night.  
Day care will be provided as always for those who find it

difficult to worship with their children running amok among the pews.

There will be a special section with padded recliner chairs for those who feel that our pews are too hard.

Doctors and nurses will be in attendance for those who feel ill.

We will have steel hard hats and fire retardant suits available for those who say:

The roof would cave in if I ever came to church.

Or I would spontaneously combust if I ever set foot into a church.

One section will be decorated with trees and grass for those who like to seek God in nature.

Scorecards and pens will be provided for those who wish to list the hypocrites present.

Blankets will be furnished for those who say the church is too cold and portable fans for those who say it is too hot.

Our worship team will play a variety of musical accompaniments for those who feel that the hymns are too dull or that the contemporary service is too contemporary or not contemporary enough.

And finally, the sanctuary will be decorated with both Christmas wreaths and Easter lilies for those who have never seen the church without them.

See you on Sunday, No

**Matthew 21:13** And said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

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Sept 25

### **The Pretty One**

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This was the last litter of puppies we were going to allow our Cocker Spaniel to have. It had been a very long night for me. Precious, our only black Cocker was having a very difficult time with the delivery of her puppies.

I laid on the floor beside her large four-foot square cage watching her every movement. I was watching and waiting just in case we had to rush her to the veterinarian.

After six hours the puppies started to appear. The first born was a black and white party dog. The second and third puppies were tan and brown in color.

The fourth and fifth were also spotted black and white. "One, two, three, four, five," I counted to myself as I walked down the hallway to wake up Judy and tell her that everything was fine. As we walked back down the hallway and into the spare bedroom, I noticed a sixth puppy had been born and was now lying all by itself over to the side of the cage.

I picked up the small puppy and laid it on top of the large pile

of puppies, which were whining and trying to nurse on the mother. Instantly Precious pushed the small puppy away from rest of the group and refused to recognize it as a member of her family.

"Something's wrong," said Judy. I reached over and picked up the puppy. My heart sank inside my chest when I saw the little puppy was hare-lipped and could not close its little mouth. We had gone through this once before last year with another one of our cockers. That experience like to have killed me when the puppy died and I had to bury it. If there was any way to save this animal I was going to give it my best shot.

All the puppies born that night, with the exception of the small hare-lipped pup, were very valuable because of their unusual coloring. Most would bring between five to seven hundred dollars each.

The next day I took the puppy to the vet. I was told nothing could be done unless we were willing to spend about a thousand dollars to try and correct the defect. He told us that the puppy would die mainly because it could not suckle.

After returning home Judy and I decided that we could not afford to spend that kind of money without getting some type of assurances from the vet that the puppy had a chance to live. However, that did not stop me from purchasing a syringe and feeding the puppy by hand, which I did every day and night, every two hours, for more than ten days.

The fifth week I placed an ad in the newspaper, and within a week we had taken deposits on all of the pups, except the one with the deformity.

The little guy had learned to eat on his own as long as it was soft canned food.

Late that afternoon I had gone to the store to pick up a few groceries. Upon returning I happened to see the old retired school teacher, who lived across the street from us, waving at me. She had read in the paper that we had puppies for sale and was wondering if she might buy one from us for her grandson. I told her all the puppies had been sold, but I would keep my eyes open for anyone else who might have a cocker spaniel for sale. I also mentioned we never kept a deposit should someone change their mind, and if so I would let her know.

Within days all but one of the puppies had been picked up by their new owners.

This left me with one brown and tan cocker, as well as the smaller hare-lipped puppy.

Two days passed without me hearing anything from the gentleman who had placed a deposit on the tan and brown pup. So I telephoned the school teacher and told her I had one puppy left

and that she was welcome to come and look at it. She advised me that she was going to pick up her grandson and would come over about eight o'clock that evening. Judy and I were eating supper when we heard a knock on the front door. When I opened the door, the man who had placed a \$100 deposit on the dog was standing there. We walked inside where I filled out the paperwork, he paid me the balance of the money, and I handed him the puppy.

Judy and I did not know what to do or say if the teacher showed up with her grandson. Sure enough at exactly eight o'clock the doorbell rang. I opened the door and there was the school teacher with her grandson standing behind her. I explained to her the man had come for the puppy just an hour before and there were no puppies left.

"I'm sorry, Jeffery. They sold all the puppies," she told her grandson.

Just at that moment, the small puppy left in the bedroom began to yelp.

"My puppy! My puppy!" yelled the little boy as he ran out from behind his grandmother.

I just about fell over when I saw that the small child was harelipped. The boy ran past me as fast as he could down the hallway to where the puppy was still yelping. When the three of us made it to the bedroom, the small boy was holding the puppy in his arms. He looked up at his grandmother and said, "Look Grandma. They sold all the puppies except the pretty one, and he looks just like me."

Well, old Grandma wasn't the only one with tears in her eyes that day. Judy and I stood there, not knowing what to do.

"Is this puppy for sale?" asked the school teacher.

"My grandma told me these kind of puppies are real expensive and that I have to take real good care of it," said the little boy who was now hugging the puppy.

"Yes, ma'am. This puppy is for sale."

The lady opened her purse, and I could see several one-hundred dollar bills sticking out of her wallet. I reached over and pushed her hand back down into her purse so that she would not pull her wallet out.

"How much do you think this puppy is worth?" I asked the boy.

"About a dollar?" He replied.

"No. This puppy is very, very expensive; more than a dollar." I told him.

"I'm afraid so." said his grandmother.

The boy stood there pressing the small puppy against his cheek.

"We could not possibly take less than two dollars for this puppy," Judy said squeezing my hand. "Like you said, 'It's the

pretty one". She continued.

The school teacher took out two dollars and handed it to the young boy.

"It's your dog now, Jeffery. You pay the man."

I think it must be a wonderful feeling for any young person to look at themselves in the mirror and see nothing, except "The pretty one."

There is a light that shines beyond all things on earth, beyond the highest, the very highest heavens. This is the light that shines in your heart.

by Roger Dean Kiser

**2Samual 9:3** And the king said, Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto him?

Aug 7/16

=====

Hide the Necklace with the Cross on it.....

I will not hesitate to pass this on! This is a situation, out of control.

Kudos to the 17 year old and hopefully we have the courage to do the same as this young man.

**MAY "THE SPIRIT OF OUR GOD" GRANT TO US ALL THE COURAGE TO FOLLOW THIS EXAMPLE!!**

A young 17-year-old boy was shopping in St. Cloud, MN, at a sports store, called Shields.

The cashier was a Muslim lady who was wearing her headscarf.

The 17-year-old was wearing a necklace with a cross on it.

She told him he would have to put his cross under his shirt because it offended her.

He told her he would not do that.

Then he told her that he thought she should take her headscarf off.

She then called for the manager.

The manager came out and told the 17-year-old to just put his cross under his shirt and everything would be fine.

The boy again refused to do so and at that point he left the items he had intended to purchase and walked out.

Several customers who had been in line behind him had heard the conversation and also left their carts full of items and walked out of the store!!

**KUDOS TO THE 17-YEAR-OLD!!!**

We all know we are in some very changing times, and given the same circumstances, I pray we would all have the courage this young lad had.

Our Bible Class spent a few minutes talking about the challenge we are facing for our first amendment right of religious freedom.

(I have to wonder what's next? Are they going to try to ban the jewelry store owners from selling any jewelry with a cross on it??)

**WILL YOU HESITATE TO PASS THIS ON??**

**OR BE READY TO DEFEND YOUR RELIGIOUS RIGHTS!!!**

**GOD BLESS YOU, AND GOD BLESS ALL CHRISTIANS!!**

**Ephesians 6:13** Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.===

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Aug14/16

**\*I LOVE THE OPENING PARAGRAPH:\***

With what is going on in the world these days Heaven could end up a ghost town?  
My name is GOD. You hardly have time for Me. I love you and will always bless you.  
I am always with you. I need you to spend 30 seconds of your time With Me today.  
Don't pray, just praise. Why are prayers getting smaller, but bars and clubs are expanding?  
Why is it so easy to worship a celebrity, but very difficult to engage with God?  
Think about it, are you going to forward this or are you going to ignore it because you think you will get laughed at?  
Forward this to all your friends. 80% of you won't. GOD said if you deny me in front of your friends,  
I will deny you on the day of judgment. When one door closes, God opens two. If GOD has opened doors for you, send this message to everyone...

**\*Forward if GOD's been good to you\***

**1John 4:17** Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.

=====

Aug 21/16

***"I'm reminded of my parent's teachings, "everything works out for the best and individuals***

***determine their destiny through ambition and hard work."* Ronald Reagan**

In Nashville, Tennessee, during the first week of January, 1996, more than 4,000 baseball coaches descended upon the Opryland Hotel for the 52nd annual ABCA convention. While I waited in line to register with the hotel staff, I heard other more veteran coaches rumbling about the lineup of speakers scheduled to present during the weekend. One name, in particular, kept resurfacing, always with the same sentiment — "John Scolinos is here? Oh man, worth every penny of my airfare." Who the hell is John Scolinos, I wondered. Well, in 1996 Coach Scolinos was 78 years old and five years retired from a college coaching career that began in 1948. No matter, I was just happy to be there.

He shuffled to the stage to an impressive standing ovation, wearing dark polyester pants, a light blue shirt, and a string around his neck from which home plate hung — a full-sized, stark-white home plate. Pointed side down. Seriously, I wondered, who in the hell is this guy? After speaking for twenty-five minutes, not once mentioning the prop hanging around his neck, Coach Scolinos appeared to notice the snickering among some of the coaches. Even those who knew Coach Scolinos had to wonder exactly where he was going with this, or if he had simply forgotten about home plate since he'd gotten on stage.

Then, finally ... *"You're probably all wondering why I'm wearing home plate around my neck.*

*Or maybe you think I escaped from Camarillo State Hospital," he said, his voice growing irascible. I laughed along with the others, acknowledging the possibility. "No," he continued, "I*

*may be old, but I'm not crazy. The reason I stand before you today is to share with you baseball*

*people what I've learned in my life, what I've learned about home plate in my 78 years."*

*Several hands went up when Scolinos asked how many Little League coaches were in the room.*

*"Do you know how wide home plate is in Little League?" After a pause, someone offered,*

*“Seventeen inches,” more question than answer. “That’s right,” he said. “How about in Babe*

*Ruth? Any Babe Ruth coaches in the house?” Another long pause. “Seventeen inches?” came a*

*guess from another reluctant coach. “That’s right,” said Scolinos. “Now, how many high school*

*coaches do we have in the room?” Hundreds of hands shot up, as the pattern began to appear.*

*“How wide is home plate in high school baseball?” “Seventeen inches,” they said, sounding*

*more confident. “You’re right!” Scolinos barked. “And you college coaches, how wide is home*

*plate in college?” “Seventeen inches!” we said, in unison. “Any Minor League coaches here?*

*How wide is home plate in pro ball?” “Seventeen inches!”*

*“RIGHT! And in the Major Leagues, how wide home plate is in the Major Leagues?”*

*“Seventeen inches!” “SEV-EN-TEEN INCHES!” he confirmed, his voice bellowing off the walls.*

*“And what do they do with a Big League pitcher who can’t throw the ball over these seventeen*

*inches?” Pause. “They send him to Pocatello!” he hollered, drawing raucous laughter.*

*“What*

*they don’t do is this: they don’t say, ‘Ah, that’s okay, Bobby. You can’t hit a seventeeninch*

*target? We’ll make it eighteen inches, or nineteen inches. We’ll make it twenty inches so you*

*have a better chance of throwing the ball over it. If you can’t hit that, let us know so we can*

*make it wider still, say twenty-five inches.”*

*Pause. “Coaches ...” Pause. ” ... what do we do when our best player shows up late to practice?*

*What do we do if he violates curfew? What if he uses drugs? Do we hold him accountable? Or do we change the rules to fit him? Do we widen home plate?*

The chuckles gradually faded as four thousand coaches grew quiet, the fog lifting as the old coach’s message began to unfold. Then he turned the plate toward himself and, using a Sharpie, began to draw something. When he turned it toward the crowd, point up, a house was revealed, complete with a freshly drawn door and two windows.

*“This is the problem in our homes today. With our marriages, with the way we parent our kids.*

*With our discipline. We don’t teach accountability to our kids, and there is no consequence for*

*failing to meet standards. We widen the plate!”*

Pause. Then, to the point at the top of the house he added a small American flag. *“This is the problem in our schools today. The quality of our education is going downhill fast and teachers have been stripped of the tools they need to be successful, to educate and discipline our young people. We are allowing others to widen home plate! Where is that getting us?” “And this is*

*the*

*problem in the Church, where powerful people in positions of authority have taken advantage of young children, only to have such an atrocity swept under the rug for years. Our church leaders are widening home plate!"*

I was amazed. At a baseball convention where I expected to learn something about curveballs and bunting and how to run better practices, I had learned something far more valuable. From an old man with home plate strung around his neck, I had learned something about life, about myself, about my own weaknesses and about my responsibilities as a leader. I had to hold myself and others accountable to that which I knew to be right, lest our families, our faith, and our society continue down an undesirable path.

*"If I am lucky," Coach Scolinos concluded, "you will remember one thing from this old coach*

*today. It is this: if we fail to hold ourselves to a higher standard, a standard of what we know to be right; if we fail to hold our spouses and our children to the same standards, if we are unwilling or unable to provide a consequence when they do not meet the standard; and if our schools and churches and our government fail to hold themselves accountable to those they serve, there is but one thing to look forward to ..."*

With that, he held home plate in front of his chest, turned it around, and revealed its dark black backside. "... **dark days ahead.**" Coach Scolinos died in 2009 at the age of 91, but not before touching the lives of hundreds of players and coaches, including mine. Meeting him at my first ABCA convention kept me returning year after year, looking for similar wisdom and inspiration from other coaches. He is the best clinic speaker the ABCA has ever known because he was so much more than a baseball coach.

His message was clear: "Coaches, keep your players — no matter how good they are — your own children, and most of all, keep yourself at seventeen inches."

**Acts 20:24** But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

=====  
Aug 28/16

Who is Jesus?

In chemistry,

He turned water to wine.

In biology,

He was born without the normal conception;

In physics,

He disapproved the law of gravity when He ascended into heaven;

In economics,

He disapproved the law of diminishing return by feeding 5000 men with two fishes & 5 loaves of bread;

In medicine,

He cured the sick and the blind without administering a single dose of drugs;

In history,

He is the beginning and the end;

In government,

He said that He shall be called Wonderful Counselor, Prince of Peace;  
In religion,

He said no one comes to the Father except through Him;  
Traveler

He did not travel the world, yet the world knows of Him;  
So, Who is He? He is Jesus! Our Lord and Savior!

The Greatest Man in History

Jesus had no servants,  
yet they called Him Master.

Had no degree,  
yet they called Him Teacher.

Had no medicines,  
yet they called Him Healer.

He had no army,  
yet kings feared Him.

He won no military battles,  
yet He conquered the world.

He committed no crime,  
yet they crucified Him.

He was buried in a tomb,  
yet He lives today.

I feel honored to serve such a Leader who loves us.

Join me and let's celebrate Him; He is worthy.

The eyes beholding this message shall not behold evil,

The hand that will send this message to everybody shall not labor in vain,  
and The mouth saying Amen to this prayer shall smile forever.

Remain in God and seek his face always.

**John 13:19** Now I tell you before it come, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he.

**Once upon a time there was a king who wanted to go fishing.**

**He called the royal weather forecaster and inquired as to the weather forecast for the next few hours. The weatherman assured him that there was no chance of rain in the coming days.**

**So the king went fishing with his wife, the queen. On the way he met a farmer on his donkey. Upon seeing the king the farmer said, "Your Majesty, you should return to the palace at once because in just a short time I expect a huge amount of rain to fall in this area".**

**The king was polite and considerate, he replied: "I hold the palace meteorologist in high regard. He is an extensively educated and experienced professional. And besides, I pay him very high wages. He gave me a very different forecast. I trust him and I will continue on my way." So he continued on his way.**

**However, a short time later a torrential rain fell from the sky. The King and Queen were totally soaked and their entourage chuckled upon seeing them in such a shameful condition.**

**Furious, the king returned to the palace and gave the order to fire the professional. Then he summoned the farmer and offered him the prestigious and high paying role of royal**

forecaster.>

The farmer said, "Your Majesty, I do not know anything about forecasting. I obtain my information from my donkey.

If I see my donkey's ears drooping, it means with certainty that it will rain."

So the king hired the donkey. And thus began the practice of hiring dumb asses to work in the government and occupy its highest and most influential positions.

And the practice is unbroken to this day

Colosians 4:1 Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.

=====

jul 10

**Choice or Chance?**

=====

When we meet the right person to love, when we're at the right place at the right time, **that's chance.**

When you meet someone you're attracted to, that's not a choice.

**That's chance.**

Being caught up in a moment (and there are a lot of couples who get together because of this) is not a choice.

**That's also a chance.**

The difference is what happens afterwards.

When will you take that infatuation, that crush, that mindblowing attraction to the next level?

That's when all sanity goes back, you sit down and contemplate whether you want to make this into a concrete relationship or just a fling.

If you decide to love a person, even with his or her faults, that's not a chance. **That's choice.**

When you choose to be with a person, no matter what, **that's choice.**

Even if you know there are many people out there who are more attractive, smarter, and richer than your mate, and yet, you decide to love your mate just the same, **that's choice.**

Infatuation, crushes, and attraction come to us **by chance.**

But true love that lasts **is truly a choice.**

A choice that we make.

Regarding soul-mates, there's a beautiful movie quote that I believe is so true about this: "Fate brings you together, but it's still up to you to make it happen."

I believe that soul-mates do exist, that there is truly someone made for you. But it's still **up to you to make the choice** if you're going to do something about it or not.

We may meet our soul-mates by chance, but loving and staying with our soulmate is still a choice we have to make.

We came to the world not by finding someone perfect to love, BUT to learn how to love an imperfect person perfectly.

*From a Mountain Wings momet*

**Philippians 1:22** But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not.

---

Jul 17

Special

It was a bitter, cold evening in northern Virginia many, many years ago. The old man's beard was glazed by winter's frost while he waited for a ride across the river. The wait seemed endless. His body became numb and stiff from the frigid north wind. He heard the faint, steady rhythm of approaching hooves galloping along the frozen path. Anxiously, he watched as several horsemen rounded the bend. He let the first one pass by without an effort to get his attention. Then another passed by... and another. Finally, the last rider neared the spot where the old man sat like a snow statue. As this one drew near, the old man caught the rider's eye and said, "Sir, would you mind giving an old man a ride to the other side? There doesn't appear to be a passageway by foot."

Reining his horse, the rider replied, "Sure thing. Hop aboard."

Seeing the old man was unable to lift his half-frozen body from the ground, the horseman dismounted and helped the old man onto the horse. The horseman took the old man not just across the river, but to his destination, which was just a few miles away.

As they neared the tiny but cozy cottage, the horseman's curiosity caused him to inquire, "Sir, I notice that you let several other riders pass by without making an effort to secure a ride. Then I came up and you immediately asked me for a ride.

I'm curious why, on such a bitter winter night, you would wait and ask the last rider. What if I had refused and left you there?"

The old man lowered himself slowly down from the horse, looked the rider straight in the eyes, and replied, "I've been around these here parts for some time. I reckon I know people pretty good."

The old-timer continued, "I looked into the eyes of the other riders and immediately saw there was no concern for my situation.

It would have been useless even to ask them for a ride. But when I looked into your eyes, kindness and compassion were evident.

I knew, then and there, that your gentle spirit would welcome the opportunity to give me assistance in my time of need."

Those heartwarming comments touched the horseman deeply.

"I'm most grateful for what you have said," he told the old man.

"May I never get too busy in my own affairs that I fail to respond to the needs of others with kindness and compassion."

With that, Thomas Jefferson turned his horse around and made his way back to the White House.

~Author Unknown

**Matthew 18:33** Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

---

jul 24

***FIVE LESSONS ABOUT THE WAY WE TREAT PEOPLE***

**1 - First Important Lesson - Cleaning Lady.**

**During my second month of college, our professor  
Gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student  
And had breezed through the questions until I read  
The last one:**

**"What is the first name of the woman who cleans tschool?"**

**Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the  
Cleaning woman several times. She was tall,  
Dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name?**

**I handed in my paper, leaving the last question  
Blank. Just before class ended, one student asked if  
The last question would count toward our quiz grade.**

**"Absolutely, " said the professor.. "In your careers,  
You will meet many people. All are significant.. Th  
Deserve your attention and care, even if all you do  
Is smile and say "hello.."**

**I've never forgotten that lesson.. I also learned her  
Name was Dorothy.**

***2 - Second Important Lesson - Pickup in the Rain***

**One night, at 11:30 p.m., an older African American  
Woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway  
Trying to endure a lashing rain storm. Her car had  
Broken down and she desperately needed a ride.**

**Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car.**

**A young white man stopped to help her, generally  
Unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960's. The man**

**Took her to safety, helped her get assistance and  
Put her into a taxicab.**

**She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his  
Address and thanked him. Seven days went by and a  
Knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a  
Giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A  
Special note was attached .It read:**

**"Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway  
The other night. The rain drenched not only my  
Clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along.  
Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying  
Husband's' bedside just before he passed away... God  
Bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving  
Others."**

**Sincerely,**

**Mrs. Nat King Cole.**

***3 - Third Important Lesson - Always remember those  
Who serve.***

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less,  
A 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and  
Sat at a table.. A waitress put a glass of water in  
Front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and  
Studied the coins in it.

"Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the  
Waitress was growing impatient.

"Thirty cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins.

"I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on  
The table and walked away The boy finished the ice  
Cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress  
Came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the  
Table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish,  
Were three dimes and five pennies..

You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had  
To have enough left to leave her a tip.

*4 - Fourth Important Lesson. - The obstacle in Our Path.*

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a  
Roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if  
Anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the  
King's' wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by  
And simply walked around it.. Many loudly blamed the  
King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did  
Anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of  
Vegetables.. Upon approaching the boulder, the  
peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the  
stone to the side of the road. After much pushing  
and straining, he finally succeeded. After the  
peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed  
a purse lying in the road where the boulder had  
been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note  
from the King indicating that the gold was for the  
person who removed the boulder from the roadway. The  
peasant learned what many of us never understand!  
Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve  
our condition.

*5 - Fifth Important Lesson - Giving When it Counts....*

*Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a  
hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who*

*was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister.*

*I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile fade*

*He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away". Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.*

**Matthew 25:40** And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

=====

jul 31

The Stranger

**Some years after I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on.**

**As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey. But the stranger... he was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies.**

**If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.**

**Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of**

us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet. (I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.) Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends or any visitors. Our long time visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush. My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing..

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked ... And NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?....

We just call him 'TV.'

(Note: This should be required reading for every household!)

He has a wife now....we call her 'Computer.'

Their first child is "Cell Phone".

Second child "I Pod "

**And JUST BORN A FEW YEARS AGO WAS a Grandchild:  
IPAD**

***OH MY----HOW TRUE THIS***

**1Timothy 4:2** Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; Most of you know John Wayne as an actor. You may not know what happened to him before he died. This is that story!

Robert Schuller's teenage daughter, Cindy, was in a motorcycle accident and had to have her leg amputated. John Wayne is a big fan of Robert Schuller. He heard Dr. Schuller say on one of his programs that his daughter had been in an accident and had to have her leg amputated. John Wayne wrote a note to her saying: Dear Cindy, sorry to hear about your accident. Hope you will be all right. Signed, John Wayne.

The note was delivered to her and she decided she wanted to write John Wayne a note in reply. She wrote: Dear Mr. Wayne, I got your note. Thanks for writing to me. I like you very much. I am going to be all right because Jesus is going to help me. Mr.Wayne, do you know Jesus? I sure

hope you know Jesus, Mr. Wayne, because I cannot imagine heaven being complete without John Wayne being there. I hope, if you don't know Jesus, that you will give your heart to Jesus right now. See you in heaven. And she signed her name.

She had just put that letter in an envelope, sealed it, and written across the front of it "John Wayne" when a visitor came into her room to see her. He said to her: What are you doing? She said: "I just wrote a letter to John Wayne, but I don't know how to get it to him." He said: "That's funny, I am going to have dinner with John Wayne tonight at the Newport Club down at Newport Beach. Give it to me and I will give it to him." She gave him the letter and he put it in his coat pocket.

There were twelve of them that night sitting around the table for dinner. They were laughing and cutting up and the guy happened to reach in his pocket and felt that letter and remembered. John Wayne was seated at the end of the table and the guy took the letter out and said: "Hey, Duke, I was in Schuller's daughter's room today and she wrote you a letter and wanted me to give it to you. Here it is." They passed it down to John Wayne and he opened it.

They kept on laughing and cutting up and someone happened to look down at John Wayne. He was crying. One of them said: "Hey, Duke, what is the matter?" He said (and can't you hear him saying it?): "I want to read you this letter." He read the letter. Then he began to weep. He folded it, put it in his pocket, and he pointed to the man who delivered it to him and said: "You go tell that little girl that right now, in this restaurant, right here, John Wayne gives his heart to Jesus Christ and I will see her in heaven." Three weeks later John Wayne died!

**Mark 10:31** But many that are first shall be last; and the last first.

=====

6/12

I wish you Enough !

Recently I overheard a Father and daughter in their last moments together at the airport. They had announced the departure.

Standing near the security gate, they hugged and the Father said, 'I love you, and I wish you enough.'

The daughter replied, 'Dad, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed.'

I wish you enough, too, Dad.'

They kissed and the daughter left. The Father walked over to the window where I was seated.

Standing there I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, 'Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?'

'Yes, I have,' I replied. 'Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?'

'I am old, and she lives so far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is - the next trip back will be for my funeral,' he said.

'When you were saying good-bye, I heard you say, 'I wish you enough.' May I ask what that means?'

He began to smile. 'That's a wish that has been

handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone..' He paused a moment and looked up as if trying to remember it in detail, and he smiled even more. 'When we said, 'I wish you enough,' we were wanting the other person to have a life filled with just enough good things to sustain them.' Then turning toward me, he shared the following as if he were reciting it from memory.

I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright no matter how gray the day may appear.

I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun even more.

I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive and everlasting.

I wish you enough pain so that even the smallest of joys in life may appear bigger.

I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting.

I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess.

I wish you enough hellos to get you through the final good- bye.

He then began to cry and walked away

**Genesis 33:11** Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee; because God hath dealt graciously with me, and because I have enough. And he urged him, and he took it.

=====

june26

**Someone in the Postal Service needs to be rewarded ...**

**A letter from the Post Office... This is absolutely the best!**

We don't know who replied, but there is a beautiful soul working in the dead letter department who understands **Love**...

Our 14-year-old dog Abbey died last month.

The day after she passed away my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey.

She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to Heaven, God would recognize her.

I told her that I thought that we could, so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog?

Abbey died yesterday and is with you in heaven.

I miss her very much.

I'm happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick.

I hope you will play with her.

She likes to swim and play with balls.

I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog.

I really miss her.

Love

Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey & Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it.

Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven.

That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office.

A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet.

I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, 'To Meredith' in an unfamiliar hand.

Meredith opened it.

Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, 'When a Pet Dies.'

Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope.

On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help and I recognized her right away.

Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart.

Abbey loved being your dog.

Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in so I'm sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me.

What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you.

I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much.

By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love,

God

**Luke 12:6** Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before

May 1

A friend of mine was driving through an intersection one day and his little four-year-old son was in the car with him. The car door flew open, and the little boy rolled out of the vehicle right into the middle of traffic coming from four ways. The last thing my friend saw was a set of car wheels just about on top of his son-moving at a vary fast rate of speed.

All he knew to do was cry, "JESUS!" As soon as he could bring his car to a halt, he jumped

out ran to his son, who was perfectly all right. But the man driving the car that had almost hit the child was absolutely hysterical. My friend went over to him and started trying to comfort him... "Man, don't be upset!" he said. "My son is all right, he's okay... Don't be concerned about it. Just thank God you were able to stop!" "You don't understand!" the man responded. "I never touched my brakes!"

**Hebrews 2:4** God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to his own will?

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Mothers Day May 8

We Trust This will be an inspiration and a blessing.

[http://www.godtube.com/watch/?inspirationv=022911NU&utm\\_source=GodTube%20Must-See%20Video&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_campaign=01/27/2015](http://www.godtube.com/watch/?inspirationv=022911NU&utm_source=GodTube%20Must-See%20Video&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=01/27/2015)

**Genesis 17:16** And I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her.

=====

may 15

Childs Prayer ( True )

Helen Roseveare, a missionary doctor from England to Zaire Africa, told this as it happened to her in Africa.

She told it in her testimony on Wed. night at Thomas Road Baptist Church.

"One night I had worked hard to help a mother in the labor ward; but in spite of all we could do, she died leaving us with a tiny premature baby and a crying two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive, as we had no incubator. (We had no electricity to run an incubator.) We also had no special feeding facilities.

Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts.

One student midwife went for the box we had for such babies and the cotton wool the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle.

She came back shortly in distress to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst. Rubber perishes easily in tropical climates. "And it is our last hot water bottle!" she exclaimed.

As in the West it is no good crying over spilled milk, so in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over burst water bottles. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways.

"All right," I said, "Put the baby as near the fire as you safely can, and sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts. "Your job is to keep the baby warm." The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with any of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle. The baby could so easily die if it got chills. I also told them of the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During the prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt conciseness of our African children. "Please, God," she prayed, "send us a water bottle. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, as the baby will be dead, so please send it this afternoon."

While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added by way , "And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?"

As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say, "Amen?" I just did not believe that God could do this.

Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything. The Bible says so. But there are limits, aren't there?

The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending me a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never received a parcel from home.

Anyway, if anyone did send me a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? Especially to anyone who lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time I reached home, the car had gone, but there, on the verandah, was a large twenty-two pound parcel. I felt tears pricking my eyes.

I could not open the parcel alone, so I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly.

Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly colored, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children looked a little bored. Then came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas--that would make a nice batch of buns for the weekend.

Then, as I put my hand in again, I felt the.....could it really be? I grasped it and pulled it out--yes, a brand-new, rubber hot water bottle I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could.

Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!" Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully dressed dolly. Her eyes shone! She had never doubted. Looking up at me, she asked: "Can I go over with you, Mummy, and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months. Packed up by my former Sunday school class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. And one of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child--five months before--in answer to the loving prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "that afternoon."

**Isaiah 65:24**" And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

Live as if Christ died yesterday, arose this morning, and is coming back tomorrow.

Our God really IS..AN AWESOME GOD.

=====

may22

### The Train

THIS IS VERY BEAUTIFUL. I AM HONORED TO HAVE RECEIVED IT, AND SEND IT ON TO YOU.

At birth we boarded the train and met our parents, and we believe they will always travel on our side. However, at some station our parents will step down from the train, leaving us on this journey alone.

As time goes by, other people will board the train; and they will be significant i.e. our siblings, friends, children, and even the love of your life. Many will step down and leave a permanent vacuum. Others will go so unnoticed that we don't realize they vacated their seats.

This train ride will be full of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes, and farewells. Success consists of having a good relationship with all passengers requiring that we give the best of ourselves.

The mystery to everyone is: We do not know at which station we ourselves will step down. So, we must live in the best way, love, forgive, and offer the best of who we are. It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty, we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life.

I wish you a joyful journey on the train of life. Reap success and give lots of love. More importantly, thank God for the journey.

Lastly, **I thank you** for being one of the passengers on my train.

**Revelation 22:17** And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

=====

may 29

"God, you want me to do what?!"

<https://www.facebook.com/SteveHartman/videos/808475795946556/>

**Romans 16:26** But now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith:

Apr 3.

Today I was driving in my truck up a busy street, talking out loud to God, as I sometimes do.

I glanced down at my gas gauge for the 10th time only to see that I was still on empty, and the orange glow of the warning light was still very much glowing at me.

I had been telling God that I didn't know what to do and that I was in need of His wisdom.

My car insurance was due yesterday,  
my truck payment is 3 months overdue,  
my cell phone was turned off,

(I suffer from anxiety and panic attacks so that is a big one for me).

I am on medical disability for my anxiety, no job and very broke.

I explained to God that something really needed to change, and that I am at my end and can't do this anymore.

Now, let me explain something to you.

I believe in God. I attend an awesome church but not as regularly as I should. I have a Bible but don't pick it up to read it as often as I should. I have so many opportunities to attend small group studies with my church and even get together, but I don't.

That's when it hit me.

I was running on empty.

My spiritual Warning Light has been glowing orange for months now, and I have just kept on going; filling up just enough to get me by, like I do with my gas tank, fill up with just \$10.00 worth of gas to get me to the next week.

I didn't get the meaning of it until today. It hit me.

I was actually having a MountainWings Moment, and I was excited.

I pulled over and thanked God for showing me what changes I needed to make, what I had to do to fill myself with spiritual fuel.

It was so simple that I had to laugh about it.

It's amazing how we talk to God, and yet sometimes never really open ourselves to listen for his reply. by Lisa Gizman

**Matthew 11:28-** Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find

rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

=====

Apr 10

This was sent to us via: the internet, as you see it, less the scripture.

We pass it on in our Special in hopes God will use it to strengthen you.

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**Below is so true, not all Muslims are terrorists but ALL terrorists are Muslims.**

**Satan has a counterfeit for almost everything God does.**

**God wrote the Bible**

**Satan wrote the Koran**

**God picked the Jew as his chosen race, Abraham, Isaac & Jacob**

**Satan picked the Arabs as his chosen race, Abraham, Ishmael & Esau**

**God picked Christians as his church**

**Satan picked Islam for his church**

**AND THE LIST GOES ON**

=====

A religion of PEACE

The Shoe Bomber was a Muslim

The Beltway Snipers were Muslims  
The Fort Hood Shooter was a Muslim  
The underwear Bomber was a Muslim  
The U-S.S. Cole Bombers were Muslims  
The Madrid Train Bombers were Muslims  
The Bafi Nightclub Bombers were Muslims  
The London Subway Bombers were Muslims  
The Moscow Theatre Attackers were Muslims  
The Boston Marathon Bombers were Muslims  
The Pan-Am flight #93 Bombers were Muslims  
The Air France Entebbe Hijackers were Muslims  
The Iranian Embassy Takeover, was by Muslims  
The Beirut U.S. Embassy bombers were Muslims  
The Libyan U.S. Embassy Attack was by Muslims  
The Buenos Aires Suicide Bombers were Muslims  
The Israeli Olympic Team Attackers were Muslims  
The Kenyan U.S, Embassy Bombers were Muslims  
The Saudi, Khobar Towers Bombers were Muslims  
The Beirut Marine Barracks bombers were Muslims  
The Besian Russian School Attackers were Muslims  
The first World Trade Center Bombers were Muslims  
The Bombay & Mumbai India Attackers were Muslims  
The Achille Lauro Cruise Ship Hijackers were Muslims  
The September 11th 2001 Airline Hijackers were Muslims'

Think of it:

Buddhists living with Hindus = No Problem  
Hindus living with Christians = No Problem  
Hindus living with Jews = No Problem  
Christians living with Shintos = No Problem  
Shintos living with Confucians = No Problem  
Confusians living with Baha'is = No Problem  
Baha'is living with Jews = No Problem  
Jews living with Atheists = No Problem  
Atheists living with Buddhists = No Problem  
Buddhists living with Sikhs = No Problem  
Sikhs living with Hindus = No Problem  
Hindus living with Baha'is = No Problem  
Baha'is living with Christians = No Problem  
Christians living with Jews = No Problem  
Jews living with Buddhists = No Problem  
Buddhists living with Shintos = No Problem  
Shintos living with Atheists = No Problem  
Atheists living with Confucians = No Problem  
Confusians living with Hindus = No Problem

Muslims living with Hindus = Problem  
Muslims living with Buddhists = Problem  
Muslims living with Christians = Problem  
Muslims living with Jews = Problem  
Muslims living with Sikhs = Problem  
Muslims living with Baha'is = Problem  
Muslims living with Shintos = Problem  
Muslims living with Atheists = Problem  
MUSLIMS LIVING WITH MUSLIMS = BIG PROBLEM

\*\*\*\*\*SO THIS LEAD TO \*\*\*\*\*

They're not happy in Gaza  
They're not happy in Egypt  
They're not happy in Libya  
They're not happy in Morocco  
They're not happy in Iran  
They're not happy in Iraq  
They're not happy in Yemen  
They're not happy in Afghanistan  
They're not happy in Pakistan  
They're not happy in Syria  
They're not happy in Lebanon  
They're not happy in Nigeria  
They're not happy in Kenya  
They're not happy in Sudan

\*\*\*\*\* So, where are they happy? \*\*\*\*\*

They're happy in Australia  
They're happy in England  
They're happy in Belgium  
They're happy in France  
They're happy in Italy  
They're happy in Germany  
They're happy in Sweden  
They're happy in the USA & Canada  
They're happy in Norway & India  
They're happy in almost every country that is not Islamic!

And who do they blame? Not Islam... Not their leadership... Not themselves...

THEY BLAME THE COUNTRIES THEY ARE HAPPY IN!!

And they want to change the countries they're happy in, to be like the countries they came from where they were unhappy and finally they will be get hammered!!!!

Islamic Jihad: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION

ISIS: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION

Al-Qaeda: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION

Taliban: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION

Hamas: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION

Hezbollah: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Boko Haram: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Al-Nusra: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Abu Sayyaf: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Al-Badr: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Muslim Brotherhood: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Lashkar-e-Taiba: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Palestine Liberation Front: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Ansaru: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Jemaah Islamiyah: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
Abdullah Azzam Brigades: AN ISLAMIC TERROR ORGANIZATION  
AND A LOT MORE!!!!!!!

Thank you Religion of Peace !

*Jesus said*

**John 10:1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.**

**John 14:6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.**

=====

**Apr 17**

The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred and the auctioneer

Thought it scarcely worth his while

To waste his time on the old violin,

But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good people," he cried,

"Who starts the bidding for me?

One dollar? One dollar. Do I hear two?

Two dollars, and who'll make it three?

Three dollars once, three dollars twice,

Going for three" But no!

From the room, far back, a gray-bearded man

Came forward and picked up the bow.

Then wiping the dust from the old violin,

And tightening up the strings,

He played a melody, pure and sweet,

As sweet as the angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,

In a voice that was quiet and low,

Said, "What now am I bid for this old violin?"

As he held it up with the bow.

"One thousand? One thousand, do I hear two?

Two thousand. Who makes it three?  
Three thousand once, three thousand twice,  
Going and gone!" said he.  
The audience cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We just don't understand.  
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply,  
"The touch of the Master's hand."  
And many a man, with life out of tune,  
All battered with bourbon and gin,  
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.  
A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,  
A game, and he travels on.  
He's going once, he's going twice,  
He's going, and he's almost gone.  
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd  
Never can quite understand  
The worth of a soul, the change that is wrought,  
By the Touch of the Master's Hand.

**Luke 16:13** No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

=====

apr 24

A little boy about 10 years old was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, barefoot, peering through the window, and shivering with cold. A lady approached the boy and said, "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the boys reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the Clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, which he quickly brought to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet and dried them with a towel. By this time the clerk had returned with the socks. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she also purchased him a pair of shoes. After tying up the remaining pairs of socks, she gave them to him. She patted him on the head and said, "No doubt, my little fellow, you feel more comfortable now?"

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her by the hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered the question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"

Matthew 21:16 And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and

sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

A villager came to the big city for the first time in his life..  
He was amazed at the many wonders in the big city. He wanted to buy something to bring back to his village. Most of the items needed electrical connection and his village didn't even have any electricity. He was delighted when he found a flashlight. He bought the flashlight, which fascinated him every time he pushed the switch and a bright light came on.  
As he continued on his way, he noticed people waiting in line. He inquired what this line was for and was told that they were waiting to enter a theater where there was a movie playing. He had no idea what a movie was, but decided to wait in line too. He paid for a ticket and was ushered into a dark room. After a little while, a picture started playing. He was fascinated to see the beautiful scenery and all the action on the screen.

Then he remembered the flashlight in his pocket.  
"I will shine the flashlight on the picture, so I will see it even better." He took out the flashlight and shone it straight at the screen, but to his amazement the picture became faded. From all sides people started shouting that he should turn off the light!  
"But I only wanted to get a better view of the picture," he said to the one sitting next to him.  
"Don't you know? Here, we see only in the dark!"  
replied his neighbor.

The moral of the parable:  
The same is in the theater of this world. Many of the pleasures and values which people pursue have value only because we find ourselves in spiritual darkness. When we bring spiritual light into our lives, these values and pleasures fade, for they are only imaginary and temporary. ~Author Unknown  
**Matthew 15:14** Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

=====8  
Mar 13

This is a must read as it's so true.....  
I work for an Alternative Chiropractic Clinic and we don't give out prescriptions but believe that if the body is aligned it will heal itself. There are some cases where prescriptions are a necessity however most times it's the body that needs a tune up!!!  
The death ceremony started as a crude ritual back in the days of witchcraft. In recent years  
it has developed into a science. It usually takes from 10-15 years, however modern scientific  
advancements are shortening this period of time.  
It starts with one simple aspirin for a simple headache. When the one aspirin will no

longer  
cover up the headache, take two! After a little while when two aspirin will no longer  
cover up  
the headache you take one of the stronger compounds. By this time it becomes necessary  
to  
take something for the ulcers that have been caused by the aspirin. Now that you are  
taking two  
medications you have a good start.  
After a few months these medications will disrupt your liver function. If a good infection  
develops  
you can take penicillin. Of course penicillin will damage your red blood corpuscles and  
spleen so  
that you develop anemia. Another medication is then taken to cover up the anemia. By  
this time  
all of these medications will put such a strain on your kidneys they could break down. It  
is now time  
to take some antibiotics. When these destroy your natural resistance to disease you can  
expect  
general flair up of all your symptoms.  
The next step is to cover up all of these symptoms with sulfa drugs. When the kidneys  
finally plug  
up you can have them drained. Some poisons will build up in your system but you can  
keep going  
quite a while this way.  
By now the medications will be so confused they won't know what they are supposed to  
be doing but  
it doesn't really matter. If you have followed every step as directed you can now make an  
appointment  
with your undertaker.  
This game is played by practically all people except for the few ignorant souls who  
follow nature, and God!!!  
**Psalms 38:20** They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries; because I follow  
the thing that good is.

=====

Mar 20

Having four visiting family members, my wife was very busy, so I offered to go to the  
store for her to get some needed items, which included light bulbs, paper towels, trash  
bags, detergent and Clorox. So off I went.  
I scurried around the store, gathered up my goodies and headed for the checkout counter,  
only to be blocked in the narrow aisle by a young man who appeared to be about sixteen  
years old. I wasn't in a hurry, so I patiently waited for the boy to realize that I was there.  
This was when he waved his hands excitedly in the air and declared in a loud voice,  
"Mommy, I'm over here."  
It was obvious now, he was mentally challenged and also startled as he  
turned and saw me standing so close to him, waiting to squeeze by. His eyes widened and  
surprise exploded on his face as I said, "Hey Buddy, what's your name?"

"My name is Denny and I'm shopping with my mother," he responded proudly.  
"Wow," I said, "that's a cool name; I wish my name was Denny, but my name is Steve."  
"Steve, like Stevarino?" he asked. "Yes," I answered. "How old are you Denny?"  
"How old am I now, Mommy?" he asked his mother as she slowly came over from the next aisle.

"You're fifteen-years-old Denny; now be a good boy and let the man pass by."  
I acknowledged her and continued to talk to Denny for several more minutes about summer, bicycles and school. I watched his brown eyes dance with excitement, because he was the center of someone's attention. He then abruptly turned and headed toward the toy section.

Denny's mom had a puzzled look on her face and thanked me for taking the time to talk with her son. She told me that most people wouldn't even look at him, much less talk to him.

I told her that it was my pleasure and then I said something I have no idea where it came from, other than by the prompting of the Holy Spirit. I told her that there are plenty of red, yellow, and pink roses in God's Garden; however, "Blue Roses" are very rare and should be appreciated for their beauty and distinctiveness. You see, Denny is a Blue Rose and if someone doesn't stop and smell that rose with their heart and touch that rose with their kindness, then they've missed a blessing from God.

She was silent for a second, then with a tear in her eye she asked, "Who are you?"  
Without thinking I said, "Oh, I'm probably just a dandelion, but I sure love living in God's garden."

She reached out, squeezed my hand and said, "God bless you!" and then I had tears in my eyes.

May I suggest, the next time you see a BLUE ROSE, don't turn your head and walk off. Take the time to smile and say Hello. Why? Because, by the grace of GOD, this mother or father could be you. This could be your child, grandchild, niece or nephew. What a difference a moment can mean to that person or their family.

From an old dandelion! Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God .

***"People will forget what you said, People will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel!"***

If this story blesses you today, Please consider sharing it with others.

Proverbs 7:7 And beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding,

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Mar 27

Sunday Special Food for Thought

WHAT IS CRUCIFIXION?

A medical doctor provides a physical description:

The cross is placed on the ground and the exhausted man is quickly thrown backwards with his shoulders against the wood. The legionnaire feels for the depression at the front of the wrist. He drives a heavy, square wrought-iron nail through the wrist deep into the wood. Quickly he moves to the other side and repeats the action, being careful not to pull the arms too tightly, but to allow some flex and movement. The cross is then lifted into place. The left foot is pressed backward against the right foot, and with both feet

extended, toes down, a nail is driven through the arch of each, leaving the knees flexed. The victim is now crucified.

As he slowly sags down with more weight on the nails in the wrists, excruciating fiery pain shoots along the fingers and up the arms to explode in the brain -- the nails in the wrists are putting pressure on the median nerves. As he pushes himself upward to avoid this stretching torment, he places the full weight on the nails through his feet. Again he feels the searing agony of the nail tearing through the nerves between the bones of his feet.

As the arms fatigue, cramps sweep through his muscles, knotting them in deep, relentless, and throbbing pain. With these cramps comes the inability to push himself upward to breathe. Air can be drawn into the lungs but not exhaled. He fights to raise himself in order to get even one small breath.

Finally, carbon dioxide builds up in the lungs and in the blood stream, and the cramps partially subside. Spasmodically, he is able to push himself upward to exhale and bring in life-giving oxygen. Hours of limitless pain, cycles of twisting, joint renting cramps, intermittent partial asphyxiation, searing pain as tissue is torn from his lacerated back as he moves up and down against the rough timber.

Then another agony begins: a crushing pain deep in the chest as the pericardium slowly fills with serum and begins to compress the heart. It is now almost over. The loss of tissue fluids has reached a critical level. The compressed heart is struggling to pump thick, sluggish blood into the tissues. The tortured lungs are making frantic effort to gasp in small gulps of air. He can feel the chill of death creeping through his tissues. Finally, he allows his body to die.

All this the Bible records with the simple words:

Mark 15:25 And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

What wondrous love is this? And remember, this was only the physical pain. Imagine the spiritual agony of having known no sin of his own but voluntarily becoming every sin, whether large or small, that has ever been or will be committed.

How it must have sickened Him and then hurt Him when God the Father, who cannot have any fellowship with sin, had to turn His face away! I marvel that He loved me enough to endure this, and I love Him so for it!

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound! Now God does not see my sin when He looks at me! Fellowship with Him is permanently restored because He sees me clothed with the righteousness of Jesus, cleansed by His precious blood!

I wish everyone knew the pain and suffering Our Lord Jesus Christ went through for them. He did this so no one would perish, but that all who believe in Him might have eternal life!

**John 3:16-18** For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

**Our salvation and all healing** is absolutely free to us, but the price paid for it was the highest ever paid for anything! How can anyone reject such a gift?

Feb/7

He Got Angry And Screamed "He Didn't  
Deserve People Backstabbing Him"  
But What Happened After, Is Priceless.

One day a while back, a man, his heart heavy with grief, was walking in the woods. As he thought about his life, he knew many things were not right. He thought about those who had lied

about him back when he had a job.

His thoughts turned to those who had stolen his things and cheated him. He remembered family

that had passed on. His mind turned to the illness he had that no one could cure. His very soul

was filled with anger, resentment and frustration.

Standing there this day, searching for answers he could not find, knowing all else had failed him,

he knelt at the base of an old oak tree to seek the one he knew would always be there, and with

tears in his eyes, he prayed.

"Lord" - you have done wonderful things for me in this life, and I happily obeyed.

Today you have told me to forgive. I am sad, Lord, because I cannot. I don't know how. It is not

fair Lord. I didn't deserve these wrongs that were done against me and I shouldn't have to forgive. As perfect as your way is Lord, this one thing I cannot do, for I don't know how to

forgive. My anger is so deep Lord, I fear I may not hear you, but I pray that you teach me to do

this one thing I cannot do - "Teach me to Forgive."

As he knelt there in the quiet shade of that old oak tree, he felt something fall onto his shoulder.

He opened his eyes. Out of the corner of one eye, he saw he saw something red on his shirt. He

could not turn to see what it was because where the oak tree had been there was a large square

piece of wood in the ground. He raised his head and saw two feet held to the wood with a large

spike through them. He raised his head more, and tears came to his eyes as he seen Jesus hanging

on the cross. He saw spikes in his hands, a gash in his side, a torn and battered body, deep thorns

sunk into his head.

Finally he saw the suffering and pain on His precious face. As their eyes met, the man's tears

turned to sobbing, and Jesus began to speak.

"Have you ever told lie, He asked?" The man answered, "Yes, Lord."

"Have you ever been given to much change and kept it?" And the man answered, "Yes, Lord."

And the man sobbed more and more.

"Have you ever taken something from work that wasn't yours," Jesus asked? And the man answered, "Yes, Lord."

"Have you ever sworn, using my Father's name in vain?" The man crying more now, answered,

"Yes, Lord."

As Jesus asked many more times, "Have you ever?" The man's crying became uncontrollable, for

he could only answer, "Yes, Lord."

Then as Jesus turned His head from one side to the other, and the man felt something fall on his

other shoulder. He looked and seen it was the blood of Jesus. When he looked back up, his eyes

met those of Jesus, and there was a look of Love that man had never seen or known before.

Jesus said, "I didn't deserve this either, but I forgive you."

It may be hard to see how you're going to get through something. But, when you look back in

life, you realize how true this statement is.

"IF GOD BRINGS YOU TO IT -- HE WILL BRING YOU THROUGH IT."

Mark 11:26 But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your

trespasses.

=====

Feb 14

HAPPY VALENTINES

When GOD solves our problems, we have faith in HIS abilities;

When GOD doesn't solve our problems, HE has faith in our abilities.

God's accuracy may be observed in the hatching of eggs. . . . .

-those of the canary in 14 days;

-those of the barnyard hen in 21 days;

-eggs of ducks and geese in 28 days;

-those of the mallard in 35 days;

-The eggs of the parrot and the ostrich hatch in 42 days.

(Notice, they are all divisible by seven, the number of days in a week!)

God's wisdom is seen in the making of an elephant. The four legs of this great beast all bend

forward in the same direction. No other quadruped is so made. God planned that this animal

would have a huge body, too large to live on two legs. For this reason He gave it four fulcrums

so that it can rise from the ground easily.

The horse rises from the ground on its two front legs first.

A cow rises from the ground with its two hind legs first.

How wise the Lord is in all His works of creation!

-Each watermelon has an even number of stripes on the rind.

-Each orange has an even number of segments.

-Each ear of corn has an even number of rows.  
-Each stalk of wheat has an even number of grains.  
-Every bunch of bananas has on its lowest row an even number of bananas, and each row decreases by one, so that one row has an even number and the next row an odd number.  
Amazing!  
-The waves of the sea roll in on shore twenty-six to the minute in all kinds of weather.  
-All grains are found in even numbers on the stalks.  
God has caused the flowers to blossom at certain specified times during the day.

Linnaeus, the great botanist, once said that if he had a conservatory containing the right kind of soil, moisture and temperature, he could tell the time of day or night by the flowers that were open and those that were closed!

The lives of each of us may be ordered by the Lord in a beautiful way for His glory, if we will only entrust Him with our life.

If we try to regulate our own life, it will only be a mess and a failure. Only God, who made our brain and heart, can successfully guide them to a profitable end. I Pray God Bless You In Ways You Never Even Dreamed.

When you carry the Bible, Satan has a headache; when you open it, he collapses; when he sees you reading it, he loses his strength, and when you stand on the Word of God, Satan can't hurt

you! And did you also know... that when you are about to forward this email to others, the devil will probably try to discourage you, but do it anyway.

Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no  
Ephesians 3:9 And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ:

=====  
Feb 21

A lovely little girl was holding two apples with both hands Her mum came in and softly asked

her little daughter with a smile; my sweetie, could you give your mum one of your two apples?

The girl looked up at her mum for some seconds, then she suddenly took a quick bite on one apple, and then quickly on the other.

The mum felt the smile on her face freeze. She tried hard not to reveal her disappointment.

Then the little girl handed one of her bitten apples to her mum, and said: mummy, here you are.

This is the sweeter one.

No matter who you are, how experienced you are, and how knowledgeable you think you are,  
always delay judgement.

Give others the privilege to explain themselves.

What you see may not be the reality. Never conclude for others.

Which is why we should never only focus on the surface and judge others without understanding them first.

Those who like to pay the bill, do so not because they are loaded but because they value friendship above money.

Those who take the initiative at work, do so not because they are stupid but because they understand the concept of responsibility.

Those who apologize first after a fight, do so not because they are but because they value the people around them.

Those who are willing to help you, do so not because they owe you any thing but because they see you as a true friend.

Those who often text you, do so not because they have nothing better to do but because you are in their heart.

Those who take out time to chat with you, does not mean they are jobless or less busy, but they know the importance of keeping in touch.

One day, all of us will get separated from each other; we will miss our conversations of everything & nothing; the dreams that we had.

Days will pass by, months, years, until this contact becomes rare... One day -our grandchildren

or friends will see our pictures and ask 'Who are these people?' And we will smile with invisible

tears because a heart is touched with a strong word and you will say:

'IT WAS THEM THAT I HAD THE BEST DAYS OF MY

Romans 15:5 Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus:

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Feb 28

Things I Learned Since The Storm

=====My son, who lives in the Hampton

Roads area of Virginia, affected by the storm. Power to his area was restored bit over 2 weeks

after the storm. His wit still remains as Things I learned since Coffee and frozen pizzas can be

made on a BBQ No matter how many times you flick the switch, lights work without My car

gets 23.21675 miles per gallon, EXACTLY (you can the people in line who helped me

push Kids  
can survive 4 days or longer without a video controller in their Cats are even more  
annoying  
without He who has the biggest generator Women can actually survive without doing  
their hair  
(you wish they weren't around A new method of non-lethal torture: showers without hot  
Dominion Virginia Power and VDOT are the same company (really but their ability to  
plan are  
strikingly There are a lot more stars in the sky than most people TV is an addiction and  
the  
withdrawal symptoms are A 7-pound bag of ice will chill six 12-ounce Budweisers to a  
temperature in 11 minutes, and still keep a 14-pound frozen for 8 more There sure are a  
lot of  
trees around Flood plane drawings on some mortgage documents were Contrary to the  
beliefs of  
most natives in Hampton Roads, limits on roads without traffic lights do not Aluminum  
siding,  
while aesthetically pleasing, is definitely Just because you're over 35 doesn't mean you  
can stay  
out late as you want." (At least that's what the Hampton cops me during curfew stop.)  
Jan 3

This was run in 2011, but is even more relevant today

=====

Mary is the proprietor of a bar in Dublin. She realizes that virtually all of her customers  
are  
unemployed alcoholics and, as such, can no longer afford to patronize her bar.  
To solve this problem, she comes up with new marketing plan that allows her customers  
to drink  
now, but pay later. She keeps track of the drinks consumed on a ledger (thereby granting  
the  
customers loans).  
Word gets around about Mary's "drink now, pay later" marketing strategy and, as a result,  
increasing numbers of customers flood into Mary's bar. Soon she has the largest sales  
volume for  
any bar in Dublin. By providing her customers' freedom from immediate payment  
demands,  
Mary gets no resistance when, at regular intervals, she substantially increases her prices  
for wine  
and beer, the most consumed beverages. Consequently, Mary's gross sales volume  
increases  
massively. A young and dynamic vice-president at the local bank recognizes that these  
customer  
debts constitute valuable future assets and increases Mary's borrowing limit. He sees no  
reason  
for any undue concern, since he has the debts of the unemployed alcoholics as collateral.  
At the bank's corporate headquarters, expert traders figure a way to make huge

commissions, and transform these customer loans into Drinkbonds and Alkibonds. These securities are then bundled and traded on international security markets. Naïve investors don't really understand that the securities being sold to them as "AAA" secured bonds are really the debts of unemployed alcoholics. Nevertheless, the bond prices continuously climb, and the securities soon become the hottest-selling items for some of the nation's leading brokerage houses. One day, even though the bond prices are still climbing, a risk manager at the original local bank decides that the time has come to demand payment on the debts incurred by the drinkers at Mary's bar. He so informs Mary. Mary then demands payment from her alcoholic patrons, but being unemployed alcoholics they cannot pay back their drinking debts. Since Mary cannot fulfill her loan obligations she is forced into bankruptcy. The bar closes and the eleven employees lose their jobs. Overnight, Drinkbonds and Alkibonds drop in price by 90%. The collapsed bond asset value destroys the bank's liquidity and prevents it from issuing new loans, thus freezing credit and economic activity in the community. The suppliers of Mary's bar had granted her generous payment extensions and had invested their firms' pension funds in the various Bond securities. They find they are now faced with having to write-off her bad debt and with losing over 90% of the presumed value of the bonds. Her wine supplier also claims bankruptcy, closing the doors on a family business that had endured for three generations, her beer supplier is taken over by a competitor, who immediately closes the local plant and lays off 150 workers. Fortunately though, the bank, the brokerage houses and their respective executives are saved and bailed out by a multi-billion Euro no-strings-attached cash infusion from their cronies in government. The funds required for this bailout are obtained by new taxes levied on employed, non-alcoholics who have never been in Mary's bar. Now, do you understand economics or the mentality of Democrats, Liberals, New Democrats and especially Obama

2 Timothy 4:3 For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

=====  
jan17

This is one of the best stories I have ever received that accurately, gently but perfectly, explains the difference in thinking between people with opposite outlooks. Very simple so that ANYONE can understand.

A young woman was about to finish her first year of college. Like so many others her age, she considered herself to be very liberal, and among other liberal ideals, she was very much in favor of higher taxes to support more government programs, in other words; redistribution of wealth.

She was deeply ashamed that her father was a rather staunch conservative, a feeling she openly expressed. Based on the lectures that she had participated in, and the occasional chat with a professor, she felt that her father had for years harbored an evil, selfish desire to keep what he thought should be his.

One day she was challenging her father on his opposition to higher taxes on the rich and the need for more government programs.

The self-professed objectivity proclaimed by her professors had to be the truth and she indicated so to her father. He responded by asking how she was doing in school.

Taken aback, she answered rather haughtily that she had a 4.0 GPA, and let him know that it was

tough to maintain, insisting that she was taking a very difficult course load and was constantly

studying, which left her no time to go out and party like other people she knew. She didn't even

have time for a boyfriend, and didn't really have many college friends because she spent all her

time studying.

Her father listened and then asked, "How is your friend Audrey doing?"

She replied, "Audrey is barely getting by. All she takes are easy classes, she never studies and

she barely has a 2.0 GPA. She is so popular on campus; college for her is a blast. She's always

invited to all the parties and lots of times she doesn't even show up for classes because she's too

hung over."

Her wise father asked his daughter, "Why don't you go to the Dean's office and ask him to deduct

1.0 off your GPA and give it to your friend who only has a 2.0. That way you will both

have a  
3.0 GPA and certainly that would be a fair and equal distribution of GPA."  
The daughter, visibly shocked by her father's suggestion, angrily fired back, "That's a  
crazy idea,  
how would that be fair! I've worked really hard for my grades! I've invested a lot of time,  
and a  
lot of hard work! Audrey has done next to nothing toward her degree. She played while I  
worked  
my tail off!"

The father slowly smiled, winked and said gently, "Welcome to the conservative side of  
If you  
ever wondered what side of the fence you sit on, this is a great test!

=====

If a conservative doesn't like guns, he doesn't buy one. If a liberal doesn't like guns, he  
wants all  
guns outlawed.  
If a conservative is a vegetarian, he doesn't eat meat. If a liberal is a vegetarian, he wants  
all meat  
products banned for everyone.

If a conservative is down-and-out, he thinks about how to better his situation. A liberal,  
wonders  
who is going to take care of him.

If a conservative doesn't like a talk show host, he switches channels. Liberals demand  
that those  
they don't like be shut down.

If a conservative is a non-believer, he doesn't go to church. A liberal  
non-believer wants any mention of God and Jesus silenced.

If a conservative decides he needs health care, he goes about shopping for it, or may  
choose a job  
that provides it. A liberal demands that the rest of us pay for his.

If a conservative reads this, he'll forward it so his friends can have a good laugh. A liberal  
will

delete it because he's "Well, I forwarded it to

**2Timothy 4:3** For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after  
their

own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears

=====

jan 24

50 years ago - PLEASE LISTEN

**This was 50 years ago. April 3, 1965.** An amazing prediction. Can you remember the  
famous

ABC radio commentator Paul Harvey? Millions of Americans listened to his programs  
which

were broadcast over 1,200 radio stations nationwide. When you listen to this, remember...  
the

commentary was broadcast 50 years ago on April 3, 1965. It's short... less than three

minutes.

You will be amazed.

<http://stg.do/9LDc>

=====

jan 31

Harvard Professor: 90 seconds you won't regret seeing! Now here is something that absolutely

everyone should see -- often !! This could be used in so many ways, in so many places ... it is

stunningly simple, and so totally profound ...! Note that at the bottom of the clip it gives permission to use this clip provided it is not altered.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=YjntXYDPw44&sns=em](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=YjntXYDPw44&sns=em)

IN GOD WE TRUST

Psalms 37:3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou

shalt be fed.