

Dec 2

The wedding ceremony came to the point where the Minister asked if anyone had anything to say concerning the union of the bride and groom.

It was their time to stand up and talk, or forever hold their peace.

The moment of utter silence was broken by a young beautiful woman carrying a child.

She stood up and started walking slowly towards the pastor. The congregation was aghast as the penny dropped.

The Groom's jaw dropped as he stared disbelievingly at the approaching young woman and child. Chaos ensued.

The bride threw the bouquet in the air and burst out crying. Then the groom's mother fainted.

The Best men started giving each other looks and wondering how best to help save the situation.

The Minister asked the woman, "Can you tell us, why you came forward? What do you have to say?"

There was absolute silence in the church.

The woman replied, "We can't hear at the back.

Matthew 24:26* Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.

What a good story to show how most people jump to conclusions.

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Dec 9

READ THIS VERY SLOWLY... IT'S PRETTY PROFOUND.

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those people on the TitaniC who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many women out there will eat at home because their husbands didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word 'refrigeration' mean nothing to you?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Jeopardy' on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, "How about going to lunch in a half hour?" She would gas up and stammer, "I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday, I had a late breakfast, it looks like

rain." And my personal favorite: "It's Monday."
She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because people cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect!

We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Steve toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the living-room carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get two more kids out of college.

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. One morning, we awaken and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of "I'm going to," "I plan on," and "Someday, when things are settled down a bit."

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for five minutes and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of Rollerblades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

My lips have not touched ice cream in 10 years. I love ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my stomach with a spatula and eliminate the digestive process. The other day, I stopped the car and bought a triple-decker. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT to not something on your SHOULD DO list. If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

Make sure you read this to the end; you will understand why I sent this to you.

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry-go-round or listened to the rain lapping on the ground? Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

Do you run through each day on the fly?
When you ask, "How are you?" Do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next hundred chores running through your head? Ever told your child, "We'll do it tomorrow." And in your haste, not see his sorrow? Ever lost touch?
Let a good friendship die? Just call to say "Hi?"

When you worry and hurry through your day, it is like an unopened gift thrown away... Life is not a race. Take it slower.
Hear the music before the song is over.

Show your friends how much you care. Send this to everyone you consider a FRIEND including me if you consider me a friend. If it comes back to you, then you'll know you have a circle of friends.

To those I have sent this to... I cherish our friendship and appreciate all you do.

We have some history together.

"Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here, we might as well go flying!

Colossians 3:8* But also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth.

dec 16

What an interesting turn of events in Pahrump, Nevada. Unknown

Diamond D's brothel began construction on an expansion of their building to increase their ever-growing business.

In response, the local Baptist Church started a campaign to block the business from expanding -- with morning, afternoon, and evening prayer sessions at their church

Work on Diamond D's progressed right up until the week before the grand re-opening when lightning struck the whorehouse and burned it to the ground!

After the brothel burned to the ground by the lightning strike, the church folks were rather smug in their outlook, bragging about "the power of prayer."

But late last week 'Big Jugs' Jill Diamond, the owner/madam, sued the church, the preacher and the entire congregation on the grounds that the church.....

"was ultimately responsible for the demise of her building and her business -- either through direct or indirect divine actions or means."

In its reply to the court, the church vehemently and vociferously denied any and all responsibility or any connection to the building's demise.

The crusty old judge read through the plaintiff's complaint and the defendant's reply, and at the opening hearing he commented, "I don't know how the hell I'm going to decide this case, but it appears from the paperwork, that we now have a whorehouse owner who staunchly believes in the power of prayer.... and an entire church congregation that thinks it's all bugtussel."

Mark 11:23* For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

dec 23

I walked into the grocery store not particularly interested in buying groceries. I wasn't hungry. The pain of losing my husband of 37 years was still too raw.

And this grocery store held so many sweet memories. Rudy often came with me and almost every time he'd pretend to go off and look for something special. I knew what he was up to. I'd always spot him walking down the aisle with the three yellow roses in his hands. Rudy knew I loved yellow roses. With a heart filled with grief, I only wanted to buy my few items and leave, but even grocery shopping was different since Rudy had passed on. Shopping for one took time, a little more thought than it had for two. Standing by the meat, I searched for the perfect small steak and remembered how Rudy had loved his steak.

Suddenly a woman came beside me. She was blond, slim and lovely in a soft green pantsuit. I watched as she picked up a large pack of T-bones, dropped them in her basket, hesitated, and then put them back. She turned to go and once again reached for the pack of steaks. She saw me watching her and she smiled. "My husband loves T-bones, but honestly, at these prices, I don't know." I swallowed the emotion down my throat and met her pale blue eyes. "My husband passed away eight days ago," I told her. Glancing at the package in her hands, I fought to control the tremble in my voice.

"Buy him the steaks. And cherish every moment you have together." She shook her head and I saw the emotion in her eyes as she placed the package in her basket and wheeled away. I turned and pushed my cart across the length of the store to the dairy products. There I stood, trying to decide which size milk I should buy. A quart, I finally decided and moved on to the ice cream section near the front of the store. If nothing else, I could always fix myself an ice cream cone. I placed the ice cream in my cart and looked down the aisle toward the front. I saw first the green suit, then recognized the pretty lady coming towards me. In her arms she carried a package. On her face was the brightest smile I had ever seen. I would swear a soft halo encircled her blond hair as she kept walking toward me, her eyes holding mine. As she came closer, I saw what she held and tears began misting in my eyes. "These are for you," she said and placed three beautiful long stemmed yellow roses in my arms. "When you go through the line, they will know these are paid for." She leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on my cheek, then smiled again. I wanted to tell her what she'd done, what the roses meant, but still unable to speak, I watched as she walked away as tears clouded my vision. I looked down at the beautiful roses nestled in the green tissue wrapping and found it almost unreal. How did she know? Suddenly the answer seemed so clear. I wasn't alone. "Oh, Jesus", you haven't forgotten me, have you?" I whispered, with tears in my eyes. He was still with me, and she was his angel.

Everyday be thankful for what you have and who you are. thank you, Lord, for life!

Colossians 3:12* Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering;

dec 30

The real story of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

A man named Robert L. May, depressed and broken hearted, stared out his drafty apartment window into the chilling December night. His 4-year-old daughter Barbara sat on his lap quietly sobbing. Bobs wife, Evelyn, was dying of cancer.

Little Barbara couldn't understand why her mommy could never come home. Barbara looked up into her dad's eyes and asked, "Why isn't Mommy just like everybody else's Mommy?"

Bob's jaw tightened and his eyes welled with tears. Her question brought waves of grief, but also of anger. It had been the story of Bob's life. Life always had to be different for Bob.

When he was a kid, Bob was often bullied by other boys. He was too little at the time to compete in sports. He was often called names he'd rather not remember. From childhood, Bob was different and never seemed to fit in.

Bob, after completing college, married his loving wife Evelyn and was grateful to get a job as a copywriter at the Timothy Eaton Department Store, in Toronto, during the Great Depression. Then he was blessed with his little girl. But it was all short-lived. Evelyn's bout with cancer stripped them of all their savings and now Bob and his daughter were forced to live in a two-room apartment in the poorer area of Toronto. Evelyn died just days before Christmas in 1938.

Bob struggled to give hope to his child, for whom he couldn't even afford to buy a Christmas gift. But if he couldn't buy a gift, he was determined to make one - a storybook!

Bob had created an animal character in his own mind and told the animal's story to little Barbara to give her comfort and hope. Again and again, Bob told the story, embellishing it more with each telling.

Who was the character? What was the story all about?

The story Bob May created was his own autobiography in fable form. The character he created was a misfit outcast like he was. The name of the character? A little reindeer named Rudolph, with a big shiny nose. Bob finished the book just in time to give it to his little girl on Christmas Day.

But the story doesn't end there.

The general manager of the T. Eaton Store caught wind of the little storybook and offered Bob May a nominal fee to purchase the rights to print the book. They went on to print, "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and distribute it to children visiting Santa Claus in their stores.

By 1946, Eaton's had printed and distributed more than six million copies of Rudolph. That same year, a major publisher wanted to purchase the rights from Eaton's to print an updated version of the book.

In an unprecedented gesture of kindness, the CEO of Eaton's returned all rights back to Bob May. The book became a best seller.

Many toy and marketing deals followed and Bob May, now remarried with a growing family, became wealthy from the story he created to comfort his grieving daughter. But the story doesn't end there either. Bob's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, made a song adaptation to Rudolph. Though the song was turned down by such popular vocalists as Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, it was recorded by the singing cowboy, Gene Autry.

"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was released in 1949 and became a phenomenal

success, selling more records than any other Christmas song, with the exception of "White Christmas."

The gift of love that Bob May created for his daughter so long ago kept on returning back to bless him again and again. And Bob May learned the lesson, just like his dear friend Rudolph, that being different isn't so bad. In fact, being different can be a blessing.

A true Canadian story, can you believe this? eh?

2Corinthians 1:4* Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God .

Nov 4

From the Hal Lindsey report. www.hallindsey.com

http://r20.rs6.net/tn.jsp?f=001ZomjGfuAY9GVchGV1TNSrGI4ErU58vQkm8M0Rzow0MfwpkXeXO-J3Sye7S7b5E15DZYVCcLbbqHCSXL7nktLIM3uszCe99_59XwUdhWBzN2c1Xqk3j6hZ_3xqwlujHtkYWarZl6Mi5lqHYuYBNJPL8mtHrjpXW3dGLBMpwy5_Z4=&c=RKTuUEfLGx4hlmcgdV47M-uZffc76RzXh3mFbbBldPV_PkyCXJD8RQ==&ch=4ypP-QxY0Jr65yrtprbX62P0c-M9yfdhD0CpFm8yhMKgCqHPDhPF0g==>

November 2nd, 2018

I was thinking yesterday that it seems like every general election is even more critical than the previous one.

Like the boy who cried, "Wolf!", I fear that our recurring alarm about the consequences of each election will slowly numb us into a state of despondency. We'll begin to tire of the constant need to be vigilant and pro-active.

But the sobering truth is that each election truly IS more important than the last.

This one, especially, since our nation appears to be in a moral free fall.

I believe this is true simply because over the last two years we have made substantial progress against the forces that are desperately trying to "transform" America into something our Founders would not even recognize.

But those forces have not accepted defeat and retired to lives of peaceful co-existence. Instead, they have doubled down. Some have tripled down. Some have gone "kamikaze!"

In fact, several prominent Democrats have recently publicly and specifically threatened that civility is dead until they are returned to power.

Nonetheless, the truth is that many Americans are rejoicing at the return of a sense of sanity and balance in so many areas of our national life.

Ministries such as mine (and many others who are larger and more well-known) suffered through several years of IRS persecution at the hands of the previous administration. We are grateful that this administration has worked hard to eliminate that bias. It has even declared an end to the stifling effects of the notorious "Johnson Amendment."

"Merry Christmas" is back. There is unabashed prayer in the Oval Office. In front of the cameras! As a nation, we have loudly proclaimed our support for and solidarity with Israel. We have smashed some of the most dangerous Islamic terrorist forces in the world. We have withdrawn from pacts and partnerships that were not only duplicitous, but dangerous. We are witnessing a restoration of the Constitutional role of the judiciary. We have eased the bureaucratic burdens on industry and business that were choking our national economy. Most of us have seen the immediate benefits in our paychecks. We have unleashed the power of American creativity and productivity and we're seeing a rebirth in hope and optimism among American workers of all races and classes. We are finally seeing the brakes being applied to our mad rush toward a nonsensical world of unlimited and undefined genders. We are seeing a phenomenal surge in our citizens' pride in and appreciation for our military, law enforcement, and first-responders. And the list goes on.

In short, I think we are seeing a genuine resurgence of President Reagan's inspiring ideal of America as a "shining city on a hill."

We owe much of this progress to President Donald Trump. It's not that he has singlehandedly made these things happen, but his genuine love for America, his optimism, fearlessness, determination, courage, and willingness to suffer the blows, has inspired so many people in so many areas to take a step of faith and do what is right for America.

I do not say that President Trump is a man of God, but I firmly believe he is God's man for this time in America.

And the world, too. As we hurdle toward the end of this Age, the infrastructure of the Antichrist's government is being constructed with alarming speed. To have the leader of the free world stand tall and threaten the "globalist" forces who are preparing the way of the Antichrist cannot be a coincidence. If nothing else, President Trump is drawing into sharp focus the opposing forces and the battle formations that will soon come into play in the end-times scenario.

That means it is time to choose on which side of this battle you will fight.

Next Tuesday's general election will not determine the fate of America per se. But it will dramatically affect it.

If we vote into office those officials who will stand for and promote Judeo-Christian values and a return to traditional American virtues and morals, then we will see America continue this resurgence. I pray we will see America restored as the most blessed nation in the history of the world.

If we vote into office those officials whose only plan is to stop and reverse the progress of the last two years, then we will see America slide back into the morass in which we have languished for the last decade.

Simply put, the choice is ours to make on Tuesday, November 6.

I am a Canadian

I agree with the statement; I do not say that President Trump is a man of God, but I firmly believe he is God's man for this time in America.

If the UNGODLY left wingers are elected, it will effect the whole world. Use the common sense and the authority over Satan that God has given every true believer in him.

Bro. Ken

Ephesians 6:12* For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Matthew 18:18* Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

Nov 11

Rabbi Dov Fischer, is an attorney and adjunct professor of law, is a Senior Rabbinic Fellow at the Coalition for Jewish Values, congregational rabbi of Young Israel of Orange County, California, and holds prominent leadership roles in several national rabbinic and other Jewish organizations. He has been Chief Articles Editor of UCLA Law Review, clerked for the Hon Danny J. Boggs in the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and served for most of the past decade on the Executive Committee of the Rabbinical Council of America His writings have appeared in the Weekly Standard, National Review, Wall Street Journal, Los Angeles Times, Jerusalem Post, American Thinker, Frontpage Magazine, and Israel National News.

<http://rabbidov.com/> <<http://rabbidov.com/>>

His Editorial: Everyone Is Smart, Except Trump

It really is quite simple. Everyone is smart except Donald J. Trump. That's why they all are billionaires and all got elected President. Only Trump does not know what he is doing Only Trump does not know how to negotiate with Vladimir Putin Anderson Cooper knows how to stand up to Putin. The whole crowd at MSNBC does. All the journalists do.

They could not stand up to Matt Lauer at NBC. They could not stand up to Charlie Rose at CBS. They could not stand up to Mark Halperin at NBC Nor up to Leon Wieseltier at the New Republic, nor Jann Wenner at Rolling Stone, nor Michael Oreskes at NPR, at the New York Times, or at the Associated Press. But — oh, wow! — can they ever stand up to Putin! Only Trump is incapable of negotiating with the Russian tyrant.

Remember the four years when Anderson Cooper was President of the United States? And before that — when the entire Washington Post editorial staff jointly were elected to be President? Remember? Neither do I

The Seedier Media never have negotiated life and death, not corporate life and death, and not human life and death. They think they know how to negotiate, but they do not know how. They go to a college, are told by peers that they are smart, get some good grades, proceed to a graduate degree in journalism, and get hired as analysts. Now they are experts, ready to take on Putin and the Iranian Ayatollahs at age 30.

That is not the road to expertise in tough dealing. The alternate road is that, along the way, maybe you get forced into some street fights. Sometimes the other

guy wins, and sometimes you beat the intestines out of him. Then you deal with grown-ups as you mature, and you learn that people can be nasty, often after they smile and speak softly. You get cheated a few times, played. And you learn. Maybe you become an attorney litigating multi-million-dollar case matters. Say what you will about attorneys, but those years — not the years in law school, not the years drafting legal memoranda, but the years of meeting face-to-face and confronting opposing counsel — those years can teach a great deal. They can teach how to transition from sweet, gentle, diplomatic negotiating to tough negotiating. At some point, with enough tough-nosed experience, you figure out Trump's "The Art of the Deal" yourself.

Trump's voters get him because not only is he we, but we are he. We were not snowflaked-for-life by effete professors who themselves never had negotiated tough life-or-death serious deals. Instead we live in the real world, and we know how that works. Not based on social science theories, not based on "conceptual negotiating models." But based on the people we have met over life and always will hate. That worst boss we ever had. The coworker who tried to sabotage us. We know the sons of bums whom we survived, the dastardly types who are out there, and we learned from those experiences how to deal with them. We won't have John Kerry soothe us by having James Taylor sing "You've Got a Friend" carols.

The Bushes got us into all kinds of messes. The first one killed the economic miracle that Reagan had fashioned. The second one screwed up the Middle East, where Iraq and Iran beautifully were engaged in killing each other for years, and he got us mired into the middle of the muddle. Clinton was too busy with Monica Lewinsky to protect us from Osama bin Laden when we had him in our sights. Hillary gave us Benghazi and more. And Obama and Kerry gave us the Iran Deal, ISIS run amok, America in retreat. All to the daily praise of a media who now attack Trump every minute of every day.

So let us understand a few things:

Negotiating with NATO

NATO is our friend. They also rip off America. They have been ripping us off forever. We saved their butts — before there even was a NATO — in World War I. They messed up, and 116,456 Americans had to die to save their butts.

Then they messed up again for the next two decades because West Europeans are effete and so obsessed with their class manners and their rules of savoir faire and their socialist welfare states and their early retirements that they did not have the character to stand up to Hitler in the 1930s. Peace in our time. So they messed up, and we had to save their butts again. And another 405,399 Americans died for them during World War II. And then we had to rebuild them! And we had to station our boys in Germany and all over their blood-stained continent. So, hey, we love those guys. We love NATO.

And yet they still rip us off. We pay 4% of our gigantic gross domestic product to protect them, and they will not pay a lousy 2% of their GDP towards their own defense. Is there a culture more penny-pinching-cheap-and-stingy than the fine constituents of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization? These cheap baseborn prigs will not pay their fare. They are too cheap. They expect America to send boys to die for them in one world war, then another — hundreds of thousands — and then to

pay for their NATO defense even a century later. And then they have the temerity to cheat us further in trade

Long before Trump, they set up tariffs against us for so many things. If the average American knew how badly Europe has been ripping us off for decades with their tariffs, no one in this country would buy anything European again. We would say, as a matter of self-respect and personal pride, "I no longer will buy anything but American, no matter what it costs."

Every American President has complained about the cheating and imbalance — the NATO penny-pinching-cheapness, the tariff and trade imbalances. In more recent years, the various Bushes complained about it. Even Obama complained about it. But they all did it so gently, so diplomatically. They would deliver the sermon, just as the pastor predictably tells the church-goers on Sunday morning that he is against sin, and the Europeans would sit quietly and nod their heads — nodding from sleeping, not from agreeing — and then they would go back out and sin some more. Another four years of America being suckered and snookered. All they had to do was give Obama a Nobel Peace Prize his ninth month in office and let Kerry ride his bike around Paris.

So Trump did what any effective negotiator would do: he took note of past approaches to NATO and their failures, and correctly determined that the only way to get these penny-pinching-cheap baseborn prigs to pay their freight would be to bulldoze right into their faces, stare them right in their glazed eyes with cameras rolling, and tell them point-blank the equivalent of: "You are the cheapest penny-pinching, miserly, stingy, tightwadded skinflints ever. And it is going to stop on my watch. Whatever it takes from my end, you selfish, curmudgeonly cheap prigs, you are going to pay your fair share. I am not being diplomatic. I am being All-Business: either you start to pay or, wow, are you in for some surprises! And you know what you read in the Fake News: I am crazy! I am out of control! So, lemme see. I know: We will go to trade war! How do you like that? Maybe we even will pull all our troops out of Europe. Hmmm. Yeah, maybe. Why not? Sounds good. Well, let's see."

So Trump stuffed it into their quiche-and-schnitzel ingesting faces. And he convinced them — thanks to America's Seedier Media who are the real secret to the "Legend That is Trump" — that he just might be crazy enough to go to trade war and to pull American boys home. They knew that Clinton and Bush x 2 and Kerry and Hillary and Nobel Laureate Obama never would do it. But they also know that Trump just might. And if they think they are going to find comfort and moderating in his new advisers, John Bolton and Mike Pompeo, alongside him.... Nuh-uh.

So CNN and the Washington Post and all the Seedier Media attacked Trump for days: He is destroying the alliance! He attacks our friends!

Baloney. Obama was the one whom the Left Echo Chamber never called out for attacking our friends — Israel, Britain, so many others — while cozying up to Hugo Chavez, bowing to dictators, and dancing the tango for Raul Castro. Trump is just the opposite: He knows who the friends are, and he wants to maintain and strengthen those friendships. It is no different from a parent telling a 35-year-old son: "I have been supporting you for thirty-five years. I put you through college by signing four years and \$100,000 PLUS in Loans. You graduated college fifteen years ago. For fifteen years I have been asking you nicely to look for a job and to start contributing. Instead, you sit home all day playing video games, texting your

friends on a smartphone I pay for, and picking little fuzz balls out of your navel. So, look, I love you. You are my flesh and blood. But if you are not employed and earning a paycheck — and contributing to the cost of this household — in six months, we are throwing you out of the house.” That boy is NATO. Trump is Dad. And all of us have been signing for the PLUS Loans.

Negotiating with Putin

Putin is a bad guy. A really bad guy. He is better than Lenin. Better than Stalin, Khrushchev, Kosygin, Brezhnev, Pol Pot, Mao. But he is a really bad guy.

Here’s the thing: Putin is a dictator. He answers to no one. He does whatever he wants. If there arises an opponent, that guy dies. Maybe the opponent gets poked with a poisoned umbrella. Maybe he gets shot on the street. Maybe the opponent is forced to watch Susan Rice interviews telling the world that Benghazi happened because of a YouTube video seen by nine derelicts in Berkeley and that Bowe Berghdal served with honor and distinction. But, one way or another, the opponent dies.

Trump knows this about Putin. And here is what that means:

If you insult Putin in public, like by telling the newsmedia just before or after meeting with him that he is the Butcher of Crimea, and he messed with our elections, and is an overall jerk — then you will get nothing behind closed doors from Putin. Putin will decide “To heck with you, and to heck with the relationship we just forged.” Putin will get even, will take intense personal revenge, even if it is bad for Russia — even if it is bad for Putin. Because there are no institutional reins on him.

But if you go in public and tell everyone that Putin is a nice guy (y’know, just like Kim Jong Un) and that Putin intensely maintains that he did not mess with elections — not sweet little Putey Wutey (even though he obviously did) — then you next can maintain the momentum established beforehand in the private room. You can proceed to remind Putin what you told him privately: that this garbage has to stop —or else. That if he messes in Syria, we will do “X” If he messes with our Iran boycott, we will do “Y.” We will generate so much oil from hydraulic fracturing and from ANWR and from all our sources that we will glut the market — if not tomorrow, then a year from now. We will send even more lethal offensive military weapons to Ukraine. We can restore the promised shield to Eastern Europe that Obama withdrew. And even if we cannot mess with Russian elections (because they have no elections), they do have computers — and, so help us, we will mess with their technology in a way they cannot imagine. Trump knows from his advisers what we can do. If he sweet-talks Putin in public — just Putin on the Ritz — then everything that Trump has told Putin privately can be reinforced with action, and he even can wedge concessions because, against that background, Putin knows that no one will believe that he made any concessions. Everyone is set to believe that Putin is getting whatever he wants, that Trump understands nothing. So, in that setting, Putin can make concessions and still save face.

That is why Trump talks about him that way. And that is the only possible way to do it when negotiating with a tyrant who has no checks and balances on him. If you embarrass the tyrant publicly, then the tyrant never will make concessions because he will fear that people will say he was intimidated and backed down. And that he never will do. Meanwhile, Trump has expelled 60 Russians from America, reversed Obama policy and sent lethal weapons to Ukraine, and is pressing Germany severely on

its pipeline project with Russia.

The Bottom Line

At the end of the day, Donald Trump is over seventy years old. He has made many mistakes in his life. He still makes some. He is human. But Trump likewise has spent three score and a dozen years learning. He has seen some of his businesses go bankrupt, and he has learned from those experiences to be a billionaire and not let it happen again. No doubt that he has been fooled, outsmarted in years past. And he has learned from life.

He is a tough and smart negotiator. He sizes up his opponent, and he knows that the approach that works best for one is not the same as for another. It does not matter what he says publicly about his negotiating opponent. What matters is what results months later.

In his first eighteen months in Washington, this man has turned around the American economy, brought us near full employment, reduced the welfare and food stamp lines, wiped out ISIS in Raqqa, moved America's Israel embassy to Jerusalem, successfully has launched massive deregulation of the economy, has opened oil exploration in ANWR, is rebuilding the military massively, has walked out of the useless Paris Climate Accords that were negotiated by America's amateurs who always get snookered, canned the disastrous Iran Deal, exited the bogus United Nations Human Rights Council. He has Canada and Mexico convinced he will walk out of NAFTA if they do not pony up, and he has the Europeans convinced he will walk out of NATO if they don't stop being the cheap and lazy parasitic penny-pinchers they are. He has slashed income taxes, expanded legal protections for college students falsely accused of crimes, has taken real steps to protect religious freedoms and liberties promised in the First Amendment, boldly has taken on the lyme-disease-quality of a legislative mess that he inherited from Reagan-Bush-Clinton-Bush-Obama on immigration, and has appointed a steady line of remarkably brilliant conservative federal judges to sit on the district courts, the circuit appellate courts, and the Supreme Court.

What has Anderson Cooper achieved during that period? Jim Acosta or the editorial staffs of the New York Times and Washington Post? They have not even found the courage and strength to stand up to the coworkers and celebrities within their orbits who abuse sexually or psychologically or emotionally. They have no accomplishments to compare to his. Just their effete opinions, all echoing each other, all echoing, echoing, echoing. They gave us eight years of Nobel Peace Laureate Obama negotiating with the ISIS JV team, calming the rise of the oceans, and healing the planet.

We will take Trump negotiating with Putin any day.

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The pessimist sees difficulty in every opportunity. The optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty.

~ Winston Churchill ~

Successful people don't just see problems, they see opportunities. They don't just see obstacles, they see solutions. And when they don't see solutions right away, successful people get creative to find solutions.

Numbers 16:5 And he spake unto Korah and unto all his company, saying, Even to morrow the LORD will shew who are his, and who is holy; and will cause him to come near unto him: even him whom he hath chosen will he cause to come near unto him.

Nov 18

Unknown author:

Shell Oil Comments . . . Safety Alert

This alert has been triggered by a growing number of fatal fires while fueling vehicles. If you get gas at Costco you will see survival of the fittest in action. Most refueling customers are clueless and mere minutes from meeting their maker. Santa Ana season is coming, the biggest generator of static electricity. Be safe and live one more day!

Here are some reasons why we don't allow cell phones in operating areas, propylene oxide handling and storage area, propane, gas and diesel refueling areas.

The Shell Oil Company recently issued a warning after three incidents in which mobile phones (cell phones) ignited fumes during fueling operations.

In the first case, the phone was placed on the car's trunk lid during fueling; it rang and the ensuing fire destroyed the car and the gasoline pump.

In the second, an individual suffered severe burns to their face when fumes ignited as they answered a call while refueling their car!

And in the third, an individual suffered burns to the thigh and groin as fumes ignited when the phone, which was in their pocket, rang while they were fueling their car.

You should know that Mobile Phones can ignite fuel or fumes. Mobile phones that light up when switched on or when they ring release enough energy to provide a spark for ignition.

Mobile phones should not be used in filling stations, or when fueling law

mowers, boat, etc.

Mobile phones should not be used, or should be turned off, around other materials that generate flammable or explosive fumes or dust, (i.e., solvents, chemicals, gases, grain dust, etc.)

To sum it up, here are the Four Rules for Safe Refueling:

Turn off engine.

Don't smoke.

Don't use your cell phone - leave it inside the vehicle or turn it off.

Don't re-enter your vehicle during fueling.

Bob Renkes of Petroleum Equipment Institute is working on a campaign to try and make people aware of fires as a result of static electricity at gas pumps. His company has researched 150 cases of these fires.

His results were very surprising:

Out of 150 cases, almost all of them were women.

Almost all cases involved the person getting back into their vehicle while the nozzle was still pumping gas. When finished, they went back to pull the nozzle out and the fire started, as a result of a static spark from their bodies from sliding out of the vehicle.

Most had on rubber-soled shoes.

Most men never get back in their vehicle until completely finished. This is why they are seldom involved in these types of fires.

Don't ever use cell phones when pumping gas.

It is the vapors that come out of the gas that cause the fire, when connected with static charges.

There were 29 fires where the vehicle was re-entered and the nozzle was touched during refueling from a variety of makes and models. Some resulted in extensive damage to the vehicle, to the station, and to the customer.

Seventeen fires occurred before, during or immediately after the gas cap was removed and before fueling began.

Mr. Renkes stresses you should NEVER get back into your vehicle while filling it with gas. If you absolutely HAVE to get into your vehicle while the gas is pumping, make sure you get out, close the door TOUCHING THE METAL, before you ever pull the nozzle out.

This way the static from your body will be discharged before you ever remove the nozzle.

As I mentioned earlier, companies now are really trying to make the public aware of this danger.

I ask you to please send this information to ALL your family and friends, especially those who have kids in the car with them while pumping gas. If this were to happen to them, they may not

be able to get the children out in time.

2Th 2:10* And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish;
because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

Nov 25

Something for the carnal side of life. == Author unknown

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Jesus was wandering around Jerusalem when he decided that he really needed a new robe.

After looking around for a while, he saw a sign for Finkelstein, the Tailor.

So, he went in and made the necessary arrangements to have Finkelstein prepare a new robe
for him. A few days later, when the robe was finished, Jesus tried it on—and it was
a perfect fit!

He asked how much he owed.

Finkelstein brushed him off: “No, no, no, for the Son of God there's no charge!

“However, may I ask for a small favor. Whenever you give a sermon, perhaps you could
just
mention that your nice new robe was made by Finkelstein, the Tailor?”

Jesus readily agreed and as promised, extolled the virtues of his Finkelstein robe
whenever he
spoke to the masses.

A few months later, while Jesus was again walking through Jerusalem he happened to
walk past
Finkelstein's shop and noted a huge line of people waiting for Finkelstein's robes.

He pushed his way through the crowd to speak to him and as soon as Finkelstein
spotted him he
Said, “Jesus, Jesus, look what you've done for my business!

“Would you consider a partnership?”

“Certainly,” replied Jesus.

“Jesus & Finkelstein it is.”

“Oh, no, no,” said Finkelstein. “Finkelstein & Jesus. After all, I am the
craftsman.”

The two of them debated this for some time.

Their discussion was long and spirited, but ultimately fruitful—and they finally
came up with a

mutually acceptable compromise.

A few days later, the new sign went up over Finkelstein's shop:

I have never heard this said as simply or as well.

The folks who are getting the **free stuff** don't like

The folks who are paying for the **free stuff** , because

The folks who are paying for the **free stuff** can no longer

Afford to pay for both the **free stuff** and their own stuff.

And the folks who are paying for the **free stuff**

Want the **free stuff** to stop.

And the folks who are getting the **free stuff** want even more **Free stuff** on top of the **free stuff** they are already getting!

Now.. The people who are forcing the people who pay

For the **free stuff** have told the people who are RECEIVING

The **free stuff** that the people who are PAYING for the

Free stuff are being mean, prejudiced, and racist.

So.. The people who are GETTING the **free stuff** have been convinced they need to hate the people who are paying for the **Free stuff** by the people who are forcing some people to pay for their **free stuff** and giving them the **free stuff** in the first place.

We have let the **free stuff** giving go on for so long that there are now more people getting **free stuff** than paying for the **Free stuff** .

Now understand this.

All great democracies have committed financial suicide somewhere between **200** and **250** years after being founded

The reason?

The voters figured out they could vote themselves money

from the treasury by electing people who promised to give

them money from the treasury in exchange for electing them.

The United States officially became a Republic in **1776** , **238** years ago.

The number of people now getting **free stuff**

outnumbers the people paying for the **free stuff** .

Failure to change that spells the end of the United States as we know it.

USA Mid term ELECTION 2018 IS COMING

Vote for righteous leaders

A Nation of Sheep Breeds a Government of Wolves!

I'M **100%** for **PASSING THIS ON !!!**

For all our sake **PLEASE** Take a Stand!!!

Ex 20:17 Thou shalt not covet

Pr 29:2 When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.

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Oct 14

I got this interesting article this morning and wanted to share it with you.

I wonder if this guy is really happy? Having stuff doesn't make a person happy just rich, ----I'd rather be happy. (unverified)

Luxury took on new dimensions when Saudi billionaire Prince Al Waleed Bin Talal signed a deal to buy the world's first and largest privately owned Airbus 380 aircraft. Prince Waleed, billed as the 13th richest person in the world, emerged from his personal 747 to purchase the new A-380. The end-to-end double-decker behemoth has twice the space of the 747. The Saudi Arabian business tycoon plans to have the corporate jet converted into a virtual "flying palace" with private suites, board room, theater, and much more. It incorporates all of the most modern amenities to ensure maximum comfort and luxury. In keeping with the Middle Eastern custom, the design is expected to create separate living areas within the aircraft for men, women, and staff. The deal is valued at \$319 million before any of the customizing interior work is done.

Al Waleed already owns a 282-foot yacht called the Kingdom 5KR, which he bought from Donald Trump for \$40 million. He has ordered a 550-foot yacht worth \$500 million and will name it New Kingdom 5KR. He travels between his private jets and yachts by driving one of his 38 cars. The most recent automobile the Saudi prince purchased is a totally diamond-clad Mercedes SL550. This bejeweled car is worth a whopping \$4.8 million! If you can't afford to put this on your shopping list, don't worry. The prince will allow admirers to touch the royal car for a mere \$1,000 per person. Prince Al Waleed Bin Talal is founder, CEO, and 95 percent owner of Kingdom Holding Company, and

in 2012 his personal wealth was estimated at \$18 billion. The Arabian Business magazine places him as the most influential Arab in the entire world. He is sometimes called the "Arabian Warren Buffet." He has invested in Citibank, Citicorp, AOL, Apple Inc., MCI Inc., Motorola, Fox News, the Four Seasons hotel chain, the Plaza Hotel in New York, and even Euro Disney.

When someone asked Jesus to be an arbitrator in an inheritance dispute, Christ warned him about the trappings of desiring wealth. He then told a story about a rich man who felt secure in his wealth and did not know he would soon lose his life. "Fool! This night your soul will be required of you; then whose will those things be which you have provided?" (Luke 12:20). Christ admonishes, "So is he who lays up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God" (verse 21). Investing in God's "Kingdom" is the best thing you can do with your wealth

Matthew 6:20* But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

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Oct 21

SIX LITTLE STORIES

{1} Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella.

That's FAITH .

{2} When you throw babies in the air, they laugh because they know you will catch them.

That's TRUST.

{3} Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set the alarms to wake up.

That's HOPE.

{4} We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future.

That's CONFIDENCE.

{5} We see the world suffering, but still we get married and have children

That's LOVE.

{6} On an old man's shirt was written a sentence 'I am not 80 years old; I am sweet 16 with 64 years of experience.'

That's ATTITUDE.

Have a happy day and live your life like the six stories.

When I was a child, I thought nap time was punishment. Now it's like a mini-vacation.

1Peter 1:8* Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

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Oct 28

Author unknown but a very inspiring testimony

On a hot August night in 1942, the U.S. and Japanese were preparing to engage in the deadly naval battle of Savo Island for possession of Guadalcanal. Young Elgin Staples, Signalman 3rd Class on the USS Astoria, was awakened from an exhausted sleep by a loud explosion. Jumping to his feet, with his heart pounding, he grabbed his life belt and strapped it on.

Staples survived the first hail of enemy shells and was tending to the wounded when a gun turret exploded and he was blown overboard, plummeting 30 feet into the dark, shark-infested waters. Wounded in his leg and shoulder by shrapnel, he was kept afloat by his narrow life belt that he managed to activate. For four agonizing hours he drifted in the open sea as large, dark creatures brushed against his legs.

During the terrifying hours that passed, he thought about his mother and knew she was praying for him. At sunrise Staples was rescued by a passing destroyer and promptly returned to the floundering Astoria. But his ship was badly crippled and began to sink. Staples, still wearing the same life belt, forced himself to leap back into the sea. This time he was picked up by the USS President Jackson and evacuated to safety. On board the transport ship, Staples closely examined the life belt that had saved him. It was manufactured by Firestone Rubber Company and bore a unique registration number. He felt impressed to keep it as a souvenir. On home leave, Staples told his story to his mother. He was surprised to learn she had taken a wartime job at the Firestone plant in Akron, Ohio. Curious, he grabbed the deflated life belt from his duffel bag and asked about the purpose of the number on the belt. She replied that the company made many thousands of life belts but insisted each one be examined and given a unique number by the inspector. When she looked up from the belt, her eyes were open wide with surprise. In a barely audible voice she said, "Son, I'm an inspector at Firestone and this is my inspector number!"

Just as his mother's life belt buoyed up the young sailor physically, her prayers buoyed up his spirit during his ordeal. A God-fearing, praying mother is a tremendous blessing from Ephesians 6:12* For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS / VIRSUS SEVEN VIRTUES

Pride – excessive view of one's self Humility – cures pride by removing without regard for others one's ego and allowing service

Greed – an excessive passion or longing Charity – cures greed by helping others for material things

Lust – an uncontrollable passion for Chastity – (self control) cures lust by something especially for sexual desires controlling passion

Wrath – uncontrollable feelings of anger Patience – cures wrath by taking time to remove hate towards another person and understand the needs of others

Gluttony – excessive ongoing consumption Temperance – cures gluttony by the desire of food or drink to eat to be healthy

Envy – the desire to have something that Kindness – cures envy by helping others someone

has, even an experience

Sloth – excessive laziness or the failure to Diligence – (zeal) cures slothfulness by careful and persistent work effort, considers the best interest of others and do it

Each of the above has it's root in the desire for more and goes against the will of God, These are found in the Bible; Proverbs 6:16-19 and Galatians 5:19-21

AND the Virtues show us how to overcome, and are found in Galatians 5:22*23

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Aug 12

This is one of the best emails written against all those that disrespect GOD, COUNTRY, and RIGHTEOUS VALUES in general, and not only America.

Bro. Ken

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To the NFL and its players,

If I have brain cancer, I don't ask my dentist what I should do. If my car has a problem, I don't seek help from a plumber! Why do you think the public cares what a football player thinks about politics? If we want to know about football, then depending on the information we seek, we might consult with you, but even a quarterback doesn't seek advice on playing his position from a defensive tackle!

You seem to have this over inflated view of yourselves, thinking because you enjoy working on such a large scale stage, that somehow your opinion about everything matters. The NFL realizes the importance of its "image" so it has rules that specify the clothes and insignia you can wear, the language you use, and your "antics" after a touchdown or other "great" play. But somehow you and your employer don't seem to care that you disgrace the entire nation and its 320 million people in the eyes of the world by publicly disrespecting this country, its flag, and its anthem! The taxpaying citizens of this country subsidize your plush work environments, yet you choose to use those venues to openly offend those very citizens.

Do you even understand what the flag of this country means to so many of its citizens before you choose to "take a knee" in protest of this "country" during our national anthem?

You may think because you are paid so much that your job is tough, but you are clueless when it comes to tough. Let me show you those whose job is really tough.

You are spoiled babies who stand around and have staff squirt GatorAid in your mouths, sit in front of misting cooling fans when it's warm, and sit on heated benches when it's cold. That's not "tough" that's pampered.

You think that you deserve to be paid excessively high salaries, because you play a "dangerous" game where you can incur career ending injuries. Let me show you career ending injuries!

You think you that you deserve immediate medical attention and the best medical facilities and doctors when injured. Let me show you what it's like for those who really need and deserve medical attention.

You think you have the right to disrespect the flag of the United States, the one our veterans fought for, risked limbs and mental stability to defend, in many cases died for. Let me show you what our flag means to them, their families, and their friends.

You believe you are our heroes, when in reality you are nothing but overpaid entertainers, who exist solely for our enjoyment! Well, your current antics are neither entertaining nor enjoyable, but rather a disgrace to this country, its citizens, all our veterans and their families, and the sacrifices they have made to ensure this country remains free. You choose to openly disgrace this country in the eyes of the rest of the world, yet with all your money, still choose to live here rather than in any other country. People with even the slightest amount of "Class" will stand and respect our flag. Where does that put you? You want to see heroes... here are this countries heroes!

You can protest policies, the current government, or anything else you choose, that is your right. But when you "protest" our flag and anthem, you are insulting the nation we all live in and love, and all those who have served, been injured, or died to keep it free. There is nothing you can do or say that can make your actions anything more than the arrogance of classless people, who care about themselves more than our country or the freedoms for which our veterans and their families have sacrificed so much, to ensure you have the "right" to speak freely. Our country is far from perfect, but if you can point to any other country where your freedom and opportunities are better than they are here, then you just might want to go there and show respect for their flag!

2Peter 3:9 The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

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Aug 19

Hard Truths

One day, I woke early in the morning to watch the sunrise.

Ah the beauty of God's creation is beyond description.

As I watched, I praised God for His beautiful work.

As I sat there, I felt the Lord's presence with me.

He asked me, "Do you love me?"

I answered, "Of course, God! You are my Lord and Savior!"

Then He asked, "If you were physically handicapped, would you still love me?"

I was perplexed. I looked down upon my arms, legs and the rest of my body and wondered how many things I wouldn't be able to do, the things that I took for granted. And I answered, "It would be tough Lord, but I would still love You."

Then the Lord said, "If you were blind, would you still love my creation?"

How could I love something without being able to see it? Then I thought of all the blind people in the world and how many of them still loved God and His creation.

So I answered, "Its hard to think of it, but I would still love you."

The Lord then asked me, "If you were deaf, would you still listen to my word?"

How could I listen to anything being deaf? Then I understood. Listening to God's Word is not merely using our ears, but our hearts. I answered, "It would be tough, but I would still listen to Your word."

The Lord then asked, "If you were mute, would you still praise My Name?"

How could I praise without a voice? Then it occurred to me: God wants us to sing from our very heart and soul. It never matters what we sound like. And praising God is not always with a song, but when we are persecuted, we give God praise with our words of thanks. So I answered, "Though I could not physically sing, I would still praise Your Name."

And the Lord asked, "Do you really love Me?"

With courage and a strong conviction, I answered boldly, "Yes Lord! I love You because You are the one and true God!"

I thought I had answered well, but...

God asked, "THEN WHY DO YOU SIN?"

I answered, "Because I am only human. I am not perfect."

"THEN WHY IN TIMES OF PEACE DO YOU STRAY THE FURTHEST? WHY ONLY IN TIMES OF TROUBLE DO YOU PRAY THE EARNEST?"

No answers. Only tears.

The Lord continued: "Why only sing at fellowships and retreats? Why seek Me only in times of worship? Why ask things so selfishly? Why ask things so unfaithfully?"

The tears continued to roll down my cheeks.

"Why are you ashamed of Me? Why are you not spreading the good news? Why in times of persecution, you cry to others when I offer My shoulder to cry on? Why make excuses when I give you opportunities to serve in My Name?"

I tried to answer, but there was no answer to give.

"You are blessed with life. I made you not to throw this gift away. I have blessed you with talents to serve Me, but you continue to turn away. **I have revealed My Word to you, but you do not gain in knowledge. I have spoken to you but your ears were closed. I have shown My blessings to you, but your eyes were turned away. I have sent you servants, but you sat idly by as they were pushed away. I have heard your prayers and I have answered them all.**"

"DO YOU TRULY LOVE ME ?"

I could not answer. How could I? I was embarrassed beyond belief. I had no excuse. What could I say to this? When I my heart had cried out and the tears had flowed, I said, " Please forgive me Lord. I am unworthy to be Your child."

The Lord answered, "That is My Grace, My child."

I asked, "Then why do you continue to forgive me? Why do You love me so?"

The Lord answered, "Because you are My creation. You are my child. I will never abandon you."

"When you cry, I will have compassion and cry with you.

When you shout with joy, I will laugh with you.

When you are down, I will encourage you.

When you fall, I will raise you up.

When you are tired, I will carry you.

I will be with you till the end of days, and I will love you forever."

Never had I cried so hard before. How could I have been so cold? How could I have hurt God as I had done? I asked God, "How much do You love me?"

The Lord stretched out His arms, and I saw His nail-pierced hands. I bowed down at the feet of Christ, my Savior. And for the first time, I truly prayed.

John 8:43-44* Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.

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aug 26

Take 60 seconds to read this story. It will give you time to settle your brain, gather your thoughts, calm down and start your week off on a positive note.

Potato Chips

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of potato chips and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old man. He was sitting in the park, just staring at some pigeons. The boy sat down next to him and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old man looked hungry, so he offered him some chips. He gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

His smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered him a root beer. Again, he smiled at him. The boy was delighted! They sat there all afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word...

As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old man, and gave him a hug. He gave him his biggest smile

ever...

When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face. She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he added, "You know what? He's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile, the old man, also radiant with joy, returned to his home. His son was stunned by the look of peace on his face and he asked, "dad, what did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied "I ate potato chips in the park with God." However, before his son responded, he added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime! Embrace all equally!

Have lunch with God.....bring chips.

Send this to people who have touched your life in a special way. Let them know how important they are. I did!!!!

[Luke 21:34](#) And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

New Heart

This is a real life story

In 1979 we moved on to a farm just seven miles west of the city my parents lived in and right across the road from the farm my wife was born and raised at.

It was a bare quarter, so we had to build fences, buildings, drill a water well and my dad who was 70 drove out the seven miles to help me, as often as he could.

My dad never professed Christianity till the summer of 1971, when he drove up to Edmonton, where we lived at the time. And told us that the night before, he went out to his garage and knelt down by his table saw and ask Jesus to forgive him and live within his heart. He said he felt so clean and so new, that he had to drive up and tell us personally, instead of just phoning.

Well, you talk about rejoicing, my wife and I were ecstatic.

My mom was always the bible teacher in our house and though dad was raised a Lutheran, he did not know Jesus personally till 1971, he had lots of head knowledge but no heart knowledge. He used to tell me all the time that the bible said God would give us three score and ten years, in other words we would live to see Seventy years. Well, Dad turned 70 on Dec 1/79, and in the late spring of 1980 we got a phone call in the early evening, that dad had had a massive heart attack and was in the hospital and they didn't expect him to make the night. It didn't take us long to drive the seven miles and when we walked into the emergency department, all I seen was an unconscious dad all wired up to machines. I loved my dad very much, and all I could think of was claim a new heart. (Now back then I hadn't heard yet of God replacing body parts nor was that my idea) They just said his heart was wore out and he wouldn't live till morning, so I grabbed his hand and said out loud, in Jesus name, I claim this old wore out heart becomes knew and functions like God has ordained and that all body functions will work normal. I felt so assured and peaceful that I told the nurses and everybody there that he was OK and just needed a good nights rest. So we went home; in the morning all his vital signs were perfectly normal. He was up talking and joking and the medical profession was beside

themselves. He kept saying, "There is nothing wrong with me, so let me go home". They kept him there till noon and they finally said, "There ain't nothing wrong with you, so you may as well go home".

Dad smoked all his life, so he then come down with emphysema, and Satan had a field day with me. He said to me, see if you wouldn't of been thinking of yourself, he would have died and would be at peace now instead of suffering. Like a dummy, I bought into that lie for a few years. But Satan always overplays his hand, the clincher to that was that dad ended up having lung cancer and died in 1985. We were called into the auxiliary hospital where he was, they said he had but a short time so my mom, my wife and I went in and sang choruses to him. He wasn't a singer but loved to listen, he wasn't coherent but rested very peaceably as we sang praises unto the Lord. The nurse came in different times and would say in his ear, "Herman just let go," then she would say to us, "His heart is so strong, it just won't quite."

Satan said see you claimed a new heart and now it won't quit. To this I finally clued in and said Satan you're a liar so get out, the testimony alone to the medical world was worth it and the years and the times we had together was well worth it.

For five years I wouldn't pray for a miracle because of listening to Satan, but praise God after I clued in to his lies, I have seen several heart attack victims,

baffle the medical world and the unbelievers that there is a living God.

Bro. Ken

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July 8

DIVORCE AGREEMENT. I don't know if this is true or not, but it is a good read, and
SNOOPS has nothing on it

THIS IS INCREDIBLY WELL PUT, AND I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S WRITTEN BY A YOUNG
PERSON, A STUDENT!!! WHATEVER HE RUNS FOR, I'LL VOTE FOR HIM.

Dear American liberals, leftists, social progressives, socialists, Marxists and
Obama supporters, et al: We have stuck together since the late 1950's for the sake
of the kids, but the whole of this latest election process has made me realize that
I want a divorce. I know we tolerated each other for many years for the sake of
future generations, but sadly, this relationship has clearly run its course.

Our two ideological sides of America cannot and will not ever agree on what is right
for us all, so let's just end it on friendly terms. We can smile and chalk it up to
irreconcilable differences and go our own way.

Here is our separation agreement:

--Our two groups can equitably divide up the country by landmass each taking a similar portion. That will be the difficult part, but I am sure our two sides can come to a friendly agreement. After that, it should be relatively easy! Our respective representatives can effortlessly divide other assets since both sides have such distinct and disparate tastes.

--We don't like redistributive taxes so you can keep them.

--You are welcome to the liberal judges and the ACLU.

--Since you hate guns and war, we'll take our firearms, the cops, the NRA and the military.

--We'll take the nasty, smelly oil industry and the coal mines, and you can go with wind, solar and biodiesel.

--You can keep Oprah, Michael Moore and Rosie O'Donnell. You are, however, responsible for finding a bio-diesel vehicle big enough to move all three of them.

--We'll keep capitalism, greedy corporations, pharmaceutical companies, Wal-Mart and Wall Street.

--You can have your beloved lifelong welfare dwellers, food stamps, homeless, homeboys, hippies, druggies and illegal aliens.

--We'll keep the hot Alaskan hockey moms, greedy CEOs and rednecks.

--We'll keep Bill O'Reilly, and Bibles and give you NBC and Hollywood

--You can make nice with Iran and Palestine and we'll retain the right to invade
and hammer places that threaten us.

--You can have the peaceniks and war protesters.

-- W

Is o have the U..N. but we will no longer be paying the bill.

--We'll keep the SUVs, pickup trucks and oversized luxury cars. You can take every
Volt and Leaf you can find.

--You can give everyone healthcare if you can find any practicing doctors.

--We'll keep "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The National Anthem."

--I'm sure you'll be happy to substitute "Imagine", "I'd Like to Teach the World to
Sing", "Kum Ba Ya" or "We Are the World".

--We'll practice trickle-down economics and you can continue to give trickle up
poverty your best shot.

--Since it often so offends you, we'll keep our history, our name and our flag.

Would you agree to this? If so, please pass it along to other like-minded liberal and conservative patriots and if you do not agree, just hit delete. In the spirit of friendly parting, I'll bet you might think about which one of us will need whose help in 15 years.

Sincerely,

John J. Wall

Law Student and an American

P.S. Also, please take George Clooney, Ted Turner, Sean Penn, Martin & Charlie Sheen, Barbara Streisand, and (Hanoi) Jane Fonda with you.

P.S.S. And you won't have to press 1 for English when you call our country.

Re 18:4* And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

=====

july 15.

Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again. Franklin Graham was speaking at the First Baptist

Church in Jacksonville, Florida, when he said America will not come back. He wrote:

"The American dream ended on November 6th, 2012. The second term of Barack Obama has been the final nail in the coffin for the legacy of the white Christian males who discovered, explored, pioneered, settled and developed the greatest republic in the history of mankind.

A coalition of blacks, Latinos, feminists, gays, government workers, union members, environmental extremists, the media, Hollywood, uninformed young people, the "forever needy," the chronically unemployed, illegal aliens and other "fellow travelers" have ended Norman Rockwell's America.

You will never again out-vote these people. It will take individual acts of defiance and massive displays of civil disobedience to get back the rights we have allowed them to take away. It will take zealots, not moderates and shy, not reach-across-the-aisle RINOs to right this ship and restore our beloved country to its former status.

People like me are completely politically irrelevant, and I will probably never again be able to legally comment on or concern myself with the aforementioned coalition which has surrendered our culture, our heritage and our traditions without

a shot being fired.

The Cocker spaniel is off the front porch, the pit bull is in the back yard. The American Constitution has been replaced with Saul Alinsky's "Rules for Radicals" and the likes of Chicago shyster David Axelrod along with international socialist George Soros have been pulling the strings on their beige puppet and have brought us Act 2 of the New World Order.

The curtain will come down but the damage has been done, the story has been told.

Those who come after us will once again have to risk their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to bring back the Republic that this generation has timidly frittered away due to white guilt and political correctness.."

=====

July 22

You have to be at least 60 years old for this to make any sense

My mom used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread butter on bread on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning..

Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting E-Coli. Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the lake or at the beach instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

We all took PE and risked permanent injury with a pair of Dunlop sandshoes instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors that cost as much as a small car. I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

We got the cane for doing something wrong at school, they used to call it discipline yet we all grew up to accept the rules and to honour & respect those older than us. We had 50 kids in our class and we all learned to read and write, do math and spell almost all the words needed to write a grammatically correct letter....., FUNNY THAT!!

We all said prayers in school irrespective of our religion, sang the national anthem and no one got upset.

Staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention we wish we hadn't got.

I didn't need to accomplish a little task before I was allowed to be proud of

myself. I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-box or 270 digital TV cable stations, OR bloody mobile phones. WE WEREN'T!!!

Oh yeah ... And where was the antibiotics and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played "King of the Hill" on piles of gravel left on vacant building sites and when we got hurt, mom pulled out the bottle of iodine and then we got our backside spanked. Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10 day dose of antibiotics and then mom calls the lawyer to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known that?

We never needed to get into group therapy and/or anger management classes. We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills, that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac!
How did we ever survive?

LOVE TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA.

AND TO ALL WHO DIDN'T, SORRY FOR WHAT YOU MISSED.

I WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING!

Psalms 5:11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

=====

July 29

I've learned that I like my teacher because she cries when we sing "Silent Night. Age 5

*

I've learned that our dog doesn't want to eat mFFTy broccoli either. Age 7

*

I've learned that when I wave to people in the country, they stop what they are doing and wave back. Age 9

*

I've learned that just when I get my room the way I like it, Mom makes me clean it up again. Age 12

*

I've learned that if you want to cheer yourself up, you should try cheering

someone else up. Age 14

*

I've learned that although it's hard to admit it, I'm secretly glad my parents are strict with me. Age 15

*

I've learned that silent company is often more healing than words of advice.

Age 24

*

I've learned that brushing my child's hair is one of life's great pleasures.

Age 26

*

I've learned that wherever I go, the world's worst drivers have followed me there. Age 29

*

I've learned that if someone says something unkind about me, I must live so that no one will believe it. Age 30

*

I've learned that there are people who love you dearly but just don't know how to show it. Age 42

*

I've learned that you can make someone's day by simply sending them a little note. Age 44

*

I've learned that the greater a person's sense of guilt, the greater his or her need to cast blame on others. Age 46

*

I've learned that children and grandparents are natural allies. Age 47

*

I've learned that no matter what happens, or how bad it seems today, life does go on and it will be better tomorrow. Age 48

*

I've learned that singing "Amazing Grace" can lift my spirits for hours. Age 49

*

I've learned that motel mattresses are better on the side away from the phone. Age 50

*

I've learned that you can tell a lot about a man by the way he handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.

Age 51

*

I've learned that keeping a vegetable garden is worth a medicine cabinet full of pills. Age 52

*

I've learned that regardless of your relationship with your parents, you miss them terribly after they die. Age 53

*

I've learned that making a living is not the same thing as making a life. Age 58

*

I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance. Age 62

*

I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back. Age 64

*

I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But if you focus on your family, the needs of others, your work, meeting new people, and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you. Age 65

I've learned that whenever I decide something with kindness, I usually make the right decision. Age 66

*

I've learned that everyone can use a prayer Age 72

*

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. Age 74

*

I've learned that every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch - holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. Age 76

*

I've learned that I still have a lot to learn. Age 78

*

I've learned that you lose family and friends over time, so make new friends and remember the good times. Age 83

*

I've learned that you should pass this on to someone you care about. Sometimes

they just need a little something to make them smile.

Matthew 9:13* But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

NOT VERIFIED

The story of the painting, The Last Supper, is extremely interesting and instructive. The two incidents connected with it afford a most convincing lesson on the effects of right thinking or wrong thinking in the life of a boy or girl, or of a man or a woman.

The Last Supper was painted by Leonardo Da Vinci, a noted Italian artist; and the time engaged for its completion was seven years. The figures representing the twelve Apostles and Christ himself were painted from living persons. The life-model for the painting of the figure of Jesus was chosen first.

When it was decided that Da Vinci would paint this great picture, hundreds and hundreds of young men were carefully viewed in an endeavor to find a face and personality exhibiting innocence and beauty, free from the scars and signs of dissipation caused by sin.

Finally, after weeks of laborious searching, a young man nineteen years of age was selected as a model for the portrayal of Christ. For six months, Da Vinci worked on the production of this leading character of his famous painting.

During the next six years, Da Vinci continued his labors on this sublime work of art. One by one fitting persons were chosen to represent each of the eleven Apostles; space being left for the painting of the figure representing Judas Iscariot as the final task of this masterpiece. This was the Apostle, you remember, who betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, worth in our present day, currency of \$16.96.

For weeks, Da Vinci searched for a man with a hard callous face, with a countenance marked by scars of avarice, deceit, hypocrisy, and crime; a face that would delineate a character who would betray his best friend.

After many discouraging experiences in searching for the type of person required to represent Judas, word came to Da Vinci that a man whose appearance fully met his requirements had been

found in a dungeon in Rome, sentenced to die for a life of crime and murder.

Da Vinci made the trip to Rome at once, and this man was brought out from his imprisonment in the dungeon and led out into the light of the sun. There Da Vinci saw before him a dark, swarthy man; his long, shaggy and unkempt hair sprawled over

his face, which betrayed a character of viciousness and complete ruin. At last, the famous painter had found the person he wanted to represent the character of Judas in his painting.

By special permission from the king, this prisoner was carried to Milan where the picture was being painted; and for months he sat before Da Vinci at appointed hours each day as the gifted artist diligently continued his task of transmitting to

his painting this base character in the picture representing the traitor and betrayer of our savior. As he finished his last stroke, he turned to the guards and said, "I have finished. You may take the prisoner away."

As the guards were leading their prisoner away, he suddenly broke loose from their control and rushed up to Da Vinci, crying as he did so, "O, Da Vinci, look at me! Do you not know who I am?"

Da Vinci, with the trained eyes of a great character student, carefully scrutinized the man upon whose face he had constantly gazed for six months and replied, "No, I have never seen you in my life until you were brought before me out of the dungeon in Rome."

Then, lifting his eyes toward heaven, the prisoner said, "Oh, God, have I fallen so low?" Then turning his face to the painter he cried, "Leonardo Da Vinci! Look at me again for I am the same man you painted just seven years ago as the figure of Christ."

This is the true story of the painting of The Last Supper that teaches so strongly the lesson of the effects of right or wrong thinking on the life of an individual. Here was a young man whose character was so pure, unspoiled by the sins of the world that he presented a countenance of innocence and beauty fit to be used for the painting of a representation of Christ.

But within seven years, following the thoughts of sin and a life of crime, he was changed into a perfect picture of the most traitorous character ever known in the history of the world.

Romans 7:24* O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

=====

6/10

No matter how religious you may or may not be, this could still give you chills.

A young man who had been raised as an atheist was training to be an Olympic diver. The only religious influence in his life came from his outspoken Christian friend.

The young diver never really paid much attention to his friend's sermons, but he heard them often.

One night the diver went to the indoor pool at the college he attended.

The lights were all off, but as the pool had big skylights and the moon was bright, there was plenty of light to practice by. The young man climbed up to the highest diving board and as he turned his back to the pool on the edge of the board and extended his arms out, he saw his shadow on the wall.

The shadow of his body, was in the shape of a cross. Instead of diving, he knelt down and finally asked God to come into his life.

As the young man stood, a maintenance man walked in and turned the lights on.

The pool had been drained for repairs.

John 6:44* No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day.

" Not Verified "

=====

6/17

When you are tired and discouraged from fruitless efforts...

God knows how hard you have tried.

When you've cried so long and your heart is in anguish...

God has counted your tears.

If you feel that your life is on hold and time has passed you by...

God is waiting with you.

When you're lonely and your friends are too busy even for a phone call...

God is by your side.

When you think you've tried everything and don't know where to turn...

When nothing makes sense and you are confused or frustrated...

God has the answer.

If suddenly your outlook is brighter and you find traces of hope...

God has whispered to you.

When things are going well and you have much to be thankful for...

God has blessed you.

When something joyful happens and you are filled with awe...

God has smiled upon you.

When you have a purpose to fulfill and a dream to follow...

God has opened your eyes and called you by name.

Remember that wherever you are or whatever you are facing...

GOD KNOWS!!

Matthew 11:28-30 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.

=====

6/24

There was this Christian lady that had to do a lot of traveling for her Business, so she did a lot of flying. Flying made her nervous, so she always took her Bible along with her to read and it helped relax her.

One time, she was sitting next to a man. When he saw her pull out her Bible, he gave a little chuckle and went back to what he was doing. After awhile, he turned to her and asked, "You don't really believe all that stuff in there do you?"

The lady replied, "Of course I do. It is the Bible."

He said, "Well, what about that guy that was swallowed by that whale?"

She replied, "Oh, Jonah. Yes, I believe that, it is in the Bible."

He asked, "Well, how do you suppose he survived all that time inside the whale?"

The lady said, "Well, I don't really know. I guess when I get to heaven, I will ask him."

"What if he isn't in heaven?" the man asked sarcastically.

"Then you can ask him." replied the lady.

2John 2* For the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever.

An open letter to the American NFL players, **Author unknown.** but oh so true.

You graduated high school in 2011. Your teenage years were a struggle. You grew up on the wrong side of the tracks. Your mother was the leader of the family and worked tirelessly to keep a roof over your head and food on your plate. Academics were a struggle for you and your grades were mediocre at best. The only thing that made you stand out is you weighed 225 lbs and could run 40 yards in 4.2 seconds while carrying a football. Your best friend was just like you, except he didn't play football. Instead of going to football practice after school, he went to work at McDonalds for minimum wage.

You were recruited by all the big colleges and spent every weekend of your senior year making visits to universities where coaches and boosters tried to convince you their school was best. They laid out the red carpet for you. Your best friend worked double shifts at Mickey D's. College was not an option for him. On the day you signed with Big State University, your best friend signed paperwork with his Army recruiter. You went to summer workouts. He went to basic training.

You spent the next four years living in the athletic dorm, eating at the training table. You spent your Saturdays on the football field, cheered on by adoring fans. Tutors attended to your every academic need. You attended class when you felt like it. Sure, you worked hard. You lifted weights, ran sprints, studied plays, and soon became one of the top football players in the country. Your best friend was assigned to the 101st Airborne Division. While you were in college, he deployed to Iraq once and Afghanistan twice.. He became a Sergeant and led a squad of 19 year old soldiers who grew up just like he did. He shed his blood in Afghanistan and watched young American's give their lives, limbs, and innocence for the USA.

You went to the NFL combine and scored off the charts. You hired an agent and waited for draft day. You were drafted in the first round and your agent immediately went to work, ensuring that you received the most money possible. You signed for \$16 million although you had never played a single down of professional football. Your best friend re-enlisted in the Army for four more years. As a combat tested sergeant, he will be paid \$32,000 per year.

You will drive a Ferrari on the streets of South Beach. He will ride in the back of a Blackhawk helicopter with 10 other combat loaded soldiers. You will sleep at the Ritz. He will dig a hole in the ground and try to sleep. You will "make it rain" in the club. He will pray for rain as the temperature reaches 120 degrees.

On Sunday, you will run into a stadium as tens of thousands of fans cheer and yell your name. For your best friend, there is little difference between Sunday and any other day of the week. There are no adoring fans. There are only people trying to kill him and his soldiers. Every now and then, he and his soldiers leave the front lines and "go to the rear" to rest. He might be lucky enough to catch an NFL game on TV. When the National Anthem plays and you take a knee, he will jump to his feet and salute the television. While you protest the unfairness of life in the

United States, he will give thanks to God that he has the honor of defending his great country.

To the players of the NFL: We are the people who buy your tickets, watch you on TV, and wear your jerseys. We anxiously wait for Sundays so we can cheer for you and marvel at your athleticism. Although we love to watch you play, we care little about your opinions until you offend us. You have the absolute right to express yourselves, but we have the absolute right to boycott you.

We have tolerated your drug use and DUIs, your domestic violence, and your vulgar displays of wealth. We should be ashamed for putting our admiration of your physical skills before what is morally right.. But now you have gone too far. You have insulted our flag, our country, our soldiers, our police officers, and our veterans. You are living the American dream, yet you disparage our great country. I am done with NFL football and encourage all likeminded Americans to boycott the NFL as well.

2Timothy 3:2* For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy,

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may 13. WHY GO TO CHURCH submitted by BILL GRAHAM

If you're spiritually alive, you're going to love this.

If you're spiritually dead, you won't want to read it.

If you're spiritually curious, there is still hope!

A church goer wrote a letter to the editor of a newspaper

and complained that it made no sense to go to church every Sunday

He wrote: "I've gone for 30 years now, and in that time I have heard something like 3,000 sermons, but for the life of me, I can't remember a single one of them. So, I think I'm wasting my time, the preachers and priests are wasting theirs by giving sermons at all".

This started a real controversy in the "Letters to the Editor" column.

Much to the delight of the editor, it went on for weeks until someone wrote this clincher:

"I've been married for 30 years now.

In that time my wife has cooked some 32,000 meals.

But, for the life of me, I cannot recall the entire menu for a single one of those meals.

But I do know this: They all nourished me and gave me the strength

I needed to do my work.

If my wife had not given me these meals, I would be physically dead today.

Likewise, if I had not gone to church for nourishment, I would be spiritually dead today!"

When you are DOWN to nothing, God is UP to something!

Faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible & receives the impossible!

Thank God for our physical and our spiritual nourishment!

IF YOU CANNOT SEE GOD IN ALL, YOU CANNOT SEE GOD AT ALL!

B. I. B. L. E. simply means: Basic Instructions Before Leaving

Earth!

Hebrews 10:25* Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves

together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one

another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.

=====

may 20

True Story **Lori Baron**

Mirrors

Several years ago I noticed something strange: people seemed to be smiling at me more often. During my young adult years people had never smiled at me that much. Most of the people I saw seemed to have grim, tense faces. They would look at me for only a second or avert their eyes altogether. Sometimes they would nod or say "hi" but more often said nothing at all.

All that seemed to change, though, as I got older. For some surprising reason people were suddenly greeting me with a warm smile when I passed them. Their eyes seemed to sparkle when they said, "hello" and many times they would even stop to chat happily with me for a few minutes. At first I didn't know what to make of this. Had the whole world suddenly gotten kinder without telling me? Had the hearts and souls of everyone I met suddenly grown more loving and joyful for some reason?

Then one day when I was walking alone in a store the answer came to me. I was thinking to myself of how much God loved me and of all the blessings I had been given in this life. At that moment I walked by a display of mirrors and saw that I had the happiest expression on my face. I had been smiling without even knowing it. Then suddenly I realized that I was the one who had changed. I had grown so much in love, joy, and oneness with God. And it was the light shining from my own soul that others were reflecting back to me.

We are all mirrors in this life. We all reflect each other's love. We all share each other's light. We all help each other to become the image of God that we were meant to be. May you always mirror every bit of goodness, kindness, and joy that you see in this world. May your own soul always shine bright as well. And may you make your whole life here a reflection of the light of Heaven and the love of God..

Proverbs 18:24 A man that hath friends must shew himself

friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

=====

may 27

Who am I? I was born in 1725, and I died 1807. The only Godly influence in my life, as far back as I can remember, was my mother, whom I had for only seven years. When she left my life through death, I was virtually an orphan. My father remarried, sent me to a

strict military school, where the severity of discipline almost broke my back. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I left in rebellion at age of ten. One year later, deciding that I would never enter formal education again, I became a seaman apprentice, hoping somehow to step into my father's trade and learn at least the ability to skillfully navigate a ship.

By and by, through a process of time, I slowly gave myself over to the devil. And I determined that I would sin to my fill without restraint, now that the righteous lamp of my life had gone out. I did that until my days in the military service, where again

discipline worked hard against me, but I further rebelled. My spirit would not break, and I became increasingly more and more a rebel. Because of a number of things that I disagreed with in the military, I finally deserted, only to be captured like a common

criminal and beaten publicly several times.

After enduring the punishment, I again fled. I entertained thoughts of suicide on my way to Africa, deciding that would be the place I could get farthest from anyone that knew me. And again I made a pact with the devil to live for him.

Somehow, through a process of events, I got in touch with a Portuguese slave trader, and I lived in his home. His wife, who was brimming with hostility, took a lot of it out on me. She beat me, and I ate like a dog on the floor of the home. If I refused to do

that, she would whip me with a lash.

I fled penniless, owning only the clothes on my back, to the shoreline of Africa where I built a fire, hoping to attract a ship that was passing by. The skipper thought that I had gold or slaves or ivory to sell and was surprised because I was a skilled navigator. And it was there that I virtually lived for a long period of time. It was a slave ship. It was not uncommon for as many as six hundred blacks from Africa to be in the hold of the

ship, down below, being taken to America.

I went through all sorts of narrow escapes with death only a hairbreadth away on a number of occasions. One time I opened some crates of rum and got everybody on the crew drunk. The skipper, incensed with my actions, beat me, threw me down below, and I lived on stale bread and sour vegetables for an unendurable amount of time. He brought me above to beat me again, and I

fell overboard. Because I couldn't swim, he harpooned me to get me back on the ship. And I lived with the scar in my side, big enough for me to put my fist into, until the day of my death.

On board, I was inflamed with fever. I was enraged with the humiliation. A storm broke out, and I wound up again in the hold of the ship, down among the pumps. To keep the ship afloat, I worked along as a servant of the slaves. There, bruised and confused,

bleeding, diseased, I was the epitome of the degenerate man. I remembered the words of my mother. I cried out to God, the only way I knew, calling upon His grace and His mercy to deliver me, and upon His son to save me. The only glimmer of light I would find was in a crack in the ship in the floor above me, and I looked up to it and screamed for help. God heard me.

Thirty-one years passed, I married a childhood sweetheart. I entered the ministry. In every place that I served, rooms had to be added to the building to handle the crowds that came to hear the gospel that was presented and the story of God's grace in my life.

My tombstone above my head reads, "Born 1725, died 1807. A clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he once long labored to destroy."

I decided before my death to put my life's story in verse. And that verse has become a hymn.

My name? John Newton. The hymn? "Amazing Grace."

Psalms 91:15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

SHOES IN Church

April 1/18

I showered and shaved..... I adjusted my tie.

I got there and sat..... In a pew just in time.

Bowing my head in prayer..... As I closed my eyes..

I saw the shoe of the man next to me..... Touching my own. I sighed.

With plenty of room on either side..... I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?'

It bothered me, his shoe touching mine... But it didn't bother him much.

A prayer began : 'Our Father'..... I thought, 'This man with the shoes, has no pride.

They're dusty, worn, and scratched. Even worse, there are holes on the side!'

'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on.

The shoe man said..... A quiet 'Amen.'

I tried to focus on the prayer..... But my thoughts were on his shoes again.

Aren't we supposed to look our best. When walking through that door?

'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, Glancing toward the floor...

Then the prayer was ended..... And the songs of praise began.

The shoe man was certainly loud..... Sounding proud as he sang.

His voice lifted the rafters..... His hands were raised high.

The Lord could surely hear. The shoe man's voice from the sky.

It was time for the offering..... And what I threw in was steep.

I watched as the shoe man reached.... Into his pockets so deep.

I saw what was pulled out..... What the shoe man put in.

Then I heard a soft 'clink' . As when silver hits tin.

The sermon really bored me..... To tears, and that's no lie..

It was the same for the shoe man..... For tears fell from his eyes.

At the end of the service..... As is the custom here.

We must greet new visitors, And show them all good cheer.

But I felt moved somehow..... And wanted to meet the shoe man.

So after the closing prayer..... I reached over and shook his hand.

He was old and his skin was dark..... And his hair was truly a mess.

But I thanked him for coming..... For being our guest.

He said, 'My names' Charlie..... I'm glad to meet you, my friend.'

There were tears in his eyes..... But he had a large, wide grin.

'Let me explain,' he said..... Wiping tears from his eyes.

'I've been coming here for months.... And you're the first to say 'Hi.'"

'I know that my appearance.....'Is not like all the rest.

'But I really do try.....'To always look my best.'

'I always clean and polish my shoes..'Before my very long walk.

'But by the time I get here.....'They're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'

My heart filled with pain..... And I swallowed to hide my tears.

As he continued to apologize..... For daring to sit so near

He said, 'When I get here.....'I know I must look a sight.

'But I thought if I could touch you.. 'Then maybe our souls might unite.'

I was silent for a moment..... Knowing whatever was said

Would pale in comparison.... I spoke from my heart, not my head..

'Oh, you've touched me,' I said.....'And taught me, in part;

'That the best of any man.....'Is what is found in his heart.'

The rest, I thought,..... This shoe man will never know.

Like just how thankful I really am... That his dirty old shoe touched my soul
Author unknown

Let old friends know you haven't forgotten them, and tell new friends you never will.

Remember, everyone needs a friend..

Someday you might feel like you have no friends at all.

Just remember this e-mail and take comfort in knowing that

Someone out there cares about you.....

And always will.

Ephesians 6:6* Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart;

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4/8

A Minister passing through his church

In the middle of the day,

Decided to pause by the altar

To see who come to pray.

Just then the back door opened,

And a man came down the aisle,

The minister frowned as he saw the man

Hadn't shaved in a while.

His shirt was torn and shabby,

And his coat was worn and frayed,

The man knelt down and bowed his head,

Then rose and walked away.

.

In the days that followed at precisely noon,

The preacher saw this chap,

Each time he knelt just for a moment,

A lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,

With robbery a main fear,

.

He decided to stop and ask the man,

'What are you doing here?'

The old man said he was a factory worker

And lunch was half an hour

**Lunchtime was his prayer time,
For finding strength and power.
I stay only a moment
Because the factory's far away;
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
This is kinda what I say:**

.

**'I JUST CAME BY TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHERS FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.
DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS BEN,
JUST CHECKING IN TODAY.'**

.

**The minister feeling foolish,
Told Ben that it was fine.
He told the man that he was welcome
To pray there anytime.
'It's time to go, and thanks,' Ben said
As he hurried to the door.
Then the minister knelt there at the altar,
Which he'd never done before.
His cold heart melted, warmed with love,
As he met with Jesus there.
As the tears flowed down his cheeks,**

He repeated old Ben's prayer:

.

**'I JUST CAME by TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHERS FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.
I DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS ME,
JUST CHECKING IN TODAY.'**

.

**Past noon one day, the minister noticed
That old Ben hadn't come.
As more days passed and still no Ben,
He began to worry some.
At the factory, he asked about him,
Learning he was ill.
The hospital staff was worried,
But he'd given them a thrill.**

.

**The week that Ben was with them,
Brought changes in the ward.
His smiles and joy contagious.
Changed people were his reward.
The head nurse couldn't understand
Why Ben could be so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards came,**

Not a visitor he had.

.

The minister stayed by his bed,

He voiced the nurse's concern:

No friends had come to show they cared.

He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Ben spoke up

And with a winsome smile;

'The nurse is wrong, she couldn't know,

He's been here all the while.'

Everyday at noon He comes here,

A dear friend of mine, you see,

He sits right down and takes my hand,

Leans over and says to me:

.

'I JUST CAME BY TO TELL YOU, BEN,

HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN,

SINCE WE FOUND THIS FRIENDSHIP,

AND I TOOK AWAY YOUR SIN .

I THINK ABOUT YOU ALWAYS

AND I LOVE TO HEAR YOU PRAY,

AND SO BEN, THIS IS JESUS,

JUST CHECKING IN TODAY .'

.

If this blesses you, pass it on. Many people. Author unknown

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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apr 15

In this crazy political season, I decided a little religion might be appropriate so here is a short Bible study. Author unknown

Remember what Jesus said: 'Goats on the left, sheep on the right' (Matthew 25:33). Jesus also told Peter that if he wanted to catch fish do it from the right side of the boat. They did and filled the boat with fish.

John 21:6 (NIV) He said, "Throw your net on the right side of the boat and you will find some. When they did, they were unable to haul the net in because of the large number of fish.

Origin of Left & Right...I have often wondered why it is that Conservatives are called the "right" and Liberals are called the "left.

Read this verse in the Bible: Ecclesiastes 10:2 (NIV) - "The heart of the wise inclines to the right, but the heart of the fool to the left. Thus sayeth the Lord. Amen.

It surely can't get any simpler than that.

Spelling Lesson:

The last four letters in American.....I Can

The last four letters in Republican..... I Can

The last four letters in Democrats..... Rats

Never grow a wishbone where a backbone ought to be.

John 8:32* And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;

=====

apr 22

A thought to remember,

Carl Marx said, "Remove one freedom per generation and soon you will have no freedom and no one would have noticed."

There was a professor in a large college that had some exchange students in the class.

One day while the class was in the lab, the professor noticed one young man, an exchange student, who kept rubbing his back and stretching as if his back hurt.

The professor asked the young man what was the matter.

The student told him he had a bullet lodged in his back. He had been shot while fighting Communists in his native country who were trying to overthrow his country's government and install a new communist regime.

In the midst of his story, he looked at the professor and asked a strange question. He asked: "Do you know how to catch wild pigs?"

The professor thought it was a joke and asked for the punch line.

The young man said that it was no joke. "You catch wild pigs by finding a suitable place in the woods and putting corn on the ground. The pigs find it and begin to come every day to eat the free food. When they are used to coming every day, you put a fence down one side of the place where they are used to coming. When they get used to the fence, they begin to eat the corn again and you put up another side of the fence.

They get used to that and start to eat again. You continue until you have all four sides of the fence up with a gate in the last side.

The pigs, which are used to the free corn, start to come through the gate to eat that free corn again. You then slam the gate on them and catch the whole herd.

Suddenly the wild pigs have lost their freedom. They run around and around inside the fence, but they are caught. Soon they go back to eating the free corn. They are so used to it that they have forgotten how to forage in the woods for themselves, so they accept their captivity."

The young man then told the professor that is exactly what he sees happening in America & Canada.

The government keeps pushing us toward Communism/Socialism and keeps spreading the free corn out in the form of programs such as supplemental income, tax credit for unearned income, tax exemptions, tobacco subsidies, dairy subsidies,

payments not to plant crops (CRP), welfare entitlements, medicine, drugs, etc., while we continually lose our freedoms,

just a little at a time.

One should always remember two truths:

There is no such thing as a free lunch, and you can never hire someone to provide a service for you cheaper than you can do it yourself.

If you see that all of this wonderful government "help" is a problem confronting the future of democracy in America & Canada, you might want to share this with your friends.

If you think the free ride is essential to your way of life, then you will probably not share this.

BUT, God help us all when the gate slams shut!

Think about this quote for today:

"The problems we face today are there because the people who work for a living are now outnumbered by those who vote for a living."

Matthew 10:17* But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues;

=====

apr 29

A rich man looked through his window and saw a poor man picking something from his garbage ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not poor.

The poor man looked around and saw a naked man misbehaving on the street ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not mad.

The mad man looked ahead and saw an ambulance carrying a patient ... He said, Thank GOD am not sick.

Then a sick person in hospital saw a trolley taking a dead body to the mortuary ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not dead.

A dead person cannot thank God.

Why don't you thank GOD today for all your blessings and for the gift of life ... for another beautiful day.

What is LIFE?

To understand life better, you have to go to 3 locations :

1. Hospital

2. Prison

3. Cemetery

At the Hospital, you will understand that nothing is more beautiful than HEALTH.

In the Prison, you'll see that FREEDOM is the most precious thing.

At the Cemetery, you will realize that life is worth nothing. The ground that we walk today will be our roof tomorrow.

Sad Truth* : We all come with *Nothing* and we will go with *Nothing* ... Let us, therefore, remain humble and be thankful & grateful to God at all times for everything.

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

mar 4

A Blue Rose **Author unknown**

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 centre 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!"

Matthew 7:2* For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

=====

mar 11

Today's Story

One Page at a Time

I have the bad habit of skipping to the last pages of a book to see how it ends while I am still in the middle of it. This habit annoyed first my Mom, then my friends, and finally even my own daughter. Often my impatience wouldn't be confined just to the books I read but also to what they were reading as well. Finally one day my daughter told me in exasperation, "Dad please just read a book one page at a time like everyone else!"

At times I haven't limited this bad habit to just books either. I have also tried to skip ahead in my own life and figure out what to do months and even years from now instead of embracing each day as God intended. I knew that the book of my life wasn't done yet and that I had many pages left to go. Still, that didn't stop me from trying to write the ending half-way through. Time and again, I would foolishly jump ahead and try to solve every conceivable problem before it happened so I could reach that storybook happily ever after ending. Life, however doesn't work like that. God loves to surprise us, and you never know what new problem, change, or opportunity each new day will bring.

God in His loving wisdom has often had to remind me to relax, slow down and find His love and joy in each day. Recently when I found myself returning to that bad habit of rushing ahead and living in the future again, I found His truth coming from the lips of a special soul who gently told me I needed to "live one day at a time." When I heard those words I smiled, turned the book of my life back to the right page, and thanked God for today.

There is no skipping ahead in the book of life. Each of us has to live it one page and one day at a time. Each of us has to have faith in God to help us to write it line by line and moment by moment. Each of us has to trust that our Heavenly Father will bring our story to its perfect end. Joseph J. Mazzella

James 4:14* Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

=====

mar 18

When Jesus Came to Dinner

Ruth looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter one more time...

Dear Ruth,

I'm going to be in your neighborhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a visit.

Love Always,

Jesus

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer."

With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets. "Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner."

She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. Seven dollars and forty cents. "Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least." She threw on her coat and hurried out the door.

A loaf of french bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leaving Ruth with a grand total of twelve cents to last her until Monday. Nonetheless, she felt satisfied as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm.

"Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags.

"Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kinda hungry and, well, if you could help us, lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and, frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to. "Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a

poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, OK lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley.

As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart. "Sir, wait!" The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them. "Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out something else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag.

"Thank you lady. Thank you very much!" "Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering.

"You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one." Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street . . . without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest. "Thank you lady! Thank you very much!"

Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried too. The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox. "That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it.

Dear Ruth,

It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal. And thank you too, for the beautiful coat.

Love Always,

Jesus. (a Beautiful Story)

The air was still cold, but even without her coat, Ruth no longer noticed.

Matthew 25:37-40. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

38 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

39 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

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.

=====

mar 25

I am sending this to everyone on my list because it warmed my heart once again and I hope it will do the same for you.

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves children with learning disabilities, the father of one of the students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its Dedicated staff, he offered a question:

'When not interfered with by outside influences, everything nature does, is done with perfection. Yet my son, Shay, cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do. Where is the natural order of things in my son?'

The audience was stilled by the query.

The father continued. 'I believe that when a child like Shay, who was mentally and physically disabled comes into the world, an opportunity to realize true human nature presents itself, and it comes in the way other people treat that child.'

Then he told the following story:

Shay and I had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, 'Do you think they'll let me play?' I knew that most of the boys would not want someone like Shay on their team, but as a father I also understood that if my son were allowed to play, it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging and some confidence to be accepted by others in spite of his handicaps.

I approached one of the boys on the field and asked (not expecting much) if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance and said, 'We're losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him in to bat in the ninth inning.'

Shay struggled over to the team's bench and, with a broad smile, put on a team shirt.. I watched with a small tear in my eye and warmth in my heart. The boys saw my joy at my son being accepted.

In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three.

In the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the right field. Even though no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be in the game and on the field, grinning from ear to ear as I waved to him from the stands.

In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again.

Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base and Shay was scheduled to be next at bat. At this juncture, do they let Shay bat and give away their chance to win the game?

Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible

because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball.

However, as Shay stepped up to the Plate, the pitcher, recognizing that the other team was putting winning aside for this moment in Shay's life, moved in a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least make contact.

The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed.

The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly towards Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball right back to the pitcher.

The game would now be over.

The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could have easily thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have been the end of the game. Instead, the pitcher threw the ball right over the first baseman's head, out of reach of all team mates.

Everyone from the stands and both teams started yelling, 'Shay, run to first! Run to first!'

Never in his life had Shay ever run that far, but he made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled.

Everyone yelled, 'Run to second, run to second!'

Catching his breath, Shay awkwardly ran towards second, gleaming and struggling to make it to the base.

By the time Shay rounded towards second base, the right fielder had the ball. The smallest guy on their team who now had his first chance to be the hero for his team.

He could have thrown the ball to the second-baseman for the tag, but he understood the pitcher's intentions so he, too, intentionally threw the ball high and far over the third-baseman's head.

Shay ran toward third base deliriously as the runners ahead of him circled the bases toward home. All were screaming, 'Shay, Shay, Shay, all the Way Shay'

Shay reached third base because the opposing shortstop ran to help him by turning him in the direction of third base, and shouted, 'Run to third! Shay, run to third!'

As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams, and the spectators, were on their feet screaming, 'Shay, run home! Run home!'

Shay ran to home, stepped on the plate, and was cheered as the hero who hit the grand slam and won the game for his team

'That day', said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, 'the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of true love and humanity into this world'.

Shay didn't make it to another summer. He died that winter, having never forgotten being the hero and making me so happy, and coming home and seeing his Mother tearfully embrace her little hero of the day!

1Corinthians 13:13* And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

You now have two choices: 1. Delete or 2. Forward

Feb 4/18

FOR ALL THOSE THAT TEACH, you cannot know or say, I'm saved or I'm going to Heaven.

WORTH THE READ

Billy Graham is now 96 years-old with Parkinson's disease. In January 2000 leaders in Charlotte, North Carolina invited their favorite son, Billy Graham, to a luncheon in his honor.

Billy initially hesitated to accept the invitation because he struggles with Parkinson's disease, but the Charlotte leaders said, 'We don't expect a major address. Just come and let us honor you.' So he agreed. After wonderful things were said about him, Dr. Graham stepped to the rostrum, looked at the crowd, and said, "I'm reminded today of Albert Einstein, the great physicist who this month has been honored by Time magazine as the Man of the Century.

Einstein was once traveling from Princeton on a train when the conductor came down the aisle, punching the tickets of every passenger. When he came to Einstein, Einstein reached in his vest pocket. He couldn't find his ticket, so he reached in his trouser pockets. It wasn't there. He

looked in his briefcase but couldn't find it. Then he looked in the seat beside him. He still couldn't find it. "The conductor said, 'Dr. Einstein, I know who you are. We all know who you are I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it.'

"Einstein nodded appreciatively. The conductor continued down the aisle punching tickets. As he was ready to move to the next car, he turned around and saw the great physicist down on his hands and knees looking under his seat for his ticket. "The conductor rushed back and said, 'Dr.Einstein, Dr. Einstein, don't worry, I know who you are; no problem. You don't need a ticket. I'm sure you bought one.' Einstein looked at him and said, "Young man, I too, know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going." Having said that Billy Graham continued, "See the suit I'm wearing? It's a brand new suit. My children, and my grandchildren are telling me I've gotten a little slovenly in my old age. I used to be a bit more fastidious. So I went out and bought a new suit for this luncheon and one more occasion. You know what that occasion is? This is the suit in which I'll be buried. But when you hear I'm dead, I don't want you to immediately remember the suit I'm wearing. I want you to remember this: I not only know who I am. I also know where I'm going." May your trouble be less, your blessings more, and may nothing but happiness, come through your door. Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point." Amen and peace, my friends.

And may each of us have lived our lives so that when our ticket is punched we don't have to worry about where we are going. Even at his age and with Parkinson's Disease, he could still deliver a powerful sermon.

Romans 8:16* The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

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Feb 11/18

One Sunday morning during service, a 2,000 member congregation was surprised to see two men enter, both covered from head to toe in black and carrying sub-machine guns. One of the men proclaimed, "Anyone willing to take a bullet for Christ remain where you are." Immediately, the choir fled, the deacons fled, and most of the congregation fled. Out of the 2,000 there only remained around 20.

The man who had spoken took off his hood, looked at the preacher and said, "Okay Pastor, I got rid of all the hypocrites. Now you may begin your service. Have a nice day!" And the two men turned and walked out.

Matthew 7:22 - 23: Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

=====

Feb 18

Louise Redden, a poorly dressed lady with a look of defeat on her face, walked into a grocery store. She approached the owner of the store in a most humble manner and asked if he would let her charge a few groceries. She softly explained that her husband was very ill and unable to work, they had seven children and they needed food. John Longhouse, the grocer, scoffed at her and requested that she leave his store.

Visualizing the family needs, she said, "Please, sir! I will bring you the money just as soon as I can." John told her he could not give her credit, as she did not have a charge account at his store.

Standing beside the counter was a customer who overheard the conversation between the two. The customer walked forward and told the grocer that he would stand good for whatever she

needed for her family. The grocer said in a very reluctant voice, "Do you have a grocery list?" Louise replied,

"Yes sir"

"O.K." he said, "put your grocery list on the scales and whatever your

grocery list weighs, I will give you that amount in groceries." Louise, hesitated a moment with a bowed head, then she reached into her purse and took out a piece of paper and scribbled something on it. She then laid the piece of paper on the

scale carefully with her head still bowed. The eyes of the grocer and the customer showed amazement when the scales went down and stayed down. The grocer, staring at the scales, turned slowly to the customer and said begrudgingly, "I can't believe it."

The customer smiled and the grocer started putting the groceries on the other side of the scales. The scale did not balance so he continued to put more and more

groceries on them until the scales would hold no more. The grocer stood there in utter disgust. Finally, he grabbed the piece of paper from the scales and looked at it with greater amazement. It was not a grocery list, it was a prayer which said: "Dear Lord, you know my Needs and I am leaving this in your hands". The grocer gave her the groceries that he had gathered and stood in stunned silence.

Louise thanked him and left the store. The customer handed a fifty-dollar bill to the grocer and said, "It was worth every penny of it."

Only God Knows how much a prayer weighs. Unknown

Matthew 6:25* Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

=====

Feb 25

AND WE WONDER WHY THE WORLD IS ON ITS WAY TO HELL IN A HAND BASKET

This is for anyone who will someday have teenagers (or younger). Keep it in a file for the future.

For all the rest of us it's just so fun to read.

For a minute I thought it was the words of a rapper. (Unknown)

My son came home from school one day,

A smirk was on his face.

He'd decided he was smart enough,

To put me in my place.

HE SAID:

Guess what I learned in Civics Two,

That's taught by Mr. Wright?

It's all about the laws today:

THE CHILDREN'S BILL OF RIGHTS.

IT SAYS:

I don't have to clean my room,

Don't have to cut my hair.

No one can tell me what to think,

How to speak, or what to wear.

I have freedom FROM religion,

And regardless of what you say,

I don't have to bow my head,

And I sure DON'T HAVE TO PRAY.

I can wear earrings if I want,

And pierce my tongue & nose.

I can read & watch just what I like,

Be tattooed from head to toes.

AND if you ever spank me,

I'll charge you with a crime,

I'll back up all my charges,,

With the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me,

This body's for MY use,

Not for your hugs and kisses,
That's just more child abuse.
Don't preach about your morals,
Like your mama did to you.
That's nothing but your mind control,
And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights,
So you can't influence me,
Or I'll call Children's Services,
Better known as C.S.D.

NOW IT WAS MY TURN!

Well, of course, my natural instinct
Was to toss him out the door.
But the chance to teach a lesson,
Made me think a little more.
I mulled it over carefully,
I couldn't let this go.
A little smile crept to my face...
He was messing with a pro!

Next day I took him shopping,
At the local Goodwill store,
I told him, pick out all you want!
There are shirts & pants galore.
I've called and checked with C.S.D.,
They said they didn't care,
If I bought you K-Mart shoes,
Instead of Nike Airs.

OH! And...

I've canceled that appointment

To take your driver's test.

The C.S.D. is unconcerned,

So I'll decide what's best.

No time to stop and eat,

Or pick up stuff to munch,

And tomorrow you can start to learn

To make your own sack lunch.

Just save that raging appetite,

And wait 'til dinner time.

We're having liver and onions.

It's a favorite dish of mine.

HE THEN ASKED:

Can we stop to rent a movie,

So I can watch the VCR?

Sorry, I said, I sold your TV,

For new tires on my car.

I also rented out your room,

You can take the couch instead.

The C.S.D. requires,

Just a roof above your head.

Your clothing won't be trendy now,

I'll choose the food we eat,

That allowance that you used to get,

Will buy me something neat.

I'm selling off your jet ski,

Dirt-bike & roller blades.

Check out the PARENTS' BILL OF RIGHTS,

It's in effect today!

Hey, Hot Shot, are you crying?

Why are you on your knees?

Are you asking God to help you?

....GO CALL THE C.S.D

2Ti 4:3* For the time will come when they will not endure

sound doctrine; (teaching) but after their own lusts shall

they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport.

We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us.

My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us.

My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly.

So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!'

This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, '**The Law of the Garbage Truck.**'

He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment.

As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally.

Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day.

Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets,

so ... Love the people who treat you right.

Pray for the ones who don't.

Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it.

Galatians 5:22-23 But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

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Jan 14.

I don't know who wrote this, but there are lots of truths here. The Peaceful Majority I used to know a man whose family was German aristocracy prior to World War Two. They owned a number of large industries and estates. I asked him how many German people were true Nazis, and the answer he gave has stuck with me and guided my attitude toward fanaticism ever since. "Very few people were true Nazis", he said, "but many enjoyed the return of German pride, and many more were too busy to care. I was one of those who just thought the Nazis were a bunch of fools. So, the majority just sat back and let it all happen. Then, before we knew it, they owned us, and we had lost control, and the end of the world had come. My family lost everything ended up in a concentration camp and the Allies destroyed my factories." We are told again and again by "experts" and "talking heads" that Islam is the religion of peace, and that the vast majority of Muslims just want to live in peace. Although this unqualified assertion may be true, it is entirely irrelevant. It is meaningless fluff, meant to make us feel better, and meant to somehow diminish the specter of fanatics rampaging across the globe in the name of Islam. The fact is that the fanatics rule Islam at this moment in history. It is the fanatics who march. It is the fanatics who wage any one of 50 shooting wars worldwide. It is the fanatics who systematically slaughter Christian or tribal groups throughout Africa and are gradually taking over the entire continent in an Islamic wave. It is the fanatics who bomb, behead, murder, or honor kill. It is the fanatics who take over mosque after mosque. It is the fanatics who zealously spread the stoning and hanging of rape victims and homosexuals. The hard qualifiable fact is that the "peaceful majority" is the "silent majority" and it is cowed and extraneous. Communist Russia comprised Russians who just wanted to live in peace, yet the Russian Communists were responsible for the murder of about 20 million people. The peaceful majority were irrelevant. China's huge population was peaceful as well, but Chinese Communists managed to kill a staggering 70 million people. The average Japanese individual prior to World War 2 was not a war

mongering sadist. Yet, Japan murdered and slaughtered its way across South East Asia in an orgy of killing that included the systematic murder of 12 million Chinese civilians; most killed by sword, shovel, and bayonet. And, who can forget Rwanda, which collapsed into butchery. Could it not be said that the majority of Rwandans were "peace loving"? History lessons are often incredibly simple and blunt, yet for all our powers of reason we often miss the most basic and uncomplicated of points: Peace-loving Muslims have been made irrelevant by their silence. Peace-loving Muslims will become our enemy if they don't speak up, because like my

friend from Germany, they will awake one day and find that the fanatics own them, and the end of their world will have begun. Peace-loving Germans, Japanese, Chinese, Russians, Rwandans, Serbs, Afghans, Iraqis, Palestinians, Somalis, Nigerians, Algerians, and many others have died because the peaceful majority did not speak up until it was too late. As for us who watch it all unfold; we must pay attention to the only group that counts; the fanatics who threaten our way of life. Lastly, I wish to add: At the risk of offending someone, I sincerely think that anyone who rejects this as just another political rant, or doubts the seriousness of this issue or just deletes it without sending it on, is part of the problem. Lets quit laughing at and ridiculing our leaders in this war against terror. They are trying to protect the interests and well being of US. Best we support them.

2Thessalonians 2:8-12 And then shall that Wicked be revealed,

whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.

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Jan 21

What a nice story...

An American man walked into a restaurant in London. As soon as he entered, he noticed an Indian sitting in the corner.

So he walked over to the counter, removed his wallet and shouted, "Waiter! I am buying food for everyone in this restaurant, except that Indian guy over there!"

So the waiter collected the money from the man and began serving free food to everyone in the restaurant, except the Indian.

However, instead of becoming upset, the Indian simply looked up at the American and shouted, "Thank you!"

That infuriated the man. So once again, the American took out his wallet and shouted, "Waiter! This time I am buying bottles of wine and additional food for everyone in this bar, except for that Indian sitting in the corner over there!"

So the waiter collected the money from the man and began serving free food and wine to everyone in the bar except Indian.

When the waiter finished serving the food and drinks, once again, instead of becoming angry, the Indian simply smiled at the American man and shouted, "Thank you!"

That made the American man furious. So he leaned over on the counter and said to the waiter, "What is wrong with that Indian man? I have bought food and drinks for everyone in this bar except him, but instead of becoming angry, he just sits there and smiles at me and shouts 'Thank you.' Is he mad???"

The waiter smiled at the American and said, "No, he is not mad. He is the owner of this restaurant.

May your enemies work unknowingly in your favour.

- ☐ Stay away from Anger..It hurts ..Only You!
- ☐ If you are right then there is no need to get angry,
- ☐ And if you are wrong then you don't have any right to get angry.
- ☐ Patience with family is love,
- ☐ Patience with others is respect.
- ☐ Patience with self is confidence and Patience with GOD is faith.
- ☐ Never Think Hard about thePAST, It brings Tears...
- ☐ Don't think more about the FUTURE, It brings Fear...
- ☐ Live this Moment with a Smile,It brings Cheer.
- ☐ Every test in our life makes us bitter or better,
- ☐ Every problem comes to make us or break us,
- ☐ The choice is ours whether we become victims or victorious.
- ☐ Beautiful things are not always good but good things are always beautiful
- ☐ Do you know why God created gaps between fingers?
- ☐ So that someone who is special to you comes and fills those gaps by holding your hand forever.
- ☐ Happiness keeps You Sweet..But being sweet brings happiness.

Do Share it with all the Good People In your Life.

3John 2* Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.

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Jan 28

GREAT article! (Not about baseball it's about LIFE)

"17 INCHES" - you will not regret reading this

An excellent article to read from beginning to end.

Twenty years ago, 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's 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 is John Scolinos, I wondered No matter; I was just happy to be there.

In 1996, Coach Scolinos was 78 years old and five years retired from a college coaching career that began in 1948. 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.

Seriously, I wondered, who 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," he said, his voice growing irascible. I laughed along with the others, acknowledging the possibility. "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 of a question than answer.

"That's right," he said. "How about in Babe Ruth's day? Any Babe Ruth coaches in the house?" Another long pause.

"Seventeen inches?" 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 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, Jimmy. If you can't hit a seventeen-inch target? We'll make it eighteen inches or nineteen inches. We'll make it twenty inches so you have a better chance of hitting it. If you can't hit that, let us know so we can make it wider still, say twenty-five inches.'"

Pause. "Coaches... what do we do when your best player shows up late to practice? or when our team rules forbid facial hair and a guy shows up unshaven? What if he gets caught drinking? 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. 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 just 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, and to educate and discipline our young people. We are allowing others to widen home plate! Where is that getting us?" Us? Nothing. But the loud-mouthed teachers' unions are getting richer and the citizens are getting poorer.

Silence. He replaced the flag with a Cross. "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 for themselves! And we allow it."

"And the same is true with our government. Our so called representatives make rules for us that don't apply to themselves. They take bribes from lobbyists and foreign countries.

They no longer serve us. And we allow them to widen home plate! We see our country falling into a dark abyss while we just watch."

I was amazed. At a baseball convention where I expected to learn something about curve balls 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 & churches & 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, "...We have dark days ahead!."

Note: 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, your churches, your government, and most of all, keep yourself at seventeen inches."

And this, my friends, is what our country has become and what is wrong with it today, and now go out there and fix it!

"Don't widen the plate."

Revelation 3:3* Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.