

Dec 6

This is a very interesting read... Not Republican nor Democrat... Just Interesting ...
The Black Dilemma; Difficult to believe this was in the Baltimore newspaper

"The Baltimore Sun" is definitely not known as a Conservative newspaper, so this very well written assessment of the situation in USA comes as something of a surprise..

"For almost 150 years the United States has been conducting an interesting experiment. The subjects of the experiment: black people and working-class whites.

The hypothesis to be tested: Can a people taken from the jungles of Africa and forced into slavery be fully integrated as citizens in a majority white population?

The whites were descendants of Europeans who had created a majestic civilization. The former slaves had been tribal peoples with no written language and virtually no intellectual achievements. Acting on a policy that was not fair to either group, the government released newly freed black people into a white society that saw them as inferiors. America has struggled with racial discord ever since.

Decade after decade the problems persisted but the experimenters never gave up. They insisted that if they could find the right formula the experiment would work, and concocted program after program to get the result they wanted. They created the Freedmans Bureau, passed civil rights laws, tried to build the Great Society, declared War on Poverty, ordered race preferences, built housing projects, and tried midnight basketball.

Their new laws intruded into peoples lives in ways that would have been otherwise unthinkable. They called in National Guard troops to enforce school integration. They outlawed freedom of association. Over the protests of parents, they put white children on buses and sent them to black schools and vice-versa. They tried with money, special programs, relaxed standards, and endless hand wringing to close the achievement gap. To keep white backlash in check they began punishing public and even private statements on race. They hung up Orwellian public banners that commanded whites to Celebrate Diversity! and Say No to Racism. Nothing was off limits if it might salvage the experiment.

Some thought that what W.E.B. DuBois called the Talented Tenth would lead the way for black people. A group of elite, educated blacks would knock down doors of opportunity and show the world what blacks were capable of.

There is a Talented Tenth. They are the black Americans who have become entrepreneurs, lawyers, doctors and scientists. But ten percent is not enough. For the experiment to work, the ten percent has to be followed by a critical mass of people who can hold middle-class jobs and promote social stability. That is what is missing.

Through the years, too many black people continue to show an inability to function and prosper in a culture unsuited to them. Detroit is bankrupt, the south side of Chicago is a war zone, and the vast majority of black cities all over America are beset by degeneracy and violence. And blacks never take responsibility for their failures. Instead, they lash out in anger and resentment.

Across the generations and across the country, as we have seen in Detroit, Watts, Newark, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, and now Ferguson, rioting and looting are just one racial incident away. The white elite would tell us that this doesn't mean the experiment has failed. We just have to try harder. We need more money, more time, more understanding, more programs, and more opportunities.

But nothing changes no matter how much money is spent, no matter how many laws are passed, no matter how many black geniuses are portrayed on TV, and no matter who is president. Some argue its a problem of culture, as if culture creates peoples behavior instead of the other way around. Others blame white privilege.

But since 1965, when the elites opened Americas doors to the Third World, immigrants from Asia and India, people who are not white, not rich, and not connected have quietly succeeded. While the children of these people are winning spelling bees and getting top scores on the SAT, black youths are committing half the country's violent crime, which includes viciously punching random white people on the street for the thrill of it that has nothing to do with poverty.

The experiment has failed. Not because of white culture, or white privilege, or white racism. The fundamental problem is that American black culture has evolved into an un-fixable and crime ridden mess. *They do not want to change their culture or society, and expect others to tolerate their violence and amoral behavior. They have become socially incompatible with other races by their own design, not because of the racism of others - but by their own hatred of non-blacks.*

Our leaders don't seem to understand just how tired their white subjects are with this experiment. *They don't understand that white people aren't out to get black people; they are just exhausted with them. They are exhausted by the social pathologies, the violence, the endless complaints, and the blind racial solidarity, the bottomless pit of grievances, the excuses, and the reflexive animosity.* The elites explain everything with racism, and refuse to believe that white frustration could soon reach the boiling point."---

"You can't legislate the poor into freedom by legislating the wealthy out of freedom. What one person receives without working for, another person must work for without receiving. The government can't give to anybody anything that the government doesn't first take from somebody else. When half of the people get the idea that they don't have to work because the other half is going to take care of them, and when the other half gets the idea that it does no good to work because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that my dear friend, is about the end of any nation.

You cannot multiply wealth by dividing it."

Ian Duncan

The Baltimore Sun

Jeremiah 13:23 Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.

Dec 13

Our Christmas Tree Boy

By Edward J. Beckwell

A few days before Christmas in 1961, when I was driving home after a client's office Christmas party, I suddenly remembered my wife Joy Marie's parting words as I left for work that morning. "If somebody I know is not in possession of a fine, upright Christmas tree when he returns this evening, it will be somewhat difficult getting into this house where the climate will be a lot cooler than the climate outside." With this little warning ringing in my ears, I quickly made the rounds of a few tree lots and purchased a fine balsam, which I knew would serve as the fee for getting into the house.

I started right in with the chore of getting it into the stand and properly secured, as straight as possible. I had been working on the project only a short time when I saw what looked like a small roll of paper covered with black plastic, and tied to the trunk with black thread. I tore it off and tossed it to Joy Marie who was busily separating the decorations and lights.

"What's that?" she asked.

It is well-known in the Detroit area that a lot of our trees come from Canada, so I rather flippantly answered, "Probably a note from some kid up in Canada, and he no doubt wants something for Christmas."

I was joking, but in fact I couldn't have made a more accurate statement. Joy Marie and I read the note we found, and it was indeed from a little Canadian boy asking for skates for Christmas.

The note was nicely written, but we couldn't be sure if the town was spelled Legere or Lagare, or if it was in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. So now the great search began. I checked maps, asked friends and called all of the Canadian freight lines with whom I did business, but all to no avail, and Christmas was rapidly approaching.

In the meantime, Joy Marie had adopted a hands-off attitude about the whole thing. She is the kindest and most generous person I know, but she is a little suspicious about anyone who uses Christmas trees as a means of carrying correspondence regarding gifts. She and her friends discussed it thoroughly, and they decided a kid that age could not write that well, and probably had little knowledge of English, and that there was a large cartel in Canada dealing in ice skates and other toys from unsuspecting and gullible American folks.

God didn't make me a stubborn Irishman for nothing, so I immediately took the opposite position. I announced loudly and clearly to anyone who would listen, "I don't care if the whole thing is a fraud or a joke. If I can find a kid named Egbert McGraw somewhere in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, Canada, he's going to get a pair of the finest skates I can find!"

On December 24th, I was having a cup of coffee at my local diner, talking to Sid, the owner, explaining my problem. He said, "Why don't you tell the guy at the end of the counter? He's been bugging me because he can't find someone he can help, and he says it's his job at Christmas time. Probably works for some charity. I don't know what he's talking about, but tell him your story and maybe he'll get off my back."

I needed no further urging. I noticed the young man was dressed in a gray suit, white shirt and tie. I introduced myself, and poured out my story. I finished with, "Sid said you might be able to give me some advice."

He said, "Thank you. I was beginning to think I wouldn't be able to do my job this year, but you present me with a very easy problem. Why don't you just contact the post office?"

I felt a little foolish as I heard myself saying, "Why didn't I think of that?" I thanked the man profusely, wished him a very Merry Christmas and said, "You're an angel." He did have a white feather with a gold tip stuck in his lapel.

I then hurried to the public phone and dialed the post office. I silently prayed that someone would answer who had enough time at this busy season to help me. A kindly sounding gentleman finally answered, listened to my tale, and put me on hold. I really didn't expect much, but after a few minutes waiting, I heard him say, "I find a Legere office in Tracadie, New Brunswick."

I wrote it down, thanked him, hung up and hurried back to tell my new friend. He was gone. The bartender said, "I didn't even see him leave. He just disappeared."

"Well," I said, "if he returns, tell him he did his job. He made my Christmas, and I hope I helped him with his." I had an enjoyable Christmas, but knew I'd be up early the next day shopping.

Now that I had the address situation straightened out, I ran smack into another problem. I hadn't realized how arduous it would be to buy a pair of ice skates for a little boy the day after Christmas. I tried every department store, toy store and sporting goods store, and could find nothing in a kid's size.

The next day I was once again telling my problem to Sid, when who should walk in, but my recent helper with the gold-tipped feather in his lapel. I said by way of starting the conversation, "I suppose that feather has something to do with your work."

He answered, "I guess you could say that, but what's your problem now? You have that same perplexed look on your face."

I filled him in on the lack of skates the day after Christmas and he asked, "Did you try Sears on the corner of Van Dyke and Gratiot?"

I told him I did, and he said, "Try them again; I'm sure you'll have better luck this time."

Sears was very busy with after-Christmas shoppers, but I caught a sales clerk in the sporting goods department and said, "A friend of mine said you might have a pair of skates for a small boy."

He said, "I doubt it very much, but I'll look. This morning we only had a few very large sizes left."

He returned a few minutes later with an expression of total confusion, carrying a pair of super hockey skates that looked like they would fit an eight-year-old boy just right. He said, "They weren't here this morning, and I don't know where they came from, but they're yours."

The next morning the skates were packaged, safely in the hands of the postal service, and on the way to Egbert in far-off New Brunswick.

We received a "thank you" note in a few weeks, and since my writing is illegible at best, I asked Joy Marie to drop Egbert a few lines. She still wasn't convinced that the boy even existed, but she agreed to write a note, and she also included some recent photographs of the two of us.

As the months flew into vacation time, Joy Marie continued her correspondence with Egbert. We had never visited the East Coast and the New England states, so that became our vacation destination. Some dear friends moved to Delaware, so we decided to visit them, and then extend our vacation by driving north to Maine. I mentioned to Joy Marie that when we got to Maine, if we still had enough vacation time left, we might head farther north to Tracadie. I also reminded her that in her last letter to Egbert, she told him that we might be in the Northeast on our vacation and would try to pay a visit if at all possible.

When we arrived in Bar Harbor, Maine on a Friday, that's exactly what we decided to do. We checked into a hotel on Saturday in Newcastle, New Brunswick, a short distance from Tracadie, and Joy Marie called Egbert's grandmother's house because she had learned he and his brother were living there. Grandmother answered with a decidedly French Canadian accent, and she and Joy Marie had a very enthusiastic conversation. Then came the moment of truth. Joy Marie asked, "May I talk to Egbert?"

After a moment of silence, while Joy Marie and I held our breath, grandmother answered, "I'm sorry, but Egbert does not speak English."

Grandma explained that she wrote the original note, and Egbert had climbed up on a railroad flat car and tied it to the trunk of one of the many trees scheduled for shipment to Detroit. She had written all of the other notes we'd received but always as if Egbert wrote them. It was good to now know the complete unusual story and we were even more eager to meet the entire McGraw family.

On the short trip to Tracadie the next day, Joy Marie asked, "How are we going to find the house?"

I said, "We'll probably stop at the only gas station in town, and the attendant will point to it," which is what happened.

When we pulled into the driveway at the grandparents' house, we were astonished at the number of children and others who turned out to welcome us. One nice old neighbor gentleman in the crowd had gotten up early to go out and pick a basket of succulent wild berries for us. Apparently we were an event in the very modest but clean neighborhood.

When we entered the living room, we noticed a fine, old, upright piano. On the top, to one side, stood a picture of the Queen of England and Prince Philip. On the opposite side, a photo of Joy Marie and myself. In the middle, were the skates still in the carton. Grandma said it was the nicest present Egbert had ever received, and he just liked looking at them and told everyone, "Nobody touch the skates."

Egbert turned out to be a good-looking lad, who seemed like he could handle a pair of ice skates and maybe a hockey stick. Communication with him was difficult, but with lots of pointing, waving and help from Grandma, we managed. Further conversation would have to wait a few years.

The older children had some knowledge of English, learned in school, and Joy Marie has a limited knowledge of French, learned as a student of St. Mary's Academy in Windsor, Canada, across the river from Detroit, so they all enjoyed an afternoon of smoothing out the language barrier.

One of the children came into the house and whispered to Grandma, and she said, "The kids wondered if you could take them for a ride in your car with the top down." I had just purchased a new convertible, and I spent the best part of the afternoon driving up and down the highway with as many kids as I could safely pile into the car, with Egbert at my side on every trip. Convertibles are rare in that area where the economy is based solely on fishing and lumber.

Our stay was far too short, and although we could not talk to Egbert, Joy Marie and I relied on kisses and hugs. As we drove off, we agreed that we had never met such a lovely group of people, and had never been treated so royally.

A few years ago our doorbell rang, and when Joy Marie answered it, there, on our front porch, were a man, a woman and a little boy. She didn't recognize them until the man said, "Hello, Mrs. Beckwell. I'm Egbert, and this is Nicole and Pierre Luc."

Joy Marie was flabbergasted. Egbert was attending an educational seminar in Windsor. We enjoyed a very nice visit.

As they were leaving, I said, "Egbert, you didn't seem to have any trouble finding our house. How did you do it?"

He said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I've had such a pleasant time that I almost forgot. I've read so many fine things about Father Solanus and the Capuchin Monastery in Detroit, and have become such a fan and devotee, that when we found out we'd be passing quite closely to the monastery on the way here, we decided to stop to visit his grave site. We knew that someone there could give us directions to your neighborhood. As we neared the heavy wooden and very impressive-looking front doors, they creaked open, and there stood a tall young man, who, without asking where we wanted to go, took us directly to Father Solanus's tomb and memorial.

"When we prepared to leave, I asked the stately young man for directions to St. Clair Shores. He smilingly gave us not only that, but also directions to your street and house. This did not really surprise me because he looked like a man who would be knowledgeable about almost anything. Then he handed me an envelope and said, 'Please give this to Mr. Beckwell. He'll know what it means.'"

Egbert handed me an envelope, which I eagerly tore open and found a small, pure white feather with a gold tip. *From an angel's wing?* I wondered.

Then I smiled and quietly murmured, "God's angels certainly have beautiful calling cards."

Dec 20

Twas the Night Before Christmas
by Michael Webster, with apologies to Clement Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, and in the church of St. Martin,
the people were gathered; the service was startin'.

Then out in the lounge there arose such a clatter
I stepped down from the pulpit to call, "What's the matter?"

And what to my wondering eyes should appear
but Jesus himself, with eight tiny reindeer.

His beard, it was whitened, his nose was made red;
his robe had a pillow. "Ho, ho, ho," the Lord said.

"What's this all about?" I exclaimed to the Christ.
"You're dressed up like Santa, but you don't look so nice."

"Well," said the Lord, with a shake of his head,
"If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," the Prince of Peace said.

"I tried preaching love, I did powerful deeds,
but it seems Christmas season is now all about greed.

"So I told my friend, Santa, I said, "Yo, take a break.
Let me guide your sleigh tonight all for the gospel's sake.

"With gifts of hope and peace and joy
and love for every girl and boy,

"I want to make my people forget
that Christmas is only the presents they get.

"My birth day is all about what we can give,
and that really is the best way to live.

"So I'm wearing this costume and driving this sleigh:
a disguise so that people - maybe - will hear what I say.

"And you tell them too, he said, pointing at me.
Tell them they're precious, and tell them they're free.

"Tell them I love them, and I've given my life
to free them from trouble, to free them from strife.

"The best gift's been given - been given, not earned,"
he said, then he blessed me, and to the sleigh turned.

And I heard him exclaim as he rose out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and God's peace on this night!"

Malachi 2:2 If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart,
to give glory unto my name, saith the LORD of hosts, I will even
send a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings: yea, I
have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart.

Dec 27

In 1979, I was managing a Wendy's in Port Richey Florida. Unlike today, staffing was never a real problem, but I was searching for a someone to work three hours a day only at lunch.

I went thru all my applications and most were all looking for full time or at least 20 hours per week. I found one however, buried at the bottom of a four-inch stack that was only looking for lunch part-time. His name was Nicky. Hadn't met him but thought I would give him a call and see if he could stop by for an interview. When I called, he wasn't in but his mom said she would make sure he would be there.

At the accorded time, Nicky walked in. One of those moments when my heart went in my throat. Nicky suffered from Downs Syndrome. His physical appearance was a giveaway and his speech only reinforced the obvious.

I was young and sheltered. Had never interacted on a professional level with a developmentally disabled person. I had no clue what to do, so I went ahead and interviewed him.

He was a wonderful young man. Great outlook. Task focused. Excited to be alive. For only reasons God knew at that time, I hired him. 3 hours a day, 3 days a week to run a grill.

I let the staff know what to expect. Predictably the crew made sure I got the message, "no one wants to work with a retard." To this day I find that word offensive. We had a crew meeting, cleared the air, and prepared for his arrival.

Nicky showed up for work right on time. He was so excited to be working. He stood at the time clock literally shaking with anticipation. He clocked in and started his training. Couldn't multi task, but was a machine on the grill.

Now for the fascinating part.....

Back in that day, there were no computer screens to work from. Every order was called by the cashier. It required a great deal of concentration on the part of all production staff to get the order right. While Nicky was training during his first shift, the sandwich maker next to him asked the grillman/trainer what was on the next sandwich. Nicky replied, "single, no pickle no onion." A few minutes later it happened again. It was then that we discovered Nicky had a hidden and valuable skill.

He memorized everything he heard! Photographic hearing! WHAT A SKILL SET. It took 3 days and every sandwich maker requested to work with Nicky. He immediately was accepted by the entire crew.

After his shift he would join the rest of his crew family, drinking Coke like it was water! It was then that they discovered another Rainman-esque trait. Nicky was a walking/talking perpetual calendar!

With a perpetual calendar as a reference, they would sit for hours asking him what day of the week was December 22, 1847. He never missed. This uncanny trait mesmerized the crew.

His mom would come in at 2 to pick him up. More times than not, the crew would be back there with him hamming it up. As I went to get him from the back, his mom said something I will never forget. "Let him stay there as long as he wants. He has never been accepted anywhere like he has been here." I excused myself and dried my eyes, humbled and broken hearted at the lesson I just learned.

Nicky had a profound impact on that store. His presence changed a lot of people. Today I believe with every fiber of my body that Nicky's hiring was no accident. God's timing and will is perfect.

This Christmas, I hope we all understand what we are celebrating. We are all like Nicky. We each have our shortcomings. We each have our strong points. But we are all of value. God made us that way and God doesn't make mistakes. Nicky certainly wasn't a mistake. He was a valuable gift that I am forever grateful for.

We are celebrating the birth of the ONE that leveled the playing field for all of us. God doesn't care if you are rich or poor, republican or democrat or black or white. He doesn't care if your chromosome structure is perfect. He doesn't care what level of education you have attained.

He cares about your heart. He wants us all to love and appreciate the gift HE gave us on Christmas, His son, the Savior, our salvation. His Son that was born to die for our sins. To pay our debt. To provide us a path for eternity.

So this Christmas, lets check our hearts. There is a little bit of Nicky in all of us and I suspect there is a Nicky somewhere in your life that is looking for the chance to be embraced. Thank God for that. Thank God for His perfect gift, Christ Jesus.

Mt 7:11* If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

Isn't this amazing??? God already knew.....

Sandcastle worms live along the shallow seas off the California coast that stretches from Baja, California in the south to Sonoma County in the north. These tiny sea creatures are also known as honeycomb worms because they build clusters of tube-shaped homes in colonies. The micro-cities are situated in places where wave action will swirl up tiny pieces of sand and broken bits of sea shells. The feathery worms catch these particles and then, like miniature masons, cement them one grain at a time to the tube opening. To enable them to do this, God has created these little creatures with a perfect formula for producing a sturdy underwater adhesive. After catching a grain of sand, the worm will secrete two little dabs of glue onto the particle, then stick it onto the end of the tube. It holds it there for about 25 seconds, wiggling it a little to see if the glue is set, and then it lets go. This amazing glue is designed to set up and harden within 30 seconds after the worm secretes it.

One grain of sand at a time these clever creatures build big, reef-like colonies that look like stacks of organ pipes. Now, after years of studying the sandcastle worm, scientists from the University of Utah have succeeded in duplicating their miraculous adhesive and invented underwater super glue. Doctors have long sought a medical adhesive to repair moist bones shattered in accidents or battlefield injuries. The traditional method of repairing shattered bones is to use mechanical connectors like wires, pins, nails, and screws for support until they grow together and can bear weight. Up until now there has never been glue that would work in the wet environment of the body during surgery. The new glue will help doctors repair bone. After the bone regrows, the non-toxic glue dissolves.

Did you know the Bible speaks of a super glue that will keep families together? "Therefore a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife, and they shall become one flesh" (Genesis 2:24). The Bible word "join" comes from the Hebrew word "daw-bak," which means "cling" or "adhere"—in other words, glue! God's super glue is what we need to build homes that will last for eternity

Genesis 2:24 Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, **and shall cleave unto his wife:** and they shall be one flesh.

Nov 8

TIM ALLEN - ON TRUMP

Whatever your feelings for Trump, these are some interesting points that Tim Allen makes.

Put your hatred aside and think about these observations.

Tim Allen is credited with writing this ...

Here are some interesting points to think about prior to 2020, especially to my friends on the fence, like moderate Democrats, Libertarians and Independents and the never Trump Republicans and those thinking of "walking away" from the Democratic party.

Women are upset at Trump's naughty words -- they also bought 80 million copies of 50 Shades of Gray.

No one feminist has defended Sarah Sanders. It seems women's rights only matter if those women are liberal.

No Border Walls. No voter ID laws. Did you figure it out yet? But wait... there's more.

Chelsea Clinton got out of college and got a job at NBC that paid \$900,000 per year. Her mom flies around the country speaking out about white privilege.

And just like that, they went from being against foreign interference in our elections to allowing non-citizens to vote in our elections.

President Trump's wall costs less than the Obamacare website. Let that sink in, America.

We are one election away from open borders, socialism, gun confiscation, and full-term abortion nationally. We are fighting evil.

They sent more troops and armament to arrest Roger Stone than they sent to defend Benghazi.

60 years ago, Venezuela was 4th on the world economic freedom index.

Today, they are 179th and their citizens are dying of starvation.

In only 10 years, Venezuela was destroyed by democratic socialism.

Russia donated \$0.00 to the Trump campaign. Russia donated \$145,600,000 to the Clinton Foundation. But Trump was the one investigated!

Nancy Pelosi invited illegal aliens to the State of the Union. President Trump Invited victims of illegal aliens to the State of the Union. Let that sink in.

A socialist is basically a communist who doesn't have the power to take everything from How do you walk 3000 miles across Mexico without food or support and show up at our border 100 pounds overweight and with a cellphone?

Alexandria Ocasio Cortez wants to ban cars, ban planes, give out universal income and thinks socialism works. She calls Donald Trump crazy.

Bill Clinton paid \$850,000 to Paula Jones To get her to go away. I don't remember the FBI raiding his lawyer's office.

I wake up every day and I am grateful that Hillary Clinton is not the president of the United States of America.

The same media that told me Hillary Clinton had a 95% chance of winning now tells me Trump's approval ratings are low.

The problem with socialism is that sooner or later you run out of other people's money."— Margaret Thatcher

Maxine Waters opposes voter ID laws; She thinks that they are racist. You need to have a photo ID to attend her town hall meetings.

President Trump said — "They're not after me. They're after you. I'm just in their way."

Now, go Back & Read this Again like your Future Depends upon it, Because it Did!!

Mark 2:17* When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the **righteous**, but sinners to repentance.

James 1:11* For the sun is no **sooner** risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways.

This is the spiritual prophesy for the United States

Nov 15

Matthew 6:33* But **seek ye first** the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

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Nov 22
THE BLACK TELEPHONE

This is a wonderful story of a time long passed.

♥ □

Those of us old enough to remember when the phone was wired to the wall, usually in the kitchen, can relate to this story. I loved this read.

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box.. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it. Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing.

Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a

small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience..

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice..

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was.

She helped me with my math.

She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly,

"Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone,

"Information Please."

"Information," said in the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest.

When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much.

"Information Please" belonged in that old

wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me.

Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please." Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information." I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now." I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered,

"Information." I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," She said.

"Sally had been working

part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago." Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?" " Yes." I answered. Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you. The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean." I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant. Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today? Why not pass this on? I just did....lifting you on eagle's wings. May you find the joy and peace you long for. Life is a journey... NOT a guided tour.

3John 4* I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.

Nov 29

I talked with a man today, an 80+-year-old man. I asked him if there was anything I can get him while this Coronavirus scare was gripping America. He simply smiled, looked away and said: "Let me tell you what I need! I need to believe, at some point, this country my generation fought for... I need to believe this nation we handed safely to our children and their children..."

I need to know this generation will quit being a bunch of sissies...that they respect what they've been given...that they've earned what others sacrificed for."

I wasn't sure where the conversation was going or if it was going anywhere at all. So, I sat there, quietly observing.

"You know, I was a little boy during WWII. Those were scary days. We didn't know if we were going to be speaking English, German or Japanese at the end of the war. There was no certainty, no guarantees like Americans enjoy today.

And no home went without sacrifice or loss. Every house, up and down every street, had someone in harm's way. Maybe their Daddy was a soldier, maybe their son was a sailor, maybe it was an uncle. Sometimes it was the whole damn family...fathers, sons, uncles...

Having someone, you love, sent off to war...it wasn't less frightening than it is today. It was scary as Hell. If anything, it was more frightening. We didn't have battlefield news. We didn't have email or cellphones. You sent them away and you hoped...you prayed. You may not hear from them for months, if ever. Sometimes a mother was getting her son's letters the same day Dad was comforting her over their child's death.

And we sacrificed. You couldn't buy things. Everything was rationed. You were only allowed so much milk per month, only so much bread, toilet paper. EVERYTHING was restricted for the war effort. And what you weren't using, what you didn't need, things you threw away, they were saved and sorted for the war effort. My generation was the original recycling movement in America.

And we had viruses back then...serious viruses. Things like polio, measles, and such. It was nothing to walk to school and pass a house or two that was quarantined. We didn't shut down our schools. We didn't shut down our cities. We carried on, without masks, without hand sanitizer. And do you know what? We persevered. We overcame. We didn't attack our President, we came together. We rallied around the flag for the war. Thick or thin, we were in it to win. And we would lose more boys in an hour of combat than we lose in entire wars today."

He slowly looked away again. Maybe I saw a small tear in the corner of his eye. Then he continued:

"Today's kids don't know sacrifice. They think sacrifice is not having coverage on their phone while they freely drive across the country. Today's kids are selfish and spoiled. In my generation, we looked out for our elders. We helped out with single moms whose husbands were either at war or dead from war. Today's kids rush the store, buying everything they can...no concern for anyone but themselves. It's shameful the way Americans behave these days. None of them deserve the sacrifices their granddads made.

So, no I don't need anything. I appreciate your offer but, I know I've been through worse things than this virus. But maybe I should be asking you, what can I do to help you? Do you have enough pop to get through this, enough steak? Will you be able to survive with 113 channels on your tv?"

I smiled, fighting back a tear of my own...now humbled by a man in his 80's. All I could do was thank him for the history lesson, leave my number for emergency and leave with my ego firmly tucked in my rear.

I talked to a man today. A real man. An American man from an era long gone and forgotten. We will never understand the sacrifices. We will never fully earn their sacrifices. But we should work harder to learn about them...learn from them...to respect them.

Jeremiah 6:16 Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the **old paths**, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein.

oct 4

Valdemar Poulsen, the Danish telephone engineer and inventor, patented what he called a 'telegraphone' in 1898. The telegraphone was the first practical apparatus for magnetic sound recording and reproduction and enabled telephone conversations to be recorded. This was followed up by Willy Müller, who invented the automatic answering machine in 1935. It was a three-foot-tall machine popular with Orthodox Jews who were forbidden to answer the phone on the Sabbath.

The telephone has been around since 1892, when Alexander Graham Bell commercialized concepts for phone operation that had been around for years. The greeting he suggested for answering the phone was "Ahoy" (as used in ships). Edison later suggested "Hello."

In the 1970s the various American phone companies requested that TV and film producers use the 555 prefix for fictional numbers to prevent genuine numbers from being accidentally used. This backfired somewhat in the 1980s when a Gary Larson cartoon, depicting Satan's number as 555-1332, was reprinted in Australia—where 555 is a genuine area code. The owner of the number became the subject of harassment and later sued Gary Larson and his syndicate.

Can you imagine receiving a phone call from the Lord? Actually, the Bible tells us that many times God "called" people (just not with a phone). One such story is the calling of the little boy Samuel. In 1 Samuel 3 we read of the young lad, while going to sleep one night, hearing his name called out. He ran to Eli the priest, who realized God was speaking to Samuel. The first message Samuel received from the Lord was a heavy on

We do not need phones to hear God calling to us. And we certainly do not want to put God on hold. We need to be tuned in to the still, small voice of the Lord speaking to our minds and hearts. When God calls, the best way to answer is Samuel's response, "Speak, for your servant hears" (1 Samuel 3:10).

Most religious people have brought God down to our level and thats the main reason there is no RESPECT for anything God respects, such as those dually elected or have rule over us. If one won't submit to God, pray tell, HOW can they submit to another man ?

Jude 8* Likewise also these filthy dreamers defile the flesh, despise dominion, and **spea**k evil of dignities.

Jude 10* But these **spea**k evil of those things which they know not: but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves.

Submitted by Marve

oct 11

What's in your cup?????

You are holding a cup of coffee when someone comes along and bumps into you or shakes your arm making you spill your coffee everywhere

Why did you spill the coffee?

Because someone bumped into me!!!

Wrong answer.....

You spilled the coffee because there was coffee in your cup. Had there been tea in your cup you would have spilled the tea.

Whatever is inside the cup is what will spill out!

Therefore when life comes along and shakes you (which will happen) whatever is inside you will come out.....it's easy to fake it until you get rattled.

So we have to ask ourselves.....what's in my cup?

When life gets tough.....what spills over?

Joy, gratefulness, peace, humility??

Or.....anger, bitterness, harsh words and reactions???

Life provides the cup.....YOU choose how to fill it so let's work towards filling our cups with gratitude, forgiveness, joy, kind words, with love and gentleness for others

Mr 7:21* For from within, **out of the heart** of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders,

oct 18

[Blair Jean Author Historian](#)

[May 16 at 6:03 AM](#)

The Man Who Refused to Die - 1967 This story is retold with permission of the Gauchie Family.

In the late 1960s, thirty-nine-year-old bush pilot Bob Gauchie lived in Fort Smith, NWT with his wife and three daughters. He flew out of Yellowknife serving the many isolated settlements flung out across the Sub Arctic and Arctic regions of Canada. Flying in those years did not include the navigation support or equipment now available. Despite the long distances across Canada's northern wilderness, adventurous bush pilots like Gauchie possessed the willing spirit necessary to work in this often-hazardous environment.

Off-Course & out of fuel. On February 3, 1967, Bob was flying solo back to Yellowknife from Cambridge Bay. It was his bad luck to fly into a snowstorm that caused whiteout conditions. This caused him to fly off course. He flew on hoping to come out of the storm and then reestablish his location. The storm persisted and Bob's plane, a De Havilland Beaver, eventually ran low on fuel. He tried an emergency call to report his situation, but the signal was poor. He did receive one faint acknowledgement from his distress call, but was that enough? Glimpsing a lake below, Bob took his aircraft down and landed successfully. There he sat, hoping that someone had heard his emergency call and would fly to his rescue.

Survival Gear. The first task was to take stock of his food and survival equipment. His survival kit included matches, two sleeping bags, a rifle and flare gun. It also contained the standard dry food kit. But Bob was also bringing back a 40-pound box of Arctic Char to his home in Fort Smith. This salmon-like fish would come to save his life.

Lack of Trees. Being so far north, the trees were sparse and stunted. Certainly not adequate for building a shelter. Bob chose to wait for rescue in his plane.

Frozen feet. At night, he wrapped himself in the two sleeping bags, in addition to his mukluks and parka, but the weather conditions were brutal. The temperature dropped as low as minus 68 Fahrenheit, and high winds buffeted the Beaver. The aluminum shell of the aircraft and frame attracted the cold like a magnet draws metal. His feet were getting the worst of it. Eventually, his toes began to freeze. This was a significant threat as infection would set in over time. Without the use of his feet, he had little chance of survival.

Wolves. Wolves discovered the plane and sensed a prey in a state of weakness. They came nightly, circling and howling back and forth at each other. The ravens also showed up by day to see if there was going to be an opportunity for scavenging what the wolves brought down. Bob did fire his rifle at the wolves but then felt badly that he had done so. He was safe in the Beaver, and the wolves were just looking for food.

Suffering. In addition to the nightly discomfort of the cold and the wolves, Bob suffered greatly from the frost spreading into his feet. Then infection set in. He only managed a couple hours of sleep every eighteen hours. At one point he tried walking to shore to make a fire. He found the pain unbearable and turned back. He nearly died of exposure that day; it was all he could do to get back to the aircraft. His feet could no longer do what he required of them.

Search called off. Bob knew that the Royal Canadian Air Force would have begun a search once his plane was overdue, but temperatures down to the minus 60s would make flying extremely arduous. He also knew the air force would call off its search after two weeks. Furthermore, they would conclude no one could survive at these temperatures. This knowledge was devastating for Bob's hopes for survival. What he didn't know was that his signal did get through, enabling the search to start immediately, though, unfortunately for all concerned, neither of the emergency locator transmitters on the Beaver were working. Bob also did not know that once the air force pulled out of the search, his friends came up with \$4,000 of their own money to continue. That search lasted until the end of week three. Whether or not the key players said it out loud, they all believed Bob Gauchie was gone and had no idea if they would ever find his body.

White Plane. One day he heard an airplane flying over and he fired off one of his flares. Obviously, a search plane, but the crew did not see his aircraft sitting out on the middle of the lake. Why? Because his plane was painted white. There was little contrast between his Beaver and the white snow on the lake ice. The stranded pilot was devastated. This same scenario repeated in the following days despite the flares launched. More crushing blows!

Food. One day the dry food ran out. For Bob's last meal of it, he licked an empty onion soup package for the salt and taste. From that day onward, the daily intake of calories came from eating the raw Arctic char. This fish has a thin skin making it easier to chew, and the flesh has a rich taste. Eating

it raw and with nothing else, however, became a necessary chore for survival.

Loneliness. As the many days of waiting passed with no rescue planes overhead, the isolation played on Bob's mind, and he turned to the wolves for help. When their howling started, he would howl back. This exercise made him feel like he was in touch with another living being. After twenty-five days, the wolves stopped coming. This only intensified the loneliness. my ... depression. He tried not to think of home and family as that brought him down. Despite his efforts, those thoughts kept drifting back into his mind. Only he could bring himself out of the depression. "If I can survive until April's warmer weather, I can make it." He told himself.

The will to survive. Nearing the end of March, Bob was ready to give himself over to the forces of nature. Likely the only thing forcing him to go on was the duty he felt toward his wife, Fran, and their three daughters. His tug of war between duty and ending the suffering raged on in Bob's written diary.

The Diary. Bob started a diary on February 16th. Here he expressed his deepest feelings on death, survival, despair, love for his family and chance of rescue. His written words are heart-wrenching, sometimes funny, but always profound. He was a man close to death, leaving a written record for his family.

Diary Feb. 25 ... This waiting gets so utterly depressing that if I had the courage, there are times I would have taken my life. Not hearing an airplane all these days makes you think why am I prolonging death, yet it is one's will to live that keeps you going, hoping against hope that something will turn up in your favour

Diary March 8 ... Terribly cold and weak. Right foot just starting to infect, not much time for rescue now. I am afraid, Fran. I hope I can make peace with God. My signs were all filled in by the storm. I love you Fran and the girls. Pen won't write. Please pray for me I am so afraid ...

Diary March 15 ... The waiting and loneliness are starting to have their effects now. I am very low. The nights take so much out of me now, I have to spend at least 18 hours to get two or three hours sleep. ... The nights are getting terrible to endure. How much longer can this go on ...

Diary March 16 ... My feet giving a lot of agony at night now just about all I can stand. I hope they don't get worse or I'm sure I will get delirious. The odds are stacking up against me more each day now so that my luck is going to have to be extremely good if I am to make it. These long silent days make me realize how utterly fruitless it seems. I am asking God's help every night now and I am trying very hard to believe that he can and will help. I miss you and the kids more each day Fran, it is getting so lonesome and I get so afraid every time I think I might die. I do so want to live that I can't explain it in words. Perhaps if I do live my future actions will explain for me ...

Rescued. On April 1st, Bob heard another aircraft. He fired off two flares. This time he was seen. Was this intervention by the Almighty? Ronald Sheardown and mechanic Glen Stevens were offcourse while on a flight to what is now Kugluktuk, Nunavut. Glen happened to look down just as the bright sun reflected off the windshield of Bob's white plane. The glint of light in the middle of a frozen lake was unnatural, prompting Ronald and Glen to check it out. They circled and spotted the white Beaver sitting at the centre of the ice-covered lake. They also spotted Bob standing there with a blue suitcase in hand. They landed close by but far enough away to be cautious, knowing that stranded pilots occasionally lost their mind while waiting for rescue. As they approached, Bob, with a smile on his rugged, unkempt face, asked if they had room for a passenger. He had lost 54 pounds in the ordeal. He was haggard-looking, complete with a rough beard and shaggy hair, with one foot wrapped in a dirty canvas. Mustering up his remaining strength, he started hobbling toward his rescuers.

The news. The two men helped Bob over to their aircraft. Once back in the air, returning to base, one can well imagine the excitement in the radio call back to Yellowknife. One can also imagine the dispatcher at Yellowknife, in disbelief, asking the pilot to repeat the transmission. The news was relayed to Fran Gauchie and others in Fort Smith. Now picture Fran hearing the news. She had not given up. She had refused to hold a funeral or claim death insurance. Word spread quickly in the north, Fort Smith especially. At first, it was taken as a bad April fool's joke. It was not a joke. What relief Fran Gauchie and the three girls must have felt. And the extended families ... the bush pilots and their families where this kind of loss strikes a hard blow. On April 1, 1967, a great weight lifted from everyone connected to this history-making event. Newspapers across Canada and around the world carried the story.

Summary. Bob had survived extra ordinary hardships for fifty-eight days and nights on Samandré Lake sixty miles east of Port Radium, Great Bear Lake.

Without wanting it, Bob holds the record for solo Arctic survival by a downed airman. He lost his toes in the process but lived to tell his story. What of the blue suitcase? One of the contents was Bob's diary. That diary became a treasured possession of the Gauchie family.

After the incident and months of recovery, Bob, in 1968, started a company he named Buffalo Airways. In 1970 he sold the company to his friend and pilot, Joe McBryan. The same company was made famous in 2008 to 2014 by the TV series, "Ice Pilots."

Bob Gauchie was born in Edmonton on December 12, 1927, and raised in Barrhead Alberta. He died August 31, 2013, at 85 years of age.

After cheating death in 1967, he never again ate fish but was forever known as: 'The Man Who Refused to Die!'

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

oct 25

On July 9, 1755, during the French and Indian War, a force of 1,500 British soldiers was ambushed in the open by a small force of French and American Indian fighters shooting from the woods. The British soldiers—trained for European war—made easy targets standing shoulder to shoulder in their bright red uniforms. And their

officers were even more exposed on horseback, high above the men on the ground, making perfect targets. The slaughter continued for two hours as nearly 70 percent of the British soldiers were cut down.

One by one, the chief's marksmen shot the British officers from their horses until only one remained. Amazingly, round after round was aimed at this one man. Twice the young lieutenant's horse was shot out from under him. Twice he grabbed another horse. Ten, fifteen, twenty rounds were fired by the sharpshooters. Still, the officer remained unhurt. The native warriors stared in disbelief. Their rifles seldom missed. The chief realized that a mighty power must be shielding this man and commanded, "Stop firing! This one is under the special protection of the Great Spirit."

Eventually the lieutenant colonel gathered the remaining British troops and led them to safety. That evening, as the last of the wounded were being cared for, the officer noticed an odd tear in his coat. It was a bullet hole! He rolled up his sleeve and looked at his arm directly under the hole. There was no mark on his skin. Amazed, he took off his coat and found three more holes where bullets had passed through his coat but stopped before they reached his body. Nine days after the battle, the young lieutenant colonel wrote his brother: "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me yet escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side!" .

The 23-year-old officer went on to become the commander in chief of the Continental Army and the first president of the United States. During the years that followed in his long career, this man, George Washington, was never once wounded in battle. Washington also escaped flying bullets on four other occasions and survived contracting diphtheria, malaria, smallpox, and tuberculosis.

Isaiah 54:17 **No weapon** that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness is of me, saith the LORD.

sept 6

I don't normally do this, but it is to nice to pass.

Click on Old Barn, and just enjoy.

click on the link below - sound on please

Old barn

<https://nam10.safelinks.protection.outlook.com/?url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.youtube.com%2Fembed%2FJ8loa1gVVeA%3Fshowinfo%3D0%26rel%3D0&data=02%7C01%7C%7C10c08b79173b459981ee08d7d35e599c%7C84df9e7fe9f640afb435aaaaaaaaaaaaa%7C1%7C0%7C637210274483790159&sdata=aikei0uMuFQOMz3mlrVdVpARGdGoUgG%2Bo6CyeBQPOpc%3D&replied=0>

Sept 13

I found this interesting so thought I would share it

Alexander Selkirk was a quick-tempered, hardened sailor and pirate. In 1703, he joined William Dampier on a privateering expedition, plundering Spanish merchant ships in the Pacific. After a quarrel with the captain over the seaworthiness of their ship, the hotheaded Selkirk demanded to be left ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, 400 miles west of Chile. However, when Selkirk realized that none of the crew would join him, he had a moment of regret and begged the captain to be let on the ship—but the captain refused. So Selkirk was left alone with a few basic supplies: clothes, bedding, flint, a pound of gunpowder, bullets, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, his navigation tools, and a Bible. What Selkirk thought might be a few days until the next ship came by stretched into nearly four and a half years.

The first months were a difficult adjustment. The nights were terrifying: the bellowing calls of sea lions, tree limbs breaking in the frequent storms, and the hordes of rats gnawing on his feet as he tried to sleep. Selkirk was depressed and even contemplated suicide. He was almost glad to be hungry because it diverted his thoughts. However, in time, Selkirk's mood improved.

He kept busy building a hut, catching wild goats to eat, and taming the feral cats (which eventually helped with the rats). In addition to watching for passing ships, Selkirk spent time singing hymns, praying, and reading his Bible. He later remarked that he was a better Christian on the island than ever before, or, as it seems, after.

In 1709, Selkirk was rescued by another English ship. It was then that he learned the fate of his old crewmates: the ship sank soon after leaving Juan Fernandez, most of the crew was killed, and the rest were captured by the Spanish.

As the poet John Milton wrote, "Loneliness is the first thing which God's eye named, not good." God knew that we would need human companionship and gave us marriage, family, and friendship for that purpose. But during those abandoned-at-sea moments when marriages fail, families misunderstand us, and friends desert us, we can find the Companion that Selkirk found—the One who promises "I will not leave you nor forsake you" (Joshua 1:5).

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

.....=====

August 1942. Piotrkow
, Poland
The sky
was gloomy that morning as we waited anxiously.
All the men, women
and children of Piotrkow's Jewish ghetto
had been herded into
a square.

Word had gotten
around that we were being moved. My father had only
recently died from typhus, which had run rampant
through the crowded ghetto. My greatest fear was
that our family would be separated.

'Whatever you do,'
Isidore, my eldest brother, whispered to me, 'don't
tell them your age. Say you're sixteen.'

'I was tall for a boy
of 11, so I could pull it off. That way I might be
deemed valuable as a worker.'

An SS man approached
me, boots clicking against the cobblestones.. He
looked me up and down, and then asked my age.

'Sixteen,' I said. He
directed me to the left, where my three brothers and
other healthy young men already stood.

My mother was
motioned to the right with the other women,
children, sick and elderly people.

I whispered to
Isidore, 'Why?'
He
didn't answer.
I
ran to Mama's side and said I wanted to stay with
her.
'No, 'she
said sternly.
'Get
away. Don't be a nuisance. Go with your
brothers.'

She had never spoken
so harshly before. But I understood: She was
protecting me. She loved me so much that, just this
once, she pretended not to. It was the last I ever
saw of her.

My brothers and I
were transported in a cattle car to Germany .

We arrived at the
Buchenwald concentration camp one night later and
were led into a crowded barrack. The next day, we
were issued uniforms and identification numbers.

'Don't call me Herman
anymore.' I said to my brothers. 'Call me 94983.'

I was put to work in
the camp's crematorium, loading the dead into a
hand-cranked elevator.

I, too, felt dead.
Hardened, I had become a number.

Soon, my brothers and

I were sent to Schlieben, one of Buchenwald's
sub-camps near Berlin .

One morning I thought
I heard my mother's voice.

'Son,' she said
softly but clearly, I am going to send you an
angel.'

Then I woke up. Just
a dream. A beautiful dream.

But in this place
there could be no angels. There was only work. And
hunger. And fear.

A couple of days
later, I was walking around the camp, around the
barracks, near the barbed wire fence where the
guards could not easily see. I was alone.

On the other side of
the fence, I spotted someone: a little girl with
light, almost luminous curls. She was half-hidden
behind a birch tree.

I glanced around to
make sure no one saw me. I called to her softly in
German. 'Do you have something to eat?'

She didn't
understand.

I inched closer to
the fence and repeated the question in Polish. She
stepped forward. I was thin and gaunt, with rags
wrapped around my feet, but the girl looked
unafraid. In her eyes, I saw life.

She pulled an apple
from her woollen jacket and threw it over the
fence.

I grabbed the fruit
and, as I started to run away, I heard her say
faintly, 'I'll see you tomorrow.'

I returned to the
same spot by the fence at the same time every day.
She was always there with something for me to eat -
a hunk of bread or, better yet, an apple.

We didn't dare speak
or linger. To be caught would mean death for us
both.

I didn't know
anything about her, just a kind farm girl, except
that she understood Polish. What was her name? Why
was she risking her life for me?

Hope was in such
short supply, and this girl on the other side of the
fence gave me some, as nourishing in its way as the
bread and apples.

Nearly seven months
later, my brothers and I were crammed into a coal
car and shipped to Theresienstadt camp in
Czechoslovakia .

'Don't return,' I
told the girl that day. 'We're leaving.'

I turned toward the
barracks and didn't look back, didn't even say
good-bye to the little girl whose name I'd never
learned, the girl with the apples.

We were in
Theresienstadt for three months. The war was winding
down and Allied forces were closing in, yet my fate
seemed sealed.

On May 10, 1945, I
was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at 10:00
AM.

In the quiet of dawn,
I tried to prepare myself. So many times death
seemed ready to claim me, but somehow I'd survived.
Now, it was over.

I thought of my
parents. At least, I thought, we will be
reunited.

But at 8 a.m. there
was a commotion. I heard shouts, and saw people
running every which way through camp. I caught up
with my brothers.

Russian troops had
liberated the camp! The gates swung open. Everyone
was running, so I did too. Amazingly, all of my
brothers had survived;

I'm not sure how. But
I knew that the girl with the apples had been the
key to my survival.

In a place where evil
seemed triumphant, one person's goodness had saved
my life, had given me hope in a place where there
was none.

My mother had
promised to send me an angel, and the angel had
come.

Eventually I made my
way to England where I was sponsored by a Jewish
charity, put up in a hostel with other boys who had
survived the Holocaust and trained in electronics.
Then I came to America, where my brother Sam had
already moved. I served in the U. S. Army during the
Korean War, and returned to New York City after two
years.

By August 1957 I'd
opened my own electronics repair shop. I was
starting to settle in.

One day, my friend
Sid who I knew from England called me.
'I've got a date.
She's got a Polish friend. Let's double date.'
A blind date? Nah,
that wasn't for me. But Sid kept pestering me, and a
few days later we headed up to the Bronx to pick up
his date and her friend Roma.

I had to admit, for a
blind date this wasn't so bad. Roma was a nurse at a
Bronx hospital. She was kind and smart. Beautiful,
too, with swirling brown curls and green,
almond-shaped eyes that sparkled with life.

The four of us drove

out to Coney Island .. Roma was easy to talk to,
easy to be with. Turned out she was wary of blind
dates too!

We were both just
doing our friends a favor. We took a stroll on the
boardwalk, enjoying the salty Atlantic breeze, and
then had dinner by the shore. I couldn't remember
having a better time.

We piled back into
Sid's car, Roma and I sharing the backseat.

As European Jews who
had survived the war, we were aware that much had
been left unsaid between us. She broached the
subject, 'Where were you,' she asked softly, 'during
the war?'

'The camps,' I said.
The terrible memories still vivid, the irreparable
loss..I had tried to forget. But you can never
forget.

She nodded. 'My
family was hiding on a farm in Germany , not far
from Berlin ,' she told me. 'My father knew a
priest, and he got us Aryan papers.'

I imagined how she
must have suffered too, fear, a constant companion.
And yet here we were both survivors, in a new
world.

'There was a camp
next to the farm.' Roma continued. 'I saw a boy
there and I would throw him apples every day.'

What an amazing
coincidence that she had helped some other boy.
'What did he look like?' I asked.

'He was tall, skinny,
and hungry. I must have seen him every day for six
months.'

My heart was racing.
I couldn't believe it. This couldn't be.
'Did he tell you one
day not to come back because he was leaving
Schlieben?'

Roma looked at me in
amazement. 'Yes!'

'That was me!'

I was ready to burst
with joy and awe, flooded with emotions. I couldn't
believe it! My angel.

'I'm not letting you
go.' I said to Roma. And in the back of the car on
that blind date, I proposed to her. I didn't want to
wait.

'You're crazy!' she
said. But she invited me to meet her parents for
Shabbat dinner the following week.

There was so much I
looked forward to learning about Roma, but the most
important things I always knew: her steadfastness,
her goodness. For many months, in the worst of
circumstances, she had come to the fence and given

me hope. Now that I'd found her again, I could never let her go.

That day, she said yes. And I kept my word. After nearly 50 years of marriage, two children and three grandchildren, I have never let her go.

Herman Rosenblat of Miami Beach , Florida

This story is being made into a movie called The Fence. This e-mail is intended to reach 40 million people world-wide. Join us and be a link in the memorial chain and help us distribute it around the world.

Romans 5:3/5 And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; 4* And patience, experience; and experience, hope: 5* And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

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Sept 27

[February 16 at 12:27 PM](#)

Here we go again..

This is definitely gonna hurt feelings.

People have sent me inboxes and private messages.

The majority of them are positive.

Thank you.

But the one that sticks out the most was a question about the difference between Hereditary Chiefs and elected Chiefs.

Stick with me on this one.

First off, in the old days I don't think we called them Chiefs.

Let's say that a band had five or six main families.

The members of each family would select what was called a Headsman to represent each family.

So a nation could actually have many chiefs.

One for each bloodline.

My great grandmother had five husbands.

Matilda was her name.

As each husband would die, she remarried, and as a result, there were five boys born to her.

Each with a different father.

So, there are actually five families who could claim the rights to being Hereditary chiefs.

My cousin Glen is the oldest of the oldest of the oldest, and so he is actually a hereditary chief for his family.

I am the same way.

I am the oldest of the oldest of the oldest from one of her sons.

And so on..

Being Hereditary Chief was more of a right of passage or lineage than anything else.

Let me share with you one of Canadas most well known White Hereditary Chiefs.

His name is Justin Trudeau.

Yep.

The only reason that Justin Trudeau is the Prime Minister of Canada today, is because his daddy was Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Justin Trudeau did not earn that right.

He did not fight and kick and scratch his way through the rank and file to become a leader.

He was never in the military, nor did he ever become a lawyer or earn his position like other politicians have had to do.

He was a ski instructor and a part time drama teacher who never really saw anything through to the end.

He never did anything of significance for his fellow Canadians on his way up the political ladder to eventually become the Prime Minister.

He is just Prime Minister because his dad was one.

Are you guys following along?

I admit that this is a very simplistic way to describe him, but no one can argue that he is where he is because he had a famous dad.

It is the exact replica of the modern day Hereditary Chiefs.

Many are in that position only because their mommy or daddy was famous.

Many of them are absolutely amazing, and are true leaders who focus on the best practices for their people.

But there are those who, like Justin Trudeau are just holders of a title because they were born in the right family at the right time.

Trudeau did not win the election by having the majority vote.

He is a minority leader and is not only disliked by many Canadians, but he is actually seen as a fool by intelligent people.

This post is not meant to judge any Chief or Chiefs, but to shed some light on how a person with no skills whatsoever could find themselves in a leadership role.

How did they ever get to be leaders?

Like our old friend Paul Harvey used to say:

"And now you know the rest of the story" "Good day?"

1Samual 16:7 But the LORD said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the LORD seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.

Aug 2

THE FINAL INSPECTION

Author Unknown

The soldier stood and faced God,

Which must always come to pass

He hoped his shoes were shining,

.... Just as brightly as his brass.

'Step forward now, you soldier,

How shall I deal with you ?

Have you always turned the other cheek ?

To My Church have you been true?

The soldier squared his shoulders and said,

'No, Lord, I guess I ain't.

Because those of us who carry guns,

Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,

And at times my talk was tough.

And sometimes I've been violent,

Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,

That wasn't mine to keep...

Though I worked a lot of overtime,

When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,

Though at times I shook with fear.

And sometimes, God, forgive me,

I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,

Among the people here.

They never wanted me around,

Except to calm their fears.

If you've a place for me here, Lord,

It needn't be so grand.

I never expected or had too much,

But if you don't, I'll understand.

There was a silence all around the throne,

Where the saints had often trod.

As the soldier waited quietly,

For the judgment of his God.

'Step forward now, you soldier,

You've borne your burdens well.

Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,

You've done your time in Hell.'

Acts 2:21* And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

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Aug 9

Coronavirus Letter To Humanity

The earth whispered but you did not hear.
The earth spoke but you did not listen
The earth screamed but you turned her off.
And so I was born...

I was not born to punish you..
I was born to awaken you..
The earth cried out for help...

Massive flooding. But you didn't listen.
Burning fires. But you didn't listen.
Strong hurricanes. But you didn't listen.
Terrifying Tornadoes. But you didn't listen.

You still don't listen to the earth when.
Ocean animals are dying due to pollutants in the waters.
Glaciers melting at an alarming rate.
Severe drought.

You didn't listen to how much negativity the earth is receiving.
Non-stop wars.
Non-stop greed.
You just kept going on with your life..

No matter how much hate there was..
No matter how many killings daily..
It was more important to get that latest iPhone then worry about what
the earth was trying to tell you..

But now I am here.
And I've made the world stop on its tracks.
I've made YOU finally listen.
I've made you take refuge.
I've made you stop thinking about materialistic things..

Now you are like the earth...
You are only worried about YOUR survival.
How does that feel?
I give you fever.. As the fires burn on earth.
I give you respiratory issues.. Has pollution fill the earth air.
I give you weakness as the earth weakens every day.
I took away your comforts..

Your outings.
The things you would use to forget about the planet and its pain.
And I made the world stop...

And now...
China has better air quality.. Skies are clear blue because factories are
not spewing pollution unto the earth's air.
The water in Venice is clean and dolphins are being seen. Because the
gondola boats that pollute the water are not being used.

YOU are having to take time to reflect on what is important in your life.
Again I am not here to punish you.. I am here to Awaken you...

When all this is over and I am gone... Please remember these moments..
Listen to the earth.
Listen to your soul.
Stop Polluting the earth.
Stop Fighting among each other.
Stop caring about materialistic things.

And start loving your neighbours.
Start caring about the earth and all its creatures.
Start believing in a Creator.
Because next time I may come back even stronger....

Signed,
Coronavirus
Written by: Vivienne R Reich

1Ki 19:12 And after the earthquake a fire;
but the LORD was not in the fire: and after
the fire a still small voice.

=====
Aug 16

We all Need a Tree!

I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse,
and after he had
just finished a rough first day on the job: a flat tire
made him lose an
hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one
ton truck refused to start.

While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On
arriving, he invited
me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the
front door, he paused

briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches
with both hands.

When opening the door he underwent an amazing
transformation.. His face
was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small
children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the
tree and my curiosity
got the better of me. I asked him about what I had
seen him do earlier.

'Oh, that's my trouble tree,' he replied 'I know I can't
help having
troubles on the job, but one thing's fo
belong in the house with my wife r sure, those troubles
don'tand the children.. So I just hang them
up on the tree every night when I come home and ask
God to take care of
them. Then in the morning I pick them up again.'
'Funny thing is,' he
smiled,' when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up,
there aren't
nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night
before.'

Le 16:23 And Aaron shall come into the tabernacle of the congregation, and shall put off the linen garments, which he put on when he went into the holy place, and shall leave them there:

THIS ONE IS WORTH SENDING ON.

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we
are here we might as well dance.

We all Need a Tree!

Wishing you a wonderful

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Aug 23
Daddy's Poem

Her hair was up in a ponytail,
her favorite dress tied with a bow.
Today was Daddy's Day at school,
and she couldn't wait to go.

But her mommy tried to tell her,
that she probably should stay home.
Why the kids might not understand,
if she went to school alone.

But she was not afraid;
she knew just what to say.
What to tell her classmates
of why he wasn't there today.

But still her mother worried,
for her to face this day alone.
And that was why once again,
she tried to keep her daughter home.

But the little girl went to school
eager to tell them all.
About a dad she never sees
a dad who never calls.
There were daddies along the wall in back,
for everyone to meet.

Children squirming impatiently,
anxious in their seats

One by one the teacher called
a student from the class.
To introduce their daddy,
as seconds slowly passed.

At last the teacher called her name,
every child turned to stare.
Each of them was searching,
a man who wasn't there.

'Where's her daddy at?'
She heard a boy call out.
'She probably doesn't have one,'
another student dared to shout.

And from somewhere near the back,
she heard a daddy say,
'Looks like another deadbeat dad,
too busy to waste his day.'

The words did not offend her,
as she smiled up at her Mom.
And looked back at her teacher,
who told her to go on.

And with hands behind her back,
slowly she began to speak.
And out from the mouth of a child,
came words incredibly unique.

'My Daddy couldn't be here,
because he lives so far away.
But I know he wishes he could be,
since this is such a special day.

And though you cannot meet him,
I wanted you to know.
All about my daddy,
and how much he loves me so.

He loved to tell me stories
he taught me to ride my bike.
He surprised me with pink roses,
and taught me to fly a kite.

We used to share fudge sundaes,
and ice cream in a cone.
And though you cannot see him,
I'm not standing here alone.

'Cause my daddy's al ways with me,
even though we are apart
I know because he told me,
he'll forever be in my heart'

With that, her little hand reached up,
and lay across her chest.
Feeling her own heartbeat,
beneath her favorite dress

And from somewhere here in the crowd of dads,
her mother stood in tears.
Proudly watching her daughter,
who was wise beyond her years.

For she stood up for the love
of a man not in her life.
Doing what was best for her,

doing what was right.

And when she dropped her hand back down,
staring straight into the crowd.
She finished with a voice so soft,
but its message clear and loud.

I love my daddy very much,
he's my shining star.
And if he could, he'd be here,
but heaven's just too far.

You see he is a Canadian soldier
And died just this past year

When a roadside bomb hit his convoy
and taught Canadians to fear.
But sometimes when I close my eyes,
it's like he never went away.'
And then she closed her eyes,
and saw him there that day.

And to her mothers amazement,
she witnessed with surprise.
A room full of daddies and children,
all starting to close their eyes.

Who knows what they saw before them,
who knows what they felt inside.
Perhaps for merely a second,
they saw him at her side.

'I know you're with me Daddy,'
to the silence she called out.
And what happened next made believers,
of those once filled with doubt.

Not one in that room could explain it,
for each of their eyes had been closed.
But there on the desk beside her,
was a fragrant long-stemmed rose.

And a child was blessed, if only for a moment,
by the love of her shining star.
And given the gift of believing,
that heaven is never too far.

John 11:25* Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

=====

Aug 30

HELLO
HANDSOME!

The first day of school our professor encouraged us to get to know someone we did not know. I stood up to look around when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned around to see a wrinkled old lady that had a smile that lit up her entire being from ear to ear. She said "Hi handsome, my name is Rose. I am 87 years old. Can I give you a hug?"

I laughed and enthusiastically responded: "of course you may" and she gave me a giant squeeze.

"Why are you in college at such a young age" I asked.

She jokingly replied, "I am here to meet a rich husband and get married and have a couple of kids".

"No seriously, I am wondering what may have motivated you to take this challenge at your age".

I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one she told me.

After class we walked over to the college cafeteria and shared a chocolate milkshake.

We became instant friends and every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk non stop. I was always mesmerized talking to this time machine as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester, we invited Rose to speak at our Football Banquet. I will never forget what she taught us. She was introduced to the podium. She began to deliver her prepared speech. She dropped 3" x 5" cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and said "I am sorry, I'm just so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me. I will never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know".

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began.

"We do not stop playing because we are old, we get old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young and being happy and achieving success....you have to laugh and find humor every day and you have to dream. When you loose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around and they are dead and don't even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for a full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty seven years old and lie in bed for a full year and never do anything I will turn eighty eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up and always find an opportunity in change. Have no regrets!".

"The elderly usually do not have regrets for what we did, but rather for the things we did NOT do. The only people who fear death are the ones with regrets".

She concluded her speech by courageously singing 'The Rose'.
She challenged us to study the lyrics to this song and live them out in our own daily lives.
At the years' end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those months ago.
The week after graduation, Rose died peacefully in her sleep. Over 2,000 college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example, that it is never too late to be all that you can possibly be.
When you finish reading this, send the peaceful word on to your family and friends. These words have been passed on in the memory of Rose.
REMEMBER: GROWING OLD IS MANDATORY, GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.
WE MAKE A LIVING WHAT WE GET. WE MAKE LIFE OUT OF WHAT WE GIVE.

THE ROSE

Some say, "Love, It is a river
That drowns the tender reed"
Some say, "Love, It is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed"
Some say, "Love, it is a hunger
An endless aching need"
I say, "Love it is a flower
And you its only seed"

It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's the dream afraid of waking
That never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul afraid of dyin'
That never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and strong
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snow
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose.

Proverbs 23:7 For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he:

July 5

Capitalism V. Socialism

A man posted this on his Facebook account the sports car that he had just bought and how a man approached and told him that the money used to buy this car could've fed thousands of less fortunate people His response to this man was as follows:

READ his story as stated on Facebook below:

A guy looked at my Corvette the other day and said, "I wonder how many people could have been fed for the money that sports car cost?
I replied I'm not sure; it fed a lot of families in Bowling Green, Kentucky who built it, it fed the people who make the tires, it fed the people who made the components that went into it, it fed the people in the copper mine who mined the copper for the wires, it fed people in at Caterpillar who make the trucks that haul the copper ore. It fed the trucking people who hauled it from the plant to the dealer and fed the people working at the dealership and their families. BUT,... I have to admit, I guess I really don't know how many people it fed.

That is the difference between capitalism and the welfare mentality. When you buy something, you put money in people's pockets and give them dignity for their skills. When you give someone something for nothing, you rob them of their dignity and self-worth. **Capitalism is freely giving your money in exchange for something of value. Socialism is having the government take your money against your will and give it to someone else for doing nothing.**

If you agree please send it to your friends. If you don't agree just delete it and have a nice day.

Phillipians 4:3* And I intreat thee also, true yokefellow, **help** those women which laboured with me in the gospel, with Clement also, **and with other** my fellowlabourers, whose names are in the book of life.

July 12

By the time the average North American turns 65, he or she will have spent nine years watching television.

The numbers are astounding. People in America watch a lot of TV. The research is quite extensive. The average American watches about four hours of television a day, which amounts to about two months of straight TV watching each year.

And televisions aren't little boxes anymore! Whereas TVs used to be 18 inches, 20 inches, or maybe 30 inches, the average size of a TV these days is 46 inches—with some people estimating that by 2015 the average TV will be 60 inches! And it's all in high definition now, so everything looks so real.

This means that by the time a child departs elementary school and has witnessed 8,000 murders on TV, and the 200,000 acts of violence by the time they're 18, every single scene will have been as about as realistic as it can get—in true-to-reality, high-definition 60-inch television.

This is not meant to scare you into throwing out your TV. It's a simple reality check. Paul writes in positive terms: "But we all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are being transformed into the same image from glory to glory, just as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Corinthians 3:18).

Thus, we are encouraged to spend our time—maybe even more than nine years—looking into the face of Christ. Because when we look at Jesus through the Word of God, we are transformed into His beautiful, compassionate, and loving image.

What you feed your mind (heart) on, is how you are.

Matthew 15:19* For **out of the heart** proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies:

July 19

A thought to remember — Cael Marx said, "Remove one freedom per generation and soon you will have no freedom and no one would have noticed."

There was a chemistry 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:

1. There is no such thing as a free lunch, and

2. 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:

Submitted by Nora

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."

Romans 6:18* Being then made **free** from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness.

July 26

57 Cent Church

A little girl stood near a small church from which she had been turned away because it was 'too crowded.'

'I can't go to Sunday School,' she sobbed to the pastor as he walked by.

Seeing her shabby, unkempt appearance, the pastor guessed the reason and, taking her by the hand, took her inside and found a place for her in the Sunday school class. The child was so happy that they found room for her, and she went to bed that night thinking of the children who have no place to worship Jesus.

Some two years later, this child lay dead in one of the poor tenement buildings. Her parents called for the kindhearted pastor who had befriended their daughter to handle the final arrangements.

As her poor little body was being moved, a worn and crumpled red purse was found which seemed to have been rummaged from some trash dump..

Inside was found 57 cents and a note, scribbled in childish handwriting, which read: 'This is to help build the little church bigger so more children can go to Sunday School.'

For two years she had saved for this offering of love.

When the pastor tearfully read that note, he knew instantly what he would do. Carrying this note and the cracked, red pocketbook to the pulpit, he told the story of her unselfish love and devotion.

He challenged his deacons to get busy and raise enough money for the larger building. But the story does not end there....

A newspaper learned of the story and published it. It was read by a wealthy realtor who offered them a parcel of land worth many thousands. When told that the church could not pay so much, he offered to sell it to the little church for 57 cents.

Church members made large donations. Checks came from far and wide..

Within five years the little girl's gift had increased to \$250,000.00—a huge sum for that time (near the turn of the century). Her unselfish love had paid large dividends.

When you are in the city of

Philadelphia , look up Temple Baptist Church , with a seating capacity of 3,300. And be sure to visit Temple University, where thousands of students are educated.
Have a look, too, at the

Good Samaritan Hospital and at a Sunday School building which houses hundreds of beautiful children, built so that no child in the area will ever need to be left outside during Sunday school time.

In one of the rooms of this building may be seen the picture of the sweet face of the little girl whose 57 cents, so sacrificially saved, made such remarkable history. Alongside of it is a portrait of her kind pastor, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, author of the book, 'Acres of Diamonds' . .

This is a true story, which goes to show WHAT GOD CAN DO WITH 57 CENTS.

Hebrews 6:10* For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.

A Minute With God

Submitted by Laverne

My name is God. You hardly have time for me. I love you and will always bless you. I am always with you. I need you to spend 30 secs. of your time with Me today. Don't pray, just praise. Today I want this message to go across the world before midnight. Will you help? Please do not delete it and I'll help you with something that you are in need of. Just dare Me! A blessing is coming your way. Please drop everything & pass it on.

Why do we feel sleepy in prayer, but stay awake through a 3 hour movie?

Why are we so bored when we look at the HOLY BOOK but find it easy to read other books?

Why are prayers getting smaller, but bars and clubs are expanding?

Why is it so easy to worship a celebrity, but very difficult to engage with God?

Think about it, are you going to forward this or are you going to ignore it because you think you will get laughed at?

Forward this to all your friends. 80% of you won't. God said if you deny me in front of your friends, I will deny you on the day of judgment.

When one door closes, God opens two. If God has opened doors for you, send this message to everyone including me...

God has no BLACKBERRY but he's my favorite contact.

He is not on FACEBOOK but he is my best friend.

He is not on TWITTER but I still follow Him, and even without the INTERNET I am always connected to him.

He is not on gmail but he's always online.

Forward if God's been good to you!

God has been very good to me, He has given me a wonderful family, great friends and so much more.

And all he asks of me of to put him first

Matthew 6:33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

June 14

Many wanted to build a bridge to connect San Francisco to Marin County. San Francisco was the largest American city still served primarily by ferryboats. Experts said that a bridge couldn't be built across the 6,700-foot strait. It had strong, swirling tides and currents, water 500 feet in depth at the center of the channel, and frequent strong winds. They also said ferocious winds and blinding fogs would prevent construction and operation.

When construction began on the Golden Gate Bridge on January 5, 1933, Joseph B. Strauss, chief engineer, was adamant about using the most rigorous safety precautions in the history of bridge building. Hard hats, not commonly used, with glare-free goggles were specially designed for workers. Special hand and face cream protected the workers against the constant biting wind. The most conspicuous precaution was the safety net, suspended under the entire floor of the bridge from end to end. During construction, the net saved the lives 19 men who became known with affection as the Half-Way-to-Hell Club.

Weather conditions have closed the bridge three times: December 1, 1951, because of gusts of 69 mph; December 23, 1982, because of winds of 70 mph; and December 3, 1983, because of wind gusts of 75 mph.

Jesus' disciples once found their lives at risk because of strong winds while sailing across a lake. "As they sailed . . . a windstorm came down on the lake, and they were filling with water, and were in jeopardy" (Luke 8:23). But the winds did not stop Christ from sleeping in the boat. "Then He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water. And they ceased, and there was a calm" (v. 24).

Experts said a bridge couldn't be built across a deep channel of sin and raging winds. But Christ became a bridge to heaven. Jesus laid down His life that we could cross over in safety to a better land. I'm glad our Lord didn't listen to the experts!

Mark 9:23* Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

June 21

Jude 22* And of some have compassion, making a difference:

If any of you have ever been to a military funeral in which The Last Post was played;

This

Here is something everyone should know. Until I read this, I didn't know,

We have all heard the haunting song, 'The Last Post.'

It's the song that gives us the lump in our throats and usually tears in our eyes.

But, do you know the story behind the song?

If not, I think you will be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the American Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia . . . The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land.

During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment.

When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. . . It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted.

The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral.

The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician.

The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform.

This wish was granted.

The haunting melody, we now know as 'The Last Post' used at military funerals was born.

The words are:

Day is done.

Gone the sun..

From the lakes

From the hills.

From the sky.

All is well.

Safely rest.

God is nigh.

Fading light.

Dims the sight.

And a star.

Gems the sky.

Gleaming bright.

From afar..

Drawing nigh.

Falls the night..

Thanks and praise.

For our days.

Neath the sun

Neath the stars.

Neath the sky

As we go.

This we know.

God is nigh
I too have felt the chills while listening to 'The Last Post'
But I have never seen all the words to the song until now.
I didn't even know there was more than one verse .
I also never knew the story behind the song and I didn't know if
You had either so I thought I'd pass it along.
I now have an even deeper respect for the song than I did before.
Remember Those Lost and Harned While Serving Their Country.
Also Remember Those Who Have Served And Returned;
And for those presently serving in the Armed Forces.
Please send this on.
For our soldiers...please don't break it.

June 28
In ancient Greece (469 - 399 BC), Socrates was widely lauded for his wisdom.
One day an acquaintance ran up to him excitedly and said, "Socrates, do
you know what I just heard about Diogenes?"
"Wait a moment," Socrates replied, "Before you tell me I'd like you to
pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."
"Triple filter test?" asked the acquaintance.
"That's right," Socrates continued. "Before you talk to me about
Diogenes let's take a moment to filter what you're going to say. The
first filter is Truth. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are
about to tell me is true?"
"No," the man admitted. "Actually I just heard about it."
"All right," said Socrates. "So you don't really know if it's true or
not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of Goodness. Is what
you are about to tell me about Diogenes something good?"
"No, on the contrary."
"So," Socrates continued, "You want to tell me something about Diogenes
that may be bad, even though you're not certain it's true?"
The man shrugged, a little embarrassed.
Socrates continued, "You may still pass the test though, because there
is a third filter, the filter of Usefulness. Is what you want to tell me
about Diogenes going to be useful to me?"
"No, not really."
"Well," concluded Socrates. "If what you want to tell me is neither True
nor Good nor even Useful, why tell it to me or anyone at all?"
The man was bewildered and departed ashamed.

This is an example of why Socrates was a great philosopher and held in
such high esteem. This may or may not be true but the parable is.
Luke 6:44* For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.

**A
little girl went
to her bedroom and
pulled a glass jelly jar from it's hiding place
in the closet.**

**She poured the
change out on the floor and counted it
carefully. Three
times, even. The
total had to be exactly perfect.. No chance here
for mistakes.**

**Carefully placing
the coins back in the jar and twisting on the
cap, she
slipped out the back door and
made her way 6 blocks to Rexall's Drug Store
with
the big red Indian Chief sign
above the door.**

**She waited
patiently for
the pharmacist to give
her some attention, but he was too busy at this
moment.**

Tess twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. Nothing. She cleared her throat with the most disgusting sound she could muster. No good. Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!

'And what do you want?' the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice.. I'm talking to my brother from Chicago whom I haven't seen in ages,' he said without waiting for a reply to his question.

'Well, I want to talk to you about my brother,' Tess answered back in the same annoyed tone. 'He's really, really sick....and I want to buy a miracle.'

'I beg your pardon?' said the pharmacist.

'His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head and my Daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much does a miracle cost?'

'We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry but I can't help you,' the pharmacist said, softening a little.

'Listen, I have the money to pay for it.. If it isn't enough, I will get

the rest. Just tell me how much it costs.'

The pharmacist's brother was a well-dressed man. He stooped down and asked the little girl, 'What kind of a miracle does your brother need?'

'I don't know,' Tess replied with her eyes welling up. I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my Daddy can't pay for it, so I want to use my money.'

'How much do you have?' asked the man from Chicago

'One dollar and eleven cents,' Tess answered barely audible.

'And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to.'

'Well, what a coincidence,' smiled the man. 'A dollar and eleven cents---the exact price of a miracle for little brothers.'

He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said 'Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the miracle you need.'

That well-dressed man
was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, a
surgeon,
specializing in neuro-surgery.
The operation was completed free of charge and
it
wasn't long until Andrew was home
again and doing well.

Mom and Dad
were
happily talking about the chain of
events that had led them to this
place.

'That surgery,' her Mom
whispered. 'was a real miracle. I wonder
how
much it would have
cost?'

Tess smiled. She knew
exactly how much a
miracle cost....one
dollar and eleven cents...plus the faith of a
little child.

In our lives, we
never know how many miracles we will
need.

A
miracle is not the
suspension of natural law, but the operation of
a higher law.
I know you'll keep the
ball moving!

Here it goes. Throw it
back to
someone who means something to
you!

A ball is a circle, no
beginning, no
end. It keeps us together
like our Circle of Friends. But the treasure
inside

for you to see is the treasure
of friendship you've granted to
me.

Today
I pass the
friendship ball to you.

Pass it on
to someone who is a friend
to
you.

**MY OATH TO
YOU...**

When you are sad.....I will
dry your
tears.

When you
are scared.....I will comfort your
fears.

When
you are
worried.....I will give you
hope.

When you are
confused....I
will help you
cope.

And when you are lost...and
can't see the light, I
shall be your
beacon...shining ever so
bright.

This is my
oath.....I
pledge till the
end.

Why you may ask?....Because
you're my friend.

Signed:
God

Jesus paid the total price for every miracle

may 10

THE BIBLE, GOD & HUMAN REASONING

By Pastor Max Solbrekken, D.D.

JESUS declared: "Have ye not read, that He which made them at the beginning, made them male and female and said, For this cause shall a Man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his Wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?" (Matt. 19:4,5)

MOSES, the Lawgiver, wrote: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from Man, made He a Woman, and brought her unto the Man.

"And Adam said, This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." (Gen. 2: 21-24)

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It is abuse in its highest form against the family, an undermining of the faith and the trust children have in their parents. Every little boy wants to be like his father when he grows up and every little girl wants to be like her mother! It is *identity theft* on a grand scale, causing great confusion in the minds of little children!

It is an invasion of private property and a corrupting of pure thought and belief. It is a form of bullying and abuse in its highest form, truth being overturned by lies and perversion, calling right wrong and promoting evil over righteousness. It is cultural abuse, turning children against their parents and against God's Word.

Pushing for the legalization of homosexuality (sodomy), **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** stated, "*Government has no business in people's bedrooms.*" By the same token, I declare that, "*Government has no business in the minds of children.*"

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My prayer is that Canada's Prime Minister will return to common sense and Biblical realities, and stop interfering with the most private fabric of society and family, the minds and bodies of our children! Amen.

Jeremiah 44:22 So that the LORD could no longer bear, because of the evil of your doings, and because of the abominations which ye have committed; therefore is your land a desolation, and an astonishment, and a curse, without an inhabitant, as at this day.

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May 17

Ephesians 4:31-32 Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

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Extremely kind and considerate, always respectful. Took great care in making sure the agents' comforts were taken care of. They even brought them meals. One time she brought warm clothes to agents standing outside at Kennebunkport. One was given a warm hat and, when he tried to say "no thanks" even though he was obviously freezing, the President said "Son, don't argue with the First Lady. Put the hat on." He was the most prompt of the Presidents. He ran the White House like a well-oiled machine She ruled the house and spoke her mind.

BARACK & MICHELLE OBAMA

Clinton all over again - hates the military and looks down on the Secret Service. **He is egotistical and cunning.** He looks you in the eye and appears to agree with you but turns around and does the opposite. He has temper tantrums. **She is a complete bitch who basically hates anybody who is not black, hates the military and looks at the Secret Service as servants.**

A 'TRUE STORY ABOUT' General McChrystal's resignation in Obama's office **from General McChrystal's book! NEVER STAND IN LINE AGAIN.** Some men carry and handle their diplomacy better than others. When former U.S. Military commander in Afghanistan, General McChrystal, was called into the Oval Office by Barack Obama, he knew things weren't going to go well when the President accused him of not supporting him in his political role as President. "It's not my job to support you as a politician, Mr President, it's my job to support you as Commander-in-Chief," McChrystal replied, and he handed Obama his resignation. Not satisfied with accepting McChrystal's resignation, the President made a cheap parting shot. "I bet when I die you'll be happy to piss on my grave." The General saluted and said, "Mr. President, I always told myself after leaving the Army I'd never stand in line again .

Matthew 7:16* Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

.....
May 31

Bobby – Shepherd Dog

Near Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, stands a memorial fountain and statue to a little Skye Terrier named Bobby. According to legend, in the 1850s, a shepherd named John Gray made his way in from the meadows with Bobby to the local inn each day at one o'clock. At the café, John would eat lunch as Bobby lay at his feet chewing a bone tucked under his paw. The daily tradition went on for many years, but ended when old John collapsed and died. When he was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard cemetery, his faithful little dog mournfully watched and marked the spot where his old master was buried.

A few days after John's funeral, the proprietor of the inn was surprised when the little terrier showed up at one o'clock begging for a bone. The kind man gave him a roll and a bone, but the same thing happened the following day, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day, when Bobby finished his afternoon bun and bone, the owner followed the little shepherd dog through town—to the Greyfriars Churchyard. There, Bobby lay down at his master's tombstone.

For the next 14 years, day and night, rain or shine, until his own death in 1872, the loyal little canine virtually lived on top of his master's grave. The little terrier left the site for only an hour at a time to visit his two friends, the restaurateur who fed him and the sexton who built a shelter for him at the cemetery.

A little dog teaches us about God's loyalty and faithfulness. Bobby followed his master wherever he went, even after the old shepherd died. Do we have a loyalty to follow our Shepherd, even to the end of our lives?

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

may 10

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every miracle

may 10

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Feb 2 Most of us older people cannot understand why the millennial generation seem so displaced and ungrateful. Well here is a young lady that has opened our eyes and understanding

WHY THE YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY ARE THE WAY THEY ARE Written by Alyssa Ahigren a young lady in her 20 s

The answer is this; my generation has only seen prosperity. We have no contrast. We didn't live in the great depression, or live through two world wars, the Korean War, The Vietnam War or see the rise and fall of socialism and communism. We don't know what its like to live without the internet, without cars, without smartphones. We don't have a lack of prosperity problem. We have an entitlement problem, an ungratefulness problem, and it's spreading like a plague."

Thank you Alyssa

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

===== Feb 9 POWER OF PRAYER

Have you ever felt the urge to pray for someone and then just put it on a list and said, "I'll pray for them later?" Or has anyone ever called you and said, "I need you to pray for me, I have this need,"?

A missionary on furlough told this true story while visiting his home church in Michigan... "While serving at a small field hospital in Africa, every two weeks I traveled by bicycle through the jungle to a nearby city for supplies. This was a journey of two days and required camping overnight at the halfway point. On one of these journeys, I arrived in the city where I planned to collect money from a bank, purchase medicine and supplies, and then begin my two-day journey back to the field hospital. Upon arrival in the city, I observed two men fighting, one of whom had been seriously injured. I treated him for his injuries and at the same time talked to him about the Lord Jesus Christ. I then traveled two days, camping overnight, and arrived home without incident. Two weeks later I repeated my journey. Upon arriving in the city, I was approached by the young man I had treated. He told me that he had known I carried money and medicines. He said, "Some friends and I followed you into the jungle, knowing you would camp overnight. We planned to kill you and take your money and drugs. But just as we were about to move into your camp, we saw that you were surrounded by 26 armed guards." At this I laughed and said that I was certainly all alone out in that jungle campsite.

The young man pressed the point, however, and said, 'No sir, I was not the only person to see the guards. My five friends also saw them, and we all counted them. It was because of those guards that we were afraid and left you alone.'" At this point in the sermon, one of the men in the congregation jumped to his feet and interrupted the missionary and asked if he could tell him the exact day that this happened. The missionary told the congregation the date, and the man who interrupted told him this story: "On the night of your incident in Africa, it was morning here and I was preparing to go play golf. I was about to putt when I felt the urge to pray for you. In fact, the urging of the Lord was so strong, I called men in this church to meet with me here in the sanctuary to pray for you. Would all of those men who met with me on that day stand up?" The men who had met together to pray that day stood up. The missionary wasn't concerned with who they were- he was too busy counting how many men he saw. There were 26."

Psalms 34:7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

===== Feb 16

Where Did The Hatred For our Country and our Judea/Christian Values and The Flag Start?

EVER WONDER WHERE COLIN KAEPERNICK GOT HIS IDEA TO KNEEL AND DISRESPECT THE FLAG?

DO NOT ADD A SINGLE WORD , but just pass it on.

Code, Title 36, Chapter 10, Sec. 171... During rendition of the national anthem, when the flag is displayed, all present (except those in uniform) are expected to stand at attention facing the flag with the right hand over the heart. Or, at the very least, "Stand and Face It".

Senator Obama replied : "As I've said about the flag pin, I don't want to be perceived as taking sides." "There are a lot of people in the world to whom the American flag is a symbol of oppression..." "The anthem itself

conveys a war-like message. You know, the bombs bursting in air and all that sort of thing." Obama continued: "The National Anthem should be 'swapped' for something less parochial and less bellicose. I like the song 'I'd Like To Teach the World To Sing'. If that were our anthem, then, I might salute it. In my opinion, we should consider reinventing our National Anthem as well as 'redesign' our Flag to better offer our enemies hope and love. It's my intention, if elected, to disarm America to the level of acceptance to our Middle East Brethren. If we ,as a Nation of warring people, conduct ourselves like the nations of Islam, where peace prevails, perhaps a state or period of mutual accord could exist between our governments". (HA-HA) When I Become President, I will seek a pact of agreement to end hostilities between those who have been at war or in a state of enmity, and a freedom from disquieting oppressive thoughts. We as a Nation, have placed upon the nations of Islam, an unfair injustice which is WHY my wife disrespects the Flag and she and I have attended several flag burning ceremonies in the past".

"Of course now, I have found myself about to become The President of the United States and I have put my hatred aside . I will use my power to bring CHANGE to this Nation, and offer the people a new path . My wife and I look forward to becoming our Country's First black Family. Indeed , CHANGE is about to overwhelm the United States of America." Yes, you read it right.

Just think, with the entire country knowing how that man thought and believed, they still elected him to run and represent the country two times. But he is still calling the shots, behind the scene. We deserved what we got.

===== Feb 23 Volcanoes Erupt Beneath Arctic Ice By
Jeanna Bryner, Senior Writer posted: 27 June 2008 05:10 pm ET

(These blue highlighted area's, used to be links that showed actual photos. I don't know why they don't work anymore?) 1 of 1 New evidence deep beneath the Arctic ice suggests a series of underwater volcanoes have erupted in violent explosions in the past decade. Hidden 2.5 miles (4,000 meters) beneath the Arctic surface, the volcanoes are up to a mile (2,000 meters) in diameter and a few hundred yards tall. They formed along the Gakkel Ridge, a lengthy crack in the ocean crust where two rocky plates are spreading apart, pulling new melted rock to the surface. Until now, scientists thought undersea volcanoes only dribbled lava from cracks in the seafloor. The extreme pressure from the overlying water makes it difficult for gas and magma to blast outward.

But the Gakkel Ridge, which is relatively unexplored and considered unique for its slow spreading rate, is just the place for surprises. Robert Reeves-Sohn of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution (WHOI) in Massachusetts and his colleagues discovered jagged, glassy fragments of rock scattered around the volcanoes, suggesting explosive eruptions occurred between 1999 and 2001. They hypothesize that the slow spreading could allow excess gas to build up in pockets of magma beneath the oceanic crust. When the gas pressure gets high enough, it pops like a champagne bottle being uncorked. With news this week that polar ice is melting dramatically, underwater Arctic pyrotechnics might seem like a logical smoking gun. Scientists don't see any significant connection, however. "We don't believe the volcanoes had much effect on the overlying ice," Reeves-Sohn told LiveScience, "but they seem to have had a major impact on the overlying water column." The eruptions discharge large amounts of carbon dioxide, helium, trace metals and heat into the water over long distances, he said. The research, detailed in the June 26 issue of the journal Nature, was funded by NASA, the National Science Foundation and WHOI.

1Thessalonians 5:1*6 But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

I found this in my files from 2001, I just changed the date and felt I should send it again as Jesus NEVER changes (Mal 3:6). After I sent it out , the Lord said, "I wanted you to add more to it". So after these 10 things Jesus does, I will share what he has laid on my heart. Top 10 Predictions 1. The Bible will still have all the answers. 2. Prayer will still be the most powerful thing on Earth. 3. The Holy Spirit will still move. 4. God will still honor the praises of His people. 5. There will still be God-anointed preaching. 6. There will still be singing of praise to God. 7. God will still pour out blessings upon His people. 8. There will still be room at the Cross . 9. Jesus will still love you. 10. Jesus still saves the lost when they come to Him. Reminder of just "WHO" is really in control. 1 Peter 1:25 But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. ===== And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you. We are ALL to be like John the Baptist, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way for the coming of the Lord". Mark 13:13* And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. We know that the birth pains for Jesus coming are in the last stages, there has been hundreds of thousands of Christians that have already been killed and beheaded by the church of Satan (Islam) in just the last few decades. BUT we are not just hated by Islam, anymore, but by our friends and neighbors but governments and leaders that believe in political correctness. You can mention GOD, MOHAMED, BUDAH or any other religion or cult, and nobody gets upset. BUT say Jesus or Yashua in whatever language you speak it in and quote the bible. You will find that starting in 2019, you will experience this hatred in your own country. The laws have been implanted on the books already, all it will take is some antichrist filled leader to implicate them. Philippians 3:9* And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: It is only the sold out Christians that learn to live by the measure of faith that God has given us all, that will have the inner peace of God that will be able to endure. In other words, it's not what you are doing or have done, it's what Jesus has already done at the CROSS. Many will say (Mt 7:22*) or, I go to church regularly, I pay tithes, I read the bible, I sing or I play. All These Are Good but they are works and so many Christians believe and are taught that God Judges by what you do. It is your motives or your heart he looks at. If you truly are born again, all these works are a by product of your love for Jesus and your fellow man. When I was young, I had no fear, because I was under Gods grace (Ro 6:14\15*) and now that I'm older, I still have no fear, because I am still under Gods grace, plus I am already dead to the flesh. Romans 6:6* Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. Romans 6:4* Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. So you see; the bible says that is appointed unto man, once to die and then the judgement, so you see, when I was buried (like put under the water) with Christ, I died to self or the old man and the second death has no hold on me. (Re 20:6*) You see why it is so important to believe Jesus and HIS word. CHANGE, POLITICAL CORRECTNESS, ACTIVISTS, HOMOPHOBIA, and all this hoop-full-aw about the reason of CLIMATE CHANGE. These are all lies of Satan, designed to lead you astray (or what I call, LEED YOU DOWN THE GARDEN PATH), you will NOT be deceived. Ephesians 3:17* That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, 2Timothy 3:13* But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived. Bro. Ken ***** jan 12. Remember, Jesus is the Reason for this Season and Start the New Year With Jesus in Your Life ***** Hi Everyone! Here is a poem that may

help if you have lost a loved one. submitted by Arvin Affolder My First Christmas in Heaven I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow. The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear, For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year. I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear, But the sound of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here. I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring, For it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing. I know how much you miss me, I see the pain inside your heart. But I am not so far away, we really aren't apart. So be happy for me dear ones, you know I hold you near. And be glad I 'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year. I sent you each a special gift from my heavenly home above, I sent you each a memory of my undying love. After all, love is a gift more precious than pure gold. Was always most important the stories Jesus told. Please love and keep each other, my Father said to do. I can't count the blessing or love God has for each of you. So have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear, Remember, I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year. 2Corinthians 5:6* Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

***** He Maketh No Mistake The late Joy Sommerfeld

My Fathers way may twist and turn My heart may throb and ache, But in my soul I'm glad I know He Maketh No Mistake. My cherished plans may go astray My hopes may fade away, But still I'll trust my Lord to lead For He doeth know the way. He Maketh No Mistake. Though night be dark and it may seem That day will never break, I'll pin my faith and trust in Him He Maketh No Mistake There is so much now I cannot see My eyesight is far to dim, But come what may I'll simply trust And leave it all to him He Maketh No Mistake. For by and by the mist will lift And it all plain He'll make, Through all the way, though dark to me He Made Not One Mistake Isaiah 41:13 For I the LORD thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Isaiah 26:3 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. ***** jan

26 A Man Named Harold: and a President Named Barack This summarizes how most liberals view the US military Harold was a bright child. He grew up in America. He went to school and had a bright future ahead of him. Harold was full of life but was cut short in a violent moment. While few people had ever heard of Harold before his death, many did afterward And in death, something very shocking happened. What was so shocking, especially when it is compared to the death of someone else recently in the news? Harold was Harold Greene, Major General, United States Army. On Aug. 5, 2014, Major General Greene was killed by a Taliban terrorist. He was returned to America with full military honors. It has been a tradition that the president attends the funeral of General and Flag officers killed in the line of duty. Richard Nixon attended the funeral of a Major General Casey killed in Vietnam and George W. Bush attended the funeral of Lieutenant General Timothy Maude, who was killed in the 9/11 attacks. While Major General Greene was buried, Barack Obama was golfing. The Vice President wasn't there either. Neither was the Secretary of Defense. Flags were not even lowered half-mast. Four days after Harold Greene gave his life for America, Michael Brown was killed in Ferguson, Missouri. Brown was at best a young thug. In the minutes before his death, he committed a robbery at a local convenience store. According to other reports, Brown struck Officer Darren Wilson and shattered his orbital bone. Obama sent a three-person delegation to Brown's funeral! Neither Obama nor Biden would attend the

funeral of the highest ranking military officer killed in the line of duty since 9/11, yet he sent a delegation to the funeral of a thug. When Margaret Thatcher, one of America's staunchest allies and Ronald Reagan's partner in bringing down Soviet communism died, Obama sent only a small low-level delegation to her funeral. The snub was not missed by the British. When Chris Kyle, the most lethal American sniper in history was murdered, there was no expression of sympathy from the White House. But when Whitney Houston died from drug overdose, the Obama/Biden administration ordered all flags be flown at half-mast. There was no White House delegation at the funeral of an American hero. American heroes die and Obama goes to the golf course. A thug dies and he gets a White House delegation. No wonder most "REAL" Americans hold Obama in such contempt, especially members of our Military. And Biden is now expounding on how great the Obama/Biden administration was. Stand up for the "Harolds" in America. Keep this going, okay? Matthew 7:20 Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.