

June 6

In case anyone asks you who a Canadian is...??? Unknown

You probably missed it in the local news, but there was a report that someone in Pakistan had advertised in a newspaper an offer of a reward to anyone who killed a Canadian - any Canadian...!!!

An Australian dentist wrote the following editorial to help define what a Canadian is, so they would know one when they found one.

A Canadian can be English, or French, or Italian, Irish, German, Spanish, Polish, Russian or Greek. A Canadian can be Mexican, African, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Australian, Iranian, Asian, Arab, Pakistani or Afghan. A Canadian may also be a Cree, Métis, Mohawk, Blackfoot, Sioux, or one of the many other tribes known as native Canadians. A Canadian's religious beliefs range from Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, Muslim, Hindu or none. In fact, there are more Muslims in Canada than in Afghanistan. The key difference is that in Canada they are free to worship as each of them chooses.

Whether they have a religion or no religion, each Canadian ultimately answers only to God, not to the government, or to armed thugs claiming to speak for the government and for God.

A Canadian lives in one of the most prosperous lands in the history of the world. The root of that prosperity can be found in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which recognizes the right of each person to the pursuit of happiness. A Canadian is generous and Canadians have helped out just about every other nation in the world in their time of need, never asking a thing in return. Canadians welcome the best of everything, the best products, the best books, the best music, the best food, the best services and the best minds.

But they also welcome the least - the oppressed, the outcast and the rejected. These are the people who built Canada. You can try to kill a Canadian if you must as other blood-thirsty tyrants in the world have tried but in doing so you could just be killing a relative or a neighbour. This is because Canadians are not a particular people from a particular place. They are the embodiment of the human spirit of freedom. Everyone who holds to that spirit, everywhere, can be a Canadian.

Matthew 5:44\* But I say unto you, **Love your** enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

June13

There will be no Sunday Special next week, 6/30/21

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*The word "volcano" comes from a small island called Vulcano in the Mediterranean off the northern coast of Sicily, which gets its name from the blacksmith of the Roman gods—the god of fire—Vulcan. Thousands of years ago, the people who lived in this area believed that Vulcano was actually the forge chimney of Vulcan.*

But volcanoes are not just a colorful legend; they are one of the most powerful and potentially destructive forces on Earth. For example, the 1980 explosion of Mount St. Helens in Washington State was estimated at 500 times more powerful than the force of the atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. There are over 500 known active volcanoes on Earth, with around 1,500 that are potentially active, and that's not

counting those that lie beneath the sea. Unfortunately, about 500 million people live within the "danger range" of these active volcanoes. The biggest volcano on Earth is Hawaii's Mauna Loa. It rises more than 30,000 feet, nearly 5.7 miles above its base on the Pacific sea floor.

For years it was generally accepted and taught by geologists that volcanoes developed slowly over long eons. That was until 1963 when, off the coast of Iceland, the world witnessed a volcano virtually grow up out of the ocean in a matter of months. By 1967 the new volcanic island of Surtsey was transformed into a "mature" island with wide sandy beaches, pebbles, vegetation, birds, and many other features that would suggest great geological age. When the geologists wandered about the island they were mystified and found it hard to believe that this was a volcano whose age was still measured in months and not millennia!

In like manner, many people believe it would take years for them to turn from their sinful habits and live a Christian life. But they may be underestimating the miraculous power of God to quickly give them a new birth. The Lord promises, "I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you; I will take the heart of stone out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh" (Ezekiel 36:26). God's Word says that the time for salvation is now. The same God who gives volcanoes their tremendous power can give you a new direction in an instant—the moment you accept Him into your heart.

Matthew 25:41\* Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, **prepared for the devil** and his angels:

**NOTE:** Seeing, Hell was created for the devil and his angels, and all who do not except the price Jesus paid for our redemption, go to hell as well. My grandfather told me, Every time a volcano erupts, it is just expanding the size of hell to accommodate the sinners.

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June 20

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June 27

submitted by Nora

After our daughter of fifteen years of age was moved to tears by the speech of Greta Thunberg at the UN the other day, she became angry with our generation "who had been doing nothing for thirty years".

So, we decided to help her prevent what the girl on TV announced of "massive eradication and the disappearance of entire ecosystems".

We are now committed to give our daughter a future again, by doing our part to help cool the planet four degrees.

From now on she will go to school on a bicycle, because driving her by car costs fuel, and fuel puts emissions into the atmosphere. Of course it will be

winter soon and then she will want to go by bus, but only as long as it is a diesel bus.

Somehow, that does not seem to be conducive to 'helping the Climate'.

Of course, she is now asking for an electric bicycle, but we have shown her the devastation caused to the areas of the planet as a result of mining for the extraction of Lithium and other minerals used to make batteries for electric bicycles, so she will be pedaling, or walking. Which will not harm her, or the planet. We used to cycle and walk to school too.

Since the girl on TV demanded "we need to get rid of our dependency on fossil fuels" and our daughter agreed with her, we have disconnected the heat vent in her room. The temperature is now dropping to twelve degrees in the evening, and will drop below freezing in the winter, we have promised to buy her an extra sweater, hat, tights, gloves and a blanket.

For the same reason we have decided that from now on she only takes a cold shower. She will wash her clothes by hand, with a wooden washboard, because the washing machine is simply a power consumer and since the dryer uses natural gas, she will hang her clothes on the clothes line to dry.

Speaking of clothes, the ones that she currently has are all synthetic, so made from petroleum. Therefore on Monday, we will bring all her designer clothing to the secondhand shop.

We have found an eco store where the only clothing they sell is made from undyed and unbleached linen, wool and jute.

It shouldn't matter that it looks good on her, or that she is going to be laughed at, dressing in colorless, bland clothes and without a wireless bra, but that is the price she has to pay for the benefit of The Climate.

Cotton is out of the question, as it comes from distant lands and pesticides are used for it. Very bad for the environment.

We just saw on her Instagram that she's pretty angry with us. This was not our intention.

From now on, at 7 p.m. we will turn off the WiFi and we will only switch it on again the next day after dinner for two hours. In this way we will save on electricity, so she is not bothered by electro-stress and will be totally isolated from the outside world. This way, she can concentrate solely on her homework. At eleven o'clock in the evening we will pull the breaker to shut the

power off to her room, so she knows that dark is really dark. That will save a lot of CO2.

She will no longer be participating in winter sports to ski lodges and resorts, nor will she be going on anymore vacations with us, because our vacation destinations are practically inaccessible by bicycle.

Since our daughter fully agrees with the girl on TV that the CO2 emissions and footprints of her great-grandparents are to blame for 'killing our planet', what all this simply means, is that she also has to live like her great-grandparents and they never had a holiday, a car or even a bicycle.

We haven't talked about the carbon footprint of food yet.

Zero CO2 footprint means no meat, no fish and no poultry, but also no meat substitutes that are based on soy (after all, that grows in farmers fields, that use machinery to harvest the beans, trucks to transport to the processing plants, where more energy is used, then trucked to the packaging/canning plants, and trucked once again to the stores) and also no imported food, because that has a negative ecological effect. And absolutely no chocolate from Africa, no coffee from South America and no tea from Asia.

Only homegrown potatoes, vegetables and fruit that have been grown in local cold soil, because greenhouses run on boilers, piped in CO2 and artificial light. Apparently, these things are also bad for The Climate. We will teach her how to grow her own food.

Bread is still possible, but butter, milk, cheese and yogurt, cottage cheese and cream come from cows and they emit CO2. No more margarine and no oils will be used for the frying pan, because that fat is palm oil from plantations in Borneo where rain forests first grew.

No ice cream in the summer. No soft drinks and no energy drinks, as the bubbles are CO2. She wanted to lose some pounds, well, this will help her achieve that goal too.

We will also ban all plastic, because it comes from chemical factories. Everything made of steel and aluminum must also be removed. Have you ever seen the amount of energy a blast furnace consumes or an aluminum smelter? Uber bad for the climate!

We will replace her 9600 coil, memory foam pillow top mattress, with a jute bag filled with straw, with a horse hair pillow.

And finally, she will no longer be using makeup, soap, shampoo, cream, lotion, conditioner, toothpaste and medication. Her sanitary napkins will be replaced with pads made of linen, that she can wash by hand, with her wooden washboard, just like her female ancestors did before climate change made her angry at us for destroying her future.

In this way we will help her to do her part to prevent mass extinction, water levels rising and the disappearance of entire ecosystems.

If she truly believes she wants to walk the talk of the girl on TV, she will gladly accept and happily embrace her new way of life.

**2Thessalonians 2:11\* And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:** submitted by Nora

After our daughter of fifteen years of age was moved to tears by the speech of Greta Thunberg at the UN the other day, she became angry with our generation "who had been doing nothing for thirty years".

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May 2

*Something to ponder*

God first separated the salt water from the fresh, made dry land, planted a garden, made animals and fish... All before making a human. He made and provided what we'd need before we were born. These are best & more powerful when eaten raw. We're such slow learners...

**God left us a great clue as to what foods help what part of our body!**

A sliced Carrot looks like the human eye. The pupil, iris and radiating lines look just like the human eye... And YES, science now shows carrots greatly enhance blood flow to and function of the eyes.

A Tomato has four chambers and is red. The heart has four chambers and is red. All of the research shows tomatoes are loaded with lycopine and are indeed pure heart and blood food.

Grapes hang in a cluster that has the shape of the heart. Each grape looks like a blood cell and all of the research today shows grapes are also profound heart and blood vitalizing food.

A Walnut looks like a little brain, a left and right hemisphere, upper cerebrums and lower cerebellums. Even the wrinkles or folds on the nut are just like the neo-cortex. We now know walnuts help develop more than three (3) dozen neuron-transmitters for brain function.

Kidney Beans actually heal and help maintain kidney function and yes, they look exactly like the human kidneys.



Celery, Bok Choy, Rhubarb and many more look just like bones. These foods specifically target bone strength. Bones are 23% sodium and these foods are 23% sodium. If you don't have enough sodium in your diet, the body pulls it from the bones, thus making them weak. These foods replenish the skeletal needs of the body.

Avocadoes, Eggplant and Pears target the health and function of the womb and cervix of the female - they look just like these organs. Today's research shows that when a woman eats one avocado a week, it balances hormones, sheds unwanted birth weight, and prevents cervical cancers. And how profound is this? It takes exactly nine (9) months to grow an avocado from blossom to ripened fruit. There are over 14,000 photolytic chemical constituents of nutrition in each one of these foods (modern science has only studied and named about 141 of them).

Figs are full of seeds and hang in twos when they grow. Figs increase the mobility of male sperm and increase the numbers of Sperm as well to overcome male sterility.

Sweet Potatoes look like the pancreas and actually balance the glycemic index of diabetics.

Olives assist the health and function of the ovaries

Oranges, Grapefruits, and other Citrus fruits look just like the mammary glands of the female and actually assist the health of the breasts and the movement of lymph in and out of the breasts.

Onions look like the body's cells. Today's research shows onions help clear waste materials from all of the body cells. They even produce tears which wash the epithelial layers of the eyes. A working companion, Garlic, also helps eliminate waste materials and dangerous free radicals from the body.

Genesis 1:11\12 And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. **And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.**

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May 9

Unknown

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*In the spring of 1921, a small group of British soldiers patrolling the Sinai Peninsula became completely lost in a terrible sandstorm. Wandering in the blistering desert, they soon ran out of water. Facing death from thirst, they decided to dig in the sand, hoping to create a well. As this effort proved fruitless, one of the men suddenly remembered the passage in the Bible where Moses struck the desert rock, and God brought forth water for the children of Israel. He reminded his companions they were in the same Sinai Desert and pointed to a rock outcropping nearby. Why not, he asked, try to find water just as Moses had done?*

The men were desperate enough to try anything, so they went to the rock and started to swing at the ledge with a small pick. Then, as they frantically struck out, a miracle occurred—a dribble of clear, sweet water came out of the face of the rock. The rock was actually soft limestone, and part of it covered a hidden spring. This steady trickle of water kept the men alive until they were rescued.

Have you ever wondered if God still answers prayer today like He did in the Bible? Countless times, modern men and women of faith have testified that He does! But the best part is that we don't need to rely on the testimonies of others. God is delighted when we try it out for ourselves. Like a good parent, God loves giving "good things to those who ask Him!" (Matthew 7:11).

The first step is learning to abide in Christ: "If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you" (John 15:7). As we abide in Christ, our hearts are changed, and often, our prayers are changed too. When we're in Christ, "all the promises of God in Him are Yes, and in Him Amen, to the glory of God through us" (2 Corinthians 1:20).

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

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May 16

*Author unknown*

John D. Rockefeller Sr. was strong and husky when small. He was raised a devout Christian but was determined early in life to earn money and drove himself to the limit. At age 33 he earned his first million dollars. At age 43 he controlled Standard Oil, the biggest company in the world. At age 53 he was the richest man on Earth and the world's only billionaire.

Then he developed a sickness called "alopecia," where the hair of his head dropped off, and his eyelashes and eyebrows disappeared. He became deeply depressed over his appearance, compounded by his constant stress, and looked like a shrunken mummy. His weekly income was one million dollars, but he digested only milk and crackers. He was so hated in Pennsylvania that he had to have bodyguards day and night. He could not sleep; he stopped smiling and enjoyed nothing in life.

The doctors predicted he would not live more than a year. Gleefully anticipating his demise, the newspapers had written his obituary in advance. Those sleepless nights set him thinking. A Christian friend told him if he did not begin to share his mounting wealth it would crush him like an avalanche. He realized with a new light that he "could not take one dime into the next world." Money was not everything.

The next morning found him a new man. He began to help churches with his amassed wealth; the poor and needy were not overlooked. He established the Rockefeller Foundation, which funded medical research that led to the discovery of penicillin and other wonder drugs. John D. began to sleep well, eat, and enjoy life. The doctors had predicted he would not live over age 54. He died at age 98.

God understands the power of our thinking. When we focus on ourselves, we will become the most miserable of all people. But when we live to give, health will come into our lives. "A merry heart does good, like medicine, but a broken spirit dries the bones" (Proverbs 17:22). Solomon, once the wealthiest man in the world, wrote this Bible verse. John D. Rockefeller discovered its truth.

1Timothy 6:10\* For **the love of money is the root of all evil:** which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

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May 23

many people just saying the number "666" conjures up ominous images of secret occult ceremonies and the evil powers mentioned in Bible prophecy. Others have refused phone numbers, license plates, and credit cards containing the numbers 666 because of their fearful superstitions. There is even a very long word describing this phobia. It's known as hexakosioihexekontahehexaphobia.

Highway 666 running from Gallup, New Mexico to Monticello, Utah was nicknamed the "Devil's Highway" because of the Scripture that identifies that number with the beast of Revelation. This satanic connotation, combined with an unusually high fatality rate, convinced some people the highway was cursed. The problem was compounded because Satanists were chronically stealing the highway signs as souvenirs. So in 2003 the U.S. Highway Department decided to rename Highway 666 as U.S. Route 491.

We don't have to be afraid of the number 666. It is the natural number sequentially following 665 and preceding 667. Nevertheless, mathematically 666 is a very unique number. It is an abundant number. It is the sum of the first 36 natural numbers ( $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$  up to  $36 = 666$ ). Yes, that means if you add up all 36 numbers on a roulette wheel the resulting total is "666". While going to the casino will cost you dearly, you will not automatically receive the mark of the beast. The number 666 is also a triangular number since 36 is both square and triangular,  $12 + 12 + 12 = 36$ . And of course 222 times three is 666.

The number 666 is also the sum of the squares of the first seven prime numbers (i.e.  $22 + 32 + 52 + 72 + 112 + 132 + 172 = 666$ ). If you add up the first six Roman numerals, IVXLCD, the total is, you guessed it, 666. Even organic molecules are based on carbon-12, with 6 protons and 6 neutrons in the nucleus, surrounded by 6 electrons.

With all this in mind it makes one wonder why the book of Revelation says, "Here is wisdom. Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, **for it is the number of a man**: His number is 666" (Revelation 13:18).

It obviously helps us to identify a power that is against God. Six is the number of MAN. and he thinks in the natural mind or carnal mind.

**Romans 8:6\*** For **to be carnally minded is death**; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

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May 30

### *Why I'm so Outspoken*

I in no wise apologies for sharing the word of God, as he gives me in answering these many questions I get. I repeat what Jesus says in the bible, and so it is with me.

**John 12:50\*** And I know that his commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever **I speak** therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so **I speak**.

I am very conscious of the fact that by changing **ONE WORD**, it can change the whole meaning and since all these modern translations of the word Of God have come out in the last 60 years, the various beliefs have quadrupled since we just had the King James Version.

I know I have a calling from God, way back when I was three years old when I started to speak and fellowship with him. At five years old, I would try to preach to dad's sheep, I didn't know much so could only talk a short while and then have nothing to say. I remember (like it was yesterday) that I told Jesus that I didn't think I would make a very good preacher, he laughed and said not to worry, my ministry was way down the road. He also said it was for the end times, he gave me a burden or desire to tell people his written word is **TRUE** and that he is the same, yesterday, today and forever, Hebrews 13.8.

So when I mention Drs or religious denominations, it is because the unbelieving Dr figures he is the healer through drugs, whereas it's God that heals, and He may use miracles or the atonement through the cross, or medication, it depends on the individual's confidence in the cross. It is not how much faith you have, because every Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl is given **THEE** (the) measure of faith, it's the same measure of faith,

Ro 12:3\* For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man **the measure** of faith.

As I have said many times before, it's like learning to ride a bike or drive a car, at first your tense and by so being, you are jerky and unstable. **BUT** as you relax you get better and better, until it's a piece of cake (so as to speak) And so it is with trusting God, after he proves himself to you, all doubt fades.

Christianity is not Christianity anymore. Most Preachers preach false doctrine because they're afraid they might offend someone, people might say you're judging me, to this I say **NO**. All you're doing is making a statement and if they are offended, it is either their own conscience that is convicting them or it could be the Holy Spirit. Either way, it has nothing to do with the preacher.

You look at the USA since Trump was elected, first of all, the poles said Trump never had a chance, the left wingers (which consist of the modern Democrats, the socialist and those that just want hand outs) were shocked when Trump was elected by a huge majority. Satan thought he had the election, being true to their form, they never even thought that God may intervene, which he did.

If the news media would have been honest, they would have reported that he stopped the one world government in their tracks, he almost stopped the killing of babies by abortion (this would have been accomplished if he'd have been reelected).

NOW GOD gave the USA one last chance, Biden was elected and today they had the runoff election for the senate and the Democrats won, this now means they have the Presidency, the house of Commons and the Senate.

Everybody was looking at what an egotistical jackass Trump is, and this maybe right BUT there were 72 million professing Christians that voted against what God says in his word and chose killing babies, Homosexuality and this transgender junk, it is all against God's word.

This was America's last chance and in less than a decade you will see God's judgement fulfilled against it.

Revelation 18:2\19

So you see, this is the reason I'm so out spoken and have very little sympathy for those who play God and those that profess they know God but don't.

Jesus is coming back very soon and part of my calling is to have as many as possible **READY** to meet him.

That is why we chose our motto: We want to be a stepping stone in the stairway to Heaven , for others.

Bro, Ken

April 4

### **HOW THE APOSTLES DIED.....**

**Matthew** – suffered martyrdom in Ethiopia, killed by a sword wound

**Mark** – Died in Alexandria, Egypt, after being dragged by horses thru the streets until he was dead

**Luke** – Was hanged in Greece as a result of his tremendous preaching to the lost

**John** – Faced martyrdom when he was boiled in a basin of boiling oil during a wave of persecution in Rome

however he was miraculously delivered from death. John was then sentenced in the mines on the prison island of Patmos. He wrote his prophetic Book of Revelation on Patmos. The apostle John was later freed and returned to serve as Bishop of Edessa in modern Turkey. He died as an old man, the only apostle to die peacefully.

**Peter** – He was crucified upside down on an x-shaped cross. According to church tradition it was because he told his tormentors that he felt unworthy to die in the same way that Jesus had died

**James** – Just the leader of the church in Jerusalem was thrown over a hundred feet down from the southeast pinnacle of the Temple when he refused to deny his faith in Christ. When they discovered that he survived the fall his enemies beat him to death with a fuller's club. This was the same pinnacle where Satan had taken Jesus during the Temptation.

**James the Great** – Son of Zebedee was a fisherman by trade when Jesus called him to a lifetime of ministry. As a strong leader of the church James was

ultimately beheaded at Jerusalem. The Roman officer who guarded James watched amazed as James defended his faith at his trial. Later, the officer walked beside James to the place of execution. Overcome by conviction he declared his new faith to the judge and knelt beside James to accept beheading as a Christian.

**Bartholomew** – Also known as Nathaniel.....was a missionary to Asia. He witnessed for our Lord in present day Turkey. Bartholomew was martyred for his preaching in Armenia where he was flayed to death by a whip.

**Andrew** – Was crucified on an x-shaped cross in Patras, Greece after being whipped severely by seven soldiers they tied his body to the cross with cords to prolong his agony. His followers reported that when he was led toward the cross Andrew saluted it in these words "I have long desired and expected this happy hour. The cross has been consecrated by the body of Christ hanging on it". He continued to preach to his tormentors for two days until he died.

**Thomas** – Was stabbed by a spear in India during one of his missionary trips to establish the church in the sub-continent

**Jude** – Was killed with arrows when he refused to deny his faith in Christ

**Matthias** – the apostle chosen to replace the traitor Judas Iscariot, was stoned and then beheaded

**Paul** – Was tortured and then beheaded by the evil emperor Nero in Rome in AD67. Paul endured a lengthy imprisonment which allowed him to write his many epistles to the churches he had formed throughout the Roman empire. These letters which taught many of the foundational doctrines of Christianity form a large part of the New Testament.

Perhaps this is a reminder to us that our sufferings here are indeed minor compared to the intense persecutions and cruelty the apostles and disciples faced during their lives for the sake of Faith!

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

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April 11

***An Amazing Fact:*** Most Americans are acquainted with Washington Irving's short story about Rip Van Winkle. It is a tale about an early American villager of Dutch

*descent who escapes his nagging wife by wandering up in the mountains of New York. After some bizarre adventures, he falls asleep and wakes up 20 years later only to find out that his wife and his best friends have died. Rip Van Winkle is a fanciful fairytale, but there is a real story much like it.*

Author unknown

In 1984, 20-year-old Terry Wallis, married and with a six-week-old girl, was involved in a serious car wreck in Mountain View, Arkansas. The driver died instantly; Terry went into a coma. His family hoped it wouldn't last long and that he'd soon recover. Well, he didn't. And for 19 long years he existed in a semi-vegetative state in which he had to be constantly cared for. Then, much to everyone's incredible surprise, on June 13, 2003, Terry suddenly awoke in his hospital bed and uttered his first words, which were, "Mom," "Pepsi," and then "Milk."

Strangely, Terry began talking as if nothing had happened, as if he had been in the coma for just a few days, not 19 years. In his mind it was still 1984, Ronald Reagan was president, the Berlin Wall still stood, cell phones were the size of bricks, the Internet was largely unknown, and the Twin Towers were still standing. He thought that Bill Clinton was still the governor of his state, and that he was still only 20 years old. In addition, the last he remembered, his daughter was an infant, not the 19-year-old young woman who stood beside his bed. Doctors are still mystified regarding this "mental resurrection."

Sadly, Terry's body had severely atrophied after 19 years in bed, but the Bible teaches that there is a real resurrection coming, in which all those who have been bodily "asleep" in Jesus will arise to eternal life with new glorified bodies! Paul writes, "... in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" (1 Corinthians 15:52). Though time has passed, the dead in Christ will feel as if they have only been asleep in their graves for a short time.

**1Corinthians 15: 52\54** In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead **shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.**

**53\*** For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

**54\*** So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

\*\*\*\*\*

April 18

As I have said before, my earliest recollection in my memory goes back to the summer of 1944. Now these early recollections are as real and vivid, as if it happened yesterday. This is the work of the Holy Ghost, because these memories are way to clear to me to be a natural recollection, I can remember ever detail.



They are just particular times in my growing up, that the Lord uses to confirm our fellowship and things he has taught me, and things he wants to reaffirm my trust in him and his written word.

Our mother would read the bible to us, and she would always emphasize, that no matter what man may say, the bible was the ultimate authority.

This was confirmed to my understanding, the many, many times our Savior would take time to talk to me and answer my questions (on my level I might add, but I still understand today).

I can remember at times, when I was walking with my hand in my dad's hand and would ask him questions, to which he would always answer me the best way he knew how (he would always say, "You are my little chatter box" because I talked so much).

This is the way I always talked to Jesus, when I was younger, he always held my hand.

One of the first things he taught me he has brought back to my remembrance many times, is that **HE** was the promise that God made to Adam and Eve and mankind [Genesis 3:14-15](#) .

In other words, through Jesus and the cross, we were restored to the same fellowship that Adam & Eve had before they sinned. God would walk and talk with them in the cool of the day, and so can we, through Jesus and the cross. I don't know how old I was when he implanted this in my heart and memory. I do know that it was before I was four, because there are many, many more things he taught me after.

Bro. Ken

[Matthew 18:3](#) And said, Verily I say unto you, **Except ye** be converted, and **become as little children**, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

\*\*\*\*\*

April 25

**At the prodding of my friends I am writing this story. My name is Mildred Honor. I am a former elementary school Music Teacher from Des Moines, Iowa.**

**I have always supplemented my income by Teaching Piano Lessons...Something I have done for over 30 years. During those years, I found that Children have many levels of musical ability, and even though I have never had the prodigy, I have taught some very talented students. However, I have also had**

my share of what I call 'Musically Challenged Pupils.

One such Pupil being Robby. Robby was 11 years old when his Mother (a Single Mom) dropped him off for his first Piano Lesson.

I prefer that Students (especially Boys) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby. But Robby said that it had always been his Mother's Dream to hear him play the Piano, so I took him as a Student.

At the end of each weekly Lesson he would always say 'My Mom's going to hear me Play someday.' But to me, it seemed hopeless, he just did not have any Inborn Ability. I only knew his Mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged Car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled, but never dropped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming for his Lessons. I thought about calling him, but Assumed that because of his lack of Ability he had decided to pursue something else. I was also glad that he had stopped coming. He was a Bad Advertisement for my Teaching!

Several Weeks later I mailed a flyer recital to the Students' homes. To my surprise, Robby (who had received a flyer) asked if he could be in the Recital. I told him that the Recital was for current Pupils and that because he had dropped out, he really did not Qualify.

He told me that his Mother had been Sick and Unable to take him to his piano lessons, but that he had been practicing. 'Please Miss Honor, I've just got to Play,' he insisted. I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the Recital - perhaps it was his insistence or maybe something inside of me saying that it would be all right.

The night of the Recital came and the high school gymnasium was packed with Parents, Relatives and Friends. I put Robby last in the Program, just before I

was to come up and thank all the Students and Play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he might do would come at the end of the Program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my 'Curtain Closer'.

Well, the Recital went off without a Hitch, the Students had been Practicing and it Showed. Then Robby came up on the stage. His Clothes were Wrinkled and his Hair looked as though he had run an egg beater through it. 'Why wasn't he dressed up like the other Students?' I thought. 'Why didn't his Mother at least make him Comb his Hair for this Special Night?'

Robby pulled out the Piano bench, and I was Surprised when he announced that he had chosen to play Mozart's Concerto No.21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the Ivories. He went from Pianissimo to Fortissimo, from Allegro to Virtuoso; his Suspended Chords that Mozart demands were Magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by anyone his age.

After six and a half minutes, he ended in a Grand Crescendo, and everyone was on their feet in Wild Applause!!! Overcome and in Tears, I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in Joy.

I have never heard you Play like that Robby, how did you do it? Through the Microphone Robby explained: 'Well, Miss Honor, Remember I told you that my Mom was sick? Well, she actually had Cancer and Passed Away this Morning. And well... she was Born Deaf, so tonight was the first time she had ever heard me Play, and I wanted to make it Special.'

There wasn't a Dry Eye in the house that evening. As People from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into Foster Care, I noticed that even their Eyes were red and Puffy. I thought to myself then how much Richer my Life had been for taking Robby as my

**Pupil.**

**No, I have never had a Prodigy, but that night I became a Prodigy... of Robby. He was the Teacher and I was the Pupil, for he had taught me the meaning of Perseverance and Love and Believing in Yourself, and may be even taking a chance on someone and you didn't know why.**

**Robby was Killed years later in the Senseless Bombing of the Alfred P.Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April, 1995.**

**If you can't see the handi work of God in this, YOUR WOOD IS WET.**

Ephesians 6:5\* Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, **as unto Christ;**

Mar 7

Never too old.....

Contrary to popular opinion, you can teach an old dog new tricks.

Actually, it is much easier to teach an old dog than it is to change habits in a human being. But the old adage about old dogs still has a nice ring to it, doesn't it? Most dog trainers will tell you the challenge of training your pet has less to do with the animal at the end of the collar and more to do with the one holding the leash. (I think the saying was created by someone as an excuse for not trying something new and fresh!) How many times have you heard someone say, "I'm too old to change!" People probably thought that about Harlan David Sanders.

When he was young, Harlan worked many different jobs. He did farming, worked on a steamboat, and was even an insurance salesman. At 40 he opened a service station and sold chicken dinners to his patrons. As the years went by, his way of preparing chicken became more and more popular, so he finally opened a restaurant. When a new freeway pulled future customers away from his business, he opened a franchise and Kentucky Fried Chicken

was born. The Colonel was 65 years old.

I could expound on Ray Kroc, who started McDonald's at 52; Laura Ingalls Wilder, who published her first Little House book at age 65; or Grandma Moses, who began painting at age 75. Benjamin Franklin signed the U.S. Constitution at age 81. Golda Meir became Israel's prime minister when she was 70. Ronald Reagan became President of the United States just 16 days before his 70th birthday.

Still, I think Moses rises to the top of all leaders in Scripture for his service to God in his latter years. His call at the burning bush happened when he was 80 years old. In his first 40 years, he learned the ways of the Egyptians. In his second 40 years, he had to unlearn many things. Then, from the ages of 80 to 120, this intelligent and humble man led Israel to the border of the Promised Land.

We're never too old to try something new.....who knows what lies ahead?????

Ps 31:1 In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me **never** be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

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Mar 14

## BLOOD

***James Harrison is an Australian man who holds the world record for blood donations, having donated blood over 1,000 times. When Harrison was 13 years old, he went through a major surgery and required 13 liters of blood. Afterward, realizing that donated blood had saved his life, he pledged to begin donating his own blood when he turned 18. Soon after he started donating, it was discovered that his blood contains a rare antibody that can save babies from dying of Rhesus disease—a disorder where the Rh-positive blood of the mother is incompatible with the Rh-negative blood of her unborn child.***

**Rhesus disease often results in a miscarriage or stillbirth and sometimes causes brain damage in newborns. Harrison was asked to undergo a series of tests to help create a vaccine for the disease. Since then, the Anti-D vaccine created with his blood plasma has been given to hundreds of thousands of women. It's estimated that Harrison's blood has saved**

**around 2.2 million babies—a gift that has affected the lives of several women close to Harrison. Joy Barnes, a worker at a Red Cross blood bank where Harrison has donated, received the vaccine after having two miscarriages. She said, "Without him I would never have been able to have a healthy baby." Best of all, one of the babies saved was Harrison's own grandson!**

**Harrison says, "I've never thought about stopping. Never." Even after his wife of 56 years passed away, he was back in the hospital a week later to donate. Harrison has been nicknamed the "man with a golden arm" and has received the Order of Australia medal for his contributions.**

**Just as 2.2 million babies would have died without Harrison's gift, all humanity would have died without Jesus' saving blood. It is only Christ's death on the cross that redeems us—we can't redeem ourselves with any amount of gold or silver. Just as Harrison planned from boyhood to donate his blood, Jesus was "foreordained before the foundation of the world" as our sacrificial lamb (1 Peter 1:20). And just as Harrison never plans to stop donating blood, Jesus' gift of salvation isn't limited to a select few. There is no sinner that His blood can't save!**

Collisions 1:14\* In whom we have redemption through **his blood**, even the forgiveness of sins:

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Mar 21

Clayton Noskiye TESTIMONY

[claytoncnoskiye69@icloud.com](mailto:claytoncnoskiye69@icloud.com)

We were flown out to a inaccessible compressor site doing our routine maintenance. As we arrived we see the two female summer students that were flown in earlier to do some painting on the compressor building an walk way railings. It was a was a normal field support biweekly routine for summer months when it was feasible for the company. The job was done an so were the summer students job. We radio contact the main plant an let them know that we all were good for pick up. Helicopter gets there an the pilot asks "you guys want to come back with the water pump first or?" My was coworker kinda hesitant like he wanted to go an looks at me, says "naww ladies first an well just throw in the pump hoses too tho" summer student says quietly to her friend "awesome" so we wait for the second trip an my coworker an i dig around the ole site an we find a working cell phone with booster set up in the com building. We checked it out an see that it worked, by then we can hear the helicopter coming, getting closer to site. Chopper lands an we load up our heavy tool bag with pipe

wrenches etc...behind the pilot beside my partner, while i take the front passenger with the pilot. We all put on our headsets to communicate, while in the loud cab. Dwayne was always uneasy about the chopper rides an would rather like quading or going by vehicle to compressor stations. So we take off from the site, an are at full flying height about a kilometre away, when the Chopper does crazy big "S" an we are like flying backwards. The pilot looks at me with this unforgettable look, then i feel the pilot grab ahold of my chest an says "it's going to be OK", as the chopper started spinning sideways with my window facing the ground. I remember hearing a death scream in the headset(co-worker)no names ahah, also looking an seeing the pilot pull the throttle just as were hitting the ground, which softened the crash landing, but made us spin even faster. The bubble window smashes in from the ground with a horrendous smash an the top prop keeps chopping an cutting up the muskeg ground an small trees while getting rag dolled ahah. God chose the lil'area/crash site just before we got into the big popular an spruce tree area, Glory to the Lord. My partner yells at the pilot while the top prop is kinda still kicking us around "can i get out! How do i get out! We're going to blow up!" The pilot yells back "noo wait don't stay put!" while shutting down all the buzzing instruments an asks if we are ok, we say yes we are. Then my coworker cautiously gets out from hanging in his seat belt harness, not noticing the bag of heavy tools didn't even come near him since it was on the crashing side, while in front the pilot is hanging above me looking down an rubbing his chest, i ask "are you alright?" He replies "yeah just never got a control stick bashed in my chest before" i look down an wondered where my headset was an seen the cord was across my lap an out the broken window an under the side of the helicopter. So we are all out looking at the crash site an the pilot is grabbing the black box. My partner starts trekking through the bush, back to the compressor station in shock. I wait for the pilot while he is grabbing the black box, he says "yeah the company medivac A-star helicopter is on its way" i say jokingly "ok right on another helicopter ahah" he says kinda with a laugh "i assure you this one won't go down" me:"thanks for the assurance when we were flying in reverse ahah" pilot with a puzzled face:"what assurance" then I remember The death scream in the headset an the pilots hand yanking the throttle

up...Blessed be our King who assigned a power house Angel who stepped into the natural to hold my chest assuring me with a peace that voiced "it's going to be ok" and we ended up using the emergency com phone we found to recall for the medivac. GLORY. FOR GOD

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

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Mar 28

### ***The Folded Napkin - A Truck Stop Story***

**If this doesn't light your fire, your wood is wet!**

**I try not to be biased, but I had my doubts about hiring Stevie. His placement counsellor assured me that he would be a good, reliable busboy. But I had never had a mentally handicapped employee and wasn't sure I wanted one. I wasn't sure how my customers would react to Stevie.**

**He was short, a little dumpy with the smooth facial features and thick-tongued speech of Down's Syndrome. I wasn't worried about most of my trucker customers because truckers don't generally care who buses tables as long as the meatloaf platter is good and the pies are homemade.**

**The ones who concerned me were the mouthy college kids travelling to school; the yuppie snobs who secretly polish their silverware with their napkins for fear of catching some dreaded 'truck stop germ'; the pairs of white-shirted business men on expense accounts who think every truck stop waitress wants to be flirted with. I knew those people would be**



uncomfortable around Stevie so I closely watched him for the first few weeks..

I shouldn't have worried. After the first week, Stevie had my staff wrapped around his stubby little finger, and within a month my truck regulars had adopted him as their official truck stop mascot.

After that, I really didn't care what the rest of the customers thought of him. He was like a 21-year-old in blue jeans and Nikes, eager to laugh and eager to please, but fierce in his attention to his duties. Every salt and peppershaker was exactly in its place, not a breadcrumb Or coffee spill was visible when Stevie got done with the table.

Our only problem was persuading him to wait to clean a table until after the customers were finished. He would hover in the background, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scanning the dining room until a table was empty. Then he would scurry to the empty table and carefully bus dishes and glasses onto his cart and meticulously wipe the table up with a practiced flourish of his rag.

If he thought a customer was watching, his brow would pucker with added concentration. He took pride in doing his job exactly right, and you had to love how hard he tried to please each and every person he met.

Over time, we learned that he lived with his mother, a widow who was diaabled after repeated surgeries for cancer. They lived on their Social Security benefits in public housing two miles from the truck stop. Their

social worker, who stopped to check on him every so often, admitted they had fallen between the cracks. Money was tight, and what I paid him was probably the difference between them being able to live together And Stevie being sent to a group home. That's why the restaurant was a gloomy place that morning last August, the first morning in three years that Stevie missed work.

He was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester getting a new valve or something put in his heart. His social worker said that people with Downs Syndrome often have heart problems at an early age so this wasn't unexpected, and there was a good chance he would come through the surgery in good shape and be back at work in a few months.

A ripple of excitement ran through the staff later that morning when word came that he was out of surgery, in recovery, and doing fine.

Frannie, the head waitress, let out a war hoop and did a little dance in the aisle when she heard the good news.

Bell Ringer, one of our regular trucker customers, stared at the sight of this 50-year-old grandmother of four doing a victory shimmy beside his table.

Frannie blushed, smoothed her apron and shot Bell Ringer a withering look.

He grinned. 'OK, Frannie , what was that all about?' he asked..

**'We just got word that Stevie is out of surgery and going to be okay.'**

**'I was wondering where he was. I had a new joke to tell him. What was the surgery about?'**

**Frannie quickly told Bell Ringer and the other two drivers sitting at his booth about Stevie's surgery then sighed: 'Yeah, I'm glad he is going to be OK,' she said. 'But I don't know how he and his Mom are going to handle all the bills. From what I hear, they're barely getting by as it is.' Bell Ringer nodded thoughtfully, and Frannie hurried off to wait on the rest of her tables. Since I hadn't had time to round up a busboy to replace Stevie and really didn't want to replace him, the girls were busing their own tables that day until we decided what to do.**

**After the morning rush, Frannie walked into my office. She had a couple of paper napkins in her hand and a funny look on her face.**

**'What's up?' I asked.**

**'I didn't get that table where Bell Ringer and his friends were sitting cleared off after they left, and Pony Pete and Tony Tipper were sitting there when I got back to clean it off,' she said. 'This was folded and tucked under a coffee cup.'**

**She handed the napkin to me, and three \$20 bills fell onto my desk when I opened it. On the outside, in big, bold letters, was printed 'Something For Stevie'.**

**'Pony Pete asked me what that was all about,' she said, 'so I told him about Stevie and his Mom and everything, and Pete looked at Tony and Tony looked at Pete, and they ended up giving me this.'**  
**She handed me another paper napkin that had 'Something For Stevie' scrawled on its outside. Two \$50 bills were tucked within its folds. Frannie looked at me with wet, shiny eyes, shook her head and said simply: 'Truckers!!'**

**That was three months ago. Today is Thanksgiving, the first day Stevie is supposed to be back to work.**

**His placement worker said he's been counting the days until the doctor said he could work, and it didn't matter at all that it was a holiday. He called ten times in the past week, making sure we knew he was coming, fearful that we had forgotten him or that his job was in jeopardy**

**I arranged to have his mother bring him to work. I then met them in the parking lot and invited them both to celebrate his day back**

**Stevie was thinner and paler, but couldn't stop grinning as he pushed through the doors and headed for the back room where his apron and busing cart were waiting**

**'Hold up there, Stevie, not so fast,' I said. I took him and his mother by their arms. 'Work can wait for a minute. To celebrate you coming back, breakfast for you and your mother is on me!'**

**I led them toward a large corner booth at the rear of the room.**

**I could feel and hear the rest of the staff following behind as we marched through the dining room. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw booth after booth of grinning truckers empty and join the procession. We stopped in front of the big table. Its surface was covered with coffee cups, saucers and dinner plates, all sitting slightly crooked on dozens of folded paper napkins 'First thing you have to do, Stevie, is clean up this mess,' I said. I tried to sound stern.**

**Stevie looked at me, and then at his mother, then pulled out one of the napkins. It had 'Something for Stevie' printed on the outside. As he picked it up, two \$10 bills fell onto the table.**

**Stevie stared at the money, then at all the napkins peeking from beneath the tableware, each with his name printed or scrawled on it. I turned to his mother. 'There's more than \$10,000 in cash and checks on that table, all from truckers and trucking companies that heard about your problems.. 'Happy Thanksgiving.'**

**Well, it got real noisy about that time, with everybody hollering and shouting, and there were a few tears, as well.**

**But you know what's funny? While everybody else was busy shaking hands and hugging each other, Stevie, with a big, big smile on his face, was busy**

clearing all the cups and dishes  
from the table....

Best worker I ever hired.

Plant a seed and watch it grow..

At this point, you can bury this inspirational message  
or forward it, fulfilling the need!

If you shed a tear, hug yourself, because you are a  
compassionate person.

***Blessed are those who can give without remembering  
and take without forgetting.***

Luke 6:38\* Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure,  
pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men  
give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete  
withal it shall be measured to you again.

=====

One thing I want people to know, is that if you trust God and his word and  
have chosen to exercise your authority over the evil one according to his  
word. **YOU ACT** immediately, in other words, don't put it off, this is one thing  
the Lord showed me, when he gave us authority over sickness, Hell and the  
grave through **HIS** name. And I no longer had to accept colds, flues,  
pandemics, runny nose, allergies and so on.

One day, I felt a sore throat coming on and I was busy so I thought I'd pray  
later. Well, you guessed it, **I FORGOT**, and the next day I felt a tightness in my  
chest, so I left it until my bedtime prayer. By then my lungs started to feel  
uncomfortable. I prayed and rebuked it, it didn't get any worse, but for three  
days it didn't get any better either.

After **I WAS FREE AGAIN**, I ask the Lord "**WHY** did it take three days." And  
he showed me, that when we allow Satan even a little time, he gets his foot in  
the door and then it's hard to get rid of him. If you resist him immediately, he  
flees immediately, in Matthew 4:1-11, when Jesus was tempted of the Devil,

he did not procrastinate but quoted scripture right away. Satan has only three temptations he can tempt us with and that's what he tried on Jesus, and that is, The Lust of the Flesh, The Lust of the Eyes and the Pride of Life. **1Jo 2:16,**

Jesus said he was tempted in every way we are, yet without sin, **Heb 4:15\*** Temptation is not sin, but yielding to it is, But flirting with it will probably lead you to commit sin.

Give the devil an inch and he'll want a mile, give him a ride and he'll end up driving.

Bro. Ken

Ephesians 4:27\* Neither give place to the devil.

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Feb 14

I asked one of my friends who has crossed 70 & is heading to 80 what sort of changes he is feeling in himself?

He sent me the following very interesting lines, which I would like to share with you ....

#1 After loving my parents, my siblings, my spouse, my children, my friends, now I have started loving myself.

#2 I just realized that I am not "Atlas". The world does not rest on my shoulders.

#3 I now stopped bargaining with vegetables & fruits vendors. A few pennies more is not going to burn a hole in my pocket but it might help the poor fellow save for his daughter's school fees.

#4 I pay my waitress a big tip. The extra money might bring a smile to her face. She is toiling much harder for a living than me

#5 I stopped telling the elderly that they've already narrated that story many times. The story makes them walk down the memory lane & relive the past.

#6 I have learned not to correct people even when I know they are wrong. The onus of making everyone perfect is not on me. Peace is more precious than perfection.

#7 I give compliments freely & generously. Compliments are a mood enhancer not only for the recipient, but also for me. And a small tip for the recipient of a compliment, never, NEVER turn it down, just say "Thank You"

#8 I have learned not to bother about a crease or a spot on my shirt. Personality speaks louder than appearances.

#9 I walk away from people who don't value me. They might not know my worth, but I do.

#10 I remain cool when someone plays dirty to outrun me in the rat race. I am not a rat & neither am I in any race.

#11 I am learning not to be embarrassed by my emotions. It's my emotions that make me human.

#12 I have learned that it's better to drop the ego than to break a relationship. My ego will keep me aloof, whereas with relationships I will never be alone.

#13 I have learned to live each day as if it's the last. After all, it might be the last.

#14 I am doing what makes me happy. I am responsible for my happiness, and I owe it to myself. Happiness is a choice. You can be happy at any time, just choose to

I decided to send this to all my friends. Why do we have to wait to be 60 or 70 or 80, why can't we practice this at any stage and age.

#15 The most important of ALL, is that I wish I had fallen in LOVE with Jesus at a way earlier age.

1John 4:16\* And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. I asked one of my friends who has crossed 70 & is heading to 80 what sort of changes he is feeling in himself?

He sent me the following very interesting lines, which I would like to share with you ....

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1John 4:16\* And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love **dwelleth in God, and God in him.**

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Feb 21

According to the family legend, two brothers, one named Billy and the other Melvin, were standing on the family's dairy farm one day when they saw an airplane doing some skywriting. The boys watched as the plane sketched out the letters "GP" overhead.

Both brothers decided that what they saw had meaning for them. One thought it meant "Go preach." The other read it as "Go plow." Later, one of the boys, Billy Graham, dedicated himself to preaching the gospel, becoming an icon of evangelism. His brother Melvin went on to faithfully run the family dairy farm for many years.

Skywriting signs aside, if God did call Billy to preach and Melvin to plow, as seems to be the case, they both honored God through their vocations. While Billy had a long preaching career, his success doesn't mean that his brother's obedience to his calling to plow was any less important.

While God does assign some to be in what we call full-time ministry (Ephesians 4:11-12), that doesn't mean those in other jobs and roles aren't doing something just as important. In either case, as Paul said, "each part [should do] its work" (v. 16). That means honoring Jesus by faithfully using the gifts He's given us. When we do, whether we "go preach" or "go plow," we can make a difference for Jesus wherever we serve or work.

Romans 11:29\* For the gifts and **calling** of God are without repentance.

2Peter 1:10\* Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your **calling and election sure**: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall:

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Feb 28

***If this doesn't get to you I would be very surprised!!***

**Red Marbles!!**

(Unknown)

### **IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER**

**I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy; delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.**

**Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation**

between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me. "Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo; Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good" "They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine Gittin' stronger alla' time." "Good. Anything I can help you with?" "No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas." "Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller. "No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with." "Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas"

"All I got's my prize marble here." "Is that right? Let me see it:" said Miller. "Here 'tis She's a dandy." "I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a redone like this at home?" the store owner asked. "Not zackley but almost." "Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble." Mr. Miller told the boy. "Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller." Mrs. Miller; who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said: "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas; apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles; and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store." I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man; the boys, and their bartering for marbles!

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts; dark suits and white shirts, all very professional looking. They approached

**Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her; kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as; one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes. Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. "Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now; at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size, they came to pay their debt!! "We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world:" she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho!!" With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles. The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath. Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles, a fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself!! An unexpected phone call from an old friend. Green stoplights on your way to work. The fastest line at the grocery store. A good sing-along song on the radio. Your keys found right where you left them. IT'S NOT WHAT YOU GATHER, BUT WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT TELLS WHAT KIND OF LIFE YOU HAVE LIVED!**

Luke 6:38\* Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

jan/3

Visiting pastor

*Unknown*

A while back I read a story of a visiting pastor who attended a men's breakfast in the middle of a rural farming area of the country. The group had asked an older farmer, decked out in bib overalls, to say grace for the morning breakfast.

"Lord, I hate buttermilk", the farmer began. The visiting pastor opened one eye to glance at the farmer and wonder where this was going.

The farmer loudly proclaimed, "Lord, I hate lard." Now the pastor was growing concerned.

Without missing a beat, the farmer continued, "And Lord, you know I don't much care for raw white flour". The pastor once again opened an eye to glance around the room and saw that he wasn't the only one to feel uncomfortable.

Then the farmer added, "But Lord, when you mix them all together and bake them, I do love warm fresh biscuits. So Lord, when things come up that we don't like, when life gets hard, when we don't understand what you're saying to us, help us to just relax and wait until you are done mixing. It will probably be even better than biscuits. Amen."

Within that prayer there is great wisdom for all when it comes to complicated situations like we are experiencing in the world today.

Stay strong, my friends, because our LORD is mixing several things that we don't really care for, but something even better is going to come when HE is done with it. AMEN!

Romans 15:21\* But as it is written, To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see: and they that have not heard shall **understand**.

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jan/10

I greeted our youngest boy with, "Son, what did you do in school today?" To my utter surprise, he said the teacher had them write a definition of love.

That sounded more like an assignment for a college-level sociology or philosophy class than a bunch of eight-year-olds. But I controlled my surprise and said, "What did you write?"

"Well, it sure could have been better."

"But what did you say?"

"Well," he replied, "it sure could have been longer."

"Yes, I suppose it could have, son, but what was it you put down?"

"I put down 'To love is to give!' "

I was dumbfounded! "Wow!" I said, "that was great! How did you come up with such a wonderful answer as that?"

Now it was his turn to look startled. "Dad," he said, "don't you know 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?'"

For God so loved the world that He *gave*. Now Christian, that is one of the most significant truths contained in the whole Bible.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the people of the world understood love in that way? Most people see love in the light of getting rather than giving. And L-O-V-E is usually spelled L-U-S-T. Is there anything we can do to help our kids see things in the right perspective? Mom and Dad, show affection for each other. Let your kids see a tender pat on the shoulder, an affectionate hug, and tender kiss.

Let them see love that focuses on the needs of others.

1Corinthians 13:1\* Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not **charity**, (Love) I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

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jan/17

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT - CORONAVIRUS

Last evening dining out with friends, one of their uncles, who's graduated with a master's degree and who worked in Shenzhen Hospital (Guangdong Province, China) sent him the following notes on Coronavirus for guidance:

1. If you have a runny nose and sputum, you have a common cold
2. Coronavirus pneumonia is a dry cough with no runny nose.
3. This new virus is not heat-resistant and will be killed by a temperature of just 26/27 degrees. It hates the Sun.
4. If someone sneezes with it, it takes about 10 feet before it drops to the ground and is no longer airborne.
5. If it drops on a metal surface it will live for at least 12 hours - so if you come into contact with any metal surface - wash your hands as soon as you can with a bacterial soap.
6. On fabric it can survive for 6-12 hours. normal laundry detergent will kill it.

7. Drinking warm water is effective for all viruses. Try not to drink liquids with ice.
8. Wash your hands frequently as the virus can only live on your hands for 5-10 minutes, but - a lot can happen during that time - you can rub your eyes, pick your nose unwittingly and so on.
9. You should also gargle as a prevention. A simple solution of salt in warm water will suffice.
10. Can't emphasise enough - drink plenty of water!

#### THE SYMPTOMS

1. It will first infect the throat, so you'll have a sore throat lasting 3/4 days
2. The virus then blends into a nasal fluid that enters the trachea and then the lungs, causing pneumonia. This takes about 5/6 days further.
3. With the pneumonia comes high fever and difficulty in breathing.
4. The nasal congestion is not like the normal kind. You feel like you're drowning. It's imperative you then seek immediate attention.

SPREAD THE WORD - PLEASE SHARE.

#### Psalms 91:1 to 10

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Jan 24

I would like to apologies for some of the past Sunday Specials. I have gotten off the track of stories, testimonies, and things that glorify the intervention and blessings of God.

We as most humans have the tendency of listening to the trials and tribulation of the world and by so doing, we start focusing on the secular world instead of looking to the Holy Spirit for guidance.

2Kings 19:14 And Hezekiah received the letter of the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up into the house of the LORD, and spread it before the LORD.

We get to confident in our own abilities, and the bible is quite clear that we can do nothing (right) without the Spirit of God. Why do you think there are so many denominations and beliefs in the world today and over the last several decades, have multiplied tremendously?

We are to worship God, in **SPIRIT & TRUTH**

John 4:23\* But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in **spirit and** in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

John 4:24\* God is a **Spirit: and** they that worship him must worship him in **spirit and** in truth.

The bible clarifies this by telling us that in the church, we are Spirit and not Jew, Baptised, Pentecostal, 7th day or anything else.

Galatians 3:28\* **There is neither Jew nor Greek**, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

The first Church understood this and lived accordingly, until Satan said, "Is it not written", and he has been deceiving the majority ever since.

Bro, Ken

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Jan 31

In 2005, the lord totally opened my understanding to his promises in the scripture concerning my spiritual and physical well being. Scriptures like, Joh 14:13\*, Ps 91:5-10, and many more. It started with the common flu, he said to me, "You know, you don't have to catch the flu nor colds, I took them upon myself on Calvary cross, just rebuke them and claim my atonement." So whenever I felt a sore throat or a tightness in my chest coming on, I learned, that immediately, I would rebuke it, quote the appropriate scripture and refuse to accept Satan's lies, and immediately I was free. As I Experienced more fiery darts thrown at me by the evil forces (Eph 6:16\*), and with the same results, my trust or confidence in the Lord and his word grew. **YOU SEE**, It's not your faith that grows, it is your trust or confidence for **WE ALL** are given thee (the) **SAME MEASURE OF FAITH.**(Ro 12:3)

YOU SEE, Peter trusted Jesus and walked on water UNTIL he started thinking, see what your natural mind does.

In the spring of 2006 I woke up with an excruciating pain in my right lower side, I had never experienced a pain like this (my first thoughts were, this must be what a women has when she gives birth). Anyway, I cried out to God and ask Lord what is it? He immediately (and I might add, casually)

said, "It's your appendix" to which I said what do I do? And he replied (just as casual) and said, "Claim a new appendix." To which I said, "OK Lord" I rebuked the pain and affliction and said I claim a new appendix. Within a very, very short period of time, the pain left and I went back to sleep.

For those that say God don't speak to people that way I'll have you know that God and I have been talking like this for over 75 years.

Bro. Ken

Ps 50:15 And **call upon me** in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.