

Carla and the Christmas Bear - #1

"Please Sir", as she held out her soiled empty hand, "Can you spare just a morsel for a cold weak child"?

The over plump man never looking down assumed she was speaking of herself. He stared at her with cold unsympathetic eyes, then grunted, "Off with you", he said. "Do you not know who I am? I own all these buildings, for the next two blocks, and if I had my way, you vagrants would be toted off to oblivion. You hang around here with your hands out expecting my renters to give, give, give...".

Then suddenly he felt this sharp abrupt pain on his old squeaky shinbone, and immediately thought that this frail unkept woman had kicked him, but no, this meek little child's voice erupted from lower down to make herself noticed. "You are a nasty mean spirited old man, and Santa will not be coming to see you this Christmas", she cried with tears rolling from her pale blue eyes.

The man now angry reached for his tiny assailant and slipped and fell with a crash upon the snow and ice. Now he had two new bruises, this would be a meeting that he would not forget for a long, long time.

Finally, he scooted himself over to a street lamp pole and hoisted his heavy body back up straight on his feet. Grumbled and growled from the back of his throat, swearing that this woman and child would pay for what they had done to him. He turned in a flash and headed for his over stretched limo that was waiting by the curbside. The driver opened the door, and after shutting it behind his employer, reached in his pocket and handed the woman ten dollars. "Merry Christmas," he said.

The woman and child both thanked him for his kindness, for they knew that he was only a working man, unlike the man he labored for, but they were grateful for any means that would allow them nourishment, and something warm to drink.

"Mommy, I'm cold, and I'm hungry, Can we get something to eat now"?

"Yes, we'll walk down the street to that all night grocery, and get some fruit and some hot chocolate".

And so off they went. Once inside, the clerk, being told to watch those that lived on the street very closely, for they would 'help themselves' to merchandise, she spoke cautiously, but nicely, as she watched the mother prepare two large cups for their hot treat.

Feeling the woman's eyes on her, the Mother turned and showed the lady her acquired monies, so that she could rest her mind that she wasn't trying to get something for nothing. While she was busy with the chocolate the child's eyes would light up when she noticed a Christmas basket filled with goodies on the shelf above her. "Look, Mommy", she said with excitement in her voice, "There's a Christmas bear, just like the one I had, before Daddy got sick".

It wasn't that she was ignoring her daughter's words, but she knew that any money they had was a must to be used for food, not Christmas bears in a colored cellophane wrap.

She leaned over and very quietly, she tried to explain. "Carla, now you know that Mama can't afford things such as that, maybe Santa will bring it for you".

Even at seven years old, Carla knew in her mind, that Mama was telling her the truth, but she also knew in her heart that she couldn't give up on her dreams, and yes, maybe Santa would bring it to her.

The lady in the store allowed them as paying customers to remain in the warmth of the store and drink their drinks and feast on the large bright shiny red apples. Carla and her Mother talked about Christmas memories that they had shared before Carla's Daddy had passed away, leaving them on their own. It was a happier time, though they still weren't rich, they did have a home and food. They weren't bitter they just knew that this wasn't the life they wanted or needed to be living. After they had finished eating and drinking, they thanked the lady for her generosity, and headed back out into the bite of the ice, snow and darkness.

It was still two weeks before Christmas, and Carla held high hopes of Santa fulfilling her teddybear wish.

The North wind was howling and the snow was getting heavier, as Carla and her Mama crawled into that cardboard box they knew as home. The ends were covered in heavy wool blankets that people from the shelter handed out last winter to those on the streets. No matter how cold it was her Mother always made sure that Carla was as warm as she could possibly keep her under these conditions.

Mama began her nightly ritual, with the singing of the lullabye and season's story, but this night Carla noticed a cough that kept plaguing her Mother's shivering voice.

Finally, Carla broke in and stopped her, by saying, "Mama, can we just go to sleep now, I'm really quite tired". Mama agreed, and Carla rolled over, trying to imagine a warm fireplace and the sound of the crackling it makes as the logs burn to ashes.

A few hours later, the repeated sound of her Mother's hacking cough awoke her. Carla became quite worried for that was the same sound that she remembered about her Daddy just before 'the funeral'.

Carla loved her Mother, and began trying to wake her, but noticed that she was very warm. Warmer even than she should possibly be.

As the daylight appeared, her Mother woke, but in her eyes was the illness that soon would prove to bring many sleepless nights for this seven year old angel. Carla began to pray, to the Jesus that her Mother had always told her about. The Jesus that performed miracles by healing the terminally ill. So at night while her Mother lay coughing, Carla would lay awake and pray. But the only person in Carla's life that she knew would always love her, was growing worse, not better, in spite of all the prayers that she would send.

Then one morning, only three days before Christmas, Hubert, another homeless man, came by to see how Carla and her Mother was fairing, since they had not come to the park in many days. When Hubert raised the wool blanket from the end of the box and saw the condition that her

Mother was in, he sat down on the frozen sidewalk and started to talking to Carla about her Mother being sick.

"How long she been this way, Carla", Hubert asked?

"A long time now", she said with doubt in her voice and tears in her eyes. "She hasn't opened her eyes, this makes three days now".

Hubert knew that this was very serious, she probably had pneumonia, and for the homeless, pneumonia usually meant certain death.

By now Carla had basically forgotten about that Christmas bear or any wishes of any kind except those having to do with her Mother getting well.

"She needs medicine", Hubert said. "And she needs it quick". But he knew that without money, they would see her at the local ER but still very few survived.

Carla told Hubert that she had prayed for her, but Jesus didn't hear her, but Hubert tried to assure this sweet innocent child that Jesus hears everybody, but tends to the needs of his children in many different ways. "You just keep a prayin' child, just keep a prayin'".

Suddenly Carla remembered the man that she had kicked that night, that rich man that she felt was being mean and nasty to her Mother. Maybe that is the reason that Jesus hasn't give Mama a miracle, she thought to herself. I need to find him and tell him I'm sorry. Maybe then

Jesus would let Mama be well again. So Carla bundled up like her Mother had always told her to do, and set out to find that man.

It just so happened that very evening, that long black shiny car pulled up just down the street, and Carla noticed it. It was hard to miss actually, so she took off with the good intentions of speaking her apologies for her recent bad manners.

She approached the car just as the owner stepped out, and she cleared her throat to get his attention. "Please, Sir, will you please forgive me, so that Jesus will grant my Mommy a miracle"?

"Uhh, what did you say", asked the man? "Go on little girl, don't bother me, can't you see I'm a busy man"? But Carla just wouldn't, couldn't give up. She had to make this man accept her apology. "Please Sir, Please", Carla began to beg. "You must hear my apology, so Jesus will help Mama!"

Then he realized just who this child was, this was the little girl that had given him that mean little kick on the sidewalk that night. Yes, how could he forget that, after all, he still carried an off colored bruise on his shin.

"Okay, Okay", he gruffly said. "Just get away from me, you little brat"!

Any other time Carla would have taken offense to one calling her such names, but she took that as his acceptance and off she went, with a now consoled look on her numb frozen face.

When she returned to her cardboard home, she found Hubert waiting on her, but she also noticed the back of an ambulance with the lights on, headed down the street in a hurry. She paused and ran to lift the blanket but Hubert stopped her. Fighting his grip, she began yelling at him, "Where's my Mama! Where's my Mama! What have you done to her"?

"She had to go see the Doctor," Hubert said, while trying to console this child that he knew would have to be placed now in the care of the authorities, whether her Mother survived or not.

The word of this child's fate, spread on the streets, like a wild fire in a dry forest.

The only attention that anybody ever paid to the oversized car when it rolled into the neighborhood, was that they knew that the oversized man would soon appear from it's back seat to gather rent from his apartment dwellers. This time, though, it would be different. Not only did he step out, but also a very sweet looking grandmotherly looking woman.

She stood outside the car, looking up at the tall buildings, as though she was making mental notes on their whereabouts for later years. Pointing ever so often and the cheuffer would slightly bow his head.

You could tell that now her attention was being drawn to a more immediate thought, for the look on her face softened even more. She tapped the lady's shoulder, that was telling of Carla and her Mother's problems, "Excuse me," she said. "Did I hear you say there is a small child that has been left unattended out here on the streets?"

The lady just pointed straight toward where Hubert and Carla were standing.

Carla was busy crying, but Hubert knew what that point was going to lead to. His first reaction was to take Carla and hide her, but he also knew that if he did it would just mean that she would have to stay in the freezing streets another night, and he really didn't want that to be. So he took Carla and moved even closer to the lady that was now keeping her eyes glued on their actions.

It wasn't long after Hubert saw the lady speaking to somebody on the phone that a police car pulled up next to them on the edge of the street.

The first officer that stepped up on the sidewalk, reached for Carla, and she jerked backwards, as to avoid his touch. Hubert bent down on his knees, and started trying to convince Carla that she needed to go with them so that they could take her to see her Mother.

He also knew that probably wasn't going to be where she went but she was already upset and she too needed medical attention.

He heard a woman's voice, and turned to see the lady that was previously standing beside the car. The policemen apparently knew who she was, for they called her by name.

She motioned for them to let her try and get Carla to go with her, and assured them that she was deal with the legal athourities herself.

Hubert gave Carla a hug and then raised up and stepped out of the way as to give Mrs. Winkleman direct access to Carla's attention. He couldn't hear all of what she was saying to her, but very soon the Mrs. stood up, took Carla by the hand, spoke to the policemen, and off they went hand in hand down the sidewalk.

When Mr. Winkleman came from the building, one could see the non-approval on his face, but he didn't argue with his misses. All three stepped into the back of that long black car and it sped off down the street.

Carla's Mother didn't make it through the night, and that news too spread through the streets. Although each of them worried about Carla, they were sure that she now was being taken care of. They knew she was not on the streets facing another freezing night. Hubert would never forget the story that Carla's Mother shared with him, before he had called the ambulance to retrieve her from her paper doll home.

After Mrs. Winkleman had left with Carla that day, Hubert had shared the story with the officers that had arrived first. Her Mother had told Hubert Carla's only Christmas wish. The Christmas bear wrapped in colored cellophane.

What they didn't know, was that Carla would again visit them, each time Mr. Winkleman would come into the neighborhood to collect his rent. Yes, Carla was now living with Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman. She never came that she wasn't holding tightly to that Christmas Bear that she had wished for.

On her first visit back, she hunted down Hubert to tell him that she knows now that Jesus did hear her prayers, for she prayed that her Mommy and Daddy would again be together, and now...they were.

Carla and the Christmas Bear.

2Chronicles 16:9 For the eyes of the LORD run **to and fro** throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.

DEC II

She snuggled down beneath the warm soft blankets, with the fireplace glowing through the darkness. It seems almost impossible to believe that one little girl could have traveled such a far distance in only a year. But she did, and she is here, living much like a fairytale princess in what she refers to as her, crystal palace.

Grams and Gramps Winklemann have become the Grandparents she never knew, nor even dreamed of ever having. They give her everything a storybook princess could ever hope of having. Closets filled with the finest of clothing, toys upon tons of toys.

Private schools, and dance lessons, music lessons, travels taking her to the furthest tips of the globe.

Carla remembers the bite of Winter in that makeshift cardboard home she slept in, only a year ago. As a matter of fact, she still has the dark wool blankets that covered it's ends, to hold out the snow and ice. She has always kept them folded on the end of her bed. When she is feeling lonely she holds them in front of the fireplace, and reads from the book that her Mother used to every night, until she would fall asleep.

The next thing she knew, there was a voice as soft as the feather bed she was in, calling her name. "Miss Carla, wake and come see the new snow." It was the voice of Missy, Carla's Nanny. She had opened the long pink drapes, so that the morning light could find the room. Carla stretched her body, and yawned, and stepped out onto the dark marble floors, moving sleepily to her third story window for a look see. The balcony outside her window, was covered in the whitest snow she'd ever saw. Not one footprint or track of any kind had flawed it, and it was a winter wonderland transformed overnight.

Carla's eyes lit up and she sighed from the awesome wintry sight. Brightly colored cardinals caught her attention, in the frozen treetops. They reminded her of Christmas ornaments, swaying in the breeze.

Missy announced that her bath was ready. Reluctantly she pulled herself away from the window, and headed into the bathroom. After her warm bath, she dressed and down to the dining room, she went. Grams and Gramps was already there, having coffee and toast. Gramps was reading the newspaper, as always and Grams had her paper and pencil, checking her daily events calendar.

"Good morning, Princess," they both said at almost the same time. Gramps never lowered his paper when he asked if she would like to take a ride with him downtown this morning. Carla always rode with him, so that she could visit with Hubert. Hubert was now the maintenance man in one of the buildings that Gramps owns. He has an apartment, on the first floor, so Carla visits with him while Gramps goes from door to door gathering the monthly rent.

She stepped out onto the ice covered sidewalk, in almost the exact spot where she had been, the day that she had given Gramps that swift kick in the shin, that sent him to the ground with a bang. She blushes every time she thinks about what she had done, but Gramps just chuckles, and refers to her as, 'Bruiser'.

There was a whole lot of faces that she didn't recognize as the regulars going in and out of the building, and they were carrying lumber and work tools and wearing thick heavy belts that were weighted with smaller tools, screwdrivers, pliers, measuring tapes and such and there were many of them, not just one or two. They all spoke or nodded as Gramps stood in front of the steps leading up to the doorway. He stopped one man, and asked him where he could find the foreman, and the man told him he was on the third floor at the far end of the building.

Gramps leaned down and gave me strict instructions not to leave the first floor for he didn't want me to get hurt in any of the construction. He said if you get hurt the Misses will have my head! He patted me on the back and headed upstairs.

Carla took a stroll down the sidewalk where she knew it would take her to where her Mother and her had stayed just last year. As she rounded the corner, she noticed a box just like the one they had, except a bit smaller, but it too had the ends covered with blankets, dark heavy wool blankets, to keep out the snow and ice.

A woman's voice came from behind her calling her by name. "Carla!," the lady yelled... "How have you been?" Carla immediately turned in her direction to see a smile as big as all the city lights. It was Rita. She remembers Rita helping her Mother learn how to 'make it' on the streets. She taught her how to panhandle money from passersby, and which dumpsters had the 'freshest' scraps, and which stores would sometimes give handouts to the homeless. But what she remembered most about Rita was that she had always referred to me, as Mom's Ace in the hole. She said, that when most wouldn't give anything to a homeless adult, they would nearly always give to a woman with a child. I knew that Rita was always around, somewhere close.

Rita bent down on one knee and hugged me really really tight, and told me how she missed Mom. I too missed Mom, but I also knew that she was with Daddy, and they were happy. Or I wanted to believe that, either way, she was no longer freezing on the streets and having to beg for food and handouts to feed me, and that was worth a whole lot.

We talked for a bit and others that I knew began to gather around the fireplace, which was a .55 gallon barrel with burning garbage in it, to warm their hands, and talk. I stood among them, as they drilled me for information about the reconstruction of the building down the way. I couldn't tell them anything for I was as in the dark as they seemed to be. Just as the conversation went silent, I looked up to see Gramp's car pulling to the curbside, and I bid them all goodbye and gave hugs and into the backseat I climbed.

Gramps took my hand and remarked about how cold I was, and gave directions to the driver to stop and get us some hot chocolate. As we were waiting on our refreshments, Gramps was on the phone ordering supplies and making arrangements for their delivery. "What are you doing with the building, Gramps?" He just smiled and told me it was a surprise, and that real soon I would see. Adults were so secretive at times, and confusing to kids, so I just sipped on my chocolate and pretty much pushed his answer out of my mind.

Just then Carla glanced out the dark tinted window to see a huge plastic sign with big red bold letters announcing that Santa Claus was arriving that day. "Gramps! Gramps!", Carla squealed. "Can I go tell Santa my Christmas wishes?" He thought about it for a second, and then again instructed the driver to pull over, and almost in an instant we were standing in a line behind others wanting to make sure this Christmas would bring them their choices of toys and dreams.

As Carla got closer she could hear some of the children, telling their secrets, and Santa's, Ho, Ho, Ho's, as they slid down the slide into a pile of stuffed animals and overstuffed pillows. Then as they left, the elves would hand them peppermint canes and take their pictures if the parents wanted.

Then it was Carla's turn. She proudly walked up and placed herself on his comfortable knee, and before he could ask, Carla had already started. "Santa," she said quite timidly at first, "I'm not here to ask for new toys, or even clothes, for I've plenty, actually more than I could have ever dreamed of asking for. But I do want to thank you for giving me so much last year, and wanted to know if it was okay with you if I donated what I have to boys and girls that were like me before Jesus gave me to Grams and Gramps. You see? Mama always taught me it was rude to get rid of gifts that others had given me, and I didn't want you to think I didn't like them 'er nothin'. They are all still like brand new, and I know that I would have loved to have had them before." Santa's cheery voice, cracked as he assured Carla that he would be proud of her, as she was showing the true spirit of what Christmas was really about.

As Carla started to jump down, she hesitated and then kissed Santa on his rosy cheek, gave him a hug and then whispered something in his ear.

"We'll see what we can do, Carla," said Santa, and down the slide she went. When the elf tried to hand her a candy cane she politely refused it, saying that peppermint really wasn't her favorite.

For the next few weeks leading up to a week before Christmas morning, Carla spent most of her time going through her room full of toys, sorting and wrapping them

before placing them in their respective pile. Some toys were okay for either boy or girl, but of course her pile for girls seemed to be stacking higher than the boys', but she seemed to think that was okay too.

Grams and Gramps had told her that when she was through, they would see that her donation was delivered to the place where they would be well received. Finally she had reached the bottom, and was tying her last ribbon, when out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her special Christmas Bear, laying on her pillow. She reached and got it, and hugged it tight, assuring her soft stuffed friend that she'd not part with him. Carla knew that Mr. Bear was the last thing she had wished for before her Mother passed away, and she could never ever let him go.

It was Christmas Eve, and the day started out like most any other, but it seemed to have a magic floating in the air. The snow was falling and piling up heavily, and everyone had their colorful array of lights reflecting on Winter's ground cover. Carla knew that evening's time would be filled with many things. Dinner at Auntie's house, and opening gifts. Then all would go downtown and watch the Christmas parade, and the lighting of the tree. Sing Christmas song and then watch as Santa and his reindeer took off to deliver the toys. Or so she thought....

Missy, helped Carla in picking out a special dress, fixed her hair with red and blue ribbons to match, and then escorted her downstairs where the Mr. and Mrs. awaited her.

"Come Carla," said Grams, we have a special night planned just for you. A gift that we believe you will remember forever.

Now Carla being an eight year old, had no idea what a gift such as they were describing could possibly mean, but she was all for learning, and so out the door and down the road they went.

All the time they were in the car, Gramps kept telling Carla that he had talked with Santa, and he knew what she had whispered in his ear that day, and that her wish had been granted.

Carla suddenly became very confused, for what she had whispered was she had told Santa that she just hoped that Mama and Daddy were both warm and happy and of course, together.

The car came to a stop in front of the downtown building, where previously all the construction workers were busily working. This time though, there were no workers,

and when she looked up, she saw a new set of steps covered with a bright red carpet, and big beautiful clear windows and doors.

With Gramps on one side and Grams on the other, they took Carla by the hands and led her up the steps. Once inside Carla's eyes begin to fill with tears, for the first thing she noticed was a large painting of her Mother and Father, just like the one that she kept on her bedside table. Beneath it, was a sandstone replica of the cardboard box complete with the wool blankets made of puter. On the side of the stone were these words:

"MAY ALL OF SOCIETY SEE HUMANITY AND GOODNESS
AS THROUGH THE INNOCENT EYE OF A HOMELESS CHILD"

and beneath the inscription was the bronze face of Carla, just as they had found her the day they had rescued her from the streets. As they walked on down the now beautiful hallway lined with many faces that she knew, on the wall beside another entrance way, was yet another plaque that read:

"CARLA'S CRYSTAL PALACE"
"Shelter for the Homeless and Unfortunate"

She stepped inside to find everything in that old run down dingy building wiped completely away. From top to bottom all was new and bright. Huge tall towering Christmas trees with loads of presents and then Carla noticed some that looked very familiar to her. Yes! They were the gifts that she had donated. They too were beneath the tree to be given to the children. She helped serve dinner, beside Grams and Gramps to those that otherwise would be gathered around a barrel just trying to stay warm. But this Christmas they would have a warm shelter, a soft bed, and a hot meal they didn't have to retrieve from a dumpster.

This night Carla would find what the real magic of Christmas really is. The gift of giving, each and every day of the year.

Job 14:15 Thou shalt call, and **I will answer** thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

dec 18

CARLA'S ANGEL TREE - #3

It was a blustery gray winter's day, and Carla wanted to snuggle by the fire, but she knew there were so many that needed her and she just couldn't let them down.

Even now at the age of twenty-five, this time of year brought back so many memories, of her Mother and that cardboard box, and of course that Christmas Bear that she got as a special gift. Still to this day, it stayed on her bed, and when she felt alone, she would cuddle it close, making her feel as though her Mother was lying next to her. Watching over her, and keeping her safe.

The wind caught the door as she opened it to enter the shelter. Snow came blowing in all over the mat that read; "Welcome to Carla's Chrystal Palace" where everyone is Family.

Her heart would break when she would see children hanging at their Mother's side, as they made their way through the food line. She knew how they felt, living on the streets with no place to call home. It's a feeling that Carla would never forget, and she didn't seem to want to either. In her mind to forget would be stepping past those she vowed long ago to help, and unless she was able to reach out and touch those old feelings, she was sure that she would be abandoning the very ones that needed her most. Carla just couldn't let that happen.

There was not a day went by that she didn't enter the kitchen, and serve the food line, and this time of the year, there were so many more to feed. It seemed as though the number of homeless and hungry would double. Some she already knew by name and the others she made a conscience effort to get to know. On this day, she looked up and there in the doorway was a man with a bundled up child in his arms. He had even her face covered with a blanket, that Carla was sure was the only one they owned. He stood her on the floor in front of him and began unwrapping this half-frozen blonde haired child. Her unkept hair was hanging in her face, and when she brushed it back with her hands, from beneath was born the biggest brightest blue eyes, Carla had ever witnessed on a child. Her face was thin, and her bottom lip quivered from the cold, but there was something so warm and so special about those clear and precious blue eyes that Carla just couldn't turn away from. She leaned over and told 'Blue' that she'd be right back, and he knew he was to serve the rolls and drinks as well as the corn and greens.

As she approached her newest guests, the little girl quickly stepped slightly behind her Daddy and clung passionately to his leg just above his knee. Her tiny little hands still bright pink in color.

Carla smiled and said, "Welcome," greeting them as though she'd known them forever. Just as she got close enough she knelt down so that she could try and coax this hidden child from behind her Father. "And who do we have here?" The little girl wouldn't budge though, and not a word did she utter. She didn't want to seem too

forward, and she wouldn't question them, but she could tell neither of them had been eating well or resting well either. Carla knew, that even the homeless had a certain amount of self-pride, and they took great exception to someone trying to get too friendly too fast. Carla just couldn't help picking up on the feeling of being very concerned about the welfare of this man and child. She pointed them in the direction of the food line, and told them where the bathrooms were so they could wash up a bit before eating, then she turned and headed back toward her previous position.

It wasn't long before they both passed in front of her, and she gave them an extra large helping of warm nourishment. He carried the tray with both plates, over to one of the least full tables. Since it was warm inside, before they sat down, he removed the ragged and rather thin jacket, he was wearing and then removed the red flannel coat, that was held together in the front with safety pins, and hung them across the back of their chairs. He leaned over as though he was whispering something in her ear, and Carla noticed the little girl bowed her head.

Within just a few moments, her head raised and she immediately took the plastic fork in hand, and began eating. There were many moving about, and the room was filled with chatter and noise. In the winter time, and especially on snowy days, after they ate most would hang inside as long as they could, as though they were trying to store some of the inside warmth, for better times. That didn't bother Carla, she knew they had nowhere to go except back out onto the icy streets and sidewalks. Some of them would start cleaning the dining area, and straightening the chairs, just like they would have, if it would have been in their own homes.

After the line had ended, and the meal had been depleted from the full food bins, Carla made it over to the table where her newest guests were seated. She pulled out a chair and sat down, making small talk. The man pulled his attention away from his daughter to acknowledge Carla's presence. Finally he extended his hand. Carla took it just like she would have had it belonged to a senator or congressman.

This man's living status in her eyes made him no less than if he was the owner of millions. "Terry James and this is my daughter Olivia." Carla smiled at Olivia, and asked her how old she was. Finally this sweet child, broke her silence, and uttered her answer. "Six." Olivia said. "It's really good to meet both of you, and I hope you come back every day to see us." Carla said with a concerned look on her face.

Olivia of course didn't pick up on that as Terry did, but Carla saw the same concern on his. Without much prompting at all, Carla was soon to learn that Terry's wife and Olivia's Mother had taken off to find a new life without them. Not long afterwards, Terry and Olivia moved in with his Mother, that had recently passed away, and

because his name wasn't on the lease, the landlord had asked Terry to move. Since he had nowhere to go, he took his child and the streets then became their domain. He had been hoping to find a job before Winter set in, but that had just not happened, and now they are caught like so many others. Carla knew this was a rough and all too real place to be in.

After about an hour, Terry ended their conversation by edging Olivia from her chair, and helping her on with her coat. "We must go now, Olivia, and get out of this nice lady's way." Just before they walked out the door and back into cold, Terry once again wrapped Olivia from head to toe in that old blanket. In just seconds they disappeared from Carla's sight.

Several days had went by and they had not returned to the food line. Carla began asking the others questions about them, and telling them if they happened to run into them, to please ask them to come back.

Much to her surprise, the very next day, she looked up, and there they were before her. TJ, smiled as his eyes met with Carla's. "It's good to see you both," Carla said. I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to come back and visit with us."

Today was the day that Carla would begin decorating for the holidays, and she knew it wouldn't be too long before the place would turn into, a beautiful job well done. All those that ate would stick around to help. It was just something many of them done each year. They looked forward to it.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman had both now passed on, and she spent most of her time here at the center anyway, Carla decided to set the large family tree up here this year. Oh what a wonderful specimen it was too. It was in the corner and it was fully decorated, but the lights wouldn't be turned on until later that night. It had become somewhat of a tradition, for the lighting of the tree, for a late night get together, for all that had helped and all that wanted to attend, for some special sweet treats and egg nog.

There was always somebody that could play the piano, and they would end up gathering 'round and singing Christmas songs. Carla looked forward to it each year. Olivia's eyes lit up even more, as she watched the holidays come to life before her. Carla made it clear to TJ, that he and Olivia were more than welcome to attend. And so they would.

That night, TJ and Olivia were some of the first through the doors. And for the first time, Carla would see a smile on this child's face. It brought tears to her eyes, for a

smile on the face of a homeless child was something of a treasure. After just a while the entire center had filled with people. Carla had a special announcement, to make this evening, that she hoped would change the lives of many of them.

Around eight o'clock, Carla took her place in front of the tree. With mic in hand, she called Olivia to stand beside her. After a bit of coaxing from TJ and Carla, Olivia made her debut. Shyly she stood there, while Carla announced that before Christmas, the building next to the center would be opened and available for the homeless to take shelter in, from the bitter cold.

She had not so much as whispered a word of her surprise to anyone! The sighs swept across the room as if somebody had just handed each of them a winning lottery ticket. Immediately, Carla bent down and whispered in Olivia's ear, for her to help her plug the lights in on the tree. As soon as the tree illuminated, the room broke into "Silent Night."

Tears again filled Carla's eyes, and she felt the warmth and the magic of the holidays, that because of the Winklemann's taking her in after her Mother had passed away, she had grown to love and appreciate. It really was the season of miracles and magic.

Over the next few weeks Carla and TJ and Olivia, spent more and more time together. Finally, the day came when Carla asked TJ if it would be okay for her to spend some alone time with Olivia. Carla had some errands to run for the center, and since TJ was now helping with the setting up of the new shelter, she figured it would be the perfect opportunity, for her and Olivia to get better acquainted. "How 'bout it, Olivia, do you want to go with Carla?" TJ asked his daughter.

Olivia took Carla by the hand, and off they went. Grabbing their coats on the way out, they were off on their own. By the time they returned several hours later, Olivia was sporting a new coat, new shoes and several new suits of clothes. Her hair had been cut and fixed, and Carla had taken her by the house and bathed her. She and her smile was as radiant as those beautiful blue eyes.

On their return, Olivia almost couldn't wait to get to her Father's side, to show off her new look. As she approached her Daddy, tears began to well in his eyes, for this was the first time in months that he'd seen his daughter so happy.

Tomorrow was Christmas Eve, and the grand opening of the new center. Carla would be engrossed in the final details before the ribbon cutting. It was quite late that night before she would be able to return home. As they prepared to leave the center, TJ was

bundling Olivia up, and Carla got this sudden urge to ask them if they would like to join her that evening as a guest at her home.

This was not the normal thing that Carla would do, but something inside her told her that she would be safe in this decision. Olivia, began a child's begging. "Please Daddy! Please! Can we go to Carla's?" TJ had a look of not exactly knowing how to answer his daughter, but he knew that the warmth of a home, was so much better than the icy sidewalks they normally resided upon.

TJ and Carla spent most of the way, talking about the center and how she became the owner. Most knew Carla's story, but TJ was one of the very few, that didn't. He felt the genuine humbleness in Carla's voice as she told in detail how she came to live with the Winkleman's.

They pulled into the garage, and all got out and went in. TJ was a bit taken aback by the size of the estate. He had no idea, and felt a bit shy as though he was imposing, but Carla, wouldn't allow those feelings to hang around long. She started flipping on lights and building a fire in the main fireplace. There was of course central heating and she would use that until the fires could warm the place.

Olivia sitting on the edge of the sofa next to Carla, stood up and whispered in her ear. Carla smiled. "Okay, go get them." TJ had a puzzled look on his face, as Olivia left the room and returned carrying several packages. They weren't wrapped in Christmas paper, they were just wrapped. Olivia placed them on the floor at her Daddy's feet, and told him they were from her.

TJ gave Carla a disbelieving look for he knew whatever these boxes contained, they would have had to of been purchased by Carla and not his daughter. Before TJ could say anything, Carla told him not to argue just open them. It would be that very moment when Carla would notice, where Olivia had inherited those blue eyes from.

By the time he was through looking inside the gifts, he would have a full suit of clothes, new shoes, and a watch. Soon they were all feeling the tiredness of the day, and Carla showed them to the guest rooms and since she had already had the butler build a fire, they were warm enough for them to bathe and ready themselves for bed.

The next morning, Carla met them at the breakfast table. She was almost speechless, at the difference the bath and clothes had made on TJ. "Well," she said with an approving smile, " Aren't you a handsome fellow?"

As their eyes met, Carla for the first time in her life, actually felt the flutter of butterflies in her stomach, but she had a busy and full day ahead of her, and she didn't have time for anything else at the moment.

They ate breakfast, and off to the center they went, but before they would get there, Carla pulled in next to the curb, in front of the barbershop, and had TJ go inside for the final shine on his new look. When he returned, he not only had a haircut, but he was also clean shaven except his full mustache, he had opted to keep. As he got back into the front seat, again their eyes met, and once again there was those butterflies. One more time, Carla would push them out of her mind.

Lots of people would come and go that day from the center, and the food lines seemed endless. They were serving their Christmas dinner, that evening, and then the children would open gifts while talking to Santa. It had become tradition, for the children to write their hopes and gift wishes on a piece of paper and place them on the tree, throughout the weeks leading up to Christmas Eve. That night they would open them and read them for all to hear. Some of the things those kids asked for would break one's heart, and Carla knew this year wouldn't be any different. Or though she thought.

One by one, the children would walk up to the Angel tree, and take off their papers to read. Carla would help those that had difficulty reading, or was just too young for the task. Finally there would only be one left, and Olivia made her way toward the tree. Reluctantly she reached and took it in hand. She stood there looking up at Carla, almost blushing, but Carla knelt down and asked Olivia if she needed help. Olivia then handed her the small envelope. Like all the others, Carla never hesitated to open it. Inside in a child's handwriting was this:

Dear Santa,

My name is Olivia James. I am six years old. I live with my Daddy, and he takes good care of me. He says I'm a good girl. I would leave you some cookies and milk, but I don't know where to leave them. Santa, I don't want any toys this year, but could you help my Daddy find me a new Mommy? My other one, didn't want me and Daddy no more, and Daddy don't laugh now. I hope I been good enough for this gift.

Love you Santa,
Olivia James

ps Could you bring my new friend Carla a special gift too?

By the time Carla finished reading Olivia's request, there wasn't a dry eye in the building, and all of them were fixed on this special new angel and her now embarrassed Father. He didn't let that stop him from sweeping his daughter off her feet and giving her a huge hug, and telling her how much he adored and loved her.

Carla cleared her throat, and done her best to push back the tears, and announced that the ribbon cutting on the new building would be immediately. The entire group followed behind her as Carla went to make her dedication speech, she had an added thought. that She would let Olivia, cut the ribbon just as she had lit the angel tree.

After the ribbon had been cut, all went inside where they would find rows and rows of beds with not one but two new clean blankets, pillows, with locking lockers for their belongings, and adequate restrooms and showers. Several tv rooms with game tables. There were separate rooms for the men and women, and some family quarters for those like TJ and Olivia, so that they could be together, in one room.

Twice a month, there would be barbers and beauticians visit the shelter, and all that needed to could get their hair cut and fixed. There would be a healthcare nurse on duty at all times, and an employment counselor to help those that were able to find work.

As the crowd began to make their way through the center, Carla had other things now on her mind. Every year she would take the notes from the angel tree and hit the stores, to try and fill as many of the children's requests as possible, so that on Christmas morning, when they arrived at the center they would find that Santa had delivered their gifts.

This year though, she had quite the dilemma to hurdle. What and how would she fill the request for Olivia. By the time she was through with her list, Carla was exhausted and still she had not found one item that she thought was appropriate for this child that wanted nothing but a new Mommy.

She couldn't let her come into the shelter without gifts beneath the tree. Finally, she found a pair of pajamas and a special soft blanket made from pastel colors, but still she knew that wasn't what Olivia had in mind. That would just have to do, Carla thought, after all she couldn't buy her a Mommy.

Carla delivered all the gifts to center and placed them in their respectful places. Then she headed for home, after peeking in on the other center, to make sure all was going

smoothly. Most all had already retired, so Carla decided it was time for her to go to home and to bed.

As tired as she was, she couldn't close her eyes. Still hearing the request of that angel named Olivia. Carla reached and took her own special Christmas Bear in her arms and hugged it tight. Just as she was falling asleep, she had this great idea. That's it! she thought to herself, I know what to give Olivia! Carla turned over and fell fast asleep.

Carla always arrived at the center on Christmas morning even before the sun came up, so that she could make the last minute preparations for the children's arrival. There would be lots of hot coffee, chocolate, fruit cake, and the regular breakfast foods for those that wanted them.

The center didn't normally serve breakfast but after all, this was a special day. This year was even more special, just because of Olivia and TJ. Soon the center was filled with children and their parents, streaming in from the building next door.

Carla was on her third cup of coffee when in through the door came Olivia holding tight to her Daddy's hand. Carla and TJ exchanged greetings, while she handed him his first cup of coffee. He took it to his lips and sipped it carefully while the steam flowed up and over his head. Carla then turned all her attention toward Olivia. She took her hand in hers and guided her toward the tree. Reaching in the back, she pulled three presents and laid them at Olivia's feet. First she handed her the pajamas, and this bright eyed child snuggled their warm feel. Then came the blanket, and she wrapped it around her shoulders, but then, then there was this next box, that none in the building was prepared for. As Olivia unwrapped it slowly, being very careful not rush through the excitement, finally as she reached in beneath the tissue paper, she pulled out Carla's very own Christmas Bear. Olivia looked at Carla as she hugged up to that bear, for Carla had told Olivia the story behind it, the day that she had taken her home with her to bathe her before they went shopping.

Even at six years old, Olivia knew just how special that bear was to Carla. It was the last Christmas gift her Mother had given her, and now she was gifting it to her. Carla told Olivia, that now every time she needed a Mommy hug, all she would have to do is hug the bear. Then she told Olivia, as she looked up at TJ, "Look Angel, and it also makes your Daddy smile."

From then on, everywhere Olivia was seen, she had that special Christmas Bear in her arms, and every time TJ saw Carla, he would get a smile on his face.

Carla? Well...she's still trying to figure out how to deal with those butterflies!

Jerimiah 31:3 The LORD hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an **everlasting love**: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

dec 25

Re 3:16* So then because thou art **lukewarm**, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

You see, there are no Fence riders, **THE DEVIL OWNS THE FENCE**. There is no such thing as close enough, if you believe part but not all, you are a fence rider and that belongs to Satan.

DON'T EVER SAY I DON'T BELIEVE, rather say Lord I don't understand, but you **WILL** give me the understanding.

In the early 70s, I was reading in Acts, when the **HOLY** spirit ask me, "What is the difference between being pricked in the heart or cut to the heart?"

I said, in acts 2:37 they were pricked and it brought repentance. In Acts 5:33 it says they were cut in the heart and it produced anger and bitterness.

The Lord said now read it in your wife's **NEW KJV**, and both scriptures read cut, nothing about being pricked. Yet one said it brought repentance where the other one brought, wanting to kill.

The carnal tendency when your angry is to lash out in retaliation.

To feel guilty usually brings remorse or repentance, **EXCEPT** the self centered ones.

He said, see how one little word changed, can change peoples understanding and prospective of the word.

THE ORIGINAL GREEK

Acts 2:37. **pricked** in the heart . **nussw nusso**; a prim. word; prick or to pierce, thus: Repentance

Dictionary

Pricked - feel a sensation as guilt, cause mental or emotional discomfort, arouse or provoke to action, the prick of conscience: pang, twinge, stab. Thus repentance

CUT in Greek

diapriw diaprio; **cut** to the heart:-- Acts 5:33 counsel to kill them — Anger or Hatred

Dictionary

Cut - a symptom of emotional distress: , a wounding remark or act: Thus anger or bitterness.

You see, if you pick a Rose, you may get pricked by a thorn, this will sting but will make you more cautious of anymore thorns.

But when you gash or cut yourself, if you don't look after it you will probably get an infection. So it is with the word of God, **IF YOU CHOOSE** to get angry or upset

INSTEAD of examining yourself and see if you need to repent you will make Satan very happy as you have let him have way in your life.

Now I chose seven modern translations,

The ASV says PRICKED, the RWB says PRICKED.

the NIV says CUT, the NKJV says CUT, the RSV says CUT, the NASB says pierced and the NLT says CONVICTED.

Now I'm Not saying the KJV is the only properly translated bible, what I am saying is that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, he changes not.

The carnal will say: "What is the big deal," in our modern society we do not speak in Thees and Thous or What fors, let alone the begats.

I can fully understand this and agree with it, I have been born again ever since I can remember and this was my complaints to the Lord. On November 1970, I fell in Love with Jesus. When I was pouring my heart out to the Lord, as I knelt at that alter, I cried out, "Lord I want to read your word and I want to be able to understand it." All I had was a plain old King James bible,

C

nov 6

A SOLDIER'S PLAYING CARDS Been around before, but worth a rerun.

After heavy fighting, a soldier returned to camp. The next day being Sunday, the Chaplain had set up church service. The men were asked to take out their Bibles or Prayer Books. The Chaplain noticed one soldier looking at a deck of cards. After service, he was taken by the Chaplain to see the Major. The Chaplain explained to the Major what he had seen. The Major told the young soldier he would be punished if he could not explain himself.

The young soldier told the Major that during the battle, he had neither a Bible or a Prayer Book so he would use his deck of cards and explained:

"You see, Sir, when I look at the ACE, it tells me that there is one GOD and no other. When I see the "2," it reminds me that there are two parts the Bible, the OLD TESTAMENT and the NEW TESTAMENT. The "3" tells me of the TRINITY OF GOD THE FATHER, GOD THE SON and GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The "4" reminds me of the FOUR GOSPELS, MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and JOHN. When I see the "5," it tells me of the FIVE UNWISE VIRGINS who were lost and that five were saved. The "6" makes me mindful that GOD CREATED THE EARTH IN JUST SIX DAYS, and GOD said that it was good. When I see the "7," it reminds me that GOD RESTED ON THE SEVENTH DAY.

As I look at the "8," it reminds me that GOD DESTROYED ALL HUMAN LIFE BY WATER EXCEPT FOR EIGHT PEOPLE, Noah, his wife, their three sons, and their three son's wives. When I see the "9," I think of the NINE LEPERS that GOD healed. There were ten lepers in all, but only one stopped to thank him. The "10" reminds me of the TEN COMMANDMENTS carved in stone by the hand of GOD.

The "JACK" makes me remember the Prince of Darkness. Like a roaring lion, he devours those that he can. When I look at the "QUEEN," I see THE CHURCH, THE BRIDE OF JESUS. As I look at the last card, "THE KING," it reminds me that JESUS IS LORD OF LORDS and KING OF KINGS."

There are 365 spots on a deck of cards, and that is the number of days in each year. There are 52 cards to a deck and that is the number of weeks in a year. There are 12 picture cards and that is the number of months in a year. There are 4 different suits in a deck and that is the number of seasons in a year..."

And so, the young soldier then said to the Major, "You see, Sir, my intentions were honorable. My deck of cards serves as my BIBLE, my PRAYER BOOK and my ALMANAC. Most importantly, my deck of cards reminds me that I need JESUS...365 days, 52 weeks and 12 months a year and that I should always PRAY 4 others." .

Psalms 119:11 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

nov 13

Why Me Lord? *Submitted by Waterloo*

This song was written and recorded by Kris Kristofferson in 1972 and one year later it became the biggest hit of his career. Kristofferson had become well known in the early 1970's with some hits including For The Good Times, Me & Bobby McGee, Help Me Make It Thru The Night and many other country songs.

The big one was the recording of Why Me Lord but the story behind the song is even more powerful than the song itself. In the song Kris Kristofferson asks Jesus why He has blessed him so. This came from a genuine revelation when he went to church with the country singer Connie Smith in Cookeville and a bunch of people while doing a benefit for Dottie West's high school band. Connie took him to Jimmy Snow's church and during the sermon something happened to Kris. He said he never went to church and the notion of raising his hand was out of the question when all of a sudden during an altar call he felt his hand go up hoping no one else was watching as they were all praying. Jimmy Snow said if anybody is ready to accept Jesus come down to the front of the church and he thought that would never happen to him but found himself walking down the aisle to the front. He said he didn't know what he was doing there but knelt down and started weeping IN PUBLIC but felt a forgiveness he didn't even know he needed. Larry Gatlin and Rita Coolidge sang backup on his track of Why Me Lord.....and many artists have sang and recorded this song including Conway Twitty, Merle Haggard, George Jones, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash and Ray Charles just to name a few. This was by far the greatest hit and was #1 on the country chart which was quite a feat for a gospel/country song. Elvis Presley sang this at many of his concerts and also recorded it on one of his albums.

2 Timothy 1:9 Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began,

nov 20

A scenario or true ?

This is more than likely true, it has been on my mind since it started.

Author Unknown

The corona Virus travelled entire world from Wuhan but it did not reach Beijing and Shanghai... can anybody put light?

Looks So Logical....After all Chinese Stock Market didn't crash....American and European Markets did....

Destroy other markets and be ready to capture them in every way

How to dominate the world quickly?

THE GREAT CHINESE STAGE

1. Create a virus and the antidote.
2. Spread the virus.
3. A demonstration of efficiency, building hospitals in a few days. After all, you were already prepared, with the projects, ordering the equipment, hiring the labor, the water and sewage network, the prefabricated building materials and stocked in an impressive volume.
4. Cause chaos in the world, starting with Europe.
5. Quickly plaster the economy of dozens of countries.
6. Stop production lines in factories in other countries.
7. Cause stock markets to fall and buy companies at a bargain price.
8. Quickly control the epidemic in your country. After all, you were already prepared.
9. Lower the price of commodities, including the price of oil you buy on a large scale.
10. Get back to producing quickly while the world is at a standstill. Buy what you negotiated cheaply in the crisis and sell more expensive what is lacking in countries that have paralyzed their industries.

PS: Pl read the book by Chinese colonels Qiao Liang and Wang Xiangsui, from 1999, "Unrestricted Warfare: China's master plan to destroy America", on Amazon. It's all there.

Worth pondering..

Just Think about this...

China will say that their drastic initial measures they took was very stern and Wuhan was locked down to contain the spread to other areas. I am sure they are using the Antidode of the virus.

Why Beijing was not hit? Why only Wuhan? Kind of interesting to ponder upon.. right? Well ..Wuhan is open for business now. America and all the above mentioned countries are devastated financially. Soon American economy will collapse as planned by China. China knows it CANNOT defeat America militarily as USA is at present

THE MOST POWERFUL country in the world. So use the virus...to cripple the economy and paralyze the nation and its Defense capabilities. I'm sure Nancy Pelosi got a part in this. . to topple Trump. Lately President Trump was always telling of how GREAT American economy was improving in all fronts. The only way to destroy his vision of making AMERICA GREAT AGAIN is to create an economic havoc. Nancy Pelosi was unable to bring down Trump thru impeachment.so work along with China to destroy Trump by releasing a virus. Wuhan,s epidemic was a showcase. At the peak of the virus epidemic. ..

China's President Xi Jinping...just wore a simple RM1 face mask to visit those effected areas. As President he should be covered from head to toe.....but it was not the case. He was already injected to resist any harm from the virus....that means a cure was already in place before the virus was released.

Some may ask....Bill Gates already predicted the outbreak in 2015...so the Chinese agenda cannot be true. The answer is. ..YES...Bill Gates did predict. .but that prediction is based on a genuine virus outbreak. Now China is also telling that the virus was predicted well in advance.so that its agenda would play along well to match that prediction. China's vision is to control the World economy by buying up stocks now from countries facing the brink of severe ECONOMIC COLLAPSE. Later China will announce that their Medical Researchers have found a cure to destroy the virus. Now China have other countries stocks in their arsenal and these countries will soon be slave to their master...CHINA.

Just Think about it ...

The Doctor Who declared this virus was also Silenced by the Chinese Authorities...

Revelation 6:4* And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take **peace** from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.

nov27

In July 2005, Turkish shepherds, while they ate breakfast, watched in stunned and helpless silence as their entire flock of 1,500 sheep followed each other one by one over a cliff. In all, only 450 sheep died ... the later ones being cushioned by the earlier ones. They tend to follow the leader even if the leader goes astray and they become easily trapped and an easy prey for predators. We're more like sheep than we want to admit! In spite of our intelligence we sometimes tend to follow the wrong crowd and we trap ourselves by our own foolishness. Why do you think that the Lord refers to us as SHEEP?

Also, if a sheep gets tipped over and ends up on its back, it often cannot get back on its feet. Because of these and other strange tendencies, many

people have assumed that sheep are dumb animals. However, sheep are very intelligent. They can recognize more than 50 other sheep's faces for up to two years, and they recognize patterns in colors and change their behavior when the color changes. They might be nearly as good as people at distinguishing faces in a crowd.

You might be wondering how a sheep gets stuck when it tips over. Interestingly, it is usually the sheep that are fat or laden with a heavy coat of wool that get stuck. A sheep might lie down in a comfortable little hollow after eating, roll on its side, and stretch out to get a little more comfortable. If its a large sheep, its feet will be unable to reach the ground. The sheep then panics and flails its feet around, which often makes it flip over on its back. In this position the sheep is likely to die if the shepherd does not find it soon.

A farmer had one of his sheep bit in the face from a deadliest snake and the sheep's face swelled up and hurt her terribly but the old rattlesnake didn't know the kind of blood that flows thru a sheep. Anti-venom is most often made from sheep's blood. The sheep swelled for about 2 days but the blood of the lamb destroyed the venom of the serpent and while the farmer was concerned about the sheep she didn't care and kept on eating and drinking because she knew she was all right. Often it is the serpents of this life that reach out and bite us and inject their poison into us but they cannot overcome the Blood of the Lamb of God that washes away the sting of death. About 2000 sheep are injected with rattlesnake venom each month and the antibodies collected from their blood are shipped all over the world where rattlesnakes are found.

We are purchased by the BLOOD of Jesus, his blood was not only shed for the forgiveness of sins, BUT, WITH HIS STRIPES WE WERE HEALED. 1 Peter 2:24

Eph 1:7 In Him we have redemption thru His Blood, the forgiveness of our sins according to the riches of His Grace.



I felt led to run this again.

=====

This came in from a sister in the Lord and is a great testimony of of how God the Father encourages us.

=====

I was sharing last nite at our Bible Study about a dream that I had just the other nite.

I was walking across an open field for whatever reason, and I heard something behind me, I turned and saw a big bull with long curved horns and he was pawing the ground and coming towards me.

I waited until he was almost on me and put both my hands palms toward him and said "In the Name of Jesus," that's all, and then I turned around and walked away while he just stood there.

My dream continued in that I was again going to take a short cut to where ever across the same field. As I was going to go thru the barb wire fence I saw a small bucket of oats sitting there, so I picked it up and carried it with me across the field; Again I heard the bull behind me so I turned and showed him the bucket of oats and he calmed down and started eating from the bucket.

Continuing with my dream; once again, same short cut, same field, same bull, "(I think)," but this time when I climbed thru the fence I only took a hand full of oats and again he charged up to me and ate the oats out of my hand.

I did this several times (sure wish I knew where I was off too???) and decided to just put some oats in my pocket. The bull after again charging me stopped, nuzzled into my pocket and ate the oats.

Now remember, in my dream this bull was huge....the horns were huge and his head alone was half the size of me!

I wondered why I would have a dream like this and what it meant, so in my dream I asked the Lord what it meant.

"The bull is Satan." (bet you guessed that eh?) and Satan is trying his best to hurt, maine or kill.

The Name of Jesus is more powerful than any bull so that is why he stopped. The oats, is the Word of God, at first he ate from the bucket which is just kind of like opening the Bible and skimming thru it, then he ate from my hand which was that he was getting a little deeper into the Word. And finally going into my pocket to, is digging into the Word.

I asked the Lord why I wasn't afraid and in fact turned my back on this huge monster and the answer; "Greater is He that is within you than he that is in the world" (and that's no bull !!!)

I still don't know why I had the dream but it was rather exciting and I've shared my dream at work and at Bible Study and those that I shared with seemed to grasp it, better than I do, perhaps it's just a 'memo from God' that I shouldn't be afraid of anything as long as I trust the Lord? Just thought I'd share.....

=====

Praise the Lord

This is definitely a vision or dream from our Lord, that as Satan (the Bull) wants to destroy, WE, as long as we seek the Lord, study HIS word and SHARE his word, we have nothing to fear. As we act upon his word, (rebuked the Bull in Jesus name) and then fed him out of the bucket (bible). Then fed him out of your hand (the word now is in your mouth), then you put it in your pocket (which means your heart Ps 119:11) In other words, the word of God becomes part of you. This is how we defeat the devil.

Bro. Ken

oct 9

Thanksgiving..... Submitted by Waterloo

For many this long weekend kicks off the autumn season and people across the country are raking leaves, harvesting and shutting down the family cabin and hopefully enjoying a delicious meal surrounded by family and friends. It's possibly the last weekend before frigid temperatures hit us!

Traditions of giving thanks first started with the arrival of the European settlers in North America and First Nations across Turtle Island which had traditions of thanksgiving for surviving the coming winter and for receiving crops and game as a reward for their hard work. These traditions still include feasting, prayer, dance, potlatch and other ceremonies depending on the peoples' giving thanks. As the story goes.....in 1578 English explorer Martin Frobisher and his crew gave thanks and communion was observed either on land at Frobisher Bay which now is called Nunavut, or aboard a ship anchored there. They dined on salt beef, biscuits and mushy peas.

Thanksgiving in Canada has historically been celebrated on several different dates until parliament officially declared Thanksgiving day as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest with which Canada has been blessed and in 1957 the Governor General of Canada declared the second Monday of October to be declared a national holiday to be celebrated nationally across Canada.

Thanksgiving dinner is traditional across the country as well with turkey being main center stage along with gravy, stuffing, potatoes and various vegetables, salads and of course pumpkin pie! Some even enjoy maple-kissed butter tarts, sweet potatoes with marshmallows and lots of diced Canadian bacon sprinkled throughout a few side dishes. The last mostly in eastern Canada.

And is it really Thanksgiving if someone isn't scanning the TV to see what football game is playing???? The Thanksgiving day classic, a double header, is hosted by the Canadian Football League and aired nationwide.

In the United States things are about the same however they celebrate Thanksgiving mid November which is always on a Thursday and then Black Friday shopping follows which is the largest shopping day in the U.S. In Canada Boxing Day takes that title, however Black Friday has snuck it's way across the borders and we now have Black Friday sales here as well.

We've come a long way since then and unfortunately many see this as just a long weekend and not remembering why we celebrate. Thanksgiving is the Christians gratitude that expresses the freedom that comes from God alone.

Chronicles 16:34 says to Give thanks to the Lord for He is good and His love endures forever.

The white rose represents purity and love and a symbol of God's love for you.

Let's Count Our Blessings.....

oct 16

In 1964 in Albuquerque, New Mexico a 17 year old girl got pregnant in her senior year in high school and the principal told her she would not be allowed to graduate and while she begged the school to change their minds they did with conditions;

She was not allowed to talk to the other students, she was barred from the cafeteria, she could not come to school earlier than 5 minutes before her class and had to leave within 5 minutes of the closing bell and she was not allowed to get her diploma on stage with the rest of the class.

THIS WAS IN 1964!!!!

She did marry the father of her child but it only lasted a year and after the divorce he never had any contact with his wife or his son.

A few years later she married a Cuban emigrant Mike Bezos who was an engineer for Exxon when he moved to the U.S. and was a good and decent man and adopted her son and gave him his name.

Years later in 2013 the biological father was operating a bicycle shop in California when a reporter came by and asked if he could interview him and that was when Ted Jorgensen found out that his son is Jeff Bezos, the richest man in the world!

Jeff Bezos had a dream and sought the help of his parents to kick start his company back in 1995 and they lent him \$250 thousand dollars which at that time was considered a large sum of money and a great risk as the internet was fairly new at that time but the risk paid off and the company he named **AMAZON!** Since then Amazon has become one of the top five wealthiest companies globally with a net worth of over \$314 billion dollars.

Bezos turned that \$250 thousand into \$1 trillion as of 2021 and has become the wealthiest person as of July 2021. But that's not the end of the story.....Bezos loved outer space and founded Blue Origin Co in 2000 developing rocket technology and they launched the first capsule in 2015 with 5 passengers. In 2021 Bezos took the flight and when he exited the space capsule the first person he hugged was his Mother!

Bezos is not only interested in space but has donated \$19 million dollars from his company Blue Origin to the National Air Space Museum and \$100 million to non profit numerous charities. However his net worth is estimated at \$1.3 billion dollars.

Billy Graham was quoted as saying 'when you have a sense of your own identity and a vision of where you want to go in life you have the basis for reaching out to the world and going after your dreams!' Having a vision is great but be careful that the vision doesn't control you.

Proverbs 29:18 says 'where there is no vision....the people perish'. Submitted by
Warterloo

oct 23

FRANK SLIDE.....

Lillian Clarke, 15, worked late at the hotel in Frank, Alberta on April 28 so her employer offered her a room for the night. It was the first time the young girl remained away from home overnight. Lillian's mother had never trusted the hotel's previous owners and would never let her stay overnight no matter how late she worked but the new hotel owners were to be trusted so she gave her permission to stay the night not knowing that it would save the girl's life.

On April 29, 1903 at 4:10 am, in 90 seconds, 82 million tones of limestone sheered off the east face of Turtle Mountain and roared down into the Crowsnest pass. The avalanche took with it a coalmine entrance, two kilometers of railway, two ranches and part of the town of Frank. Of the town's approximate 600 residents nearly 100 were in the path of the avalanche which took an estimated 70 lives although the exact toll will never be known. There may have been people in the area unknown to those who tallied the dead. There were 23 survivors mostly children. Stories were told that Turtle Mountain was known as the mountain that moves and it was called that because a rancher Louis Garnnett saw a turtles face in the mountain with the shell rising up behind.

The 2000 meter high mountain was part of the Rocky Mountains with structurally weaker because of deposits of limestone and coal. Additional movement cracked the inverted V of the mountain peak creating a conduit for water with gaps where the water could settle and then upon freezing expand internal pressure which made the mountain unstable.

There was more snow than usual during the winter of 1902-03 with April being unusually warm with snowmelt and rain running into the mountain cracks before the weather turned cold again.

On April 28th the water in the mountain froze and the mountain reached its breaking point.

In the aftermath of the slide stories of survival were miraculous and have generated at least one urban myth. Anyone who has heard of the Frank Slide has heard of the baby girl, the only survivor found on a boulder.....the story is untrue but loosely grounded in fact that 3 little girls survived the slide. Fernie Watkins was found in the debris, 15 month old Marion Leitch was thrown from her house and found in a pile of hay and the one most likely to be the boulder baby, Gladys Ennis, 27 months old was found in the mud by her mother Lucy who saved the baby's life by clearing the mud out of her nose and throat. Gladys was the last survivor of the slide and she died in 1995.

Lillian Clark, the girl that stayed in the hotel overnight was not the only person to escape the disaster but hers may be the most tragic story. Lillian's mother and six siblings died in the slide. Her father Alfred was working in the mine that night but stopped for lunch around 4 am and he and another minor were outside when the deadly avalanche stuck, the rest of the crew tho trapped in the mine were able to be dug out safely.

Twelve bodies were pulled from the rubble in the days following the slide. The mine was re-opened within weeks and the buried section of railway was rebuilt. The town was moved and life restored. A road was built thru the slide in 1906 and during road improvements in 1922 a construction crew found skeletal remains of 7 people in the rubble.

Today the towns of Frank and Hillcrest lie in the shadow of the mountain that continues to move, the sheered mountain and vast field of rubble are a reminder of Canada's largest rockslide and there is an interpretation centre open to never forget.

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the LORD that hath mercy on thee."

Isaiah 54:10

oct 30

NEED WASHING?

Submitted by Judy & Bob

A little girl had been shopping with her Mom in Wal-Mart. She must have been 6 years old, this beautiful red haired, freckle faced image of innocence.

It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the top of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout.. We all stood there, under the awning, just inside the door of the WalMart.

We waited, some patiently, others irritated because nature messed up their hurried day.

I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I got lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing so carefree as a child came pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

Her little voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in, 'Mom let's run through the rain,' She said.
'What?' Mom asked.

'Let's run through the rain!' She repeated.

'No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a bit,' Mom replied.

This young child waited a minute and repeated: 'Mom, let's run through the rain..'

'We'll get soaked if we do,' Mom said.

'No, we won't, Mom. That's not what you said this morning,' the young girl said as she tugged at her Mom's arm.

'This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?'

'Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, ' If God can get us through this, He can get us through anything! ',

The entire crowd stopped dead silent.. I swear you couldn't hear anything but the rain.. We all stood silently. No one left. Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say.

Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

'Honey, you are absolutely right. Let's run through the rain. If GOD let's us get wet, well maybe we just need washing,' Mom said.

Then off they ran. We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and yes, through the puddles. They got soaked.

They were followed by a few who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars. And yes, I did. I ran. I got wet. I needed washing.

Circumstances or people can take away your material possessions, they can take away your money, and they can take away your health. But no one can ever take away your precious memories...So, don't forget to make time and take the opportunities to make memories everyday.

To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.

I HOPE YOU STILL TAKE THE TIME TO RUN THROUGH THE RAIN.

They say it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate them, a day to love them, but then an entire life to forget them.

Send this to the people you'll never forget and remember to also send it to the person who sent it to you. It's a short message to let them know that you'll never forget them.

Take the time to live!!!

Keep in touch with your friends, you never know when you'll need each other -- And don't forget to run in the rain!

Psalms 103: 2-5. Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

Please share it! The last sentence says it all... Send this resume to everyone you know, you never know who may have an opening!
Powerful! Have a blessed day!

Resume of Jesus

Address: Ephesians 1:20

Phone: Romans 10:13

Website: The Bible: Keywords: Christ, Lord, Savior and Jesus

Objective

My name is Jesus -The Christ. Many call me Lord! I've sent you my resume because I'm seeking the top management position in your heart. Please consider my accomplishments as set forth in my resume.

Qualifications

I founded the earth and established the heavens, (See Proverbs 3:19)

I formed man from the dust of the ground, (See Genesis 2:7)

I breathed into man the breath of life, (See Genesis 2:7)

I redeemed man from the curse of the law, (See Galatians 3:13)

The blessings of the Abrahamic Covenant comes upon your life through me, (See Galatians 3:14)

Occupational Background

I've only had one employer, (See Luke 2:49).
I've never been tardy, absent, disobedient, slothful or disrespectful.
My employer has nothing but rave reviews for me, (See Matthew 3:15 -17)

Skills Work Experiences

Some of my skills and work experiences include: empowering the poor to be poor no more, healing the brokenhearted, setting the captives free, healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind and setting at liberty them that are bruised, (See Luke 4:18).

I am a Wonderful Counselor, (See Isaiah 9:6). People who listen to me shall dwell safely and shall not fear evil, (See Proverbs 1:33).
Most importantly, I have the authority, ability and power to cleanse you of your sins, (See I John 1:7-9)

Educational Background

I encompass the entire breadth and length of knowledge, wisdom and understanding, Prov 2:6 For the LORD giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

In me are hid all of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, Colossians 2:3
My Word is so powerful; it has been described as being a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path, (See Psalms 119:105).
I can even tell you all of the secrets of your heart, (See Psalms 44:21).

Major Accomplishments

I was an active participant in the greatest Summit Meeting of all times, (See Genesis 1:26).
I laid down my life so that you may live, (See II Corinthians 5:15).
I defeated the arch enemy of God and mankind and made a show of them openly, Col 2:15
I've miraculously fed the poor, healed the sick and raised the dead!
There are many more major accomplishments, too many to mention here.
You can read them on my website, which is located at: [www dot - the BIBLE](http://www.dot-theBIBLE.com).
You don't need an Internet connection or computer to access my website.

References

Believers and followers worldwide will testify to my divine healing,

salvation, deliverance, miracles, restoration and supernatural guidance.

In Summation

Now that you've read my resume, I'm confident that I'm the only candidate uniquely qualified to fill this vital position in your heart.
In summation, I will properly direct your paths, (See Proverbs 3:5-6), Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. and lead you into everlasting life, (See John 6:47). Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. When can I start? Time is of the essence, (See Hebrews 3:15). While it is said, To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation.

Send this resume to everyone you know, you never know who may have an opening!

Thanks for your help.

sept 11

Sunday Special From the Archives, I run this in 2001 and again in 2011 and now in 2022.

Unknown

On a July 22 I was in route to Washington, DC, for a business trip. It was all so very ordinary, until we landed in Denver for a plane change. As I collected my belongings from the overhead locker, an announcement was made for Mr. Lloyd Glenn to see the United Customer Service Representative immediately.

I thought nothing of it until I reached the door to leave the plane and I heard a gentleman asking every male if he were Mr. Glenn. At this point I knew something was wrong and my heart sunk. When I got off the plane, a solemn-faced young man came toward me and said, "Mr. Glenn, there is an emergency at your home I do not know what the emergency is, or who is involved, but I will take you to the phone so you can call the hospital."

My heart was now pounding, but the will to be calm took over. Woodenly, I followed this stranger to the distant telephone where I called the number he gave me for the Mission Hospital. My call was put through to the trauma center where I learned that my three-year-old son had been trapped underneath the automatic garage door for several minutes and that when my wife had found him he was dead. CPR had been performed by a neighbor, who is a doctor, and the paramedics had continued the treatment as Brian was transported to the hospital.

By the time of my call, Brian was revived and they believed he would live, but they did not know how much damage had been done to his brain, nor to his heart. They explained that the door had completely closed on his little sternum right over his heart. He had been severely

crushed. After speaking with the medical staff, my wife sounded worried but not hysterical, and I took comfort in her calmness.

The return flight seemed to last forever, but finally I arrived at the hospital six hours after the garage door had come down. When I walked into the intensive care unit, nothing could have prepared me to see my little son lying so still on a great big bed with tubes and monitors everywhere. He was on a respirator. I glanced at my wife who stood and tried to give me a reassuring smile. It all seemed like a terrible dream. I was filled-in with the details and given a guarded prognosis. Brian was going to live, and the preliminary tests indicated that his heart was OK, two miracles in and of themselves. But only time would tell if his brain received any damage.

Throughout the seemingly endless hours, my wife was calm. She felt that Brian would eventually be all right. I hung on to her words and faith like a lifeline. All that night and the next day Brian remained unconscious. It seemed like forever since I had left for my business trip the day before.

Finally at two o'clock that afternoon, our son regained consciousness and sat up uttering the most beautiful words I have ever heard spoken. He said, "Daddy hold me", and he reached for me with his little arms.

By the next day he was pronounced as having no neurological or physical deficits, and the story of his miraculous survival spread throughout the hospital. You cannot imagine, when we took Brian home, we felt a unique reverence for the life and love of our Heavenly Father that comes to those who brush death so closely.

In the days that followed, there was a special spirit about our home. Our two older children were much closer to their little brother. My wife and I were much closer to each other, and all of us were very close as a whole family. Life took on a less stressful pace. Perspective seemed to be more focused and balance much easier to gain and maintain.. We felt deeply blessed. Our gratitude was truly profound.

The story is not over (smile)!

Almost a month later to the day of the accident, Brian awoke from his afternoon nap and said, "Sit down Mommy. I have something to tell you."

At this time in his life, Brian usually spoke in small phrases, so to say a large sentence surprised my wife. She sat down with him on his bed, and he began his sacred and remarkable story.

"Do you remember when I got stuck under the garage door? Well, it was so heavy and it hurt really bad. I called to you but you couldn't hear me. I started to cry, but then it hurt too bad. And then the 'birdies' came."

"The birdies?" my wife asked puzzled. "Yes," he replied. "The birdies made a whooshing sound and flew into the garage. They took care of me."

"They did?"

"Yes," he said. "One of the birdies came and got you. She came to tell you I got stuck under the door."

A sweet reverent feeling filled the room. The spirit was so strong and yet lighter than air. My wife realized that a three-year-old had no concept of death and spirits, so he was referring to the beings who came to him from beyond as "birdies" because they were up in the air like birds that fly.

"What did the birdies look like?" she asked.

Brian answered, "They were so beautiful. They were dressed in white, all white. Some of them had green and white. But some of them had on just white."

"Did they say anything?"

"Yes," he answered. "They told me the baby would be all right."

"The baby?" my wife asked confused.

Brian answered. "The baby laying on the garage floor." He went on, "You came out and opened the garage door and ran to the baby. You told the baby to stay and not leave."

My wife nearly collapsed upon hearing this, for she had indeed gone and knelt beside Brian's body and seeing his crushed chest whispered, "Don't leave us Brian, please stay if you can." As she listened to Brian telling her the words she had spoken, she realized that the spirit had left his body and was looking down from above on this little lifeless form.

"Then what happened?" she asked.

"We went on a trip," he said, "far, far away." He grew agitated trying to say the things he didn't seem to have the words for. My wife tried to calm and comfort him, and let him know it would be okay. He struggled with wanting to tell something that obviously was very important to him, but finding the words was difficult.

"We flew so fast up in the air. They're so pretty Mommy," he added. "And there are lots and lots of birdies."

My wife was stunned. Into her mind the sweet comforting spirit enveloped her more soundly, but with an urgency she had never before known. Brian went on to tell her that the "birdies" had told him that he had to come back and tell everyone about the "birdies." He said they brought him back to the house and that a big fire truck and an ambulance were there. A man was bringing the baby out on a white bed and he tried to tell the man that the baby would be okay. The story went on for an hour.

He taught us that "birdies" were always with us, but we don't see them because we look with our eyes and we don't hear them because we listen with our ears. But they are always there, you can only see them in here (he put his hand over his heart). They whisper the things to help us to do what is right because they love us so much. Brian continued, stating, "I have a plan, Mommy."

You have a plan. Daddy has a plan. Everyone has a plan. We must all live our plan and keep our promises. The birdies help us to do that 'cause they love us so much."

In the weeks that followed, he often came to us and told all, or part of it, again and again. Always the story remained the same. The details were never changed or out of order. A few times he added further bits of information and clarified the message he had already delivered. It never ceased to amaze us how he could tell such detail and speak beyond his ability when he talked about his birdies.

Everywhere he went, he told strangers about the "birdies." Surprisingly, no one ever looked at him strangely when he did this. Rather, they always got a softened look on their face and smiled. Needless to say, we have not been the same ever since that day, and I pray we never will be.

1John 1:3* That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

sept 18

Circus..... Submitted by Waterloo

I'm sure all of you will remember going to the circus? It's different now than it was back then.....

I'll never forget the day my dad took me to my first circus. The whole city was decorated with

banners and posters! We found a place to park and walked over to the empty lot with the big top. Three rings, a high wire, clowns, horses, jugglers...and right in the middle was a giant cage filled with fierce animals. All of a sudden, one of those big tigers looked directly at me and gave a huge roar that lifted me right off the bleachers.

Then a man wearing a sparkly suit, black boots, and carrying a chair and a whip walked into that cage! He had those animals jumping through fiery hoops, sitting down in rows, rolling over—amazing stuff. Then it happened. One of the cats broke rank and leapt at the guy. The trainer stepped back, lifted his chair and snapped his whip, and for a second, it was a standoff as he and the tiger stared at each other. Finally the big cat went back to his place. Even though I was a young kid, it was clear to me the tiger's goal had not been merely to sniff the trainer's boots.

Never underestimate the goal of your enemy, the Devil. He is out to devour you. But you don't have to live in fear, wondering if he's lurking

behind every bush? The apostle Peter said, "Resist him, standing firm in the faith..." You can overcome the Devil by relying on God's Word, just as Jesus did when He faced Satan in the wilderness. Remember, He repeated those powerful words **"It is written"** as he stood firm against Satan!

1 Peter 5:8-9. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist stedfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.

sept 25

KEEP SINGING!

Like any good mother, when Karen found out that another baby was on the way, she did what she could to help her 3-year-old son, Michael, prepare for a new sibling. They find out that the new baby is going to be a girl, and day after day, night after night, Michael sings to his sister in Mommy's tummy. The pregnancy progresses normally for Karen, an active member of the Panther Creek United Methodist Church in Morristown, Tennessee.

Then the labor pains come. Every five minutes every minute. But complications arise during delivery. Hours of labor. Would a C-section be required? Finally, Michael's little sister is born. But she is in serious condition. With siren howling in the night, the ambulance rushes the infant to the neonatal intensive care unit at St. Mary's Hospital, Knoxville, Tennessee. The days inch by. The little girl gets worse. The pediatric specialist tells the parents, "There is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst." Karen and her husband contact a local cemetery about a burial plot. They have fixed up a special room in their home for the new baby - now they plan a funeral. Michael, keeps begging his parents to let him see his sister, "I want to sing to her," he says.

Week two in intensive care. It looks as if a funeral will come before the week is over. Michael keeps nagging about

singing to his sister, but kids are never allowed in Intensive Care.

But Karen makes up her mind. She will take Michael whether they like it or not. If he doesn't see his sister now, he may never see her alive. She dresses him in an oversized scrub suit and marches him into ICU. He looks like a walking laundry basket, but the head nurse recognizes him as a child and bellows,

"Get that kid out of here now! No children are allowed in ICU." The mother rises up strong in Karen, and the usually mild-mannered lady glares steel-eyed into the head nurse's face, her lips a firm line. "He is not leaving until he sings to his sister!"

Karen tows Michael to his sister's bedside. He gazes at the tiny infant losing the battle to live. And he begins to sing. In the pure hearted voice of a 3-year-old, Michael sings:

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray " Instantly the baby girl responds. The pulse rate becomes calm and steady. Keep on singing, Michael. "You never know, dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away" The ragged, strained breathing becomes as smooth as a kitten's purr. Keep on singing, Michael. "The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms ..." Michael's little sister relaxes as rest, healing rest, seems to sweep over her. Keep on singing, Michael. Tears conquer the face of the bossy head nurse. Karen glows.

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. Please don't, take my sunshine away." Funeral plans are scrapped. The next, day -- the very next day - the little girl is well enough to go home!

Woman's Day magazine called it "the miracle of a brother's song." The medical staff just called it a miracle. Karen called it a miracle of God's love.

Luke 1:44 For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.

C

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone. The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two.

Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway, they would scramble to hide under their beds.

He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed

crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whomever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour and I could start that night.

I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal.

That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money - fully half of what I averaged every night.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had

to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered. I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning.

Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. These were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up.

When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree. (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.) It was still dark and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car-or was that just a trick of the night. Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell what.

When I reached the car I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement. My old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat.

Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box. It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There were candy and nuts and

bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning. Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.

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

Aug 14

Mommy.. Johnny brought a gun to school,
He told his friends that it was cool,
And when he pulled the trigger back,
It shot with a great crack.
Mommy, I was a good girl, I did what I was told,
I went to school, I got straight A's, I even got the gold!
But Mommy, when I went to school that day, I never said good-bye,
I'm sorry Mommy, I had to go, But Mommy, please don't cry.
When Johnny shot the gun, He hit me and another, And all because
Johnny, Got the gun from his older brother.
Mommy, please tell Daddy That I love him very much,
And please tell Chris: My boyfriend That it wasn't just a crush.
And tell my little sister That she is the only one now,
And tell my dear sweet grandmother I'll be waiting for her now,
And tell my wonderful friends; That they always were the best;
Mommy, I'm not the first, I'm no better than the rest.
Mommy, tell my teachers; I won't show up for class,
And never to forget this, And please don't let this pass.
Mommy, why'd it have to be me? No one deserves this,
Mommy, warn the others, Mommy I left without a kiss.
And Mommy tell the doctors; I know they really did try,
I think I even saw a doctor, Trying not to cry.
Mommy, I'm slowly dying, With a bullet in my chest,
But Mommy please remember, I'm in heaven with the rest.
Mommy I ran as fast as I could, When I heard that crack,
Mommy, listen to me if you would, I'm not coming back.
I wanted to go to college, I wanted to try things that were new,

I guess I'm not going with Daddy, On that trip to the new zoo.
I wanted to get married, I wanted to have a kid, I wanted to be an actress,
Its getting late, Mommy, tell my boyfriend, I'm sorry but I had to cancel the date.
I love you Mommy, I always have, I know; you know it's true, And
Mommy all I wanted to say is, "Mommy, I love you."

****In Memory of The School Shootings****

Judges 10:13 Yet ye have **forsaken** me, and served other
gods: wherefore **I will deliver you no more.**

*=====

Aug 21

I was at the grocery store yesterday and heard a loud crash and something shattering and being curious and concerned I walked towards the sound and saw some people whispering and looking back to the end of the next aisle. When I walked down that aisle I saw an older lady had hit a shelf with her cart and many things had fallen to the ground and broken. She was kneeling on the floor, embarrassed frantically trying to clean up the mess.

I felt so bad for her because everyone was just standing there staring at her.....so I went over and knelt beside her and started helping her pick up the broken pieces. After about a minute the store manager came and knelt beside us and said.....leave it....we will clean this up.

The lady totally embarrassed and almost in tears said I'm so sorry and I will pay for all this.

The manager smiled, helped her to her feet and said.....no Madam we have insurance for this you not have to pay for anything.

Now imagine God doing the same thing for you! Collecting the pieces of your broken heart from all the blows that life has thrown at you. The bill for your faults, sin, sickness and

pandemics has already been paid thru the precious Blood of Christ.

God will heal all your wounds and gently lift you to your feet, clean up your mess and pick up all the broken pieces. He wants to heal you and take care of your soul.

We can have this same insurance and it's called GRACE!

Submitted by Waterloo

Ephesians 2:8-9 For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.

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Aug 28

Shoplifting

A woman "in her senior years" was arrested for shoplifting at a grocery store. She gave everyone a hard time, from the store manager to the security guard to the arresting officer who took her away. She complained and criticized everything and everyone throughout the process.

When she appeared before the judge, the judge asked her what she had stolen from the store.

The lady defiantly replied, "Just a stupid can of peaches."

The judge then asked why she had done it.

She replied, "I was hungry and forgot to bring any cash to the store."

The judge asked how many peaches were in the can.

She replied in a nasty tone, "Nine! But why do you care about that?"

The judge answered patiently, "Well, ma'am, because I'm going to give you nine days in jail -- one day for each peach."

As the judge was about to drop his gavel, the lady's long-suffering husband raised his hand slowly and asked if he might speak.

The judge said, "Yes sir, what do you have to add?"

The husband said meekly, "Your Honour, she also stole two cans of peas."

That may be a joke but shoplifting isn't a joke to the many stores that are affected by it. It's a big problem that costs businesses and us a lot of money. It's actually one of the most common property crimes in our country and most are amateurs but there are those that make a living at it. Approximately 25% are young people, 3% are professionals for the purpose of reselling, both men and women are equal in shoplifting. They are often drug addicts who steal to feed their addiction but most who steal have no major criminal intent but steal to keep up with the neighbors or wealthy friends. It say

in Proverbs 13:7 There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

Retailers say that on average they lose about 6% of their inventory to shoplifters and some of the bigger stores like Walmart said they lose about \$25 million a day across the country. Even the closed circuit TV and security don't seem to stop them. So what's the answer?

The devil in one sense has shoplifted planet Earth and stolen our innocence, purity and safety when he tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit in Gen 3:4.

Shoplifters believe they will never get caught and that there are no consequences to their actions but the Bible teaches that **God see's all and there is no creature hidden from His sight but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom we must give account.**

Hebrews 4.13 Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

The Lord's surveillance system is without fault!

Submitted by

Waterloo

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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!

- A cashless society means **no cash. Zero.**
- If doesn't mean mostly cashless and you can still use a 'wee bit of cash here and there'.
- Cashless means fully digital, fully traceable, fully controlled.
- I think those who support a cashless society aren't fully aware of what they're asking for.

A CASHLESS SOCIETY MEANS:

- No more tuck-away cash for those preparing to leave domestic violence.
- No more purchases off marketplace unless you want to risk bank transfer fraud.
- No more garage sales.
- No more cash donations to hungry homeless you pass.
- No more cash slipped into the hands of a child from their grandparent.
- No more money in birthday cards.
- No more piggy banks or tooth fairy for your child.
- No more selling bits and pieces from your home that you no longer want/need for a bit of cash in return.
- Less choices of where you purchase based on affordability.

WHAT A CASHLESS SOCIETY DOES GUARANTEE:

- Banks have full control of every single cent you own.
- Every transaction you make is recorded.
- All your movements and actions are traceable.

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July 10

Trip's too short by Waterloo

An elderly woman got on a bus and sat down. At the next stop a strong grumpy young woman climbed up and sat down sharply beside the old woman hitting her with her numerous bags. When she saw that the elderly woman remained silent the young woman asked her why she had not complained when she hit her with the bags.

The elderly woman replied with a smile.....There is no need to be rude or discuss something so insignificant as my trip next to you is so short because I am going to get off at the next stop.

This answer deserves to be written in gold letters. There is no need to discuss something so insignificant because our journey together is too short.

Each of us must understand that our time in this world is so short, that darkening with struggles, useless arguments, jealousy, not forgiving others, discontent and an attitude of constant discovery is a ridiculous waste of time and energy.

Did someone say break your heart?.....stay calm the trip is too short!

Did someone betray you, intimidate, cheat or humiliate you? Relax and excuse them the trip is too short.

Did a neighbor comment on the chat that you didn't like? Stay calm, ignore and forgive them....The trip is too short!

Whatever the problem someone has brought us remember that our journey together is too short. No one knows the length of the trip, nobody knows when it will arrive at its stop.....Our trip together is too short.

We will appreciate friends and family if we're respectful, kind and forgiving and we will be filled with gratitude and joy.....After all our trip together is very short!

Romans 12:18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

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July 17

The rest of the story..... *Submitted by Waterloo*

Paul Harvey was born and raised in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the son of Harry and Anna Aurandt and he had one sibling, an older sister.

In December 1921 when Harvey was three years old his father, who was a Tulsa policeman was murdered. He was off duty and rabbit hunting with a friend when they were approached by four masked and armed men who attempted to rob them and his father died two days after being shot.

At his funeral twelve robed members of the Ku Klux Klan arrived late in the service and dropped roses on his casket to show the respect that Mr Aurandt had with everyone tho he wasn't a Klansman.

In 1940 Harvey married Lynne Cooper of St Louis, a school teacher whom he met when he was working at a local radio station. In May of 2007 Harvey told his radio audience that his wife whom he called his angel had developed leukemia and she died at the age of 93 on May 3, 2008. He often said she kept him on the right track and his career was because of her. Lynne Harvey was the first ever producer inducted into the Radio Hall of Fame as while working with Paul on his radio show she developed her own broadcast and radio show as well as created a television show called Dilemma which was a talk show.

They had one son Paul Aurandt Jr who goes by the name of Paul Harvey Jr and he assisted his father at News and comments and the Rest of the Story.

There were many stories broadcasted over the years as he had a Monday thru Friday radio program and I'm sure Paul Harvey was a household name and was also known as always having the facts and the truth. The Rest of the Story consisted of stories presented as little known or forgotten facts on a variety of subjects with some key element of the story held back until the end and his tag line was always.....'and now you know.....the rest of the story'. He was also good friends with J.Edgar Hoover and got many stories from the FBI.

There are over 3000 episodes on the internet and it is the largest collection of anyone recorded. He never used any bad language or profanity and attended the Seventh Day Adventist church and his final words were **from**

2 Timothy 4:2preach the word, be ready in season and out, reprove, rebuke, exhort with great patience and instruction.

Harvey died on February 28, 2009 at the age of 90 at a hospital in Phoenix surrounded by family and friends. No cause of death was ever announced. In response to his death former President George W Bush issued a statement on calling Harvey 'a friendly and familiar voice in the lives of millions'

1John 3:2* Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be **like him**; for we shall see him as he is.

And that friends is the Rest of the Story!

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July 24

Father and son conversation

Submitted by Patricia

SON: "Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

DAD: "Yeah sure, what is it?"

SON: "Daddy, how much do you make an hour?"

DAD: "That's really none of your business. Why do you ask?"

SON: "I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?"

DAD: "If you must know, I make \$100 an hour."

SON: "Oh. (With his head down)."

SON: "Daddy, can I please borrow \$50?"

DAD: "REALLY?! If you're asking to borrow money for some silly toy or game, you can just march yourself straight to your room to think about why you're being so selfish. I work hard everyday to provide for this family, and this is the thanks I get?"

The little boy went quietly to his room and shut the door.

The dad sat down and started getting even angrier about his son's questions. "How dare he ask question like that just to get some money?" he stewed.

After an hour, the dad calmed down, and started to think: "Maybe there was something he really needed the \$50 for? He doesn't ask for money often..."

So, the dad went to his son's door and opened it.

DAD: "Are you asleep, son?"

SON: "No daddy, I'm awake".

DAD: "I've been thinking, and maybe I was too hard on you earlier. It's been a long day and I took out my aggravation on you. Here's the \$50 you asked for."

The little boy sat straight up, smiling.

SON: "Oh, thank you daddy!"

Then, reaching under his pillow, the boy pulled out some crumpled-up dollar bills. When the dad saw the boy already had money, he started getting angry again as the little boy slowly counted out his money and looked up at his father.

DAD: "Why do you want more money if you already have some?"

SON: "Because I didn't have enough, but now I do. Daddy, I have \$100 now. Can I buy an hour of your time? Please come home early tomorrow. I would like to have dinner with you."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little son, and begged for his forgiveness through a stream of tears.

Just a reminder to all working so hard in life to not let time slip through our fingers without dedicating special time with those who matter most.

If we die tomorrow, the company we may work for could replace us in a matter of days.... but, loved ones we leave behind will feel the loss for the rest of their lives, having only precious memories to hold.

Matthew 18:17* And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.

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July 31

Stuart Hamblen

Back in the 1950s there was a well known radio host/comedian/song writer in Hollywood called Stuart Hamblen who was noted for his drinking, chasing women, partying etc. One of his biggest hits at that time was “I won’t go hunting with you Jake but I’ll go chasing women”.

One day a young preacher came along holding a tent meeting and Hamblen interviewed him on his radio station presumably to poke fun at him.

In order to get more information for his show Hamblen showed up at one of the revival meetings and the words that the young preacher said haunted him until a couple of days later Hamblen showed up drunk at the preachers hotel room demanding the preacher pray for him. But the preacher refused saying this is between you and God and I’m not going to get in the middle of it. But he did invite Stuart in and they talked until about 5 am at which time Stuart dropped to his knees and cried out to God.

But that’s not the end of the story.....Stuart lost all desire and quit drinking, quit chasing women and quit everything he had thought was fun and soon his Hollywood friends dropped him and he even lost his job as a radio announcer when he refused to accept a beer company commercial as a sponsor. Hard times were upon him and he tried writing some Christian songs but the only one that he had any success at was ‘This Old House’ which was written for his friend Rosemary Clooney. As he continued to struggle a long time friend John took him aside and told him all your troubles started when you got religion, was it worth it?

Stuart answered YES! Then his friend John asked you liked drinking and women so much do you ever miss it? Stuart’s answer was

NO.....John said I don't understand how you could give it all up so easily. Stuart's response was it's no big secret because all things are possible with God. To this John said you should write a song as that's a catchy phrase and the song Stuart wrote is "It Is No Secret...what God can do, what He's done for others He'll do for you

Matt 19:26 But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

By the way the friend was John Wayne

And the young preacher was Billy Graham.

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June 5

Great Story: Delta Flight 15 on 9/11/2001

It is over 20 years since 9/11 and here is a wonderful story about that terrible day.

Jerry Brown Delta Flight 15... (true story)

Here is an amazing story from a flight attendant on Delta Flight 15, written following 9-11:

On the morning of Tuesday, September 11, we were about 5 hours out of Frankfurt, flying over the North Atlantic.

All of a sudden the curtains parted and I was told to go to the cockpit, immediately, to see the captain. As soon as I got there I noticed that the crew had that "All Business" look on their faces. The

the captain handed me a printed message. It was from Delta's main office in Atlanta and simply read, "All airways over the Continental United States are closed to commercial air traffic. Land ASAP at the nearest airport. Advise your destination."

No one said a word about what this could mean. We knew it was a serious situation and we needed to find terra firma quickly. The captain determined that the nearest airport was 400 miles behind us in

Gander, Newfoundland.

He requested approval for a route change from the Canadian traffic controller and approval was granted immediately -- no questions asked.

We found out later, of course, why there was no hesitation in approving our request.

While the flight crew prepared the airplane for landing, another message arrived from Atlanta telling us about some terrorist activity in the New York area. A few minutes later word came in about the hijackings.

We decided to LIE to the passengers while we were still in the air. We told them the plane had a simple instrument problem and that we needed to land at the nearest airport in Gander, Newfoundland, to have it checked out.

We promised to give more information after landing in Gander. There was much grumbling among the passengers, but that's nothing new! Forty minutes later, we landed in Gander. Local time at Gander was 12:30 PM!...that's 11:00 AM EST.

There were already about 20 other airplanes on the ground from all over the world that had taken this detour on their way to The U.S.

After we parked on the ramp, the captain made the following announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, you must be wondering if all these airplanes around us have the same instrument problem as we have. The reality is that we are here for another reason." Then he went on to explain the little bit we knew about the situation in the U.S.

There were loud gasps and stares of disbelief. The captain informed passengers that Ground Control in Gander told us to stay put.

The Canadian government was in charge of our situation and no one was allowed to get off the aircraft. No one on the ground was allowed to come near any of the air crafts. Only airport police would come around periodically, look us over and go on to the next airplane.

In the next hour or so more planes landed and Gander ended up with 53 airplanes from all over the world, 27 of which were U.S. commercial jets.

Meanwhile, bits of news started to come in over the aircraft radio and for the first time we learned that airplanes were flown into the World Trade Center in

New York and into the Pentagon in D.C. People were trying to use their cell phones, but were unable to connect due to a different cell system in Canada. Some did get through but were only able to get to the Canadian operator who would tell them that the lines to the U.S. were either blocked or jammed.

Sometime in the evening, the news filtered to us that the World Trade Center buildings had collapsed and that a fourth hijacking had resulted in a crash. By now the passengers were emotionally and physically exhausted, not to mention frightened, but everyone stayed amazingly calm. We had only to look out the window at the 52 other stranded aircraft to realize that we were not the only ones in this predicament.

We had been told earlier that they would be allowing people off the planes one plane at a time. At 6 P.M., Gander airport told us that our turn to deplane would be 11 am the next morning. Passengers were not happy, but they simply resigned themselves to this news without much noise and started to prepare themselves to spend the night on the airplane.

Gander had promised us medical attention, if needed, water, and lavatory servicing. And they were true to their word. Fortunately, we had no medical situations to worry about. We did have a young lady who was 33 weeks into her pregnancy. We took REALLY good care of her. The night passed without incident despite the uncomfortable sleeping arrangements.

**About 10:30 on the morning of the 12th, a convoy of school buses showed up. We got off the plane and were taken to the terminal where we went through Immigration and Customs and then had to register with
the Red Cross.**

After that, we (the crew) were separated from the passengers and were taken in vans to a [small](#) hotel. We had no idea where our passengers were going. We learned from the Red Cross that the town of Gander has a population of 10,400 people and they had about 10,500 passengers to take care of all the airplanes that were forced into Gander! We were told to just relax at the hotel and we would be contacted when the U.S. airports opened again, but not to expect that call for a while.

We found out the total scope of the terror back home only after getting to our hotel and turning on the TV, 24 hours after it all started.

Meanwhile, we had lots of time on our hands and found that the people of Gander were extremely friendly. They started calling us the "plane people." We enjoyed their hospitality, explored the town of Gander and ended up having a pretty good time.

Two days later, we got that call and were taken back to the Gander airport. Back on the plane, we were reunited with the passengers and found out what they had been doing for the past two days. What we found out was incredible.

Gander and all the surrounding communities (within about a 75 Kilometer radius) had closed all high schools, meeting halls, lodges, and any other large gathering places. They converted all these

facilities to mass lodging areas for all the stranded travellers. Some had cots set up, some had mats with sleeping bags and pillows set up.

ALL the high school students were required to volunteer their time to take care of the "guests." Our 218 passengers ended up in a town called Lewisporte, about 45 kilometres from Gander where they were put up in a high school. If any women wanted to be in a women-only facility, that was arranged. Families were kept together. All the elderly passengers were taken to private homes.

Remember that young pregnant lady? She was put up in a private home right across the street from a 24-hour Urgent Care facility. There was a dentist on call and both male and female nurses remained with the crowd for the duration.

Phone calls and e-mails to the U.S. and around the world were available to everyone once a day. During the day, passengers were offered "Excursion" trips. Some people went on boat cruises of the lakes and harbours. Some went for hikes in the local forests.

Local bakeries stayed open to make fresh bread for the guests.

Food was prepared by all the residents and brought to the schools. People were driven to restaurants of their choice and offered wonderful meals. Everyone was given tokens for local laundry mats to wash their clothes since luggage was still on the aircraft. In other words, every single need was met for those stranded travellers.

Passengers were crying while telling us these stories. Finally, when they were told that U.S. airports had reopened, they were delivered to the airport right on time and without a single passenger missing or late. The local Red Cross had all the information about the whereabouts of each and every passenger and knew which plane they needed to be on and when all the planes were leaving. They coordinated everything beautifully.

It was absolutely incredible.

When passengers came on board, it was like they had been on a cruise. Everyone knew each other by name. They were swapping stories of their stay, impressing each other with who had the better time. Our flight back to Atlanta looked like a chartered party flight. The crew just stayed out of their way. It was mind-boggling.

Passengers had totally bonded and were calling each other by their first names, exchanging phone numbers, addresses, and email addresses.

And then a very unusual thing happened.

One of our passengers approached me and asked if he could make an announcement over the PA system. We never, ever allow that. But this time was different. I said "of course" and handed him the mike. He picked up the PA and reminded everyone about what they had just gone through in the last few days. He reminded them of the hospitality they had received at the hands of total strangers. He continued by saying

that he would like to do something in return for the good folks of Lewisporte.

"He said he was going to set up a Trust Fund under the name of DELTA 15 (our flight number). The purpose of the trust fund is to provide college scholarships for the high school students of Lewisporte.

He asked for donations of any amount from his fellow travellers. When the paper with donations got back to us with the amounts, names, phone numbers and addresses, the total was more than \$14,000!

"The gentleman, an MD from Virginia, promised to match the donations and to start the administrative work on the scholarship. He also said that he would forward this proposal to Delta Corporate and ask them to donate as well.

As I write this account, the trust fund is at more than \$1.5 million and has assisted 134 students in their college education.

"I just wanted to share this story because we need good stories right now. It gives me a little bit of hope to know that some people in a faraway place were kind to some strangers who literally dropped in on them.

It reminds me how much good there is in the world."

"In spite of all the rotten things we see going on in today's world this story confirms that there are still a lot of good people in the world and when things get bad, they will come forward.

Romans 13:4* For he is the minister of God to thee **for good**. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.

***This is one of those stories that need to be shared.
Please do so...***

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June 12

Biker help.....

The woman was scared out of her wits. Here she was on a lonely road in the middle of nowhere with night coming on and a car that

wouldn't run! She began to pray that God would send an angel to help her and she scanned the road in both directions but there was no sign of anyone!

She closed her eyes and prayed harder, Lord please send an angel who can help me.....again she scanned both ways and saw a speck way down the road coming toward her. She took heart and began to pray more fervently and as the speck grew larger she saw the biggest, burliest, long haired, bearded man she had ever seen----a rough, tough, mean looking guy on a motorcycle wearing the leather jacket of the Hell's Angels!

He stopped and came towards her, you got trouble, he asked?

Yessss.....m-my car quit, she replied faintly.

Well let me have a look at it he said and lifted the hood, made a few adjustments, turned the key and the car started. There, he said, you shouldn't have any more problems with it but just in case I'll follow you to the next town.

When she pulled into an all-night service station with a mechanic on duty her benefactor started to leave.

She clutched his arm and said thank you, thank you. I prayed that God would send an angel to help me and he sent you.

The guy replied.....Madam I'm no angel.....I just got out of jail for attempted murder!

God had sent an angel but not exactly the kind she had in mind. It's so easy for us to tell God how to answer our prayers isn't it? But since when should the creature God created give orders to the Creator?

Isaiah 41:10 Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

=====

June 19

THE OLD DENTED BUCKET

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore . We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out-patients at the clinic.

One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. "Why, he's hardly taller than my 8-year-old," I thought as I stared at the stooped, shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red and raw.

Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning."

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments .."

For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning."

I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch.. I went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No, thank you. I have plenty." And he held up a brown paper bag.

When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an oversized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her 5 children, and her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury.

He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was preface with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going...

At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch.

He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have a

treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind."

I told him he was welcome to come again.

And, on his next trip, he arrived a little after 7 in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen! He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m. And I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us, there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden.

Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk 3 miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious.

When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning.

"Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!"

Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But, oh!, if only they could have known him, perhaps their illnesses would have been easier to bear.

I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God.

Recently I was visiting a friend, who has a greenhouse, as she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!"

My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden."

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven.

"Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body."

All this happened long ago - and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand.

The LORD does not look at the things man looks at.. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart." (1 Samuel 16:7b)

Friends are very special. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear and they share a word of praise. Show your friends how much you care. Pass this on, and brighten someone's day.

Nothing will happen if you do not decide to pass it along. The only thing that will happen if you DO pass it on is that someone might smile (because of you).

Heb 13:2* Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained **angels unawares**.

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June 26

Shake It Off!

There have been more good things happening in my life than bad. Sometimes, however, we choose to focus only on the bad. The good we take for granted.

Don't!

Today my car wouldn't start. Then my computer.

It's the second time in about a week that the car wouldn't start. I had to call AAA for service. It took less than a minute for the service man to get me running. He assured me that the battery was fine.

I guess it was until today.

My computer, the one I rely on totally for all of my work has had issues for more than a year. Each time it was corrected. Each time something went wrong I felt like someone cut my arm off. But I was told it was fine.

I guess it was until today.

Marianne stopped me to tell me her printer wouldn't work. It had issues when we first connected it, but then they were resolved.

I guess it was fine until today.

I am normally not a patient man. God has given me many gifts and talents. Patience was not one of them.

With all of this happening in one morning you would think I would be crazed. I'm not.

My car still sits outside and I am praying that it will start a little later and it won't cost me much to correct the problem.

My computer cannot be used, but I am told by the manufacturer that a service person will call me in 2-3 days to schedule a time to fix it.

My wife's printer is now working.

So, what's my point?

Stuff happens. That's it. I could easily see all of this as my life falling apart or accept that sometimes a number of things happen all in one space of time.

Sometimes they are conveniently spread out so that I can handle them as they come.

It happens both ways. But what I choose to see at any given moment is my reality. As they say, "your perception is my reality." So, in essence I create my reality.

When I woke up this morning the title of my message to you was clear. I heard, "Shake it off!" I didn't understand it. I just accepted it and knew from experience that God would fill in the rest.

He did.

If you are having a bad day today, tomorrow or any future date, here's what I want you to do.

I want you to stand up, extend your arms slightly away from your body and shake. You know, like a dog does when he's wet. You heard me, "Shake it off!"

Do it as many times as needed until you feel completely foolish. I do believe it will bring a smile to your face, perhaps even a little laughter, but it will feel good.

Your challenges won't go away, but you will break the bond they have on you at that moment. When things go wrong they feel like they have a grip on you both mentally and physically. Ask God to help you let go of them and then stand up, sit where you are and "shake it off!"

I promise you it will work.

Then begin to put things in perspective, thank God that you are alive and yes, thank Him for the things you will learn from all of these challenges.

Things don't happen to you, they happen for you!

~Bob Perks

2Co 8:10* And herein I give my **advice**: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.



may 1

I Will Move the Rock

A man was sleeping at night in his cabin when suddenly his room filled with light and the Savior appeared. The Lord told the man he had work for him to do and showed him a large rock in front of his cabin. The Lord explained that the man was to push against the rock with all his might.

This the man did, day after day. For many years he toiled from sun up to sun down, his shoulders set squarely against the cold, massive surface of the unmoving rock, pushing with all his might. Each night the man returned to his cabin sore and worn out, feeling that his whole day had been spent in vain.

Seeing that the man was showing signs of discouragement, Satan decided to enter the picture by placing thoughts into the man's mind such as: "You have been pushing against that rock for a long time, and it hasn't budged. Why kill yourself over this? You are never going to move it."

Thus giving the man the impression that the task was impossible and that he was a failure, these thoughts discouraged and disheartened the man even more. "Why kill myself over this?" he thought. "I'll just put in my time, giving just the minimum effort, and that will be good enough."

And that he planned to do until one day he decided to make it a matter of prayer and take his troubled thoughts to the Lord. "Lord," he said, "I have labored long and hard in your service, putting all my strength to do that which you have asked. Yet, after all this time, I have not even budged that rock by half a millimeter. What is wrong? Why am I failing?"

To this the Lord responded compassionately, "My friend, when I asked you to serve me and you accepted, I told you that your task was to push against the rock with all your strength, which you have done. Never once did I mention to you that I expected you to move it. Your task was to push. And now you come to me, with your strength spent, thinking that you have failed. But, is that really so? Look at yourself. Your arms are strong and muscled, your back sinewed and brown, your hands are callused from constant pressure, and your legs have become massive and hard. Through opposition you have grown much and your abilities now surpass that which you used to have. Yet you haven't moved the rock. But your calling was to be obedient and to push and to exercise your faith and trust in My wisdom. This you have done.

"I, my friend, will now move the rock."

At times when we hear a word from God, we tend to use our own intellect to decipher what he wants, when actually what God wants is just simple obedience and faith in him...

By all means, exercise the faith that moves mountains, but it is still God who moves the mountains.

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

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may 8

THANK GOD, HE IS NOT LIKE THIS.

Thank you for calling My Father's House. Please select one of the =
following options:

Press 1 for GENERAL REQUESTS

Press 2 for THANKSGIVING

Press 3 for COMPLAINTS

Press 4 for HEALING

Press 5 for HELP WITH THE IRS

Press 6 for RAIN

Press 7 for "JUST SAYING HI!"

Press 8 for LOTTERY WINNING NUMBERS

(good luck, we just guess too)

Press 9 for ALL OTHER INQUIRIES

Press 0 for this to all begin again

What if God used the familiar excuse... "I'm sorry, all the angels are =

helping other customers right now. Please stay on the line. Your call is =
important to us and will be answered in the order it was received."

Can you imagine getting these kinds of responses as you call God
in prayer: "If you would like to speak to:

Gabriel, Press 11.

For Michael, Press 22.

For a directory of other Archangels, Press 33."

For a directory of Seraphim and Cherubim, Press 44

If you'd like to hear King David sing a Psalm while you are holding, =
please press 55, wait for the beep and enter the Number of the Psalm.

To find out if a loved one has been assigned to Heaven, Press 66, enter =
his/her social security number, press the pound (#) key, date of =
Birth, then press the pound (#) key twice.

For reservations in one of the Many Mansions, press the letters J-O-H-N =
then 3-1-6.

For answers to nagging questions about dinosaurs, the age of the earth, =
where Noah's Ark is, Darwin, Hitler, the Pope, abortion, and UFO's =
please wait until you arrive here, they can only be understood from a =
"heavenly perspective".

Lucifer, Press 666, and your call will be automatically transferred.

Our computers show that you have already called once today. Please hang up and try again tomorrow.

This office is closed for the weekend. Please call again on Monday after 9:30am. But before 4:30 ACST (Absolute Celestial Standard Time)

Please call again soon, but never on Sunday, That is OUR day of rest.

--Author Unknown--

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

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may 15

"Let me explain the problem science has with religion."

Author unknown

The atheist professor of philosophy pauses before his class and then asks one of his new students to stand.

'You're a Christian, aren't you, son?'

'Yes sir,' the student says.

'So you believe in God?'

'Absolutely '

'Is God good?'

'Sure! God's good.'

'Is God all-powerful? Can God do anything?'

'Yes'

'Are you good or evil?'

'The Bible says I'm evil.'

The professor grins knowingly. 'Aha! The Bible! He considers for a moment. 'Here's one for you. Let's say there's a sick person over here and you can cure him. You can do it. Would you help him? Would you try?'

'Yes sir, I would.'

'So you're good...!'

'I wouldn't say that.'

'But why not say that? You'd help a sick and maimed person if you could. Most of us would if we could. But God doesn't.'

The student does not answer, so the professor continues. 'He doesn't, does he? My brother was a Christian who died of cancer, even though he prayed to Jesus to heal him. How is this Jesus good? Can you answer that one?'

The student remains silent. 'No, you can't, can you?' the professor says. He takes a sip of water

from a glass on his desk to give the student time to relax. 'Let's start again, young fella. Is God good?'

'Er..yes,' the student says.

'Is Satan good?'

The student doesn't hesitate on this one.. 'No.'

'Then where does Satan come from?'

The student falters. 'From God'

'That's right. God made Satan, didn't he? Tell me, son. Is there evil in this world?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Evil's everywhere, isn't it? And God did make everything, correct?'

'Yes'

'So who created evil?' The professor continued, 'If God created everything, then God created evil, since evil exists, and according to the principle that our works define who we are, then God is evil.'

Again, the student has no answer. 'Is there sickness? Immorality? Hatred? Ugliness? All these terrible things, do they exist in this world?'

The student squirms on his feet. 'Yes.'

'So who created them?'

The student does not answer again, so the professor repeats his question. 'Who created them?' There is still no answer. Suddenly the

lecturer breaks away to pace in front of the classroom. The class is mesmerized. 'Tell me,' he continues onto another student. 'Do you believe in Jesus Christ, son?'

The student's voice betrays him and cracks. 'Yes, professor, I do.'

The old man stops pacing. 'Science says you have five senses you use to identify and observe the world around you. Have you ever seen Jesus?'

'No sir. I've never seen Him.'

'Then tell us if you've ever heard your Jesus?'

'No, sir, I have not.'

'Have you ever felt your Jesus, tasted your Jesus or smelt your Jesus? Have you ever had any sensory perception of Jesus Christ, or God for that matter?'

'No, sir, I'm afraid I haven't.'

'Yet you still believe in him?'

'Yes'

'According to the rules of empirical, testable, demonstrable protocol, science says your God doesn't exist... What do you say to that, son?'

'Nothing,' the student replies.. 'I only have my faith.'

'Yes, faith,' the professor repeats. 'And that is the problem science has with God. There is no

evidence, only faith.'

The student stands quietly for a moment, before asking a question of His own. 'Professor, is there such thing as heat? '

' Yes.

'And is there such a thing as cold?'

'Yes, son, there's cold too.'

'No sir, there isn't.'

The professor turns to face the student, obviously interested. The room suddenly becomes very quiet. The student begins to explain. 'You can have lots of heat, even more heat, super-heat, mega-heat, unlimited heat, white heat, a little heat or no heat, but we don't have anything called 'cold'. We can hit down to 458 degrees below zero, which is no heat, but we can't go any further after that. There is no such thing as cold; otherwise we would be able to go colder than the lowest -458 degrees. Every body or object is susceptible to study when it has or transmits energy, and heat is what makes a body or matter have or transmit energy.. Absolute zero (-458 F) is the total absence of heat. You see, sir, cold is only a word we use to describe the absence of heat. We cannot measure cold. Heat we can measure in thermal units because heat is energy. Cold is not the opposite of heat, sir, just the absence of it.'

Silence across the room. A pen drops somewhere in

the classroom, sounding like a hammer.

'What about darkness, professor. Is there such a thing as darkness?'

'Yes,' the professor replies without hesitation.

'What is night if it isn't darkness?'

'You're wrong again, sir. Darkness is not something; it is the absence of something. You can have low light, normal light, bright light, flashing light, but if you have no light constantly you have nothing and it's called darkness, isn't it? That's the meaning we use to define the word. In reality, darkness isn't. If it were, you would be able to make darkness darker, wouldn't you?'

The professor begins to smile at the student in front of him. This will be a good semester. 'So what point are you making, young man?'

'Yes, professor. My point is, your philosophical premise is flawed to start with, and so your conclusion must also be flawed.'

The professor's face cannot hide his surprise this time. 'Flawed? Can you explain how?'

'You are working on the premise of duality,' the student explains.. 'You argue that there is life and then there's death; a good God and a bad God. You are viewing the concept of God as something finite, something we can measure. Sir, science can't even explain a thought.' 'It uses electricity and magnetism, but has never seen, much less fully

understood either one. To view death as the opposite of life is to be ignorant of the fact that death cannot exist as a substantive thing. Death is not the opposite of life, just the absence of it.' 'Now tell me, professor. Do you teach your students that they evolved from a monkey?'

'If you are referring to the natural evolutionary process, young man, yes, of course I do.'

'Have you ever observed evolution with your own eyes, sir?'

The professor begins to shake his head, still smiling, as he realizes where the argument is going. A very good semester, indeed.

'Since no one has ever observed the process of evolution at work and cannot even prove that this process is an on-going endeavor, are you not teaching your opinion, sir? Are you now not a scientist, but a preacher?'

The class is in uproar. The student remains silent until the commotion has subsided. 'To continue the point you were making earlier to the other student, let me give you an example of what I mean.' The student looks around the room. 'Is there anyone in the class who has ever seen the professor's brain?' The class breaks out into laughter. 'Is there anyone here who has ever heard the professor's brain, felt the professor's brain, touched or smelt the professor's brain? No one appears to have done so.. So, according to the established rules of

empirical, stable, demonstrable protocol, science says that you have no brain, with all due respect, sir.' 'So if science says you have no brain, how can we trust your lectures, sir?'

Now the room is silent. The professor just stares at the student, his face unreadable. Finally, after what seems an eternity, the old man answers. 'I Guess you'll have to take them on faith.'

'Now, you accept that there is faith, and, in fact, faith exists with life,' the student continues. 'Now, sir, is there such a thing as evil?' Now uncertain, the professor responds, 'Of course, there is.. We see it Everyday. It is in the daily example of man's inhumanity to man. It is in The multitude of crime and violence everywhere in the world.. These manifestations are nothing else but evil.'

To this the student replied, 'Evil does not exist sir, or at least it does not exist unto itself. Evil is simply the absence of God. It is just like darkness and cold, a word that man has created to describe the absence of God. God did not create evil. Evil is the result of what happens when man does not have God's love present in his heart. It's like the cold that comes when there is no heat or the darkness that comes when there is no light.'

The professor sat down.

If you read it all the way through and had a smile on your face when you finished, mail to your friends and family with the title 'God vs. Science'

Ge 1:1 to 27

PS: The student was Albert Einstein.

Albert Einstein wrote a book titled 'God vs. Science' in 1921.

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may 22

Father John Powell, a professor at Loyola University in Chicago, writes about a student in his Theology of Faith class named Tommy:

Some twelve years ago, I stood watching my university students file into the classroom for our first session in the Theology of Faith. That was the day I first saw Tommy. He was combing his long flaxen hair, which hung six inches below his shoulders.

It was the first time I had ever seen a boy with hair that long.

I guess it was just coming into fashion then. I know in my mind that it isn't what's on your head but what's in it that counts; but on that day. I was unprepared and my emotions flipped.

I immediately filed Tommy under "S" for strange... Very strange.

Tommy turned out to be the "atheist in residence" in my Theology of Faith course.

He constantly objected to, smirked at, or whined about the possibility of an unconditionally loving Father/God. We lived with each other in relative peace for one semester, although I admit he was for me at times a serious pain in the back pew.

When he came up at the end of the course to turn in his final exam, he asked in a cynical tone, "Do you think I'll ever find God?"

I decided instantly on a little shock therapy. "No!" I said very emphatically.

"Why not," he responded, "I thought that was the product you were pushing."

I let him get five steps from the classroom door and then I called out, "Tommy! I don't think you'll ever find Him, but I am absolutely certain that He will find you!" He shrugged a little and left my class and my life.

I felt slightly disappointed at the thought that he had missed my clever line – He will find you! At least I thought it was clever.

Later I heard that Tommy had graduated, and I was duly grateful.

Then a sad report came. I heard that Tommy had terminal cancer.

Before I could search him out, he came to see me.

When he walked into my office, his body was very badly wasted and the long hair had all fallen out as a result of chemotherapy. But his eyes were bright and his voice was firm, for the first time, I believe.

"Tommy, I've thought about you so often; I hear you are sick," I blurted out.

"Oh, yes, very sick. I have cancer in both lungs. It's a matter of weeks."

"Can you talk about it, Tom?" I asked.

"Sure, what would you like to know?" he replied.

"What's it like to be only twenty-four and dying?"

"Well, it could be worse.

"Like what?"

"Well, like being fifty and having no values or ideals, like being fifty and thinking that booze, seducing women, and making money are the real biggies in life."

I began to look through my mental file cabinet under "S" where I had filed Tommy as strange. (It seems as though everybody I try to reject by classification, God sends back into my life to educate me.)

"But what I really came to see you about", Tom said, "is something you said to me on the last day of class." (He remembered!) He continued, "I asked you if you thought I would ever find God and you said, 'No!' which surprised me. Then you said, 'But He will find you.' I thought about that a lot, even though my search for God was hardly intense at that time. (My clever line. He thought about that a lot!) "But when the doctors removed a lump from my groin and told me that it was malignant, that's when I got serious about locating God. And when the malignancy spread into my vital organs, I really began banging bloody fists against the bronze doors of heaven.

"But God did not come out. In fact, nothing happened. Did you ever try anything for a long time with great effort and with no success?"

"You get psychologically glutted, fed up with trying. And then you quit.

"Well, one day I woke up, and instead of throwing a few more futile appeals over that high brick wall to a God who may be or may not be there, I just quit. I decided that I didn't really care about God, about an afterlife, or anything like that. I decided to spend what time I had left doing something more profitable. I thought about you and your class, and I remembered something else you had said:

'The essential sadness is to go through life without loving.'

"But it would be almost equally sad to go through life and leave this world without ever telling those you loved that you had loved them.

"So, I began with the hardest one, my Dad. He was reading the newspaper when I approached him.
'Dad.'

'Yes, what?' he asked without lowering the newspaper.

"Dad, I would like to talk with you."

'Well, talk.'

'I mean. It's really important.'

"The newspaper came down three slow inches. 'What is it?'

'Dad, I love you, I just wanted you to know that.' Tom smiled at me and said it with obvious satisfaction, as though he felt a warm and secret joy flowing inside of him.

"The newspaper fluttered to the floor. Then my father did two things I could never remember him ever doing before. He cried, and he hugged me.

"We talked all night, even though he had to go to work the next morning.

"It felt so good to be close to my father, to see his tears, to feel his hug, to hear him say that he loved me.

"It was easier with my mother and little brother. They cried with me, too, and we hugged each other and started saying real nice things to each other. We shared the things we had been keeping secret for so many years.

"I was only sorry about one thing--that I had waited so long.

"Here I was, just beginning to open up to all the people I had actually been close to.

"Then, one day I turned around and God was there.

"He didn't come to me when I pleaded with Him. I guess I was like an animal trainer holding out a hoop, 'C'mon, jump through. C'mon, I'll give you three days, three weeks.'

"Apparently God does things in His own way and at His own hour.

"But the important thing is that He was there. He found me! You were right. He found me even after I stopped looking for Him."

"Tommy," I practically gasped, "I think you are saying something very important and much more universal than you realize. To me, at least, you are saying that the surest way to find God is not to make Him a private possession, a problem solver, or an instant consolation in time of need, but rather by opening to love.

"You know, the Apostle John said that. He said: 'God is love, and anyone who lives in love is living with God and God is living in him.

"Tom, could I ask you a favor? You know, when I had you in class you were a real pain. But (laughingly) you can make it all up to me now. Would you come into my present Theology of Faith course and tell them what you have just told me? If I told them the same thing it wouldn't be half as effective as if you were to tell it."

"Oooh... I was ready for you, but I don't know if I'm ready for your class."

"Tom, think about it. If and when you are ready, give me a call."

In a few days Tom called, said he was ready for the class, that he wanted to do that for God and for me.

So we scheduled a date.

However, he never made it. He had another appointment, far more important than the one with me and my class.

Of course, his life was not really ended by his death, only changed.

He made the great step from faith into vision. He found a life far more beautiful than the eye of man has ever seen or the ear of man has ever heard or the mind of man has ever imagined.

Before he died, we talked one last time.

"I'm not going to make it to your class," he said.

"I know, Tom."

"Will you tell them for me? Will you ... tell the whole world for me?"

"I will, Tom. I'll tell them. I'll do my best."

So, to all of you who have been kind enough to read this simple story about God's love, thank you for listening. And to you, Tommy, somewhere in the sunlit, verdant hills of heaven--I told them, Tommy, as best I could.

If this story means anything to you, please pass it on to a friend or two.

It is a true story and is not enhanced for publicity purposes. Submitted by Wilbert

With thanks,

Rev. John Powell, Professor,

Loyola University, Chicago

Mark 5:19* Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and **tell them** how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.

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may 29

ONE OF THE BEST STORIES I'VE EVER HEARD!

Submitted by Waterloo

As she stood in front of her 5th grade class on the very first day of school, she told untruth. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them. However, that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he did not play with children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. In addition, he was unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big 'F' at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's work. She had put Teddy's off until last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does not have good manners... He is a joy to be around..'

His second grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his class. He is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle.'

His third grade teacher wrote, 'His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to please his father but his father doesn't show much interest, and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken.'

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class.'

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She decided to do something for her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright colors. She put them on a table in front of Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from the grocery store. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children were laughing when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle of perfume. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty it was, and she was putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed just long enough to say, 'Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to.'

After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. When she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the more he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class. Despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her favorites.

A year later, she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that she was the best teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had been the top third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he ever had in life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough in school, he had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favourite teacher he had ever had.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after earning his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still his favourite teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer.... The letter was from **Stoddard, MD.**

The story does not end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy was a young man, a girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit at the wedding in the place that was reserved for the mother of the groom. Of course, Mrs. Thompson did. And guess what? She wore the same necklace with several rhinestones missing. Moreover, she made sure she was wearing the perfume she had remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, 'Thank you for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me a difference.'

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, 'Teddy, you have become the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach you.'

(For you that don't know, Teddy Stoddard is the Doctor at Iowa Methodist in Des Moines, Stoddard Cancer Wing.)

Warm someone's heart today. . . pass this along. I love this story so very much, I cry every time I read it. Just try to make a difference in someone's life today and tomorrow. Just 'do it'.

Random acts of kindness, I think they call it! 'Believe in Angels, then return the favor.'

Mt 22:37* Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt **love** the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and with all thy might.

Mt 22:39* And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt **love** thy neighbour as thyself.

If you haven't Loved, you haven't Lived.

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April/2022

Henry Ford Motor Company..... submitted by Waterloo

On June 16, 1903, the Ford Motor Company was established. Henry Ford was the founder. This was not his first rodeo, as he had previously operated the Henry Ford Company. He left that company and took his name with him. What became of the Henry Ford Company? They became known as the Cadillac Motor Company.

Ford's Model T, which would number in the millions sold, required 100 board feet of wood to build. Ford despised waste. His motto was, "Reduce, reuse, and recycle." He was also a nature-lover, an environmentalist of his time. His escape from the stress of life was camping in the great outdoors.

Frustrated by the mountains of sawdust his lumber mills created, he and his partners sought a way to utilize the scrap wood and sawdust into a useful (and profitable) product.

An idea came to him one day as he was camped with some friends in the wilds of Michigan . After his party spent a long time collecting sufficient wood for a campfire, an idea spring in Ford's mind. Upon returning back to the lumber mill, he shared the idea with some of his partners and set to work on it.

The idea? Lumping a fistful of sawdust and cornstarch with a bit of tar to form a briquette. After charring it, it performed exactly what Ford imagined it would. He then built a charcoal briquette factory adjacent to his lumber mill where the waste from one became the fuel for the other.

A new Model T was now frequently sold with a bonus bag of Ford Charcoal Briquettes, so you could drive into the woods to camp and not worry about finding campfire wood.

So now you know. Ford not only created the modern automobile industry which takes millions to work and back each workday, but he also created the weekend grilling and camping industries.

In 1951, the Ford Charcoal Briquette Company was sold. The new company was named after Ford's real estate partner who helped him find the land to supply wood for building the early Ford automobiles - E.J. Kingsford.

Kingsford Charcoal is the largest producer of charcoal briquettes in the world.

Exodus 35:31 in the OT there were those skilled in engraving, mounting gemstones and more.....and they were a master at their own craft.....so it was with Henry Ford who was a brilliant man.

4/10

This is not where I got FFT from, but it's the same principal, only with God adding his word.

Can you imagine wanting to make sure you drove by a certain gas station every day just to see the message on the chalk board? It's true -- a gas station has become quite a landmark in Gauteng, South Africa because of its daily uplifting quotes written on a chalkboard. Some people say they deliberately travel this route just to read the quote to brighten their day.

The lady behind this wonderful initiative at Hutton Hyde Park is Alison Billett. She told SA People: "We inherited the board from the previous owner, Dick Hutton, when we bought the filling station from him almost 20 years ago. "We continued the tradition and it has become a landmark – more so now that it's on social media!"

"Not a day goes by when I don't get a call or a visit from someone to tell me how much they appreciate the message. It seems that every day there's something that just speaks to what is going on in someone's life and that inspires or motivates them.

"Having people come and tell me their stories and how the quote helped them in some small way is what motivates me to keep writing! "We use a variety of quotations – some are topical, some are funny, some are inspirational, some even reflect what is going on in my life that day!

"Different things appeal to different people...

"The boards were spotted by a motivational speaker from the UK, Geoff Ramm, when he was driving by one day and he was so taken by them he included a piece about them in his book!

"The boards have appeared many times in newspapers and magazines and been spoken about on radio stations all over the world. 9GAG has re-tweeted them a few times too!" Bob 95 FM in the USA recently posted Alison's "Rest in Peace" quote which has now been shared over a quarter of a million times around the world!

Isaiah 55:11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

4/17

A mother was concerned about her kindergarten son, Timmy, walking to school.

He didn't want his mother to walk with him.

She wanted to give him the feeling that he had some independence but yet know that he was safe.

So she had an idea of how to handle it.

She asked a neighbour if she would please follow him to school in the morning staying at a distance, so he probably wouldn't notice her.

The neighbour said that since she was up early with her toddler anyway, it would be a good way for them to get some exercise as well, so she agreed.

The next school day, the neighbour and her little girl set out following behind Timmy as he walked to school with another neighbour girl he knew.

She did this for the whole week.

As the two walked and chatted, kicking stones and twigs, Timmy 's little friend noticed the same lady was following them as she seemed to do every day all week.

Finally she said to Timmy,

'Have you noticed that lady following us to school all week? Do you know her?'

Timmy nonchalantly replied, 'Yeah, I know who she is.'

The little girl said, 'Well, who is she?'

'That's just Shirley Goodnest ,' Timmy replied, 'and her daughter Marcy ...'

'Shirley Goodnest? Who is she and why is she following us?'

'Well,' Timmy explained, 'every night my Mum makes me say the 23rd Psalm with my prayers, 'cuz she worries about me so much.

And in the Psalm, it says, 'Shirley Goodnest (surely goodness) and Marcy (merciful) shall follow me all the days of my life', so I guess I'll just have to get used to it

Nu 6:24-26 The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift His countenance upon you, and give you peace.

May Shirley Goodnest and Marcy be with you today and

4/24

A CHILD'S VIEW OF THUNDERSTORMS

A little girl walked to and from school daily. Though the weather that morning was questionable and clouds were forming, she made her daily trek to school. As the afternoon

progressed, the winds whipped up, along with lightning. The mother of the little girl felt concerned that her daughter

would be frightened as she walked home from school.

She also feared the electrical storm might harm her child.

Full of concern, the mother got into her car and quickly drove along the route to her child's school.

As she did, she saw her little girl walking along. At each flash of lightning, the child would stop, look up, and smile.

More lighting followed quickly and with each, the little girl would look at the streak of light and smile.

When the mother drew up beside the child, she lowered the window and called, "What are you doing?"

The child answered, "I am trying to look pretty because God keeps taking my picture."

Job 4:7 Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being **innocent**? or where were the righteous cut off?

March/2022

I have a friend who lives by a three-word philosophy: Seize the moment.

Just possibly she may be the wisest woman on this planet. Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming, or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those women on the Titanic who

passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible. How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word "refrigeration" mean nothing to you? How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched Jeopardy on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, "How about going to lunch in a half hour?" She would gasp and stammer, "I can't, because (check one) I have clothes on the line - My hair is dirty - I wish I had known yesterday - I had a late breakfast - It looks like rain." She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because Americans cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect. We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Stevie toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the living-room carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon-when we get two more kids out of college.

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

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk to her for 5 minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of roller-blades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

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

It is the same for eternity, have you secured your reservation for heaven or are you procrastinating? Until its too late !! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BELIEVE JESUS IS WHO HE SAID HE IS, THEN TELL HIM SO. To easy for you?

Romans 10:10* For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and **with the mouth** confession is made unto salvation.

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3/13

Justice

First day of class the law teacher walked in the first thing he did was ask for the name of a student sitting in the front row.

What's your name?

My name is Nelson

Get out of my class and never come back he ordered him.

Nelson was confused. The teacher was heading towards him so he got up quickly, packed up his stuff and left the classroom.

Everyone was scared and outraged but no one was talking.

Very good, now lets get started. What are laws for? Asked the teacher

The students were still scared but slowly they started answering the question. To have order in our society.....NO.....so that people pay for their actions.....NO.....does anyone know the answer to this question?

For justice to be done spoke shyly by a young girl.

Finally.....but what is justice?

Everyone was starting to get mad at the teachers attitude however they kept answering.

To protect the rights of the people.....OK but still to differentiate good from bad, to reward those who do good? OK so answer this question....did I act correctly when I kicked Nelson out of class?

Everyone was silent, no one responded. I want an answer the teacher yelled.

NO they answered in one voice.

Could we say I committed an injustice? YES

And why has nobody done anything about it? Why do we want laws and rules if we don't have the will to practice them? Each of you is obliged to speak up when you witness and injustice.....all of you..don't ever stay quiet again

Now go and get Nelson.....after all he is the teacher and I'm just from another period.

You know when we don't stand up for our rights, dignity is lost and dignity can't be negotiated!!

Isaiah 1:16-17 –Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil;

17 Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

=====

3/20

Master's Hand..... Submitted by Waterloo

'Twas battered and scarred and the auctioneer thought it hardly worth his while to waste his time on the old violin but he held it up with a smile.

What am I bid good people he cried, who wants to start the bidding for me? One dollar, two dollars, who will give me three?

Three dollars going once, three dollars going twice.....going for three.....

From the back of the room a gray bearded man came forward and picked up the violin and bow and wiping the dust from the old violin and tightening the strings he played a melody pure and sweet as sweet as the angels sing. The room was silent except for the music of the violin.

The music ceased and the auctioneer with a voice that was quiet and low said, what now am I bid for this old violin and he held it up with the bow.

One thousand? One thousand, do I hear two? Two thousand.....do I hear three? Three thousand going once, three thousand going twice when someone said five thousand!

The auctioneer said.....going, going SOLD for five thousand dollars.

The audience cheered but some of them cried. We just don't understand, what changed it's worth?

Swift came the reply.....the Touch of the Masters Hand!

And many a man with life out of tune all battered and bruised with hardship is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd much like that violin. A mess of pottage, a glass of wine, a game and he travels on.

He is going once, he is going twice, he is going and almost gone but the Master comes and the foolish crowd never can quite understand the worth of a soul and the change that is wrought by the touch of the Master's Hand.

John 3:16.....For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that who believes in Him should not perish.....the touch of the Master's Hand.

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3/27

I am so glad for you, and praise God for answering prayer.

So many times we miss the blessings of God by not listening to what the Spirit is trying to tell us, we are waiting for a sonic boom and not a small feeling.

Hi, just wanted you to know we found a new puppy, picked her up yesterday. We got her from Red Deer which was nice.

Had to tell you the story behind it as it was God sent.

We had a line up to **just look** at a litter the end of this month in Camrose. Tom wanted a tan multicolor Bishon-Shih-Tzu cross and they had poodle cross. We decided we would get one even though it was a different breed and they were all white. As we have looked around locally for a long time there was nothing available we settled on Camrose. Then, I kept getting this strong feeling to check one more time.

I ignored it, and the feeling got stronger, so I checked.

Low and behold there on kijiji was a listing for the exact breed, the exact color we wanted and female.

So we went to look. Someone just ahead of us came from Edson to get her but at the last moment they took the pure white one. The second we walked into the house the little girl came running to us and never left our side.

Brought her home last night, no crying or fuss, already went to the bathroom on her pee pad etc and slept thru the entire night.

We feel so blessed and so happy cause God gave us exactly what we wanted and needed. Specially at this time

Luv Brenda

Luke 21:15* For **I will give you** a mouth and **wisdom**, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.



Thought you might like to read this letter to the editor of a British national newspaper. Ever notice how some people just seem to know how to write a letter? Here is a woman who should run for Prime Minister!

Written by a housewife, to her daily newspaper:

'Are we fighting a war on terror or aren't we? Was it or was it not started by Islamic people who brought it to our shores in July 2002, and in New York Sept 11, 2001 and have continually threatened to do so since?

Were people from all over the world, not brutally murdered that day in Washington , and in downtown Manhattan , and in a field in Pennsylvania ?

Did nearly three thousand men, women and children die a horrible, burning or crushing death that day, or didn't they?

And I'm supposed to care that a few Taliban were claiming to be tortured by a justice system of the nation they come from and are fighting against in a brutal insurgency.

I'll care about the Koran when the fanatics in the Middle East start caring about the Holy Bible, the mere belief of which is a crime punishable by beheading in Afghanistan .

I'll care when these thugs tell the world they are sorry for hacking off Nick

Berg's head while Berg screamed through his gurgling slashed throat.

I'll care when the cowardly so-called 'insurgents' in Afghanistan come out and fight like men instead of disrespecting their own religion by hiding in mosques and behind women skirts and children.

I'll care when the mindless zealots who blow themselves up in search of Nirvana care about the innocent children within range of their suicide bombs.

I'll care when the British media stops pretending that their freedom of speech on stories is more important than the lives of the soldiers on the ground or their families waiting at home to hear about them when something happens.

In the meantime, when I hear a story about a British soldier roughing up an Insurgent terrorist to obtain information, know this:

I don't care

When I see a wounded terrorist get shot in the head when he is told not to move because he might be booby-trapped, you can take this to the bank:

I don't care.

When I hear that a prisoner - who was issued a Koran and a prayer mat, and 'fed special food' that is paid for by my taxes - is complaining that his holy book is being 'mishandled,' you can absolutely believe in your heart of hearts:

I don't care.

And oh, by the way, I've noticed that sometimes it's spelled 'Koran' and other times 'Quran..' Well, believe me!! you guessed it ...

I don't care!

If you agree with this viewpoint, pass this on to all your E-mail friends. Sooner or later, it'll get to the people responsible for this ridiculous behavior!

If you don't agree, then by all means hit the delete button. Should you choose the latter, then please don't complain when more atrocities

committed by radical Muslims happen here in our great country! And may I add:

'Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world. Our soldiers don't have that problem.'

I have

5 defining forces have ever offered to die for you:

- 1. Jesus Christ*
 - 2. The British Soldier.*
 - 3. The Canadian Soldier.*
 - 4. The US Soldier.*
 - 5. The New Zealand Soldier,*
- and*
- 6. The Australian Soldier*

One died for your soul, the other 5 for your freedom.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO PASS THIS ON, AS MANY SEEM TO FORGET ABOUT ALL OF THEM AMEN!

GIVE THIS LADY A STANDING OVATION. SHE HAS INDEED TICKED ALL THE BOXES

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

1John 2:15* Love not the world, neither the things that **are in the world**. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

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Feb 136

Lost City

Submitted by Waterloo

Beneath the surface of Lake Minnewanka, located in Banff National Park, rests the remains of a former resort town.

Many visitors don't realize that the lake, as it appears today, is a modern addition to the natural landscape, and that the area, before it was flooded, was home to a bustling lakeside resort town that today can only be visited with scuba gear.

Known as Minnewanka Landing, the summer village located at the base of the Canadian Rockies had lured city dwellers from nearby Calgary for years, most notably beginning in 1886 with the completion of the Beach House, a hotel constructed out of logs. Over the years the town grew to include four avenues, three streets, dozens of cottages, numerous hotels and restaurants, and multiple sailing outfits that would take guests on boat excursions around the (much smaller) original lake.

It wouldn't be until 1912 that the area's landscape would start to evolve with the construction of a new dam—part of a Calgary Power Co. hydroelectric plant operation being set up downriver—resulting in the flooding of a good portion of Minnewanka Landing. But while the town continued to thrive over the next two decades (42 lots were built to make way for additional cabin sites), it would finally meet its fate in 1941 with the building of a new dam, which raised the reservoir's waters by 98 feet, engulfing everything in its wake.

"It was during the Second World War Calgary was growing substantially during that point in time and required more power, so Lake Minnewanka was seen as an easy end."

Many structures of the former resort town still remain intact, including house and hotel foundations, wharves, an oven, a chimney, a cellar, bridge pilings and sidewalks. Even the footings from the town's original dam, built by the federal government in 1895, along with the footings from the dam built in 1912, remain visible if you are a diver.

Rev 21:23 in the new city of Jerusalem there will be no need of electricity for the glory of God will illumined it

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feb 20

These are the words from a song but sometimes we need to really think about the words rather than just listen to them in a song. Submitted by: Waterloo

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Jesus came for a visit.....

**If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or two
If He came unexpectedly I wonder what you'd do
Oh I know you'd give your nicest room to such an honored guest
And all the food you'd serve Him would be the very best**

And you would keep assuring Him you're glad to have Him there
That serving Him in your own home is joy beyond compare
But.....when you saw Him coming would you meet Him at the door
With arms outstretched in welcome to your heavenly visitor
Or would you have to change your clothes before you let Him in
Or hide your magazines and put the Bible where they had been
Would you turn off the TV and hope He hadn't heard
And wish you hadn't uttered that last loud hasty word
Would you hide your worldly music and put some hymn books out
Could you let Jesus walk right in or would you rush about
And I wonder.....if the Savior spent a day or two with you
Would you go on doing the things you always do
Would you go on saying the things you always say
Would life for you continue as it does from day to day
Would your family conversation keep up it's usual pace
And would you find it hard each meal to say a table grace
Would you sing the songs you always sing and read the books you
read
And let Him know the things on which your mind and spirit feed
Would you take Jesus with you everywhere you'd planned to go
Or would you maybe change your plans for just a day or two
Would you be glad to have Him meet your very closest friends
Or would you hope they'd stay away until His visit ends
Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on and on
Or would you sigh with great relief when He at last was gone
It might be interesting to know the things that you would do
If Jesus came in person to spend some time with you

**Jesus isn't some outsider that helps us in times of need.....He lives
within His Believers
Galations 2:20 says I am crucified with Christ and it's no longer
I who live but it is Christ who lives in me..**

DO YOU REALLY LOVE JESUS, THEN WHY DON'T YOU TRUST HIM.

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feb 27

A different Sunday Special.

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Enjoy, as you start your morning...

With all that is happening all around us now.
We can certainly appreciate this one.
This will start your morning with joy...

The pages will turn themselves, if not, click the left button.
Every once in a while a truly special email comes through that really begs to be forwarded to dear friends.

Click on below:

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

Jan. 3

Forgive.....forget.....

**An old man meets a young man who asks: "Do you remember me?"
And the old man says no. Then the young man tells him he was his student, And the teacher asks: "What do you do, what do you do in life?"**

The young man answers: "Well, I became a teacher."

"ah, how good, like me?" Asks the old man.

"Well, yes. In fact, I became a teacher because you inspired me to be like you."

The old man, curious, asks the young man at what time he decided to become a teacher. And the young man tells him the following story:

"One day, a friend of mine, also a student, came in with a nice new watch, and I decided I wanted it. I stole it, I took it out of his pocket. Shortly after, my friend noticed the his watch was missing and immediately complained to our teacher, who was you.

Then you addressed the class saying, 'This student's watch was stolen during classes today. Whoever stole it, please return it.' I didn't give it back because I didn't want to. You closed the door and told us all to stand up and form a circle. You were going to search our pockets one by one until the watch was found.

However, you told us to close our eyes, because you would only look for his watch if we all had our eyes closed. We did as instructed. You went from pocket to pocket, and when you went through my pocket, you found the watch and took it. You kept searching everyone's pockets, and when you were done you said 'open your eyes. We have the watch.'

You didn't tell on me and you never mentioned the episode. You never said who stole the watch either. That day you saved my dignity forever. It was the most shameful day of my life. But this is also the day I decided not to become a thief, a bad person, etc. You never said anything, nor

did you even scold me or take me aside to give me a moral lesson. I received your message clearly.
Thanks to you, I understood what a real educator needs to do. Do you remember this episode, professor?
The old professor answered, 'Yes, I remember the situation with the stolen watch, which I was looking for in everyone's pocket. I didn't remember you, because I also closed my eyes while looking.'
This is the essence of teaching: If to correct you must humiliate; you don't know how to teach."

Eph 4:32 says to be kind to one another, tender hearted and forgiving just as Christ forgave you.

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Jan 9.

This is great, to many christians don't read, what they read, its surprising how the brain goes by tradition and not what they read.

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**A small bottle containing urine sat upon the desk of Sir William Osler, he was then the eminent professor of medicine at Oxford University. Sitting before him was a classroom full of young wide eyed medical students listening to his lecture on the importance of observing details. To emphasize his point, he reached down and picked up the bottle and holding it high he announced;
This bottle contains a sample for analysis. Its often possible by tasting it to determine the disease from which the patient suffers and suiting to his words he dipped a finger into the fluid and then into his mouth. As he continued he said now I am going to pass the bottle around and each of you please do exactly as I did. Perhaps we can learn the importance of this technique and diagnose the case.**

**The bottle made its way from row to row as each student gingerly poked his finger in and bravely sampled the contents with a frown. Dr Osler then retrieved the bottle and starled his students with the words;
Gentlemen, now you will understand what I mean when I speak about details. Had you been observant you would have seen that I put my index finger into the bottle but my middle finger into my mouth!**

There is much to be learned by this story especially regarding you and your Bible. Time and again we've heard it said, 'I just don't get anything out of the Bible, I don't understand what I'm reading' and other excuses that people have NOT to read the Bible.

The good news is that you need to force yourself to observe what you're reading and pay attention to the details of what you read!

Think of it as your eyes as searchlights.....don't glance at birds.....see them and what kind of birds they are.... robins, sparrows etc ! Don't smell flowers....smell them to see what kind they are, tulips, roses etc. Don't just look at

a tree.....what kind is it, a birch, a willow?? Don't watch cars, notice them to see if they are a Ford, Chev, Dodge etc.

Stop being general and stretch your mental muscles and you will get a deeper indepth of everything, including what you read in the Bible.

You can be at the scene in Gethsemane where Jesus prayed among the gnarled and twisted trunks of the olive tree's but it takes training to be observant and only you can accomplish that but you will be so blessed when you do.

Mark 13:5 Jesus said take heed (be alert) that no one deceives you!

1 Peter 5:8 Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour:

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Jan 16

Judging.....

****Did you roll your eyes at that 350 pound man in front of you in the all you can eat buffet line? Would you judge him a little differently if you learned that he has an inoperable brain tumor and needs to take steroids that blow up his size?***

****Remember the way you screamed and glared at that lady who started to drift into your lane? Would you have reacted any different if you knew that she was driving home from the hospital after her daughter had just passed away?***

****Did you judge that guy who stood helplessly by while the lady in front of him struggled to lift her heavy carry on bag from the overhead bin? Would you think differently if you knew he was flying home from two spine surgeries and wasn't allowed to raise his arms or lift anything more than 5 pounds?***

****Or maybe that guy you thought was rude because he didn't acknowledge your greeting in the elevator? Would you cut him a little more slack if you discovered that he just left his lawyer's office making a bankruptcy filing for his business and was thinking about how to tell his family.***

****You remember what you thought about that lady in front of you at the checkout trying to sneak a few more items in the 10 or less line? Would it matter so much to you if she had a special needs child at home or was a caretaker for an elderly parent and was desperate to get back to them quickly?***

****You know that new guy that seemed aloof to you, would you have given him more of a chance if you found out he has social anxiety disorder and needs extra time to open up to people.***

***Did you think the guy on the bus was a jerk because he didn't get up and offer his seat to that elderly lady? What if he's a wounded soldier and under those slacks are two prosthetic legs that he's still learning to balance on?**

Maybe the better question is this.....are we to quick to judge?

Matt 7:1 Do not judge or you too will be judged for in the same way you judge others you will be judged.

We all have to make judgement calls (is it wrong or right, is it safe or not or will it bless or condemn, and so on).

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Jan 23

How to Stop climate Change

Firstly, believe in Jesus and his written word.

The bible says that as it was in the days of Noah, when God destroyed the living with a flood that covered the highest mountain by 15 cubits.

Genesis 7:20 Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were **covered**.

The bible says that in the end time, the people will be as they were in Noah's day. All their deeds were evil, except eight people, Noah, his wife, three sons and their wives. He had Noah build an ark to hold his family and two of each kind of critter, to carry and keep them while the earth was covered with water.

Today, it is no different from in Noah's day, man don't need God they can fix things them self, even the elements which they didn't create in the first place.

This time, instead of a flood to destroy the evil of man, he is going to let the man of Satan loose to rule for seven years.

In this time period you will have to be willing to be beheaded for standing for Jesus and not taking the beasts mark. You won't be able to buy or sell without it.

God has allowed a sample for us now, if you don't have the Covid vaccine, you can't travel, go to a restaurant and many other things. They belittle you, accuse you of being inconsiderate of others and so on, but they haven't got to the point of throwing you in jail or killing you. "YET"

As long as society as a whole, believed and prayed to God, he would control the climate and elements for our sake. But percentage wise the huge majority do not believe in God, figure we don't need God or through religion, have brought God down to our level. IN OTHER WORDS our society is evil. The disciples or righteous are going to be raptured shortly, then the Beast or the Antichrist will come to power for seven years.

Then Jesus himself will come and rule this world, with a rod of iron, and Satan will be chained for 1000 years. There will be no temptations from the Devil but man can still think of things, but just remember Christ will RULE with a rod of iron and will deal with rebellion or whatever, immediately. When Satan is released at the end of the 1000 years, he again will tempt man and the bible says he will gather a GREAT army to fight against Christ. And the bible says that he will destroy them with the breath of his mouth.

God protects you from climate change, Pandemics, etc. but,,,, YOU HAVE TO TRUST AND LIVE FOR HIM

Practice to trust God now

2Timothy 3:16* All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

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Jan 30

WHAT'S AN INFIDEL?The author, *Rick Mathes*, is a well-known leader in prison ministry. The man who walks with God always gets to his destination. If you have a pulse you have a purpose.

The Muslim religion is the fastest growing religion per capita in the United States, especially in the minority races.

Last month I attended my annual training session that's required for maintaining my state prison security clearance. During the training session there was a presentation by three speakers representing the Roman Catholic, Protestant and Muslim faiths, who each explained their beliefs.

I was particularly interested in what the Islamic Imam had to say. The Muslim gave a great presentation of the basics of Islam, complete with a video. After the presentations, time was provided for questions and answers. When it was my turn, I directed my question to the Muslim and asked: 'Please, correct me if I'm wrong, but I understand that most Imams and clerics of Islam have declared a holy jihad [Holy war] against the infidels of the world and, that by killing an infidel, (which is a command to all Muslims) they are assured of a place in heaven. If that's the case, can you give me the definition of an infidel?'

There was no disagreement with my statements and, without hesitation, he replied, 'Non-believers!'

I responded, 'so, let me make sure I have this straight. All followers of Allah have been commanded to kill everyone who is not of your faith so they can have a place in heaven. Is that correct?'

The expression on his face changed from one of authority and command to that of a little boy who had just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.' He sheepishly replied, 'Yes.'

I then stated, 'Well, sir, I have a real problem trying to imagine The Pope commanding all Catholics to kill those of your faith or Dr. Stanley ordering all Protestants to do the same in order to guarantee them a place in heaven!'

The Muslim was speechless.

I continued, 'I also have a problem with being your friend when you and your brother clerics are telling your followers to kill me! Let me ask you a question: Would you rather have your Allah, who tells you to kill me in order for you to go to heaven, or my Jesus who tells me to love you because I am going to heaven and He wants you to be there with me?'

You could have heard a pin drop. Needless to say, the organizers and/or promoters of the 'Diversification' training seminar were not happy with my way of dealing with the Islamic Imam, and exposing the truth about the Muslims' beliefs.

In twenty years there will be enough Muslim voters in the U.S. to elect the President. I think everyone in the U.S. should be required to read this, but with the ACLU, there is no way this will be widely publicized, unless each of us sends it on! This is your chance to make a difference.

FOR the GOSPEL'S SAKE....SEND THIS ON!

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