

THE BIBLE AND I



The Bible

The Bible and I,
my book,
into its scriptures
is where I look.

Telling of God's word
is what it's for.
Telling that if you find God,
you'll be lost no more.

For I read it
both day and night,
to my heart,
it brings pure delight.

In my heart
I store its scriptures.
In my mind
it frames a picture.

In my life
it gives me wisdom,
for it tells of
the gifts from Him.

It tells of the commandments,
for which we should live by.
It tells of the place in Heaven
reserved for me when I die.

The light in your life
will never go dim,
if you read all
of the words of Him.

Avoid the Bible and
you'll remain lost,
for the price it pays,
it's not worth the cost!

I, like the Bible,
can tell of the word,
to all of God's children
who haven't heard.

To go to Heaven you have
to accept in your heart,
the love-salvation of God
which the Bible departs.
- BJ.Morbitzer

Luke 9:26* For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.

AN ADVENTURE WITH GRANDMA

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!"

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus!" she snorted. "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon bun.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for.

I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade-two class. Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough, and he didn't have a coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat!

I settled on a red corduroy - one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

"Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down.

"Yes," I replied shyly. "It's for Bobby." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it -- Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers.

Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.

I still have the Bible, with the tag tucked inside: \$19.95.

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

Dec 15

The "W" in Christmas - Author Unknown

Submitted by: Dawn Craft

Each December, I vow to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations

-- extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Still, I found myself exhausted, unable to fully appreciate the precious family moments and, at times, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a five-year-old. For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant."

I didn't have the heart to tell him I had to work the night of the production. Unwilling to miss Nicholas' shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then.

Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to a space. As I waited, the students were

led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor.

Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song.

Because the public school system had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment - songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer. So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly taken aback, although with pleasure. by its bold title.

Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red sweaters, and bright snow caps upon their heads.

Those in the front row-center stage -- held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song. As the class would sing "C is for Christmas," a child would hold up the letter C. Then, "H is for Happy," and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas Love."

The performance was going smoothly, when suddenly we noticed her; a small, quiet, girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down -- totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W."

The audience of 1st through 6th graders began to snicker with suppressed laughter at this little one's mistake. However, she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W." Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the light sound of suppressed laughter continued until the last letter was raised ... and then we all saw it at the same time.

A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen.

In that instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities.

For when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear:

"CHRIST WAS LOVE"

And He still is.

We stand Amazed in His presence ... Humbled by His love.

May each of you have a Blessed Christmas and a Hopeful New Year as you reflect on His Amazing Love for us.

Wishing all a '**CHRISTWAS LOVE**' holiday season.

Titus 1:2* In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised **before the world** began;

Dec 22

Christmas Presence

By Laura Lagana

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the evening I reminisced, fondly reliving past Christmases spent with my family. As a second-year nursing student, just nineteen, this was to be my first Christmas away from home. Although I knew that someday I'd be working on Christmas, I never expected to feel this lonely.

Secluded in my room, I yearned for the mouthwatering aromas of Mom's freshly baked cookies, hot chocolate and love. The absence of the usual giggling, slamming doors and ringing telephones made the dormitory seem cold and empty. The unappetizing smell of disinfectant replaced my visions of cookies and cocoa.

Standing in front of the mirror, I conversed with my reflection. "You wanted to be a nurse, didn't you? Well, you're almost a nurse. Here's your chance to find out what Christmas spirit really means." Determined to make the best of it, I turned in early.

"I'll be home for Christmas. You can count on me. . . ." My faithful clock radio announced reveille as I slowly dragged myself out of a toasty-warm bed. I trudged across the snow-filled street and grabbed a quick breakfast in the cafeteria before reporting for duty on the medical-surgical unit.

As I prepared to take vital signs on my first patient, I was startled by a robust voice that came from behind. "Merry Christmas to you. Want anything from the cafeteria? I'm headed that way, Missy."

I took the stethoscope out of my ears and turned around. From the dimly lit room I could see a gigantic, roly-poly elderly gentleman with long, curly hair, all decked out in a bright-red plaid shirt tucked haphazardly into baggy, red trousers. The trousers appeared to be held up by only two wide, fire-engine red suspenders that had long since outlived their elasticity. The only thing missing was the beard. This Santa Claus facsimile was standing in the doorway waiting patiently for an answer to his query.

Looking toward the bright hallway lights from the darkened room, I thought for a moment that I was dreaming. "No, thanks," I responded. "I just came on duty. I'll grab something at lunch."

Before disappearing down the hall he added, "Name's George. Just let me know what I can do for you, Missy. I'll be right back."

As I cared for my patients, George was right alongside. I watched him spread holiday cheer as he became a guest to the patients who had no visitors that day. When trays arrived, he knew who needed assistance and who needed to be fed. He read letters and cards to those whose eyes could no longer see the letters on a printed page. George's powerful body and tender hands were always ready to help, hold, turn, pull up or lift a patient. He was a "gopher" who made countless trips to the supply room for the "needs of the moment."

George also knew when to call for help. While reading a letter to Mr. Jenkins, George noticed that the patient suddenly started to "look funny" and instantly ran to the nurse's station to summon aid. Thanks to George's swift action, we managed to reverse the effects of an impending diabetic coma.

Jovial George clearly enjoyed helping others while he spread cheer and told jokes - the same jokes, over and over again, all day long, one patient at a time. We all enjoyed his presence that Christmas day.

When I finally took my lunch break, I was surprised to find the cafeteria elaborately decorated for the season. I sat down next to one of the staff nurses from the unit. During lunch with Andrea, I had the chance to ask a burning question. "Who is this George fellow? And why is he here on Christmas Day?"

"About ten years ago, George's wife became seriously ill. He spent almost every waking moment by her side. Those two lovebirds were so devoted to one another. There was nothing he wouldn't do for her." Andrea stopped for a few moments, sipping her coffee in silence, before continuing. "George started to visit other patients while his wife was sleeping or having treatments. He was here so much that he seemed to take naturally to helping out wherever he could."

My natural curiosity made me ask, "Does he have any family?"

A serious look came over Andrea's face as she continued, "They never had children, and as far as I know, there are no relatives. But you see, George watched his wife suffer for a very long time. He shared every second of her pain and anguish. On Christmas Eve, after I prepared his wife for sleep, they prayed together. During the prayer, George promised his wife that if God would take away her misery that night, by taking her 'home,' he would spend the rest of his life as a Christmas volunteer."

Andrea and I finished our lunch in silence.

Ecclesiastes 5:4 When thou vowest a **vow** unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed.

Dec 29

*Remember, Jesus is the Reason for this Season
and Start the New Year With Jesus in Your Life*

Hi Everyone! Here is a poem that may help if you have lost a loved one.

Arvin Affolder

submitted by

My First Christmas in Heaven

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below
With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away the tear,
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear,
But the sound of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.
I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring,
For it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing.
I know how much you miss me, I see the pain inside your heart.
But I am not so far away, we really aren't apart.
So be happy for me dear ones, you know I hold you near.
And be glad I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I sent you each a special gift from my heavenly home above,
I sent you each a memory of my undying love.
After all, love is a gift more precious than pure gold.
Was always most important the stories Jesus told.
Please love and keep each other, my Father said to do.
I can't count the blessing or love God has for each of you.
So have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear,
Remember, I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

2Corinthians 5:6* Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at **home** in the body, we are **absent** from the Lord:

Nov 3

Technology.....

Years ago, Hollywood produced a movie about a submarine-like vessel and crew that were shrunk to microscopic proportions and injected into a human. Careening through the blood stream, the ship faced numerous obstacles before reaching the brain and wiping out a tumor. However farfetched that was, scientists are working to create tiny robots that can move through a human body to perform a variety of medical procedures.

For example, Italian researchers have designed a new, pinhead-size, radio-controlled camera pill. The camera pill is designed to swallowed and flow through your digestive system while flashing a tiny strobe and snapping pictures. But this camera pill is immense compared to what is on the drawing board!

Have you ever heard of nanorobots? To give you an idea how small a nanorobot is, a meter is about 39 inches, but a nanometer is only a billionth of a meter. Nanotechnology is a new field that seeks to make machines millions of times smaller than what we now use. Nanotechnologists want to create nanorobots, commonly called nanobots, that could be injected into the body and programmed to seek out cancer cells and destroy them with a precision that a scalpel could never achieve. Imagine a small machine, no bigger than a germ, traveling through the bloodstream, powered by the system's natural glucose, killing cancer cells one at a time. How much better that would be than chemotherapy, which kills good cells as well! Nanobots could break up kidney stones, clean out plaque-filled arteries, and kill viruses and unwanted bacteria. The potential is endless.

Though scientists are still a long way from creating them, just remember that 20 years ago it required a building full of computers to accomplish what a handheld computer can do today!

As of 2000+ years ago, it is possible to have Jesus "in you." The Bible refers to the mystery of "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Colossians 1:27). Jesus said, "Abide in Me, and I in you" (John 15:4). But how? His Word says, "If we love one another, God abides in us" (1 John 4:12). He also tells us, "He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood abides in Me, and I in him" (John 6:56 THIS IS COMMUNION). If we live in His love, keep His commandments, accept His sacrifice and His Word, and stay connected by spending time with Him each day, He will remain in us, giving us eternal life.

Nov 10

Where Did The Country Go Wrong

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion,
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For ol' Joe has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer
For a Veteran died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Veteran died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories
From the time that they were young,
But the passing of a Veteran
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Veteran,
Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever-waffling stand?

Or would you want a Veteran
His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Veteran,
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Veteran,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Veteran's part,
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,

Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A VETERAN DIED TODAY."

Hebrews 13:3* Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.

Nov 17

Subject: The Table Cloth RUN BEFORE BUT WORTH RUNNING AGAIN
Beautiful story.... makes you understand that things happen for a reason

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn , arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc, and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19 a terrible tempest - a driving rainstorm - hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high.

The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home.

On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity, so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet.

"Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth?" The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials 'EBG' were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this.

The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten "The Tablecloth".

The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria

When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week.

He was captured, sent to prison and she never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home. That was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job. What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return.

One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving.

The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike?

He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison. He never saw his wife or his home again in all the 35 years between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier.

He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

True story - submitted by Pastor Rob Reid who says God does work in mysterious ways.

1Corinthians 4:1* Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

Nov 24

SUBMITTED BY: FRED R.

Suggested New Preamble to the Constitution of the USA and any other TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The following has been attributed to Lewis Napper, a Jackson, Mississippi computer programmer. He didn't expect his essay -- a tart 10-point list of "rights" Americans don't have -- to become an Internet legend.

'We the sensible people of the United States, in an attempt to help everyone get along, restore some semblance of justice, avoid more riots, keep our nation safe, promote positive behavior, and secure the blessings of debt-free liberty to ourselves and our great-great-grandchildren, hereby try one more time to ordain and establish some common sense guidelines for the terminally whiny, guilt-ridden, delusional.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that a whole lot of people are confused by the Bill of Rights and are so dim they require a Bill of NON-Rights.'

ARTICLE I:

You do not have the right to a new car, big screen TV, or any other form of wealth. More power to you if you can legally acquire them, but no one is guaranteeing anything.

ARTICLE II:

You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone -- not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc. But the world is full of dummies, and probably always will be.

ARTICLE III:

You do not have the right to be free from harm. If you stick a screwdriver in your eye, learn to be more careful; do not expect the tool manufacturer to make you and all your relatives independently wealthy.

ARTICLE IV:

You do not have the right to free food and housing. Americans are the most charitable people to be found, and will gladly help anyone in need, but we are quickly growing weary of subsidizing generation after generation of professional couch potatoes who achieve nothing more than the creation of another generation of professional couch potatoes.

ARTICLE V:

You do not have the right to free health care. That would be nice, but from the looks of public housing, we're just not interested in public health care.

ARTICLE VI:

You do not have the right to physically harm other people. If you kidnap, rape, intentionally maim, or kill someone, don't be surprised if the rest of us want to see you get the blue juice.

ARTICLE VII:

You do not have the right to the possessions of others. If you rob, cheat, or coerce away the goods or services of other citizens, don't be surprised if the rest of us get together and lock you away in a place where you still won't have the right to a big screen color TV or life of leisure.

ARTICLE VIII:

You do not have the right to a job. All of us sure want you to have a job, and will gladly help you along in hard times, but we expect you to take advantage of the opportunities of education and vocational training laid before you to make yourself useful.

ARTICLE IX:

You do not have the right to happiness. Being an American means that you have the right to **PURSUE** happiness, which by the way, is a lot easier if you are unencumbered by an overabundance of idiotic laws created by those of you who were confused by the Bill of Rights.

ARTICLE X:

This is an English speaking country. We don't care where you came from. English is our language. Learn it!

ARTICLE XI:

You do not have the right to change our country's history or heritage. This country was founded on the belief in one true God. And yet, you are given the freedom to believe in any religion, any faith, or no faith at all; with no fear of persecution. The phrase **IN GOD WE TRUST** is part of our heritage and history, sorry if you are uncomfortable with it.

Sensible people of the United States must speak out because if you do not, who

Job 36:2 Suffer me a little, and I will shew thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf.

An Army Doctor (unknown) A real eye opener. Worth your time to read

This should be required reading in every school and college in our country. This Captain, an Army doctor, deserves a medal himself for putting this together. ..If you choose not to pass it on, fine, but I think you might want to after you read it.

I am a doctor specializing in the Emergency Departments of the only two military Level One-Trauma Centers, both in San Antonio, TX.

We care for civilian emergencies as well as military personnel. San Antonio has the largest military retiree population in the world living here. As a military doctor, I work long hours and the pay is less than glamorous. One tends to become jaded by the long hours, lack of

sleep, food, family contact and the endless parade of human suffering passing before you. The arrival of another ambulance does not mean more pay, only more work. Most often, it is a victim from a motor vehicle crash.

Often it is a person of dubious character who has been shot or stabbed.

With our large military retiree population, it is often a nursing home patient. Even with my enlisted service and minimal combat experience in Panama, I have caught myself groaning when the ambulance brings in yet another sick, elderly person from one of the local retirement centers that cater to military retirees. I had not stopped to think of what the citizens of this age group represented. I saw 'Saving Private Ryan.' I was touched deeply. Not so much by the carnage, but by the sacrifices of so many.

I was touched most by the scene of the elderly survivor at the graveside, asking his wife if he'd been a good man.

I realized that I had seen some of these same men and women coming through my emergency Dept. and had not realized what magnificent sacrifices they had made. ..The things they did for me and everyone else that has lived on this planet since the end of that conflict are priceless.

Situation permitting, I now try to ask my patients about their experiences. They would never bring up the subject without my inquiry. I have been privileged to hear an amazing array of experiences, recounted in the brief minutes allowed in an Emergency Dept. encounter.

These experiences have revealed the incredible individuals I have had the honor of serving in a medical capacity, many on their last admission to the hospital.

There was a frail, elderly woman who reassured my young enlisted medic, trying to start an IV line in her arm. She remained calm and poised, despite her illness and the multiple needlesticks into her fragile veins. She was what we call a 'hard stick.' As the medic made another attempt, I noticed a number tattooed across her forearm. I touched it with one finger and looked into her eyes. She simply said, 'Auschwitz ..'

Many patients of later generations would have loudly and openly berated the young medic in his many attempts. How different was the response from this person who'd seen unspeakable suffering.

Also, there was this long retired Colonel, who as a young officer had parachuted from his burning plane

over a Pacific Island held by the Japanese. Now an octogenarian, he had a minor cut on his head from a fall at his home where he lived alone. His CT scan and suturing had been delayed until after midnight by the usual parade of high priority ambulance patients.

Still spry for his age, he asked to use the phone to call a taxi, to take him home, then he realized his ambulance had brought him without his wallet. He asked if he could use the phone to make a long distance call to his daughter who lived 7 miles away.

With great pride we told him that he could not, as he'd done enough for his country and the least we could do was get him a taxi home, even if we had to pay for it ourselves.

My only regret was that my shift wouldn't end for several hours, and I couldn't drive him myself.

I was there the night M/Sgt. Roy Benavidez came through the Emergency Dept. for the last time. He was very sick.

I was not the doctor taking care of him, but I walked to his bedside and took his hand. I said nothing. He was so sick, he didn't know I was there. ...I'd read his Congressional Medal of Honor citation and wanted to shake his hand. He died a few days later.

...The gentleman who served with Merrill's Marauders,

...The survivor of the Bataan Death March,

...The survivor of Omaha Beach,

..The 101 year old World War I veteran,

...The former POW held in frozen North Korea,

....The former Special Forces medic - now with non-operable liver cancer,

...The former Viet Nam Corps Commander.

I may still groan when yet another ambulance comes in, but now I am much more aware of what an honor it is to serve these particular men and women.

I have seen a Congress who would turn their back on these individuals who've sacrificed so much to protect our liberty. I see later generations that seem to be totally engrossed in abusing these same liberties, won with such sacrifice.

It has become my personal endeavor to make the nurses and young enlisted medics aware of these amazing individuals when I encounter them in our Emergency Dept. Their response to these particular citizens has made me think that perhaps all is not lost in the next generation.

My experiences have solidified my belief that we are losing an incredible generation, and this nation knows not what it is losing.

Our uncaring government and ungrateful civilian populace should all take note. We should all remember that we must 'earn this.'

If it weren't for the United States Military, there'd be NO United States of America!

And now as you have finished reading this, our Congress enjoys their free medical care, for LIFE I might add (which of course they voted in themselves) are in the process of charging these people for their medical care and at the same time possibly reducing their retirement pay. ...A typical political "Thank you" for their Service.

If you choose not to pass this on, fine. ...Let your conscience be your guide.

In God We Trust!

Revelation 19:7* Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him:*

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oct 13

Some food for thought. I wish everyone in the USA could read this analysis but of course that is impossible. It is truly worth the few minutes of your time..

Dr. Jack Devere Minzey, born 6 October 1928, died 8 April 2018, was the Department Head of Education at Eastern Michigan University as well as a prolific author of numerous books, most of which were on the topic of Education and the Government role therein.

(Editor's note)This was the last of his works: Civil War: How do civil wars happen?

By Dr. Jack Devere Minzey

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Two or more sides disagree on who runs the country. And they can't settle the question through elections because they don't even agree that elections are how you decide who's in charge. That's the basic issue here. Who decides who runs the country? When you hate each other but accept the election results, you have a country.

When you stop accepting election results, you have a countdown to... a civil war.

The Mueller investigation is about removing President Trump from office and overturning the results of an election. We all know that. But it's not the first time they've done this. The first time a Republican president was elected this century, they said he didn't really win. The Supreme Court gave him the election. There's a pattern here.

What do sure odds of the Democrats rejecting the next Republican president really mean? **It means they don't accept the results of any election that they don't win.** It means they don't believe that transfers of power in this country are determined by elections. That's a civil war.

There's no shooting. At least not unless you count the attempt to kill a bunch of Republicans at a charity baseball game practice But **the Democrats have rejected our system of government.**

This isn't dissent. It's not disagreement. You can hate the other party. You can think they're the worst thing that ever happened to the country. But then you work harder to win the next election. **When you consistently reject the results of elections** that you don't win, what you want is.... **a dictatorship.**

Your very own style of.... dictatorship.

The only legitimate exercise of power in this country, according to Democrats, is its own. Whenever Republicans exercise power, it's inherently illegitimate. The Democrats lost Congress. They lost the White House. So what did they do? They began trying to run the country through Federal judges and bureaucrats. Every time that a Federal judge issues an order saying that the President of the United States can't scratch his own back without his say so, that's the civil war.

Our system of government is based on the constitution, but that's not the system that runs this country. The Democrat's system is that **any part of government that it runs gets total and unlimited power over the country.**

If the Democrats are in the White House, then the president can do anything And I mean anything. He can have his own amnesty for illegal aliens. He can fine you for not having health insurance. He can use the IRS as his own police force and imprison citizens who speak against him.

He can provide guns and money (Fast and Furious) (Iran nuclear deal) to other countries to support his own agenda, and watch while one of America's Ambassador's is dragged through the streets and murdered doing nothing to aid our citizens. His power is unlimited. He's a dictator. But when Republicans get into the White House, suddenly the President can't do anything. He isn't even allowed to undo the illegal alien amnesty that his predecessor illegally invented.

A Democrat in the White House has 'discretion' to completely decide every aspect of immigration policy. A Republican doesn't even have the 'discretion' to reverse him. That's how the game is played. That's how our country is run. Sad but true, although the left hasn't yet won that particular fight.

When a Democrat is in the White House, states aren't even allowed to enforce immigration law. But when a Republican is in the White House, states can create their own immigration laws. Under Obama, a state wasn't allowed to go to the bathroom without asking permission. But under Trump, Jerry Brown can go around saying that California is an independent republic and sign treaties with other countries.

The Constitution has something to say about that. Whether it's Federal or State, Executive, Legislative or Judiciary, the left moves power around to run the country. If it controls an institution, then that institution is suddenly the supreme power in the land. This is what I call... a moving dictatorship.

Donald Trump has caused the Shadow Government to come out of hiding: Professional government is a guild. Like medieval guilds. You can't serve in if you're not a profess. If you haven't been indoctrinated into its arcane rituals. If you aren't in the club. And Trump isn't in the club. He brought in a bunch of people who aren't in the club with him

Now we're seeing what the pros do when amateurs try to walk in on them. They spy on them, they investigate them and they send them to jail. They use... the tools of power... to bring them down.

That's not a free country.

It's not a free country when FBI agents who support Hillary take out an 'insurance policy' against Trump winning the election.

It's not a free country when Obama officials engage in massive unmasking of the opposition.

It's not a free country when the media responds to the other guy winning by trying to ban the conservative media that supported him from social media.

It's not a free country when all of the above collude together to overturn an election because the guy who wasn't supposed to win did.

Have no doubt, we're in a civil war between conservative volunteer government and a leftist Democrat professional government.

Well now Pilgrims and Patriots, having read the above, I suggest two things: forward this very timely, very important analysis to those whom you believe think like you do and make sure you vote on every Election day!

Romans 1:28* And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a **reprobate mind**, to do those things which are not convenient;

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The really sick part of this, is that a lot of these Democrats profess to know JESUS! "NOT TRUE"

Bro. Ken

=====
oct 20

EXCELLENT! STATS ON GUN VIOLENCE

Interesting statistics! This jives with [the research of Prof. Lott at the University of Chicago](#), who is a noted expert on gun laws and stats. Here are some facts.

There are 30,000 gun related death s per year by firearms, and this number is not disputed. The U.S. population is 324,059,091 as of June 22, 2016. Do the math: 0.00925% of the population dies from gun related actions each year. Statistically speaking, this is insignificant! What is never told, however, is a breakdown of those 30,000 deaths, to put them in perspective as compared to other causes of death:

65% of those deaths are by suicide, which would never be prevented by gun laws.

15% are by law enforcement in the line of duty and justified.

17% are through criminal activity, gang and drug related or mentally ill persons – better known as gun violence.
3% are accidental discharge deaths.

So technically, "gun violence" is not 30,000 annually, but drops to 5,100. Still too many? Now lets look at how those deaths spanned across the nation.
480 homicides (9.4%) were in Chicago
344 homicides (6.7%) were in Baltimore
333 homicides (6.5%) were in Detroit
119 homicides (2.3%) were in Washington D.C. (a 54% increase over prior years)
So basically, 25% of all gun crime happens in just 4 cities. All 4 of those cities have strict gun laws, so it is not the lack of law that is the root cause.

This basically leaves 3,825 for the entire rest of the nation, or about 75 deaths per state. That is an average because some States have much higher rates than others. For example, California had 1,169 and Alabama had 1.

Now, who has the strictest gun laws by far? California, of course, but understand, it is not guns causing this. It is a crime rate spawned by the number of criminal persons residing in those cities and states. So, if all cities and states are not created equal, then there must be something other than the tool causing the gun deaths.

Are 5,100 deaths per year horrific? How about in comparison to other deaths? All death is sad and especially so when it is in the commission of a crime but that is the nature of crime. Robbery, death, rape, assaults are all done by criminals. It is ludicrous to think that criminals will obey laws. That is why they are called criminals.

But what about other deaths each year?
40,000+ die from a drug overdose—THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR THAT!
36,000 people die per year from the flu, far exceeding the criminal gun deaths.
34,000 people die per year in traffic fatalities(exceeding gun deaths even if you include suicide).

Now it gets good:
200,000+ people die each year (and growing) from preventable medical errors. You are safer walking in the worst areas of Chicago than you are when you are in a hospital!

710,000 people die per year from heart disease. It's time to stop the double cheeseburgers! So, what is the point? If the liberal loons and the anti-gun movement focused their attention on heart disease, even a 10% decrease in cardiac deaths would save twice the number of lives annually of all gun-related deaths (including suicide, law enforcement, etc.).

A 10% reduction in medical errors would be 66% of the total number of gun deaths or 4 times the number of criminal homicides Simple, easily preventable 10% reductions! So, you have to ask yourself, in the grand scheme of things, why the focus on guns?

It's pretty simple:
Taking away guns gives control to governments. The founders of this nation knew that regardless of the form of government, those in power may become corrupt and seek to rule as the British did by trying to disarm the populace of the colonies. It is not difficult to understand that a disarmed populace is a controlled populace.

Thus, the second amendment was proudly and boldly included in the U.S. Constitution. It must be preserved at all costs . So, the next time someone tries to tell you that gun control is about saving lives, look at these facts and remember these words from Noah Webster: "Before a standing army can rule, the people must be disarmed."

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

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oct 27

Where AIN'T
He was just a little boy,
On a week's first day.
Wandering home from Bible school,
And dawdling on the way.

He scuffed his shoes into the grass;
He even found a caterpillar.
He found a fluffy milkweed pod
And blew out all the filler.

A bird's nest in a tree overhead,
So wisely placed up so high.
Was just another wonder,
That caught his eager eye.

A neighbor watched his zigzag course,
And hailed him from the lawn;
Asked him where he'd been that day
And what was going on.

I've been to Bible School ,
He said and turned a piece of sod.
He picked up a wiggly worm replying,
I've learned a lot about God.

M'm, very fine way, the neighbor said,
for a boy to spend his time.
If you'll tell me where God is,
I'll give you a brand new dime.

Quick as a flash the answer came!
Nor were his accents faint.
I'll give you a brand new dollar, Mister,
If you can tell me where
God AIN'T.

Ps 139:78 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

What God did at Pearl Harbor that day is interesting and I never knew this little bit of history.

Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. I went into a small gift shop to kill time.

*In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, "Reflections on Pearl Harbor" by Admiral Chester Nimitz. *

*Sunday, December 7th, 1941— Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington, DC. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him.

When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone.*

He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet. Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat--you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war.

On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters everywhere you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?"

*Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice.

Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make, or God was taking care of America.*

Which do you think it was?"

Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?"

Nimitz explained:

Mistake number one:

The Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two:

When the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three:

Every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack* *plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply.*

That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make or, God was taking care of America.

*I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because

Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredericksburg, Texas -- he was a born optimist.*

But any way you look at it -- Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism.

President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver lining in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat.

There is a reason that our national motto is, IN GOD WE TRUST.

Revelation 2:23* And **I will** kill her children with death; and all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts: and **I will give unto every one of you according to your works.**

Sept 8

I firmly believe that there is a special place in HELL for Obama and Hillary and for some of the people that voted for them. Obama when he was running for president, said and made no bones about it that he would reduce America as a Super Power and bring change to America. The worldly or ungodly, agreed with him, the godly that voted for him were so caught up in the word change that they never looked at the change he might have had in mind.

Do you recall President Obama referring to the Benghazi incident as "a bump in the road?"

Recently I heard a former Navy Seal being interviewed on Fox News regarding a book he has written about how to handle crisis situations in our lives.

At the end of the interview he asked if he could make a comment on Benghazi and, of course, The anchor said "yes."

He then thanked Fox News for keeping the Benghazi story in the news, since other news organizations are not.

He said the Seals who died deserve the public knowing the truth about the whole Affair.

A Short Poem you will not NEVER FORGET !

The poem was written by an anonymous Marine Corps officer:

**"THE
BATTLING BOYS
OF BENGHAZI"**

*We're
the battling
boys of
Benghazi,*

*No
fame, no
glory, no
paparazzi.*

*Just
a fiery death
in a blazing
hell,*

*Defending
our country we
loved so well.*

*It
wasn't our
job, but we
answered the
call,*

*Fought
to the
Consulate and
scaled the
wall.*

*We
pulled twenty
countrymen
from the jaws
of fate*

*Led
them to safety
and stood at
the gate.*

*Just
the two of us
and foes by
the score,*

But

*we stood fast
to bar the
door.*

*Three
calls for
reinforcement,
but all were
denied,*

*So
we fought and
we fought and
we fought 'til
we died.*

*We
gave our all
for our Uncle
Sam,*

*But
Barack and
Hillary didn't
give a damn.*

*Just
two dead Seals
who carried
the load*

*No
thanks to
us...we were
just*

*"Bumps
In The Road".*

*So,
will this
reach every
American with
a computer? Or
do we act like
the press and
give a pass to
the people who
literally sat
there in the
White House
and watched
the Seals'
execution on
live streaming
video and did
absolutely
nothing?*

*"What
difference
does it
make?", Said
Hillary.*

Matthew 21:32* For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not: but the publicans and the harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen it, **repented not** afterward, that ye might believe him.

Sept 15

Submitted by Marvelyn

GOLD RUSH.....

During the California Gold Rush, people often sent their clothes all the way to China to be laundered. It took three months to receive the clean clothes back ... and longer if the ships encountered a typhoon.

In 1848, James Marshall found gold in the American River northeast of present-day Sacramento. Newspapers reported the discovery, but no one believed it until Sam Brannan flaunted a bottle of gold dust around San Francisco two months later. Then San Franciscans dashed inland. That summer, New York newspapers reported the find and the gold rush began.

Miners flooding into California envisioned wealth untold, but in reality, hard work, diminishing gold, and stiff competition awaited them. One wrote, "Mining is the hardest work imaginable. ... A weakly man might as well dig his grave as dig for gold."

Mining camps' inflated prices required a miner to find a half-ounce of gold a day just to get by. A thousand dollars worth might emerge from a single pan, but few miners ever found that much. About 400,000 men from around the world thronged to California in the 1850s, but most of them returned home with less than what they'd arrived with. Despite finding the first nugget, Marshall died broke.

Chinese immigrants took over the minefields that white miners abandoned. Laundry was women's work, so at first dirty clothes were sent to China. But the immigrants saw opportunity, and Chinese laundries popped up everywhere. Miners in Weaverville, California, ridiculed John for washing their clothing for free. But a year later, the immigrant sported a fancy wardrobe; he'd found his fortune in the miners' pants cuffs!

The 49ers sought material wealth. Today, in the scramble to acquire our needs and wants, it's easy to neglect what's really important. But God promises that when we put Him first, our needs will be taken care of—and more!

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

Sept 22

YOU.....

Have you ever told yourself you're not important? Or good enough? Smart enough? Pretty enough?

Do you ever feel like you just don't have what it takes anymore and nothing to offer anyone.....and sometimes even that you don't deserve to be loved or respected by anyone?

Gideon in the Bible was one of these people. When God came to him with a command to deliver the nation of Israel from its oppressors Gideon's reaction was 'who me?'. Surely God had the wrong person as he was the weakest person in his tribe, a nobody. There were others stronger, smarter, braver, better looking that God could have chosen so why would He chose Gideon? And only after there were repeated miracles with the fleece did Gideon accept the role God chose for him and he went on to become one of Israel's greatest leaders.

So what about you? Do you believe that God loves you and can use you no matter what age you are, how smart you are or what others think of you?? The Bible says you are fearfully and wonderfully made and unique. Each one of us represents God in a different way and we are each special in the heart and plan of God. We are all different as no one thinks like you, acts like you or has your DNA.

Take the leaves on a maple tree.....in autumn you pull three leaves from that sturdy shade tree that gives so much shade and comfort all summer, they are different in size, color, veins and markings and yet they all came from the same tree. Every leaf on that tree which numbers hundreds of thousands and each one is different. And so it is with us. No two humans are the same and yet God loves us the same no matter who we are, our status in life, weight, height, color.....He loves us the same. Whatever makes us good or bad in the eyes of the world has nothing to do how God feels about us. So accept yourself the way you are and if someone questions you ask them, 'Do you know who my Father is?'

In the Bible notice how Jesus picked for the most part very simple folks to serve with Him. He showed them their gifts and in their own ways each became important to many others. And Jesus was a simple man himself from a simple family and a backwoods kind of town. He had few possessions, no health insurance, no car, no material possessions He even appeared at times to be homeless. He said He didn't have a place to rest His head and yet how important did Jesus become?

We're not Jesus.....but He calls every one of us to put away negative feelings, limitations, shortcomings and to stand tall to proclaim our unique importance with those that we meet everyday as each one of us is important.

Mt 22:14* For **many are called**, but few are chosen.

Sept 29

After a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the church's pastor slowly stood up, walked over to the pulpit and, before he gave his sermon for the evening, briefly introduced a guest minister who was in the service that evening. In the introduction, the pastor told the congregation that the guest minister was one of his dearest childhood friends and that he wanted him to have a few moments to greet the church and share whatever he felt would be appropriate for the service.

With that, an elderly man stepped up to the pulpit and began to speak, "A father, his son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the Pacific Coast," he began, "when a fast approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright, and the three were swept into the ocean as the boat capsized."

The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the service began, looking somewhat interested in his story. The aged minister continued with his story, "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life...to which boy he would throw the other end of the life line. He only had

seconds to make the decision. The father knew that his son was a Christian and he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves.

"As the father yelled out, 'I love you, son!' he threw out the life line to his son's friend. By the time the father had pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beneath the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered."

By this time, the two teenagers were sitting up straight in the pew, anxiously waiting for the next words to come out of the old minister's mouth. "The father," he continued, "knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus, and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son to save the son's friend. How great is the love of God that He should do the same for us.

Our heavenly Father sacrificed His only begotten Son that we could be saved. I urge you to accept His offer to rescue you and take a hold of the life line He is throwing out to you in this service." With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room. The pastor again walked slowly to the pulpit and delivered a brief sermon with an invitation at the end. However, no one responded to the appeal.

Within minutes after the service ended, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a nice story," politely started one of the boys, "but I don't think it was very realistic for a father to give up his only son's life in hopes that the other boy would become a Christian."

"Well, you have a point there," the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. A big smile broadened his narrow face, and he once again looked up at the boys and said, "It sure isn't very realistic, is it?

But I'm standing here today to tell you -THAT story gives me a glimpse of what it must have been like for God to give up His Son for me.

You see..... This is true, because I was that father and your pastor is my son's friend."

John 6:37* All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me **I will in no wise** cast out.

He says we need to consume less, buy less and use less fossil fuels.
But then there's another Suzuki,
Secret Suzuki, because he's far less well-known.
Secret Suzuki is the one who lives on Vancouver's elite Point Grey Road, on
a double lot, overlooking English Bay, right above the exclusive Kitsilano
Yacht Club.
The City of Vancouver assesses the land value alone at over \$8 million.
One of many Secret Suzuki's properties.
He has another million-dollar home in Vancouver. And then there's another
home on Quadra Island.
That's three homes right there, if you count the double lot on Point Grey
Road as just one property.
And then there are his large property holdings on Nelson Island.
What's so fascinating about that one (Nelson Island) is that he co-owns the
property with an oil company, Kootenay Oil Distributors Ltd.
They don't plan to drill for oil together.
It's a beautiful tourist spot — maybe perfect for a nice big condo
development.
Of course, there's nothing wrong with co-owning any property along with an
oil company.
But isn't Saint Suzuki against fossil fuel companies — especially oil
companies?
Saint Suzuki - tells us that the world is desperately overcrowded, that we're
overpopulated, and that we're going to run out of things.
But in his own life, Secret Suzuki has five children.
There's nothing wrong with having five children. It's a blessing.
But then why does he think other people should have fewer kids?
Saint Suzuki - rails against corporations and profits.
He even gave a well-received anti-capitalist speech at the Occupy Vancouver
protest.
Secret Suzuki - has several corporations.
One of them, the David Suzuki Foundation, took in a whopping \$9 million last
year and has \$12 million in assets.
More than 10 million of that is invested in stocks and bonds.
Saint Suzuki - despises lobbyists, and says they have a disproportionate
control of political power in Ottawa.
But Secret Suzuki - himself has nine paid lobbyists registered in Ottawa's
lobbyist registry. Not one. Nine.
Saint Suzuki - despises politicians, and says they can't be trusted.
But, Secret Suzuki - starred in a Liberal party TV ad along with former
Ontario premier Dalton McGuinty.
Saint Suzuki - says corporations have to be less obsessed by profits, and do
more for the public good.
They need to especially think of the interests of the next generation, our
children.
But Secret Suzuki - has made a tidy profit off young people.
His standard speaking fee at universities in Canada is \$30,000 plus
expenses.
He billed Quebec's John Abbott College a cool \$41,000 to visit them.
Saint Suzuki - speaks in the language of tolerance and equality and
liberalism — utterly politically correct.
But Secret Suzuki - engages in conduct that should cause feminists to raise
an eyebrow.
When he visited John Abbott College, his assistant called with special
requests to go along with his speaking fee.
Here is an internal e-mail from the college's Mary Milburn:
"We have learned, via Dr. Suzuki's assistant, that although the Dr. does not
like to have bodyguards per se, he does not mind having a couple of ladies
(females) that would act as body guards."
The college's Jim Anderson got involved in selecting the co-eds, too:
"Please be certain that the women are nicely dressed, we don't want them in
evening gowns, but definitely NOT Police Tech uniforms."
All of this bizarre selection of girls, dressed just so, was the result of
Secret Suzuki's special request. If he were a conservative, he'd be called a dirty old man.
But he's a saint. So the college went along with it.
David Suzuki is not a criminal but he is not a saint. He's a real person.
He is a capitalist multi-millionaire, a politician, a man with a staff of
lobbyists, a prolific father and a wealthy landlord.
If only he'd stop scolding the Rest of Us for aspiring to do the same.
Matthew 7:20 Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

aug 11

THE LADY PLUMBER

You wonder what criteria is used to select people for the peace prize.

Read the story below and we then understand how pathetic and superficial our world has become.

Remember this lady?

WHAT A WOMAN



Irena Sender

Died: May 12, 2008 (aged 98)

Warsaw , Poland

During WWII, Irena, got permission to work in the Warsaw ghetto, as a Plumbing/Sewer specialist. She had an ulterior motive.

Irena smuggled Jewish infants out in the bottom of the tool box she carried.

She also carried a burlap sack in the back of her truck, for larger kids.

Irena kept a dog in the back that she trained to bark when the Nazi soldiers let her in and out of the ghetto.

The soldiers, of course, wanted nothing to do with the dog, and the barking covered the kids/infants noises.

During her time of doing this, she managed to smuggle out and save 2500 kids/infants.

Ultimately, she was caught, however, and the Nazis broke both of her legs and arms and beat her severely.

Irena kept a record of the names of all the kids she had smuggled out

in a glass jar that she buried under a tree in her back yard.

After the war, she tried to locate any parents that may have survived

and tried to reunite the family.

Most had been gassed.

Those kids she helped got placed into foster family homes or adopted.

In 2007 Irena was up for the Nobel Peace Prize .

She was not selected.

Al Gore won, for a slide show on Global Warming.

Later another politician, Barack Obama, won for

SIMPLY BEING

THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT .

It is now more than 72 years since the Second World War in Europe ended.

This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, In memory of the six million Jews, 20 million Russians 10 million Christians and 1,900 Catholic priests who were murdered.

Now, more than ever, with Iran, and others, claiming the HOLOCAUST to be 'a myth', it's imperative to make sure the world never forgets, because there are others who would like to do it again.

This e-mail is intended to reach 40 million people worldwide!

Join us and be a link in the memorial chain and help us distribute it around the world.

Please send this e-mail to people you know and ask them to continue the memorial chain.

Matthew 5:12* Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Please don't just delete it. It will only take you a minute to pass this along.

aug 18

Lake Peigneur was a modest, shallow lake of fresh water near New Iberia, Louisiana. Early in the morning on November 21, 1980, a drilling team was probing for oil under the lake from a large floating platform. They knew something was wrong when their drill suddenly seized up at about 1,200 feet and the large derrick began to tilt, pop, and collapse beneath them. The 12 men working the rig escaped to the shore and watched in amazement as the huge \$5 million drilling platform overturned and disappeared into a lake that was less than 10 feet deep!

Slowly at first, the water around that position began to revolve, but it steadily accelerated until it became a fast-moving whirlpool a quarter of a mile across. Soon it swallowed another nearby drilling platform whole, a barge loading dock, 65 acres of soil from Jefferson Island, plus a sundry of trucks, trees, and structures. Eleven barges were pulled from that canal and swallowed by the swirling abyss. The whirlpool overtook a manned tugboat on the canal. The crew had to leap off onto the canal bank and watch helplessly as the lake consumed their boat. Meanwhile, far beneath the lake was the Diamond Crystal salt mines, where miles of cavernous tunnels, some 80 feet high and 50 feet wide, were rapidly filling with water. Evidently the drillers had miscalculated their position and had punched a small hole into the colossal salt mines a thousand feet below. Fortunately, one of the mine workers quickly sounded the alarm and all 50 miners managed to barely escape with their lives. After three hours, the 1,300-acre lake was drained of its 3.5 billion gallons of water. Over the next two days the canal refilled the crater with ocean water, and nine of the sunken barges popped back to the surface like corks. The drilling rigs and tug boat were never found. And all this started with a little hole about a foot across.

The Bible teaches that little things can make a big difference. Achan once thought it would be OK to bend the rules just a little bit. He knew he wasn't supposed to take any of the spoils from the destruction of Jericho. Joshua later said, "Did not Achan the son of Zerah commit a trespass in the accursed thing, and wrath fell on all the congregation of Israel? And that man did not perish alone in his iniquity" (Joshua 22:20). We are deceived when we think wrong "little" sins will not affect anyone else. Submitted by Marvelyn

1Samual 15:22 And Samuel said, Hath the LORD as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the LORD? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

Aug 25
Trudeau Family History - (author unknown)

I was ridiculed for sharing some of these facts back in 1968 to the present day. Another fact I shared is that the CCF, (in reality) stood for Canadian Communist Federation. They must have thought so to and changed it to NDP. (still Communist, in reality).

In 1940 a young Pierre, son of a wealthy Quebec gas station owner began his political activism supporting the Quebec wing of the Marxist movement. He later changed his allegiance, joining the Quebec wing of the Communist Party. During this time he led a group of like minded Quebecers to a communist conference in Moscow. When questioned by Peter Worthington about his communist activities, he shrugged, suggested it was nothing, and claimed to have thrown a snowball at the statue of Stalin. Worthington pointed out that "Must have been difficult, as there wasn't snow in Moscow all the time you were there". Trudeau was blacklisted and denied entry to the U.S. based on his Communist activity. He joined the CCF/NDP they actually believed he would be their candidate and were taken aback when he joined the Liberal Party, reassuring his left wing supporters "The Liberals are only a means to an end". In 1965 he won election as a Liberal in the Town of Mount Royale. He was appointed Justice Minister in Pearson's gov't. In 1968 he was elected PM and during the entire time he was PM, Canada was never privy to any highly classified intelligence. When he took office in 1968 our national debt was 18 Billion, largely a hold over from the war. 15 1/2 years later, the debt was 200 billion, interest at 25 - 28%, Canadians were losing their homes in record numbers, their businesses going bankrupt. Wage and price controls, and taxed through the roof. He declared on CBC his admiration for both China and Cuba and when asked about the millions who had died in their slave labor camps he stated, "Collateral damage is to be expected" !!! He was a pacifist, kicked out of officer's training for behavior unbecoming an officer. This is the guy who raised this snowflake we currently call a PM. "The Truth About Trudeau", is a great book by author Bob Plamondon. It's well worth the read. We desperately need amendments to our constitution. One is recall/impeachment... that would address the principle "tell them what they want to hear, once you're elected you do what you want", which was Pierre's philosophy. Sorry for the lengthy narrative, I just wish people would inform themselves of who they are voting for. We survived the father but it was day to day, he set us back economically at least 10 years. Amazes me another Trudeau is PM" Matthew 7:16* Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

[FOOTPRINTS... A New Version](#)

Imagine you and the Lord Jesus are walking down the road together. For much of the way, the Lord's footprints go along steadily, consistently, rarely varying the pace.

But your footprints are a disorganized stream of zigzags, starts, stops, turnarounds, circles, departures, and returns.

For much of the way, it seems to go like this, but gradually your footprints come more in line with the Lord's, soon paralleling His consistently.

You and Jesus are walking as true friends!

This seems perfect, but then an interesting thing happens: Your footprints that once etched the sand next to Jesus' are now walking precisely in His steps.

Inside His larger footprints are your smaller ones, you and Jesus are becoming one.

This goes on for many miles, but gradually you notice another change. The footprints inside the large footprints seem to grow larger.

Eventually they disappear altogether. There is only one set of footprints. They have become one.

This goes on for a long time, but suddenly the second set of footprints is back. This time it seems even worse! Zigzags all over the place. Stops. Starts. Gashes in the sand. A variable mess of prints.

You are amazed and shocked.

Your dream ends. Now you pray:

'Lord, I understand the first scene, with zigzags and fits. I was a new Christian; I was just learning. But You walked on through the storm and helped me learn to walk with You.'

'That is correct...'

'And when the smaller footprints were inside of Yours, I was actually learning to walk in Your steps, following You very closely.'

'Very good.... You have understood everything so far.'

'When the smaller footprints grew and filled in Yours, I suppose that I was becoming like You in every way.'

'Precisely.'

'So, Lord, was there a regression or something? The footprints separated, and this time it was worse than at first.'

There is a pause as the Lord answers, with a smile in His voice..

'You didn't know? It was then that we danced!'

John 14:20* At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

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july 14

Just a little trivia !

Tin Cans

Did you know it was 48 years after tin cans were first introduced before the can opener was invented? Until then, cans were beaten open with a hammer and chisel. The tin can for preserving food was patented in 1810 by a Londoner, Peter Durand. Only one year before, French confectioner Nicolas Appert had introduced the method of canning food by sealing the heated food tightly inside a glass wine bottle or jar. He could not explain why the food stayed fresh, but his bright idea won him a 12,000-francs prize from Napoleon. Appert helped Napoleon's army march on its stomach while Durand supplied the Royal Navy with canned food.

But tin canning was not widely adopted until 1846, when a machine was invented that increased can production from six cans an hour to 60. Still, there were no can openers, and the product labels would read: "Cut around on the top with a chisel and hammer." The can opener was finally invented in 1858 by American Ezra Warner. But the can opener did not become popular for another 10 years until it was given away for free with canned beef.

The well-known double wheel-style opener was invented in 1925, and the easy pop-top lid was invented in France in 1959. Since aluminum cans made their first appearance in America in 1953, some 74 million tons of aluminum cans (about 3 trillion cans) have been produced. Placed end to end, they could stretch to the moon and back about 500 times! Still, about one quarter of all cans are recycled, some 9 million cans every hour. That is good news when you consider that it takes about 200 years for a buried aluminum can to degrade.

Did you know the Bible teaches that no matter how long Christians are buried, when their graves are opened they will come up with new bodies? The Lord does not need a special gadget to open graves where bodies have turned to dust. At the voice of an archangel and with the trumpet of God, the dead will raise with new bodies.

1Co 15:54* So when this corruptible shall have **put on incorruption**, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in

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july 21

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

These are real letters children wrote to God during sunday school; get ready to laugh!

Dear GOD, In sunday school they told us what You do. Who does it when You are on vacation?

- Jane

Dear GOD, Are you really invisible or is that just a trick?

- Lucy

Dear GOD, Is it true my father won't get in Heaven if he uses his bowling words in the house? - Anita

Dear GOD, Did you mean for the giraffe to look like that or was it an accident?

- Norma

Dear GOD, Instead of letting people die and having to make new ones, why don't You just keep the ones You have now?

- Jane

Dear GOD, Who draws the lines around the countries?

- Nan

Dear GOD, I went to this wedding and they kissed right in church. Is that okay?

- Neil

Dear GOD, I think about You sometimes even when I'm not praying.

- Elliot

Dear GOD, I didn't think orange went with purple until I saw the sunset You made on Tuesday.

- Margaret

Dear GOD, What does it mean You are a Jealous God? I thought You had everything.

- Jane

Dear GOD, I read the Bible. What does "begat" mean? Nobody will tell me.

- Allison

Dear GOD, The bad people laughed at Noah, "You made an ark on dry land you fool." But he was smart, he stuck with You. That's what I would do.
- Eddie

Dear GOD, You don't have to worry about me. I always look both ways. -
Dean

Dear GOD, Of all the people who work for You, I like Noah and David the best.
- Rob

Dear GOD, My brother told me about being born but it doesn't sound right. They're just kidding, aren't they?
- Marsha

Dear GOD, If we come back as something, please don't let me be Jennifer Horton because I hate her.
- Denise

Dear GOD, Did you really mean "do unto others as they do unto you"? Because if you did, then I'm going to fix my brother!
- Darla

Dear GOD, Thank you for the baby brother, but what I prayed for was a puppy.
- Joyce

Dear GOD, It rained for our whole vacation and is my father mad! He said some things about You that people are not supposed to say, but I hope You will not hurt him anyway.
-Your friend (but I am not going to tell you who I am)

Dear GOD, Why is Sunday school on Sunday? I thought it was supposed to be our day of rest.
- Tom

Dear GOD, Please send me a pony. I never asked for anything before, You can look it up.
- Bruce

Dear GOD, If You give me a genie lamp like Aladdin, I will give you anything you want except my money or my chess set.
- Raphael

Dear GOD, My brother is a rat. You should give him a tail. Ha ha!
- Danny

Dear GOD, Maybe Cain and Abel would not kill each other so much if they had their own rooms. It works with my brother.
- Larry

Dear GOD, I want to be just like my Daddy when I get big, but not with so much hair all over.
- Sam

Dear GOD, I think the stapler is one of your greatest inventions.
- Ruth M.

Dear GOD, I bet it is very hard for You to love all of everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I can never do it.
- Nan

Dear GOD, If You watch me in church Sunday, I'll show You my new shoes.
- Mickey

Dear GOD, I would like to live 900 years like the guy in the Bible.
- Chris

Dear GOD, We read Thomas Edison made light. But in school they said You did it. So I bet he stole your idea.
- Donna

Dear GOD, I do not think anybody could be a better God. Well, I just want You to know but I am not just saying that because You are God already.
- Charles

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July 28

Submitted by: Fred Raperly

Who Really Died?

This is a pertinent must read. Only takes a minute to read.

What really died at Auschwitz? Here's an interesting viewpoint. The following is a copy of an article written by Spanish writer Sebastian Vilar Rodriguez and published in a Spanish newspaper. It doesn't take much imagination to extrapolate the message to the rest of Europe - and possibly to the rest of the world.

I walked down the streets in Barcelona and suddenly discovered a terrible truth - Europe died in Auschwitz. We killed six million Jews and replaced them with 20 million Muslims. In Auschwitz we burned a culture, thought, creativity, talent. We destroyed the chosen people, truly chosen, because they produced great and wonderful people who changed the world.

The contribution of these people is felt in all areas of life: science, art, international trade, and above all, as the conscience of the world. These are the people we burned. And under the pretense of tolerance, and because we wanted to prove to ourselves that we were cured of the disease of racism, we opened our gates to 20 million Muslims, who brought us stupidity and ignorance, religious extremism and lack of tolerance, crime and poverty, due to an unwillingness to work and support their families with pride. They have blown up our trains and turned our beautiful Spanish cities into the third world, drowning in filth and crime. Shut up in the apartments they receive free from the government, they plan the murder and destruction of their naive hosts.

And thus, in our misery, we have exchanged culture for fanatical hatred, creative skill for destructive skill, intelligence for backwardness and superstition.

We have exchanged the pursuit of peace of the Jews of Europe and their talent for a better future for their children, their determined clinging to life because life is holy, for those who pursue death, for people consumed by the desire for death for themselves and others, for our children and theirs.

What a terrible mistake was made by miserable Europe.

Recently, the UK debated whether to remove The Holocaust from its school curriculum because it 'offends' the Muslim population which claims it never occurred. It is not removed as yet. However, this is a frightening portent of the fear that is gripping the world and how easily each country is giving in to it.

It is now approximately seventy years after the Second World War in Europe ended. This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, in memory of the six million Jews, twenty million Russians, ten million Christians, and nineteen-hundred Catholic priests who were 'murdered, raped, burned,

starved, beaten, experimented on and humiliated. Now, more than ever, with Iran, among others, claiming the Holocaust to be 'a myth,' it is imperative to make sure the world "never forgets."

This e-mail is intended to reach 400 million people. Be a link in the memorial chain and help distribute this around the world.

How many years will it be before the attack on the World Trade Center 'NEVER HAPPENED' because it offends some Muslim in the United States? If our Judeo-Christian heritage is offensive to Muslims, they should pack up and move to Iran, Iraq or some other Muslim country.

Please do not just delete this message; It will take only a minute to pass this along.

We must wake up America before it's too late.

"If you do not take an interest in the affairs of your government, then you are doomed to live under the rule of fools." - Plato

1Timothy 2:1 I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; For kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

2 TOUGH QUESTIONS

Question 1:

If you knew a woman who was pregnant, who had 8 kids already, three who were deaf, two who were blind, one mentally retarded, and she had syphilis, would you recommend that she have an abortion?

Read the next question before looking at the response for this one.

Question 2:

It is time to elect a new world leader, and only your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three candidates. Who would you vote for?

Candidate A

Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologist
He's had two mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 martinis a day.

Candidate B

He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college and drinks a quart of whiskey every evening.

Candidate C

He is a decorated war hero. He's a vegetarian, doesn't smoke, drinks an occasional beer and never cheated on his wife.

Which of these candidates would be our choice?

Decide first... no peeking, then scroll down for the response.

Candidate A is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Candidate B is Winston Churchill.

Candidate C is Adolph Hitler.

And, by the way, on your answer to the abortion question:

If you said YES, you just killed Beethoven.

Pretty interesting isn't it? Makes a person think before judging someone.

Wait till you see the end of this note! Keep reading..

Never be afraid to try something new.

Remember:

Amateurs...built the ark.

Professionals...built the Titanic

And Finally, can you imagine working for a company that has a little more than 500 employees and has the following statistics:

* 29 have been accused of spousal abuse

* 7 have been arrested for fraud

* 19 have been accused of writing bad checks

- * 117 have directly or indirectly bankrupted at least 2 businesses
- * 3 have done time for assault
- * 71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit
- * 14 have been arrested on drug-related charges
- * 8 have been arrested for shoplifting
- * 21 are currently defendants in lawsuits
- * 84 have been arrested for drunk driving in the last year...

Can you guess which organization this is?

Give up yet?

It's the 535 members of the United States Congress.

The same group that crank out hundreds of new laws each year designed to keep the rest of us in line.

1Peter 1:17* And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons **judgeth** according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear:

jun 9

Back in 1987 on a commuter flight from Portland, Maine, to Boston, the pilot, Henry Dempsey, heard an unusual noise near the rear of the aircraft shortly after takeoff. When they reached about 4,000 feet Captain Dempsey turned the controls over to the co-pilot and went to the back of the 15-passenger turboprop to investigate the strange sound. As he reached the tail section the plane hit an air pocket, and Dempsey was bounced against the rear door. He quickly discovered the source of the mysterious noise. The rear door had been improperly latched prior to take-off and it flew open. Dempsey was instantly sucked out of the tiny Beechcraft 99.

The co-pilot heard the wind rushing through the cabin and saw the red light indicating an open door. It became obvious what had happened. He quickly radioed the nearest airport requesting permission for an emergency landing. He reported that the pilot had fallen out of the plane and asked a helicopter to search the area of the ocean over which they had been flying.

After the plane landed, the ground crew was astonished to find Dempsey alive, desperately clinging to the outdoor stair railing of the aircraft. Somehow when the stair door popped open and his upper body fell through the door he instinctively seized the handrail. Amazingly, for 10 minutes Dempsey endured the force of howling 200 mph winds, and when landing he barely kept his head from hitting the runway, which was only 12 inches away. According to news reports, Dempsey was holding on to the stair railing with such tenacity of force that it took the airport rescue team several minutes to pry his hands loose.

Jesus warned that difficult times will come for His people. "And you will be hated by all for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end will be saved" (Matthew 10:22). There are times of discouragement when it is tempting to give up or to let go. But when you consider the experience of Henry Dempsey, think of the alternatives.

Luke 4:10* For it is written, He shall give his angels **charge over thee**, to keep thee:

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jun 16

Bet you don't know "Big cheeks"

Big cheeks. A grandson of slaves, a boy was born in a poor neighborhood of New Orleans known as the "Back of Town." His father abandoned the family when the child was an infant. His mother became a prostitute and the boy and his sister had to live with their grandmother.

Early in life he proved to be gifted for music and with three other kids he sang in the streets of New Orleans. His first gains were coins that were thrown to them.

A Jewish family, Karnofsky, who had emigrated from Lithuania to the USA, had pity for the 7-year-old boy and brought him into their home. Initially giving 'work' in the house, to feed this hungry child. There he remained and slept in this Jewish family's home where, for the first time in his life, he was treated with kindness and tenderness.

When he went to bed, Mrs. Karnovsky sang him a Russian lullaby that he would sing with her. Later, he learned to sing and play several Russian and Jewish songs.

Over time, this boy became the adopted son of this family. The Karnofskys gave him money to buy his first musical instrument; as was the custom in the Jewish families.

They sincerely admired his musical talent. Later, when he became a professional musician and composer, he used these Jewish melodies in compositions, such as St James Infirmary and Go Down Moses.

The little black boy grew up and wrote a book about this Jewish family who had adopted him in 1907. In memory of this family and until the end of his life, he wore a Star of David and said that in this family, he had learned "how to live real life and determination."

You might recognize his name. This little boy was called: Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong.

Louis Armstrong proudly spoke fluent Yiddish! And "Satchmo" is Yiddish for "Big Cheeks"!!!

And I'll bet you did not know any of this.

John 15:16* Ye have not **chosen me**, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

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jun 23

THE 'U' IN JESUS

Before U were thought of or time had begun,
God even stuck U in the name of His Son.
And each time U pray, you'll see it's true
You can't spell out JesUs and not include U.
You're a pretty big part of His wonderful name,
For U, He was born; that's why He came.
And His great love for U is the reason He died.
It even takes U to spell crUcified.

Isn't it thrilling and splendidly grand
He rose from the dead, with U in His plan.
The stones split away, the gold trUmpet blew,
and this word resUrrection is spelled with a U.
When JesUs left earth at His upward ascension,
He felt there was one thing He just had to mention.

"Go into the world and tell them it's true
That I love them all -
Just like I love U.

So many great people are spelled with a U,
Don't they have a right to know JesUs too?
It all depends now on what U will do,
He'd like them to know
But it all starts with U. Author Unknown

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

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Why do you have this Motto as your letterhead ?

Our Motto is to be a
stepping stone in the
stairway to Heaven
for others

I have known the Lord and tried my best, to serve him the best I knew how, as far back as my first recollection of life.

BUT it wasn't until November 11, 1970, that I fell in Love with Jesus.

For the next 3 1/2 years I had such a hunger to read and study the scriptures and every personal testimony I could lay my hands on. (Ps 37:4)

I have always known that I would be sharing the Word of God, and as I was reading in Ezekiel, the part about not warning people, God would hold me responsible for his blood.

But those I warned, even if people wouldn't listen, I would not be held responsible. And I remember this just jumped out at me and I couldn't help but weep and cry out to the Lord. "Help me to give warning, but may I do it in your love and not in bitterness or arrogance".

Ezekiel 33:6 But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.

But then as I was continually reading, I read in Peter

1Peter 2:8* And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed.

Lord, I cried out, "That is what I mean, don't let me be a stone of stumbling, rather let me be a stepping stone for others in their journey to heaven". I remember I wept like I was heart broken, and then God spoke to my spirit and said, "Do you know what you're asking? A stepping stone gets walked on and scratched, a stepping stone is just that, a means to step up, they will not remember you, as they go higher they will forget the previous steps".

I remember saying, "Yes Lord I know, all I ask is that they will be lifted up to a higher walk with you and a closer relationship with you".

Over the years I have come in contact with many brothers and sisters in the Lord, that I have loved dearly and the Lord has had to remind me of the consequences of being a stepping stone. It is then that my sorrow turns to rejoicing, for I know they are stronger in their walk with the Lord.

Bro. Ken

may12

FATHER-DAUGHTER TALK

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

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

One day, she was challenging her father on his opposition to higher taxes on the rich and the need for more government programs. The self-professed objectivity proclaimed by her professors had to be the truth and she indicated so to her father.

He responded by asking how she was doing in school.

Taken aback, she answered rather haughtily, that she had a 4.0 GPA, and let him know that it was tough to maintain, insisting that she was taking a very difficult course load and was constantly studying, which left her no time to go out and party like other people she knew. She didn't even have time for a boyfriend, and didn't really have many college friends because she spent all her time studying.

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

She replied, "Audrey is barely getting by. All she takes are easy classes; she never studies and she barely has a 2.0 GPA. She is so popular on campus; college for her is a blast. She's always invited to all the parties; lots of times, she doesn't even show up for classes because she's too hungover."

Her father asked his daughter, "Why don't you go to the Dean's office and ask him to deduct 1.0 off your GPA and give it to your friend who only has a 2.0. That way you will both have a 3.0 GPA and certainly that would be a fair and equal distribution of GPA."

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

The father slowly smiled, winked, and said gently, "Welcome to the conservative side of the fence."

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If you ever wondered what side of the fence you sit on, the following is a great test!

*If a conservative doesn't like guns, he doesn't buy one. If a liberal doesn't like guns, he wants all guns outlawed.

*If a conservative is a vegetarian, he doesn't eat meat. If a liberal is a vegetarian, he wants all meat products banned for everyone.

*If a conservative is down-and-out, he thinks about how to better his situation. A liberal wonders who is going to take care of him.
*If a conservative doesn't like a talk show host, he switches channels. Liberals demand that those they don't like, be shut down.
*If a conservative is a non-believer, he doesn't go to church. A liberal non-believer wants any mention of God and Jesus silenced.
*If a conservative decides he needs health care, he goes about shopping for it, or may choose a job that provides it. A liberal demands that the rest of us pay for his.
*If a conservative reads this, he'll forward it so his friends can have a good laugh. A liberal will delete it because he or she is "offended."

*Well, I forwarded it to you....**Your call.**

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

Ecclesiasties 10:2 A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left

may19

Apostasy in the Church, Who Are We Worshipping?

By Jim Fletcher Submitted by Donna Mae

They exchanged the truth about God for a lie, and worshiped and served created things rather than the Creator—who is forever praised. Amen. (Romans 1:25)

As we hurtle ever faster to uncharted territory, I find myself missing some of the "wise men" that have left us. Dave Hunt was such a guy. Check out this quote:

"We ought to be prudent caretakers of the environment God has entrusted to us. Even so, many of the warnings about population explosion and holes in the ozone layer, etc. are alarmist exaggerations aimed at promoting humanist solutions. Some of the theories are highly questionable. As late as 1977, the U.S. Academy of Science warned of a coming new ice age. Now we're being warned of global warming. Moreover, most of the problems are due to the corruption of godless governments which Christ never called us to reform.

"This old creation is under God's judgment and will not be rescued from it, but is 'held in store' (i.e., reserved) for destruction by fire (2 Pt 3:7-12). Everything will be destroyed and God will make a 'new heavens and new earth' (v 13). We must live for that eternal state and warn mankind that only those saved by the redemptive work of Christ on the Cross will inhabit His new, perfect universe."

I believe Hunt is right, yet this view seems lunatic to much of the world, including not only some of our politicians (Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez), but to too many religious leaders as well, like Shane Claiborne, Jonathan Merritt, and Jen Hatmaker (although I suspect some of them just go along with this climate change clap-trap because it helps them build their own brands among Millennials and progressives).

Ironically, I believe our religious leaders have paved the way for people like Ocasio-Cortez to gain traction among our young people. Writing in "Red Letter Christians" five years ago, Mick Pope claimed that as Christians, "a solid theology of creation and of the resurrection" means we must combat climate change.

What? Of course that's false. The resurrection has nothing to do with mainstreaming left-wing political ideology, but they use that kind of language to fool evangelicals into believing what they're selling is legitimate.

On Valentine's Day, South Bend, Indiana Mayor Pete Buttigieg tweeted: "Climate change is a national emergency. The absence of a wall is not." His comments on climate change are significant because he is yet another wildly progressive voice (Beto O'Rourke, anybody?) gaining traction with young people.

So, we are to assume that climate change is a national emergency and has the same currency as the resurrection. This lunacy might be obvious to many, but next-generation leaders will effect great and crushing change to this country as they are led by the ideology of Marxists.

Twenty years ago, I read a tremendous book by Marvin Lubenow, *Bones of Contention*, in which the great creationist thinker pointed out that humans today are acutely concerned about the welfare of animals, but have no depth of feeling for humans being aborted.

This is what we've come to: worshipping the creation more than the Creator.

The American Church today staggers and stumbles because evangelical leadership stood down while progressives hijacked the faith of our young people. Many of us will not live to see the dramatic changes in this country that those progressives will impose, but they are coming.

Jeremiah 23:32 Behold, I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the LORD, and do tell them, and cause my people to err by their lies, and by their lightness; yet I sent them not, nor commanded them: therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the LORD.

may 26

HEAVEN OR HELL???

While walking down the street a U.S. Senator was tragically hit by a car and died. His soul arrives in Heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance.

"Welcome to Heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem just let me in," says the Senator.

"Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from the higher ups. What we'll do is have you spend one day in Hell and one in Heaven.

Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really?, I've made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven," says the Senator.

"I'm sorry, but we have our rules."

And with that St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to Hell.

The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people.

They played a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and the finest champagne.

Also present is the devil who really is a very friendly guy who is having a good time dancing and telling jokes.

They are all having such a good time that before the Senator realizes it, it is time to go.

Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises.

The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens in Heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him, "Now it's time to visit Heaven."

So, 24 hours passed with the Senator joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing.

They have a good time and before he realizes it the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns.

"Well then you've spent a day in Hell and another in Heaven. Now choose your eternity."

The Senator reflects for a minute before he answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean Heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in Hell."

So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to Hell.

Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls from above.

The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulders.

"I don't understand," stammers the Senator. "Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable

What happened?

The devil smiles at him and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning. Today you voted."

1 Timothy 2:1-2 I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men;

For kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

Apr 7

Tara Wojcichowsky

November 10 at 5:37 PM

This is a letter my husband wrote to Greenpeace about them and all the people that think that oil and oil products are not needed on earth or people's daily lives.

So to all you oil industry haters, maybe you should read this and come to reality!!!

Also please, to everyone out there that agrees, share like crazy!!!

Dear Greenpeace personnel,

I am a very concerned 41-year old Canadian family man (yes, male, I can still distinguish), born in a small village in Saskatchewan and currently residing in Medicine Hat, Alberta. I would love to assist your organization in making the world a better place. I recently read a quote from Mr. Stewart that 'oil in Alberta is unnecessary' and something about 'only clean energy' (of course I am mildly paraphrasing but it was the gist of the CTV article). Now, I can tell you that I was angered by these comments. So, as Greenpeace has all the answers, I thought who better to contact other than the fine individuals of your organization.

Now Issue # 1 is transportation: As almost everyone in Canada is not living in the GTA, what is the cleanest form of transportation that you could recommend for my family (which includes my wife, 2 teenage daughters, and the family dog)? Public transportation across the prairies (to visit family) is almost non-existent since the closure of Greyhound and STC (Saskatchewan Transport Company). Even when the bus lines were fully operational, 10 to 14-hour bus trips to get from point 'A' to point 'B' were way too long and fares for the family were too expensive. I should also mention a normal drive time for a personal vehicle is approximately 6 hours. So, with public transportation out of the question, I need to own a vehicle. Please recommend a vehicle on the market that has no oil products in it. Maybe, if I can get personal on some level, what kinds of vehicles are most commonly owned by Greenpeace executives/employees? I only ask because as I read the news (and any other publication that posts the comments of individuals such as Keith Stewart), apparently Greenpeace has no use for oil and oil produced products, as they all pollute the earth. Climate change, you know. So, should I buy an electric car ... NO, I can't. As a rational, reasonable thinking Canadian, I am aware that electric cars are full of ... NO, wait ... Almost COMPLETELY composed of, and manufactured with/by oil-based products. I guess electric cars are out too. Horseback? NO. Riding on horseback would get me into all kinds of trouble with the good people over at PETA and WWF. Don't want them trying to shut me down. My best guess is that none of you folks over there own a personal vehicle. Well let me know which way to go on that one.

Issue # 2, food: Now I'm sure that no one from the world of Greenpeace buys that grubby food produced on and from farms across Canada. Those farmers use an abundant amount of diesel to produce every scrap and morsel of food that can be found in every grocery store across this great nation. I mean seriously, how is it that all Canadians can't understand this simple truth. Milk, bread, meat, vegetables, etc. have all come from a farmer, who I can promise you, owns a tractor. Tractors burn a lot of fuel. If you were or are unaware of this revelation, I will guarantee these facts, as I was born and raised on a Canadian farm. ALL the food consumed from the store has come from a farm somewhere. Then to top it off, those grocers have everything packaged one way or another to keep food fresh and sanitary (God knows we can't have someone else's germs on our food). Again, oil issues, all that packaging (to keep the food safe) is made with and by oil products. Honestly, it feels like I can't win. So, like activists, I have a garden for all our food. However; protein (you know, meat) is a real issue. City bylaws say I'm not allowed a pig (for pork products such as bacon and such), or a cow (steaks). I can have five chickens. I can have five chickens. I guess those teenage girls I mentioned earlier are going on a diet. I am very concerned for the well-being of people living in apartments (where gardens are impossible). By the way, where do you get all your food from?

Issue # 3, heating: This is a touchy subject. How would a man as intelligent as Keith Stewart and other lead activists heat their homes? Now I am somewhat intelligent as I only have a Grade 12 education from a small prairie high school (not big city educated), but I can't figure this one out for two reasons. Natural gas ... I don't think so! Pollution! That clean burning gas from the ground is still produced by Big Oil (we hate those guys). I was going to switch to coal but, carbon tax (pollution, again). Wood burning is not the way to heat our homes, it's soon going to be illegal to cut down trees (emissions, again). Solar energy, well, that doesn't stand a chance in Canada. Geothermal would almost be the way to go if it didn't require drilling and glycol-based fluids. I don't need to tell you folks the ecological effects that a glycol spill has on the environment and animals. Wind turbines would be almost effective if they weren't so expensive to set up and not to mention the amount of poor birds that would die as a result. PETA, again, would not be pleased. So, please help, I currently have no way to heat my home that isn't a pollution issue.

Issue # 4, electronics: As we all hate Big Oil, we must destroy all electronic devices. No computers, phones, tablets, etc. If it has a computer chip, a plastic-coated wire, a power cord, I mean if even one component of any device/machine contains oil and/or oil by-products, it must be destroyed. Big Oil is not going to keep you and me from our dream of a better planet. No more electronics ... I can't write this letter, businesses everywhere can't operate, you can't get your points across. Maybe we need oil? What do you think?

If we (as a country) are not going to produce oil, whom/where does Mr. Stewart want us to buy it from - as I think we have established that it is currently a requirement in every Canadian household including yours? The obvious answer must be the Saudi's, America or maybe Venezuela (all environmentally-conscious places, right ...?).

Which does leave me curious, if all our oil is imported, does the carbon tax go up or down? Maybe imported oil is carbon free? The Liberal government would have Canadians believe that the carbon tax will stop global warming. You men and women are smarter than that, right? I'd like to think that as Canadians we should support Canadian oil as it is one of the most regulated oil producing countries on the planet.

Is everyone at Greenpeace living in a time warp? Are you all individuals who are living off the land, being 100 percent self-sufficient? If you are, you wouldn't be able to read this email. However, we both know that you have the ability to do so, which means Greenpeace is also on the Big Oil wagon. Please don't be ashamed. Just own it. Stop preaching to the masses. When your organization and personnel are willing to walk your own talk, then I guess we'll have something to discuss.

Are you so blinded by tofu farting hippies that you can't see the plain truth? Let us all be honest, organizations such as yours and the ones like it are not willing to make the hard sacrifices to accomplish any real change. Like almost every lobbyist group, you'd prefer to bitch and whine about everything until the donations stop coming in and then move on until the next money-making issue swings around. Granted; Greenpeace started with admirable beginnings, but like all good ideas, it always ends up about the money. Or am I way off base?

I do expect a response, for if I don't get one ... you're going to find this letter on every news feed and publication that will print it. I will send it to Ottawa (not a threat with the current 'leadership', but the Conservatives might listen). I'll post it on every social media outlet I can sign up for and people will read it. I know that the loudest voice is the one the public hears the best. By now you must understand that you can't be the only voice for people to listen to.

Sincerely

Leon W.

Submitted by Margie Bentson

As you may have guessed, there has been no response from Greenpeace, so, here we go. If you agree with my thoughts, please feel free to discuss, forward, share, post, etc. We can no longer sit back and let others be the only voice that the public, activists, government, etc. are listening to you. I think that with our oil built electronics, we must circulate this letter. Let's get people talking. Thanks for your help.

John 12:48* He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.

Apr 14

Little Boy's Explanation of God -- Fabulous!!! -

Matthew 21:16 *Out of the mouths of the Babes--*

I certainlon't think an adult could explain this more beautifully!

THIS IS FABULOUS!!!

It was written by an 8-year-old named Danny Dutton, who lives in Chula Vista , CA . He wrote it for his third grade homework assignment, to 'explain God.' I wonder if any of us could have done as well? (and he had such an assignment, in California , and someone published it, I guess miracles do happen!)

EXPLANATION OF GOD:

'One of God's main jobs is making people. He makes them to replace the ones that die, so there will be enough people to take care of things on earth. He doesn't make grownups, just babies. I think because they are smaller and easier to make. That way he doesn't have to take up his valuable time teaching them to talk and walk. He can just leave that to mothers and fathers.'

'God's second most important job is listening to prayers An awful lot of this goes on, since some people, like preachers and things, pray at times beside bedtime. God doesn't have time to listen to the radio or TV because of this. Because he hears everything, there must be a terrible lot of noise in his ears, unless he has thought of a way to turn it off.'

'God sees everything and hears everything and is everywhere which keeps Him pretty busy. So you shouldn't go wasting his time by going over your mom and dad's head asking for something they said you couldn't have.'

'Atheists are people who don't believe in God. I don't think there are any in Chula Vista . At least there aren't any who come to our church.'

'Jesus is God's Son. He used to do all the hard work, like walking on water and performing miracles and trying to teach the people who didn't want to learn about God. They finally got tired of him preaching to them and they crucified him. But he was good and kind, like his father, and he told his father that they didn't know what they were doing and to forgive them and God said O.K.' And God did not let Jesus stay in the grave, but raised him from the dead

'His dad (God) appreciated everything that he had done and all his hard work on earth so he told him he didn't have to go out on the road anymore. He could stay in heaven. So he did. And now he helps his dad out by listening to prayers and seeing things which are important for God to take care of and which ones he can take care of himself without having to bother God. Like a secretary, only more important.'

'You can pray anytime you want and they are sure to help you because they got it worked out so one of them is on duty all the time.'

'You should always go to church on Sunday because it makes **God** happy, and if there's anybody you want to make happy, it's **God!**

Don't skip church to do something you think will be more fun like going to the beach. This is wrong. And besides the sun doesn't come out at the beach until noon anyway.'

'If you don't believe in **God**, besides being an atheist, you will be very lonely, because your parents can't go everywhere with you, like to camp, but **God** can. It is good to know He's around you when you're scared, in the dark or when you can't swim and you get thrown into real deep water by big kids.'

'But...you shouldn't just always think of what **God** can do for you. I figure **God** put me here and he can take me back anytime he pleases.

And...that's why I believe in **God.**'

(If you believe in **God**, please pass this on, and may **God** bless you too.)

Have an awesome day, and someone has thought about you.

2Ti 3:15* And that from a **child** thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Apr 21

GRANDMA'S HANDS A must read thru to the end please!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Grandma, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench.. She didn't move, just sat with her head down staring at her hands.

When I sat down beside her she didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if she was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but wanting to check on her at the same time, I asked her if she was OK. She raised her head and looked at me and smiled. 'Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking,' she said in a clear voice strong.

'I didn't mean to disturb you, grandma, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK,' I explained to her.

'Have you ever looked at your hands,' she asked. 'I mean really looked at your hands?'

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point she was making.

Grandma smiled and related this story:

'Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life..

'They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor..

They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child, my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They held my husband and wiped my tears when he went off to war.

'They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special

They wrote my letters to him and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse.

'They have held my children and grandchildren, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand.

They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer.

'These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of life.

But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of God.'

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandma's hands and led her home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroked the face of my children and husband I think of grandma. I know she has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

When you receive this, say a prayer for the person who sent it to you, and watch God's answer to prayer work in your life. Let's continue praying for one another.

Passing this on to anyone you consider a friend will bless you both.

Treat everyone with politeness, even those who are rude to you
-- not because they are nice, but *because you are*.

Genesis 49:24 But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob

Apr 28
Submitted by: Beth Affolder

Jeopardy Question

On Jeopardy the other night, the final question was How many steps does the guard take during his walk across the tomb of the Unknowns ---- All three missed it --

**This is really an awesome sight to watch if you've never had the chance,
Very fascinating..
Tomb of the Unknown Soldier**

1. How many steps does the guard take during his walk across the tomb of the Unknowns and why?

21 steps. It alludes to the twenty-one gun salute, which is the highest honor given any military or foreign dignitary.

2. How long does he hesitate after his about face to begin his return walk and why?

21 seconds for the same reason as answer number 1

3. Why are his gloves wet?

His gloves are moistened to prevent his losing his grip on the rifle.

4. Does he carry his rifle on the same shoulder all the time and if not, why not?

He carries the rifle on the shoulder away from the tomb. After his march across the path, he executes an about face and moves the rifle to the outside shoulder.

5. How often are the guards changed?

Guards are changed every thirty minutes,
twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

6. What are the physical traits of the guard limited to?

For a person to apply for guard duty at the tomb, he must be between 5' 10" and 6' 2" tall and his waist size cannot exceed 30". Other requirements of the Guard: They must commit 2 years of life to guard the tomb, live in a barracks under the tomb, and cannot drink any alcohol on or off duty for the rest of their lives. They cannot swear in public for the rest of their lives and cannot disgrace the uniform {fighting} or the tomb in any way. After two years, the guard is given a wreath pin that is worn on their lapel signifying they served as guard of the tomb. There are only 400 presently worn. The guard must obey these rules for the rest of their lives or give up the wreath pin.

The shoes are specially made with very thick soles to keep the heat and cold from their feet. There are metal heel plates that extend to the top of the shoe in order to make the loud click as they come to a halt.

There are no wrinkles, folds or lint on the uniform. Guards dress for duty in front of a full-length mirror.

The first six months of duty a guard cannot talk to anyone, nor watch TV. All off duty time is spent studying the 175 notable people laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery. A guard must memorize who they are and where they are interred. Among the notables are: President Taft, Joe E. Lewis {the boxer} and Medal of Honor winner Audie Murphy, {the most decorated soldier of WWII} of Hollywood fame.

Every guard spends five hours a day getting his uniforms ready for guard duty.

ETERNAL REST GRANT THEM O LORD, AND LET PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON THEM.

In 2003 as Hurricane Isabelle was approaching Washington, DC, our US Senate/House took 2 days off with anticipation of the storm. On the ABC evening news, it was reported that because of the dangers from the hurricane, the military members assigned the duty of guarding the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier were given permission to suspend the assignment. They respectfully declined the offer, "No way, Sir!" Soaked to the skin, marching in the pelting rain of a tropical storm, they said that guarding the Tomb was not just an assignment, it was the highest honor that can be afforded to a serviceperson. The tomb has been patrolled continuously, 24/7, since 1930.

God Bless and keep them.

I don't usually suggest that many emails be forwarded, but I'd be

very proud if this one reached as many as possible. We can be very proud of our young men and women in the service no matter where they serve.

IN GOD WE TRUST

2Samual 22:3 The God of my rock; in him will I trust: he is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour; thou savest me from violence.

mar 3

Me: God, can I ask You a question?

God: Sure

Me: Promise You won't get mad

God: I promise

Me: Why did You let so much stuff happen to me today?

God: What do u mean?

Me: Well, I woke up late

God: Yes

Me: My car took forever to start

God: Okay

Me: at lunch they made my sandwich wrong & I had to wait

God: Huummm

Me: On the way home, my phone went DEAD, just as I picked up a call

God: All right

Me: And on top of it all off, when I got home ~I just want to soak my feet in my new foot massager & relax. BUT it wouldn't work!!! Nothing went right today! Why did You do that?

God: Let me see, the death angel was at your bed this morning & I had to send one of My Angels to battle him for your life. I let you sleep through that

Me (humbled): OH

GOD: I didn't let your car start because there was a drunk driver on your route that would have hit you if you were on the road.

Me: (ashamed)

God: The first person who made your sandwich today was sick & I didn't want you to catch what they have, I knew you couldn't afford to miss work.

Me (embarrassed):Okay

God: Your phone went dead because the person that was calling was going to give false witness about what you said on that call, I didn't even let you talk to them so you would be covered.

Me (softly): I see God

God: Oh and that foot massager, it had a shortage that was going to throw out all of the power in your

house tonight. I didn't think you wanted to be in the dark.

Me: I'm Sorry God

God: Don't be sorry, just learn to Trust Me.... in All things , the Good & the bad.

Me: I will trust You.

God: And don't doubt that My plan for your day is Always Better than your plan.

Me: I won't God. And let me just tell you God, Thank You for Everything today.

God: You're welcome child. It was just another day being your God and I Love looking after My Children...

Sent from
Donny "J"

Genesis 27:45 Until thy brother's anger turn away from thee, and he forget that which thou hast done to him: then I will send, and fetch thee from thence: why should I be deprived also of you both in one day?

mar 10

Submitted by Fred Rapherly

Retired bricklayer and part-time fisherman Joao Pereira de Souza, 71, who lives in an island village just outside Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, found the tiny penguin, covered in oil and close to death, lying on rocks on his local beach in 2011.

Joao cleaned the oil off the penguin's feathers and fed him a daily diet of fish to build his strength. He named him Dindim.

After a week, he tried to release the penguin back into the sea.
But, the bird wouldn't leave.
'He stayed with me for 11 months and then, just after he changed his coat with new feathers, he disappeared,' Joao recalls.
And, just a few months later, Dindim was back.
He spotted the fisherman on the beach one day and followed him home.

For the past five years, Dindim has spent eight months of the year with Joao and is believed to spend the rest of the time breeding off the coast of Argentina and Chile.
It's thought he swims up to 5,000 miles each year to be reunited with the man who saved his life.

'I love the penguin like it's my own child and I believe the penguin loves me,' Joao told Globo TV. 'No one else is allowed to touch him. He pecks them if they do.
He lays on my lap, lets me give him showers, allows me to feed him sardines and to pick him up'.

'Everyone said he wouldn't return but he has been coming back to visit me for the past four years.
He arrives in June and leaves to go home in February and every year he becomes more affectionate as he appears even happier to see me.'

Biologist Professor Krajewski, who interviewed the fisherman for Globo TV, told *The Independent* : 'I have never seen anything like this before.
I think the penguin believes Joao is part of his family and probably a penguin as well'.
'When he sees him he wags his tail like a dog and honks with delight.
And, just like that, the world seems a kinder place again'.

Joshua 2:12 Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the LORD, since I have shewed you kindness, that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token:

mar 17

In the spring of 1927 a young woman named Lillian Alling, who was living in New York City, became very homesick and decided to return to her family in Russia. After two unhappy years among the teeming

people, this peasant girl knew life in the noisy city was not for her. Lillian was unable to save enough to afford passage across the Atlantic by boat, but all she could think about was going home. So, this young slip of a woman about 25 years old chose to walk the 12,000 miles to Russia!

Very timid, Lillian refused to accept rides from strangers, so supplied with hand-drawn maps, an iron rod for protection, and a few dollars she began her epic journey on foot. Averaging 30 to 40 miles a day, the frail girl passed through Chicago and on to Winnipeg. Keep in mind, back in 1927 there were no roads in the Northwest, and, except for the odd trading post or telegraph station, there was nothing but an unbroken stretch of the world's toughest terrain and wilderness.

When asked where she was heading her firm reply was, "I am going to Russia. Please do not stop me." When she reached Vancouver, her ragged condition and lack of provisions caused great concern among the locals. To prevent her from continuing on, she was arrested for vagrancy and thrown in jail.

When spring arrived, Lillian resumed her daunting quest. Across the Yukon and Alaska, telegraph station operators kept track of her progress. Lillian arrived in Nome in July 1929 wearing a different type of men's shoe on each foot. Soon after leaving Nome, Lillian was last seen rowing a boat from Cape Prince of Wales across the 36 miles of the Bering Strait to Siberia. There is one report of a man who claimed he saw a woman on the Siberian coast in the fall of 1930, explaining to an astonished policeman she'd walked all the way from New York.

We marvel at Lillian Alling's incredible determination to get to her home in Russia, yet so many are indifferent about reaching the home Jesus has prepared for them in heaven. The heroes of faith knew of a better country and exercised faith in making a journey to that place prepared by God. Are you willing to make the journey?

Hebrews 11:16* But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.

mar 24

Haiti

Blind see, Deaf hear, Cancer healed

In 1974 we had the opportunity to go to Portia Prince, Haiti with pastor max Solbrekken. My function was to price out and see the feasibility of starting an orphanage there.

Max had a soccer stadium of about 15,000 to minister at, and the first night the power went off so Max went to the local radio to preach. He was only gone about 15 minutes when the power came back on so they turned to me and said you have to speak. Well, I had never spoke to a crowd bigger than about 350, nor had I ever spoken through an interpreter.

At that time my motto was, we should be ready to preach, pray, sing or die at a moments notice. I was scared and thought maybe I'd die, so I preached anyway. Well, the anointing of God came upon me and I preached for over an hour. Instead of preaching just salvation the Holy Spirit had me speak on life after salvation. On how to live after salvation. How to grow in Christ , etc.

I had a mass alter call for all those that wanted Christ as their savior to raise their hands, there were about 1500. Then I ask how many wanted all that Jesus had for them, about 3/4 of them raised their hand, so we prayed and rejoiced in song and praise. Then I said that all that are afflicted or need deliverance and healing to lay their hands on the area of their affliction and as I pray, God would deliver and heal them. I then prayed under the anointing of God and when I was done, I heard shouts of astonishment and joy as people were healed by the power of God all over the stadium. In the second row was a man that had crippled feet and had to be carried, He was instantly healed and RAN up front to testify, another testified that his blind eyes were opened and his friends that brought him testified it was true. There were multitudes that had ears, eyes opened as well as other types of healing.

By this time Bro Max was back, so he preached and prayed for about an hour.

We never did start an orphanage there, as there prices were higher for land or buildings than in Canada and if you would try to dicker they would keep upping the price, so they got nothing.

Hebrews 10:38* Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.

=====

mar 31

Feb 3

Briggs & Stratton Lawnmower

Matthew 7:7-11

Are you dumb enough to believe God's word? I AM.

Mat 7:7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10. Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

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

As I have related in the memoir Station Wagon, we learned the power of prayer years before.

One such instance was a cheap Briggs & Stratton lawn mower I purchased new in 1964. As long as we lived in Edmonton, it received normal use.

But when we moved to the Bible Camp at Sandy Lake, it was used to cut grass, brush and whatever else grew where we wanted a lawn type setting. Anybody that could push a mower and that volunteered, used it.

Needless to say, it not only cut brush it also leveled out the dirt humps and scattered any rocks in it's way.

After we moved our trailer to a friends acreage in the Sherwood Park

area (Al & Laura Ellis), we once again used our faithful lawn mower to clear bush, level dirt humps and spread small rocks.

After we were there for a while, I went to cut the grass and old faithful just wouldn't start. I pulled and pulled to no avail. I should tell you that by this time the mower used as much oil as gas and when you pulled the start rope there was little if any resistance. It was just plain wore out and had no compression.

Well, as we were just starting to see daylight on the horizon as far as our finances were concerned, I couldn't afford to buy a new mower. So I listened to the small voice in my head that said "pray for it" ---dumb ah---

So I said OK and laid my hand on it and said something like this. " Lord I thank you for this lawn mower, you have blessed it over the years and I'm asking you to bless it some more. You see I can't start it nor can I afford a new one. Amen "

I then grabbed the rope and meant to give it a quick sharp pull, but even tho there was still no resistance, the rope only pulled about six inches when the engine started and purred away. I said "thank you Lord" and cut all my grass with no problem. I then put it away in the shed and promptly forgot about it.

Next week the grass needed cutting again, so I filled old faithful up with gas and oil, gave the rope a pull and (you guessed it) nothing happened. I gave it another half dozen quick pulls with the same results.

The small voice in my head said " Duh, you have to pray if you want it to start ". Very sheepishly I said Lord will you start this lawn mower in Jesus name, gave the rope a short pull and away it went. I thought, you know, this is sacrilegious you don't ask God for carnal things. BUT man did I feel good inside, just think God loves me enough not only to save my soul, but to start an old wore out lawn mower just because I ask him. The small voice in my head, which is the voice of the Holy Spirit, said what about the mountain? Mt 21:21 Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.

You see there is nothing to big or to small for God to do for them that love the Lord. (Ro 8:32) My friend (Al) phoned me at work one day and asked if he could borrow the lawn mower, as his mower blew the motor. I said of course, it's in the shed. About an hour later the phone rang at work and it was my brother in the Lord, Al again. He said I have tried everything and can not start your lawn mower. I put in a new spark plug, checked the points and carburetor, but there is just no compression, yet I see you use it every week.

I said I'm sorry my brother, I never thought to tell you. You have to pray and ask God to start it.

When I got home, I seen his lawn was all cut, so I went over to his shop and ask how he made out. He said, if I didn't know you and seen you use it every week, I would have said your nuts. But I did as you said, I put my hand on it and asked God to start it then pulled the rope a few inches and away it went and it worked good till I shut it off.

Needless to say, we used that lawn mower until 1978, at which time we moved and had no need for a lawn mower. I have been asked, why didn't you buy a new one after you could afford it? My answer was because it is such a faith builder. My wife, our two kids and Al and his five kids could all start it through prayer, any time any where.

Remember there is nothing impossible if we trust God and sincerely seek him.

Heb 11:6 But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Then came Camrose the cat

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to

<http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken

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Feb 10

Some memoirs of God's intervention in our lives

In about 1973, my children our daughter (10) and son (8) wanted a cat. Seeing I don't necessarily like cats and my wife was allergic to them, I said no.

But as children are, they wanted one and so persisted. Well, seeing we all believed in Jesus, I said , why don't you pray about it. I should have taken a tumble when they so readily agreed and no more was said.

(We had a Chevy station wagon (another memoir) that we used in our many travels across Alberta in preaching and singing. This allowed the children to sleep on the way home so as they were refreshed for school the next day.)

A couple of months later, we had a service in Camrose, Alberta. We rented the basement of the Legion Hall, as the upstairs was rented for a Christmas Party.

When we pulled up to the hall, there was a big tabby cat by the back door. I heard in unison from the children, "That's our cat dad it's a stray". Needless to say, I chuckled and said "someone owns that cat and loves it very much".

Well while we were unloading the instruments and taking them downstairs, a lady from upstairs came out carrying the cat and as she gave it a throw, she said "this blankety blank stray cat seems to find every due where there is food".

Again I heard in unison "see dad it's a stray, it's our cat". Being as intelligent as a dad should be, I said "if the cat is still around when its time to go home, we will discuss it then". The kids said "sure dad, but we prayed like you said and this cat is our answer".

All was forgotten and we had our service. Like usual at the end of the service, I always had an alter call for anyone that wanted to publicly give their life to Jesus.

After a little while of making my plea, with no results. A big grey & white tabby cat walked slowly up the aisle and sat at my feet and said a loud meow. I looked down and said the first thing that came to mind, God Bless you kitty cat. Well, needless to say this broke everybody up. And the kids come up to me after and said "see dad, he's a Christian cat now". I told them to put the cat outside and if that was the cat God had for them, he would be there when it was time to go home.

We had our lunch and fellowship after, then packed everything up. When we got ready to go the cat was outside, and our boy said "see dad there he is".

In one last desperation attempt, I said "if God really wants you to have that cat, when we open the car door he will jump in with no assistance from anybody.

In my heart I knew better then to question their faith, but I was desperate.

I opened the drivers door just enough for me to get in, when I seen a streak of grey

go by and jump in the back and curl up on the kids bed.

I raised my hands toward heaven and said "OK lord I give up, thank you for answering their prayer".

I turned to the kids, who were grinning from ear to ear and they said "see dad we knew as soon as we seen him that he was the one God choose for us, it didn't matter what you said". I said Praise God, your right, now what are you going to call him? With no hesitation came the reply "CAMROSE" cause this is where we got him.

We were only able to get Camrose inside a car once after that. We did try different times and he would literally come unglued. He did however love to jump on the car when you come home and look through the windshield, it was his way of greeting.

We lived on an acreage about 4 miles east of Edmonton and had Camrose for about three years. The wife had to make a quick run into town, so she put our poodle in the car and took off. She was going down the highway at 60 MPH and all the oncoming traffic was waving at her. She thought boy are people ever friendly today!

When she noticed a rag fluttering in the rear view mirror. Upon closer inspection she thought, that sure looks like Camrose's tail. She pulled over and stopped and sure enough there was Camrose with his claws dug into the roof of the car and his rear end up against the wind deflector by the back window. She said "Camrose what are you doing". He said "m-e-o-w" and came running to her. This is the only other time Camrose went in our car.

There is no doubt in our family nor our close friends that Camrose was God's gift to Lori & Darren and to mom & dad as well! Mom was never allergic to Camrose and for a guy who didn't care for cats, I sure thought the world of him.

He was not like any cat I have ever known nor have encountered since. He would do things normal cats just wouldn't do and what he did, always brought joy and laughter.

Then enters Buttons

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to

<http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken

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Feb 17

Author unknown

Distinguished scientist and chemist James Macie was born in France in 1765, the illegitimate son of a British duke. With Jim's father out of the picture, the boy's devoted mother, also a woman of wealth, returned to England with him to fight for her son's official acceptance. Because of the laws of 18th-

century England, she barely managed to have Jim declared a British citizen. Because of his illegitimacy, James Macie's other basic rights were restricted at every turn. Perhaps what hurt Jim most was that he could never hold the title of his real father, the 1st Duke of Northumberland.

Knowing these restrictions as he grew up, Jim Macie determined to excel in other ways. In 1786, Jim graduated from Pembroke College with honors, and shortly thereafter launched himself upon a glowing scientific career. Many sophisticated experiments and published results later, Jim became a respected scientist. While his scientific colleagues, with less talent, would be knighted for their accomplishments, Jim was denied that honor simply because he was born illegitimate. It is no wonder that James Macie was hurt. He vowed never to marry, realizing that the stigma of a tarnished heritage would be passed to his children.

So, James Macie conceived of a plan that would serve as a final rejection of the country that had rejected him. When Jim passed away in 1829 he died a very wealthy man, with no heirs who could claim his vast fortune. In his will he sought revenge on England by leaving all of his money to a newly formed country that England called illegitimate—

the United States of America. Jim had never even visited the United States. Yet by willing his fortune to us he disinherited England as it had disinherited him.

In his will he specified that his money was to be used for the foundation of an institute that would increase and diffuse knowledge among men and that would perpetuate his true family name that was denied him at birth—the name Smithson. And thus, the gift James Smithson gave us, which represents the torment of illegitimacy, is today our country's most magnificent storehouse of culture and scientific accomplishment. I expect you have heard of the Smithsonian Institution.

Ezekiel 25:17 And I will execute great vengeance upon them with furious rebukes; and they shall know that I am the LORD, when I shall lay my vengeance upon them.

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Feb 24

Professor : You are a Christian, aren't you, son ?

Student : Yes, sir.

Professor: So, you believe in GOD ?

Student : Absolutely, sir.

Professor : Is GOD good ?

Student : Sure.

Professor: Is GOD all powerful ?

Student : Yes.

Professor: My brother died of cancer even though he prayed to GOD to heal him. Most of us would attempt to help others who are ill. But GOD didn't. How is this GOD good then? Hmm?

(Student was silent.)

Professor: You can't answer, can you ? Let's start again, young fella. Is GOD good?

Student : Yes.

Professor: Is satan good ?

Student : No.

Professor: Where does satan come from ?

Student : From ... GOD ...

Professor: That's right. Tell me son, is there evil in this world?

Student : Yes.

Professor: Evil is everywhere, isn't it ? And GOD did make everything. Correct?

Student : Yes.

Professor: So who created evil ?

(Student did not answer.)

Professor: Is there sickness? Immorality? Hatred? Ugliness? All these terrible things exist in the world, don't they?

Student : Yes, sir.

Professor: So, who created them ?

(Student had no answer.)

Professor: Science says you have 5 Senses you use to identify and observe the world around you. Tell me, son, have you ever seen GOD?

Student : No, sir.

Professor: Tell us if you have ever heard your GOD?

Student : No , sir.

Professor: Have you ever felt your GOD, tasted your GOD, smelt your GOD? Have you ever had any sensory perception of GOD for that matter?

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

Professor: Yet you still believe in Him?

Student : Yes.

Professor : According to Empirical, Testable, Demonstrable Protocol, Science says your GOD doesn't exist. What do you say to that, son?

Student : Nothing. I only have my faith.

Professor: Yes, faith. And that is the problem Science has.

Student : Professor, is there such a thing as heat?

Professor: Yes.

Student : And is there such a thing as cold?

Professor: Yes.

Student : No, sir. There isn't.

(The lecture theater became very quiet with this turn of events.)

Student : Sir, you can have lots of heat, even more heat, superheat, mega heat, white heat, a little heat or no heat. But we don't have anything called cold. We can hit 458 degrees below zero which is no heat, but we can't go any further after that. There is no such thing as cold. Cold is only a word we use to describe the absence of heat. We cannot measure cold. Heat is energy. Cold is not the opposite of heat, sir, just the absence of it.

(There was pin-drop silence in the lecture theater.)

Student : What about darkness, Professor? Is there such a thing as darkness?

Professor: Yes. What is night if there isn't darkness?

Student : You're wrong again, sir. Darkness 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 its called darkness, isn't it? In reality, darkness isn't. If it is, well you would be able to make darkness darker, wouldn't you?

Professor: So what is the point you are making, young man ?

Student : Sir, my point is your philosophical premise is flawed.

Professor: Flawed ? Can you explain how?

Student : Sir, you are working on the premise of duality. You argue there is life and then there is 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?

Professor: If you are referring to the natural evolutionary process, yes, of course, I do.

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

(The Professor shook his head with a smile, beginning to realize where the argument was going.)

Student : 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 not a scientist but a preacher?

(The class was in uproar.)

Student : Is there anyone in the class who has ever seen the Professor's brain?

(The class broke out into laughter.)

Student : Is there anyone here who has ever heard the Professor's brain, felt it, touched or smelt it? 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, sir. With all due respect, sir, how do we then trust your lectures, sir?

(The room was silent. The Professor stared at the student, his face unfathomable.)

Professor: I guess you'll have to take them on faith, son.

Student : That is it sir ... Exactly ! The link between man & GOD is FAITH. That is all that keeps things alive and moving.

P.S.

I believe you have enjoyed the conversation. And if so, you'll probably want your friends / colleagues to enjoy the same, won't you?

Forward this to increase their knowledge ... or FAITH.

By the way, that student was EINSTEIN.

Shared from Donny "J"

Psalms 49:3 My mouth shall speak of **wisdom**; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

jan 6
for you.

A LITTLE ABOUT BRO KEN

I was born in 1942 on a rural rock farm in Central Alberta, Canada. There was Dad, Mom, two older sisters and in 1955 my youngest sister, but I'm still the only boy.

The reason I call it a rock farm, is because it didn't seem to matter how many rocks

the family picked, there was always a bumper crop of rocks next year. We moved into

the city of Wetaskiwin in 1949, about 22 miles from the area of Pipestone, Alberta.

Dad took a job with the Canadian Pacific Railroad as a night watchmen at the locomotive Roundhouse. Mom took a job cooking in a local restaurant. (we were considered average people now and not poor folk)

On the farm, there was no church of any kind in our area, but mom was a Christian

and read the bible to us and we had family devotion. Whenever someone would come out

to our community hall and have a service we were always there. There were Lutheran,

Baptist, Pentecostal and just traveling evangelists. It wasn't till I was 12 years old before I learned that each denomination figured they had the only true teaching. They all preached that Jesus was the Son of God and he died on Calvary's cross for our sins and rose three days later, so we that believe in him and call upon him may rise also to be with him in Heaven. This is what the bible taught, and we were taught to believe the word of God. The first church I attended regularly was The Salvation Army and they preached and lived by the bible. I could never figure out those man made traditions and I still can't. 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. I started preaching in 1971 and ministered in almost every denominational church at one time or the other. Had meetings in town halls, Orange halls, IOOF halls, Legion halls and any other place the Holy Spirit would open the door. In 1989 I came up with what they call Multiple Sclerosis and by the year 2000 I was quite limited in my activities. So like a good Christian, I started to complain to the Lord, "You know", Lord I'm no good, I can't do anything for you anymore. I can just imagine him smiling, as he said, why do you think I taught you how to use the computer. Thus the Food for Thought daily inspirational was started. On the Burning Bush Website <http://burningbushcrusades.com/>. If you check out the memoirs you'll read how God taught us in our early Christian walk. If you check out the Question & Answer section, you'll find God given answers for your everyday Christian walk.

Your Bro. in Christ Ken S. Reuer

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jan 13

Cancer Healed

One evening we had a service at a city about 50 miles southeast of us and during the service I was telling of a lady that had been brought To Bro Max's meeting at the Revival Centre in Edmonton in 1971 with cancer. Her family brought her in wheelchair as the doctors sent her home to Lougheed (which is 100 + miles east of Edmonton) to die as she was full of cancer and they did all they could. I don't know if it was her idea or her family's to try pray, but either way they came. When Bro Max called for those that wanted prayer, they wheeled her up and she told Max what it was about and I was standing right beside her. So Max prayed and rebuked

the Spirit of cancer. The first thing I noticed was her countenance changed, then she got out of the wheelchair and walked without any help. A little over a year later she came again to the Centre and I recognized her even though she had filled out her gaunt places and was the picture of health. So I went over and ask how she was , she said that after Max prayed they went home to Lougheed and instead of dyeing she continually got better and within a couple of months was her old self. She went back to the doctors and they were flabbergasted, but skeptical especially when they heard it was prayer. She had just been to the doctors today for a final checkup and she has no traces of cancer in her blood. She got up and testified this to all that was there.

As I finished sharing about her I heard someone say here I am, thats me, Here she was in our meeting almost six years later and still cancer free and healthy.

We mistered as a family in music as well and at this same meeting Darren who was 10 and Lori who was 12 had sung and after preaching, I called those up for prayer that wanted healing. One of the ladies brought up her son, about 7 and said he was deaf, but during the service she felt that if my son Darren would pray for her son, he'd be healed. So I called Darren up and shared what the lady said and of course Darren started storming heaven and ask God to open this boys ears cause only Jesus can do it. Well, need I say more, the mother was ecstatic and the boy was bewildered as he had never heard before but he new it must be good, because his mother was laughing and kissing him. So you see what God means when he talks about the faith of a child.

Bro. Ken

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jan 20
22 - Saddel Lake
Some Miracles and Incidentis in our early ministry

In the Spring of 1972, God spoke to my spirit and said, "go to Saddle Lake". I had never heard of Saddle Lake, but I had a dear friend in the Lord named Marenis so I ask him if he ever heard of it. he said it was an Indian Reserve by St. Paul, Ab. and he had been there once a few years ago. I told him what the Lord had laid on my

heart and asked if he would come along.

The Reserve was more than 100 miles away and when we got there, I didn't know what to do. So we pulled into the first house we come too and there was nobody home. So we drove a couple of miles to the next place. I knocked on the door and a lady came to the door and said yes, well I was scared and said, "I don't know why I'm here, but I believe the Lord". That's as far as I got when she broke into crying and speaking in Cree. Pretty soon there were about 10 people come running to the door smiling and praising God. They invited us in and testified that they had a church building called the Full Gospel Church, but didn't have a Pastor for several years. And how they had all gotten together that day to pray for God to bring them a Pastor. When I came to the door and said God sent me, that was their answer.

We travelled out there every 2nd Sunday for a 2 pm service, for 3-1/2 years. We saw that little church grow from 10 to over 100 and the people had to stand in the doorway. We seen many miracles take place and many souls saved and set on fire for God.

One outstanding incident at Saddle Lake that is engraved in my memory, is of a dear sister in the Lord that came up every alter call for prayer for her husband that used to serve Jesus but went astray and became an alcoholic. She always ask for prayer that God would get hold of him and bring him back to the fellowship they once had with Jesus and as a family. Now I prayed fervently for them, but she was up at every alter call for about six months. It was beginning to weary me as there seemed to be no answer. So when she came up again, I said to the Lord: it is written in

Luke 18:3/7 And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

Now Lord, this sister has come in faith and I am getting weary as this request and

prayer is not answered. You said you would avenge them, so for the last time I pray in Jesus name that you will put a hook in her husbands jaw and bring him to his senses and into fellowship with us and his family.

Two weeks later when we had service, I had just finished the sermon. When the door of the church banged open and a drunk staggered in, the smell of alcohol was so strong I could smell it at the front of the church. Now this was the first time I had felt the power of the Holy Spirit come upon me in such a mighty and powerful way. I pointed my finger at him and said with authority, if you want to be delivered and get right with God, get yourself up front now. This surprised me, because it was not a request but a demand.

He literally drunkenly ran to the front and stood before me, I put my hands on either side of his face and I remember feeling so strong I was afraid I'd crush his head. In Jesus name I commanded the demons of hell and the demon of alcohol to leave and set him free. Well, one minute the smell of alcohol that was so strong, was instantly gone, he fell to his knees and cried out Lord forgive me. I looked up and there were several saints as well as the sister that had wearied me due to her persistence and the tears were just streaming down her face. She looked at me and smiled, then she said, this is my husband.

Now when the Lord opened other doors for us, this fellow and his family took the fellowship over and it's still going today.

Bro. Ken

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jan 27

We started traveling in ministry in 1972, and the first place the Lord led us was to minister for 3 1/2 years, was at Saddle Lake, Alberta

We traveled other places at the same time we were leading Saddle Lake. The Lord would lay on our hearts to go to a certain town, so we would place an add in their local paper, then rent a hall or building. Now all this was done by phone so we never knew what to expect. We never took up an offering as we felt very strongly

that God would supply our needs, he just instructed us to have an offering box at the back and those that felt led to give, did. Now we never took any monies for ourselves personally and still do not to this day. Just the expenses like hall rental, add, gas and food while traveling. We never had more than about a dollar extra.

In the summer of 1973 at one such meeting, we had a surplus of \$120. So I went to the Lord and ask him what the \$120 was for, he showed us that we should start a charitable organization so we could issue charitable receipts for income tax purposes. I went to a lawyer to see what was involved and he said he could do everything to set it up for \$120. NOW we new what the extra \$120 was for.

This is 37 years later and it still works the same way for us. Like the Apostle Paul, we have always worked for our own needs and now I have Pension. In the ministry, if there is extra we ask the Lord WHERE or WHAT FOR.

Bro. Ken