

dec 5

To be honest with you, I wanted to give ten families a \$100.00 grocery gift certificate for Christmas from the BBCC. And yes the Lord brought the names of ten families that needed it. Then he also brought in the finances for them.

We do help out at various missions as well for Christmas meals for the homeless or down and out. But for the last thirteen years I felt that families in a low income situation love their family as well as the more fortunate, this way it frees up some money for gifts or extra food.

We got a letter back from a lady who received one a few years ago and she said that they were down and out and didn't know how they were going to feed their family. When they got a card in the mail with a \$100 gift certificate from an organization they never heard of. Nor did they here from us again, by this she meant no soliciting or begging for a donation. Apparently this really spoke to their heart and they started praying and thanking God. In less then a years time, their entire life changed. They got good paying jobs and have been helping others.

She said that before, they were so discouraged and no one seemed to care. Then out of no where some Christians put their money where their mouth is and gave us hope.

There is a God and he does have people who listen to him. It changed our life.

A letter like this makes it much more than worth while.

You see, we do not solicit for donations nor do we have fund raiser's, everything that comes in is because they feel the Lord laid it on their heart to donate. We do however give an income tax receipt.

Got a call from a lady last year and she was crying and said they were at wits end and didn't know what to do, when they got the card on the 15 th of Dec. PTL.

How can one be sad???

Bro. Ken

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dec 12

Wow! This tells you the meaning of Christmas!

The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere in years since his wife had passed away. It was just another day to him. He didn't hate Christmas, just couldn't find a reason to celebrate. He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened and a homeless man stepped through.

Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers, told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm up. "Thank you, but I don't mean to intrude," said the stranger. "I see you're busy, I'll just go."

"Not without something hot in your belly." George said.

He turned and opened a wide mouth Thermos and handed it to the stranger. "It ain't much, but it's hot and tasty. Stew ... Made it myself. When you're done, there's coffee and it's fresh."

Just at that moment he heard the "ding" of the driveway bell. "Excuse me, be right back," George said. There in the driveway was an old '53 Chevy. Steam was rolling out of the front.. The driver was panicked. "Mister can you help me!" said the driver, with a deep Spanish accent. "My wife is with child and my car is broken." George opened the hood. It was bad. The block looked cracked from the cold, the car was dead.

"You ain't going in this thing," George said as he turned away.

"But Mister, please help ..." The door of the office closed behind George as he went inside. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck, and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. "Here, take my truck," he said. "She ain't the best thing you ever looked at, but she runs real good."

George helped put the woman in the truck and watched as it sped off into the night. He turned and walked back inside the office. "Glad I gave 'em the truck, their tires were shot too. That 'ol truck has brand new ." George thought he was talking to the stranger, but the man had gone. The Thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. "Well, at least he got something in his belly," George thought.

George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. He discovered the the block hadn't cracked, it was just the bottom hose on the radiator. "Well, shoot, I can fix this," he said to himself. So he put a new one on.

"Those tires ain't gonna get 'em through the winter either." He took the snow treads off of his wife's old Lincoln. They were like new and he wasn't going to drive the car anyway.

As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. Bleeding from the left shoulder, the officer moaned, "Please help me."

George helped the officer inside as he remembered the training he had received in the Army as a medic. He knew the wound needed attention. "Pressure to stop the bleeding," he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. "Hey, they say duct tape can fix anythin'," he said, trying to make the policeman feel at ease.

"Something for pain," George thought. All he had was the pills he used for his back. "These ought to work." He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. "You hang in there, I'm going to get you an ambulance."

The phone was dead. "Maybe I can get one of your buddies on that there talk box out in your car." He went out only to find that a bullet had gone into the dashboard destroying the two way radio.

He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. "Thanks," said the officer. "You could have left me there. The guy that shot me is still in the area."

George sat down beside him, "I would never leave an injured man in the Army and I ain't gonna leave you." George pulled back the bandage to check for bleeding. "Looks worse than what it is. Bullet passed right through 'ya. Good thing it missed the important stuff though. I think with time your gonna be right as rain."

George got up and poured a cup of coffee. "How do you take it?" he asked.

"None for me," said the officer..

"Oh, yer gonna drink this. Best in the city. Too bad I ain't got no donuts." The officer laughed and winced at the same time.

The front door of the office flew open. In burst a young man with a gun. "Give me all your cash! Do it now!" the young man yelled. His hand was shaking and George could tell that he had never done anything like this before.

"That's the guy that shot me!" exclaimed the officer.

"Son, why are you doing this?" asked George, "You need to put the cannon away. Somebody else might get hurt."

The young man was confused. "Shut up old man, or I'll shoot you, too. Now give me the cash!"

The cop was reaching for his gun. "Put that thing away," George said to the cop, "we got one too many in here now."

He turned his attention to the young man. "Son, it's Christmas Eve. If you need money, well then, here. It ain't much but it's all I got. Now put that pea shooter away."

George pulled \$150 out of his pocket and handed it to the young man, reaching for the barrel of the gun at the same time. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. "I'm not very good at this am I? All I wanted was to buy something for my wife and son," he went on. "I've lost my job, my rent is due, my car got repossessed last week."

George handed the gun to the cop. "Son, we all get in a bit of squeeze now and then. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best we can."

He got the young man to his feet, and sat him down on a chair across from the cop. "Sometimes we do stupid things." George handed the young man a cup of coffee. "Bein' stupid is one of the things that makes us human. Comin' in here with a gun ain't the answer. Now sit there and get warm and we'll sort this thing out."

The young man had stopped crying. He looked over to the cop. "Sorry I shot you. It just went off. I'm sorry officer."

"Shut up and drink your coffee " the cop said.

George could hear the sounds of sirens outside. A police car and an ambulance skidded to a halt. Two cops came through the door, guns drawn. "Chuck! You ok?" one of the cops asked the wounded officer.

"Not bad for a guy who took a bullet. How did you find me?"

"GPS locator in the car. Best thing since sliced bread. Who did this?" the other cop asked as he approached the young man.

Chuck answered him, "I don't know. The guy ran off into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran."

George and the young man both looked puzzled at each other.

"That guy work here?" the wounded cop continued.

"Yep," George said, "just hired him this morning. Boy lost his job."

The paramedics came in and loaded Chuck onto the stretcher. The young man leaned over the wounded cop and whispered, "Why?"

Chuck just said, "Merry Christmas boy ... and you too, George, and thanks for everything."

"Well, looks like you got one doozy of a break there. That ought to solve some of your problems."

George went into the back room and came out with a box. He pulled out a ring box. "Here you go, something for the little woman. I don't think Martha would mind. She said it would come in handy some day."

The young man looked inside to see the biggest diamond ring he ever saw. "I can't take this," said the young man. "It means something to you."

"And now it means something to you," replied George. "I got my memories. That's all I need."

George reached into the box again. An airplane, a car and a truck appeared next. They were toys that the oil company had left for him to sell. "Here's something for that little man of yours."

The young man began to cry again as he handed back the \$150 that the old man had handed him earlier.

"And what are you supposed to buy Christmas dinner with? You keep that too," George said. "Now git home to your family."

The young man turned with tears streaming down his face. "I'll be here in the morning for work, if that job offer is still good."

"Nope. I'm closed Christmas day," George said. "See ya the day after."

George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where'd you come from? I thought you left?"

"I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't celebrate Christmas. Why?"

"Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides I was gettin' a little chubby."

The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor."

The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will make you a rich man and not take any for himself. "That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man."

George was taken aback by all this stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man.

"Trust me, George. I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again."

The stranger moved toward the door. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned."

George watched as the old leather jacket and the torn pants that the stranger was wearing turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room.

"You see, George ... it's My birthday. Merry Christmas."

George fell to his knees and replied, "Happy Birthday, Lord Jesus"

This story is better than any greeting card.
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND GOD BLESS!

2Corinthians 12:15* And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly **I love you**, the less I be loved.

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dec 19

Covid Christmas.....

T'was a few weeks before Christmas and all thru the town
People wore masks that covered their frown
The frown had begun a year ago back in the spring
When a global pandemic changed everything
They called it corona, but unlike the beer
It didn't bring good times, it didn't bring cheer
Contagious and deadly this virus spread fast
Like a wildfire that starts when fueled by gas
Airplanes were grounded travel was banned
Borders were closed across air, sea and land
As the world entered lockdown to flatten the curve
The economy halted and folks lost their nerve
From March to July we rode the first wave
People stayed home, they tried to behave
When summer emerged the lockdown was lifted
But away from caution many folks drifted
Now it's past November and cases are spiking
Wave four has arrived much to our disliking
Frontline workers, doctors and nurses
Try to save people from riding in hearses
This virus is awful this covid 19
There isn't a cure just a vaccine
It's true that this year has had sadness a plenty
We'll never forget the year 2020
And just 'round the corner the holiday season
But why be merry is there even one reason
To decorate the house and put up a tree
When no one will see it....no one but me
But outside my window the snow gently falls
And I think to myself let's deck the halls
So I gather the ribbon the garland and bows
As I play those old carols my happiness grows
Christmas ain't been cancelled and neither is hope
If we lean on each other I know we can cope

Remember God still has everything in control

Hebrews 12:2* Looking unto Jesus **the author and** finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

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dec 26

What is the Difference Between Good Music and Harmful Music

A quick guide for harmful: if the music or lyrics cause one to feel, **sensual, sexy, aroused, aggressive, rebellious, agitated, haughty, proud, depressed, or suicidal**, then the spirit behind it is Lucifer.

Ezekiel 28:13-17

Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: **the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created.** Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee.

You see, Satan was an Arc angel - a Cherub and in him was created the art (if you may call it that) of music. So you see he knows what to use.

If you check back in history as well as today, **all the ancient tribes had a sensual beat. The modern Rock music has the same beat** and if you check back, most of the people that, or do did violent crimes, said they were caught up in the beat of the music.

Unfortunately a lot of our modern churches have adapted this same satanic beat and say it's OK, because the words are Christ centered. **You can call a Cobra a garter snake, but when it bites it's still poisonous.**

A quick guide for good: if it makes you feel **peaceful, serene, joyous, sense of well being, state of worship, praise or brings repentance.** Now this covers secular music as well as church music

Now remember, this is just a quick guide and for a full guide for you. Is to spend some time talking to Jesus and if he convicts your conscience, don't turn him off.

Remember the Cobra.

Bro Ken

Nov. 7

One hundred and forty years ago, almost 50 percent of the patients undergoing major surgery died from infection due largely to the

filthy conditions. Doctors were bewildered why 80 percent more women died giving birth in hospitals compared to those who had their babies at home. Back then, doctors wore bloody aprons and went from patient to patient without washing their hands or instruments. Patients with minor wounds often died from infection or blood poisoning transmitted by the doctor.

In the 1860s, a deeply religious English surgeon, Joseph Lister, was disturbed about the staggering number of patients dying from infection. He read in the Bible where God told the Israelites to wash after contact with the sick or a dead body. Based on this and Louis Pasteur's discoveries, Lister recognized germs as the likely source of infection. He suggested surgeons dress cleanly, wash their hands, and sterilize instruments before operating. He insisted that the operating room be kept clean. He also developed a method for preventing infection during an operation by treating wounds with an antiseptic.

At first Lister was regarded as eccentric, and nurses resented the extra work caused by his obsession with cleanliness. Then there was a period of significant mocking and resistance from his peers. Lister, a shy but determined man, was firm in his purpose. He humbly believed he was directed and inspired by God in this endeavor. In spite of all the opposition that he faced, he never gave up.

As the mocking went on, everyone began to notice a change. The deaths from blood poisoning, infection, and gangrene were greatly reduced in Joseph Lister's hospital ward in Glasgow. Eventually, British and American hospitals saw the benefits and gradually adopted the sterile procedures promoted by Dr. Lister. Before he died, Lister's services to medicine were recognized and he was awarded a knighthood. Louis Pasteur described Lister as one of the greatest men of the 19th century.

It's amazing how the world has been transformed by applying the simple rules of sanitation found in the Bible. The God who formed us knows the principles of caring for the bodies He has given us. He lovingly shares that wisdom with us in His Word.

John 3:12* If I have **told** you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

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nov 14

Superstition

The Great Plague stretched across London like a thick, drab blanket. It came as a thief in the night. The mortality rate was astounding.

Someone came up with the foolish idea that polluted air brought on the plague. So, people began to carry flower petals in their pockets, superstitiously thinking the fragrance would ward off the disease. Groups of victims, if they could walk, were taken outside the hospitals. Holding hands, they walked in circles around rose gardens, breathing in deeply the aroma of the blooming plants. As death came closer, another superstitious act was employed with sincerity. Many felt if the lungs could be freed from pollution, life could be sustained. So, ashes were placed in a spoon and brought up near the nose, causing a hefty sneeze or two. But nothing retarded the raging death rate. Not until the real cause was discovered—the bite of fleas from diseased rats—was the plague brought in check.

The awful experience is one explanation for a little song that innocent children still sing at play. It was first heard from the lips of a soiled old man pushing a cart in London, picking up bodies along an alley: "Ring around the roses, / A pocket full of posies; / Ashes, ashes, we all fall down."

I'm sure we've all heard that if we use this or wash with that it will get rid of the covid in our lives??? Some have even tried drinking bleach or gasoline so that they wouldn't get sick however you can imagine that it didn't exactly do the job they thought and ended up dying from their foolishness.

Conceived in the mind by ignorance, superstition cultivates insecurity and sends a legion of structural cracks through our character.

Just as in the days of the London plague we are in the days of our covid plague but believing everything we hear about it can become superstition. There are so many things said about it but if we put our trust in God we really don't have anything to fear.

Religious superstition is ruthless. How much better to build our lives on the truths of God's Word. Psalms 91:5,10 and it will withstand any plague or disasters that come our way because Jesus came to give us the truth and set us free. He paid the price for ALL our sins, and ALL our diseases and sickness through his death and resurrection.

Psalms 103:2,3. Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

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nov 21

Noah's Ark.....

Dutch creationist Johan Huibers had a dream that someday Holland would be flooded. That led to his building a replica of Noah's ark, complete with life-size animals. The seaworthy ark is only half the size of Noah's original, but it is still nearly 230 feet long, 45 feet high, and 30 feet wide.

Life-size models of giraffes, elephants, lions, crocodiles, zebras, and bison are included in the ark's interior. Even with all the animals it still has room for a 50-seat theater, where the story of Noah's flood is retold. Eventually there will even be a petting zoo, with lambs, chickens, goats, and one camel. The total cost of the project was estimated to be around \$1.2 million.

Johan also built the ark as testament to his literal belief in the Bible. He said, "This will speak very much to children, because it will give them something tangible to see that Noah's ark really existed." Assisted by his son, the 47-year-old contractor spent nearly two years building the ark by the water in Schagen, 30 miles north of Amsterdam.

As far as possible he has tried to remain true to the ark proportions described in the Bible, but Johan's ark is constructed with American cedar and Norwegian pine rather than "gopher wood." Biblical scholars are still not exactly sure what kind of wood that was. When the ark opened its doors in April 2007, visitors were stunned by its size. They think the Netherlands is probably the right place for an ark to be built.

With all the talk of global warming, some fear Holland will be the first place flooded if the polar caps melt much faster. Johan's ark is a fully functional model and will even meet all the naval, fire, and animal rights regulations. Mr. Huibers plans to sail the ark through the interior waters around Holland. He's praying this colossal exhibit will help renew interest in Christianity in the Netherlands, which has dramatically fallen in the past 50 years.

So will there be another global flood before Jesus returns? After Noah left the ark when the flood waters receded, the Bible says, Never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth" (Genesis 9:11) and he set the rainbow in the sky for us to be assured our world will not be destroyed again by water. But the Lord has warned that someday the earth will be cleansed by fire.

The only important thing is.....ARE YOU READY???

Mark 9:42\43* And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched:

44* Where their **worm dieth not**, and the fire is not quenched.

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nov 28

My 2021 Milk Miracle

I'm a typical human being ! I had God preform his miracle power in my life and didn't clue in for almost a year. I was so wrapped up in MANS knowledge, that I just figured man had come up with a new technique.

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

It all started over store bought milk and cream, I was so sick and tired of buying a quart of milk and cream that would go sour, BEFORE the stamped expiry date. Now I wouldn't say I made it a matter of prayer, it was just my way of talking to my saviour. I was just talking to him and as I was talking, I said it sure would be nice if a person didn't have to worry about dairy products not going sour or bread going moldy, especially since I am not able to get it myself.

This was back in early spring and I never thought anymore about it, some time later on, I was pouring cream into my coffee when I happened to look at the expiry date, and it had been expired for a week and it was still good. I said, Praise the Lord and thank you. I thought no more about it until mid summer. Again, I was pouring cream into my coffee, when I glanced at the expiry date and over a month had past, from the expiry date AND IT STILL WAS NOT SOUR.

I thanked and praised God for giving mankind the knowledge to produce milk and cream that didn't go sour.

It wasn't until Nov 22 of this year that I learned that it wasn't man that figured out how to produce dairy products that didn't sour, BUT IT WAS GOD THAT KEPT MY MILK AND CREAM FROM GOING SOUR.

My niece came over to run an errand for me, I offered her a cup of coffee to which she excepted, when she went to pour in the cream, she looked at the expiry date and exclaimed, "I can't use this, its sour it expired over a week ago." To which I replied, "No it isn't sour, my cream don't go sour," she smelled it and it was good so she used it.

She then went on to tell that her dairy product would usually go sour before the expiry date, the way mine used to.

It was then that the Lord reminded me of the widow and the cruse of oil and the widow and Elijah. 1Ki 17:16 , 2Ki 4:3

You see, I thanked and praised God for his great love for me, EVEN IF I HADN'T CLUED IN YET.

Bro Ken

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.

Oct 3

Hypothetically from DESK OF GOD

Please be aware that there are changes you need to make in your life. These changes need to be completed in order that I may fulfill my promises to you to grant you peace, joy and happiness in this life. I apologize for any inconvenience, but after all that I am doing, this seems very little to ask of you. I know, I already gave you the 10 Commandments. Keep them. But follow these guidelines as well...

1. QUIT WORRYING Life has dealt you a blow and all you do is sit and worry. Have you forgotten that I am here to take all your burdens and carry them for you? Or do you just enjoy fretting over every little thing that comes your way?
2. PUT IT ON THE LIST Something needs done or taken care of. Put it on the list. No, not YOUR list. Put it on MY to-do-list. Let ME be the one to take care of the problem. I can't help you until you turn it over to me. And, although my to-do-list is long, I am, after all, God. I can take care of anything you put into my hands. In fact, if the truth were ever really known, I take care of a lot of things for you that you never even realize.
3. TRUST ME Once you've given your burdens to me, quit trying to take them back. Trust in me. Have the faith that I will take care of all your needs, your problems and your trials. Problems with the kids? Put them on my list.

Problem with finances? Put it on my list. Problems with your emotional roller coaster? For my sake, put it on my list. I want to help you. All you have to do is ask.

4. LEAVE IT ALONE Don't wake up one morning and say, "Well, I'm feeling much stronger now, I think I can handle it from here." Why do you think you are feeling stronger now? It's simple. You gave me your burdens and I'm taking care of them. I also renew your strength and cover you in my peace. Don't you know that if I give you these problems back, you will be right back where you started? Leave them with me and forget about them. Just let me do my job.

5. TALK TO ME I want you to forget a lot of things. Forget what was making you crazy. Forget the worry and the fretting because you know I'm in control. But there's one thing I pray you never forget. Please don't forget to talk to me - OFTEN! I love you. I want to hear your voice. I want you to include me in on the things going on in your life. I want to hear you talk about your friends and family. Prayer is simply you having a conversation with me. I want to be your dearest friend.

6. HAVE FAITH I see a lot of things from up here that you can't see from where you are. Have faith in me that I know what I'm doing. Trust me, you wouldn't want the view from my eyes. I will continue to care for you, watch over you, and meet your needs. You only have to trust me. Although I have a much bigger task than you, it seems as if you have so much trouble just doing your simple part. How hard can trust be?

7. SHARE You were taught to share when you were only two years old. When did you forget? That rule still applies. Share with those who are less fortunate than you. Share your joy with those who need encouragement. Share your laughter with those who haven't heard any in such a long time. Share your tears with those who have forgotten how to cry. Share your faith with those who have none.

8. BE PATIENT I managed to fix it so in just one lifetime you could have so many diverse experiences. You grow from a child to an adult, have children, change jobs many times, learn many trades, travel to so many places, meet thousands of people, and experience so much. How can you be so impatient then when it takes me a little longer than you expect to handle something on my to-do-list? Trust in my timing, for my timing is perfect. Just because I

created the entire universe in only six days, everyone thinks I should always rush, rush, rush.

9. BE KIND Be kind to others, for I love them just as much as I love you. They may not dress like you, or talk like you, or live the same way you do, but I still love you all. Please try to get along, for my sake. I created each of you different in some way. It would be too boring if you were all identical. Please know I love each of your differences.

10. LOVE YOURSELF As much as I love you, how can you not love yourself? You were created by me for one reason only - to be loved, and to love in return. I am a God of Love. Love me. Love your neighbors. But also love yourself. It makes my heart ache when I see you so angry with yourself when things go wrong. You are very precious to me. Don't ever forget that!

Psalms 37:5 **Commit thy way** unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

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Oct 10

Five (5) lessons about the way we treat people

1 - First Important Lesson - Cleaning Lady.

During my second month of college, our professor

Gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student

And had breezed through the questions until I read

The last one:

"What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?"

Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the

Cleaning woman several times. She was tall,

Dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name?

I handed in my paper, leaving the last question

Blank. Just before class ended, one student asked if
The last question would count toward our quiz grade.
"Absolutely, " said the professor.. "In your careers,
You will meet many people. All are significant.. They
Deserve your attention and care, even if all you do
Is smile and say "hello.."
I've never forgotten that lesson.. I also learned her
Name was Dorothy.

2. - Second Important Lesson - Pickup in the Rain

One night, at 11:30 p.m., an older African American
Woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway
Trying to endure a lashing rain storm. Her car had
Broken down and she desperately needed a ride.
Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car.
A young white man stopped to help her, generally
Unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960's. The man
Took her to safety, helped her get assistance and
Put her into a taxicab.

She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his Address and thanked him. Seven days went by and a Knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a Giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A Special note was attached.

It read:

"Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway
The other night. The rain drenched not only my
Clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along.
Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying
Husband's' bedside just before he passed away... God
Bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving
Others."

Sincerely,
Mrs. Nat King Cole.

***3 - Third Important Lesson - Always remember those
Who serve.***

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less,
A 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and
Sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in
Front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and
Studied the coins in it.

"Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the
Waitress was growing impatient..

"Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins.

"I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

**The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on
The table and walked away The boy finished the ice
Cream, paid the cashier and left.. When the waitress
Came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the
Table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish,
Were two nickels and five pennies..**

**You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had
To have enough left to leave her a tip.**

4 - Fourth Important Lesson. - The obstacle in Our Path.

**In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a
Roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if
Anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the
King's' wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by
And simply walked around it.. Many loudly blamed the
King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did
Anything about getting the stone out of the way.**

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of Vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway. The peasant learned what many of us never understand!

Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

5 - Fifth Important Lesson - Giving When it Counts...

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who

was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister.

I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded.

He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away".

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his

sister all of his blood in order to save her.

Now you have choices.

1 Delete this email, or

2. Forward it other people.

I hope that you will choose No. 2 and remember.

Most importantly.... Live with no regrets, Treat people the way you want to be treated, Work like you dont need the money, Love like youve never been hurt, and Dance like you do when nobodys watching.

Matthew 20:32 And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall **do unto** you?=====

oct 17

The Cab Ride

I arrived at the address and honked the horn.

after waiting a few minutes

I walked to the

door and knocked.. 'Just a minute', answered a

frail, elderly voice. I could hear something

being dragged across the floor.

After

a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in

her 90's stood before me. She was wearing a

print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned
on it, like somebody out of a 1940's
movie.

By her side was a small nylon
suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had
lived in it for years. All the furniture was
covered with sheets.

There were no
clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils
on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard
box filled with photos and
glassware.

'Would you carry my bag
out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase
to the cab, then returned to assist the
woman.

She took my arm and we walked
slowly toward the curb.

She kept
thanking me for my kindness. 'It's nothing', I
told her.. 'I just try to treat my passengers
the way I would want my mother to be
treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good
boy, she said. When we got in the cab, she gave
me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive
through downtown?'

'It's not the
shortest way,' I answered
quickly..

'Oh, I don't mind,' she

said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice.

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice.. 'The doctor says I don't have very long.' I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me to take?' I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator.

We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's go now'.

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a

portico.

Two orderlies came out to
the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were
solicitous and intent, watching her every move.
They must have been expecting her.

I

opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to
the door. The woman was already seated in a
wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?'
She asked, reaching into her
purse.

'Nothing,' I
said

'You have to make a living,' she
answered.

'There are other
passengers,' I responded.

Almost
without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She
held onto me tightly.

'You gave an
old woman a little moment of joy,' she
said

'Thank you.'

I squeezed her
hand, and then walked into the dim morning
light.. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound
of the closing of a life..

I didn't
pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove

aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift?

What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments.

But great moments often catch us unaware-beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY
WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID ~BUT~THEY
WILL
ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE THEM
FEEL

You won't get any big surprise in 10 days if you send this to ten people. But, you might help make the world a little kinder and more compassionate by sending it on and reminding us that often it is the random acts of kindness that most benefit all of us.

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

=====

Oct 24

In 1835, famous English naturalist Charles Darwin collected three young tortoises about five years old from Santa Cruz Island, in the Galápagos. Darwin noted they were only about as big as dinner plates when he brought the live tortoises on the HMS Beagle back to England with him. He named these three subjects of scientific research "Tom, Dick, and Harry." But the young tortoises did not fare well in cold, damp England. So in 1842, one of Darwin's colleagues, John Wickham, brought Tom, Dick, and Harry to Australia aboard a whaling ship and donated the youthful 12-year-old tortoises to Brisbane Botanical Gardens.

As time went by, Tom and Dick died from unknown causes. Wanting to preserve their tortoise attractions for the next 100 years, Harry's Brisbane caretakers tried in vain to mate him with female Galápagos land tortoises. When he was in the gardens, he had to put up with people riding him. You could see the scars on his shell where people used to engrave their names on his back. Soldiers returning home from various wars even painted his shell a couple of times.

In 1952, Harry was moved to a fauna sanctuary on Australia's Gold Coast, where it was finally discovered that Harry was in fact a Harriet! Darwin evidently was not able to determine Harry's sex. Harriet made her final move in 1988 to the Australia Zoo. She loved to eat hibiscus flowers, along with zucchini, squash, beans, and parsley. At 330 pounds, Harriet spent much of her remaining days snoozing in her pond. Harriet died at 175 years of age in June of 2006. She was the third oldest tortoise in the world.

One reason Harriet survived so long is because God provides a tortoise with a natural armor in its shell. Did you know God has provided armor for Christians to preserve us for everlasting life? Paul writes, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Ephesians 6:10, 11). This armor is not meant to protect against bullets and bombs, but "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in

heavenly places" (verse 12). With this armor in place, we can be assured of protection from death. We can live forever.

Author unknown

Ephesians 6:13,18 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.
14* Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;
15* And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;
16* Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.
17* And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:
18* Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints;

====8=====

Oct 31

BARELY.....

**Barely the day started and it's already six in the evening
Barely arrived on Monday and it's already Friday
And the month is over already
We just started a new year and won't be long until it's over
And already 60,70,80 and more years of our lives have passed
And we realize that we lost our parents and many friends
And we realize it's too late to go back
So.....let's try despite covid and everything else to enjoy the
remaining time
Let's keep looking for activities that we like, lets put some color in
our grey
Let's smile at the little things in life that put balm in our hearts
And despite everything continue to enjoy the time we have left and
eliminate the afters.....
I'm doing it after.....I'll say it after.....I'll think about it
after.....
We leave many things for after.....like after really belongs to us?
We don't understand that.....
Afterwards the coffee gets cold, afterwards priorities change,
afterwards the charm is gone,
afterwards health may have passed, afterwards the kids grow up,
afterwards parents get old, afterwards promises are forgotten,**

afterwards the day becomes night, afterwards life ends and then it's too late

So.....let's leave nothing for later because in waiting for later we can lose the best moments now, the best experiences, best friends, best family,

The day is today.....the moment is now

We're no longer at the age where we can afford to postpone what needs to be done, or said or try new things so do it right away!!!!

Author unknown

TRY JESUS

Matthew 24:22* And **except** those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.

=====

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER *a parable*

They tell the story of a mountain climber, who desperate to conquer the Aconcagua, initiated his climb after years of preparation. But he wanted the glory to himself, therefore, he went up alone. He started climbing and it was becoming later, and later. He did not prepare for camping but decided to keep on going. Soon it got dark... Night fell with heaviness at a very high altitude. Visibility was zero. Everything was black. There was no moon, and the stars were covered by clouds. As he was climbing a ridge at about 100 meters from the top, he slipped and fell. Falling rapidly he could only see blotches of darkness that passed. He felt a terrible sensation of being sucked in by gravity.

He kept falling....and in those anguishing moments good and bad memories>passed through his mind. He thought certainly he would die. But then he felt a jolt that almost tore him in half. Yes!! Like any good mountain climber he had staked himself with a long rope tied to his waist.

In those moments of stillness, suspended in the air he had no other choice but to shout, "HELP ME GOD", "HELP ME!"

All of a sudden he heard a deep voice from heaven..."What do you want me to do?"

"SAVE ME"

"Do you REALLY think that I can save you?"

"OF COURSE, MY GOD"

"Then cut the rope that is holding you up."

There was another moment of silence and stillness. The man just held tighter to the rope.

The rescue team says that the next day they found, a frozen mountain climber hanging strongly to a rope... TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND.

How about you? How trusting are you in that rope?

Why don't you let it go? I tell you, God has great and marvelous things for you.

CUT THE ROPE AND SIMPLY TRUST IN HIM...

-- Author Unknown

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

=====

Sept 12

Money or love.....

When young Ned Green broke his leg during the late 1800s, his mother, Hetty, did her best to treat it herself, thinking hospitals in New York City were far too expensive. But after a few days Ned's leg grew worse. Hetty sadly shook her head and realized that only a doctor could save her son.

Knowing how much a private hospital charges for patient care, Hetty loaded her fever-racked son into an old carriage and began searching from one end of Manhattan to the other looking for a free clinic where the poor could be treated for little or no money. After continuing unsuccessful home treatments, she finally found a doctor who had to remove the gangrenous leg. The frustrated physician must have thought, "This poor boy will live out the rest of his life as an invalid because this poor woman couldn't afford basic medical attention!"

What the good doctor didn't know was that "Hetty," Henrietta Howland Green, was far from poor. At the time of her son's injury she was the world's richest woman—and probably the world's stingiest too. When she died a few years later, she was worth well over \$100 million. That's more than \$17 billion in today's money! Also known as the "witch of Wall Street," Hetty Howland was legendary for her eccentric penny-pinching. Not only was she willing to let her son lose his leg rather than pay some small medical expense, she never turned on the heat in her home nor used hot water.

She wore one old black dress and bought broken cookies in bulk, because

they were cheaper. She would travel thousands of miles to collect a debt of a few hundred dollars. I should add, years later, as Hetty watched her son hobble about on crutches, she finally bought him a cork leg. But it still makes you wonder how somebody with so much money could neglect the basic needs of their only son?

Jesus stated, **"For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also" (Matthew 6:21)**. There is nothing wrong with obtaining wealth, but when we do not lay up treasures in heaven by honoring God and being generous toward others, we will end up hoarding the things of this world.

=====

Sept 19

On that icy January morning, in a 25-cent-a-night flophouse, a shell of a man who looked twice his age staggered to the washbasin and fell. The basin toppled and shattered.

He was found lying in a heap, unclothed and bleeding from a deep gash in his throat. His forehead was badly bruised, and he was semiconscious. A doctor used black sewing thread that somebody had found to suture the wound. All the while the bum begged for a drink. A buddy shared the bottom of a rum bottle to calm his nerves.

He was dumped in a paddy wagon and dropped off at Bellevue Hospital, where he would languish, unable to eat for three days...and die. Still unknown.

A friend seeking him was directed to the local morgue. There, among dozens of other colorless, nameless corpses with tags on their toes, he was identified. When they scraped together his belongings, they found a ragged, dirty coat with 38 cents in one pocket and a scrap of paper in the other. Enough coins for another night in the flophouse and five words, "Dear friends and gentle hearts." Almost like the words of a song. Why would a forgotten drunk carry around a line of lyrics? Maybe that derelict with the body of a bum still had the heart of a genius. For once upon a time, long before his tragic death at age 37, Stephen Foster had written songs that literally made the whole world sing, such as "Camptown Races" and "Oh! Susanna!"

There are many forgotten lives on the earth. Some are in prison. Some in hospitals. Some in nursing homes. And some silently slip into church on Sunday morning, terribly confused and afraid. Until someone steps in and, in love, rebuilds a life, restores a soul,

rekindles a flame that sin snuffed out, and renews a song that once was there.

Remember those in prison, as if you were there yourself. Remember also those being mistreated, as if you felt their pain in your own bodies.

Hebrews 13:1-3). Let brotherly love continue. 2* Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. 3* Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.

Can you put yourself into the pain of those who suffer? Can you pause long enough to show the love of Christ to them?

=====
Sept 26

BALANCE SHEET OF LIFE

The most destructive habitWorry
The greatest joy Giving
The greatest loss Loss of Self-respect
The most satisfying work Helping Others
The ugliest personality trait Selfishness
The greatest "shot in the arm" Encouragement
The greatest problem to overcome Fear
The most effective sleeping pill Peace of Mind
The most crippling failure disease Excuses
The most powerful force in life Love
The most dangerous act A Gossip
The world's most incredible computer The Brain
The worst thing to be without Hope
The deadliest weapon The Tongue
The two most power-filled words "I Can"
The greatest asset Faith
The most worthless emotion Self-pity
The most beautiful attire Smile!
The most prized possession Integrity
The most powerful channel of communication .. Prayer
The most contagious spirit Enthusiasm

LIFE ends, when you stop DREAMING. HOPE ends, when you stop BELIEVING. LOVE ends, when you stop CARING.
So, please share this BALANCE SHEET OF LIFE.
FRIENDSHIP ends when you stop SHARING.

Matthew 5:16* **Let your light** so shine before men,

that they may see your good works, and glorify your

Father which is in heaven.

Aug 1

WHAT HAPPENS IN HEAVEN WHEN WE PRAY?

author

unknown

I dreamt that I went to Heaven and an angel was showing me around. We walked side-by-side inside a large workroom filled with angels. My angel guide stopped in front of the first section and said, "This is the Receiving Section. Here, all petitions to God said in prayer are received."

I looked around in this area, and it was terribly busy with so many angels sorting out petitions written on voluminous paper sheets and scraps from people all over the world.

Then we moved on down a long corridor until we reached the second section.

The angel then said to me, "This is the Packaging and Delivery Section. Here, the graces and blessings the people asked for are processed and delivered to the living persons who asked for them." I noticed again how busy it was there. There were many angels working hard at that station, since so many blessings had been requested and were being packaged for delivery to Earth.

Finally, at the farthest end of the long corridor we stopped at the door of a very small station. To my great surprise, only one angel was seated there, idly doing nothing. "This is the Acknowledgment Section," my angel friend quietly admitted to me. He seemed embarrassed. "How is it that there is no work going on here?" I asked.

"So sad," the angel sighed. "After people receive the blessings that they asked for, very few send back acknowledgments."

"How does one acknowledge God's blessings?" I asked.

"Simple," the angel answered. Just say, "Thank you, Lord."

"What blessings should they acknowledge?" I asked.

"If you have food in the refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof overhead and a place to sleep, you are richer than 75% of this world. If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish, you are among the top 8% of the world's wealthy, and if you get this on your own computer, you are part of the 1% in the world who has that opportunity."

"If you woke up this morning with more health than illness.. You are more blessed than the many who will not even survive this day."

"If you have never experienced the fear in battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture, or the pangs of starvation. You are ahead of 700 million people in the world."

"If you can attend a church without the fear of harassment, arrest, torture or death you are envied by, and more blessed than, three billion people in the world."

"If you can hold your head up and smile, you are not the norm, you're unique to all those in doubt and despair....."

"Ok," I said. "What now? How can I start?"

The Angel said, "If you can read this message, you just received a double blessing in that someone was thinking of you as very special and you are more blessed than over two billion people in the world who cannot read at all."

Have a good day, count your blessings, and if you care to, pass this along to remind everyone else how blessed we all are.....

Luke 15:10* Likewise, I say unto you,

there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

=====

Aug 8

**Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia
once
Talked about a contest he was asked
to judge.
The purpose of the
Contest was to find the most caring
child.**

**1. A four-year-old child, whose next
door
neighbor was an elderly gentleman,
who had recently lost his
wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the
little boy went into the old
Gentleman's' yard, climbed onto his
lap, and just sat there.
When his mother asked him what he
had
said to the neighbor, the little boy just
said, 'Nothing, I just
Helped him cry.'**

**2. Teacher Debbie Moon's first graders
were
discussing a picture of a family. One
little boy in the picture
had a different hair color than the other
members. One of her
students suggested that he was**

adopted.
A little girl said, 'I know all about
Adoption, I was adopted..'

'What does it mean to be adopted?',
asked
another child.

'It means', said the girl, 'that you
grew
in your mommy's heart instead of her
tummy!'

3. On my way home one day, I
stopped to
watch a Little League base ball game
that was being played in a
park near my home. As I sat down
behind the bench on the first-
base line, I asked one of the boys what
the score was
'We're behind 14 to nothing,' he
answered
With a smile.

'Really,' I said. 'I have to say you
don't look very discouraged.'

'Discouraged?', the boy asked with a
Puzzled look on his face...

'Why should we be discouraged? We
haven't
Been up to bat yet.'

4. Whenever I'm disappointed with my

spot
in life, I stop and think about little
Jamie Scott.

Jamie was trying out for a part in the
school play. His mother told me that
he'd set his heart on being
in it, though she feared he would not
be chosen..

On the day the parts were
awarded, I went
with her to collect him after school.
Jamie rushed up to her,
eyes shining with pride and
excitement.. 'Guess what, Mom,' he
shouted, and then said those words
that will remain a lesson to
me....'I've been chosen to clap and
cheer.'

5. An eye witness account from New York

City, on a cold day in December,
some years ago: A little boy,
about 10-years-old, was standing
before a shoe store on the
roadway, barefooted, peering through
the window, and shivering
With cold.

A lady approached the young boy
and said,
'My, but you're in such deep thought
staring in that window!'

'I was asking God to give me a pair of
shoes,'was the boy's reply.

The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time, the clerk had returned with the socks.. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she purchased him a pair of shoes..

She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him.. She patted him on the head and said, 'No doubt, you will be more comfortable now.'

As she turned to go, the astonished kid caught her by the hand, and looking up into her face, with tears in his eyes, asked her. Are you God's wife?'

Proverbs 31:26 She openeth her mouth
with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law
of **kindness**.

=====

Aug 15

**Ernie Meggisen, a BC Canadian,
wrote the following a while back on
Donald J. Trump.**

**Make no mistake...I'm not posting this
for debate. I don't want your
commentary. Unfollow or unfriend
me if it makes you feel better.**

**Just consider this..... When you think
that your President Trump is a jerk;
HE IS.**

**He's a New Yorker.. He's crude and
can be downright rude. Some say he's
a thin-skinned, arrogant, bombastic
ass. No argument, even from most
republicans if they're really honest.**

**He gets his feelings hurt and he's a
hot head. He hits back; harder.
And he probably should Tweet less.**

**But let me tell you what else he is.
And if you disagree with this that's
your privilege. But in that case my
friend, you'd be DEAD WRONG!!!
And here's why;**

**He's a guy who DEMANDS
performance. And more importantly:
RESULTS!! He spent his
entire life in the private sector where
you either produce or
get your ass fired!**

He's a guy who asks lots of questions. And the questions he asks aren't cloaked in fancy "political" phrases; they are "Why the hell...?" questions.

For decades the health industry has thrown away billions of face masks after one use. Trump asks, "Why are we throwing them away? Why not sterilize them and use them numerous times?" (Good question.)

He's the guy who gets hospital ships readied in one week when it would have taken a bureaucrat weeks or months or never to get it done.

He's the guy who gets temporary hospitals built in three days

He's the guy who gets auto industries to restructure to build ventilators in a business that's highly regulated by agencies that move like sloths.

He's the guy who asks "Why aren't we using drugs that might work on people who are dying; what the hell do we have to lose?" (Another good question.)

He's the guy who restricted travel from China when the democrats and liberal media were screaming "xenophobia" and "racist." Now they're wanting to know why he didn't react sooner? When he shut down the borders in the early days of the corona virus, the democrats screamed even LOUDER. ..Then the

rest of the world, including the European Union quickly restricted travel between their own member countries.

He's the guy who campaigned on securing the border - protecting America - in the face of screaming democrats and the liberal media. And these SAME leaders of your democrat party (both the Clintons, Chucky Schumer, Harry Reed, Barack Obama, Maxine Waters, Nancy Pelosi et al...)

ALL were in FAVOR of constructing the wall 'UNTIL' Trump had the fortitude to actually do it!!!

Now your comeback might be: 'Oh, he said Mexico was going to pay for it'.. Does that ring a bell? Well let me quickly set you straight on this one: Have you compared the old EXTREMELY one-sided NAFTA agreement (negotiated by none other than Jimmy 'peanuts' Carter) with the NEW U.S.M.C. agreement? Well I have...And let me tell you this: Mexico will now end up paying much MORE for your goods than you will for theirs. And why you might ask?? Because they're far more reliant on the U.S. than you are on them. Yes, it will take time but the bottom line is: They WILL end up paying for the wall just like Trump said all along! Admittedly as a Canadian, this new USMCA is certainly not as beneficial as NAFTA was for both my country and Mexico. Previously our farmers had a huge monopoly over your

farmers but 'fair is fair'...

Has Trump made mistakes? Of course. You can't fault a person for being a human being. Only ONE perfect man walk this earth 2000 years ago, Jesus!

Everyone I know has made mistakes and continues to make them and LEARNS from them.

Trump is, and has accomplished more than any U.S. President in my lifetime. (I'm 77 years old) He puts in 18 to 20 hour days. He isn't hiding in his office; he's out front - Briefing - ALL Americans almost every day.

According to democrats and liberal media, when he offers hope he's lying, and when he's straight forward he should be hopeful. It's a no-win situation for him every day with the haters and naysayers, but he is NOT deterred.

I'll take THIS kind of leadership 6 days a week and TWICE on Sunday over a "polished, nice guy" politician who has seldom or never held a real private sector job in his or her adult life, reads prepared and "written by a speech-writer" speeches from a teleprompter and ONLY answers pre-scripted questions selected for him/her prior to the open forum. (Sorry folks, but that's EXACTLY what your previous POTUS did AND he had trouble keeping up with the teleprompters!)

I am completely mystified as to why this man has been bombarded by the media and liberal electorate EVERY day since back in 2015 when he announced his run for the U.S. presidency.

And, whether you want to believe it or not, Americans, let me tell you one more thing, if you REALLY think that Hillary would have accomplished even a fraction of the things for the betterment of the American public that POTUS Trump has, you've really got your head in the sand.

**I can only wish he was MY President!
- For the good of America, you'd better hope he's re-elected this November.**

I DO!!

Pretty good recap that you can use with people suffering from TDS – 'Trump Derangement Syndrome'.

He failed to cite my main reason why he's been a great POTUS:

the only one in my lifetime who had the energy and smarts to start draining the swamp and challenge the corrupt establishment, intellectual elites, globalists, msm, etc. I always knew how wasteful and useless most governments are (having worked for the US Dept of Interior, the USAF, Dept of Defense

contracts, and working with city and county governments), but I never realize the depth of its corruption at the Federal level until DT began to expose it.

1Samual 12:6 And Samuel said unto the people, **It is the LORD that** advanced Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers up out of the land of Egypt

This is water under the bridge, but we are supposed to Learn from the past. God did answer the prayers of Christians and put in a man that could do the job. BUT, he didn't fit their preconceived notions of just what it takes to restore the constitution and being self centered, voted him out. Our society over the last eight decades, has brought the gospel down to OUR level, INSTED of lifting it up to his level.
Bro. Ken

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Aug 22

The Pig and the Cow

Submitted by Lori Baron

"Why is it," said the rich man to his minister, "that people call me stingy when everyone knows that when I die I'm leaving everything to the church?"

"Let me tell you a fable about the pig and the cow," said the minister.

"The pig was unpopular while the cow was beloved. This puzzled the pig. 'People speak warmly of your gentle nature and your sorrowful eyes,' the pig said to the cow. 'They think you're generous because each day you give them milk and cream. But what about me? I give them everything I have. I give bacon and ham. I provide bristles for brushes. They even pickle my feet! Yet not one likes me. Why is that?' Do you know what the cow answered? " said the minister. "The cow said, 'Perhaps it is because I give while I'm still living.'"

Romans 13:11* And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for **now is** our salvation nearer than when we believed.

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Aug 29

Planting Potatoes

When I was a boy growing up we had several gardens around our old house. The largest one of all was used just for growing potatoes. I can still remember those potato planting days. The whole family helped. After my Dad had tilled the soil, my Mom, brothers, and I went to work. It was my job to drop the little seed potatoes in the rows while my Mom dropped handfuls of fertilizer beside them. My brothers then covered them all with the freshly turned earth.

For months afterward I would glance over at the garden while I played outside and wonder what was going on underneath the ground. When the harvest time came I was amazed at the huge size of the potatoes my Dad pulled out of the soil. Those little seedlings had grown into bushels and bushels of sweet sustenance. They would be turned into meal after meal of baked potatoes, mashed potatoes, fried potatoes, and my personal favorite: potatoes slowed

cooked in spaghetti sauce. They would keep the entire family well fed throughout the whole year. It truly was a miracle to behold.

Thinking back on those special times makes me wonder how many other seeds I have planted in this life that have grown unseen in the hearts and minds of others. How many times has God used some little thing that I said or did to grow something beautiful? How many times has Heaven used these little seedlings to provide another's soul with sweet sustenance?

Every single day of our lives we step out into the garden of this world. Every single day we plant seeds that can grow into something wonderful. We may never see the growth that comes from the kind words or loving acts we share but God does. I hope then that you always tend the garden around you with care. I hope that you plant only goodness, peace, and compassion in the lives of everyone you meet. I hope that everyday you help miracles to grow.

~ Joseph J. Mazzella

James 1:22* But **be ye doers** of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

jul 4

Whether or not Sheikh Rashid said this does not matter.

Quote from Sheikh Rashid "Never a truer word was Spoken"

The founder of Dubai, Sheikh Rashid, was asked about the future of his country, and he replied, "My grandfather rode a camel, my father rode a

camel, I ride a Mercedes, my son rides a Land Rover, and my grandson is going to ride a Land Rover, but my great-grandson is going to have to ride a camel again."

Why is that, he was asked? And his reply was,

"Hard times create strong men, strong men create easy times.

Easy times create weak men, weak men create difficult times.

Many will not understand it but you have to raise warriors, not parasites"

Now add to that the historical reality that all great "empires"...the Persians, the Trojans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans and in later years the British...all rose and perished within 240 years. Each "rotted from within".

America has now passed that 240 year mark and the "rot" is visible all around us and now accelerating quickly.

We are past the Mercedes and Land Rover Years and the camels are in our yards. And 85 million Americans demonstrated last November by voting for the Socialists. They know nothing of history and/or think we should all be riding camels!"

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

jul 11

Some history on the Hill of Evil Counsel.....Solomon originally built a large house on this hill for his almost 1000 wives that served pagan gods.....the hill has gone thru several era's and many more that I haven't looked up. At present time some builders are planning to build a hotel, and a housing project there.

Submitted by "Waterloo"

What in the world is the Mount of Evil Counsel? It is the location for: the attempted overthrow of King David by his son, Absalom; the place where the high priest Caiaphas and his colleagues

decided to arrest Jesus; Judas Iscariot's final hours; making battle plans; and, today, the United Nations headquarters.

Chapters 15-18 of II Samuel tell the story of how Absalom plotted to overthrow and kill his father, King David. In this plot, Absalom sent spies throughout the tribes of Israel, saying "As soon as you hear the sound of the trumpets, then you shall say 'Absalom is king in Hebron' " (II Samuel 15:10, NASB). Absalom seeks the counsel of Ahithophel, David's mystic counselor or sage, as his wisdom and advice were of God, except he failed to give God the credit or glory for this wisdom. Ahithophel suggested that Absalom go into David's concubines and then Ahithophel would take 12,000 men to pursue and strike down David. Absalom also sought out Hushai's advice who suggested Absalom go himself to carry out the task. Hushai remained true to David and David knew of the plan. In conclusion, Absalom ends up dead in the Peace Forest on the Hill of Evil Council and David remains in power as king. Absalom received evil counsel that brought on his death (hung on a tree, stabbed 3 times by Joab, and then finished off by Joab's armor bearers, II Samuel 18:14-15). Regretfully involved in the overthrow and disgraced by his ignored counsel, Ahithophel committed suicide. Here, we see "pride goes before destruction" from Proverbs 16:18. His rumored final words to his family were, "Never side against the royal Davidic family and take no part in dissensions."

The scriptures of John 11:47-53 share the evil counsel as the Jewish leaders plan to conspire against Jesus:

Therefore the chief priests and the Pharisees convened a council, and were saying, "What are we doing? For this man is performing many signs. ⁴⁸ If we let Him go on like this, all men will believe in Him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation." ⁴⁹ But one of them, Caiaphas, who was high priest that year, said to them, "You know nothing at all, ⁵⁰ nor do you take into account that it is expedient for you that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation not perish." ⁵¹ Now he did not say this on his own initiative, but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus was going to die for the nation, ⁵² and not for the nation only, but in order that He might also gather together into one the children of God who are scattered abroad. ⁵³ So from that day on they planned together to kill Him. (NASB)

The council of elders decided to offer Jesus to the governor of Judah, Pontius Pilate. According to Christian tradition, Pontius Pilate agreed to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ after this gathering on the Hill of Abu-Tor at the residence of the past high priest, Ananias.

The ancient hill is also identified as the place where Judas Iscariot finalized his contract to betray Christ. The flat-top area is called the Field of Blood where Judas made the deal on the arrest of Jesus for 30 pieces of silver, the blood money for betraying Jesus. Acts 1:18-19 states, Now this man acquired a field with the price of his wickedness, and falling headlong, he burst open in the middle and all his intestines gushed out. 19 And it became known to all who were living in Jerusalem; so that in their own language that field was called Hakeldama, that is, Field of Blood. In this scenario of Judas betraying Jesus after his visit to the Hill of Evil Council, we are reminded of the betrayal of David by his counselor Ahithophel in the same location.

The view from the Hill of Evil Council is a panorama of Jerusalem with a most spectacular view. Most likely, those who have invaded Jerusalem have made their battle plans and drawings from this site. Saladin and other Arab leaders may have viewed Jerusalem from this hill. I would suggest that Romans, Egyptians, Assyrians, and Philistines may have all taken a good look at the

city of Jerusalem before making any battle plans. Here on the Hill of Evil Counsel stands the Government House, a colonial residence when the British Crown had control of the area on behalf of the League of Nations. Today this serves as the Israel headquarters of the United Nations. Most people think of the United Nations as a world arbitrator on issues of right and wrong among nations. Where does the authority of the United Nations come from? It certainly is not the authority of God, but the authority of world governments based on the human model of democracy and voting in proportion to representation.

Recently, UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) made the decision that Israel's Jews no longer had any historical or religious connections to the Temple Mount. The U.N. agency wants to adopt a policy of the Temple Mount being sacred to Muslims only. Israel's ancient high court of Sanhedrin has reformed and responded with, "The Jewish right to the Temple Mount was established in the Bible, and should therefore be recognized by Christianity and Islam. In fact, the Jewish claim to Jerusalem is as essential to those religions as it is to Judaism. The biblical connection between the Jews and Jerusalem led to the building of the First Temple by King Solomon, which strengthened our claim to Jerusalem even more." The Sanhedrin have warned the U.N. that such statements and decisions encourage global terrorism and do not promote world peace, which should be the ultimate goal of the U.N. organization. As Christians, we have a responsibility to the United Nations and other global humanistic organizations to question decisions by acknowledging and seeking out God's authority and wisdom. We need to ask ourselves if the U.N. (UNESCO) decision is the best decision for all of mankind as it relates to the will and plans of God. The U.N. acknowledges God in its New York office building with part b of Isaiah 2:4; all of the scripture, parts a and b, need to be acknowledged. God is the Supreme Judge and anti-semitism cannot be a part of such an organization.

^a And He will judge between the nations, and will render decisions for many peoples;

^b And they will hammer their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation will not lift up sword against nation, and never again will they learn war. (NASB)

When we look back in history on decisions made by the U.N., we see obvious discrepancies in how the nation of Israel is being viewed by this world peace organization.

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jul 18

PSALM 23

This is an eye opener... Some probably never thought nor looked at this Psalm in this way, even though they say it over and over again.

The Lord is my Shepherd That's Relationship!

I shall not want That's Supply

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. That's Rest!

He leadeth me beside the still waters. That's Refreshment!

He restoreth my soul That's Healing!

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness. That's Guidance!

For His name sake That's Purpose!

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. That's Testing!

I will fear no evil. That's Protection!

For Thou art with me That's Faithfulness

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me, That's Discipline!

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies. That's Hope!

Thou annointest my head with oil, That's Consecration!

My cup runneth over. That's Abundance!

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. That's Blessing!

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord. That's Security!

Forever. That's Eternity!

Face it; the Lord thinks you are special. Send this to the people you think are special.

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" What is most valuable, is not what we have in our lives; but WHO we have in our lives"

bro, Ken

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jul25

Subject: Residential Schools *by Candace Malcolm*

It is so refreshing to read a true rendition of these gravesites, but few will believe it.

Our society has gotten so SELF CENTERED, that it is downright evil.

I have put a cartoon at the bottom to help explain WHY society is like it is

bro ken

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I am forwarding an email that I received yesterday. It provides some clarification about the Residential Schools.

It was written by Candace Malcolm who is an author, investigative journalist, and a nationally syndicated columnist with the Toronto Sun. I hope you find her article informative.

Candace Malcolm's article provides some clarification about a sensitive subject that we Canadians need to learn about and support positive change. Her article follows below.

**Click on her links, if you want to read her research.**

**When it comes to the coverage of graves identified near residential schools in three First Nations communities, the legacy media in Canada has done a tremendous disservice to all Canadians – especially First Nations.**

**They have created a moral panic, and continue to fan the flames of racial division.**

**This panic came to a breaking point over the weekend, when prominent statues were knocked over and at least 25 churches in Western Canada were either vandalized or completely burnt down.**

**To make matters worse, several prominent commentators, including politicians, journalists, professors, lawyers and activists, excused the behaviour of the mob, explained away and justified these riots, and in some cases, even cheered them on.**

**"Burn it all down," said the head of the [BC Civil Liberties Association](#), once the country's strongest voice for protecting the rule of law and civil liberties.**

**Likewise, the [Chair](#) of the Newfoundland Canadian Bar Association Branch said "Burn it all down"**

**Or how about this, from a [radio host](#) in St. John New Brunswick:**

**"Burn the churches down. Arrest any former staff that were actually there and any current staff that won't provide documentation. Sell everything they own in Canada and give it to survivors. Dismantle it completely."**

**Not to be outdone, NDP MP [Niki Ashton](#) cheered on the mob who toppled statues at the Manitoba legislature but calling it "decolonization" and saying there is "no pride in genocide."**

Finally, Justin Trudeau's top advisor and best friend **Gerald Butts** said that burning churches isn't cool, but it "may be understandable."

How did we get here as a country?

Here are the six ways the legacy media in Canada got this story wrong.

### 1. Unverified Reports

It is standard practice in journalism to clarify whether or not an allegation has been proven, in court or otherwise. But when the Tk'emlups band issued a press release stating that they had used ground penetrating radar to locate 215 unmarked graves, the media accepted the story without question or any verification.

The band said a report was forthcoming in mid-June – but no report has been released to date. No evidence of any sort has been put forth for public consideration. We don't know who carried out the research, whether it was a company or a university, or how the technology was used. At this point, we have a few claims, and nothing else.

This may be a minor point, but it's an important distinction nonetheless.

### 2. What exactly was "discovered"?

There has been incredible confusion over what exactly was discovered, and media outlets have used tremendous liberty in describing what the bands have claimed.

JJ McCullough has made this point on Twitter, showing all the various ways the media have described what was discovered.

The first nation band leaders say they used ground penetrating radar.

To be clear: nothing was "uncovered." No "bodies" were found. There was no excavation, nothing was unearthed, nothing was removed, no identities were confirmed.

So anything you may have read saying these graves belong to children, including some specific claims about the ages of these children, is speculation at this point.

Let me refer back to a National Post [story](#) that explains what ground penetrating radar actually does. They interviewed a professor of Anthropology who is also the director of the Institute of Prairie and Indigenous Archaeology. She said this of ground penetrating radar:

*"It doesn't actually see the bodies. It's not like an X-ray."*

*"What it actually does is it looks for the shaft. When a grave is dug, there is a grave shaft dug and the body is placed in the grave, sometimes in a coffin, as in the Christian burial context. What the ground-penetrating radar can see is where that pit itself was dug, because the soil actually changes when you dig a grave. And occasionally, if it is a coffin, the radar can pick up the coffin sometimes as well."*

We're talking about pretty rudimentary technology here, and a relatively imprecise process. The numbers are more or less a rough estimate.

So why have media reports been so bold in asserting these numbers as facts?

3. We don't know whose graves were discovered



The Tk'emlups band claimed the graves belonged to children at the school. So when the second two bands (Cowessess and Lower Kootaney) came forth with their own claims, many in the media jumped to the conclusion that these too were the graves of children from residential schools.

But that wasn't the claim made by the bands. In fact, in both Cowessess and Lower Kootaney, the graves are believed to be in community cemeteries, belonging to both First Nations and the broader Canadian community.

Tucked away at the very end of a **report** in the Globe and Mail on the findings at the Cowessess reserve in Saskatchewan, it said this:

*"It appears that not all of the graves contain children's bodies, Lerat (who is one of the band leaders) said. He said the area was also used as a burial site by the rural municipality.*

*"We did have a family of non-Indigenous people show up **today** and notified us that some of those unmarked graves had their families in them – their loved ones," Lerat said."*

So what we have here is an abandoned community cemetery, where people of different backgrounds were buried.

That's quite a leap from the original storyline that these graves belong to children who had died at a residential school.

#### **4. NOT mass graves**

These are not mass graves. Several media outlets, both in Canada and international outlets like the BBC, Al Jazeera, the New York Times and the Washington Post have recklessly and erroneously labeled these findings as mass graves.

This is incredibly irresponsible.

**All three chiefs themselves have explicitly stated these are not mass graves.**

**Why is this important?**

**Mass graves are a hallmark of genocide. They conjure images of pure evil, the kind of evil that characterized collectivist governments in the 20th century.**

**Hitler, Stalin, Mao and Pol Pot.**

**These were truly evil leaders who used mass graves to cover their atrocities and crimes against humanity. These leaders carried out mass murder, and the mass graves went hand in hand.**

**The use of the term mass graves is wrong, and it is reckless. It conflates Canada's policy of forced assimilation through mandatory universal education, with Nazi death camps.**

**Let me be clear. Canada's policy was wrong. It was misguided and in too many cases, those who were responsible for caring for children in this country let them down, and let all of us down.**

**But that does not put Canada's residential schools on any level of equivalence with Auschwitz and other Nazi concentration camps.**

**It's good to see that the Washington Post made a **correction** on their story. Others should follow.**

**5. Cause of death**

**Many children who died at these schools died of natural causes. According to the Truth and Reconciliation Committee report in 2015, the number one cause of death was Tuberculosis.**

**You can argue that these children didn't receive proper health care, or that some of their immune systems couldn't handle living in close proximity to other children.**

**But negligence resulting in accidental death is quite different from murder, which is what many in politics and the media have suggested.**

**Since this news came out, there has been a near universal assumption in the media that these graves are evidence of Canada's Holocaust, as if the children had been deliberately killed.**

**Genocide requires intent. It requires a concerted and systematic effort to conduct mass murder and eliminate an entire race of people.**

**Canada's residential schools, however misguided, had the intent of educating children, assimilating them into the broader Canadian population, and ultimately lifting them out of poverty.**

**The policy was wrong, clearly. It was flawed and much harm resulted.**

**But there are a few orders of magnitude that separate the misguided intent of Catholic priests, nuns and Canadian government officials versus those of Nazi firing squads and gas chambers.**

**6. It's possible these weren't even unmarked graves.**

**Wooden graves, which were and are still the norm in First Nations communities in Western Canada, erode and disintegrate over time. It's possible these were once marked graves.**

**This is the claim being made by the former chief in the Lower Kootenay region (the third band to have announced the finding of graves.)**

**This is from a Global News [story](#) (my emphasis added):**

***The detection of human remains in unmarked graves at the site of a former residential school in B.C. was not an unexpected discovery, according to the area's former chief.***

***On [Wednesday](#), it was confirmed that ground-penetrating radar found 182 unmarked graves in a cemetery at the site of the former Kootenay Residential School at St. Eugene Mission just outside Cranbrook, B.C.***

***The remains were found when remedial work was being performed in the area to replace the fence at the cemetery last year.***

***Sophie Pierre, former chief of the St Mary's Indian Band and a survivor of the school itself, told Global News that while the news of the unmarked graves had a painful impact on her and surrounding communities, they had always known the graves were there.***

***"There's no discovery, we knew it was there, it's a graveyard," Pierre said. "The fact there are graves inside a graveyard shouldn't be a surprise to anyone."***

***According to Pierre, wooden crosses that originally marked the graves had been burned or deteriorated over the years. Using a***

***wooden marker at a gravesite remains a practice that continues to this day in many Indigenous communities across Canada.***

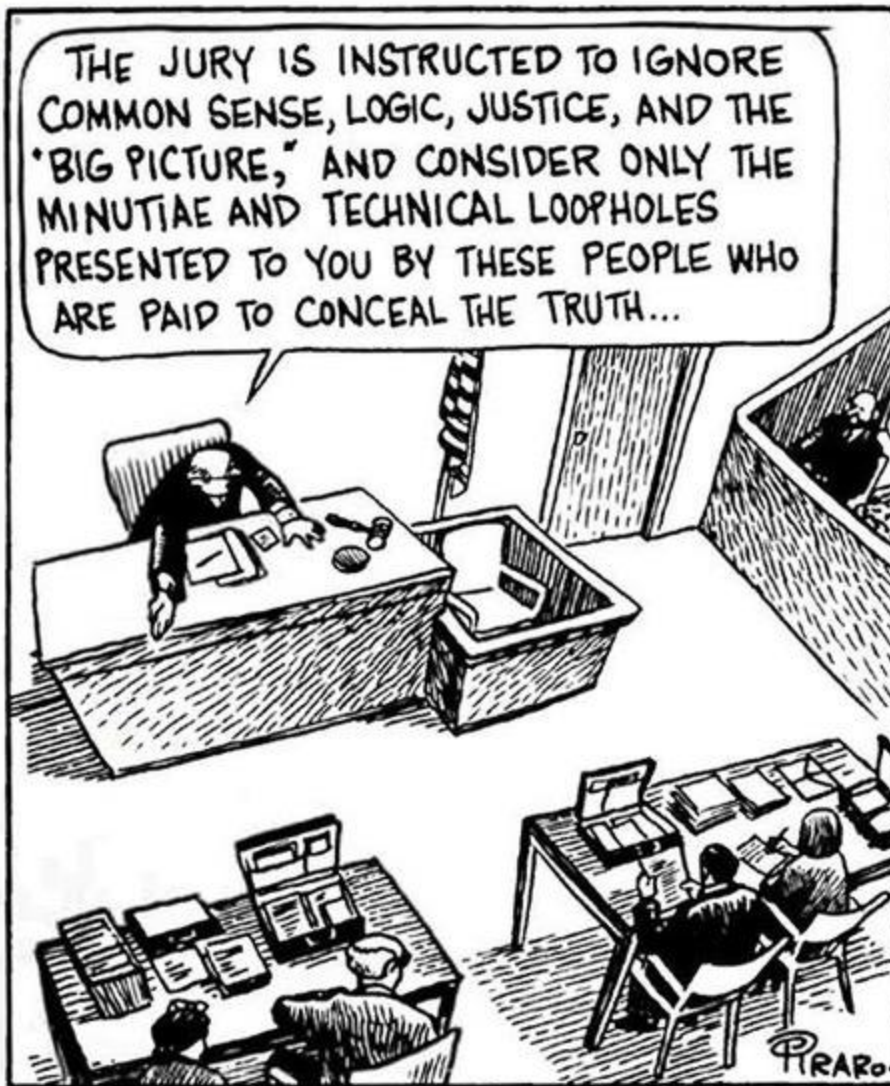
**So when we're talking about so-called unmarked graves, at least in the context of the Lower Kootenay Band, what we are more likely talking about is abandoned graves at an existing cemetery.**

**Abandoned graves where people of different backgrounds — not just children from residential schools — were buried.**

**What an amazing leap to go from an uncared for community cemetery to mass graves, mass murder and genocide.**

**Mark Twain once said to never let the truth get in the way of a good story. Well for journalists, they might say never let the facts get in the way of a good narrative.**

**2Titus 3:5\* Having **a form of** godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.**



June 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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June13

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

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

But volcanoes are not just a colorful legend; they are one of the most powerful and potentially destructive forces on Earth. For example, the 1980 explosion of Mount St. Helens in Washington State was estimated at 500 times more powerful than the force of the atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. There are over 500 known active volcanoes on Earth, with around 1,500 that are potentially active, and that's not counting those that lie beneath the sea. Unfortunately, about 500 million people live within the "danger range" of these active volcanoes. The biggest volcano on Earth is Hawaii's Mauna Loa. It rises more than 30,000 feet, nearly 5.7 miles above its base on the Pacific sea floor.

For years it was generally accepted and taught by geologists that volcanoes developed slowly over long eons. That was until 1963 when, off the coast of Iceland, the world witnessed a volcano virtually grow up out of the ocean in a matter of months. By 1967 the new volcanic island of Surtsey was transformed into a "mature" island with wide

sandy beaches, pebbles, vegetation, birds, and many other features that would suggest great geological age. When the geologists wandered about the island they were mystified and found it hard to believe that this was a volcano whose age was still measured in months and not millennia!

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

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

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

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June 20

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June 27

submitted by Nora

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

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

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

From now on she will go to school on a bicycle, because driving her by car costs fuel, and fuel puts emissions into the atmosphere. Of course it will be winter soon and then she will want to go by bus, but only as long as it is a diesel bus.

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

Of course, she is now asking for an electric bicycle, but we have shown her the devastation caused to the areas of the planet as a result of mining for the extraction of Lithium and other minerals used to make batteries for electric



bicycles, so she will be pedaling, or walking. Which will not harm her, or the planet. We used to cycle and walk to school too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From now on, at 7 p.m. we will turn off the WiFi and we will only switch it on again the next day after dinner for two hours. In this way we will save on electricity, so she is not bothered by electro-stress and will be totally isolated from the outside world. This way, she can concentrate solely on her homework. At eleven o'clock in the evening we will pull the breaker to shut the power off to her room, so she knows that dark is really dark. That will save a lot of CO2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From now on she will go to school on a bicycle, because driving her by car costs fuel, and fuel puts emissions into the atmosphere. Of course it will be winter soon and then she will want to go by bus, but only as long as it is a diesel bus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From now on, at 7 p.m. we will turn off the WiFi and we will only switch it on again the next day after dinner for two hours. In this way we will save on electricity, so she is not bothered by electro-stress and will be totally isolated from the outside world. This way, she can concentrate solely on her homework. At eleven o'clock in the evening we will pull the breaker to shut the power off to her room, so she knows that dark is really dark. That will save a lot of CO<sub>2</sub>.

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

Since our daughter fully agrees with the girl on TV that the CO<sub>2</sub> emissions and footprints of her great-grandparents are to blame for 'killing our planet', what all this simply means, is that she also has to live like her great-grandparents and they never had a holiday, a car or even a bicycle.

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

Zero CO<sub>2</sub> footprint means no meat, no fish and no poultry, but also no meat substitutes that are based on soy (after all, that grows in farmers fields, that use machinery to harvest the beans, trucks to transport to the processing plants, where more energy is used, then trucked to the packaging/canning plants, and trucked once again to the stores) and also no imported food, because that has a negative ecological effect. And absolutely no chocolate from Africa, no coffee from South America and no tea from Asia.

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

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

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

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

May 2

*Something to ponder*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Olives assist the health and function of the ovaries

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

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

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

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May 9

Unknown

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

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

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

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

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

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May 16

*Author unknown*

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



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

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

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

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

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

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May 23

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

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

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

The number 666 is also the sum of the squares of the first seven prime numbers (i.e.  $2^2 + 3^2 + 5^2 + 7^2 + 11^2 + 13^2 + 17^2 = 666$ ). If you add up the first six Roman numerals, IVXLCD, the total is, you guessed it, 666. Even organic molecules are based on carbon-12, with 6 protons and 6 neutrons in the nucleus, surrounded by 6 electrons.

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

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

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

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May 30

### *Why I'm so Outspoken*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Revelation 18:2\19

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

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

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

Bro, Ken

April 4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**James the Great** – Son of Zebedee was a fisherman by trade when Jesus called him to a lifetime of ministry. As a strong leader of the church James was ultimately beheaded at Jerusalem. The Roman officer who guarded James watched amazed as James defended his faith at his trial. Later, the officer walked beside James to the place of execution. Overcome by conviction he declared his new faith to the judge and knelt beside James to accept beheading as a Christian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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April 11

***An Amazing Fact:*** Most Americans are acquainted with Washington Irving's short story about Rip Van Winkle. It is a tale about an early American villager of Dutch descent who escapes his nagging wife by wandering up in the mountains of New York. After some bizarre adventures, he falls asleep and wakes up 20 years later only to find out that his wife and his best friends have died. Rip Van Winkle is a fanciful fairytale, but there is a real story much like it.

Author unknown

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

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

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

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

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

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

\*\*\*\*\*

April 18

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bro. Ken

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

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April 25

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

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

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



**first Piano Lesson.**

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

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

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

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

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

**The night of the Recital came and the high school gymnasium was packed with Parents, Relatives and Friends. I put Robby last in the Program, just before I was to come up and thank all the Students and Play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he might do would come at the end of the Program and I could**



always salvage his poor performance through my 'Curtain Closer'.

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

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

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

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

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

No, I have never had a Prodigy, but that night I

became a Prodigy... of Robby. He was the Teacher and I was the Pupil, for he had taught me the meaning of Perseverance and Love and Believing in Yourself, and may be even taking a chance on someone and you didn't know why.

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

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

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

Mar 7

Never too old.....

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

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

When he was young, Harlan worked many different jobs. He did farming, worked on a steamboat, and was even an insurance salesman. At 40 he opened a service station and sold chicken dinners to his patrons. As the years went by, his way of preparing chicken became more and more popular, so he finally opened a restaurant. When a new freeway pulled future customers away from his business, he opened a franchise and Kentucky Fried Chicken was born. The Colonel was 65 years old.

I could expound on Ray Kroc, who started McDonald's at 52; Laura Ingalls

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

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

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

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

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Mar 14

## **BLOOD**

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

**Rhesus disease often results in a miscarriage or stillbirth and sometimes causes brain damage in newborns. Harrison was asked to undergo a series of tests to help create a vaccine for the disease. Since then, the Anti-D vaccine created with his blood plasma has been given to hundreds of thousands of women. It's estimated that Harrison's blood has saved around 2.2 million babies—a gift that has affected the lives of several women close to Harrison. Joy Barnes, a worker at a Red Cross blood bank where Harrison has donated, received the vaccine after having two miscarriages. She said, "Without him I would never have been able to have**

**a healthy baby." Best of all, one of the babies saved was Harrison's own grandson!**

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

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

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

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Mar 21

Clayton Noskiye TESTIMONY

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

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

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

that voiced "it's going to be ok" and we ended up using the emergency com phone we found to recall for the medivac. GLORY. FOR GOD

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

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Mar 28

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Best worker I ever hired.

Plant a seed and watch it grow..

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

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

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

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

=====

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bro. Ken

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

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Feb 14

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Feb 21

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Feb 28

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

**Red Marbles!!**

(Unknown)

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

jan/3

Visiting pastor

*Unknown*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\*\*\*\*\*

jan/10

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

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

"Well, it sure could have been better."

"But what did you say?"

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

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

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

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

Now it was his turn to look startled. "Dad," he said, "don't you know John 3:16? 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life?'"

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

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

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

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

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jan/17

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT - CORONAVIRUS

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

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

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

#### THE SYMPTOMS

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

SPREAD THE WORD - PLEASE SHARE.

#### Psalms 91:1 to 10

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Jan 24

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bro, Ken

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Jan 31

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

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

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

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

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

Bro. Ken

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