

Dec 3

A first grade class was listening to the teacher who was attempting to explain evolution to the children. The teacher asked a little boy: Tommy, do you see the tree outside?

Tommy: Yes.

Teacher: Tommy, do you see the grass outside?

Tommy: Yes.

Teacher: Go outside and look up and see if you can see the sky.

Tommy: OK. (He returned a few minutes later) Yes, I saw the sky.

Teacher: Did you see God?

Tommy: No.

Teacher: That's my point. We can't see God because he isn't there. He doesn't exist.

A little girl spoke up and wanted to ask the boy some questions. The teacher agreed.

Little girl: Tommy, do you see the tree outside?

Tommy: Yes.

Little girl: Tommy do you see the grass outside?

Tommy: Yesssss (getting tired of the questions by this time).

Little girl: Did you see the sky?

Tommy: Yesssss.

Little Girl: Tommy, do you see the teacher?

Tommy: Yes.

Little Girl: Do you see her brain?

Tommy: No.

Little Girl: Then according to what we were taught today in school, she must not have one.

Proverbs 1:7

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: **but fools despise wisdom** and instruction.

Dec10

One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only one thin dime left, and he was hungry. He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house. However, he lost his nerve when a lovely young woman opened the door. Instead of a meal he asked for a drink of water.

She thought he looked hungry so brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything," she replied. "Mother has taught us never to accept pay for a kindness."

He said, "Then I thank you from my heart."

As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man was strong also. He had been ready to give up and quit.

Year's later that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease. Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation.

When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes. Immediately he rose and went down the hall of the hospital to her room. Dressed in his doctor's gown he went in to see her. He recognized her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life. From that day he gave special attention to the case. After a long struggle, the battle was won.

Dr. Kelly requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval. He looked at it, then wrote something on the edge and the bill was sent to her room.

She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all. Finally she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill. She read these words:

PAID IN FULL WITH ONE GLASS OF MILK.

(Signed)

Dr. Howard Kelly

Tears of joy flooded her eyes as her happy heart prayed: Thank You, God, that Your love is shed abroad through human hearts and hands.

Luke 6:38 tells us if we give, it will be given back to us, pressed down, shaken together, and overflowing. We however, look to God and not the person to return

the gift. God uses those whom He chooses and those who will be obedient to Him to return the blessings to us.

Dec 17

The maker of all human beings is recalling all units manufactured, regardless of make or year, due to the serious defect in the primary and central component of the heart.

This is due to a malfunction in the original prototype units code named Adam and Eve, resulting in reproduction of the same defect in all subsequent units. This defect has been technically termed, Sub-sequential Internal Non-Morality, or more commonly known as S-I-N, as it is primarily symptomized by loss of moral judgment.

Some other symptoms:

- (a) Loss of direction*
- (b) Foul vocal emissions*
- (c) Amnesia of origin*
- (d) Lack of peace and joy*
- (e) Selfish, or violent, behavior*
- (f) Depression or confusion in the mental component*
- (g) Fearful*
- (h) Idolatry*

The manufacturer, who is neither liable or at fault for this defect, is providing factory authorized repair and service, free of charge to correct this SIN defect. The number to call for the recall station in your area is: P-R-A-Y-E-R.

Once connected, please upload your burden of SIN by pressing R-E-P-E-N-T-A-N-C-E. Next, download J-E-S-U-S into the heart. No matter how big or small the SIN defect is, the J-E-S-U-S repair will replace it with:

(a) Love

(b) Joy

(c) Peace

(d) Patience

(e) Gentleness

(f) Goodness

(g) Faith

(h) Meekness

(i) Temperance

Please see operating manual, HOLY BIBLE, for further details on the use of these fixes.

WARNING: Continuing to operate the human unit without correction, voids the manufacturer's warranty, exposing owner to dangers and problems too numerous to list and will result in the human unit being permanently impounded.

For free emergency service, call on J-E-S-U-S.

DANGER: The human units not receiving this recall action will have to be scrapped in the furnace. The SIN defect must not enter heaven or else heaven will be infected.

Author: The Creator.

[Genesis 6:6](#)

And **it** repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and **it grieved** him at his heart.

Dec 24

The Cradle (paraphrased)

They left their home, the new cradle still swinging from the rafters, night after night the aroma of fresh cut wood had filled the room as Joseph had patiently fashioned the tiny cradle using the same chisel and saw he usually put down at dusk. Now Joseph wiped the tears from Mary's cheeks and shut the door behind them, It'll be OK he told her as he cinched up their belongings on the donkey.

Joseph can't we wait a few days? The baby could come at any time, she didn't want to leave home, not now.

We've waited for the baby as long as we dare and he was ready to get on the road. We have to leave today or I'll be arrested for not appearing in Bethlehem for the census.

At least bring the cradle Joseph, she pleaded, I want the baby to have something nice. No it will have to stay behind, the baby will be rocking in it soon enough.

Joseph tugged hard at the donkey's halter, no luck. Come on animal he shouted whacking it on the rear end to get it moving. Grudgingly the donkey responded and with one hand led the donkey, with the other he steadied Mary on the steep incline slowly enough to accommodate her ungainly progress down the winding road which led from Nazareth's height. In the house the cradle still hung.

Five days and 90 bone weary miles later Joseph searched the small stable where they were staying on the outskirts of crowded Bethlehem. Mary's time would be soon now and he was careful to keep his lamp from igniting the old straw. He finally settled on an ancient stone manger for the baby's bed cut from the wall of the limestone cave which housed the animals. He reached in to scoop the last gritty bits of straw from the mangers dank bottom. That will have to do he muttered and filled the trough with an armful of fresh fodder which he covered with a folded blanket to keep the animals away.

It was well past midnight by the time Mary finished washing and wrapping her new baby and she lifted him gently into his new bed. Joseph put his arm around her shoulders as they gazed at the sleeping infant. Mary touched the tiny fingers, that cradle you spent so much time on would be real nice right now Joseph. She looked up at the caves low ceiling, you could hang it somewhere. No baby I know has a cradle like that it's fit for a king.

Joseph grinned, not every boy has a carpenter for a dad he said but he wondered. Why couldn't little Jesus be home in that cradle? Why does this special child the angel told Mary and him about have to be born in this smelly stable? A hill country carpenters home is bad enough but why here in Bethlehem?

The answer wasn't long in coming. An older boy poked his head in the door startling the couple from their quiet moment. Is there a baby in here he mumbled apologetically? Then he saw the child. Mary picked up her baby to shield the infant from his eyes and the face disappeared.

Mary's eyes mirrored Joseph's concern. He went to the caves opening and could hear a distant call....over here, Jake found him. In the darkness Joseph could make out a handful of forms coming toward him, he gripped his stout wooden staff and stood resolutely at the door.

As they approached the stable he could see they were shepherds. Joseph's grip on the staff tightened. The oldest one spoke hesitantly, can we come in.....we have....ah....come to see the Christ Child.

Joseph glanced at Mary, he could feel a tingle move down his spine. This was more than an accident. The whole fantastic course of events was far more than an accident. He nodded and stepped back into the stable. Yes come in, you are welcome. The shepherds shuffled into the cramped cave, the youngest pushed in alongside the donkey to get a better view. They knelt, God be praised, the old shepherd spoke with deepest reverence. It's just like the angel told us, another whispered in awe. Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, the angel had said. Imagine, an angel...talking to us! The old man interjected with rising excitement.... none of the uppity-ups in this town would lower themselves to talk to us shepherds he said but an angel did....and the child is right here in a stable so we can come and see him. Tears were inching down the shepherds weathered face.

Joseph stared at the old man, how did you find us he finally asked? The boy who had first peeked in answered; the angel said unto you is born.....yes to us, the beaming old man couldn't contain himself. The boy spoke clearly as if to remember the exact words, unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior....that's here....Bethlehem....David's birthplace, the little boy interrupted. He thrust out his chest proudly, King David was a shepherd too you know. The older boy continued.....a Savior which is Christ the Lord, the Christ, the Messiah, He's the One.....the old man pointed to the baby.

The angel was very specific, the young man went on, and this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. He grinned, how could we miss you? We just ran into town and checked every stable until we found you....found Him. The boy paused; how many newborns in Bethlehem do you know with a cattle manger for a cradle? Joseph chuckled.....so that was it. The Heavenly Father Himself had provided a bed for His child, a special cradle, a sign to these shepherds that God cared for them too.

Read Luke 2:8-20

Dec 31

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

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

clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

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

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

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. These were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in

the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up.

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

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

Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box. It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There were candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

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

Mat 6:7 Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, **before ye ask him.**

Happy 2024, Jesus controls everything if you let him.....

Nov 5

No Pain Submitted by Waterloo

When Steven Pete was a baby it became apparent that something was wrong when he was 4 or 5 months old as he began chewing on his tongue while teething and chewed off about a quarter of his tongue, then as a toddler he broke his foot roller skating and people were pointing at him because his pants were covered in blood where the bone came out.

Their mother Janette Pete recalls how she had to take away their bikes because Steven would lie on the ground and let his brother ride over him. Sometimes Steven would melt keys in electrical outlets because he liked the vibrations in his arm. When he was about 6 years old child protective services came to take him (and his brother who also had this condition) away from what they considered abusive parents.

They were in the state's care for about 2 months and during that time Steven broke his leg before they finally realized that the parents weren't to blame.

After many of these instances he was finally diagnosed as having congenital analgesia meaning the person feels no pain. It's a condition present from birth that inhibits the ability to perceive any physical pain in any part of their body. It is caused by changes in the genes and nervous system which connects the brain and spinal cord to muscles and cells that detect sensations such as touch, smell and pain.

Steven grew up and married and his wife actually noticed the injuries before he did and internal injuries are the most critical as in appendicitis or any stomach, back or intestine problems as with no pain he was a walking time bomb. His brother who also had this condition took his own life as he just couldn't live with it.

The thing with this is that people see them as normal and healthy and with him getting older he isn't moving as fast but has no arthritis. No one could ever understand living with no pain, sounds crazy but pain is what gives you the life.

There are numerous instances of little children fracturing their skull from a fall, a lady had a baby and didn't even know she was pregnant as there were no symptoms except

for weight gain, a man that walked thru fire to save someone feeling no pain but getting badly burned.

Just as pain is a necessary warning system for the body, suffering for Christ is a sign that a person has chosen to turn their backs on sin. Before a person is converted they spend their time seeking earthly pleasure and gain but when they begin to suffer it's a sign that they are not living right. Peter puts it this way;

1 Peter 4:1-2 Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.

Christians know what the world does not know that the rewards of living for God are worth any price or pain.

Nov 12

In September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a History teacher at Valley Heights High School in Port Rowan, Ontario , did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks in her classroom. When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks. 'Ms. Cothren, where are our desks?'

She replied, 'You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk.'

They thought, 'Well, maybe it's our grades.' 'No,' she said.

'Maybe it's our behaviour.' She told them, 'No, it's not even your behaviour.'

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom. Kids called their parents to tell them what was happening and by early afternoon television news crews had started gathering at the school to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the desk-less classroom. Martha Cothren said, 'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he or she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it. Twenty-seven (27) Veterans, all in uniform, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, 'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. They went halfway around the world, giving up their education and interrupting their careers and families so you could have the freedom you have. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'

By the way, this is a true story. And this teacher was awarded Veterans of Foreign Wars Teacher of the Year in 2006. She is the daughter of a WWII POW.

The freedoms we have in this great country were earned by our Veterans?

Let us always remember the men and women of our military and the rights they have won for us. Submitter by Waterloo

1 Peter 2:16 As free, and not using your liberty for a cloke of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.

Nov 19

Hurrican Miracle..... *Author unknown ??*

In 1874, Methodists in Swan Quarter, North Carolina, decided to construct a permanent church building. The homeless Christians found what they believed was the ideal site for their church, a perfect lot in the heart of town on its highest ground. But when they approached the owner of the lot, Sam Sadler, he did not want to waste his prime real estate for a church. Even after their offer was increased, Sadler flatly refused to sell the land.

Soon after, the Methodists accepted a gift of land a half mile away on some low-lying property. The members cheerfully began building a modest but sturdy structure on brick piers. Then something miraculous occurred that has been confirmed by scores of witnesses. On September 17, 1876, right after they dedicated the small church, a powerful hurricane began to brew. Rain fell and the wind blew until the rising water lifted the little Methodist Church from its foundation and began to carry it like Noah's ark up the street. People awoke the next morning to witness an amazing sight—the entire church was floating down Oyster Creek Road.

A few good Samaritans saw the drifting church and tried to tie it off with ropes, but it broke its moorings and continued its journey as though it had a mind of its own. It went straight down the road to a corner, bumped into a general store, then took a sharp right turn and headed down that road for about two city blocks until it reached the corner of what is now Church Street. Then it took another turn to the left, crossed the Carawan Canal, and stopped.

The little church had settled exactly in the center of the property the members had originally requested for their house of worship, the parcel Sam Sadler had refused to sell for a church. After seeing the mighty work of Providence, Mr. Sadler, with trembling hands, gave the title deed for the land to the Methodist pastor. When the church was dedicated, it was called "Providence." Today, a sign stands in front of the Providence Church, reminding visitors this was the church "Moved by the Hand of God."

Just as God guided that floating church, He guides His people and His church today. "The Lord is your keeper ..." (Psalm 121:5). He will carry us through any flood of trouble or persecution that we face.

Colossians 1:16* For by him were all things created, that are in **heaven, and** that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him:

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a high chair and noticed everyone was quietly eating and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said, "Hi!" He pounded his fat baby hands on the high chair tray. His eyes were wide with excitement and his mouth was bared in a toothless grin. He wriggled and giggled with merriment. I looked around and saw the source of his merriment. It was a man with a tattered rag of a coat; dirty, greasy and worn. His pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his toes poked out of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose it looked like a road map. We were too far from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists. "Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster," the man said to Erik. My husband and I exchanged looks, "What do we do?" Erik continued to laugh and answer, "Hi, hi there."

Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby. Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, "Do ya know patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, he knows peek-a-boo." Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk. My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Erik, who was running through his repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments. We finally got through the meal and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door. "Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik," I prayed. As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to sidestep him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's "pick-me-up" position. Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man's. Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love relationship. Erik in an act of total trust, love, and submission laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain, and hard labor-gently, so gently, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time. I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms for a moment, and then his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, "You take care of this baby." Somehow I managed, "I will," from a throat that contained a stone. He pried Erik from his chest-unwillingly, longingly, as

though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, "God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift." I said nothing more than a muttered thanks. With Erik in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Erik so tightly, and why I was saying, "My God, my God, forgive me." I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not. I felt it was God asking "Are you willing to share your son for a moment?" when He shared His for all eternity. The ragged old man, unwittingly, had reminded me, "To enter the Kingdom of God, we must become as little children." If this has blessed you, please bless others by sending it on

[Luke 10:21](#)

In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.



ReplyForward



My Tumour Disappeared After Prayer!

Mrs. Roth of Leduc, says:

I was scheduled for surgery about two years ago; I had been sick for quite some time at home – in and out of bed – actually in bed more than I was out. Finally my daughter became tired of seeing me in this condition and said I should go to see the Doctor. I did not want to go as I felt that if I could just get to a servant of God who had faith to believe for healing I would be alright. However, I finally gave in and went to see the Doctor, who examined me and said that I had a tumor that would have to be removed. I was very weak all the time and my blood pressure was so low that the Doctor said he would have to build me up before he could operate. He gave me prescriptions for two or three different kinds of pills and phoned the Specialist in Edmonton to make an appointment for surgery in a month's time.

When I went home it bothered me to think that I would

have to have the operation; I had the prescriptions filled, but I felt sure that if I could just get to a true servant of God I would be healed. When I told my husband how I felt, he said perhaps I should wait until Brother Max came to Edmonton; I said "How can I wait, the operation is scheduled in a month's time and perhaps Brother Max won't be in Edmonton again for some time".

It just seemed like an answer to prayer – a couple of days after when we went for the mail we received a notice that Brother Max would be in Edmonton the following week. We went to his meeting on the Sunday and when he called for those needing healing to come forward I went to the front. He asked me what my trouble was and I told him I had a tumor and that I was scheduled for an operation. He said, "Do you believe that if I pray for you, you will be healed?" I said, "Yes, I do." He laid his hands on me and prayed in the Name of Jesus and I knew I was healed instantly. When I went home I threw the medicine in the garbage and I began to feel stronger and gain weight immediately. It was truly a miracle of God!

This was over two years ago and I am well and strong today. I am so thankful and I give God all the Glory!

[Proverbs 23:7](#)

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he:

*

oct 8



Oriented to the Lord

By Hal Lindsey

It's the last hours of the night. You're driving down a highway toward the east. After a refueling stop, you get back on the highway, but now it feels like you're going west. The highway sign assures you that you're still going east. You check your navigation screen and it, too, says you are going east. But it feels wrong.

What do you do? You go by facts, not feelings. You trust the highway signs and the GPS even when something inside your head is turned around.

Later, the first signs of dawn begin to illuminate the eastern sky. As the sun begins to rise, it ceases to be a question of road signs. Now you know. The sun rising in the east gives your brain a new, perfect sense of orientation. You're going east. There's no question. You begin to wonder how you had ever felt so confused.

Feelings can sometimes lead us astray. We must orient our

paths to what we know is true.

According to the National Transportation Safety Board, John F. Kennedy Jr's 1999 plane crash came as a result of "spatial disorientation." Encyclopedia Britannica defines "spatial disorientation" as "the inability of a person to determine his true body position, motion, and altitude relative to the earth or his surroundings."

The young Kennedy was only certified to fly under visual flight rules. He was not instrument rated. He had to go by sight. We become disoriented when we have nothing by which to orient ourselves, or when we try to orient ourselves by something false.

And that's where the world is right now. In previous generations, most of even non-Christians held to certain truths. But in this generation, it's all being turned on its head. Romans 1:18 speaks of those "who suppress the truth in unrighteousness." That's happening right now.

Proverbs 22:28 says, "Do not remove the ancient landmark which your fathers have set." KJV That verse deals primarily with property rights. Don't move the property line marker. But it also speaks of those who remove God's moral standards by which we can orient our lives. Removing the standards is especially cruel to children.

In Jeremiah 6:16, the Lord says, “Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where the good way is, And walk in it; Then you will find rest for your souls.” It’s hard to find the good path when the ancient landmark has been removed.

Sometimes as Christians, we have to fly on instruments. Don’t go by feelings, but by God’s word. Do what is right even when you don’t feel like it.

The great thing for the Lord’s followers is that we have more than instruments and landmarks. We have Jesus. He called Himself “the Good Shepherd.” A shepherd walks with his sheep, directing them and keeping them safe. AND to those that believe, we have the comforter, THE HOLY GHOST. (John 16:13)

So, in these troubled and troubling times, hold fast too God’s word and walk close to the Good Shepherd.

oct 15

GOD'S MIRACLE IN MY STOMACH HAS LASTED FOR 40 YEARS!

John Odgers — North Battleford, Sk

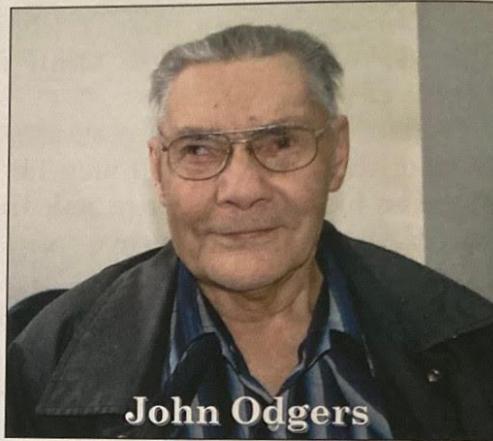
I was very sick when we drove onto the grounds of the *Old fashioned Bible Camp* at Sandy Beach, AB in the month of **July 1970**.

For 10 years I had not been able to eat without the most terrible pains. The doctors told me that there was nothing they could do for me. My stomach was full of ulcerated sores.

They would have to remove two thirds of my stomach by surgery, but they said that I was too old and the operation would be too risky for me!

I had heard about the miracles that were happening under the ministry of **Max Solbrekken** as he preached the Gospel and lifted up the name of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Healer and Deliverer.

I knew that I had to get a miracle soon as my health was seriously affected; I could not go on living like that, unable to eat and having such terrible pains!



John Odgers

WHEN WE GOT INTO THE TABERNACLE, THE MEETING WAS ON FIRE WITH GOD'S PRESENCE AND POWER!

Pastor Max delivered a powerfully anointed message of God's hatred for sin and sickness and His redemptive work through Jesus Christ on the Cross! His preaching got deep into my spirit and the altar was filled with seeking souls, repenting and crying out to God for mercy!

He kept on exalting the Name of Jesus Christ and His holy and precious blood that was shed for us all on Calvary! You could actually feel the cleansing of Jesus precious blood as the Holy Spirit applied it to our entire beings. A lot of people were getting right with God and many received miracles of healing!

I knew that I would be healed when God's servant laid his hands on me in Jesus' Name! Pastor Max put one hand on my head and the other on my stomach and prayed a strong prayer in

oct 22

What God looks like.....

Submitted by Waterloo

A little boy pulled out his crayons and a sheet of paper one afternoon and resting his hand on his chin he thought for a few minutes then picked up a crayon and started drawing.

Noticing his intentness as he worked his mother asked him what he was drawing. His answer was 'a picture of God' without even looking up at her. His mother smiled and said but honey no one knows what God looks like! The boy put down his crayon and rubbed his hands together still staring at his picture and replied.....well, they will when I'm finished!!

Nobody knows what God looks like yet even tho none of us has ever looked God in the face all of us desire to know something about Him. We drive up into the mountains awed by the power displayed in His majestic creation or sit by the seashore at twilight or early in the morning and listen for His voice in the roar of the waves.

You and I today are very much like that little boy with his crayons. Thru our words and deeds, our everyday conversations and our attitudes and actions, we are drawing an illustration for all to see. Our lives should be a picture of just who God really is and what He is like.

He's not finished with us yet, no matter what our age may be... so let's pick up our crayons and get to work. We've got a job to do and show a despairing, cynical world what God looks like thru us humans and if they didn't know before.....maybe they'll know when we're finished or rather when He is finished with us.

2 Corinthians 3:18 But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

oct 29

**A SLAVE TO ALCOHOL
FOR 33 YEARS**

Then Jesus BROKE THE CHAINS!

says: Fred Lazowski, Edmonton, Alberta

My parents immigrated from the Ukraine and bought a homestead at Radway, Alberta in 1912. They farmed there until they retired quite a few years ago. There were 10 of us in the family, Fred, Mary, John, Kay, Harry, Tillie, Steve, Ann, Nan and Lee.

My parents were very religious people, and we kids were taught to pray very long prayers. That meant that whenever a church service was held, one or two of us would stay home; the rest would go to church. If sometimes one of us didn't want to go, there was a whip on the hook which very seldom cooled off; it was used many times, let me tell you.

Being the oldest, it was, "**Fred do this, do that do this.**" It was 3 miles to school. At first, we walked, then Dad bought us a horse and cutter. It still wasn't a picnic when it hit 40 degrees below zero. Our school was so cold that our bread and syrup would freeze so hard that it was impossible to bite into it.

As we got a little older, there were chores to do: 16 cows to milk, 12 horses to feed and water. The horses had to be combed and the barn cleaned out. In spring and summer, we had to harness the horses and be out on the field working the land by 7 o'clock, then in the fall, cutting grain, stooking and threshing. After that, we hauled and split wood. Work, work, all the time!

As we got older, I pleaded with Dad to buy a threshing machine, which he did. I was only 15 years old. Dad hired an engineer and in one month I learned to operate a tractor to line up to a machine, and Dad learned to be a separator man. In later years, he turned out to be the best separator man in the country. Then I learned how to put belts on and set a machine. For years I operated the whole outfit. **Those were the days I loved best in my life; sometimes threshing for 60 days, because there was a shortage of machines and the poor farmers had to wait their turn.**

A year later my Dad bought a new car. I now thought I had the world by the tail. Things started looking good for me: girls, moonshine, dances, it was good times all the way. Then I got a little smarter. The family would want to go to church, or to a wedding party. I'd take them around and start a little drinking on the side.

Things were getting worse and worse with my drinking. Then I started dating Lena, my future wife. We fell in love and got married. Dad bought me a quarter section of land and we moved into our own place. I left the church altogether; I would only go at Easter time. **We were Greek Catholic.** After that, I started going into the bars and buying liquor and went from bad to worse. In the meantime, we had 2 children, a girl and a boy. **The booze drinking kept getting worse.**

One year, the crops were excellent. We had a sports day at our hometown and **“I tied one on.”** A big storm came along and hailed out my whole crop. Nothing was left, no insurance, it was a total loss!

I BECAME AN ATHEIST!

I became an Atheist, an unbeliever, a God hater. I swore there was no God, and left the church completely. My dad begged, pleaded and cried, **“Son, what has happened to you? I tried to be good to you. I bought you land and machinery, and built you a house to live in and you are destroying everything,”** he said. **“Alright, alright, I will quit,”** I told him. Also, my wife pleaded and begged, and quarreled and threatened to leave. **It didn’t fizz on me for more than a day, I just kept going drinking and drinking.**

I got drunk one day in a neighbor town. As I was driving home, the police stopped me on the road because one of my lights wasn’t working. They made me get out of the truck, looked me over, put my truck in the ditch and hurried me to the good old breathalyzer 60 miles away, and then locked me up overnight.

In the morning I bailed myself out, and was charged with drunken driving. I went to court and got 30 days at Fort Saskatchewan jail, money was not good enough. I saved myself \$300.00 and got out of jail in 21 days for good behavior.

While in jail, they gave me a job sprinkling flowers and pulling weeds out of the flowers. Knowing that I wouldn’t run away, the guard let me roam around the flowers all by myself. One of my friends came to visit me. **“Say Fred, what do you do for refreshments over here, he asked.”** I said to him, **“I am very dry.”** He said that he had two Mickey’s of booze in his car. I told him to bring it where I was weeding the flowers and I hid it there. That patch of flowers was looked after to a capital T. When I finished the weeds and the bottles of booze, it was time to leave. **I took the bus to Edmonton and when I got off, I hit the first bar and “tied one on.”**

The kids grew up – our girl got married, our boy went away and we were left alone. I farmed for another few years; the machinery got old and we couldn’t buy new, so we leased the land. We had enough money for the down payment on a house and moved to Edmonton **(by God’s grace, 3 blocks from the Edmonton Revival Centre. I will come back to this later)**

I found a job, and my wife also started to work. Things looked quite bright. Somehow, even though I was drinking, I held on to my job. On Saturdays, I would get drunk in the bar and would buy enough liquor to last me until Monday morning. Quarrels would follow and my wife would threaten to leave, but I guess in her heart she must have known that something was going to happen soon.

I WAS GOING BLIND AND VERY SICK!

Either I would die, or kill myself, or kill somebody. I was going blind and was very sick. Lena took me to an institution but they didn’t want me there. They wanted me to be dried out first, so she took to Alcoholics Anonymous. That wasn’t for me! I just quit my job and drank for another few months.

I continued to drink but knew in my heart that something was on the way, but I did not know what it was. **One Wednesday night I got very drunk and somehow got to the liquor store and picked up a bottle of vodka.** I took a good drink and got my directions turned around. Instead of going home, I ended up going in a different direction. **As I was going, I walked by the Edmonton Revival Centre.** I heard them singing **“Jesus died for me on the cross.”** I stopped by the door and listened for awhile, and then I started to sob so hard that tears blinded my eyes completely, although I was half -blind already.

I thought to myself, **“Shall I go in or shall I ask somebody where my address is.”** I opened the door and peeked in. I had never been there and was scared I would be thrown out. I sneaked in and sat at the very back

until the end of the service and was the first one to get out. I didn't want to meet the preacher. I got my directions straightened out and was only 3 blocks from home. **Think of it, I had a church practically in my own yard!** Then things began to happen fast.

The next Sunday, still hazy from Saturday, I told my wife I was going to church. "Drunk?" she said. **"You smell like a brewery and you are going to church?"** **"Yes, to church"**, I replied. I came there at the right time. I liked it so much that I stayed through the service and I wanted to know who is who.

I found the lady who collects the donations; I wrote my first cheque to church in over 35 years. Things started to move. I got a **"little braver"**; I wasn't afraid of Max Solbrekken. I asked in a nice way if he could come to my house after the service and pray for me, my home, and my wife. He answered, **"I will go."**

I was still charged up that time and had half a bottle of rye hidden in my basement. We arrived at my place and I woke up my wife. She got up and prepared us some coffee. After that, Pastor Solbrekken said, **"Give me the bottle of whiskey that you have."** I mumbled some excuses and didn't give it to him, thinking I would need an eye opener in the morning. **Brother Max put his hand on my head and prayed in Jesus' name and cast the devil out of me.**

In the morning I got up with a funny feeling. I was breathing differently and I had no craving for liquor. **It is now 18 months later, and I have never touched a drink since and I feel just fine. I went to church every time I could, paid my tithes, took water baptism, was anointed with oil, took Holy Communion and became a full-fledged Christian.**

I want to share with you a couple of close shaves I had with death. If it hadn't been for an angel of God, I wouldn't be writing this testimony.

When I was 16 years old, I was breaking land with a big tractor; sometimes I worked day and night. One day I was breaking and my brother John brought my lunch to the field. I had lunch. As my brother was there, I asked him to make a round and showed him how so that I could have a rest in the tall grass.

I laid myself down in the grass and fell asleep. A little while later he was shaking me and I woke up. He saw just a part of my shoe and stopped the tractor a foot away from me. We both really got scared. That was a miracle from God!

As I am coming to the end of my testimony, I want to tell you that drinking is a curse of the devil, a curse that pushes you to drink more and more. I know because I got so high one time, that I thought snakes were crawling on my body by the hundreds. ***You get delirious and you get cold sweats all over your body.*** At one time I thought there was no point in living and spent so much money on booze trying to kill myself, but I was afraid to die. I didn't want to shame my wife and all my family. Praise the Lord! He spared me.

Listen to me my friend. If you have the same problem, believe me, give yourself to God. Come to the Edmonton Revival Centre. Let Max Solbrekken pray for you in Jesus' name and you will see the difference. If you don't know to get there or are ashamed to face the church and the people, please don't be, because I made it. Jesus Christ will forgive your sins and save you.

It was the RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITES:

CHRIST'S CROSS AND OUR SINS!

The world has a way of crucifying those whom it does not like. Jesus told the truth. The world could not stand the truth. The world put Him to death.

What sin really crucified Christ? Was it Peter's denial? Judas' betrayal? The disciples' cowardice? Can we blame Pilate for conforming to the crowd's demands? Does the fault lie with those who cried, "Crucify Him"? Did the priests weigh in on the crime?

It was all these: Denial! Betrayal! Cowardice! Conformity! Pride! Jealousy! These sins nailed Christ to the tree. And we are troubled when we see that these very sins reside in us all.

Therefore it is our pride, our conformity, our betrayal which crucified the Lord Jesus! The cross of Christ speaks of our sin! But, for those who admit weakness and spiritual poverty, the cross becomes the power of God unto salvation."

- Author unknown

1 Samuel 8:7

And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

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sept 10

God Performed a miracle for me!

says
Mrs. Josie
Williams,
Edmonton,
Alta.



After many many invitations by my sister-in-law, Sis. Baron, to go to a crusade which was held in the Sportex Youth Building with Evangelist Max Solbrekken, conviction started setting in and I had such a struggle within myself whether to go or not. So finally, I went and I wanted to run out of there, but when Bro. Solbrekken started preaching I felt the presence of love, the precious love of God. Conviction set in so hard, I couldn't wait for the altar call. I was a very heavy drinker and also smoked a great deal. On Nov. 24, 1967, I accepted the Lord Jesus into my heart as my personal Saviour. That night Bro. Solbrekken prayed the prayer of deliverance for me in the name of Jesus; I felt something like a big box fly out of me. Bro. Solbrekken asked if I felt it? I said, "I sure did!" I give God all the Glory. My life was changed and I became so hungry for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. All my other desires were gone and I was released from Satan's power. Glory to God. I wanted all I could get from God. Then, on July 28, 1968 I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost accompanied with the speaking in other tongues. What a joyful, wonderful gift

from God. Hallelujah!

Later on I became very ill from an infected kidney and gall bladder and a blockage in my small intestine, I was taking treatments at the time, but **Glory to God**, Bro. Solbrekken returned to Edmonton for a third week crusade, Oct. 6. I went in faith believing for a miracle. I was very weak and pale when I got there, but after Bro. Solbrekken laid hands on me and prayed the healing prayer in Jesus' name; I felt myself getting stronger, Praise God, and before long I had all my strength back again. **All the Glory goes to Jesus who never changes, He is always the same; yesterday today and forever. Amen. My deepest desire is to bring others to this wonderful life in Christ Jesus.**

[Ephesians 4:22](#)

That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man,
which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;

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sept 27

#13 - From a Food for Thought Subscriber

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I have never been a big tither ~ oh sure, when God has blessed me I felt compelled to give back - and sharing has always been second nature to me....but tithing? I pay taxes upon taxes, I give offerings to shelter and feed the homeless, giving is not a problem. Tithing? What's the difference between giving an offering and tithing?

I have rent, electricity, heat,TV, phone, car insurance, gas, food, not to mention the myriad of surprising bills that seem to pop up every other month, medical for myself, the odd vet bill, the ever currant car tune-up....and of course, I'm 'supposed' to put money into a savings account???? Really? How???

Then I asked God one evening. I was putting my 'tithes' in an envelope, and I was talking to God, and said "What good is this really going to do God? You ask me to tithe, but I never see what good it does! What's the point? I could use this money for myself."

He SHOWED me!!!!!!

You've probably seen the picture on TV of the starving children in foreign lands, with their bellies swollen from starvation.....***GOD TOOK ME THERE!***

I saw first hand how God uses the smallest amount of tithe to do the greatest good!

He showed me how the children grew healthier, happier and into adulthood. I watched as the grounds grew green, and hills grew lush with vegetation. I saw a patch of mangy, starving animals multiply into acres and acres of healthy food sources....the flashes were continuous....I cannot recall every detail....I saw beauty where there was desolation, joy where there was no hope, the glowing smiles of fed and healthy children as they raised their heads to the sky.

The entire 'episode' lasted only 30 seconds or so, and I found myself sitting on my sofa, tears running down my face, in gratitude and abashment, for what I had just witnessed. How dare I diminish the works of my Holy Father? He who created this world, and He who loves each and every one of His creations....and I doubted that by simply following His direction and instructions I could help.

God doesn't demand our money....He really doesn't need our money. He's God!!! God asks of us that we be willing to part with some of our money to prove as witness that we love Him! In doing so...He takes whatever amount we can offer, and multiplies it to fit wherever it needs to go!!!

It's not the money, it's our willingness!!! Render unto God what is God's.....our willingness to love Him.....our

willingness to be faithful and obedient to God renders the greatest amount of good.

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sept 24

Jenny was so happy about the house they had found.
For once in her life 'twas on the right side of town
She unpacked her things with such great ease.
As she watched her new curtains blow in the breeze.
How wonderful it was to have her own room.
School would be starting, she'd have friends over soon.
There'd be sleep-overs, and parties; she was so happy
It's just the way she wanted her life to be.

On the first day of school, everything went great.
She made new friends and even got a date!
She thought, "I want to be popular and I'm going to be,
Because I just got a date with the star of the team!"

To be known in this school you had to have a clout,
And dating this guy would sure help her out.
There was only one problem stopping her fate.
Her parents had said she was too young to date.

"Well, I just won't tell them the entire truth.
They won't know the difference; what's there to lose?"

Jenny asked to stay with her friends that night.
Her parents frowned but said, "All right."

Excited, she got ready for the big event
But as she rushed around like she had no sense,
She began to feel guilty about all the lies,
But what's a pizza, a party, and a moonlight ride?

Well the pizza was good, and the party was great,
But the moonlight ride would have to wait.
For Jeff was half drunk by this time.
But he kissed her and said that he was just fine.

Then the room filled with smoke and Jeff took a puff.
Jenny couldn't believe he was smoking that stuff.

Now Jeff was ready to ride to the point
But only after he'd smoked another joint.

They jumped in the car for the moonlight ride,
Not thinking that he was too drunk to drive.

They finally made it to the point at last,
And Jeff started trying to make a pass.

A pass is not what Jenny wanted at all
(and by a pass, I dont mean playing football).

"Perhaps my parents were right....maybe I am too young.

Boy, how could I ever, ever be so dumb."

With all of her might, she pushed Jeff away:

"Please take me home, I dont want to stay."

Jeff cranked up the engine and floored the gas.

In a matter of seconds they were going too fast.

As Jeff drove on in a fit of wild anger,

Jenny knew that her life was in danger.

She begged and pleaded for him to slow down,

But he just got faster as they neared the town.

"Just let me get home! I'll confess that I lied.

I really went out for a moonlight ride."

Then all of a sudden, she saw a big flash.

"Oh God, Please help us! We're going to crash!"

She doesn't remember the force of impact.

Just that everything all of a sudden went black.

She felt someone remove her from the twisted rubble,

And heard, "Call an ambulance! These kids are in trouble!"

Voices she heard...a few words at best.

But she knew there were two cars involved in the wreck.

Then wondered to herself if Jeff was all right,

And if the people in the other car were alive.

She awoke in the hospital to faces so sad.

"You've been in a wreck and it looks pretty bad."

These voices echoed inside her head,

As they gently told her that Jeff was dead.

They said "Jenny, we've done all we can do.

But it looks as if we'll lose you too."

"But the people in the other car!?" Jenny cried.

"We're sorry, Jenny, they also died."

Jenny prayed, "God, forgive me for what I've done

I only wanted to have just one night of fun."

"Tell those people's family, I've made their lives dim,
And wish I could return their families to them."

"Tell Mom and Dad I'm sorry I lied,
And that it's my fault so many have died.
Oh, nurse, won't you please tell them that for me?"
The nurse just stood there ~ she never agreed.

But took Jenny's hand with tears in her eyes
And a few moments later Jenny died.
A man asked the nurse, "Why didn't you do your best
To bid that girl her one last request?"

She looked at the man with eyes oh so sad.
"Because the people in the other car were her mom and dad."
This story is sad and unpleasant but true,
So young people take heed, it could have been you !

Hebrews 11:25

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God,
than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;

Aug 6

I BELIEVE

On June 30, 1858, Charles Blondin, one of the best tightrope walkers of all time, stretched a tightrope across Niagara Falls and people came by train from Buffalo, New York and Toronto to see him walk across the tightrope that was suspended high above the raging falls. As he stepped onto the tightrope a hush fell over the crowd. He carried a 40 foot long balance bar that weighed 39 pounds and when he finally stepped foot on the Canadian side a huge cheer arose from the crowd. Then they began to shout in unison “Blondin, Blondin, Blondin.....” and finally Blondin held up his hand asking for the crowd’s attention. He asked the crowd, how many of you believe I can put someone on my shoulders and walk across? First one person shouted...I believe...and then a second and a third until finally the whole crowd was shouting....we believe, we believe! Then Blondin shouted, who would like to be that someone? All of a sudden everyone got quite....they all said they believed but no one was willing to risk their lives.

Blondin pointed his finger first at one person and then another and asked....would you like to get on my back as I go across? They all said NO until he came to Mr McDougle, his manager, who said YES! McDougle got on Blondin’s back and a deathly silence fell over the crowd as Blondin stepped out onto the tight rope. Carefully, step by step, Blondin made his way across and when they reached about halfway all of a sudden the rope started swaying violently back and forth. A gambler who had bet Blondin wouldn’t make it across had cut the guide wire that held the rope in place. Blondin stopped right in the middle and got McDougle down off his back to talk to him. He looked at McDougle and said, if we’re going to make it safely to the other side you can no longer be McDougle, you have to become a part of me. You can do nothing to try to balance yourself, you have to let me do everything. If you do anything on your own we will both die. Then McDougle got back on Blondin’s shoulders and began walking and then running down the rope to safety on the other side. They were both saved because McDougall obeyed the voice of Blondin.

Faith is more than just a belief in your mind it is a conviction in your heart that causes you to take action. **Hebrews 11:1 Faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.**

THE BIGGEST SPIRITUAL KILLER AMONGST PROFESSING CHRISTIANS WHEN IT COME TO THE SHARING OF GODS WORD IS; “ I DON’T BELIEVE THAT’S FOR TODAY “

*****.

aug 13

I can NEVER remember NOT loving Jesus or talking to him, I talked to him in prayer and family devotions and just talking like friend to friend.

Ever since I can remember, mom would tell us how the doctor told her to never get pregnant again after my second sister was born, as it would kill her. She wanted a

son so much, she said she spent many hours in prayer asking God for a son. She told God that she would give her son back to Him even before I came along.

Well, God heard and answered her prayer although at the beginning things weren't the best, they wanted to abort me as they said she wouldn't survive another child birth. She continued to thank God for a healthy son and easy birth. One time when she was six months pregnant, she was praying, when she felt a surge of power go through her and it seemed as if I flipped over in her womb and everything was good after that, she had total inner peace and knew that she knew, everything was OK now.

I was born January 9, 1942, weighing 10lbs. 11oz. and the birth went well.

From 14 years old to 29 years old, I did not try to serve Jesus. I did pretty well as I pleased, and yet the lord still spoke to me by revealing gospel truths to me. I never fully understood them, but they were never far from my mind. It wasn't until I surrendered totally to the Lord, and he Gave me the understanding of his word, and the burning desire to read it over and over and over, and any testimony of another believer. I wrote down the things he taught me and the scriptures he brought to my remembrance, things that were contrary to Denominational teaching but true with the word of God.

I was raised that by grace are ye saved, BUT YOU had to live a holy life (works), and if not, you had to repent or go to the cross all over again, not understanding.

Hebrews 6:6* If they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God **afresh**, and put him to an open shame.
NOR

1John 1:9* If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just **to forgive** us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

This is like so many believers in today's society, with many, many of God's corrections, I learned that if you fall in love with the Lord and let him direct your footsteps (Ps 37:23), you will live a holier lifestyle, accidentally, then if you try. YOU SEE, it's God and not you.

I started ministering the word since the early 1970s,

Bro Ken

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aug 20

Credit..... Submitted by Waterloo

Sears makes more money today off credit interest than selling merchandise but back in 1910 it's own catalogue stated...Buying on credit is folly!

Like wise the founder of J.C. Penny hated debt yet today the store makes millions of their credit cards. Even Henry Ford didn't offer financing for the first ten years of the Ford Motor Company because he felt credit was a lazy man's way of making purchases. Of course our country has a serious problem with credit and credit cards! Five billion credit card solicitations are mailed out each year nationwide and about 4% of these offers are accepted.

Eighty percent of households have at least one credit card and the average number of cards held by most people is seven! To put the dollars in perspective, the average household credit card debt is about \$9000 and most people pay about 16% on all outstanding balances each month. And with this pandemic many have lost their jobs and are living off credit.....so the total debt is in the billions of

dollars on credit cards!

Whenever someone loans a person money it puts the relationship into a ruler-servant status. It doesn't matter if it's your bank, credit cards, family or best friend. Loaning people money changes the dynamics of how you view each other. Most of the time when we make a loan to a family member or friend we think we are being kind and helpful but in the long run it often unravels and hurts the relationship so it's really better not to lend and so avoid the long term stress involved and possible break down of the relationships.

The deeper issue is that many people are controlled by their materialism and instant gratification, not wisdom. WE want things right now, we can't wait....but learning to earn and pay for something teaches us patience and satisfaction. You're not a slave to anyone and free to live and serve others without strings attached to your income and your friendship.

Don't live like 90% of the people in our country who purchase things they cannot afford and then forever pay absurd and never ending interest. Follow the wisdom of Solomon and avoid debt as if it were the plague and live with the peace God intended you to have in your life.

Prov. 22:7 says the rich rule over the poor and the borrower is a slave to the lender!

2 Timothy 3:2-4 In other words, it's all about being self centered

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aug 27

545 vs. 300,000,000 People -By Charlie Reese

Submitted by Donna

Politicians are the only people in the world who create problems and then

campaign against them.

Have you ever wondered, if both the Democrats and the Republicans are against deficits, WHY do we have deficits?

Have you ever wondered, if all the politicians are against inflation and high taxes, WHY do we have inflation and high taxes?

You and I don't propose a federal budget. The President or Prime Minister does.

You and I don't have the Constitutional authority to vote on appropriations. The House of Representatives does.

You and I don't write the tax code, Congress or Parliament does.

You and I don't set fiscal policy, Congress does.

You and I don't control monetary policy, the Federal Reserve Bank does.

One hundred senators, 435 congressmen, one President, and nine Supreme Court justices equates to 545 human beings out of the 300 million are directly, legally, morally, and individually responsible for the domestic problems that plague this country.

I excluded the members of the Federal Reserve Board because that problem was created by the Congress. In 1913, Congress delegated its Constitutional duty to provide a sound currency to a federally chartered, but private, central bank.

I excluded all the special interests and lobbyists for a sound reason. They have no legal authority. They have no ability to coerce a senator, a congressman, or a President to do one cotton-picking thing. I don't care if they offer a politician \$1 million dollars in cash. The politician has the power to accept or reject it. No matter what the lobbyist promises, it is the legislator's responsibility to determine how he votes.

Those 545 human beings spend much of their energy convincing you that what they did is not their fault. They cooperate in this common con regardless of party.

What separates a politician from a normal human being is an excessive

amount of gall. The President can only propose a budget. He cannot force the Congress to accept it.

The Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, gives sole responsibility to the House of Representatives for originating and approving appropriations and taxes, not the President. They can approve any budget they want. If the President vetoes it, they can pass it over his veto if they agree to.

It seems inconceivable to me that a nation of 300 million cannot replace 545 people who stand convicted -- by present facts -- of incompetence and irresponsibility. I can't think of a single domestic problem that is not traceable directly to those 545 people. When you fully grasp the plain truth that 545 people exercise the power of the federal government, then it must follow that what exists is what they want to exist.

If the tax code is unfair, it's because they want it unfair.

If the budget is in the red, it's because they want it in the red.

If the Army & Marines are in Iraq and Afghanistan it's because they want them in Iraq and Afghanistan.

If they do not receive social security but are on an elite retirement plan not available to the people, it's because they want it that way.

There are no insoluble government problems.

Do not let these 545 people shift the blame to bureaucrats, whom they hire and whose jobs they can abolish; to lobbyists, whose gifts and advice they can reject; to regulators, to whom they give the power to regulate and from whom they can take this power. Above all, do not let them con you into the belief that there exists disembodied mystical forces like "the economy," "inflation," or "politics" that prevent them from doing what they take an oath to do.

Those 545 people, and they alone, are responsible.

They, and they alone, have the power.

Accounts Receivable Tax

Building Permit Tax
CDL license Tax
Cigarette Tax
Corporate Income Tax
Dog License Tax
Excise Taxes
Federal Income Tax
Federal Unemployment Tax (FUTA)
Fishing License Tax
Food License Tax
Fuel Permit Tax
Gasoline Tax (currently 44.75 cents per gallon)
Gross Receipts Tax
Hunting License Tax
Inheritance Tax
Inventory Tax
IRS Interest Charges IRS Penalties (tax on top of tax)
Liquor Tax
Luxury Taxes
Marriage License Tax
Medicare Tax
Personal Property Tax
Property Tax
Real Estate Tax
Service Charge Tax
Social Security Tax
Road Usage Tax
Recreational Vehicle Tax
Sales Tax
School Tax
State Income Tax
State Unemployment Tax (SUTA)
Telephone Federal Excise Tax
Telephone Federal Universal Service Fee Tax
Telephone Federal, State and Local Surcharge Taxes
Telephone Minimum Usage Surcharge Tax
Telephone Recurring and Nonrecurring Charges Tax
Telephone State and Local Tax
Telephone Usage Charge Tax
Utility Taxes

Vehicle License Registration Tax
Vehicle Sales Tax
Watercraft Registration Tax
Well Permit Tax
Workers Compensation Tax

Not one of these taxes existed 100 years ago, & our nation was the most prosperous in the world.

We had absolutely no national debt, had the largest middle class in the world, and Mom , if agreed, stayed home to raise the kids.

What in the heck happened? Can you spell 'politicians?'

I hope this goes around THE USA and the world at least 545 times!!! YOU can help it get there!!!

[Psalm 1:1](#)

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

[Proverbs 29:2](#)

When the **righteous** are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth **rule**, the people mourn.

July 2

[New Heart](#)

This is a real life story

In 1979 we moved on to a farm just seven miles west of the city my parents lived in and right across the road from the farm my wife was born and raised at. It was a bare quarter, so we had to build fences, buildings, drill a water well and my dad who was 70 drove out the seven miles to help me, as often as he could.

My dad never professed Christianity till the summer of 1971, when he drove up to Edmonton, where we lived at the time. And told us that the night before, he went out to his garage and knelt down by his table saw and ask Jesus to forgive him and live within his heart. He said he felt so clean and so new, that he had to drive up and tell us personally, instead of just phoning.

Well, you talk about rejoicing, my wife and I were ecstatic.

My mom was always the bible teacher in our house and though dad was raised a Lutheran, he did not know Jesus personally till 1971, he had lots of head knowledge but no heart knowledge. He used to tell me all the time that the bible said God would give us three score and ten years, in other words we would live to see Seventy years. Well, Dad turned 70 on Dec 1/79, and in the late spring of 1980 we got a phone call in the early evening, that dad had had a massive heart attack and was in the hospital and they didn't expect him to make the night. It didn't take us long to drive the seven miles and when we walked into the emergency department, all I seen was an unconscious dad all wired up to machines. I loved my dad very much, and all I could think of was claim a new heart. (Now back then I hadn't heard yet of God replacing body parts nor was that my idea) They just said his heart was wore out and he wouldn't live till morning, so I grabbed his hand and said out loud, in Jesus name, I claim this old wore out heart becomes knew and functions like God has ordained and that all body functions will work normal. I felt so assured and peaceful that I told the nurses and everybody there that he was OK and just needed a good nights rest. So we went home; in the morning all his vital signs were perfectly normal. He was up talking and joking and the medical profession was beside themselves. He kept saying, "There is nothing wrong with me, so let me go home". They kept him there till noon and they finally said, "There ain't nothing wrong with you, so you may as well go home".

Dad smoked all his life, so he then come down with emphysema, and Satan had a field day with me. He said to me, see if you wouldn't of been thinking of yourself, he would have died and would be at peace now instead of suffering. Like a dummy, I bought into that lie for a few years. But Satan always overplays his hand, the clincher to that was that dad ended up having lung cancer and died in 1985. We were called into the auxiliary hospital where he was, they said he had but a short time so my mom, my wife and I went in and sang choruses to him. He wasn't a singer but loved to listen, he wasn't coherent but rested very peaceably as we sang praises unto the Lord. The nurse came in different times and would say in his ear, "Herman just let go,"

then she would say to us, "His heart is so strong, it just won't quite."

Satan said see you claimed a new heart and now it won't quit. To this I finally clued in and said Satan you're a liar so get out, the testimony alone to the medical world was worth it and the years and the times we had together was well worth it.

For five years I wouldn't pray for a miracle because of listening to Satan, but praise God after I clued in to his lies, I have seen several heart attack victims, baffle the medical world and the unbelievers that there is a living God.

Bro. Ken

....just passing it on.....

Muslims

I have been wrestling with this "concept" since Trump advocated holding up Muslim immigration. The Pious attitude about discriminating against a religion weighs heavily on me.

However Ben Carson, a deep thinker, has put what may well be the Real issue. Muslim is not only a "Religion but a Civic order". The Civic order outweighs the Religious aspect of the issue.

Take a minute to read Carson's logic. It might hit you as it did to me.

I don't think naïve Americans really understand who they voted for or who he really is or what this so called religion is all about.

Subject: Fwd: Muslims explained by Ben Carson

This is what Ben Carson said about Muslims. After reading this, ask yourself why any Christian country would open their doors to large groups of Muslims. It is a fool's game. I want adults and children to understand this regarding MUSLIMS

CAN MUSLIMS BE GOOD AMERICANS?

This is very interesting and we all need to read it from start to finish. And send it on to everyone. Maybe this is why our American Muslims are so quiet and not speaking out about any atrocities.

Can a good Muslim be a good American?

Theologically - no. Because his allegiance is too Allah, The moon god of Arabia.

Religiously - no. Because no other religion is accepted by his Allah except Islam.

(Quran,2:256) (Koran)

Scripturally - no. Because his allegiance is to the five Pillars of Islam and the Quran.

Geographically - no. Because his allegiance is too Mecca, to which he turns in prayer five times a day.

Socially - no. Because his allegiance to Islam forbids him to make friends with Christians or Jews.

Politically - no. Because he must submit to the mullahs (spiritual leaders), who teach annihilation of

Israel and destruction of America, the great Satan.

Domestically - no. Because he is instructed to marry four women and beat and scourge his wife when she disobeys him. (Quran 4:34)

Intellectually - no. Because he cannot accept the American Constitution since it is based on Biblical

principles and he believes the Bible to be corrupt.

Philosophically - no. Because Islam, Muhammad, and the Quran do not allow freedom of religion and expression.

Democracy and Islam cannot co-exist. Every Muslim government is either dictatorial or autocratic.

Spiritually - no. Because when we declare 'one nation under God,' The Christian's God is loving and kind, while Allah is NEVER referred to as Heavenly father, nor is he ever called love in the Quran's 99 excellent names.

Therefore, after much study and deliberation...Perhaps we should be very suspicious of ALL MUSLIMS in this country. They obviously cannot be both 'good' Muslims and 'good' Americans. Call it what you wish, it's still the truth. You had better believe it. The more who understand this, the better it will be for our country and our future.

The religious war is bigger than we know or understand!

Footnote:

The Muslims have said they will destroy us from within. SO FREEDOM IS NOT FREE. The Military wants this message to roll all over the U.S. and around the world.

[John 8:32](#)

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

July 16

Do unto others.....

I was walking around Walmart doing some shopping when I saw the cashier talking to a boy who was about 5 or 6 years old. The cashier said, I'm sorry son but you don't have enough money to buy this doll. Then the little boy turned to the cashier and asked; are you sure? The cashier counted the money again and replied; you know you don't have enough money to buy this doll my dear. The little boy was still holding the doll in his hand.

Finally I walked toward him and I asked him who he wished to give this doll too. It's the doll that my sister loved most and wanted so much and I wanted to give it to her for her birthday. I have to give the doll to my mommy so that she can give it to my sister when she goes there. His eyes were so sad while saying this; my sister has gone to be with God....Daddy says that mommy is going to see God very soon too so I thought that she could take the doll with her to give to my sister.

My heart nearly stopped! The little boy looked up at me and said; I told daddy to tell mommy not to go yet until I come back from the mall. Then he showed me a picture of him where he was laughing and told me I want mommy to take this picture with her so my sister won't forget me. I love my mommy and I wish she doesn't have to leave me but daddy says that she has to go to be with my little sister.

Then he looked again at the doll with sad eyes very quietly. I quickly reached into my wallet and said to the boy; suppose we check again just in case you do have enough for the doll.

OK he said I sure hope I have enough. I added some of my money to his without him seeing and we started to count it and there was enough for the doll and even some left over.

The little boy said; thank you God for giving me enough money. Then he looked at me and added I asked last night before I went to sleep for God to make sure I had enough money to buy this doll so that mommy could give it to my sister and I also wanted to buy a white rose for my mommy but I didn't dare ask God for too much but he gave me enough to buy the doll and a white rose, mommy loves white roses.

I finished my shopping in a totally different stated from when I started as I couldn't get the little boy out of my thoughts. Then I remembered a news article about two days ago which mentioned a drunk driver who hit a car occupied by a young woman and a little

girl. The little girl died right away and the mother was in critical condition. The family had to decide whether to pull the plug on the life sustaining machine because the young woman would not be able to recover from the coma. Was this the family of the little boy?

Two days after this encounter with the little boy I read in the newspapers that the young woman had passed away...I couldn't stop myself as I bought a bunch of white roses and I went to the funeral home where the boy of the young woman lay before her burial.

She was in her coffin holding a beautiful white rose in her hand, a photo of the little boy and the doll placed over her chest. I left the place teary eyed feeling that my life had been changed forever. The love that little boy had for his mother and sister is still to this day hard to imagine and in a fraction of a second a drunk driver had taken all this away.

The value of a person resides in what he or she gives not in what they are capable of receiving

Matt 7:12 Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.....commonly known as the Golden rule.

July 23

Good Shepherd..... Submitted by Waterloo

Once in awhile a ewe will give birth to a lamb and reject it., If the shepherd tries to return the lamb the mother might even kick the baby away. Once a ewe rejects of her lambs she will never change her mind.

These little lambs will hang their heads so low that it looks like something is wrong with their little necks, their spirit is broken.

These lambs are called 'bummer lambs' and unless the shepherd intervenes that little lamb will die rejected and alone.

The shepherd will take that rejected lamb into their home, hand feed it and keep it warm. They will wrap it up with

blankets and hold it to their chest so the little lamb can hear their heartbeat. Once the lamb is strong enough the shepherd will place it back in the field with the rest of the flock.

That sheep never forgets the shepherd's love and care when their mother rejected them. When the shepherd calls for the flock guess which sheep runs first? That sheep knows the shepherd's voice.

That bumper lamb isn't loved more, it just knows intimately the one who loves it. It trusts the shepherd because it has experienced love from the shepherd.

Many of us are bumper lambs, rejected and broken but Jesus is the Good Shepherd. He cares for our every need and holds us close to His heart so we can hear His heartbeat.

Our Savior, the Good Shepherd, will love us wherever we are with a love that passeth all understanding and will never leave us.

John 10:11 The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

I can totally relate to this as my dad was a sheep farmer and over the years of growing up, me and my sisters never had a shortage of pet lambs.

Bro Ken

July 30

Submitted by Waterloo

Luxury took on new dimensions when Saudi billionaire Prince Al Waleed Bin Talal signed a deal to buy the world's first and largest privately owned Airbus 380 aircraft. Prince Waleed, billed as the 13th richest person in the world, emerged from his personal 747 to purchase the new A-380. The end-to-end double-decker behemoth has twice the space of the 747. The Saudi Arabian business tycoon plans to have the corporate jet converted into a virtual "flying palace" with private suites, board room, theater, and much more. It incorporates all of the most modern amenities to ensure maximum comfort and luxury. In keeping with the Middle Eastern custom, the design is expected to create separate living areas within the aircraft for men, women, and staff. The deal is valued at \$319 million before any of the customizing interior work is done.

Al Waleed already owns a 282-foot yacht called the Kingdom 5KR, which he bought from Donald Trump for \$40 million. He has ordered a 550-foot yacht worth \$500 million and will name it New Kingdom 5KR. He travels between his private jets and yachts by driving one of his 38 cars. The most recent automobile the Saudi prince purchased is a totally diamond-clad Mercedes SL550. This bejeweled car is worth a whopping \$4.8 million! If you can't afford to put this on your shopping list, don't worry. The prince will allow admirers to touch the royal car for a mere \$1,000 per person. Prince Al Waleed Bin Talal is founder, CEO, and 95 percent owner of Kingdom Holding Company, and

in 2012 his personal wealth was estimated at \$18 billion. The Arabian Business magazine places him as the most influential Arab in the entire world. He is sometimes called the "Arabian Warren Buffet." He has invested in Citibank, Citicorp, AOL, Apple Inc., MCI Inc., Motorola, Fox News, the Four Seasons hotel chain, the Plaza Hotel in New York, and even Euro Disney.

When someone asked Jesus to be an arbitrator in an inheritance dispute, Christ warned him about the trappings of desiring wealth. He then told a story about a rich man who felt secure in his wealth and did not know he would soon lose his life. "Fool! This night your soul will be required of you; then whose will those things be which you have provided?" (Luke 12:20). Christ admonishes, "So is he who lays up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God" (verse 21). Investing in God's "Kingdom" is the best thing you can do with your wealth!

[Matthew 16:26](#)

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and **lose his own soul**? or what shall a man give in exchange for **his soul**?

June 1

I have been corrected by the Lord, for not sharing some of the things he has shared with me.

Faith is voice activated, Romans 10:10, Romans 10:17, Romans 1:17, Romans 3:27, 2 Corinthians 5:7 these are just a few scriptures of how faith is activated.

When God shows you something, he expects you to share it, IF NOT he will tell you. The reason we don't share it is there are so many Christians that go by there five natural senses, TASTE, HEAR, SMELL, SEE, & TOUCH. And they totally ignore the other two, COMMON sense, and most important of all, the sense of the HOLY SPIRIT.

Anyway, it is not up to us, whether or not they believe our report or not (God calls that judging), it is their choice.

June 11

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 79 years.

Bro. Ken

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

June 18

Date: February 20, 2014 10:28:21 PM MST **To:** "Bro. Ken"
<broken_r@telus.net> **Subject: Prayer Request**

Mr 10:14* **But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.** This prayer request just came in for little Aria, it is Gods will that ALL be well. Please agree with us and claim that our precious Lord will give little Aria a new heart or completely heal hers and give the family inner peace. I believe it is already done in Jesus name.

Bro. Ken

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REQUEST

Dear friends. Can we please ask for your prayer support for our brand new granddaughter. Aria Joy Nutt arrived to proud parents Dallas and Renee on Feb 5th. This Sunday her parents took her after church to the Gray Nuns Hospital as she appeared to have trouble breathing. She is presently at the Edmonton's Stollery Hospital. She is need of a major heart surgery to repair two major issues and two minor issues. Please pray for Gods intervention and we remain believing that God WILL heal her We Give God the Glory!

*Thank you for Lifting Aria Joy up to the Lord!
Blessings*

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Date: February 23, 2014 10:44:48 PM MST **Subject: A praise reports-baby Aria.**

This is for little Aria that we ask God to repair her heart ! Praise God.... Just read
Bro Ken

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Dear Friends. . It has been a long long week. But God is Good. People around the world prayed asking God for a healing touch. The doctors told us we would be told on This last Friday (February 21)the day Aria would have the surgery. On Thursday night she opened her eyes when her daddy was holding her. Friday she opened her eyes for her mom and had a very good day . Doctors told Rene she was doing so well her surgery would not be Sat or Mon but was scheduled for Wed 26. They also said her surgery could be bumped if some body else was more critical than her. Early sat morning (Dallas was at the hospital already) the surgeon walked in and said they had room for one more surgery and Aria could have her surgery. He wanted to do another chest echo. All along the doctors were preparing to do 2 major and 3 minor repairs to Arias heart. A long surgery and long recovery was anticipated . As the team of doctors reviewed the echo scan one last time they saw that issue was growing , healing the hole that we're prepared to fix. They also saw that her heart (left side) was now Pumping much stronger and thus was causing the arch valve to increase in size. These two things would have been the major repairs for the Doctors . At 1:18 pm

Dallas texted us that the baby was in surgery at that time. The surgery was considered minor , low risk and away from her heart . It was not open heart , and no blood transfusion required ,and no by pass required, and her parents could possibly take her home in 5-8 days. GOD HEALED ARIA'S HEART! To him we give the GLORY!

The surgery went well with no bleeding and aprox 3 hours later they were able to sit in the PIC Unit with there little girl . We want to thank you all for lifting Aria up to The Lord and we rejoice in the miracle that her has bestowed upon Aria Joy. God Bless you all and once again Thank you for praying.
Sue

This is just one of Gods many many miracle answers to the many prayer requests we receive.

Bro. Ken

June 25

[My Crusaders testimony](#)

We started attending a little Pentecostal church on the far East side of Edmonton, because we lived on an acreage seven miles east of there. This was the spring of 1974 and the P. O. A. C. started up an outreach for kids. For girls they called them Misionnetes and the boys, the crusaders, this was to be run along the line of boys & girls Scouts. The uniforms were navy blue pants & skirts with a light blue shirt with lapels on the shoulders, they also wore a light yellow sash to sew their achievement badges too. There were badges for almost everything, attendance, completing crafts, participation and so on, these were not hard tasks, but to help build self esteem and character.

Some of these badges, I created by the directions of the Holy Spirit, after the pastor called me aside and said, "Since you are bringing your kids, why don't you help me out and be the Commander of the Beverly Pentecostal Crusader," I told him I wouldn't commit to anything until I talked it over with the Lord first. He agreed whole heartedly, he was about 20 years my senior but our spirits were one.

I conferred with the Lord and he reminded me of what he had told me some years ago when the denominational churches were debating and arguing about bringing in

Rock-N-Roll into the church so they could keep the young people.

At that time, he told me that religion was trying to bring Gods standards DOWN to man, instead of lifting their standards UP to God, if they would just trust me, I am the one that draws people, not man and all the gimmicks of the devil.

If I would let him lead, and not compromise, he would show bless and show how HE draws people to him. So I told Magnus, the pastor that I would be his Commander, IF the Holy Spirit could be my guide and not the P. O. A. C. To which he said, I wouldn't have it any other way. I had never done anything like this before and had no confidence in myself, but I had lots of confidence in the Lord. The first thing he told me was to start with prayer and a short devotional, to which we did. At the end of my few minute devotional, I said, "All right I

want a volunteer for next weeks five to ten minute testimony or devotional. This Crusaders is for you, but we want to be blessed with you, and I know that God has blessed you, or showed you something or protected you in some way and we want to be blessed just hearing about it."

We only started out with six boys and we had two helpers to teach crafts , etc.

Before we dismissed, I said, I still need a volunteer for next weeks devotional --- dead silence, finally a 14 year old boy (Bruce) said he would, so I prayed that God would give him the words to say and the peace to share it. I also shared with them that if your scared to preach or don't know how, all preaching is, is telling the truth and things that you know

Next week, the kids all sat there in anticipation, waiting to see what Bruce had to share.

Bruce had a 7 minute testimony and we were all blessed, he shared that everything came out so easy, it was as if someone else was speaking and all he was doing was listening.

When I ask for a volunteer for next week, two hands went up and for the next two and a half years I was there, we never lacked a volunteer. It was only a few weeks and the group doubled in size. Pastor Magnus and I decided that every second month, we would have an awards Sunday where we would hand out the badges that were achieved, this was done up front. It was quite impressive as I had felt the lord say run it like as when you were in the Air Cadets when I was a kid, so I did, with the saluting & marching, as I said, it was impressing. Seeing I was their Commander, Pastor Magnus said, "You also have to preach the message."

When word from the kids got around as to how much they enjoyed the awards, the outing we had and them having the devotional time we doubled again. Now most of these kids were from churchless families and every Awards Sunday they would invite their family to attend and see them receive their badges. Now many of these people enjoyed the fellowship and because their children were excited they continued coming. It wasn't long before the church knew they needed a bigger facility.

I have been acquainted with several church expansions and this is the only one that I never heard anybody complain or murmur, It was like the first church, THEY WERE ALL OF ONE ACCORD.

This little church building that you could maybe cram in 100 people, built a new church that you could seat 700 comfortably. With no church splits nor turmoil of any kind.

In 1974 we started with six boys, a full congregation of about 70, I had my last awards Sunday in November 1977 IN the new church and it was almost full. You see, to my knowledge this is the only Crusader & Misionnetes group with this testimony, the POAC had their curriculum and we followed the Holy Spirit.

The reason I had to quit was because the Lord had us start a church in Fort Saskatchewan in 1976 and I was being spread too thin.

Bro, Ken

C

THE EAGLE

This is the kind of story you need when it seems like the world is spiraling out of control. Not many people get a picture of this proud bird snuggled up next to them!

Freedom and Jeff

Freedom and I have been together 11 years this summer. She came in as a baby in 1998 with two broken wings. Her left wing doesn't open all the way even after surgery, it was broken in 4 places.



She's my baby.

When Freedom came in, she could not stand and both wings were broken. She was emaciated and covered in lice.

We made the decision to give her a chance at life, so I took her to the vet's office. From then on, I was always around her.

We had her in a huge dog carrier with the top off, and it was loaded up with shredded newspaper for her to lay in. I used to sit and talk to her, urging her to live, to fight and she would lay there looking at me with those big brown eyes. We also had to tube feed her for weeks.

This went on for 4-6 weeks, and by then she still couldn't stand. It got to the point where the decision was made to euthanize her if she couldn't stand in a week.

You know you don't want to cross that line between torture and rehab, and it looked like death.

She was going to be put down that Friday, and I was supposed to come in on that Thursday afternoon.. I didn't want to go to the center that Thursday, because I couldn't bear the thought of her being euthanized; but I went anyway, and when I walked in everyone was grinning from ear to ear.

I went immediately back to her cage; and there she was, standing on her own, a big beautiful eagle. She was ready to live. I was just about in tears by then. That was a

very good day. We knew she could never fly, so the director asked me to glove train her.

I got her used to the glove, and then to jesses, and we started doing education programs for schools in western Washington.

We wound up in the newspapers, radio (believe it or not) and some TV. Miracle Pets even did a show about us.

In the spring of 2000, I was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. I had stage 3, which is not good (one major organ plus everywhere), so I wound up doing 8 months of chemo. Lost the hair - the whole bit. I missed a lot of work.

When I felt good enough, I would go to Sarvey and take Freedom out for walks. Freedom would also come to me in my dreams and help me fight

the cancer. This happened time and time again.

Fast forward to November 2000. The day after Thanksgiving, I went in for my checkup. I was told that if the cancer was not all gone after 8 rounds of chemo, then my last option was a stem cell transplant.

Anyway, they did the tests; and I had to come back on Monday for the results. I went in Monday, and I was told that all the cancer was gone.

So, the first thing I did was get up to Sarvey and take the big girl out for a walk. It was misty and cold. I went to her flight and jessed her up, and we went out front to the top of the hill.

I hadn't said a word to Freedom, but somehow, she knew. She looked at me and wrapped both her wings around me to where I could feel them pressing in on my back (I was engulfed in eagle wings), and she touched my nose with her beak and stared into my eyes, and we just stood there like that for I don't know how long.

That was a magic moment.. We have been soul mates ever since we came in. This is

a very special bird.

On a side note: I have had people who were sick come up to us when we are out, and Freedom has some kind of hold on them.

I once had a guy who was terminal come up to us and I let him hold her. His knees just about buckled and he swore he could feel her power course through his body. I have so many stories like that.

I never forget the honor I have of being so close to such a magnificent spirit as Freedom!! Hope you enjoyed

[Proverbs 23:7](#)

For as he **thinketh** in his heart, so is he

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May/14

Spider and the fly.....

Submitted by Waterloo

Once a spider built a beautiful web in an old house and he kept it clean and shiny so that flies would visit it. The minute he got a 'customer' he would clean up after him so the other flies would not get suspicious.

Then one day this fairly intelligent fly came buzzing by the clean spider web and old man spider called out. Come in and sit, but the fairly intelligent fly said, no sir, I don't see other flies in your house and I'm not going in alone.

Presently the fly saw on the floor below him a large crowd of flies dancing around on a piece of brown paper and he was delighted! He was not afraid if lots of flies were doing it so he came in for a landing.

Just before he landed a bee zoomed by saying, don't land there stupid that's fly paper, but the fairly intelligent fly shouted back, don't be silly, those flies are dancing and there's a big crowd there, everybody is doing it and that many flies can't be wrong.....

Well you know what happened he died on the brown dancing paper!!!

Some of us want to be in the 'in' crowd so badly we end up in a mess because we didn't listen or search out a situation.

We can't believe what we hear on social media or even read and not everything we see either but we are to check things out to see if they are from God. Too many just follow the crowd and only find out later when it's too late.

It's like the frog in boiling water.....if you put him in boiling

water he will jump out but if you put him in cool water and then turn up the heat slowly he will stay in the water until he is boiled to death. We are to be conscious of what we hear, say and do in all things so that the Word of God leads us in everything.

Do You follow the crowd, live common law, tattoos, piercings and all sorts of ungodly things, and eventually the mark of the beast?

[Matthew 7:13](#)

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

Or Do You think for Yourself.

[Matthew 7:14](#)

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

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May/21

Ruth went to her mail box and there was only one letter. She picked it up and looked at it before opening, but then she looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter:

Dear Ruth,

I'm going to be in your neighborhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a

visit.

Love Always,

Jesus

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer."

With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets. "Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner." She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. Five dollars and forty cents.

"Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least." She threw on her coat and hurried out the door. A loaf of French bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leaving Ruth with grand total of twelve cents to last her until Monday. Nonetheless, she felt good as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm.

"Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags. "Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kinda hungry and, well, if you could help us, lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and, frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to.

"Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, okay lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley. As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart.

"Sir, wait!" The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them.

"Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out something else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag.

"Thank you lady. Thank you very much!"

"Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering.

"You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one." Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders.

Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street...without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest.

"Thank you lady! Thank you very much!"

Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried too.

The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled

through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox.

"That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it.

Dear Ruth,

It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal And thank you, too, for the beautiful coat.

Love Always

Jesus

The air was still cold, but even without her coat, Ruth no longer noticed.

[Matthew 25:40](#)

And the King shall answer and say **unto** them, Verily I say **unto you**, Inasmuch as ye **have done it unto** one of the least of these my brethren, ye **have done it unto me**.

=====

Ma 28

The Pickle Jar

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on

the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom.

When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar.

They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production.

Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. "Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me.

This old mill town's not going to hold you back."

Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. "These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me."

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping

for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. "When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again." He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. "You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters," he said. "But you'll get there; I'll see to that."

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.

To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me.

"When you finish college, Son," he told me, his eyes glistening, "you'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to."

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that

the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words: he never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done.

When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms.

"She probably needs to be changed," she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her.

When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes. She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room.

"Look," she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if

it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins.

I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar.

I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for GOOD in others.

The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart ~ Helen Keller

[Proverbs 10:6/7](#)

Blessings are upon the head of the just: but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked. The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot.



April, 2023

Testimony of Lynn Kupchanko, Edmonton, AB

In the past two years God has performed two miracles in my life. On January 7, 1971, I decided to go to the Edmonton Revival Centre and see what the services were like there. I was an atheist, severely bound by Satan's power. My life was a story of sin, misery, and sickness. And I was haunted by a terrible fear of death!

That night Pastor Solbrekken preached by divine revelation titled, 'The Family Home'. It was as though he was telling my life story. I could see myself in every line of that sermon. For days and days, I thought about it and marvelled, and an urge grew within me to go back again. I had one Sunday a month off at work, so I went back in February. This time the message was about the Love of God and Jesus' death on Calvary. I started to think of reasons it couldn't be possible when suddenly a very forceful thought came upon me. I realize now that it was the voice of the Holy Spirit.

He said to me, "Do you remember the message of the Family Home?" "Yes" I replied, "How could I ever forget it?" Then God said, "This is the same Pastor and the same Holy Bible, and you had better believe this message. It is for you also!" That night I left the Church feeling so sinful that all I could think about for the next month was of all the wrong I had done in my life.

Then, on March 7, 1971, I received the first and most precious miracle of my life. I was born again by the Spirit of God and His Word. Oh Hallelujah! Thank you, Jesus! Pastor Solbrekken preached about the Judgment Day when everyone that has been born will stand before God and give an account of his life. As I listened to that I began to tremble and shake for fear. When the altar call was given, I hesitated but then the pastor said, "There are ten people who should come, and you know that God is calling you. There is one person receiving the last call and if you walk out that door without your sins forgiven today you will go to that same hell I just preached about." I made up my mind right then and went forward.

GOD SAW MY TEARS & HEARD MY CRY!

As I reached the altar, I broke down crying hard, I didn't really know how to reach God and I was crying too hard to talk. In my mind I cried out and said, "O Jesus, if you are real then here I am. Come and do something to help me." As my past life of sin kept unfolding like a giant scroll, I wanted so desperately to say, "God forgive me," but no words would come – just tears. After about an hour someone laid their hand on my shoulder and said, "Even if you can't talk to God, He knows what every tear has meant." At that moment I felt the pressure ease and the burden which felt like a heavy weight on my shoulders started to lift. A feeling of relief which is impossible to describe, filled my whole being. The guilt of my past was gone, and I felt peace and joy well up inside. God had forgiven my sins and now Jesus was living in my spirit. Praise God forever!

It took several days before I began to realize fully what happened at the altar. I was bound by some terrible habits which had no more power over me since that day. I didn't have to struggle to try and quit doing them - the urge was gone and never returned. My own family didn't know the half of it. I was going to gambling halls regularly where they play cards for money and dance and carouse. I used filthy language and enjoyed dirty stories. These habits were broken completely.

When I was converted, I had been given sick leave from Chemcel. I was on the verge of another nervous breakdown. My friends from there were supposed to come to my home for a party on

their next long weekend. I had purchased several bottles of whiskey and gin and I was waiting for my next sick pay cheque to get the beer and champagne. Then I met Jesus!

When I got home from church on Sunday the first thing that faced me was all those bottles of liquor. I felt condemned just looking at them. I was going to give them to my sister-in-law when God checked me. He said, "You don't want to help her enslave her in such a terrible habit as that." Then, I thought of pouring it down the sink but a waste of money! I didn't want my husband to have it, so what should I do? Next day I phoned up the Liquor Store and asked if they would take unopened bottles. Then I decided to go one step further and just go down there with the whole works of it, so I hung up and was on my way.

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Apr 9

#4 April 2012 No Coincidence

Hi

I just thought I should share a miracle that happened in my life the other day. It has to do with listening, and acting upon the uncton you hear in your spirit. (A little background first)

I got my income tax cheque back and deposited in my account, which had \$40.00 in it until payday.

I went to a store and bought a few things totaling \$38.00 and I paid for it on my debit card which I usually do. I very rarely carry more than \$10.00 cash on me.

I decided for no particular reason to go to WalMart and see what I could find, not out of necessity but because I could! I slowly added "stuff" to my cart, but I wasn't feeling well and had to use the washroom (which is very unusual). I puttered here and there, which also is unusual for me as I like to shop quickly. I had a couple more items then the allowable for the express line, so I stopped at the first checkout line I saw, I usually look for the shortest line, but today I didn't. There was a lady ahead of me with a full cart, a toddler and another on the way. "I thought this might take some time", but I remained in line. Another check out opened up beside me and the gal asked me if I wanted to go first in line, I declined her offer (how unusual) and the person behind me went.

I stood in line for another 10 minutes, smiling and playing "peek" with the toddler in the cart ahead of me. When it was time for the lady to pay for her purchases, she was \$10 short for her phone card, and was about to return a couple boxes of cereal. I had this very strong impression that I should pay for her phone card. So I did, with the \$10 cash I had on me, The lady thanked me profusely. Now when it came time for me to pay my purchases, I swiped my debit card and it was "declined". "WHAT"? I just deposited my cheque! I was embarrassed as I had to leave my cart of goodies there and I had to find out why I was declined. As I sat in my car, thinking wrongfully that I had just wasted a whole hour of my time and was totally embarrassed to boot, a very loud thought entered my head. The thought was ----."HOW

COME YOU CALL MY BIDDING A WASTE OF TIME" You know you really didn't need anything, yet you went to the store, took your time, was guided to use the washroom which you never do, spent more time then you ever do just gawking around, found the long line you were supposed to be in, declined an easier line, and had the exact amount of money that you were supposed to spend at the store! YOU DID WHAT I MEANT FOR YOU TO DO!

So I thanked the Lord, praised His name, and went home to do more of His Perfect Will. (Oh ya, the bank said they always hold cheques for one business day when they are deposited at the ATM)

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Apr 16

Part two of Lynn's Testimony

I WENT TO MAX SOLBREKKEN'S CHURCH & GOT SAVED!

I went to the one closest to home. I walked up to the counter and asked the man if he would take it back. 'Do you have a contract?' "No," I replied boldly, "but I went to Max Solbrekken's Church on Sunday and got saved and I don't need this stuff anymore. He smiled to himself and went to the manager and in less than five minutes I had every cent back. Next Sunday, I gave it all to God to help reach other lost souls like I was a few days earlier.

About one month after my conversion to Christ it was Easter. An American evangelist named Joe Poppel came to our church for one week of meetings. God had given him an outstanding healing ministry. You could see the miracle take place as he prayed and asked Jesus to do it. After a couple of meetings my faith was inspired and I was ready to believe God for my need. My back was injured when I was young when a cow ran at me and knocked me down. It would slip out of joint easily and the pain was almost unbearable then.

That went on about ten years or more. I went for prayer and explained my problem. He sat me on a chair and found that my back was out enough to make my leg appear 1 ¼ inches short. As he prayed and asked Jesus to put the bones into a normal place, a feeling like warm water covered me and I felt something happen and my leg came out to normal. My back has been healed ever since.

God healed my eyes that same night. I wore glasses steady for ten years and had just got a stronger lens with shaded glass to help cut down the sunlight. Even with stronger glasses, I couldn't read books because of the severe pain that developed between my eyes. Next day when I put my glasses on everything was blurred so I threw them in a dresser and have never put them on since. Sometime later I went to my eye specialist for an examination and to his amazement, my tests proved I had 20/20 vision. The doctor told me to keep going to church and doing what I had been doing, and to come back in a year for another examination.

Some days I sit for hours reading God's precious Word and studying it without a headache or any pain. God, in His great love and mercy saved my soul and healed me in less than a month! When I turned my back on the world and all of its sin and started to live for God the Bible way, all of my nervous disorders went away. I know it was sin that made me sick to begin with. Now I have Jesus as my Saviour and the past doesn't worry me because God buried my sins in the sea of His forgetfulness the day He forgave me!

The future no longer worries me because I know that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord Jesus. Death has never scared me since I made my peace with God! Just in the last six months God has healed me of asthma and kidney disorders. Now I am enjoying perfect health and rejoicing in the Lord more than ever.

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Apr 23

Rejoice.....

Submitted by Waterloo

One stormy night in 1910 a group of traveling musicians arrived at the city of Riga near the Baltic Sea to fulfill a concert engagement. The weather was so bad however that the conductor of the orchestra tried to persuade the manager of the hall to cancel the concert. He felt sure that no one would venture out on such a rainy night. The manager refused to cancel but he did agree that if not even one listener turned up the orchestra could leave early in order to catch the night boat bound for Finland.

When the musicians arrived at the concert hall they found only one person sitting in the audience....a stout old man who seemed to smile at everyone. Because of this one old man the musicians were forced to play the entire concert and were unable to leave early to catch the boat.

After the concert was over the old man continued sitting in his seat. Thinking he was asleep an usher nudged his shoulder and only then it was discovered that the old man was dead.

The musicians had played the entire concert for a dead man!!!

But in doing this they had actually saved their own lives for the boat they would have taken to Finland sank that very night with a complete loss of life!

I'm sure we've all had things happen to us that have either delayed or even canceled a trip or in something we had planned to do. We may never know that had we gone thru with our plans things may have worked out differently than what we expected.

The Bible tells us to rejoice in all things, even when we don't understand the why of them. Sometimes we need to let go and let God!!

1 Thess 5:16-18 rejoice always, pray continually and give thanks in everything

Apr 30

Why do gravestones face east?

Submitted by Waterloo

Today's cemeteries are composed of east facing tombstones that arise from the Judeo-Christian beliefs that when Jesus returns the departed will arise from the grave already facing His direction.

As the frontier settlers moved westward the need for graves became inevitable. The family burial ground on the family farm was the first of the frontier cemeteries. The local church cemetery came next and the east was determined by the sunrise.

The traditional Christian method of positioning the coffin was with the head to the west and feet to the east. The body was always placed face up. In Christianity the Bethlehem star came from the east and **in Matthew 24:27 it says as the lightning comes from the east so also will the coming of the Son of Man be.....so placing the body facing east will allow the dead in Christ to see the Second Coming of Jesus.**

In most cemeteries husbands are to the left of their wife. Many cemetery caretakers who claim couples are buried that way so that at the rapture when they rise out of the ground they will be standing as they were when married. That is the husband to the left of his wife, their heads are close to the headstones.

Most, not all, Christian denominations have church's facing east. The altar, Lord's table or Communion table are also on the east side of the church and many believe that the doors face towards the east because that is the direction of the rising sun, symbolizing the resurrection which we believe in.

In our modern age it is no longer required and sometimes impossible to build a church with the altar facing east due to other buildings in the area or other geographical reasons.

-9

Take a knee...

Written by Ted Nugent Submitted by Fred

Take a little trip to Valley Forge in January. Hold a musket ball in your fingers and imagine it piercing your flesh and breaking a bone or two. There won't be a doctor or trainer to assist you until after the battle, so just wait your turn. Take your cleats and socks off to get a real experience.

Then, take a knee on the beach in Normandy where man after American man stormed the beach, even as the one in front of him was shot to pieces, the very sea stained with American blood. The only blockers most had were the dead bodies in front of them, riddled with bullets from enemy fire.

Take a knee in the sweat soaked jungles of Vietnam. From Khe Sanh to Saigon, anywhere will do. Americans died in all those jungles. There was no playbook that told them what was next, but they knew what flag they represented. When they came home, they were protested as well, and spit on for reasons only cowards know.

Take another knee in the blood drenched sands of Fallujah in 110 degree heat. Wear your Kevlar helmet and battle dress. Your number won't be printed on it unless your number is up! You'll need to stay hydrated but there won't be anyone to squirt Gatorade into your mouth. You're on your own.

There are a lot of places to take a knee where Americans have given their lives all over the world. When you use the banner under which they fought as a source for your displeasure, you dishonor the memories of those who bled for the very freedoms you have. That's what the red stripes mean. It represents the blood of those who spilled a sea of it defending your liberty.

While you're on your knee, pray for those that came before you, not on a manicured lawn striped and printed with numbers to announce every inch of ground taken, but on nameless hills and bloodied beaches and sweltering forests and bitter cold mountains, every inch marked by an American life lost serving that flag you protest.

No cheerleaders, no announcers, no coaches, no fans, just American men and women, delivering the real fight against those who chose to harm us, blazing a path so you would have the right to "take a knee." You haven't

any inkling of what it took to get you where you are, but your "protest" is duly noted. Not only is it disgraceful to a nation of real heroes, it serves the purpose of pointing to your ingratitude for those who chose to defend you under that banner that will still wave long after your jersey is retired.

If you really feel the need to take a knee, come with me to church on Sunday and we'll both kneel before Almighty God. We'll thank Him for preserving this country for as long as He has. We'll beg forgiveness for our ingratitude for all He has provided us. We'll appeal to Him for understanding and wisdom. We'll pray for liberty and justice for all, because He is the one who provides those things. But there will be no protest. There will only be gratitude for His provision and a plea for His continued grace and mercy on the land of the free and the home of the brave. It goes like this, GOD BLESS AMERICA

[Psalm 43](#)

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. ...

mar12

Been around, but worth going again.

The folks who are getting the free stuff don't like
The folks who are paying for the free stuff, because
The folks who are paying for the free stuff can no longer
Afford to pay for both the free stuff and their own stuff.

And the folks who are paying for the free stuff

Want the **free stuff** to stop.

And the folks who are getting the **free stuff** want even more **Free stuff** on top of the **free stuff** they are already getting!

Now.. The people who are forcing the people who pay **For the free stuff** have told the people who are **RECEIVING The free stuff** that the people who are **PAYING for the Free stuff** are being mean, prejudiced, and racist.

So.. The people who are **GETTING the free stuff** have been convinced they need to hate the people who are paying for the **Free stuff** by the people who are forcing some people to pay for their **free stuff** and giving them the **free stuff** in the first place.

We have let the **free stuff** giving go on for so long that there are now more people getting **free stuff** than paying for the **Free stuff** .

Now understand this.

All great democracies have committed financial suicide somewhere **Between 200 and 250** years after being founded.

The reason?

The voters figured out they could vote themselves money

From the treasury by electing people who promised to give

Them money from the treasury in exchange for electing them.

The United States officially became a Republic in 1776, 246 years ago.

The number of people now getting **free stuff out numbers the people paying for the **free stuff**.**

Failure to change that spells the end of the United States as we know it.

A Nation of Sheep Breeds a Government of Wolves!

Galatians 6:7

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

mar 19

Trouble in Amen Corner....

It was a stylish congregation you could see they'd been around

And they had the biggest pipe organ of any church in town

But over in the Amen Corner of that church sat Brother Ayer

And he insisted every Sunday on singing in the choir

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his hearing and vocal chords

And nearly every Sunday he'd get behind and yes, he missed some words

Well the choir got so flustered that the church was told in fine

That Brother Ayer must stop his singing or the choir was going to resign

So the pastor appointed a committee I think it was three or four

And they got in their big fine cards and drove up to the brother Ayer's door

They found the choir's great trouble sittin' in an old arm chair

And the summer's golden sunbeams shone upon his snow white hair

mar 26

The last one will blow you away.

IRAQ - VERY INTERESTING - DID YOU KNOW?

1. The garden of Eden was in Iraq.
2. Mesopotamia, which is now Iraq, was the cradle of civilization!
3. Noah built the ark in Iraq.
4. The Tower of Babel was in Iraq.
5. Abraham was from Ur, which is in Southern Iraq!
6. Isaac's wife Rebekah is from Nahor, which is in Iraq.
7. Jacob met Rachel in Iraq.
8. Jonah preached in Nineveh - which is in Iraq.
9. Assyria, which is in Iraq, conquered the ten tribes of Israel.
10. Amos cried out in Iraq!

11. Babylon, which is in Iraq, destroyed Jerusalem.
12. Daniel was in the lion's den in Iraq!
13. The three Hebrew children were in the fire in Iraq (Jesus had been in Iraq also as the fourth person in the fiery furnace!)
14. Belshazzar, the King of Babylon saw the "writing on the wall" in Iraq.
15. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, carried the Jews captive into Iraq.
16. Ezekiel preached in Iraq.
17. The wise men were from Iraq.
18. Peter preached in Iraq.
19. The "Empire of Man" described in Revelation is called Babylon, which was a city Iraq!

And you have probably seen this one. Israel is the nation most often mentioned in the Bible. But do you know which nation is second? It is Iraq! However, that is not the name that is used in the Bible. The names used in the Bible are Babylon, Land of Shinar, and Mesopotamia. The word Mesopotamia means between the two rivers, more exactly between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers.

The name Iraq, means country with deep roots.

Indeed Iraq is a country with deep roots and is a very significant country in the Bible.

No other nation, except Israel, has more history and prophecy associated it than Iraq.

And also... This is something to think about! Since America is typically represented by an eagle. Saddam should have read up on his Muslim passages...

The following verse is from the Koran, (the Islamic Bible)

Koran (9:11) - For it is written that a son of Arabia would awaken a fearsome Eagle. The wrath of the

Eagle would be felt throughout the lands of Allah and lo, while some of the people trembled in despair

still more rejoiced; for the wrath of the Eagle cleansed the lands of Allah; and there was peace.

(Note the verse number!) HMMMMMMMM?! God Bless you all Amen !

THE SNARE IS BROKEN

AND WE ARE ESCAPED!

By Pastor Max Solbrekken, D.D.

“Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.” (Psalm 125: 7)

King David was distressed. He cried unto the Lord: **“I have gone astray like a lost sheep... In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me.”** (Ps.119: 176; 120: 1) He had sinned and asked God’s forgiveness!

He was worried as he looked up at the hills surrounding Jerusalem. He knew the ENEMY lurked up there in the hills! He asked: **“From whence cometh my help?”** (Ps.121: 1) In other words: “We are vulnerable. Who will help us?” Then faith rushed in and he cried out: **“My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.”**

He made this wise deduction: If God made the heaven and the earth, He also made the hills surrounding Jerusalem and He will protect us! And since the Lord neither slumbers nor sleeps He will stand guard over us while we are asleep!

Growing strong in faith, he declared: “The Lord shall PRESERVE thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.” (v. 8) David had changed his focus from searching the hills for his enemies, to looking far above his immediate trouble (in the hills) to the ONE who dwells in Heaven: **“Unto Thee will I lift up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens.”** (Ps.123: 1)

THIS IS AN ENLIGHTENING Revelation by Pastor Max, of what is the problem in the world today with climate change, crime, natural disasters and in general. EVIL.

All because people have chosen to trust MAN rather than GOD.

If we repent, God will intervene. He also enclosed this little story.....TRY IT !!!

During the US Civil War, a soldier had been severely wounded and was dying. He said to the Medic, "I'm afraid to die and I don't know how to pray. Doc, can you pray for me?" The Medic told the young man that he didn't know how to pray either, but that his mother had written a prayer for him just in case he might need it.

The dying soldier excitedly said, "Please read it to me, real slow. The Medic read, "Dear Lord, I believe you died for me on the cross and rose from the dead. Be merciful to me, a sinner.

Forgive all my sins and come into my heart. In Jesus' name, Amen . Then the young soldier smiled and said, "It works, Doc, It works"! And he took his last breath!

Feb 12

Power of Choice

Submitted by Waterloo

Power of choice is that you can be a duck or an eagle. If you get up in the morning expecting to have a bad day you'll rarely disappoint yourself. Stop complaining.....don't be a duck, be an eagle!

Ducks quack and complain all the time so decide to change your attitude and become an eagle. Look around at all the others to see how they are doing in business, marriage and in general and they and everyone around them seem unhappy and they have very few friends so make a change and see it pay off! Your business will pick up, your family will be happier and you'll have more friends than you ever

thought all because you quit quacking like a duck and started soaring like an eagle.

Every time someone comes to you complaining you can choose to accept their complaining or you can point out the positive side of life....choose the positive side every time. Life is about choices and when you cut away the junk, every situation is a choice and you can choose how you want to react. You also choose how people affect your mood, it's your choice how you live your life!

We all face moments where we must choose between one thing or another and some are win-win while others may be a win-lose choice and it's important to say that choosing sometimes isn't easy. Sometimes there are several things going on at the same day or time and we have to choose which one to attend so we need to think before we act. But a good positive attitude is everything to live life freely and helps us to make good choices

Matt 6:34 tells us not to worry about tomorrow for tomorrow will take care of itself!

After all today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday!

Feb 19

A poem by Evelyn D. Putnam

ARMS OF JESUS

He opens His arms to hold us close to Himself.

He waits for us to accept His invitation.

He wants to give us comfort and strength

Without limit or reservation.

He knows all about our loneliness.

He reaches out to dry each tear.

He feels the pain we are bearing.

He is ready to take all fear.

His arms are strong, but tender.
He can feel the beat of our heart.
He is fully aware of every need.
He has been with us from the start.

May we just yield to His calling,
To live in His tender care.
He is mindful of all that happens
And is just waiting for our prayer.

[Ephesians 2:4](#)

But **God**, who **is** rich in mercy, for his great **love**
wherewith he **loved** us,

Feb/26

Younger Generation..... Submitted by Waterloo

Most of us remember the past however the younger generation has been so spoiled by the goodness of living that they have no idea what is coming!

They are about to see why our parents/grandparents drove cars until the wheels fell off and why it was typical to have one car per family.

The young newlyweds weren't automatically entitled to a fully furnished house or a lavish wedding. Do you remember when a wedding reception typically occurred in the fellowship hall of the church? A honeymoon might include a night at a hotel or if they were really lucky they might get a weekend in Banff or Jasper.

There weren't restaurants on every corner because people only rarely ate out, they cooked every meal at home, or packed a lunch for the road. And there were never wasted leftovers! Picky eaters?? You either ate what your Mom cooked or you did without and no one cared. We were about to rediscover potato patties, soup, hash, baking powder biscuits, rice pudding, cornbread in milk and bread with gravy. No food was wasted.

People had few outfits and hand me downs were common. You had church clothes, school clothes and chore/play clothes and you took care of those clothes. Holes were mended and it didn't matter if you liked the clothes or not you wore what you had.

And people didn't snack or eat all day long either and were rarely overweight because they didn't have an unlimited supply of food at their fingertips. Water came out of the faucet or water hose and cold water came from a water jug that was kept in the fridge. People weren't being constantly entertained and kids played outside and made up games with their imaginations. No fancy vacations either as there was no money for all these extras that we consider rights! Maybe people will finally wake up and realize that it is a privilege to be Canadian and live in Alberta and feel gratitude and quit being such entitled whiney babies. People shed their blood and died to give us this life and we are starting to prove that we don't deserve it.

1 Thessalonians 5:18 In everything give thanks for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

C

Jan 8

Jerusalem Prayer Team wrote:

Author Unknown

Ronald Wilson Reagan was laid to rest last Friday, June 11, 2004, on the grounds of the Reagan Presidential Library in Semi Valley, California. I wanted to share a few more thoughts on our 40th President with you.

Ronald Reagan, A Born-Again President

In 1979, I had the privilege of serving on the executive committee of the two largest evangelical organizations in America that were attempting to unite the nation around traditional family values - The American Coalition for Traditional Values (founded by Dr. Tim LaHaye, and working with 220,000 churches), and Washington for Jesus (which held the largest rallies in the nation with more than 600,000 people in attendance in Washington, D.C.)

Members of both organizations were praying for change in America, based on II Chronicles 7:14. Christians in America were very disillusioned with a born-again President, Jimmy Carter, and were believing that a born-again governor by the name of Ronald Reagan would become the President of the United States.

Shortly after the Inauguration, I was invited to the White House for dinner with eighty-six religious leaders representing the nation. I was seated next to Chuck Colson

(special counsel to former President Richard Nixon.) We were all deeply moved by the warmth of President Reagan. I turned to Mr. Colson, and said, "I imagine your mind is going a mile-a-minute thinking about the strategy of this meeting." He smiled and said, "No, quite the contrary. I'm going down to death row tonight to share Christ with prisoners who are scheduled to die, and my thoughts are on eternity." (He had mentioned to me that this was his first time to be back in the White House since Watergate.)

During one of the several occasions on which I met with him, I was deeply moved to see President Reagan's Bible opened to II Chronicles 7:14. This is the scripture under which he was sworn into office. A note from his mother was in the margin of his Bible. It said: "Son, this scripture is for the healing of the nation."

I was also deeply moved to see a sign on his desk that said, "A man can become too great in his own eyes to be used by God, but never too small." At my last meeting with Ronald Reagan, he asked me, Dr. Tim LaHaye, and a few others to walk with him out to the Rose Garden. He was scheduled to depart shortly by helicopter. He turned to me, shook my hand, and said, "It's great to see you, George." I was taken aback by his comment. I assumed that he knew my name.

I fully understood the incident when my dear friend, Natan Sharansky, related his experience at the White House. We had petitioned President Reagan to help free Sharansky from a Soviet prison in 1983. Natan met with Mr. Reagan in September 1987, a few months after the summit with Gorbachev. When he met with the President, Natan said that the Mr. Reagan greeted him like a proud grandparent, knowing he had played a roll in obtaining his freedom. The President said to Natan and his wife, "My dear Mr. and Mrs. Shevardnadze." Sharansky didn't want to embarrass the President, so did not correct him.

Those in Israel with moral clarity have always greatly loved and admired President Ronald Reagan. I know of no one who admired him more than my friend former Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. When he quoted from Ronald Reagan at the National Press Club, I would hear the liberals hiss him like a snake. Bill Clinton despised Benjamin Netanyahu's admiration and emulation of Ronald Reagan.

"I learned from that experience that you don't have to have a great memory to be a great leader or to make a great difference...you just have to have great faith and in a great God..."

[1 Corinthians 1:27](#)

But God hath chosen **the** foolish things of **the** world to confound **the** wise; and God hath chosen **the weak** things of **the** world to confound **the** things which are mighty;

Jan15

Children...

A mother asked her son who is in high school why would someone want to shoot up kids in schools? His answer was better than any politician or even adults that are discussing the subject. He even gave a clear solution and this was his reply.....

It's not about guns, it's about attention. The kids who do these types of things see the news and they need attention. The media gives it to them for months and the person goes from being ignored at home and school to feeling as if the whole world finally sees them.

Kids don't know how to talk these days, they get on phones and communicate, there is no social interaction. Kids can't express how they feel or that something is wrong. If people want this to stop it's not about guns it's about seeing kids, talking to them. Adults need to see kids and listen to them and need to teach kids to get off phones and look up, each person needs to be seen. The media needs to know that this attention will be seen as a way to express themselves in the world and things like this will keep happening.

Maybe we should listen to our children, no matter what age they are. Every adult, teacher, parent, neighbor, grandparent should talk to a child today. If we want the world to change it has to start with us talking and being human to each other.

We as adults outnumber them as a whole but we are too caught up in our own lives to really see them.

Talk to a child today, five minutes could change a life!

Matthew 19:14 Let the little children come to Me and do not forbid them for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Jan 22

Value.....

Submitted by Waterloo

A father said to his daughter, you have graduated with honors here is a car I bought many years ago that I want to give to you.

It's a bit older now but before I give it to you take it to the used car lot downtown and tell them you want to sell it and see how much they offer you for it.

The daughter went to the used car lot and returned to her father and said, they offered me \$1000 because they said it looks pretty worn out.

The father said now take it to the pawn shop so the daughter went to the pawn shop and returned to her father and said the pawn shop only offered \$100 because it's an old car.

The father asked his daughter to go to a car club now and show them the car. The daughter then took the car to the club then returned and told her father some people in the club offered \$100,000 for it because its a Holden Torana and its an iconic car and sought by many collectors.

Now the father said this to his daughter.....the right place values you the right way. If you're not valued do not be angry it just means that you are in the wrong place. Those who know your value are those who appreciate you.

Never stay in a place where no one sees your value.

Matt 10:31 you are more valuable to God than a whole flock of sparrows

1 Cor 6:20 For God bought you with a high price.....

Jan 29

This is a keeper Submitted by margie

Someone in the Postal Service needs to be rewarded ... A letter from the Post Office... This is absolutely a "tear jerker!" We don't know who replied, but there is a beautiful soul working in the dead letter department who understands Love...

Our 14-year-old dog Abbey died last month. The day after she passed away my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey.

She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to Heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought that we could, so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog? Abbey died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I'm happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick. She likes to swim and play with balls. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love

Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey & Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven.

That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, 'To Meredith' in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, 'When a Pet Dies.' Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help and I recognized her right away. Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in so I'm sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you. I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much.

By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love

God

