

April:

A father used to say to his children when they were young: —When you all reach the age of 12 I will tell you the secret of life. One day when the oldest turned 12, he anxiously asked his father what was the secret of life. The father replied that he was going to tell him, but that he should not reveal it to his brothers.

—The secret of life is this: The cow does not give milk. "What are you saying?" Asked the boy incredulously. —As you hear it, son: The cow does not give milk, you have to milk it. You have to get up at 4 in the morning, go to the field, walk through the corral full of manure, tie the tail, hobble the legs of the cow, sit on the stool, place the bucket and do the work yourself.

That is the secret of life, the cow does not give milk. You milk her or you don't get milk.

There is this generation that thinks that cows **GIVE** milk. That things are automatic and free: their mentality is that if "I wish, I ask..... I obtain."

"They have been accustomed to get whatever they want the easy way...But no, life is not a matter of wishing, asking and obtaining. The things that one receives are the effort of what

one does. Happiness is the result of effort. Lack of effort creates frustration."

So, share with your children from a young age the secret of life, so they don't grow up with the mentality that the government, their parents, or their cute little faces is going to give them everything they need in life.

Remember 

"Cows don't give milk; you have to work for it."

~Author Unknown

Proverbs 9:13 A foolish man is clamorous: and is simple, and knoweth nothing. (today's modern generation)

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apr 14

Pass it on..... *Submitted by Waterloo*

The little boy put on his clothes for the cold and then told his father:

"Ok dad, I'm ready"

His Dad, the pastor, said: "Ready for what?"

"Dad, it's time to go outside and distribute our flyers."

Dad replied: "Son, it's very cold outside and it's drizzling."

The child looked surprised at his father and said: "But dad, people need to know about God even on rainy days."

Dad replied, "Son, I'm not going outside in this weather."

With despair, the child said: "Dad, can I go alone? Please!"

His father waited for a moment and then said: "Son, you can go. Here are the flyers, be careful."

"Thank you, dad!"

And with this, the son went out into the rain. The 11-Year-old walked all the streets of the village, handing out the flyers to the people he saw.

After 2 hours of walking in the rain and cold and with his last flyer in his hand, he stopped at a corner to see if he saw someone to give the flyer too, but the streets were

totally deserted. Then he turned to the first house he saw, walked to the front door, rang the bell several times, and waited, but no one came out. Finally, the boy turned to leave... but something stopped him. The child turned back to the door and began to ring the bell and pound on the door strongly with his knuckles. He kept waiting. Finally, the door was opened gently. A lady came out with a very sad look and gently asked: "What can I do for you, son?" With radiant eyes and a bright smile, the child said: "Lady, I'm sorry if I upset you, but I just want to tell you th

t God really loves you and that I came to give you my last flyer, which talks about God and His great love."

The boy then gave her the flyer.

She just said, "Thank you, son, God bless you!"

Well, the next Sunday morning, the pastor was in the pulpit and when the service began he asked:

"Does someone have a testimony or something they want to share?"

Gently, in the back row of the church, an older lady stood up. When she started talking, a radiant and glorious look sprouted from her eyes:

"Nobody in this church knows me. I have never been here, even last Sunday I was not Christian.

My husband died a while ago leaving me totally alone in this world. Last Sunday was a particularly cold and rainy day, and it was so cold and lonely in my heart that I felt I had come to the end of the road and didn't want to live anymore.

I took a chair and a rope and went up to the attic of my house. I tied a noose and the other end of the rope to the rafters of the roof; then I climbed onto the chair and put the rope around my neck.

I then stood on the chair, so alone and heartbroken, I was about to throw myself off the chair when suddenly I heard the loud sound of the door being knocked on.

So I thought: "I'll wait for a minute and whoever it is will go away."

I waited and waited, but the door knocking was getting louder and louder every time. It got so loud that I couldn't ignore it anymore. So I wondered, who could it be?

No one ever comes to my door or comes to visit me! I released the rope from my neck and went to the door, while the bell was still ringing and the door was still being knocked on.

When I opened the door, I couldn't believe what my eyes saw, in front of my door was the most radiant and angelic child I'd ever seen. His smile, Oh, I can never describe it! The words that came out of his mouth made my heart, which had been dead so long, come back to life, when he said with the VOICE OF A CHERUBIM: "Lady, I just want to tell you that God really loves you."

"When the little angel disappeared between the cold and the rain, I closed my door and read every word of the flyer. Then I went to the attic to remove the chair and rope.

I didn't need them anymore. As you see. Now I am a happy daughter of the King. Since the direction of the boy, when he left, was to this church, I came personally to say thank you to that little angel of God who came just in time to rescue my life from an eternity in hell. And replaced it with eternity in God's presence."

Everyone cried in the church.

The Pastor came down from the pulpit to the first bench, where the little boy was sitting; he took his son in his arms and cried uncontrollably.

Don't let this message die because of tiredness or bad weather; after reading it, pass it

Matt 7:7-8 Ask and it shall be given, seek and you shall find, knock and the door will be opened to you.....

Phil 4:19. But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

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apr 21

His father takes him into the forest, blindfolds him and leaves him alone.
He is required to sit on a stump the whole night and not remove the blindfold until the rays of the morning sun shine through it.
He cannot cry out for help to anyone.

Once he survives the night, he is a MAN.

He cannot tell the other boys of this experience,
because each lad must come into manhood on his own.

The boy is naturally terrified. He can hear all kinds of noises.
Wild beasts must surely be all around him. Maybe even some human might do him harm. The wind blew the grass and earth, and shook his stump, but he sat calm and unflinching, never removing the blindfold.
It would be the only way he could become a man!
Finally, after a horrific night the sun appeared and he removed his blindfold.

It was then that he discovered his father sitting on the stump next to him.
He had been at watch the entire night, protecting his son from harm.

We, too, are never alone. Even when we don't know it.
God is watching over us, sitting on the stump beside us.
When trouble comes, all we have to do is reach out to Him.

Moral of the story:
Just because you can't see God,
Doesn't mean He is not there.
"For we walk by faith, not by sight."

Isaiah 12:2. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

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apr 28

Dear Friend,

As you got up this morning, I watched you and hoped you would talk to me, even if it was just a few words, asking my opinion or thanking me for something good that happened in your life yesterday - but I noticed you were too busy trying to find the right outfit to put on and wear to work.

I waited again. When you ran around the house getting ready I knew there would be a few minutes for you to stop and say hello, but you were too busy. At one point you had to wait fifteen minutes with nothing to do except sit in a chair. Then I saw you spring to your feet.

I thought you wanted to talk to me but you ran to the phone and called a friend to get the latest gossip.

I watched as you went to work and I waited patiently all day long. With all your activities I guess you were too busy to say anything to me. I noticed that before lunch you looked around, maybe you felt embarrassed to talk to me, that is why you didn't bow your head. You glanced three or four tables over and you noticed some of your friends talking to me briefly before they ate, but you didn't. That's okay.

There is still more time left, and I have hope that you will talk to me yet you went home and it seems as if you had lots of things to do. After a few of them were done you turned on the TV, I don't know if you like TV or not, just about anything goes there & you spent a lot of time each day in front of it, not thinking about anything - just enjoying the show.

I waited patiently again as you watched the TV and ate your meal, but again you didn't talk to me.

Bedtime, I guess you felt too tired. After you said goodnight to your family you plopped into bed and fell asleep in no time. That's okay because you may not realize that I am always there for you. I've got patience more than you will ever know. I even want to teach you how to be patient with others as well. I love you so much that I wait everyday for a nod, prayer or thought or a thankful part of your heart. It is hard to have a one-sided conversation.

Well you are getting up again and once again I will wait with nothing but love for you hoping that today you will give me some time. Have a nice day!

Your friend,
GOD

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

Mar:

How much

Sally was only 8 years old when she heard Mommy and Daddy talking about her little brother, Georgi. He was very sick and they had done everything they could afford to save his life. Only a very expensive surgery could help him now . . . and that was out of the financial question. She heard Daddy say it with a whispered desperation, "Only a miracle can save him now,"

Sally went to her bedroom and pulled her piggybank from its hiding place in the closet. She shook all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. Three times. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes. Tying the coins up in a cold weather kerchief, she slipped out of the apartment and made her way to the corner drug store.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her attention, but he was too busy talking to another man to be bothered by an 8-year-old. Sally twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. She cleared her throat. No good. Finally she took a quarter from its hiding place and banged it on the glass counter.

That did it! "And what do you want?" the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice. "I'm talking to my brother."

"Well, I want to talk to you about my brother," Sally answered back in the same annoyed tone. "He's sick ... and I want to buy a miracle."

"I beg your pardon," said the pharmacist.

"My Daddy says only a miracle can save him now . . . so how much does a miracle cost?"

"We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I can't help you."

"Listen, I have the money to pay for it. Just tell me how much it costs,"

The well-dressed man stooped down and asked, "what kind of a miracle does your brother need?"

"I don't know," Sally answered. A tear started down her cheek. "I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my folks can't pay for it . . . so I have my money."

"How much do you have?" asked the well-dressed man.

"A dollar and eleven cents," Sally answered proudly. "And it's all the money I have in the world."

"Well, what a coincidence," smiled the well-dressed man. "A dollar and eleven cents . . . the exact price of a miracle to save a little brother." He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said "Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents."

That well-dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, renowned surgeon specializing in solving Georgi's problem.

The operation was completed without charge and it wasn't long until Georgi was home again and doing well. Mommy and Daddy were happily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place.

"That surgery," Mommy whispered. "It's like a miracle. I wonder how much it would have cost?"

Sally smiled to herself. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost...one dollar and eleven cents ... plus the faith of a little child.

[Hebrews 11:6](#)

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

3/10

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

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

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

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

Her father listened and then asked, "How is your friend Audrey doing?" She replied, "Audrey is barely getting by. All she takes are easy classes, she never studies and she barely has a 2.0 GPA. She is so popular on campus; college for her is a blast. She's always invited to all the parties and lots of times she doesn't even show up for classes because she's too hung over."

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

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

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

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

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

If a conservative is a vegetarian, he doesn't eat meat.

If a liberal is a vegetarian, he wants all meat products banned for everyone.

If a conservative is down-and-out, he thinks about how to better his situation. A liberal wonders who is going to take care of him..

If a conservative doesn't like a talk show host, he switches channels. Liberals demand that those they don't like be shut down.

If a conservative is a non-believer, he doesn't go to church. A liberal non-believer wants any mention of God and Jesus silenced.

If a conservative decides he needs health care, he goes about shopping for it, or may choose a job that provides it.. A liberal demands that the rest of us pay for his.

If a conservative reads this, he'll post it. A liberal will delete it because he's "offended."

[Proverbs 24:12](#)

If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his **works**?

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3/17

David Douglas was only 26 years old in 1825 when he sailed along the west coast of the United States and up the Columbia River. The young botanist from London was on a quest. Since a boy he had been obsessed with plants, and by the age of 21 he was appointed to the Royal Botanical Gardens in Scotland. Now, five years later, he was to examine the plant life of the New World.

As the ship approached land, one particular tree captivated David. As he reported later, "So pleased was I that I could scarcely see anything but it." He couldn't wait to see the tree up close, and when he did, he pronounced it "one of the most striking and truly graceful objects in nature." It was only fitting that this famous tree would later bear his name, as it does to this day—the Douglas fir.

David spent the next two years exploring the Northwest, finding new plants and shipping over 200 species back to England. His collecting adventures took him 12,000 miles on foot, horseback, and canoe. William Hooker, one of the world's leading botanists, described him as a man of "great activity, undaunted courage ... and energetic zeal." The Native Americans were immensely impressed with David's endurance, but they questioned his sanity. They called him "Man of Grass" because he would hike from first dawn to dusk collecting plants that he couldn't even eat.

On his 1829 trip to North America, David Douglas made a discovery that eventually changed the history of the New World. While collecting plants in

California, he pulled a plant from the ground that contained many flecks of gold in the soil clinging to the roots. But as David packed the plant for shipment he saw only the plant. That's how gold was first discovered in California in 1831—not by loggers in Sutter Creek, but by the botanists in London who unpacked the shipment of plants from Douglas and saw the gold on the roots.

David Douglas had only one purpose in life. Nothing—not even gold—could distract him from his mission. That is the sort of focused and energetic zeal that God wants from us today!

Philippians 3:13* Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this **one thing I do**, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,

3//24

Very Curious and Strange

On Palm Sunday over 2000 years ago, multitudes of Israeli's **PRAISED** and **WORSHIPPED** Jesus of Nazareth as he rode into Jerusalem, and said, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Just three days later, on Wednesday. they cried, "Crucify him, Crucify him." **AND THEY DID.** This is called, Leaders opinion or Satan's leading...

Some 2000 years later, Joe Biden, Schumer, the rest of the **SOCIALIST** Democrats and most of the free world, **BACKED** Israel.

Then there was the mysterious visit of Benny Gants to the USA. All of a sudden Biden, Schumer and the ungodly are crying out, "Crucify him, Crucify him" only this time it is Benjamin Netanyahu. This is **STILL** called, Leaders opinion or Satan's leading...

The Majority of Palestinians **WANT** to be ruled by Satans embassies (Hamas), They interviewed the **Minority** of Palestinians living in Israel (and these are still Muslims), and they said that they enjoyed the freedom and opportunities that they have in Israel (I heard this with my own ears and not hear say).

I love the Islamic people, but I hate the lies that Satan is feeding them through their traditions and Leaders.

SATAN IS THE ONLY SPIRIT THAT CALLS FOR HATRED, KILLING, AND TERRORISM OF ANY KIND. And he has lots of followers

[Exodus 23:2](#)

Thou shalt **not follow a multitude** to do evil; neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment:

For Israel [Matthew 10:36](#)

And a man's foes shall be they of his own **household**.

Bro, Ken

3/31

"Tomorrow morning," the famous surgeon began... "I'll be opening your heart."

"You'll find Jesus there!" the boy grinned.

The surgeon looked up, annoyed. "I'll cut your heart open," he continued, "to see how much damage has been done..."

"And when you cut open my heart, you're gonna find Jesus in there," the boy smiled.

The surgeon looked to the parents, who sat quietly, "When I see how much damage has been done, I'll suture your heart and chest back up and there will be pain. Afterwards I'll plan what to do next."

"Yep, and you'll find Jesus in there. The bible says he does. The songs all say He lives in my heart". The boy said this quietly now.

The surgeon suddenly stood up as he had had enough of this. "I'll find damaged muscle, low blood supply, and weakened vessels, and I'll find out if I can make you well."

"Okay, you'll find Jesus in there too", the boy whispered with eyes downcast.

The surgeon left, shaking his head. What had gotten into him, he wondered? Why was he determined to crush a young child's beliefs even though they weren't exactly his own? Even if any healing was (of course) going to be by his hands and not by Jesus!!

He still did care a great deal. He just wasn't sure why it had bothered him so. He decided he had faith in himself and not in much else and decided to shrug it off. He would fix the boy.

The surgeon sat in his office, recording his notes after the surgery, ..."damaged arteries, damaged pulmonary vein, damaged aorta, widespread muscle degeneration, no hope for transplant, no hope for cure. Therapy: complete bedrest and pain relief. full care required. prognosis: here he paused..."death imminent."

He stopped the recorder, but there was more to be said. There had to be more. Frustrated that he could not save the boy he shouted to the room...

"Hey! Why?..." "Why did you do this?"

You're supposed to have put him here; so then it's you who has put him in this pain:

I thought I could help him!!! I didn't want him to suffer!!!

*And you've cursed him to an early death. Normally, I should have been able to save him, but nothing could have fixed this...nothing!! Why?
He laid his head down on his desk for a silent moment.*

Quietly the Lord answered and said, "The boy, my little lamb, was not meant to remain with you for long, for he is a part of my flock, and will forever be here with me, he will no longer feel pain, and he will be comforted beyond what you could now imagine."

"His parents will one day join him here, and they will know peace."

The surgeon's tears were hot, but his anger and doubts were greater. Although surprised to find his questions being answered, and not quite sure he really was hearing this he went on..."

"You...you created that boy and you created that heart...he'll be dead any time. I have never seen this much damage....so, why?"

The Lord answered, "The boy, my little lamb, shall return to my flock, for he has done his best. I did not put my little lamb with your flock to lose him, but to retrieve another lost lamb...you."

*Shocked to silence, he knew from the look of that heart that this had to be so.
The surgeon wept.*

From that moment...

The surgeon sat day and night by the boy's bed, the boy's parents quietly sat across from him.

The boy awoke for a last few moments and in a choked whisper, avoiding the surgeon's eyes asked..."Did you cut my heart open?"

"Yes, I did", said the surgeon as he reached out and brushed a small wisp of hair from the boy's forehead.

Surprised and amazingly comforted by the incredibly gentle touch he looked up into a kind face.

"What did you find?" asked the boy as his eyes began to close and a hint of a smile touched his lips.

"I found Jesus in there," said the surgeon.

[1 Corinthians 3:16](#)

Know ye not that ye are the **temple of God**, and that the **Spirit of God dwelleth in you?**

feb 4

I thank the ones that have donated on line towards our equipment need, and I would ask if you want a tax receipt, please give me your address.

Bro Ken

A short while ago, I sent out a story about the Lord asking you to pray for someone and the answer to it.

I will share a personal testimony of when the Lord woke someone up from sleep and said "PRAY FOR KEN". They weren't told what to pray for, but knew it was urgent.

That night in early spring of 1960, I went to a party out West of town. I was with my friend in his 1949 Dodge car. We were returning home on a country road and my friend was driving pretty fast. About a mile down the road was an old wooden bridge that has sunk about 4 inches below the surface of the road. Now I would estimate our speed was about 60 MPH.

When we flew across the bridge, the front end came down on the far side of the bridge right on the sunken part. It broke the front A-frame which in turn dug into the 4 inch drop, needless to say that at the speed we were going, we flipped end for end (I counted three times).

Then on its wheels slid crossways on the road into the ditch, hitting a farmers mail box. This caused the car to roll sideways about three times before coming to a rest right side up. The last roll was like slow motion, I remember at this time, my door flew open. Now we had no seat belts then and I remained sitting where I was during the whole ordeal until the door flew open. I plainly remember sliding out the door and I was standing straight up on the ground and the car was rolling on top of me. **IT** was then that I heard the angel shouting in my head, **JUMP BACK IN, JUMP BACK IN.** I didn't once hesitate, with the car rolling towards me I jumped with all my might unto the front seat. I was no sooner on the front seat when my door slammed shut and in a shot while all came to rest. If I hadn't of jumped back in, when the door slammed shut, it would of cut me in half.

When everything came to a rest I looked for my friend and couldn't see him, I called his name and faintly head some moaning coming from the back seat area. He was laying on the floor with the back seat cushion covering him, he was bruised with aches and pains all over. I in turn had no bumps or bruises, as I said I remained seated, the angel had to be holding me.

The farmer's son was coming home at this time and witnessed the rollover (the one who's mailbox we demolished), he drove us back into town to where I had parked my car.

When I was in town I slept at my folks place, and when I went home and climbed the stairs to the bedroom and mom hollered out, "Ken are you alright" to which I said yes. She then said, "What happened" and went on to tell me, how the Lord woke her and with urgency said "Pray for Ken", I didn't know the details so I prayed for your protection and to cover anything else, I prayed in tongues. So I told her what happened and we both rejoiced and gave thanks to God.

Bro. Ken

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feb 11

Computer was down

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feb 18

A little boy is telling his Grandma how "everything" is going wrong. School, family problems, severe health problems, etc.,,, Meanwhile, Grandma is baking a cake. She asks the child if he would like a snack, which of course he does.

"Here. Have some cooking oil." "Yuck" says the boy. "How about a couple raw eggs?" "Gross, Grandma" "Would you like some flour then?"

Or maybe baking soda?" "Grandma, those are all yucky!" To which Grandma replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake! God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!"

Romans 6:5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection:

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feb 25

A Legacy Of Love

As a young man, Al was a skilled artist, a potter. He had a wife and two fine sons. One night, his oldest son developed a severe stomachache. Thinking it was only some common intestinal disorder, neither Al nor his wife took the condition very seriously. But the malady was actually acute appendicitis, and the boy died suddenly that night.

Knowing the death could have been prevented if he had only realized the seriousness of the situation, Al's emotional health deteriorated under the enormous burden of his guilt. To make matters worse his wife left him a short time later, leaving him

alone with his six-year-old younger son. The hurt and pain of the two situations were more than Al could handle, and he turned to alcohol to help him cope. In time Al became an alcoholic.

As the alcoholism progressed, Al began to lose everything he possessed - his home, his land, his art objects, everything. Eventually Al died alone in a San Francisco motel room.

When I heard of Al's death, I reacted with the same disdain the world shows for one who ends his life with nothing material to show for it. "What a complete failure!" I thought. "What a totally wasted life!"

As time went by, I began to re-evaluate my earlier harsh judgment. You see, I knew Al's now adult son, Ernie. He is one of the kindest, most caring, most loving men I have ever known. I watched Ernie with his children and saw the free flow of love between them. I knew that kindness and caring had to come from somewhere.

I hadn't heard Ernie talk much about his father. It is so hard to defend an alcoholic. One day I worked up my courage to ask him. "I'm really puzzled by something," I said. "I know your father was basically the only one to raise you. What on earth did he do that you became such a special person?"

Ernie sat quietly and reflected for a few moments. Then he said, "From my earliest memories as a child until I left home at 18, Al came into my room every night, gave me a kiss and said, 'I love you, son.'"

Tears came to my eyes as I realized what a fool I had been to judge Al as a failure. He had not left any material possessions behind. But he had been a kind loving father, and he left behind one of the finest, most giving men I have ever known.

John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Seven churches throughout history and also ALL Seven (denominations) in the here & now

(Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran, Anglican, Pentecostal, Messianic Jews and
so on.)

Which of the seven churches (listed below) do you adhere to ?

BEWARE OF PRIDE

church of **Ephesus** -Nevertheless I have *somewhat* **against thee**, because thou hast left thy first love. thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate.

the church in **Smyrna** - persecuted church, be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. **(no rebuke)**

church in **Pergamos** - But **I have a few things against thee**, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitans,

the church in **Thyatira** - thy works; and the last *to be* more than the first. Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, to teach and to seduce my servants. I will cast her into a bed, and them that commit adultery with her **into great tribulation**, except they repent.

the church in **Sardis** - thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and **I will not blot out his name out of the book of life**, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

the church in **Philadelphia** - I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.

THE BRIDE OF CHRIST - **NO REBUKE AT ALL.**

the church of the **Laodiceans** - thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, **I will spue thee out of my mouth.** last church age. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: **be zealous therefore, and repent.**
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jan 14

I WAS GOING BLIND UNTIL JESUS RESTORED MY SIGHT

Sara Masson — Saskatoon, SK



Sara Masson

At six months of age, I began having problems with my eyes. My parents took me to many doctors, but a cure was never found for me, only temporary relief from pain. My right eye was badly damaged and I lost sight in that eye, and my left eye was also going blind. I will never forget the pain I suffered.

My father turned to alcohol, but my mother somehow found the Lord as her personal saviour. When she got saved, she started taking me to church. I grew up attending Sunday school, and my mother and I always walked to church, five miles each way. Thanks to my mother, I am a good walker today.

Even during winter, if we didn't have a ride to church, we walked. My mother had faith that I would get healed, and that my father would be delivered from alcohol. When I was nine, my father got saved, and he never touched another drop of alcohol.

Then we started traveling to camp meetings, and that is where we met Pastor Max, in the Little Pine camp meeting. My mother took me up for prayer, as my remaining eye was so bad, I couldn't see with it. When Max laid his hands on me, and prayed for me, I got healed, and I received my eyesight. I have not lost my vision since, I can still see today.

I lost my mother three years after I got healed. That was devastating for me. My children also lost their father to alcohol. I can't say I raised my kids alone, Jesus helped me. They know the Lord and do well, and have all graduated from high school and University.

During the time I was blind, I was diagnosed with tuberculosis. But when Jesus healed my blindness, He also took away the T.B. The doctors can see the scar where the T.B. was. I have lots to be thankful for, and I give all the praise and the glory to the Lord.

My children and I have gone through many trials, but we always come out as winners, because Jesus is on our side.

jan 21

Have you ever felt the urge to pray for someone and then just put it on a list and said, "I'll pray for them later?" Or has anyone ever called you and said, "I need you to pray for me, I have this need,"?

A missionary on furlough told this true story while visiting his home church in Michigan... "While serving at a small field hospital in Africa, every two weeks I traveled by bicycle through the jungle to a nearby city for supplies.

This was a journey of two days and required camping overnight at the halfway point. On one of these journeys, I arrived in the city where I planned to collect money from a bank, purchase medicine and supplies, and then begin my two-day journey back to the field hospital. Upon arrival in the city, I observed two men fighting, one of whom had been seriously injured. I treated him for his injuries and at the same time talked to him about the Lord Jesus Christ. I then traveled two days, camping overnight, and arrived home without incident.

Two weeks later I repeated my journey.

Upon arriving in the city, I was approached by the young man I had treated. He told me that he had known I carried money and medicines. He said, "Some friends and I followed you into the jungle, knowing you would camp overnight. We planned to kill you and take your money and drugs. But just as we were about to move into your camp, we saw that you were surrounded by 26 armed guards." At this I laughed and said that I was certainly all alone out in that jungle campsite.

The young man pressed the point, however, and said, 'No sir, I was not the only person to see the guards. My five friends also saw them, and we all counted them. It was because of those guards that we were afraid and left you alone.'" At this point in the sermon, one of the men in the congregation jumped to his feet and interrupted the missionary and asked if he could tell him the exact day that this happened.

The missionary told the congregation the date, and the man who interrupted told him this story: "On the night of your incident in Africa, it was morning here and I was preparing to go play golf. I was about to putt when I felt the urge to pray for you. In fact, the urging of the Lord was so strong, I called men in this church to meet with me here in the sanctuary to pray for you. Would all of those men who met with me on that day stand up?" The men who had met together to pray that day stood up. The missionary wasn't concerned with who they were- he was too busy counting how many men he saw. There were 26."

Mat 6/7/8

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

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

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jan 28

In Bill Gates' new book (Business @ The Speed of Thought), he lays out 11 rules that students do not learn in high school or college, but should. He argues that our feel-good, politically correct teachings have created a generation of kids with no concept of reality who are set up for failure in the real world. You might be interested in his list:

RULE 1 - Life is not fair; get used to it.

RULE 2 - The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something BEFORE you feel good about yourself.

RULE 3 - You will NOT make 40 thousand dollars a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice president with a car phone, until you earn both.

RULE 4 - If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss. He won't have tenure. (holding ones position indefinatly)

RULE 5 - Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping; they called it opportunity.

RULE 6 - If you mess up, it's not your parents' fault, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

RULE 7 - Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. they got that way paying bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you are. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parents' generation, try "delousing" the closet in your own room.

RULE 8 - Your school may have done away with winners and losers, but life has not. In some schools they have abolished failing grades; they'll give you as many times as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to ANYTHING in real life.

RULE 9 - Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you find yourself. Do that on your own time.

RULE 10 - Television is NOT real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

RULE 11 - Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

Rom 12.3

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