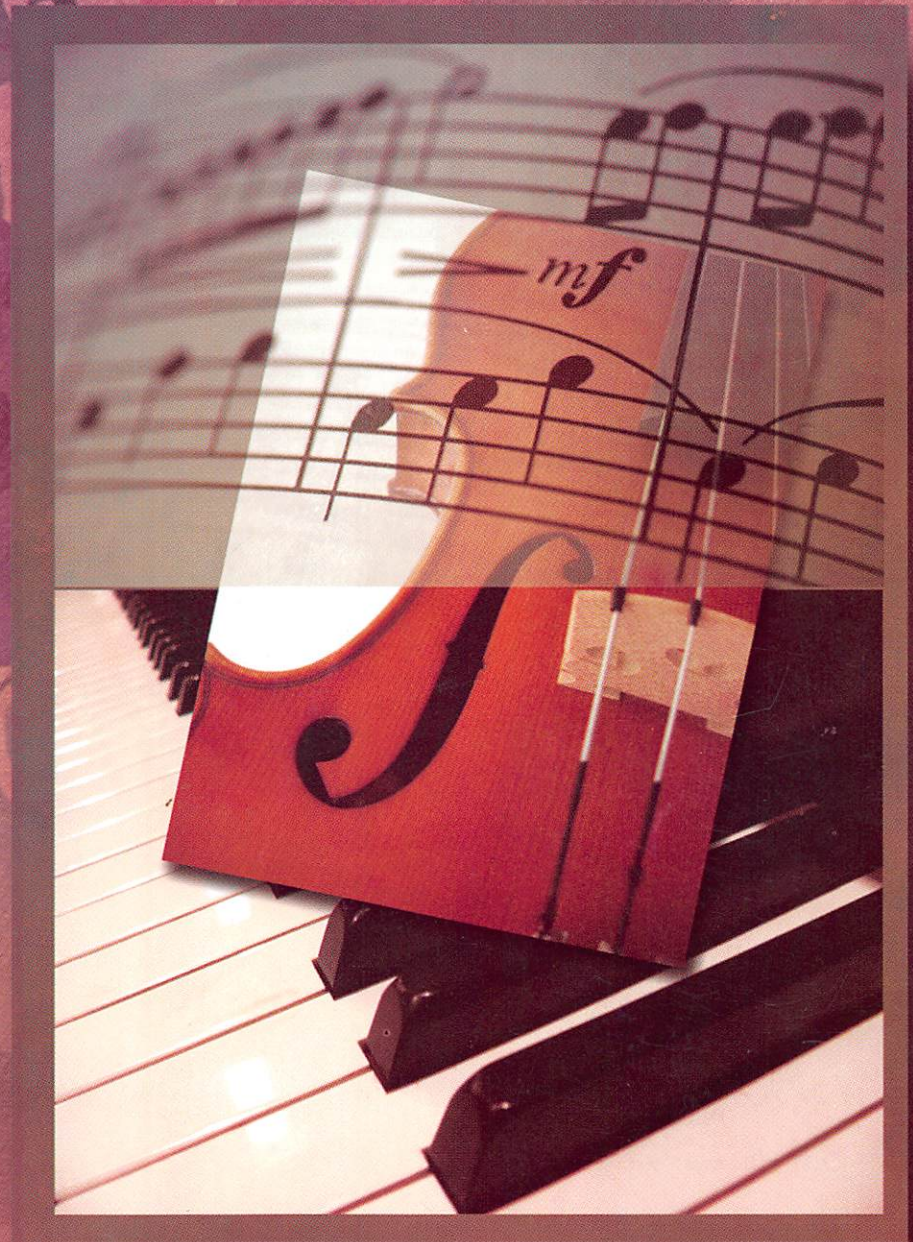


Winter 2006



The "Song" That Changes Lives

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From the Editor's Desk:

"There is no greater love, than Jesus dying love!" What a statement. For those who belong to Him, this magazine will be one of encouragement — that they might grow and look heaven-ward. For the many though, who will have not yet experienced the Holy Spirit in their hearts and a change in their lives, however our prayer is that as you read through, you will discover a Saviour dear, One Who was truly God and truly man and that He did indeed die for you personally. If you were the only person on earth, He would have done the same thing. Why? Simply because He loves you and wants you to enter into a relationship with Him. We have tried to express Christ's holiness; whilst also showing that we are no different to anyone else. As Christians, we are purely people who have been saved by His grace. We still fail; and He still forgives. So come on and hear this wonderful "Song" of salvation. Read the testimonies, enjoy the poems and find peace, joy and rejoicing for your souls.

Wendy Davie.

Creation's Song

When the flowers nod their heads,
And the trees clap their leaves,
And the birds give out music,
That lives as it breathes;
God sees in creation
His love is expressed,
And Christ our salvation
In triumph is blessed.

When the mountains stretch upwards
To catch passing clouds,
And rivers run faster
In leaps and in bounds;
We see God in action
Through nature doth speak —
Hello there dear sinner —
It's you that I seek.

Just listen to nature —
'Tis God as He pleads.
Just listen to nature —
'Tis Christ for your needs.
The earth in its beauty
For you here below,
And a crucified Christ
Heaven's place to bestow.

They are singing a "Song"
Of salvation for you.
God's way of revealing
His love deep and true!
This "Song" has had power
All through life's span,
This wonderful psalm
Of redemption for man!

By Doris A. Rulton



The Heart of a Woman Inc.,

Just a short note to tell you that I really enjoyed your Magazine. I took it with me when I went to Sydney last month to be with my daughter as she under went surgery for breast cancer. Praise God she came through it very well, as it hadn't spread.

Your magazine gave me comfort and my daughter enjoyed it also. She is a woman of great faith so we were able to enjoy it together.

Issued enjoyed "Don't Waste Your Sorrows"

MC (Qld)

◆————◆

Congratulations on a great little magazine! I can see real potential for it in building contact with women on the fringe of Church life. We have many such ones with whom we here athave contact, through our various outreach ministries, such as Play groups, Kids Club and our Preschool etc.

May God richly bless you in what you are doing.

Sincere thanks

Pastor ET (North. Brisbane area)

◆————◆

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your magazine, given to me by a neighbour in theChurch,..... I do not normally have a lot of contact with other women as my husband's work takes us out bush. My prayer has always been, "Lord help me to accept the situation I find myself in." He has been very faithful, but sometimes I get the grumbles and it is encouraging to read of other ladies joys and sorrows. I then remember how much I have to be very thankful for. I would be pleased if you would send me a copy and also my daughter.

Thankyou

LC (Central Qld)

◆————◆

I am so thrilled with "The Heart of a Woman". Because of the circumstances in my life at the moment, I can't seem to take in too much. (Due to personal circumstances, this lady wrote to us after the "Don't Waste Your Sorrows" Issue—she was still dealing with them, Editor).

We are going to give the "Spring" (Loving Yourself in the light of God's Love) one out to our final ladies outreach on the 30th November, 2005...It is because of your magazine "Don't Waste Your Sorrows" that turned my brain on to use as a follow up of our April Meeting. So thank you again for that mag., being in the right hands, at the right time. Praise His Name.

NN (Melbourne)

We are often asked for back issues. Unfortunately we do not have a lot on hand and in the case of the first issue, we actually only hold one in our hot little hands. If you are happy to part with any you no longer need, would you mind sending them to us to assist in this difficulty. Issues especially needed are:

"The Gift of God's Love —in marriage...in relationships...in confident expectation"

"Windows of Opportunity —from God's perspective...from our perspective."

"Don't Waste Your Sorrows"

However as this magazine is given freely, please freely give and hand on to others who may also receive a blessing. Drop one or two into your Doctor's surgery, or if you wish, please return any extras you may have. Check your order if you are not receiving enough; please feel free to contact us for an update on your order.

(Editor)



GOD IN EVERYTHING

The heavens declare the glory of God.

Psalm 19:1b

I HEAR God in the thunder,
I HEAR Him in the hail,
I HEAR Him in the pelting rain,
and in the stormy gale.

I LISTEN to the roaring wind,
I LISTEN to the noise,
I LISTEN to the gentle breeze
and hear God's still, small voice.

I SEE God in the heavens,
I SEE Him in the sky,
I SEE Him in the floating stars,
that brightly shine at night.

I KNOW God's in the universe,
I KNOW He reigns on high,
I KNOW He's coming back again,
the time is drawing nigh.

I FEEL God's presence near me,
I FELT it from the start,
I FEEL His boundless joy and peace
Deep within my heart.

Glenda D Rosser ©



Hearing "The Song"



*"The Song" makes such a difference in our lives.
Where there is dissonance — He makes music.
Yah! He is the source of music.*

God Gave "The Song"

You ask me why my heart keeps singing,
Why I can sing when things go wrong —
But since I've found the source of music—
I just can't help it—God gave "The Song".
But since I've found the source of music—
I just can't help it—God gave "The Song".

Come walk with me through fields and forests,
We'll climb the hill and still hear that "Song".
For even here resounds with music,
They just can't help it—God gave "The Song".

**Yes God gave "The Song"
it's always been with us.**
"The Song" came to our world through a manger.
It was a simple "Song" — a simple lovely "Song"
for every man.
Right from the first some tried to ignore it —
they said —
"There's no Song! It simply doesn't exist!"
Others just tried to change the tune!
They made laws to stop it!
Armies marched against it!
They killed some who sang the "Song"!
Screamed at it in fury!
They tried to drown it out!
Finally they nailed that "Song" to a tree.
They said to themselves—
"There that should take care of that!"

BUT IT DIDN'T...

What's that I hear — I still hear that music
Day after day — "The Song" goes on —
'Cause when you find that source of music
You'll always hear it — Oh God gave "The Song".
Oh come on and join — it's "The Song of Jesus".
Day after day — that "Song" goes on.
Oh when you've found that source of music,
You'll want to sing it — God gave "The Song".
Oh since I've found the source of music,
I just can't help it — God gave "The Song".

Come walk with me through fields and forests,
We'll climb the hill and still hear that "Song."
For even here resounds with music,
They just can't help it — God gave "The Song".

Anonymous

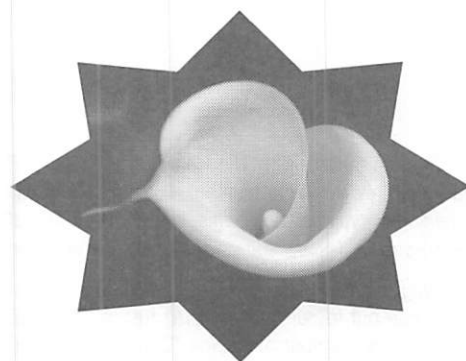
(We give all honour, thanks and praise to God
and to the person He led to write this piece of
music. All effort was taken to find out who it
was.)

Solomon Searches Out The Song

Down through the centuries mankind has always searched for something to worship — a song to follow. It doesn't matter which nation or tribe, all have searched, for all have an emptiness within their souls that is waiting to be filled. Some call it a "God shaped vacuum".

Solomon, known as the wisest of all men, searched. He was the son of King David and Bathsheba. In his younger years he wrote "The Song of Solomon". It is like the very Holy of Holies for under the figure of a bride and a bridegroom, we see expressed the love of Christ for His own and the love which each believer has for his Lord.

Solomon's searching continued and in his middle age, he wrote 3,000 proverbs, and 1,005 songs which are all collected under this name. These proverbs deal with our daily lives. The book itself contrasts "wisdom" and "folly". Unfortunately at the height of his intellectual powers and during these years he neglected to take his own advice. He married the daughters of pagan kings to form political alliances. Jerusalem became the home of heathendom also, as Solomon's wives imported their pagan gods and erected shrines to them. Due to this he began to lose his vision of the true and living God. He multiplied his slaves, extracted onerous taxes from his subjects and at last followed his outlandish wives into the abominable rites of Ashtoreth and worshipped the abomination of the Zidonians, even engaging in the savage worship of Milcom and Moloch.



In his old age, Solomon's searching shows he was a man disappointed with life; and the carnality of his life had disillusioned him. This was when he wrote the Book of "Ecclesiastes". The king, which the Queen of Sheba after visiting with him in his youth expressed—

"the half was never told me!", had become an embittered, empty and sad king. Possessing everything, Solomon had to learn, just as we all do, that **"there is nothing new under the sun"**² and **"all is vanity (a puff of wind) and vexation of spirit"**³. He learned also, as we must, that power, popularity, prosperity, prestige and pleasure, whether singularly or combined — and all in abundant measure, still cannot quench the burning thirst in man's soul: this can only be satisfied in God alone.

Now that Christ Jesus has come and conquered death, we can take a new look at Ecclesiastes; for we now have the key that unlocks the riddles of history and life: that is, that without Christ all roads lead to the grave and hell, whereas with Him one road leads to Glory.

¹ 1 Kings 10:7; ² Ecclesiastes 1:2; ³ Ecclesiastes 2:26

The Book of Ecclesiastes contains Solomon's worldly philosophies and observations. His debate is that of a materialist or man of the world. It was written under inspiration, however, from the viewpoint of a worldly man. The main lesson is to learn that DEATH IS INESCAPABLE; AND THAT ITS SHADOW FALLS ON EVERYTHING WE DO.

(Wisdom and understanding taken from the Emmaus Certificate Course.)

Ruby Finds the Lord

As the plane lifted sharply up, turned and then steadied out for the trip ahead, Ruby felt herself relax, automatically letting out the breath of air she had fiercely held onto. She turned towards the man sitting beside her and smiled at his concerned look. "Don't like flying much!" she said. "Well at least not the taking off and landing." He smiled back at her and expressed how common that feeling was. "Don't worry," he said, "I'm sure the pilot wants to get back down safely on the ground just as much as we do!" This lightened her fear and she chuckled at the thought.

They talked for quite some time getting to know each other, after all it was going to be a long flight. Then a silence settled as they both looked out at the clouds above and the ocean below. "Tell me," he said, "if we were to crash today, how sure are you that God would accept you into Heaven?" Ruby stared at him in amazement! "Sorry if I've embarrassed you," he said, "but life is too short to beat about the bush!" "Oh that's OK I suppose," she quickly replied. "It's just that no one has ever asked that before." Ruby sat quietly for a minute or two — Ted watched her lovely features whilst she thought, not wanting to press in upon them. At last she said, "I believe in God, but I've always believed that if I lived a good life and was kind to others — that would see me through. How about you?" She turned the question back on him in such a sweet gentle manner his heart broke. He did not want to hurt her, but he did want to know she was saved.

"Well," he said, "I believe the Bible and it tells me that being kind and good isn't enough. In

fact it tells me clearly that there is nothing I can do to get me there."¹ "Hmm!" she murmured, "then how do we get to Heaven?"

Ted reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a small Bible. He opened it to Exodus 20:1-17 and suggested she read it to him. Ruby quietly read: **"God spoke all these words: I Am God, your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of a life of slavery. No other gods, only Me. No carved gods of any size, shape, or form of anything whatever, whether of things that fly or walk or swim. Don't bow down to them and don't serve them because I Am God, your God, and I'm a most jealous God, punishing the children for any sins their parents pass on to them to the third, and yes, even to the fourth generation of those who hate Me. But I'm unswervingly loyal to the thousands who love Me and keep My commandments. No using the Name of God, your God, in curses or silly banter; God won't put up with the irreverent use of His Name. Observe the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Work six days and do everything you need to do. But the seventh day is a Sabbath to God, your God. Don't do any work — not you, nor your son, nor your daughter, nor your servant, nor your maid, nor your animals, not even the foreign guest visiting in your town. For in six days God made heaven, earth, and sea, and everything in them; He rested on the seventh day. Therefore God blessed the Sabbath day; He set it apart as a holy day. Honour your father and mother so that you'll live a long time in the land that God, your God, is giving you. No murder. No adultery. No stealing. No lies about your neighbour. No lusting**

after your neighbour's house — or wife or servant or maid or ox or donkey. Don't set your heart on anything that is your neighbour's." She hadn't read too far by the time the tears had begun to flow. "I see what you mean," she said, "there is no way I can meet any of those standards. So where to from there?"

Ted flipped through the pages to Hebrews 11:6. This time he read it to her: **"It's impossible to please God apart from faith. And why? Because anyone who wants to approach God must believe both that He exists and that He cares enough to respond to those who seek Him."** He then showed her John 17:1-3 which says: **"Father, it's time. Display the bright splendour of Your Son, so the Son in turn may show Your bright splendour. You put Him in charge of everything human, so He might give real and eternal life to all in His charge. And this is the real and eternal life: That they know You, the One and only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom You sent."** Next Ted flipped back to John 14:6 reading this also: **"Jesus said, 'I am the Road, also the Truth, also the Life. No one gets to the Father apart from me'."** "You see," he said, "all we can do is acknowledge we cannot meet God's standards as you said. Believe in Him as God and in His Son, Jesus Christ, Whom He sent to die for us. Acknowledge there is no other way to Eternal Life, confess we are sinners and ask Jesus to forgive us and thank Him for dying in our place — this is a step of faith and it is this faith that pleases God." Ted sat quietly watching Ruby thinking.

It took some time and in the quietness he prayed fervently for her soul. Suddenly she turned to him. "Is this open to anyone?" she asked. He smiled and said as he turned more pages "you know we are all as bad as each other, God does not grade sins. "Here read this," and he pointed to 2 Peter 3:9b, "see the part underlined": "He is restraining Himself on

account of you, holding back the End because he doesn't want anyone lost. He is giving everyone space and time to change."

She looked up at Ted with fresh tears welling in her eyes — "Will you help me pray?" she asked. "Certainly," he answered, and there and then

with the help of her new found friend Ruby entered the Kingdom of Heaven — all it took was a prayer of faith in answer to the sound of the glorious "Song" singing in her heart.

¹ Ephesians 2:8,9
(All references are from The Message Bible)

By Wendy Davie

Observations Of A By-Stander At Calvary

By Nesta F. Sutherland ©

They dragged Him out through the city gates.

I saw the women crying.

I heard the jeers that fell like blows

On this One they were crucifying!

Compelled to carry His own cross,

He fell beneath its weight,

Weary and weakened through loss of blood

From the wounds of spiteful hate!

His 'crime' was claiming to be divine —

The Son of God, some say.

But...why would God permit Him to die —

And in such a shameful way?

The Roman soldiers nailed Him down,

With a thief on either side;

Two felons who deserved their fate —

At least they were justly tried!

But this man...they must have trapped Him,

The Pharisees and the Scribes;

Persuading Pontius Pilate

With flatteries or bribes.

Even as they watched Him, gloating

At the success of their evil plan,

There came the most shocking utterance

From the lips of the dying man!!

Lifting His marred and bloodied face

(He was near to death, I knew);

He prayed... "Father, forgive them

For they know not what they do."

I scarce could believe I had heard Him

Making such a gracious plea,

But the most unsettling thing was this —

As He prayed—He looked right at me!!

"For all have sinned..."

Romans 3:23

*"Behold the Lamb of God, which
beareth away the sin of the world"*

John 1:29

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down His life for His friends'.

John 15:13 (KJV)



God Is Unique

<u>HE IS SELF-EXISTENT</u>	John 5:26	<i>"For just as the Father has life in Himself, even so He gave to the Son also to have life in Himself."</i>
<u>HE IS ETERNAL</u>	Psalms 90:2	<i>"Before the mountains were born, or Thou didst give birth to the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting You are God."</i>
<u>HE IS UNLIMITED</u>	1 Kings 8:27	<i>"But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, heaven and the highest heaven, cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built."</i>
<u>HE IS ALL-POWERFUL</u>	Job 42:2	<i>"I know that Thou canst do all things; and that no purpose of Thine can be thwarted."</i>
<u>HE IS ALL-KNOWING</u>	Psalms 147:4,5	<i>"He counts the number of the stars; He gives names to all of them. Great is our Lord, and abundant in strength; His understanding is infinite."</i>
<u>HE IS ALL-PRESENT</u>	Psalms 139:7-12	<i>"Where can I go from Thy Spirit? Or where can I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend to heaven, Thou art there; If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the dawn, If I dwell in the remotest part of the sea, Even there Thy hand will lead me, and Thy right hand will lay hold of me. If I say, 'Surely the darkness will overwhelm me, and the light around me will be night,' even the darkness is not dark to Thee, and the night is as bright as the day."</i>
<u>HE IS CHANGELESS</u>	Malachi 3:6	<i>"For I, the Lord, do not change; therefore you, O sons of Jacob, are not consumed."</i>
<u>HE IS SELF-SUFFICIENT</u>	Acts 17:24,25	<i>"The God who made the world and all things in it, since He is Lord of heaven and earth, does not dwell in temples made with hands; neither is He served by human hands, as though He needed anything, since He Himself gives to all life and breath and all things."</i>
<u>HE IS SOVEREIGN</u>	Ephesians 1:11	<i>"Also we have obtained an inheritance, having been predestined according to His purpose who works all things after the counsel of His will."</i>

(All references have been taken from the New American Standard Version of the Bible.)

Love's Call

"I told you before Sandra," Dot yelled as she escaped out the door, "religion is for weak people. People who are always looking for something to prop up their lives!" She ran for quite some time, tears streaming down her face and yet not really knowing quite why it was so. She discovered a lovely shady tree beside the prettiest creek. Here beside the rippling waters, Dotty sat in a sorry heap listening to the sounds of the beauty around her. Something stirred in her heart, as if a voice was speaking, she somehow knew it was saying, "I made all this beauty Dot, and I made you too. I love you, I died for you, turn to me and believe!" Almost as soon as the still quiet thought came, another shouted in her mind; "that's not true, we all know that it all evolved..." For some reason the tears flowed more freely now and with them an empty hope seemed to seep away. How many times in her life had this same feeling come and gone? How she longed to know that someone loved her! Sandra did, she knew that, but every time Sandra tried to share that love—something inside her jumped up and wilfully crushed it before it could enter her soul. It had got to the point where her dear sister didn't even have to open her mouth—the love seemed to just ooze out of her.

That was many years ago and now here she was in the city far away from family and childhood friends, still seeking satisfaction and love. Somehow she had lost track of Sandra and the rest of the family. Just leaving them out of her life made sense somehow. Grief and memories remained embedded in her heart and life, driving her on from one crisis to another. Why had she always argued with and against Sandra's love? She had once asked her parents why they never sent her to Sunday School when they had both gone as children. However they both were quite adamant that they did not want to influence their children either way as they had felt their parents' belief systems were forced upon them. However, when Sandra went all religious an anger and jealousy filled Dot's soul and now the trouble was that she remembered so little of what her sister had even said. The only belief system she knew now was that of the world.

When first arriving in the city, Dot had set out to prove to herself that happiness was out there somewhere to be found — and find it she would. She studied hard at university and achieved good grades, but that did not satisfy. Next she gained an extremely well-paid job and had already saved enough to buy her own home with enough left over to make some good investments. Still the emptiness remained. Oh many times she had learned to cover it up. Usually when the 'mopes' as she called them came upon her, she would go out and buy something for the house, or work in the garden, but the latter always brought that quiet disturbing voice back into her heart, so she ended up paying someone else to do the work for her. Entertainment was the way, so she sought friendships and some

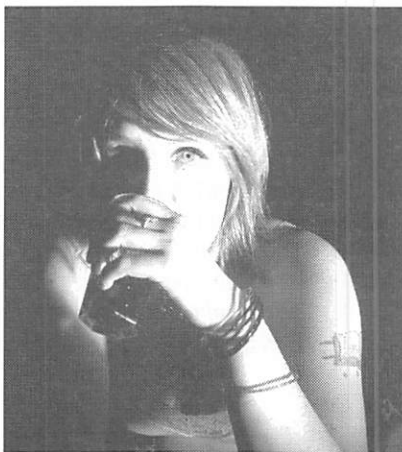
really exciting and different relationships. All these aided her selfish desires. The parties always were good till she awoke the next morning with that dreadful furry mouth syndrome and a hangover like you wouldn't believe. Then the day was filled with guilt as she really could not remember exactly all she had done and didn't like the thought that she might have shamed her dear sister.

Here she was now well into her thirties, no family to carry on her investments or inherit her wealth. Parents who she knew would argue over it all, as they did with everything else in life—it all seemed so empty and like a puff of wind. The sad thing too is that even her parents had no peace the last time she saw them and had found their own ways of covering up the emptiness in their hearts — Dad with his work and affairs whilst Mum sought comfort with her work and charitable organizations.

At times, acquaintances or so-called friends started preaching at her about getting her life right with God but, in all honesty, Dot was not even sure she believed in a Christian God. Most of the time her pride prevented her from even looking into it. One day she might dig out the family Bible Grandma had left for her, but not today.

Dot sat sipping her coffee and looking over all her possessions. Her thoughts wandered over her accomplishments and her wealth. She absentmindedly pulled out a photo album showing some of her overseas trips, however after only a few minutes she threw it down on the coffee table so hard, other items bounced in objection. She

quietly sat gazing out over her beautiful garden, pool and entertainment area. "Sandra," she thought, "why didn't I listen more closely to you? Why did I always react so violently to your love? Gee I miss you!"



"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."¹ Dot sat upright as the verse came back into her mind. "Well, I never," she said out loud, "I had forgotten all about that one—I'm sure I was only four or five when Grandma read that out to me!" She had been gone so long that Dot had forgotten this verse in a plain frame, hanging above the mantelpiece.

A peace seeped into her soul as she dwelt upon it and what it could mean. "I guess I might pull that Bible out and do some reading after all," she thought. Once again she sat gazing out the back, but the dullness of life and the emptiness that seemed so strong a moment ago, had faded. A determined thought swept over her, I'm not going to keep company with that mob anymore! It was then that she realized that the excitement of last night's party refused to draw her along to the next. In fact, she felt very much at home just sitting here and trying to remember all her sister had said — surely only there would she find the love and peace she so longed after.

¹ John 3:16 (KJV)

By Ruth Marie



Accepting the Songs Call



John the Baptist began his ministry with a call to repentance. What is repentance? It is a recognition that one falls short of what God is and wants us to be. That we cannot please Him, by trying to change our ways ourselves. It is acknowledging that we are sinners and making a decision to accept Jesus Christ's personal sacrifice as being done specifically for me. This brings a change in our lives.



disagreed and so with a little prompting from the judge the police took the handcuffs off the lad and placed them on his father and he was led away. It was said that this made such a profound impact on the son that his life changed completely. His love for his father was unsearchable in its depths, and the wonder of that love caused him to often be out there showing this same

sacrificial love to all he met.

There is a story of a judge who had a rebellious son. He drove his flash car very fast through town constantly making excuses that he didn't know the law restricted the speed limit to a lower pace, or that he was running late or sometimes he just made up any old story that delighted his mates and seemed to get him off. Deep down in his heart he thought he would always get off with it, because after all Dad was the local judge. Then came the dreaded day when a little child stepped suddenly out onto the main road just as he flew past. The child was killed and the young rebellious man was hauled before the court. He stood facing his father, ashen, he knew he deserved the death sentence, would his Dad, his loving Dad have the conviction of his position to carry it through. The court proceeded slowly going over each witness statement very carefully — all were fully aware of the sticky situation. In the end the jury could not come to a decision, mainly because they were coloured by the fact that the judge was the father of the lad in trouble. Eventually the judge had to make the final decision. He quietly asked his son to stand. "My son," he said, "the crime you have committed is worthy of the death sentence. You will be taken to prison and await this punishment." The court room fell quieter than it had been all morning and quietly the judge stood. With tears in his eyes, he disrobed from the garments of a judge and stepped down from where he had previously sat. Quietly he walked around to where his son was being held, and looking steadfastly toward the front of the court this is what he said. "As the judge I had to carry out the punishment, as his father I ask that you will allow me to take instead my son's place?" By this time everyone was in tears. No one

This, dear friends, is repentance. A complete turn about and walking in the opposite direction to what one had previously walked.

Jesus visited the river where John the Baptist was baptising the many who came to repent. He asked to be baptised also, however John knowing who He was did not want to do so, he proclaimed that he was unworthy, but with a little persuasion he did baptise Jesus. As our Lord came up out of the water, the Spirit of God descended upon Him like a dove and landed on His head. A voice from heaven was heard to proclaim—

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!"

Matthew 3:17 (KJV)

"Going through a long line of prophets, God has been addressing our ancestors in different ways for centuries. Recently He spoke to us directly through His Son. By His Son, God created the world in the beginning, and it will all belong to the Son in the end. This Son perfectly mirrors God, and is stamped with God's nature. He holds everything together by what He says — powerful words! After He finished the sacrifice for sins, the Son took His honoured place high in the heavens right alongside God, far higher than any angel in rank and rule."

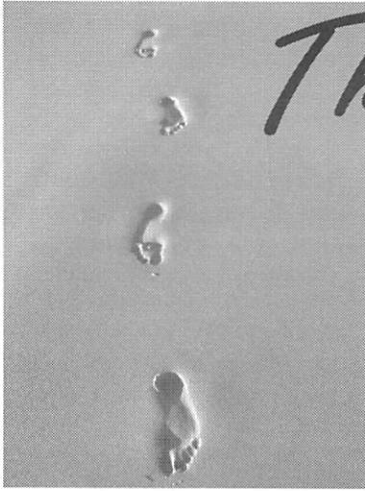
Hebrews 1:1-3 (The Message)

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Matthew 11:28 (KJV)

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

Isaiah 55:6 (KJV)



The Work Of Faith

"You just have to have faith!!" These are words that we often hear, especially when some tragedy has eventuated. I have often wondered what is meant by these words. Faith in what? Or in whom? Come to think of it, what is faith?

Hebrews 11 is a wonderful chapter in the Bible. It not only

tells us what faith is, but it goes on to show some extraordinary examples. When I was listening to a sermon many years ago on this chapter, it delighted my soul to circle the word "faith" every time it was mentioned. In the King James Version "faith" is mentioned 24 times, whilst "faithful" is used once as a description of God.

As I read through the chapter I find some remarkable things.

- **Faith is simple and fuss-less.** It is believing something without any visible proof. It is hanging strongly onto a hope that what we believe will eventuate, even if we do not live to see it. Verse 1.
- Verse 3 tells us about Creation — It is by faith that Christians believe the Word of God concerning a six-day period when heaven and earth were made and a seventh day when God the Creator rested. *(An evolutionist also believes by faith, however, their step of faith is much larger than ours, for it is based on lies.)*
- After the fall, we see that Abel was able to discern the truth from Satan's lies and so by faith he obeyed God and offered the correct sacrifice. *Probably Cain also thought he was being faithful, however his faith was flawed, for it was taken over with self- or will-worship — a determination to do it his way.* Verse 4.
- Verse 5 reminds us of the rapture of the Church. Because here we find faithful Enoch; he pleased God to such a degree that he did not have to pass through death, but was taken directly to heaven. The Bible tells us that Christians will also be taken to heaven before that great and terrible judgement that will come upon the whole world during a seven year tribulation period.
- Noah is a type of Christ. He and his ark represent a refuge for the Jews during the tribulation period. He is also found to be a man of faith in verse 7. God warned him of the flood of judgement that was to come and in obedience he spent 120 years building an ark in which he, his wife, their three sons and their wives were saved. This ark also saved animals of all kinds so that the earth could be replenished.
- Verse 8 tells us of Abraham, who was able to be called a friend of God because of his faith. This verse reminds us of our home in heaven, for we, like Abraham, have a rich inheritance to look forward to. Verses 9 and 10 remind us that just like him, we are only visitors on this earth, our main home being our heavenly home. Whilst here, our faith in God and His home of promise should enable us to see that our roots are not to be dug deeply into worldly things; however our hearts and minds should be set on things above. That which God has built, a city paved with gold.
- Verses 11 and 12 prove to us, through the example of Sarah and her faith, that with God all things are possible. However she is also a type of grace, for she was well past child-bearing age, yet God

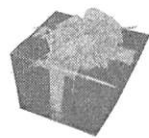
promised her a son and Isaac was born. We are also beyond hope. It is only God's grace and the faith He gives us that brings our salvation to pass.

- In Verses 17-19 we discover the wonderful example of Abraham willingly stepping out in faithful obedience to sacrifice his child of promise — Isaac. Here we see how God the Righteous Father also willingly sacrificed His Own Son in order that we might be redeemed. Just as Abraham deemed that his Righteous God would raise his son from the dead, we are reminded that our Righteous Father truly did raise His Righteous Son from the dead — thus breaking the chains that bound each one of us through sin.
- Isaac, Jacob, Joseph and Moses' parents all remind us that our faith can be and should be a part of our daily lives in all we do, both in life and death. We look forward to the hope of heaven and seeing our God face to face. Verses 20-23.
- Verses 24-29 tell of the many ways of faith Moses both lived his life and then brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, where they had lived and died as slaves for many years. Egypt is a picture of the world, sin and death. Moses is a picture of Christ, he was a man of action and so is our Lord. Christ Jesus did not choose to go the way of sin and death, but in obedience to the Father, 'in our place condemned He stood'. Our Lord brought us out of our slavery to Satan and hell, by His death on the Cross and resurrection on the third day.
- We are now shown that this blessing is not just open to Israel, but also to any Gentiles, (non-Jews), who choose to believe. We see the walls of Jericho fall and Rahab, a known prostitute, is also saved by faith. By simple fuss-less belief she looked after the Jewish spies and asked them to save her and her family. Verses 30-31.
- In verses 32-40, we discover name after name describing their "deliverance faith" and "disaster faith". We are reminded once again, that our Righteous God is absolutely able to save those who suffer, whether it be in our daily lives or in martyrdom. We too are encouraged to look heavenward and to trust in Him.

So next time we hear those words—"you just have to have faith", let's remember that it must be based on truth. It has to be based in Someone and that Someone is Truth. He is also the Life and the Way. It has to be based in Jesus Christ and His death, burial and resurrection. It must be based on the Word of God, which shows from Genesis to Revelation that our Righteous Father is God and He is in total control. He is Faithful and Just. He is a God of Love, however He is also a God of Wrath and most importantly, He reminds us in verse 6: **"It's impossible to please God apart from faith. And why? Because anyone who wants to approach God must believe both that He exists and that He cares enough to respond to those who seek Him."** (The Message)

"Righteous Father, reveal to us by the power of Your Holy Spirit, what true faith is and in Whom that faith must be based. If we are Your children, oh Lord, strengthen our faith — for many of us tend to live our lives just as Cain did in will-worship. However Father God, if I have not yet given my heart to You, I pray that You will help me to simply believe — just as a little child — that truly You are God, that You created heaven and earth, and that You have a hope and a purpose for me in heaven. Forgive us when we sin and draw each and every one of us unto your throne of grace by Your great and wonderful work of faith."





The Greatest Gift



Most people love to receive gifts and are grateful for the generosity of the giver. Gifts arrive on birthdays and other special occasions, and then there are those that come out of the blue, just because we are loved. Sometimes we can choose our gifts, and sometimes we hope for things without knowing for certain that we will get them.

Recently I came across the results of a survey, which found that many people hope they will get to heaven by being a good person, and by doing enough good works to balance imaginary judgement scales in their favour. Others believe it is important to have some kind of faith, no matter which one. The interesting thing here is that people focus on hope or faith, which prompts the question: How do we know that our faith is valid and absolutely reliable? How do we know it will achieve what we hope for?

I am sure that most of you have sat on many different chairs during your lifetime. And without even thinking about it, you believed that each chair would adequately support you. If that were not the case, you would have checked each one before sitting down. But what would happen if you sat on a faulty chair? You’d come crashing down upsetting your equilibrium. And then you would realise that your faith in the soundness of that chair was misplaced.

You would have learnt that it is not the strength of your faith that is important, but the strength of the object in which you place your faith. You would have learnt to ask: Is the object of my faith reliable? Does it have the power to deliver what my faith expects? The Bible teaches that the only object worthy of our faith is Jesus Christ, because He died for all sinners and became the mediator between God and man/woman.

And as such, He is able to deliver His promise of forgiveness.

Did you know that the word *sin* was originally a marksman’s term? It meant a shortfall of the specified target, a missing of the central mark, the bullseye. No matter how many good works a person may do, or how religious he or she may be, every person falls short of the Creator’s perfect standard, and there is no exception. All of us have sinned, and the penalty for sin is death. But because of His great love for us, Christ took our place and died for our sins. As a result, He is the only One Who can save us from an eternity without God, where we would be in the presence of Satan and his angels — an eternity of torment. This is why He could say: ***“I am the door. If anyone enters by me, he will be saved.”***¹

Is there anyone more worthy or reliable to be the object of our faith? As the Bible says: ***“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. He who believes in Him is not condemned; but he who does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.”***²

Do you find a need of forgiveness in your heart? You can turn to Him right now, wherever you may be. Communication lines to heaven are always open, and you can talk to God as you would to a trusted friend. Believe that Christ died for your sins and that God raised Him from the dead. Humble yourself before Him and ask His forgiveness: then be baptised to show your identification with Him. If you really mean it, a spiritual miracle will take place in your heart (you will know it!), and you will be given new life in Christ. You will become a child of the Most High God, to live with Him forever in a place of joy instead of torment. This is the greatest gift imaginable. Will you receive it?

¹ John 10:9 (KJV) ² John 3:16,18 (KJV)

By Margret Lepke

My Testimony

My story starts in London, England. I have only a vague remembrance of my father, but I know he worked for a Christian firm and my mother always said he believed in the Lord. Evidently he regularly took me to Sunday School, but this stopped when he died. Times were tough, money short, but if word got out of a Sunday School picnic or Christmas party, I was off to attend for a few Sundays until the treat was past. In those days Scripture was taught in School after assembly prayer and rollcall. Twenty minutes were spent learning Bible passages by heart and hearing the stories, so I had a little grounding in the Scriptures.

At age twelve I attended an Evangelical Sunday School and moved up into Bible Class, becoming very interested in spiritual things. Then came the war and hasty evacuation from London to a lovely village. There I attended the pretty village church, sang in the choir and remember each cold winter Sunday warming the elderly canon’s surplice before the

service. Sadly my mother became ill and I had to return home to care for her and find work. Soon after, I met my husband and we started courting — no time or thought given to God, yet there were links in the chain, for in the government office where I worked, a lovely Christian girl often tried to present the Gospel to me. Unfortunately I was horrified and refused to listen when I discovered she was intimate with her fiancé before he was sent overseas — this was against all my thinking. As I look back my belief probably sprang more from fear of my mother and the then shame of unmarried motherhood than from Scripture teaching.

Then came marriage and motherhood; firstly a daughter then a son: also a move into farming. We lived on a neighbouring farm to my husband’s brother and family. One day into the village with tent and caravan, came an evangelist; Fred McMinn. My husband’s brother, wife and fourteen year-old daughter went to the meetings and were saved.

We had always been close so they in their new-found joy and zeal started preaching to us. Oh! Yes, we believed in a God, but felt all He wanted was for us to be honest and try to help others. How self-righteous we were and completely ignorant of the true way of salvation.

Next, we were invited to attend a small Gospel Chapel for the baptism of brother Fred and his wife. "No way," said my husband and although I was willing, my husband and I always were at one with each other and I would not stand out against him. However came the day, bitterly cold and raining and the baptistery heater had broken down. "Total immersion in cold water, this will be good," said my husband, "we'll go."

A lovely welcome at the door and such a friendly happy atmosphere (of

course, these dear folk had all been praying for us). As the brother stood up to explain baptism, I suddenly saw that Christ had died for my sin and there and then I repented, asked God's forgiveness and accepted Christ as my Saviour. A wonderful joy filled me and I don't remember the rest of the service. Later that night I discovered my husband also was saved. Sufficient to say although at times I have failed the Lord, He has never failed me and I enjoy peace with God. Even though trials and heartache have come, the joy has outweighed everything else.

May God's Holy Spirit help you to love and know the Precious Saviour Whom to know is life eternal.

By Doris Rulton

MY GODLY HERITAGE

HARVEY — 'Not in vain'

BRANDON — 'A friend now
& for ever'

THE 'JOYFUL NEWS MISSION' — My maternal grandparents Isaac (Ike) and Levinia **Brandon** were busy with mission work at a little church known as the *Joyful News Mission* in the heart of Brisbane. Grandpa Brandon (a Methodist Minister) served there for 32 years.

The name **BRANDON** means 'A friend now and for ever'. Grandpa and Grandma sought to lead many souls to the greatest friend of all — the Lord Jesus Christ. My mother Vera Ellen, one of their ten children, married my dad, James Daw Harvey at the *Joyful News Mission* on the 25th July 1925.

I was raised in this Godly church and praise God for **Pastor Victor Ham** who followed my grandfather as minister of this church. I thank God for the precious privilege of being taught the truths of Scripture. I remember basically living at church — attending Church, Sunday School, Bible Class, Open Air Meetings, Christian Endeavour, Young People's groups and prayer meetings.

The prayer meetings were really something! We sang and prayed and sang and prayed. These prayer meetings are some of my fondest memories during my growing up years. I was bathed in the Word of God and in prayer. As far as I know, my eldest sister Joyce, was the first one at *Joyful News* to be baptised by Pastor Ham.

THE 'HOLY' PAIR! — My paternal grandparents, Joseph and Mary Harvey (known as the Holy pair), loved the Lord. Grandpa Harvey was a Baptist Minister — a busy worker with the *Sydney City Mission* at Woolloomooloo. The name **HARVEY** means 'Not in vain'! My parents never laboured in vain. My sisters and I love the Lord and three of us have served in full time service.

My sister Joyce (whose first name was Glenis), gave me my name — Glenda. She took the Glen off her first name Glenis and took the Da off my father's middle name Daw, making Glenda. My sister Audrey gave me my second name — Dawn (derived from my father's middle name Daw). Although I value the many things I have inherited — including my name, above all, I value my Godly Heritage.

When I came to the Lord as a young girl, I inherited in Jesus, *Jehovah Jireh — My Provider, Jehovah Shalom — My Peace, Jehovah Shammah — My Ever Present One, Jehovah Rapha — My Healer, Jehovah Ra-ah — My Shepherd and Jehovah Nissi — My Banner*. What an exceeding GREAT reward I inherited! I am an heiress because in Jesus Christ I have inherited all the riches of God in Himself.

We read in Ephesians chapter 1, *"In Jesus I have obtained an inheritance. I have been sealed with the Holy Spirit of Promise — which is the earnest of my inheritance, until the Redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory."*

What a wonderful provision having God-fearing ancestors and being under the sound teaching of a God-fearing minister. God had made provisions for me before I was formed in my mother's womb! Jehovah Jireh has been my provider throughout my life in providing a Godly heritage for me. I praise God that I was taught to 'Whisper a prayer in the morning and whisper a prayer at noon...' He is the one I've cried to from an early age. The Lord Jesus Christ is my most prized possession. He is my Godly Heritage!

This excerpt can be found in Glenda's book called *"Here am I...but please send my sister"* Page 123/4...It has been used by permission © ISBN 0 646 144391. This book is the diary of one VERY human missionary mum. Please contact "The Heart of a Woman Inc." for further details.



By
Glenda Rosser

Hearts and Souls and Dishes

Karli made her way to her cousin's house. The grass was still wet from the morning dew. Her feet slipped in her sandals. There was a mound of fresh manure on the front lawn, someone must have taken the cows past the front of the house. "Morning," she greeted the family as she stepped up onto the porch. Marion nodded her head in acknowledgment but didn't return the greeting. Marion's children, all washed and polished, were lingering around the front door. Her husband was to one side of the garden pulling up weeds in his best shirt. Debbi from next door was peering out the kitchen window. "Hey, Karli, come and finish these dishes for me, will you?" she called.

Karli entered the house. It smelt of cinnamon cake and fresh coffee. Good people's houses always smell nice. She stepped into the kitchen just as Debbi walked out. "Don't take too long with them," she said as they passed.

Karli settled herself in front of the sink. She was good at washing dishes. They were always smudged to begin with, but she knew how to clean them. She knew which sort of china liked which sort of detergent. It was a taken-for-granted fact that dishes could be cleaned. Hearts and souls could not. She overheard the conversation from outside.

"He'll be here soon, He said he'd come about 10:30." "What time is it now?" "10:26."

There was a pause. Karli could see the children jump down on to the front lawn and climb up onto the fence to stare down the road. They were expecting someone. Karli probably wouldn't get to taste the coffee this morning. "I can't believe he agreed to come to your place for morning tea. I mean, fancy that!" Debbi was impressed.

Karli was on the last pot now, the one Marion had decided would always be black. The one she used for roasts, or caramel corn, but never for serving. Karli took the steel wool and smeared it thickly with Ping Paste.

"He's coming!" one of the children yelled from

the fence. The excitement seeped through the fly screen. Marion ordered the children up onto the porch and Greg hurriedly washed his hands. Karli moved away from the sink and stood behind the front screen door. Debbi was standing directly in front of it with no intention of moving. Karli looked over her shoulder to the front gate. A man in beige casual pants and sandalled feet stepped up to the gate. He had an old backpack, the heavy cotton type, slung over one shoulder. Karli could see him mouth a greeting and wave before He fumbled with the gate. The catch had always been jammed a little. He needed to wiggle it to the left. Finally he did and began walking across the lawn. His toes caught the edge of the manure Karli had dodged. His pace altered slightly as He wiped



his feet across the damp grass self consciously. He finally returned his gaze to the house sending everyone a smile. One even made it through the screen, though by the shrug of her shoulders Karli could tell Debbi thought it was hers.

"Welcome to our home," Greg said shaking hands with the guest. "It's so great that you could make it!" Marion stood behind one of the cane porch chairs, "Why don't you sit down? The coffee is almost ready. Make yourself comfortable." The visitor sat. He placed his bag to one side of his chair and positioned his feet carefully. He didn't want to cause his hosts embarrassment.

"Karli," Marion called, "bring the coffee." She smiled widely at the visitor. Debbi took a chair and the children sat neatly in a row on the porch swing. Karli fetched a tray. On it she arranged the coffee, mugs, special spoons that

Marion kept in the drawer above the oven, sugar cubes and cream. It was quite heavy. She carried it carefully to the front door and waited. The visitor looked up and saw her. She hung her head. He knew, but how? Had they told Him? Her hands shook the tray and the spoons began to rattle. They wouldn't have told Him. Good people try to forget manure.

Marion looked up at the sound of rattling cutlery. "Fantastic, the coffee," she said before she stood up. She opened the door and glared at Karli, "Can't even get the coffee without being a nuisance, can you," she whispered as she took the tray. "Now, go get the cake!"

Karli could hear the mugs being placed onto the coffee table. She heard the visitor comment on the coffee's aroma. "Only the best!" Greg said loudly. The cake was still warm, Karli cut it into thick wedges. There were cake plates and forks ready as well. Karli placed them on another tray and carried them out. "And who is this?" the visitor asked. Karli looked up to silence. Greg stumbled over the full pronunciation of her name, Debbi mumbled something about her being a house help. "Are you Karli?" the visitor asked.

Marion snatched the tray away, "Why did you have to turn up today?" she scorned. The visitor kept His eyes on Karli. He knew about smudges and dirt. "Cake?" Marion asked. She stood deliberately in front of Karli. "It is cinnamon, I made it myself this morning from a recipe my mother left to me. Mother was a good old woman, wasn't she Debbi?" Marion began handing out the cake. Debbi launched into conversation about old Mrs Deepworth. Karli lifted the damp edge of her apron and stepped forward. She heard the conversation pause and then begin again at a higher volume. Greg choked on his coffee. The children snickered enough to make the swing creak. "Karli? Ahh... what are you doing?" Marion asked with false lightness. Then she whispered, "Karli. Don't make a scene today, not today."

Karli bent down beside the visitor's chair. She knew who He was now. The rumors had been too perfect. No soul had wings, she told herself. Only the good come this close to perfection. But He had called her, hadn't He? When He had looked at her heart, when He had read the secrets everyone relished. "I... almost stepped

in it too..." she whispered. A tear crawled humiliatingly down her cheek. "What are you doing?!" "Don't mind her, she isn't quite... you know." "Go, Karli, just go, please!" the others begged her. The children's laughter became audible. The visitor glanced up. They sat back ashamed.

Karli wiped, with the edge of her apron, the smudge on the visitor's foot. Her tears were falling easily now. Memories were eating her soul and she had opened the door to let Him in. The mocking rose around her. Snickering, blistering, name calling. Nothing new, yet none gentle.

She crouched in front of Him now. Her hair, which had been roughly tied up before she started the dishes, fell loose around her face. It brushed the feet before her. Clumsily she used it to wipe away the streaks her tears had made on the man's dusty feet. The more she wiped the harder her tears fell. Dishes were easier than guilt and pain and wrong. She reached into her pocket for the mini vial of perfume she had once been given. She had always carried it, never worn it — she wasn't good enough to smell too nice: but He? She fumbled with the

small plastic lid spilling the cool liquid onto her fingers and down onto His toes.

"Oh, Good God!" Debbi swore. "Karli, enough, it is enough already, we know how much you like cleaning, but honestly..."

"Leave her alone," the visitor silenced them. Karli's tears fell steadily, the scent of perfume was strong and heady in her face. "Her many sins have been forgiven — for she loved much." "Man, you don't know the half of it!" Greg suggested, his voice eager with waiting details.

The man ignored Greg's offer and waited for Karli to look up. She knew her face was red, her eyes puffed and sore. She sucked hard at her bottom lip trying to control the trembling. "Thanks. I wasn't sure what to do about that. You can go now, in peace." He looked deeply into her face; "Your sins are forgiven. Believe it." He watched her a moment longer until lightness engulfed her soul. She made a motion to wipe her face and stood up. "I can go now?" she asked.

Only He answered with a nod. She stepped down from the porch and began walking away from the house. She dodged the pile of manure and a small smile crept onto her face. She turned back to take another look at her Saviour. He lifted a hand and waved. Debbi and Marion sank back into their cane chairs. Greg pushed his cake further onto the table. The children tried to resume rocking.

Karli left the gate unlocked, it was a tricky one, always got jammed up. There was a scent of goodness in the air, of thick inescapable love — and she, of all people, had tasted it. She laughed softly under her breath, then realized she still had on Marion's apron. She could return it later, now it was time to go: and she would go, go home in peace.

Luke 7:36-50

By Penny Reeve



A NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

A new life in Christ - oh! how great our Redeemer,
Old things are past - we can start life anew,
Filled with His Spirit and armed for the warfare,
Receiving help daily to remain steadfast and true.

The many mistakes we have made in our weakness,
Are covered by the Blood of our Saviour and Lord.

In Him we will triumph as we battle on daily,
Living through Jesus as we feed on His Word.

By Barbara Holmes

Faith Gives Comfort

Father who loves us
All knowing God
Includes us in His divine plan
Teaches us many lessons
He sent His only Son to die for us.

God so loved the world
Invite Him into your heart
Very soon He may come again
Even at midnight He may return
Saviour of sinners.

Come unto Him, before it is too late
Only trust (Him) now
Mankind has sinned
Forsake all other gods
Open your hearts door
Remember your Creator
Truly repent of your sins.

By Priscilla Gaston



The Tempter's Snare



"Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil."

Each temptation was an attempt to get Him to live independent of the Father God's guidance and will. However, each one Jesus rejected using the Word of God as His weapon of warfare. Finally He said:

"You shall worship the LORD your God, and Him only you shall serve."

Then the devil left Him and angels ministered to His needs.

Matthew 4:1-11 (NKJV)

Thoughts From Doubting Thomas

It's over now! The one we thought had come
To rule His Kingdom here on earth has gone
His life has ended, not upon a throne,
But on a wooden cross — He died alone!
His body taken and for burial prepared,
Is now inside a rough hewn cave secure.
Finished! Dead! The one we thought was King!
A heavy stone is rolled across the door.

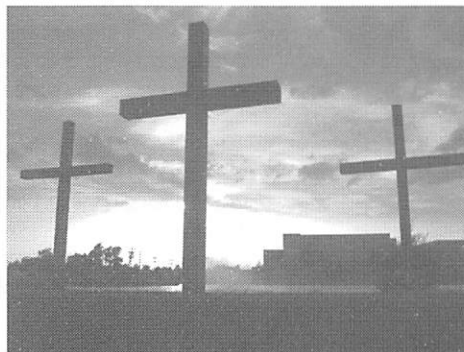
"Unless I see the nail marks, put my hand into His side,
I cannot but believe He's dead," I doubtfully replied.
Later on they met again, and I was with them too.
The doors were closed and all was still when I heard —
"Peace to you."
I must have been asleep and had a dream.
That voice I heard, it surely could not be.
But as I slowly raised my eyes and saw the love in His,
I knew for sure that it was truly He.

To us He'd given power that we might serve Him well,
Had sent us out to preach to those in
Israel.

We'd seen His many miracles, His
words of wisdom heard,
The way He'd fixed the Pharisees —
that really was superb!
He always seemed so special; but now
He's dead and gone,
The Messiah! King! Anointed One!
We were so very wrong.
He surely was a good man, that —
I still believe,

And because He helped so many, I cannot help but grieve.

We spent those three short years with Him,
the twelve of us together.
We thought that we would reign with Him, forever and forever.
He'd die and on the third day rise again;
that's what we had heard,
But we know that's just impossible, something quite absurd.
I just want to be alone with all my doubt and fear,
Why they call me 'Doubting Thomas' — well, that is very clear.
When the others came and told me
that they had seen the Lord,
My heart, still full of doubt and fear,
could not believe their word.



"Reach out," He said, "and touch
my hands
and feel my wounded side,
And be not unbelieving, but know
for you I died."
And as I saw those precious
wounds from where
His blood had flowed,
I KNEW that He had risen again,
and cried,
'MY LORD! MY GOD!'

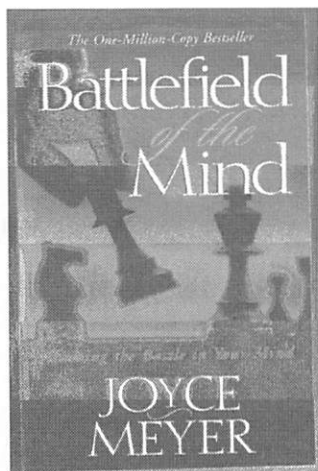
Now I guess you're mostly all like me, just ordinary folk,
And think the resurrection was but a desperate hope,
But many of us saw Him, five hundred folk or more,
Why! One time when we'd been fishing,
He cooked breakfast on the shore.
"Those who've not seen and yet believe," He said,
"are truly blessed,"
Their sins forgiven, their lives made clean,
their minds can be at rest.
And as by faith you see His wounds,
know for you His blood has flowed;
Then from your heart you'll cry like me,
"You are MY LORD! MY GOD!"

By J.P.

Book Review

'And be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the NEW MAN...'
(Ephesians 4:23,24a)

By Beryl Dick



There's a war going on and your mind is the battlefield! If you're one of the millions who suffer from worry, doubt, confusion, depression, anger or condemnation, you are experiencing an attack on your mind. Overcoming negative thoughts that come against your mind brings freedom and peace. Find out how to recognize damaging thought patterns and stop them from influencing your life.

In this powerful book, Joyce Meyer guides you through an honest self-appraisal by sharing trials, tragedies and ultimate victories in her own marriage, family and ministry. You will gain insight into how you too can win the battle in your own mind and...

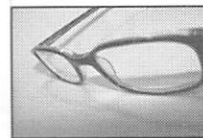
1. Find peace from negative damaging mental activity.
2. See the truth by a new and clear correct thinking pattern.
3. Use spiritual weapons effectively.
4. Overcome ten wilderness mentalities, which hold you in harmful circumstances.

Don't surrender to misery another day. Find out now what you can do to ensure your victory in the 'Battlefield of the Mind'.

The one-million-copy Best Seller! Warner/Faith Printer Approx. \$17.95



Your Doctor's Insights



Overcoming Difficulties at Children's Bedtime

In families with small children, bedtime is often a time of great difficulty. Over 50 per cent of toddlers and pre-school children resist going to bed and about a third of this age group wake at least once a night.

Children learn by habit and it is important for parents to establish a bedtime routine, such as dinner, bath, pyjamas, story, toilet, toothbrush and bed, which is followed faithfully each night. Once it is bedtime the child should be put to bed, kissed goodnight and left alone. A night-light and cuddly toy are good companions. This way the child will 'learn' how to get off to sleep. Letting the child fall asleep elsewhere and then putting them into bed will interfere with this learning process and produce problems as they get older.

If the child leaves the bedroom he/she should



be returned at once. If they are very obstinate about this, a door gate is a good idea. Locking the bedroom door closed may scare the child.

Children who regularly wake in the night crying are a source of great anxiety and frustration for parents. It is obviously important to be sure that the child is not sick, but this is not often the case. There are no illnesses that only occur at night!

There are several ways of tackling this problem. One is to totally ignore the crying until the child falls asleep through exhaustion. This can take an hour or more and many parents just can't stick it out.

Another approach is sometimes known as 'controlled crying'. After the child has been crying for a minute the parents can briefly go and reassure him/her, only staying for a short time, even if the child has not settled. If the crying continues wait for five minutes before going back for a brief visit, then wait ten minutes, etc.

Children's lives are all about learning. One of the things they learn is what they can get away with. If parents are inconsistent with their approach to bedtime it is hardly surprising if

children scream the house down if they have learned that this is the way to get their parents to give in and let them get up.

Your Doctor's Insights

Has been presented by the

"Evans Street Surgery"

Inverell, NSW

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Unfortunately these Doctors will be unable to answer any questions, but if you feel after reading their items, that you need to seek medical attention, we suggest that you visit your own Practitioner.



The Tempter's Snare

It is the *little things* in life that trip us up — a stone, hidden in the grass, a submerged rock in that stretch of water we thought we knew so well. Or it could be a very smooth path. Life's been easy. A few cloudy days, maybe, and then the sun is shining again. Life is so pleasant and happy, what could possibly go wrong!

I remember seeing some years ago, a cartoon depicting a teacher, happily striding along, whistling as she went. Stealing up behind her was a small boy with a banana peel in his hand, about to place it under her raised foot! How graphic and true to life!

No wonder we are exhorted to be alert, watch and pray.

The story is told of a monkey who loved peanuts. Seeing one in a jar, he stuck his paw in. It was a trap, and the monkey fell for it! He grabbed the peanut and tried to withdraw it, but his clenched paw was too big now, to get out. The only way he could do it was to drop the peanut. This he was unwilling to do, and so he was snared!

What are we hanging onto which could become a snare?

In the parable of the sower, it's **"the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the desires of other things entering in"**, which chokes the Word of God in our lives.

The cares of this life:

We've all got them. It is part and parcel of this life. We are warned that we *will* have turmoil in this world, but we are to 'be of good cheer', because the Lord Jesus has overcome the world.²

So we are to be *over comers*. We must learn to hand over all our worries and cares to Him, committing our day to Him right at the start and as each problem arises. If we focus on our trials, like Peter we will sink beneath the waves. Runaway thoughts can be a big problem, which is why we are exhorted **"to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ"**.³ So when we are tempted to despair, let us hold fast to the only One Who is able to help us and **He will!**

The deceitfulness of riches:

Charles and Wendy were 'good Christians'. Whenever they were needed, they were there, giving their all. Every spare penny was put to use in the field. One day Charles said, "If I could make some more money, just think what we could do with it!" One day they were having lunch in a small cafe, when they noticed a gaming machine in a corner. "You know," they reasoned, "it's not really gambling if we're doing it to win money to further the Kingdom of God. Let's have a go!" To their delight they won quite a substantial amount on their very first go. And from that moment they were snared. They lost at times, but this only spurred them on. The exhilaration they felt when they won became a snare.

They became friends with the world and its pleasures. And so they became, quite unconsciously, enemies of God.⁴ They continued to attend Christian activities, but somehow things had changed. The musical note of their service changed. It sounded hollow and out of tune. They were trying to serve two masters, God and mammon (riches), and it can't be done.⁵

Desires of other things entering in:

(See also the story of the monkey, above.)

One of these could be the **busyness of life**. We can become so busy that we neglect our quiet times with the Lord. Or we take them 'on the run', to the detriment of everything we do. Ever noticed how hard it is to pray when we're tired or under a lot of pressure? We carry on, but we are like a motor car trying to run on water!

May He give us grace to keep close to Him at all times, because that's the only way we'll be able to avoid the Tempter's snare.

¹Mark 4:19; ²John 16:33; ³2 Corinthians 10:5; ⁴James 4:4; ⁵Luke 16:13 (All references are taken from the NKJV)



By Barbara Holmes

"And you shall remember that the Lord your God led you all the way these forty years in the wilderness, to humble you and test you, to know what was in your heart, whether you would keep His commandments or not."

Deuteronomy 8:2 (NKJV)

Welcome to our Naturopathic Forum



By Margret Lepke
www.drlepke.com

Probiotics – New Life for Your Intestinal Tract

Your digestive tract is home to friendly microbes commonly known as gut flora. These bacteria are essential for good health and immunity and need to be nourished in order to stay alive and in good shape. Prebiotics do just that and include raw oats, unrefined wheat, and inulin containing foods such as roots and rhizomes in general, dandelion root, wild yam, artichokes, chicory, garlic and leeks. Eat plenty of them, but be warned. Inulin tends to produce gas, and your system may take a little while to get used to it.

Unfortunately, your gut 'goodies' are destroyed by antibiotic treatment, stress, excessive alcohol and exposure to toxic substances. This makes their harmful competitors thrive and can result in faulty digestion and fungal overgrowth such as candidiasis, a reason why many women suffer from thrush when taking antibiotics.

So what can you do to help re-establish beneficial bacteria in your digestive tract? Get some probiotics. These are dietary supplements of friendly lactobacilli and bifidobacteria, which can be obtained in various forms. Fermented foods contain therapeutic amounts, such as sauerkraut, kefir, yogurt and drinks containing 'live cultures', or else you can buy them from your supermarket or chemist in capsule or powder form.

It's a good idea to ensure supplementary products have been shipped and stored in refrigerated conditions so that the bacilli are still alive when you buy the product. Unfortunately, supplements without enteric coating also

lose a lot of bacilli during their hazardous journey through the digestive tract and should therefore be taken without additional food to keep digestive acid to a minimum.

People tend to think that probiotics are a magic cure for constipation, bloating and yeast infections because of the symptomatic relief they provide. But supplements can only help out until your own natural gut flora is re-established. To obtain long-term benefits from supplements, therefore, you also need to eat plenty of prebiotics in order to feed the newly colonised bacteria. At the same time you should drastically decrease sugars and refined flour products, because these are super foods for the 'baddies'.

Here is an easy and inexpensive way to keep your gut flora healthy by making your own fermented drink from *good-quality organic* wheat, rye, oats, millet or triticale (avoid old, cracked or rancid grain). Prepare a sterilised glass jar and fill half with grain that has been thoroughly rinsed in a strainer until free of dirt, dust and chaff. Add distilled water until the jar is nearly full and allow the grain to soak for 24 hours in a warm place. Then shake the jar, strain off the liquid, and let the 'soak water' ferment in a warm place, covered with a piece of cheesecloth. Depending on temperature, this will take about 36 to 72 hours, after which time you can store the liquid in a refrigerator for up to one week. The discarded grain can be used in sourdough bread and soup etc. Drink half a glass of the fermented liquid each morning on an empty stomach, and your intestinal flora will be grateful. Have a good day!

"A snare drum is a small drum, which has strings of wire or gut stretching across the bottom. This causes a note more like a rattling sound, instead of a clear beat. As Christians, if we allow Satan or our own evil desires to draw us into living a worldly life, then Jesus Christ's notes of love will always be heard as hypocritical. Just like the snare drum we give out an unclear sound. Our lives falter and others miss hearing our Lord's tune of love."



- Q 1. What kind of a man was Boaz before he married?
- Q 2. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?
- Q 3. Who was the greatest female financier in the Bible?
- Q 4. What kinds of motor vehicles are in the Bible?
- Q 5. Who was the greatest comedian in the Bible?
- Q 6. What excuse did Adam give to his children as to why he no longer lived in Eden?
- Q 7. Which servant of God was the most flagrant lawbreaker in the Bible?
- Q 8. Which area of Palestine was especially wealthy?
- Q 9. Who is the greatest babysitter mentioned in the Bible?
- Q 10. Which Bible character had no parents?

See page 35 for the answers

Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

This must be my very favourite prayer chorus. It takes me back to my dear Dad, who led many a prayer meeting with the words of this chorus. Dad and Mum came to the Lord much later in life, and this chorus had a profound effect on their lives. When I was young, I sang along with them, but it was mainly the tune I liked, which I am sure has happened to many of you some time or other. When we take these words line by line, they really come alive as we "look full in His wonderful face." In the past I have felt envious of "things" that friends and family have purchased and items that have been given to them, but it is only when I remember the next line of that chorus "That the things of the world will grow strangely dim, in the LIGHT of HIS GLORY and GRACE" that I remember how unimportant "THINGS" become, and as we will not be judged by earthly possessions we have no need to worry!

By Maureen Chamberlain

"Therefore, if any one is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away;
behold, all things have become new."

22 Corinthians 5:17 (NKJV)

"Fear knocked at my door, Faith answered, and there was no one there."

Author Unknown

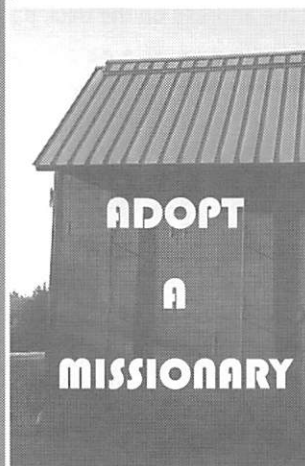


FAITH'S TRIAL

What a blessed hope in store for those who love The Lord,
Who find their daily guidance written in His Word,
Seeking help and comfort in early morning prayer,
Throughout the day and in the night,
We'll always find Him there.
But there are times when everything goes wrong,
And there's no Balm of Gilead, for our pain;
The heavens will seem as brass, and we may cry in vain.
Time will pass and life goes on, and looking back we'll see
That all the darkness of that day was but our God's decree.
The trial of our faith, far more precious than gold,
Must stand the test of the fire:
For only by testing, the dross is consumed,
And our feet be cleansed from the mire.
By daily dependence, our trust in the Lord,
Will continue to grow,
And with it, His love, and strength from above,
To take care of our needs here below.

Barbara Holmes

PLEASE HELP!!



The Heart of a Woman is sent to a number of missionaries and we know many more could benefit. This is where you come in! Would you and/or your family Adopt-a-Missionary? Adopt-a-Missionary is a \$20 annual investment. This covers the annual printing and postage costs for *The Heart of a Woman* to be sent to a missionary overseas.

If you would like to support 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' in this way please complete your details on the tear-off section on page 38.

ADOPT A MISSIONARY TODAY !!

RECIPESChocolate—to tempt your taste buds

Ultimate Chocolate Recipes

Chocolate Nut Fudge Log

Ingredients:

½ cup Nestle Sweetened Condensed milk

250 g packet Nestle Milk Choc bits

1/3 cup roasted hazelnuts, chopped

Method:

Place milk and choc bits in a small pan, stir over low heat until chocolate has just melted and mixture combines. Spoon mixture onto greaseproof paper, roll up to form a log, twist to seal both ends, refrigerate until firm. Unwrap fudge and roll over hazelnuts to coat evenly. If desired, drizzle melted Nestle Plaistowe chocolate over log before cutting into thin slices. Allow refrigerate time.

Chocolate Fruit and Nut Slice

Ingredients:

1 300g packet chocolate melts

½ cup Nestle Sweetened condensed milk

1 tabs butter

Method:

Melt all these ingredients together, now add any kind of dried fruit or nuts you like. Place alfoil into a long narrow slice tray. Pour ingredients in and refrigerate. When it is firm slice thinly.

Thankyou to Sandra Keen and the Christian Community Church at Rockhampton Qld.



Have you got a favourite recipe to share?

Please post or email to us at the address on the back page.

PROJECT 200

In past editions we have asked you to prayerfully consider becoming a member of 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' We mentioned that 200 financial members (@ \$25 each per year) would cover the current postage costs (not printing).

This edition we are continuing PROJECT 200 - to have 200 people become members. 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' is an incorporated "not-for-profit" organisation, which is legally required to have members.

If you would like to support 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' in this way, please complete your details on the tear-off section on page 38.

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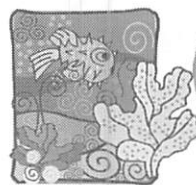
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Notes of Affection



And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

Matthew 4:23 (KJV)

When our Lord was here—
Our Saviour dear,
He gladdened each neighbourhood.
For the Bible tells—
The message spells,
He went about doing good.
He went about doing good,
And helping where'er He could.
Our example is He—
And like Him we should be—
Who went about doing good.

The blinded ones made to see.
When He raised the dead;
The hungry fed;
The demon possessed set free.
He went about doing good,
And helping where'er He could.
Our example is He;
And like Him we should be —
Who went about doing good,
Who went about doing good.

It was love revealed;
When the lame He healed;

"And there followed Him great multitudes..."

Matthew 4:25a (KJV)

A Labour Of Love



The extreme act of a labour of love was the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus upon the cross, the laying down of His life to save ours. Undeserved and unreserved, He paid the price of sin for mankind. How can we return this labour of love? Firstly, by repentance and acceptance of the Lord into our heart and lives; then seeking to serve Him and living a life pleasing to God.

How does one define love, true love. Not just emotion, but a deep exercise of spirit. It is a giving, a pouring out of oneself, for the benefit of another. What is labour? Surely it is something that involves effort, even sacrifice of time, patience and cost.

Many years ago in a village in Essex, England a tragic shooting took place. A mother of 10 children lay in hospital awaiting a serious operation; one of her boys accidentally shot and killed a neighbour's child. The distraught mother discharged herself and refused to leave her family again. A couple of families stepped in and for a couple of months cared for the children in their own home. She was helped by gifts and support from unknown and unexpected sources — a labour of love. Love in action, for the mother's life was saved by her return to the hospital.

If someone is going through a time of pain or distress our support will be a labour of love, even if only by a word in season and commitment to prayer. Financial giving in disastrous events is a true labour of love. The apostle Paul was ever grateful to the Church of Philippi, who gave even in their own need and encouraged him in his years in prison.

During the life of David the shepherd boy who became King of Israel, he thirsted after water from Bethlehem whilst away fighting the Philistines. Three mighty men risked their lives to fetch him water, a labour of love for David, but David refused to drink it and poured it out upon the ground. This was an act of humility towards God the giver of life. David counted himself unworthy of such love and acted in a labour of love for God.

Our lives can be an example of this. Even overcoming temptation is a labour of love towards God, as is seeking to follow the example of the Lord Jesus in all aspects of our daily life.

In 1 Corinthians 13 Paul writes a beautiful chapter on love. It is the essence of all Christian living and in Galatians 5:22, speaking of spiritual fruit, tells us that love is the first fruit, so we must seek after love before we can labour in it.

No labour of love is ever wasted for, even if it does not accomplish its purpose, it gives glory to God and brings benefit to the soul.

May we ever continue to seek to labour in love for the needs of those around us, for it is God's purpose for our life and spiritual growth.

By Doris Rulton

Practice What You Preach

Praise is good to practice,
Remember to think before you speak,
Always listen (with your heart),
Concentrate on truth,
Try to encourage others,
Invite others to share,
Celebrate God's love,
Evade gossip.

Witness to people,
Hold high the Name of Jesus,
Alter your lifestyle,
Tame your tongue.

You are to be ready and available,
Open your home to the needy,
Undo your sinful ways.

Pray for wisdom and patience,
Read the Scriptures regularly,
Ease your worries—look to Him,
Allow God to work in your life,
Come unto Him and He will give you rest,
Honour Him above all else.

By Priscilla Gaston

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Romans 12:1,2 (KJV)

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

Philippians 4: 8,9 (KJV)



Peace That Passes Understanding

In response to a recent frustration in my life Wendy Davie said, "God doesn't waste anything". I think of that remark so often. No, God doesn't waste anything, and especially not our suffering. I did want to write about that — the suffering — and a number of times I tried, but couldn't do it. I would sit down and start, but then nothing would come together. So in the end I gave up. "God doesn't want me to write this time", I thought, and in a way I was glad, because there are so many other things competing for my time.

But today God spoke to my heart in His still small voice—not that I heard a voice. It was more like a conviction, prompted by reading what a fellow Christian had written. Just another example of how God uses His children to do His work. Today is Easter

Sunday, and we spent the afternoon with dear Christian friends. I enjoyed a very belated birthday luncheon and presents (my birthday was in January!), and my husband was given a book entitled *Don't Waste Your Life*¹. But guess who started reading it when we got home? I was curious indeed because my husband and I had been talking recently about this very subject. How could WE make the last years of our lives count for the Lord in a special way?

When he was six, John Piper's family moved into a house that had a Christian plaque over the sink, and for the next twelve years he looked at those words almost daily until going away to college. They had a big effect on him. As it happens, we too have that plaque hanging in our kitchen! Except that ours has a grandfather clock next to the

verse, whereas his had a brown winding path disappearing into the far distance. But the words are the same:

*"Only one life, 'twill soon be past;
only what's done for Christ will last."*

John writes: "The thought of coming to my old age and saying through tears, 'I've wasted it! I've wasted it!', was a fearful and horrible thought to me."² These are our sentiments exactly; and as I was reading the first chapter, God spoke to my heart. It was as if He were saying, "Don't waste your suffering — write about it to encourage others". And here I am, writing...

You see, the beginning of this year was anything but good for us: we lost our daughter. Maybe not forever, but most likely for a very long time. And no, as you have

guessed she isn't dead (which might be easier to cope with), but she has severed all family ties due to the influence of a man in her life who is now her husband. At first we were hoping for a change of heart, but when the doors finally closed, we were devastated. Never in my whole life had I dreamt that this kind of thing could happen to me, and our friends found it equally as hard to believe: "Not in your family?!" they said. So my obvious question was, "Why, Lord?" But then my husband said, "Why not?". As Job phrased it, **"Shall we indeed accept good from God, and shall we not accept adversity?"**¹³

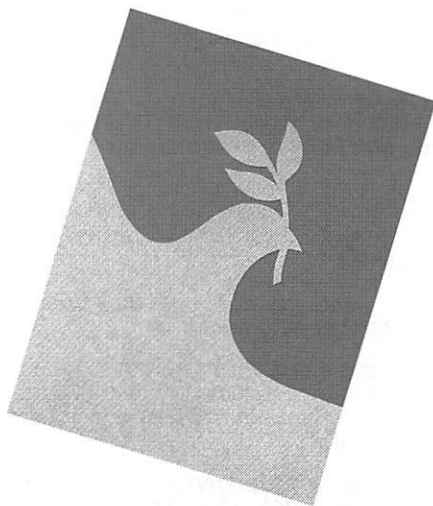
Of course I knew in my head that God is always in control, and that He has a purpose in all things He does. But I guess it is human to wonder sometimes. My husband was away each time the most severe onslaughts occurred, and because I didn't want to spoil his visit with relatives, I found great comfort in the book of Job. I was experiencing a VERY watered-down version of his sufferings, and somehow I knew when Satan was attacking. As I said earlier, it always happened when my husband was absent and also during times of intense spiritual activity, for example, when writing for the last magazine, and after a client of mine had given her life to Christ.

During this time of distress I became very much aware that nothing happens to God's children that has not passed through His own hand first. And despite the fact that we usually don't understand at the time why these things happen, we can nonetheless see God's blessings amongst the turmoil and know His peace in our hearts. During the worst times I was especially aware of this. He gave me peace that passes understanding; a serenity and trusting faith that is not dependent on favourable circumstances, but is experienced during times of adversity.

During that fateful first week, when I found myself in a state of shock concerning what

had just happened, the Lord gave me a perfectly appropriate verse of comfort each morning. It was written on the pages of 'Choice Gleanings', a daily calendar that a dear soul had given us for Christmas. I found that, as long as I kept my eyes on the Lord, I could walk in peace, knowing that God would work even this situation toward His glory and our good. But as soon as I turned my eyes to the circumstances around me, I started to sink. Just like Peter, who was able to walk on the water as long as he looked to the Lord, but sank the very moment he focused on the waves surrounding him.

God also brought an old hymn by Dora Greenwell to my mind, and the words have become so precious to me that I would like to share them with you:



I am not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath
planned;

I only know at His right hand
Stands One Who is my Saviour!

I take Him at His word indeed:
"Christ died for sinners," this I read:
For in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour!

That He should leave His place on high,
And come for sinful man to die,

You count it strange? — So once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour!

And oh, that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour!

John Piper writes: "We boast best in the cross when we bear it...for there is no greater joy than joy in the greatness of God. And if we must suffer to see this and savour it most deeply, then suffering is a mercy. And Christ's call to take up our cross...is love."¹⁴ God enlarges us through suffering. He prunes us to bear more and better fruit; and it is all designed for His glory. For in the ages to come He will show us off as His trophies of grace, as His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.¹⁵

This brings me to the end of my reflections. I believe that most of us don't want to waste our lives! And yet our best intentions and plans are sometimes changed by God's best intentions for us. During the last couple of months, for example, He turned my husband's and my future plans very much upside down and used adversity and disappointment as the catalyst. So now we are walking in a different direction, waiting to see God's plan unfold more fully and realising that He never wastes a thing. It won't be the first time we stand in awe of His sovereign guidance when we look back at what He has done.

¹John Piper, 'Don't Waste Your Life', Crossway Books, Wheaton, Illinois, USA, 2003.

²John Piper, 'Don't Waste Your Life', pp12-13

³Job 2:10 (NASB)

⁴John Piper, 'Don't Waste Your Life', p64

⁵Ephesians 2:4-10 (NASB)

By Margret Lepke



The Lord's Prayer

"Our Father Who Art In Heaven."

"Yes?"

"Don't interrupt me. I'm praying."

"But — you called ME!"

"Called you? No, I didn't call you. I'm praying. Our Father who art in Heaven."

"There — you did it again!"

"Did what?"

"Called ME. You said, 'Our Father Who art in Heaven'. Well, here I am. What's on your mind?"

"But I didn't mean anything by it. I was, you know, just saying my prayers for the day. I always say the Lord's Prayer. It makes me feel good, kind of like fulfilling a duty."

"Well, all right. Go on."

"Okay, Hallowed be thy name —"

"Hold it right there. What do you mean by that?"

"By what?"

"By 'Hallowed be thy name'?"

"It means, it means — good grief, I don't know what it means. How in the world should I know? It's just a part of the prayer. By the way, what does it mean?"

"It means honoured, holy, wonderful."

"Hey, that makes sense. I never thought about what 'hallowed' meant before. Thanks. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Sure, why not?"

"What are you doing about it?"

"Doing? Why, nothing, I guess. I just think it would be kind of neat if you got control, of everything down here like you have up there. We're kinda in a mess down here you know."

"Yes, I know; but, have I got control of you?"

"Well, I go to church."

"That isn't what I asked you. What about your bad temper? You've really got a problem there, you know. And then there's the way you spend your money — all on yourself. And what about the kind of books you read?"

"Now hold on just a minute! Stop picking on me! I'm just as good as some of the rest of those people at church!"

"Excuse ME! I thought you were praying for My will to be done. If that is to happen, it will have to start with the ones who are praying for it. Like you — for example."

"Oh, all right. I guess I do have some hang-ups. Now that you mention it, I could probably name some others."

"So could I."

"I haven't thought about it very much until now, but I really would like to cut out some of those things. I would like to, you know, be really free."

"Good. Now we're getting somewhere! We'll work together — you and ME. I'm proud of you."

"Look, Lord, if you don't mind, I need to finish up here. This is taking a lot longer than it usually does. Give us this day, our daily bread."

"You need to cut out the bread. You're overweight as it is."

"Hey, wait a minute! What is this? Here I was doing my religious duty, and all of a sudden you break in and remind me of all my hang-ups."

"Praying is a dangerous thing. You just might get what you ask for. Remember, you called ME — and here I am. It's too late to stop now. Keep praying. (— pause —) Well, go on."

"I'm scared to."

"Scared? Of what?"

"I know what you'll say."

"Try ME."

"Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us."

"What about Ann?"

"See? I knew it! I knew you would bring her up! Why, Lord, she's told lies about me, spread stories. She never paid back the money she owes me. I've sworn to get even with her!"

"But — your prayer — What about your prayer?"

"I didn't — mean it."

"Well, at least you're honest. But, it's quite a load carrying around all that

bitterness and resentment, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'll feel better as soon as I get even with her. Boy, have I got some plans for her. She'll wish she had never been born."

"No, you won't feel any better. You'll feel worse. Revenge isn't sweet. You know how unhappy you are — Well, I can change that."

"You can? How?"

"Forgive Ann. Then, I'll forgive you; and the hate and the sin will be Ann's problem — not yours. You will have settled the problem as far as you are concerned."

"Oh, you know, you're right. You always are. And more than I want revenge, I want to be right with You — (sigh). All right, all right — I forgive her."

"There now! Wonderful! How do you feel?"

"Hmm. Well, not bad. Not bad at all! In fact, I feel pretty great! You know, I don't think I'll go to bed uptight tonight. I haven't been getting much rest, you know."

"Yeah, I know. But, you're not through with your prayer are you? Go on."

"Oh, all right. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"Good! Good! I'll do that. Just don't put yourself in a place where you can be tempted."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah. I know."

"Okay. Go ahead. Finish your prayer."

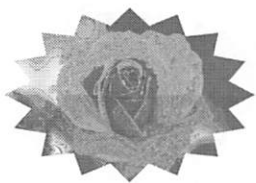
"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen."

"Do you know what would bring ME glory — What would really make ME happy?"

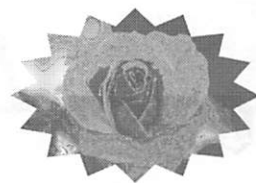
"No, but I'd like to know. I want to please You now. I've really made a mess of things. I want to truly follow You. I can see now how great that would be. So, tell me—How do I make You happy?"

"YOU just did."

Thankyou to Karen Gaston for this submission



Born From Above



How do people manage without Him? I often ask myself that question. It will be thirty years in May when I trusted the Lord Jesus to be my Lord and Saviour and so began the most wonderful life adventure! Born again, saved, converted, call it what we will. I am a new creation, bought with a price — the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am no longer my own. Everything I have and am, belongs to Him.

It certainly hasn't been easy. There was, and still is, a lot of dross to be removed, but looking back I marvel at the way He has brought me — the valleys and the hill tops — the highs and the lows. Many lessons have been learned along the way and He is wonderfully patient with me. In myself, that is my fleshly nature, I am the same as I ever was. That will never be changed and will be with me 'til I depart this scene. I am exhorted to reckon myself dead to the old nature and nurture the new nature within me.¹ I must feed the new nature continually, as a newborn babe in Christ (and older ones too!). The importance of really getting into the Word of God, the younger the better, cannot be over-estimated.² Absorb it, meditate upon it. Imagine a contented cow in a paddock, calmly chewing the cud, ruminating and digesting it. It is doing her **good!** So too we must read God's Word, learn it, become saturated with it. We can never have too much of it. Then throughout our lives, the Spirit of God will be able to bring the perfect verse to mind to fit the situation we find ourselves in and bring the comfort, strength and guidance we need. Are you feeling very weak? Good! His strength is made perfect in weakness!³

Do you need Wisdom? Then read and absorb the Book of Proverbs. Every human need is covered in the Bible — The Word of God. It is our map and compass for our life here on earth. Only in

Christ am I anything at all and if I think I can get along without Him, I am sadly mistaken. I have tasted His goodness and am learning to trust Him more with each passing day. He has blessed me in so many, many ways.⁴

For those who come to know the Lord much later in life and find it hard to remember what you read — never mind! God knows all about it and He has this precious promise for you in the book of Isaiah 46:4: ***"Even to your old age, I am He, and even to grey hairs I will carry you! I have made, and I will bear. Even I will carry and will deliver you."***

But is there nothing for us to do? Indeed there is! For a start the Lord Jesus said that if we love Him, we must keep His commandments.⁵ Then we are to make Him Lord of our lives, which means that it must be ***"not my will but His, be done."*** We have a solemn warning in Matthew 7:21-23. If we don't allow His will to be done in our lives, it is no good calling Him **Lord**, because He is not, and He will deny knowing us. A chorus we sing in Sunday School ends with these lines:

"If we do not crown Him Lord of all;
We do not crown Him Lord at all."

May He give us grace to allow Him to take full control of our lives and then we can hold on to the promise ***"that He Who has begun a good work in you will complete it until the Day of Christ."***⁶

¹ 2 Corinthians 5:17; cp Romans 6:11; ² Ecclesiastes 12:1;

³ 2 Corinthians 12:9; ⁴ Psalm 34:8;

⁵ John 14:15; ⁶ Philippians 1:6

(All references come from the NKJV)

By Barbara Holmes

ABIDING

It is easy to say,
"I'll follow you Lord,"
But not so easy to do;
You must make Him
Lord of your life,
And have His Way with you;
Let Him lead and guide
And mould you
To the pattern
He has planned,
As you journey onward
To the Promised Land.
You may not understand
All that comes your way,
But all will be revealed
In the Coming Day,
Just seek to do His Will
And trust Him for today -
What peace and joy in knowing,
He'll keep you all the way!

By Barbara Holmes

Special Words from a Granddaughter

A house of God is always the best place to be.
In God's garden you are always filled with joy.
In God's hand you are always safe.
Being a person of God fills your heart with love.

***Little pieces from a child are so very precious
and they are so encouraging...***

***Listen to what the little ones say... The Lord
could be speaking to you.***

From the hand of my granddaughter...used with permission

Priscilla Gaston.



Daniel's Calling



I sat, with two friends, in the picture window of a quaint restaurant just off the corner of the town square. The food and the company were both especially good that day. As we talked, my attention was drawn outside, across the street. There, walking into town was a man who appeared to be carrying all his worldly goods on his back. He was carrying a well-worn sign that read, "I will work for food". My heart sank. I brought him to the attention of my friends and noticed that others around us had stopped eating to focus on him. Heads moved in a mixture of sadness and disbelief. We continued with our meal, but his image lingered in my mind. We finished our meal and went our separate ways.

I had errands to do and quickly set out to accomplish them. I glanced toward the town square, looking somewhat half-heartedly for the strange visitor. I was fearful, knowing that seeing him again would call for some response. I drove through town and saw nothing of him. I made some purchases at a store and got back in my car. Deep within me, the Spirit of God kept speaking to me: "Don't go back to the office until you've at least driven once more around the square". Then with some hesitancy, I headed back into town. As I turned the square's third corner, I saw him. He was standing on the steps of the storefront church, going through his sack. I stopped and looked; feeling both compelled to speak to him, yet wanting to drive on. The empty parking space on the corner seemed to be a sign from God — an invitation to park. I pulled in, got out and approached the town's newest visitor.



"Looking for the pastor?" I asked. "Not really," he replied, "just resting." "Have you eaten today?" "Oh, I ate something early this morning." "Would you like to have lunch with me?" "Do you have some work I could do for you?" "No work," I replied. "I commute here to work from the city, but I would like to take you to lunch." "Sure," he replied with a smile. As he began to gather his things, I asked some surface questions, "Where are you headed?" "St. Louis." "Where you from?" "Oh, all over; mostly Florida." "How long you been walking?" "Fourteen years," came the reply. I knew I had met someone unusual. We sat across from each other in the same restaurant I had left earlier. His face was weathered slightly beyond his 38 years. His eyes were dark yet clear, and he spoke with an eloquence and articulation that was startling. He removed his jacket to reveal a bright red T-shirt that said, "Jesus is The Never Ending Story".

Then Daniel's story began to unfold. He had seen rough times early in life. He'd made some wrong choices and reaped the consequences. Fourteen years earlier while backpacking across the country, he had stopped on the beach in Daytona. He tried to hire on with some men who were putting up a large tent and some equipment. A concert, he thought. He was hired, however the tent would not house a concert but revival services and in those services he saw life more clearly. He gave his life over to God. "Nothing's been the same since," he said, "I felt the Lord telling me to keep walking, and so I did, some 14 years now". "Ever think of stopping?" I asked. "Oh, once in a while, when it seems

to get the best of me; but God has given me this calling. I give out Bibles. That's what's in my sack. I work to buy food and Bibles, and I give them out when His Spirit leads." I sat amazed. My homeless friend was not homeless. He was on a mission and lived this way by choice. The question burned inside for a moment and then I asked: "What's it like?" "What?" "To walk into a town carrying all your things on your back and to show your sign?" "Oh, it was humiliating at first. People would stare and make comments. Once someone tossed a piece of half-eaten bread and made a gesture that certainly didn't make me feel welcome. But then it became humbling to realize that God was using me to touch lives and change people's concepts of other folks like me." My concept was changing too. We finished our dessert and gathered his things. Just outside the door, he paused; he turned to me and said, "*Come ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom I've prepared for you. For when I was hungry you gave me food when I was thirsty you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in.*" I felt as if we were on holy ground.

"Could you use another Bible?", I asked. He said he preferred a certain translation. It travelled well and was not too heavy. It was also his personal favourite. "I've read through it 14 times," he said. "I'm not sure we've got one of those, but let's stop by our church and see." I was able to find my new friend a Bible that would do well, and he seemed very grateful. "Where are you headed from here?" I asked. "Well, I found this little map on the back of this amusement park coupon." "Are you hoping to hire on there for a while?" "No, I just figure I should go there. I figure someone under that star right there needs a Bible, so that's where I'm going next." He smiled, and the warmth of his spirit radiated the sincerity of his mission. I drove him back to the town square where we'd met two hours earlier, and as we drove, it started raining. We parked and unloaded his things.

"Would you sign my autograph book?" he asked. "I like to keep messages from folks I meet." I wrote in his little book that his commitment to his calling had touched my life. I encouraged him to stay strong, and I left him with a verse of scripture from Jeremiah " *'I know the plans I have for you,' declared the Lord, 'plans to prosper you and not to harm you; Plans to give you a future and a hope.'* " "Thanks, man," he said. "I know we just met and we're really just strangers, but I love you." "I know," I said, "I love you, too". "The Lord is good!" "Yes, He is. How long has it been since someone hugged you?" I asked. "A long time", he replied, so on the busy street corner, in the drizzling rain, my new friend and I embraced, and I felt deep inside that I had been changed. He put his things on his back, smiled his winning smile and said, "See you in the New Jerusalem". "I'll be there!" was my reply. He began his journey again. He headed away with his sign dangling from his bedroll and pack of Bibles. He stopped, turned and said, "When you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?" "You bet," I shouted back, "God bless". "God bless". That was the last I saw of him. Late that evening as I left my office, the wind blew strong. The cold front had settled hard upon the town. I bundled up and hurried to my car. As I sat back and

reached for the emergency brake, I saw them...a pair of well-worn brown work gloves neatly laid over the length of the handle. I picked them up and thought of my friend and wondered if his hands would stay warm that night without them. Then I remembered his words: "If you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?". Today his gloves lie on my desk in my office. They help me to see the world and its people in a new way, and they help me remember those two hours with my unique friend and to pray for his ministry. "See you in the New Jerusalem," he said. Yes, Daniel, I know I will...If this story touched you, share it to a friend! *"I shall pass this way but once. Therefore, any good that I can do or any kindness that I can show let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."* This prayer is powerful and there is nothing attached. Prayer is one of the best gifts

we receive. There is no cost, but a lot of rewards. Let's continue to pray for one another. God bless and have a nice day!

"Father, I ask you to bless my friends and relatives reading this right now. Show them a new revelation of your love and their spirit at this very moment. Where there is pain, give them your peace and mercy. Where there is self-doubt, release a renewed confidence through your grace, In Jesus' precious Name, Amen."

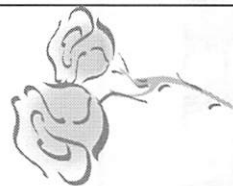
GOD BLESS YOU MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY!!!

Thankyou to the friend who sent this by e-mail. May it bless your lives as it has mine.
Editor

"But Jesus said 'Permit little children and forbid them not to come unto me; for such is the Kingdom of God'"

Matthew 19:14 (KJV Scofield)

Moments With Melissa



WWJD?

What does it mean to become like Christ? How do we achieve this?

What example did He leave for us to aspire to?

We read in Philippians 2:5-8 the attitude of Jesus. ***"Who being in very nature God...made himself nothing, and taking the very nature of a servant, being humble and full of humility, was obedient unto death!"*** Wow, we are to have this same attitude.

So this brings me to my second question:

How do we become more Christ-like?

In Titus 3:1-5, Paul reminds us to be ready to do whatever is good, to be obedient, to slander no one, to be peaceable and considerate, and to show true humility toward all men. He also reminds us that we too were foolish, disobedient, deceived and enslaved by all kinds of passions and pleasures. We lived in malice and envy, being hated and hating one another. But when the kindness and the love of God our Saviour appeared, He saved us, not because of righteous things we have done; but because of his mercy. He saved us through the washing of rebirth and renewal by the Holy Spirit. Look at the nature we had before we accepted Jesus as our Saviour! What filthy, horrible people we were!

So when we first become Christians we are washed clean and are made new. This is the first step. Now our journey begins.

How do we keep growing, becoming like our Saviour?

In Ephesians 5:26, it says we are to be washed with water through the Word. This second washing is a continual thing. This means setting aside a part of your day to read and meditate on God's Word. Don't just read the words; but actually put them into practice, this is truth! Listen to His voice as He speaks to you. If you feel convicted in any way repent! God loves it when we are washed clean so His light has no barriers to try and filter through. By doing this every day we get the awesome privilege of coming to know the nature of Jesus our Saviour. The One we are to imitate!

What example did He leave us?

What was His life like?

All through the Gospels we find Jesus surrounded by people. He didn't tell them to go away, but encouraged them to come. When we become more like Him, we love what He loves, this comes naturally. In fact the Bible tells us that He loved us so much that He died for us! Jesus loved people and spent time with them. The Bible frequently says He had compassion on them and never stopped doing good for others.

In my own personal growth, I find I am coming to have this same kind of love for people, wanting all to know the love of God. So much so that I have started doing street ministry with a couple of guys from the Baptist and AOG churches here in Bowen. Every Thursday night we drive to Airlie Beach and spend a couple of hours handing out tracts and witnessing to people. I tell you this is a big step for me as I am a pretty shy person! I get really nervous and pray continually the whole night through! I keep saying to myself, ***"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."***

I'll share one experience with you. *I'm standing there in the middle of the main street of Airlie Beach and I see this hard looking guy coming my way! The first thoughts going through my head are, no way, I'm not going to speak to this guy! God tells me otherwise, so I gingerly give him a tract and start talking. He is open and listens to everything I have to tell him, the whole Gospel all the way through! He tells me he has been thinking about God and life after death! WOW!*

I'm not saying everyone has to do what I do, but in some way, whatever way God leads you, we have to reach others. Be creative — everyone needs Jesus! I challenge everyone who is not already doing these things, to start to! Follow the Saviour's example, get into His Word and you will find that loving your neighbour will come naturally.

"Let us not become weary in doing good!"²

¹ Philippians 4:13 (NKJV) ² Galatians 6:9 (NIV)

WWJD? - What Would Jesus Do?



By

Melissa Walmsley



The Melody of Hope



"Tarry ye here and watch with me ..."

Matthew 26:28b (KJV)

Are we awake and praying?

No greater love-
No greater love-
There is no greater love-
Than Jesus dying love!!!

My life was a mess, I had moved from one man to another. Rejected by my own family and friends, eventually I was having to go to the well at mid-day, just to keep away from their sneers. It was there that I met Him...There was just something about Him! He knew me and what I had been and done and yet He still loved me! There was something about that man —

Well I was a tax collector and I enjoyed taking more from family, friends and neighbours than I should. Why, my bank balance gave me prestige and power. Then He called me...There was just something about Him! I had to follow, I just had to follow Him and do as He said. Now He's changed me and I'm free and daily I want to look into his face and obey all He says to do.

His wonderful look of love
His burial and His resurrection

But now is Christ risen,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Risen from the dead.
But now is Christ risen,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Risen as He said.

*"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.
For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."*

1 Corinthians 15:21-22 (KJV)

The Hope of Christ Always Lasts

Many years ago, I used to work as a cleaner for a caravan park. After one morning's work the Lord spoke very deeply to my heart. Therefore, this piece is taken from my prayer diary.

This morning I was washing the bathrooms and as usual there were moths everywhere. They had been attracted by the bright lights the night before, and had fluttered inside to dance around the light throughout the night. As the day dawned, and the lights had lost their attractiveness, they had become lethargic (unnaturally tired) and felt the necessity to just sit upon the wall or floor, hoping that once again that zing would come into life once more.

It was here that I came onto the scene. I was armed with a scrubbing brush, Ajax and hose. Naturally these three were complete dangers to our friends the moths, for all three meant death. They seemed to sense the danger and immediately began dancing once again. At first only half-heartedly, but as the danger became more pronounced they became quite frantic. Many

died along the way, few escaped, the occasional one fought quite furiously hoping to beat the battle of the three traps.

As I moved into the second shower, I noticed a little fellow in front of me. It was a pretty one, and at that stage had appeared to dodge and dart to safety. Unfortunately it flew into the shower now realizing that here it was trapped. As I started hosing it fluttered to the only place that appeared dry and safe — the bath mat. Unfortunately it had been scrubbed with Ajax and this burnt its legs. It fluttered again and the hose splashed it. The little moth became quite heavy and felt the dragging weight of the water upon its wings. It still fluttered, but had found it could no longer raise itself enough to get out of danger. I couldn't take my eyes from it, and for some reason I felt great sympathy towards this little moth, hoping its strength would return enough for it to escape.

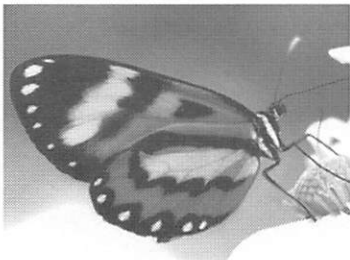
It started to walk across the bath mat. In spite of the burning sensation it must have felt from the Ajax, it kept going. It reached the ledge of the shower recess

and even though this seemed a completely impassable precipice to our little moth, it struggled and fell, struggled and fell. Eventually it reached the top, but the water was deeper here and it knew it had to reach dryer ground. Looking around it discovered my toe and climbed onto it. The little moth must have felt great relief coming over it. To find it could go higher and higher for the higher it climbed the dryer the ground. I let it walk onto my hand and smiled as I too felt happy it had made it at last. Walking outside I placed it on the wall to let the warmth of the sun dry it out.

The Lord Jesus looks at us, as I looked at that moth. He watches over every move. He feels heartbreak as we fly towards the bright and attractive lights of the world. He waits and watches as we become lethargic with the weight of sin and He patiently waits as we sit upon the wall waiting for the next zing to come into life once more. Some of our zings we get from peer groups, being destructive, following pop groups, watching a dirty movie, taking drugs, smoking and swearing and such at school or work, gossiping, and allowing wicked thoughts to permeate our minds. Talking and thinking constantly about sex in a manner unbecoming of women belonging to the Lord, always wondering if we'll ever get caught. Just as I could see the dangers of the shower recess for the moth, God can see the dangers of the world for you and me, and He knows when we can no longer escape. He sees those of us that die along the way, either by suicide, car accidents etc. He sees those of us who escape and become Christians and He sees those of us that fight in our own strength, hoping to win the battle against incredible odds. He watches as we dart from experience to experience, hoping never to get caught. Our Lord is always near as we start to walk step by step to safety, heavy with our load of sin. He picks us up and dries us off. He comforts us and makes us overjoyed with happiness knowing that by accepting Him as our Saviour and Lord we have not only escaped death, but have also chosen the hope that lasts. The Lord Jesus places us where we will be safe in the warmth of His kingdom. However as I never clipped the wings of the moth, Jesus Christ never removes our will.

I don't know what happened to that moth. He may go through the same crises over and over again, however eventually he will find his escape route has vanished. As Christians, if we keep going back to our old way of life and this is something we all have been known to do, we never know when Jesus will remove His helping hand.

Dear sisters, make sure you're SAFE — SEEK, SERVE and FOLLOW CHRIST, as our motto should be: "There are many hopes in this life, but only God's true hope will truly last".



By Wendy Davie

Our True Identity in Christ

Romans 3:24	We are declared "not guilty" of sin.
Romans 8:1	No condemnation awaits us.
Romans 8:2	We are free from the vicious circle of sin and death.
1 Corinthians 1:30	We are pure and holy.
1 Corinthians 15:22,52	We will rise again.
2 Corinthians 3:17	We are free from trying to be saved by being good enough.
2 Corinthians 5:17	We are brand new people inside.
Galatians 3:28	We are one in Christ with all other believers.
Ephesians 1:3	We are blessed with every spiritual blessing in heaven.
Ephesians 1:4	We are holy, faultless, and covered with God's love.
Ephesians 1:6b	We are acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.
Ephesians 1:5,6	We belong to Christ.
Ephesians 1:7	Our sins are taken away and we are forgiven.
Ephesians 1:10,11	We will live with Christ forever and we are forgiven.
Ephesians 1:13	We are marked as belonging to God by the Holy Spirit.
Ephesians 2:6	We have been lifted from the grave to sit with Christ in glory.
Ephesians 2:10	We have been given new lives.
Ephesians 2:13	We have been brought near to God.
Ephesians 3:6	We will receive great blessings.
Ephesians 3:12	We can come fearlessly into God's presence.
Ephesians 5:29,30	We are part of Christ's body, the Church.
Colossians 2:9,10	We are full of God's goodness.
Colossians 2:10	We have everything because we have Christ; we are filled with God.
Colossians 2:11	We are set free from our evil desires.
2 Timothy 2:10	We will have Eternal glory.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd

That's Relationship!

I shall not want

That's Supply!

He maketh me to lie down

in green pasture

That's Rest!

He leadeth me beside the still waters

That's Refreshment!

He restoreth my soul

That's Healing!

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness

That's Guidance!

For His name sake

That's Purpose!

Yea, though I walk through the

valley of the shadow of death

That's Testing!

I will fear no evil

That's Protection!

For Thou art with me

That's faithfulness!

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me

That's Discipline!

Thou preparest a table before me

in the presence of mine enemies

That's Hope!

Thou anointest my head with oil

That's Consecration!

My cup runneth over

That's Abundance!

Surely goodness and mercy shall

follow me all the days of my life

That's Blessing!

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord

That's Security!

Forever

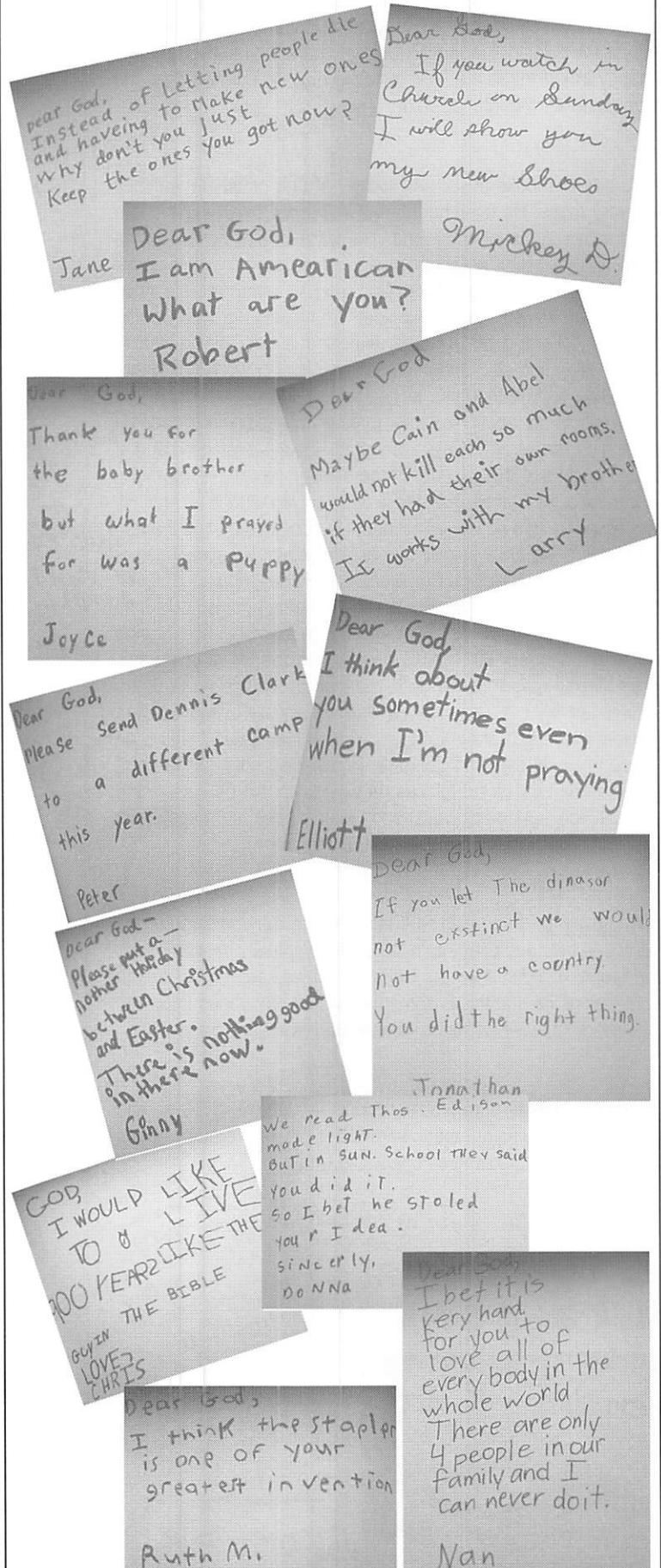
That's Eternity!

(Unknown Author)

Taken from Psalm 23 (KJV)

Sent in by Cathy Bott & Margret Lepke

Through a Child's Eyes



The Patience Of Hope

"Yes, my hope is that my son/daughter will come back home — and soon. However, you know what drugs do to young people. We don't even know where to start looking, nevertheless my hope is that he will come back home."

Sadly, those words are spoken somewhere in Australia every day. Some young folk are rebellious and make wrong choices. The future for them and for their parents becomes very unsure. There is some hope but it is very uncertain.

I remember hearing of a young man who ran away from home, rejecting his parents and their values. He committed a crime and was jailed. I don't know all the details, but eventually a letter arrived telling the parents that he was out of jail. *"I don't know if I'm welcome or not, but I'll be coming past the house on the train on such an evening: I want you to know that I have accepted Christ as my Saviour and my life has been turned around. If I'm welcome please place a yellow bow in the front window, and I'll know to get off the train and come home."*

The train arrived and to the young man's amazement there was not just one yellow bow — there were yellow bows in each window, on the door, on the bushes in the front garden, and even on the tree in front of the house.

In English, and in other languages too, we use the word "hope" very loosely. "I hope it will rain tomorrow, because the garden is so dry." "I hope I can get a ticket for the concert." There's a small element of hope, but not a great deal of expectation that what is hoped for will really eventuate. Probably it doesn't matter very much to us — if it happens, that's fine. If it doesn't happen, that's fine too. However, in the case of the young man and his parents, their hope was different. It translated into action.

The young man wrote the letter and got on the train. The parents had been hoping and praying for some years: their certainty that God would answer their prayers was rewarded. Their hope was shown by the multiplicity of yellow ribbons around the home.

Our theme is "The Patience of Hope". Now that has to be a hope that is based in some security, or we would not be patient. Those words actually come from the Bible and are found in Paul's first letter to the Thessalonian Christians.¹ Let's try to unwrap what this verse is saying.

Paul, The Impatient Persecutor

Paul was the great apostle who was taking the Good News of Jesus Christ from Jerusalem to Asia Minor and then to Europe. It's an incredible story told in the New Testament Book of Acts. Paul who was earlier known by his Jewish name Saul, was originally totally

antagonistic to the teaching of Jesus and His disciples. In fact, he did everything he could to punish them and to stop the spread of their teaching. He even had letters from the authorities so that if he found anyone teaching in the name of Jesus he could take him away to be punished. On one of these journeys, as he neared Damascus, he had a totally unexpected, climactic experience. When he was nearing Damascus a great light flashed around him and, as he fell to the ground, he heard a voice say, **"Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?"**²

In amazement Paul cried out, "Who are you Lord?" and the response came, **"I am Jesus whom you are persecuting ..."**³ Blinded, Paul got up and went into the city with his companions waiting to find out what this was all about. He didn't have to wait long. The Lord had chosen him to be His special messenger with particular concern for the Gentiles - those who were not Jews.

Paul, The Persistent Teacher



Over time Paul travelled extensively and arrived at a town called Thessalonica. This was a major military and commercial port on the main road going from Asia Minor to the Adriatic Sea - the Egnatian Way. It had a population of about 200,000 people. Paul found the synagogue and began to explain to the Jews that Jesus Christ had suffered, been crucified and had risen from the dead. For three Sundays he taught there; and then, as an angry mob began searching for him and threatening those who had become Christians,

friends helped Paul slip away by night.

For just three Sundays he taught them the truths from God's Word. Now, some twelve months or two years later, Paul is writing to an established group of those who were still faithfully following the teaching of Jesus Christ — in spite of the persecution that had taken place. **"We always thank God for all of you, mentioning you in our prayers. We continually remember before our God and Father your work produced by faith, your labour prompted by love, and your endurance inspired by hope in our Lord Jesus Christ."**⁴

Reading between the lines it would seem that this group of believers continued to grow in their Christian faith, serving God faithfully because of their love for God and for His family. The motivation for their perseverance and endurance was their hope in the Lord Jesus. This was not a vague hope. No. The hope of the Thessalonian believers was based firmly in reality. They knew that Jesus, though crucified, had risen again. Many had seen Him. There was no doubt that He was real, for people had touched Him; they had eaten food with Him; yet, He was different: and yet He passed through closed doors to share with the disciples what had happened, assuring them that they could know peace in the middle of difficulty.

Paul, The Patient Encourager

The Thessalonians knew of Paul's own story and the way he had been totally changed from a person who did all he could to wipe out those who followed Jesus, to become their greatest defender. They knew that Paul travelled widely and faced all sorts of problems and difficulties, yet he persevered. They knew how faithfully Paul prayed for them and for the other new groups who followed Jesus. They appreciated hearing from him, for his letters encouraged them, challenged them and at times rebuked them.

Paul had a clear goal before him, and he constantly challenged and encouraged these new Christians not only to look back to the historical facts about Jesus' death and resurrection or to look back to where they had come from, but also to look forward because there was a magnificent promise waiting in the future. It was the certainty that just as Jesus returned to heaven, even so He would come back again in the same way as He was seen to go into heaven.⁵

That Certain Hope

The parents had a certain hope that their son would return a changed man. They prayed for that and believed that God could do it. The certain hope of the coming again of Jesus as Lord of all was what enabled them to patiently wait for the answer. It was the certain hope of Christ's coming again that helped the Thessalonian Christians to patiently endure persecution from their own countrymen. No one likes to be persecuted for what they believe, and prolonged persecution becomes very wearing. It is easy to think of retreating and giving up. That's why Paul warned these new believers to expect hardship, even to rejoice in it, and to keep their focus on higher things — on the certainty of our Lord's return, as Judge and Lord of all.

In chapter four of this letter to the Thessalonian believers, Paul has written words that have encouraged believers down through the centuries, no matter what their culture or language or difficulties. ***"For the Lord Himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore encourage each other with these words."***⁶

Can't you imagine believers visiting each other and remembering these words: when He returns the believers who have died will be raised, even as Jesus was. We who are still alive will rise with them to meet Jesus in the air! Praise God! With that encouragement and with the certainty of that hope, they would be strengthened to press on, patiently enduring and sharing their hope with those around them. What an encouragement all this is for us to trust Jesus, ***"looking for the blessed hope and the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour, Christ Jesus"***.⁷

¹ 1 Thessalonians 1: 3; ² Acts 13 — 28; ³ Acts 9;

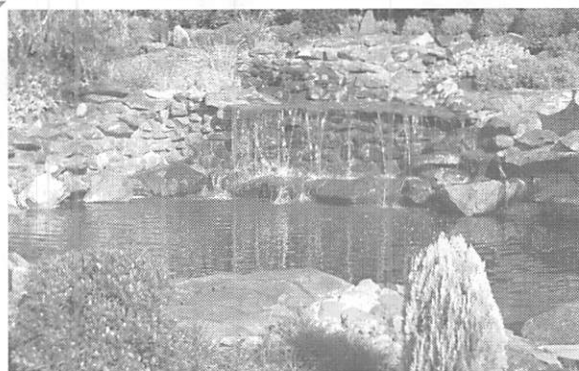
⁴ 1 Thessalonians 1: 2,3; ⁵ Acts 1:11; ⁶ 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18;

⁷ Titus 2:13

(All references from KJV)



By
Barbara Wilson



WALKING BY FAITH

'Dear God....

I would keep my eyes on Thee,

Never to turn away,

I would keep my heart in tune.

This is my prayer I pray.'

But oft' times when darkness falls,

And mine eyes with tears are dim,

It is so hard, so hard, so very hard,

To catch a glimpse of Him.

'I realise now, that in those times,

I walk by faith - not sight,

For though your presence I can't feel,

I know you're by my side.'

I know the Bible tells me plain,

Of promises so true,

'Lo I am with you always,'

And, 'I'll never, never, leave you!'

'So dear God....

In faith I trust you for each day,

Although I cannot say,

Much more than 'God please help me,'

I know you hear me pray.

Please keep me true to Thee, dear Lord,

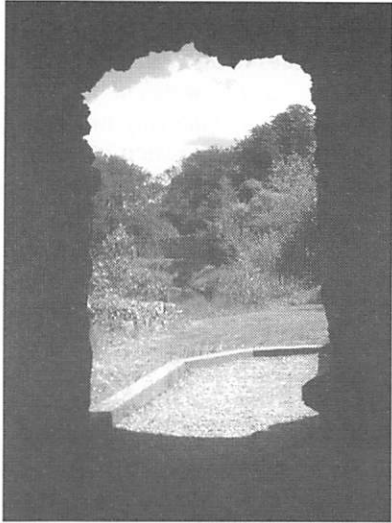
Keep me true, oh keep me true,

Keep me faithful day by day,

Keep me trusting you!'

Glenda D Rosser ©

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Your Life Is Hidden With Christ In God

**"FOR YOU DIED AND
YOUR LIFE IS NOW
HIDDEN**

WITH CHRIST IN GOD"

Colossians 3:3

It is one of the great paradoxes of the faith that through the new birth into God's family, we actually die!

Not our physical body of course, but that old inner part of us. It's a spiritual reality that our old life, with its affections, its patterns of thinking and habits of behaviour is gone, dead, finished with forever. It's our wonderful *new* life that is now hidden with Christ in God! The Greek word "*hidden*" that is used in this text, means "secret, that which can't be seen or found, tucked away, covered over, concealed". The Bible Bridge Dictionary commenting on this verse makes the observation that "our new life is bound up with Christ and with Him alone".

Although Paul wrote to the Church at Colosse primarily to refute wrong teachings regarding the divinity of Christ; his message serves today as a timely reminder of Christ's supremacy and all-sufficiency and of our absolute completeness in Him. The Gnostics, whose teachings Paul wrote to refute, were interested in mysteries and rituals and it is no accident that Paul uses the word "mystery" many times in his epistle to help explain the fullness of the Gospel, namely "*Christ in you, the hope of glory*".¹

Not only is Christ in us, we are in Him and our life is now hidden in Him. Marvelous mystery! We are now permanently and inextricably linked to Christ. Our new life is tied into Christ, intertwined; we are glued together with Him in a bond that can never be separated. What exactly is our new relationship with Him?

From this book of Colossians, we learn that He has:

- Qualified us (to share in the saints' inheritance) – 1:12
 - Rescued us – 1:13
 - Redeemed us – 1:14
 - Forgiven us – 1:14, 2:13
 - Reconciled us – 1:22
 - Presented us holy – 1:22
 - Given us fullness – 2:10
 - Circumcised us (in the putting off of the sinful nature) — 2:11
 - Made us alive with Christ – 2:13
 - Raised us with Him – 3:1
 - Hidden our life with Him in God – 3:3
- (See if you can find any more!)

As we reflect on these truths about our new spiritual life with Christ, we should also begin to understand that our ordinary, everyday,

walking-around life needs to reflect this close union and intimate identification with Him. We need to begin to think as Christ thinks. Act as Christ does. Forgive as He forgives. Love as He loves, all in increasing measure as His fullness begins to make up the deficits in every area of our lives.² Christ is then able to use us as expressions of His resurrected life. There are three areas of our lives that Paul highlights as places where these changes specifically occur.

In our AFFECTIONS —

Set your hearts on things above.³

In our ATTITUDES —

Set your minds on things above, not on earthly things.⁴

In our ACTIONS —

Put to death therefore, whatever belongs to your earthly nature.⁵

These instructions should be a challenge to us all. I may ask myself, where do I find my thoughts and desires turning to repeatedly throughout the day? Is it Christ and His loveliness? Am I concerned with what He is concerned with? Am I both able and willing to do as Christ would do? Am I obedient to the Father? Do I even want to obey Him?

The verses that follow immediately on from our text leave no room for doubts about the affections, attitudes and actions that should typify someone whose life is "*hidden with Christ*". The NIV translation entitles this whole section, "Rules for Holy Living". Because our lives are now hidden with Him, He gives us the **power** we need to stop being immoral, impure, lustful, greedy, idolatrous, angry, malicious, slanderous and deceitful⁶ and to start being compassionate, kind, humble, gentle, patient, forgiving, loving, peaceful and thankful.⁷

All of this is nothing new for most of us — it's teaching we've heard before. However before we dismiss it — maybe we should ask ourselves: have we achieved His desires for our life? Do we need constant reminders to live up to this new life He has put inside us? His divine power really has given us everything we need for life and godliness! Let us today begin to really know Him by obeying Him, the wonderful One who called us by His glory and by His goodness.

¹ Colossians 1:25-27, 2:3, 4:3; ² Colossians 1:9-12; ³ Colossians 3:1;
⁴ Colossians 3:2; ⁵ Colossians 3:5; ⁶ Colossians 3:5-8;
⁷ Colossians 3:12-17
(All references in NIV)



By
Liz Lennox



Our Heavenly Tune



"He told them, 'You don't get to know the time. Timing is the Father's business. What you'll get is the Holy Spirit. And when the Holy Spirit comes on you, you will be able to be My witnesses in Jerusalem, all over Judea and Samaria, even to the ends of the world.' These were His last words. As they watched, He was taken up and disappeared in a cloud. They stood there, staring into the empty sky. Suddenly two men appeared — in white robes! They said, 'You Galileans! — Why do you just stand here looking up at an empty sky? This very Jesus, Who was taken up from among you to heaven will come as certainly — and mysteriously — as He left'."

Acts 1:8-11 (The Message)

Sylvia enters the Heavenly Tune

SYLVIA ESTHER WALKER was born on 5th March 1914. She was the fourth child in a family of two boys and three girls born to Lars and Caroline Bengtson. Her parents were Swedish migrants who married in Australia. She grew up on a small coastal scrub and forest property at Bingham, near the Mary River Heads at the southern end of what is now Hervey Bay. They ran cattle, horses and goats and grew bananas and cane as the scrub was slowly cleared by hand.

Life became very difficult for her family when her father died, leaving her mother a widow with five young children. Sylvia was only six years old at the time. Her formal education ceased when she was twelve years old and she then worked along side her two brothers. Sylvia had to cut feed for the cattle, and worked on dipping, branding and bringing in cattle on horseback. She said that she was never confident on horseback, but it was work that had to be done. Her father's brother, Uncle Charlie and Auntie Lydia didn't have children, and Uncle Charlie could see that his sister needed help in the management of the land and her five growing children. So they came to live with the family for a few years to help out. At night Uncle Charlie read the Bible to the family, and it was then that Sylvia gave her life to the Lord Jesus.

Ron Walker came to work on the property and it was not long before he had won over the whole family. He, too, gave his life to Jesus, and as Sylvia worked beside her brothers and Ron, it was not long before she became the love of his life. Eventually, a family friend rescued her from farm work and she left to work in Maryborough for him as a dental nurse.

Ronald Mervyn George Walker and Sylvia were married in Pialba Gospel Hall when Sylvia was 22 years old and they then moved to work on a cane plantation on the northern edge of the Isis district. After some time there, they were able to buy a cane farm of their own on the outskirts of Childers. They had five children; first two sons, Bevan and Ian, and then three daughters, Glena, Robyn and Dawn.

On this farm Ron put down a well and erected a windmill, and soon Sylvia had a vegetable garden to be proud of. She grew enough for her family and for Ron to generously give away to anyone who called. As so many farming women did in those days, Sylvia helped on the farm, as well as doing all of the other things that mothers are expected to do. She stripped cane and worked with Ron, planting and driving the tractor.

For several years they travelled over terrible roads to attend Sunday worship with the Open Brethren Assembly at the village of Dallarnil, some 30km inland from Childers. Life was not so casual then as it is in so many ways today, and everyone was dressed in their finery; new dresses, petticoats and coats etc made for every season. Ron was never a steady driver; the cars let the dust in; and the girls often got sick all over their beautiful clothes.

Sylvia and Ron began a midweek Bible Study and fellowship meeting in their home in Childers. This eventually became the Childers Open Brethren Assembly and they were foundation members. Over time they sold off some blocks of land for housing and provided a block for the Gospel Hall.

They also built a new house next door to the hall, sold the town farm and bought some land at North Isis beside the plantation where Ron first worked after their marriage. They developed this into a cane farm and set aside land for the Sunday School that was eventually erected there.

Sylvia cleaned, cooked, entertained and sewed clothing day and night. Childers has red soil, of course, so there was always plenty of washing and her hymn singing could be heard above the washing machine as she worked away under the house.

The home was always filled with people: there were missionaries who came to tell their stories and Bible teachers who came to give teaching to the Assembly during their stay in Childers. Later there were friends of Bevan's from university and friends of the other children, who they met at church camps. There were singles, couples and families; food and beds were found for all of them. Among the strongest memories of the family as children are the evenings of Bible reading and prayer for missionaries and non-Christian members of the extended family.

Sylvia was a strong woman and never a shrinking violet, and she saw to it that their money was spent wisely. However, they gave generously to send literally dozens of young people to Christian youth camps; to missionaries and to many outreach ministries used to bring people to Jesus. She followed missionaries up at a personal level by correspondence and has known all about their children and their needs as they grew up. She was delighted to know that in March

this year, her youngest grand-daughter was taking Bibles from Hong Kong into China on day trips. She was still signing cheques for outreach activity out of the remnant of her pension at age 92; she still knew exactly the state of her finances and knew where her money was being spent. Her children will always remember the lectures about being responsible with their money and that "the Lord's work must always come first". Ron was a very generous man, giving beyond what he could really afford, but it was Sylvia who had to balance the books, visit the accountant and square off with the bank manager, so she could never understand Ron's turning up in a new car or a better boat.

At 50 years Ron survived a major heart attack and it was decided that Sylvia needed to get a driver's licence. A year later they were on their first holiday away together when Ron suffered another heart attack and died. He was out pig shooting with friends they had met in Emerald. It is not surprising that the caravan contained many Bibles: these they were distributing to motels in the outback on behalf of Gideons. So at 50 Sylvia, who was one year younger than Ronald, became a widow. The family all suffered an enormous loss, but Sylvia knew to find strength in her faith.

In a short time the family changed enormously; over two years, Ian married, Ron died, Robyn married and went to live in Brisbane, and Glenna went to Bible College in Melbourne. So a very full and noisy household shrank to a widow with her youngest daughter, Sylvia and Dawn. They continued the life of hospitality to those who came along, and Ian ran the farm as he had done alongside his Dad from a young boy. Sylvia maintained her interest in the farm; she kept the accounts and always knew what

variety of cane was being planted where, as she kept a watchful eye.

Sylvia's years in Childers ended when she was 75 and she moved into Argyle Village in Bundaberg. Here she met new people to whom she could talk about Jesus. She continued to make dresses on her Singer treadle sewing machine, she loved doing her tapestry and made numerous crochet doilies and runners as gifts for family and friends. Everyone who came to her home had to hear the stories about those who came to know Jesus. Those visitors enjoyed her luscious home-made biscuits as they sat and relaxed, surrounded by her many ferns, which gave her so much pleasure. Her family would hear all about her KYB group; her prayer friends and all of the church family at the Bundaberg Bible Chapel. She loved her church family and Sylvia knew them as well as her own grandchildren. Her absent family was scattered from Redcliffe to Toowoomba to Dubbo to Melbourne, but they rested in the knowledge that she was surrounded by those who truly loved her.

At 90 years Sylvia was able to attend a family gathering in Toowoomba, but just before Christmas 2004 she suffered a severe stroke and was no longer able to live independently. After a great deal of consideration, she was moved to Dubbo, where she was surrounded by part of the family and the caring, loving staff at the Holy Spirit Nursing Home. In addition, Bevan was able to keep his "medical eye" on her and ensure that she recovered as best she was able. Robyn accompanied Sylvia on the flights to Dubbo, and on their arrival at the home Robyn was asked, "And what are your mother's needs?". Robyn's reply was, "Her only need is to be able to talk about Jesus", and for 15 months she has told her new friends and

carers all about Jesus and His love, and the delights in seeing "one more soul for Jesus".

Sylvia Esther Walker is now with her beloved Jesus. Her frail, tired old body of 92 years has finally released her very strong, dominant, faithful spirit. She passed away on Easter Thursday, 13th April 2006 and as one of her grand-children put it, "just in time for the Easter celebrations in Heaven".

Her ways live on in her five children, her sixteen grand-children and her ever-increasing number of 43 great grand-children. Her stories and the faith that was so important to her are continuing to be told within the family and beyond. Sylvia's greatest joy was in knowing that all of her children and their husbands and wives, live lives that have their Christian faith as central to their values, and that all of her grandchildren have given their hearts to the Lord Jesus.

On her final day Bevan was called in as his Mum faded. He put on a CD softly and whispered the words to his Mum. All day she had been still and she slowly, gently began to move her leg to the music. Bevan who has an awful singing tone said "your old crow is singing you into glory". She tried to speak, but with a breath, a sneeze and a final breath, she was gone.

(We thank the Walker family for the final testimony of their beloved mother — a dear friend to all who knew her and a much loved sister in Christ. **Mrs Walker now enjoys the Heavenly Tune especially prepared for her.** John 14:1-3. Editor)

Answers to quiz: (from page 19)

- Q1. Ruthless.
- Q2. Noah. He was floating his stock while everyone else was in liquidation.
- Q3. Pharaoh's daughter. She went down to the bank of the Nile and drew out a little prophet.
- Q4. Jehovah drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden in a Fury. David's Triumph was heard throughout the land and Honda, because the apostles were all in one Accord.
- Q5. Samson. He brought the house down.
- Q6. Your mother ate us out of house and home.
- Q7. Moses. He broke all ten Commandments at once.
- Q8. The area around Jordan. The banks were always overflowing
- Q9. David. He rocked Goliath to a very deep sleep.
- Q10. Joshua, son of Nun.



HANDY HINTS

BURNT RICE:

To remove the scorched taste from burnt rice, simply place a slice of bread on top within the cooking pot, lid on. Leave it for a few minutes and when you remove it the taste will be back to normal.

MARSHMALLOWS:

To freshen up hardened or stale marshmallows, use a couple of slices of bread in a zip-locked plastic bag, together with the marshmallows. Leave them for a couple of days and when you reopen the bag they will be as good as new.

VEGETABLE ODOURS:

To absorb all vegetable odours from cabbage or broccoli, place a slice of white bread on top of the pot when cooking.

JESUS - MY REDEEMER

Though up rugged mountains I must climb,
And I tread the path oft' alone,
I will lift mine eyes to my Redeemer,
Till I reach my heavenly home!

Though Jesus is always with me,
And I know He'll with me stay,
And I lift mine eyes to my Redeemer,
Yet - I would see Jesus today!

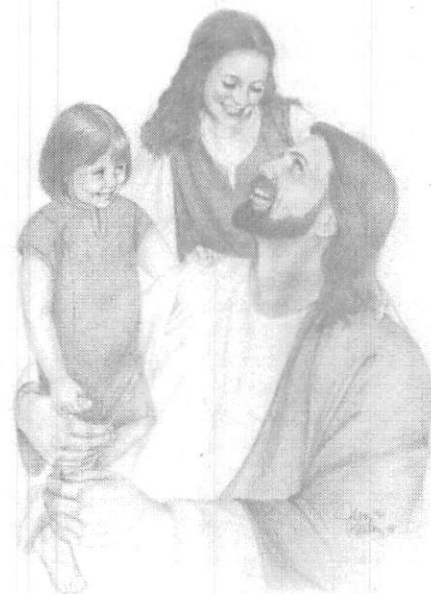
Though I try not to dwell on my failings,
And I try not to dwell on my past,
And with God's help
I keep on climbing,
Yet - Oh I would see Jesus at last!

Though I'm tempted - oh so tempted,
And the sin nature seems so vast,
I will lift mine eyes to my Redeemer
Till my trusting days are past.

Though dark clouds hover o'er me,
And shadows upon me are cast,
I will lift mine eyes to my Redeemer,
Till I see His face at last.

Glenda D Rosser ©

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*Things beyond our seeing,
Things beyond our hearing,
Things beyond our imagining,
All prepared by God,
For those who love Him.*

Know Where You Are Going!

Billy Graham is now 86 years old with Parkinson's disease.

(Read and feed your soul.)

In January 2000, leaders in Charlotte, North Carolina, invited their favourite son, Billy Graham, to a luncheon in his honour. Billy initially hesitated to accept the invitation because he struggles with Parkinson's disease. But the Charlotte leaders said, "We don't expect a major address. Just come and let us honour you." So he agreed.

After wonderful things were said about him, Dr Graham stepped to the rostrum, looked at the crowd, and said, "I'm reminded today of Albert Einstein, the great physicist who this month has been honoured by 'Time Magazine' as 'The Man of the Century'.

"Einstein was once travelling from Princeton on a train when the conductor came down the aisle, punching the tickets of every passenger. When he came to Einstein, Einstein reached in his vest pocket. He couldn't find his ticket, so he reached in his trouser pockets. It wasn't there, so he looked in his briefcase but couldn't find it. Then he looked in the seat beside him. He still couldn't find it.

The conductor said, 'Dr Einstein, I know who you are. We all know who you are. I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it.' Einstein nodded appreciatively.

The conductor continued down the aisle punching tickets. As he was ready to move to the next car, he turned around and saw the great physicist down on his hands and knees looking under his seat for his ticket.

The conductor rushed back and said, 'Dr Einstein, Dr Einstein, don't worry, I know who you are. No problem. You don't need a ticket. I'm sure you bought one.'

Einstein looked at him and said, 'Young man, I too, know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going!'"

Having said that Billy Graham continued, "See the suit I'm wearing? It's a brand new suit. My wife, my children, and my grandchildren are telling me I've gotten a little slovenly in my old age. I used to be a bit more fastidious. So I went out and bought a new suit for this luncheon and one more occasion. You know what that occasion is? This is the suit in which I'll be buried. But when you hear I'm dead, I don't want you to immediately remember the suit I'm wearing. I want you to remember this:

I not only know who I am...I also know where I'm going."

"And they sang a new song, saying, 'Worthy art Thou to take the book and to break its seals; for Thou wast slain, and didst purchase for God with Thy blood men from every tribe and tongue and people and nation. And Thou hast made them to be a kingdom and priests to our God; and they will reign upon the earth.' And I looked, and I heard the voice of many angels around the throne and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was myriads of myriads, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice. 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and might and honour and glory and blessing.' And every created thing which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth and on the sea, and all things in them, I heard saying, 'To Him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, be blessing and honour and glory and dominion forever and ever.' And the four living creatures kept saying, 'Amen,' and the elders fell down and worshipped."

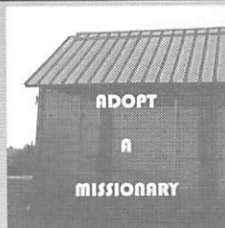
Revelation 5: 9-14 (NASB)

PROJECT 200

'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' is a not-for-profit organisation, which is legally required to have members.

Our goal is to have 200 financial members (@ \$25 each per year) to cover the current postage costs (not printing).

PROGRESS UPDATE:



A \$20 annual investment covers the cost for

'The Heart of a Woman' to be sent to a missionary overseas.

ADOPT A MISSIONARY TODAY!!

GIFTS

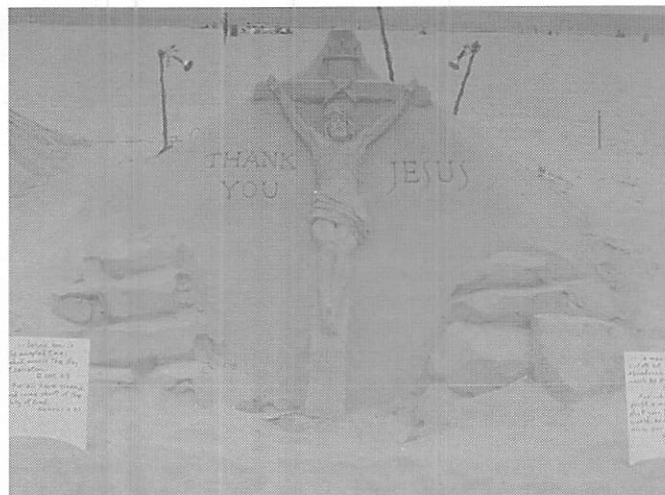
Support for the production and distribution of 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' comes from you, our readers.

Thank You

If you would like to contribute to

'The Heart of a Woman Inc.' please tear off this section and complete your details on the back of this page.

Jesus on the Beach



These pictures are from a beach in Maryland. Isn't the artwork awesome?

The man creates new ones each day, as the ocean washes away his work every day. He is Chuck Ritchey, Sr. I have watched this man work on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland. Each time I watch him I marvel at his talent and fortitude because it is true that his works get washed away with the tide and he does them again. He is certainly a witness for Jesus Christ as thousands of people, in the course of a day, view his work and watch as he crafts his treasures.

Being happy doesn't mean everything's perfect. It means you've decided to see beyond the imperfections!

God didn't promise days without pain, laughter without sorrow, sun without rain, but HE did promise strength for the day, comfort for the tears and light for the way.



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The Fellowship Of The Unashamed

I am a part of the fellowship of the Unashamed. I have the Holy Spirit Power. The die has been cast. I have stepped over the line. The decision has been made. I am a disciple of Jesus Christ. I won't look back, let up, slow down, back away, or be still. My past is redeemed, my present makes sense, and my future is secure. I am finished and done with low living, sight walking, small planning, smooth knees, colourless dreams, tame visions, mundane talking, chintzy giving, and dwarfed goals.

I no longer need pre-eminence, prosperity, position, promotions, plaudits, or popularity. I don't have to be right, first, tops, recognized, praised, regarded, or rewarded. I now live by presence, learn by faith, love by patience, lift by prayer, and labour by power.

My pace is set, my gait is fast, my goal is Heaven, my road is narrow, my way is rough, my companions few, my Guide is reliable, my mission is clear. I cannot be bought, compromised, deterred, lured away, turned back, diluted, or delayed. I will not flinch in the face of sacrifice, hesitate in the presence of adversity, negotiate at

the table of the enemy, ponder at the pool of popularity, or meander in the maze of mediocrity.

I won't give up, back up, let up, or shut up until I've preached up, prayed up, paid up, stored up, and stayed up for the cause of Christ. I am a disciple of Jesus Christ. I must go until He returns, give until I drop, preach until all know, and work until He comes.

And when He comes to get His own, He will have no problem recognizing me. My colours will be clear for ***"I am not ashamed of the Gospel, because it is the power of God for the salvation of everyone who believes..."***

Romans 1:16 (KJV)

Thanks to Dr Bob Moorehead;
Sent in by the Christian Motor Cycle Assoc. Sydney

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth passed away, and there is no longer any sea. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne, saying, 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is among men, and He shall dwell among them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be among them, and He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and there shall no longer be any death; there shall be no longer any mourning, or crying, or pain; the first things have passed away.' And He who sits on the throne said, 'Behold I am making all things new,' and He said, 'Write, for these words are faithful and true.' And He said to me, 'It is done, I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give to the one who thirsts from the spring of the water of life without cost. He who overcomes shall inherit these things, and I will be his God and he will be My son.'"

Revelation 21: 1-7 (NASB)

Where do you stand?

*How wonderful to know that each and everyone of us can also be part of
"The Fellowship of the Unashamed!"*

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Our Vision:

To share God's truth and encourage each other in our Christian faith.

What we believe:

- ☐ The Bible is the inspired Word of God. We seek to follow its doctrine.
- ☐ In the trinity of the Godhead.
- ☐ Christ, Himself as our sinless Lord.
- ☐ Filled with all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, indeed, being God come in the flesh.
- ☐ The personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit.
- ☐ The creation and fall of man.
- ☐ Christ's death, burial and resurrection.
- ☐ The need for all to be born again in Him.
- ☐ That we were created in Christ unto good works.
- ☐ The resurrection of the body.
- ☐ The judgement of both the living and the dead
- ☐ The eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.
- ☐ That Satan is real and so is hell.
- ☐ That Jesus Christ will return as He has promised.

Upcoming Magazine Themes:

Summer 2006... "Jewels In The Desert" ... Closing Date: 18 October 2006
Autumn 2007 ... "Slave or Free" ... Closing Date: 16th January 2007
Winter 2007 ... "Near to the Heart of God" ... Closing Date: 17th April 2007

This magazine has been given to you by:

If you feel the need for personal contact with any queries concerning your spiritual life, or burdens you bear, please feel free to either contact the church above or write to us at "Heart of a Woman Inc."