

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Bi-Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

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“I Can Only Imagine”

This volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, brings continued blessings and joy as we see individuals allowing Christ to repair “what’s left” of their lives. We continue to see His replenishing “the years of the locust” and restoring time and life lost in the past. In this **15th Volume** issue, we are putting some more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives,” the testimony of Linda (Bob’s wife), as well as some of our own written articles.

Watch our website

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We have also become affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Fellowship

We have now communicated with about 1/3 to 1/2 of the prisons in California, as well as writing to Africa, Tennessee, Minnesota, Idaho, Illinois, Washington, and Michigan. We have also had communication thru email as a result of our web sites. **We would like to know of the impact we are having and also cherish letters from inmates or relatives to the churches to let us know how we are doing**

Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches that individuals might look forward to attending once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment, and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items.

God’s Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** “For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up.” **Proverbs 24:17** “Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth.” **John 11:10** “But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.”

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

Letters that Express it All

We like to post real life situation, because God works in real lives and He is the one that gives "Eternal Life."

A Bike Ride with the Lord

. I very much like to read about your fancy cars & the touching newsletters . . .
. I would like to share with you a strange incident that happened to me a while back. I had just split up with my baby boy's mom and I was trying to patch up with her. She told me she would be at church on Sunday, down on Akers Rd. I lived on Murray and Stevenson at that time, which is quite a ways with no car. But I had a nice bike. So on Sunday morning I got up early and was on my way. The sky was cloudy & it felt like it would rain hard. But it didn't bother me. I arrived at the church to see my baby's mom sitting in the front. I sat in the back. After church, she came and sat down beside me. She told me she had been saved and it was the best thing that had happened to her. So I went ahead and told her I would like to be saved also. She then told the pastor and he told me to come up front. I sat down and he began to pray & I started crying. My head sank down into my lap. I didn't know why I was crying, but as soon as he was done, I felt this tremendous weight lifted off my shoulders. Myra had to leave & so did I, so I got back on my bike, and headed back home the same way. I wanted to hurry up and get home. But, that's not what happened. I decided to turn down a road that looked to be a shortcut. This road began to get really long and all of a sudden, I was out of town with no houses in site. I kept going because I figured I'd end up in Farmersville or

Tulare, but I didn't. After riding the bike and getting a good view of what God had created, me & Him became real close. Then I came to a sign that said "Kings County Line" (Hanford). I could not believe I rode my bike that far (18-20 miles). So, on the way back I laughed, and thought to myself "You have a very, very funny sense of humor Lord – ha, ha, ha." I made it back by dinner time but I will never forget it.

RF

Small Things are;

Large Blessings

I'm still here and doing really good. I really did not have enough time to express how I've been feeling, but I don't want to mislead you. You thought I was sad, but really I'm not. I'm as happy as I've ever been in here, and my faith is soaring like never before. To tell you the truth, I've just been lazy to write letters. I have like eight people I have to write and I've just been slow to respond. I want to say it's mostly laziness but it's also natural defense. I don't know why, but I identify with it. I think it has to do with the emotion that is connected with writing letters. I'm finding a lot right now mentally and anytime I write a loved one, memories that I should be happy tend to end up making me sad, so I guess that might be a reason why I fail to commit to responding to letters promptly, a subconscious, defensive mechanism for my heart maybe. . . .

Yeah, but I'm finally listening to the Holy Spirit, and making more progress, developing a stronger will to do God's will instead of my own. The book your wife donated (Ordering Your Private World) has inspired me so much.

I love the line, **“Like others, I am convinced that Christians ought to be the strongest, broadest, most creative, thinkers in the world.”** I want to be that type of Christian. This book has helped me get more in touch with God and I plan to read it over and over again for as long as I have it in my possession. I’m progressing in leaps and bounds, and I want to thank you and your wife from the bottom of my heart for bringing it in for us. I’m reading it to my cellie right now. We usually end our nights with my reading it aloud to him. I could tell that it’s a motivation to him too.

I had a great Christmas this year. Chaplain John brought everybody shampoo, an orange, and some cookies. The same gifts I’ve received for the third Christmas in a row, but I can’t lie, I’ve looked forward to the gifts after the first year, and I’m very grateful for the loving kindness the Christian brothers and sisters show, who help in providing them for us. Like the saying goes, **“sometimes the smallest thought is the biggest thought”**, and I can personally say it means a lot to me.

Bob, you’re always in my prayers sir, and I hope your trip to Africa helps bring further glory to God and the Lord Jesus Christ. I know that you’ll be as bold as a lion over there. I’ll pray that your round trip is a safe one. **IM**

How We Look at Things

I was talking to an individual the other day and asked how they would feel if someone killed one of their children, grandchildren or great-grandchildren. She replied to me, “I would want to kill them.” I said, “What about if they were not born yet?” She asked “What do you mean?” I said, “suppose that child

was not born yet, but was aborted?” She just stood in silence. Now she had a different reality of what she had just said, and realized the one doing the killing would be one of her children or grandchildren.

Just a Post-It Note

It was nice getting your letter and volume 13 newsletter. It brought joy to my heart. I am not much on reading the Word & really never have, but my daughter must have been thinking of me enough to go out of her way for you to reach me. Well I am here to tell you, your letter kept starring me in the face for at least a week. When I finally opened it, I could not put it down. I even went and found a few Christian brothers in my cluster here and gave them your address. Thanks and I am really lookin’ forward to #14. Hope you enjoyed your trip & hopefully saved a few who also was like me **RF**

Sure of Heaven ?

First let me tell you my wonderful testimony. Yesterday I went to a Bible study here at Regional Justice Center in Kent Washington, taking every scripture to my heart and mind. The woman who was teaching the study was Sister Carla from Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Baptist Church in Renton Washington. Carla asked everybody in the room one question that hit me like a ton of bricks, “If God was to come today, how many of you know, without a shadow of doubt, you are going to Heaven?” Something came over me like “this is real.” God is coming and I have been brought to

this place, this room, and this study to realize my calling is with the Lord, my Savior. When it came my time to answer the question, I said “yes,” but all of a sudden a little voice said “think again.” I know without any question, I have received the Lord. But it is the walk, fellowship and my actions of life, that is going to display my ticket to eternal life with our Lord and Savior. She was speaking on Romans 10:9-10, that it is the works that will get me to the most wonderful place, Heaven.

So my testimony is, Angel Bob, that I know my walk with the Lord is my present, my future and I would have never realized that without being put in the prisons, jails, and being able to find my real calling on this earth.

So my thing is that Jesus Christ is my only way to life itself and I know walking the right way, which is straight to Heaven, up.

All my life I have been looking for love and I have taken 26 years of searching for what I thought was love. I've been in the drug world, and the money world, and even the world of crying women trying to find the same way, but all they find are the ways of the flesh (Satan) that would have been the life behind the cement walls (prison). But Angel Bob, I'm going to say right here and now, that I would of never known who I really was until I walked into that one Bible study on January 21, 2006 in the Regional Justice Center Detention Facility in Kent Washington.

I want to say thank you for being the Angel you have been and I know that my God is a wonderful God and the final ending of this

testimony is I'm going to Heaven without a shadow of doubt.

Everyone that might read this testimony, if you are in doubt where you stand with Jesus Christ, ask yourself the one question that turned my life around;

“Will you go to Heaven if God was to come right now? Are you Ready?”

And really think hard about the questions and pick your Bible up and read Romans chapter 10 and then decide for yourself where your heart lies and how strong your faith is. **NW**

Glory 'Hole'

It's another day and what a way for the Lord to show me His blessings. I look back now and see my whole entire reason for being here in the 'hole.' When I first arrived, I was telling God, “How do I know that this is supposed to be happening. I had just got your letter the day before . . . Then I prayed for God to bring me a Bible and fill me with joy and let me enjoy a good laugh or 2. So, a couple days later I get moved to a new unit where they have another 'hole,' and there are no doors (solid) like Bob Wiley Detention Facility, just single cells with bars, so I can talk to a lot of people a bunch of cells down, and there are a lot of interesting people, and we have a lot of good laughs everyday. I find myself laughing everyday, and the next day that I got here, a Bible came my way from the chaplain. I filled out a request for a Bible and to meet him, but I just got the Bible, which was good enough for me. I would have liked to speak to the chaplain, but the Bible is what I really wanted. It's

a contemporary English version which is new to me, so I enjoy it. But that is not all that the Lord has used to show me His blessings, and that He is here with me, and the reason I am where I am now. You may or may not have heard on the news or read about the riot that kicked off here in ***** that involved 400 inmates, left 1 dead, and 100 or so injured. It just so happens that the riot was over on the North Facility on B-Yard, and before I came to the 'hole,' I was on that very same yard! I think now to myself that if it wasn't for God's Grace, I would have been there when it happened. I would have to see it happen, or been injured. So I sat here when I got the news and it all hit me . . . I felt something was not right with me being in the 'hole' but little did I know it was right and there was a reason.
HG

NOTE From Bob; Let us each pray for God's glory in situations like these

Teen Challenge Statistics

- o 86% abstaining from drugs.
- o 90% worked full-time
- o 72% continued their education
- o 92% reported good to excellent health
- o 84% attend church

Addresses to contact our Ministry Volunteers

**Moving On Ministry
 Chaplain Bob
 P.O. Box 6667
 Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Church Behind the Wall
 Visalia First Assembly
 3737 So. Akers
 Visalia, CA. 93277**

**Moving On Ministry
 Ministry Volunteer Bryon
 P.O. Box 6667
 Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Christian Pen Pals
 PO Box 2112
 Statesville, NC 28687**

Volunteer Work: I do it like I am paid great and dearly for it. For surely, the price Christ paid, was dearly and great!

Replenishing

God's Word promises to restore the years of the locust, or more simply the years previously lost.

Joel 2:25 And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.

Recommended Reading

For the new Christian, or the individual desiring to know God, we would like to recommend the following reading:

The Gospel of John – This is a great introduction of Christ’s walk on Earth.

The Book of Romans – This gives an introduction of many of the Bible stories shared and helps build familiarity of Christ’s plan for our lives.

The Purpose Driven Life by Rick Warren – 40 chapters will change your life in 40 days

Book of Proverbs – Read one chapter a day with the chapter read being the day of the month. This will allow the book to be read almost 12 times thru the year.

Ephesians 4 – 6 – This gives the pattern for life that we should live. All 7 S’s are displayed in these 3 chapters. We are given the purpose of the gifts, changing our character, husband/wife/family relationships, and the type of life we are to live and display.

Men’s Relational Toolbox – Another fine work by Gary Smalley with both of his sons adding to this book. This book avoids “male bashing” but rather teaches men to use and modify the inner tools they have to improve their relationships.

Prayer of Jabez – A truly fine first book from Bruce Wilkerson. This short book will change your mind about being disobedient to God by not taking care of people in need

Sharing Your Testimony

There are 4 parts to an individual’s testimony;

1. What my life was like before I met Jesus
2. How I realized I needed Jesus
3. How I committed my life to Jesus
4. The difference Jesus has made in my life.

But in reality, those who believe in Jesus have the testimony of God in them; each of us needs to periodically share our testimony with others. The importance is not what you have done, but what God is doing.

1. Your testimony;
2. Your life lessons
3. Your godly passions
4. The Good News

I would like to add that we have shared many wonderful testimonies. Many individuals are afraid to share their testimony because they are not sure what to write or feel inadequate in their writing ability. I think all will agree, that the testimonies that move people are not the ones written from great minds, but are actually the ones written from a great heart.

God’s Word says in **Jeremiah 17:9** that **“the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?”** When the heart is changed by Christ (salvation – separation – sanctification), it becomes the center of where God works from in our life. The testimony written from the heart is truly God inspired, as compared to the one that is a work of the mind. These are the ones that change others lives also, when shared.

Lighter But Serious Side

Attending a wedding for the first time, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Why is the bride dressed in white?" "Because white is the color of happiness, and today is the happiest day of her life." The child thought about this for a moment, then said, "So why is the groom wearing black?"

A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class. As she ran she prayed, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!" While she was running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again! in. As she ran she once again began to pray, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late...But please don't shove me either!"

Three boys are in the school yard bragging about their fathers. The first boy says, "My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a poem, they give him \$50."

The second boy says, "That's nothing. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, they give him \$100."

The third boy says, "I got you both beat. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect all the money!"

An elderly woman died last month. Having never married, she requested no male pallbearers. In her handwritten instructions for her memorial service, she wrote, "They wouldn't take me out while I was alive, I don't want them to take me out when I'm dead."

A police recruit was asked during the exam, "What would you do if you had to arrest your own mother?" He answered "Call for backup."

A Sunday School teacher asked her class why Joseph and Mary took Jesus with them to Jerusalem. A small child replied: "They couldn't get a babysitter."

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother," she asked "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" Without missing a beat one little boy answered, "Thou shall not kill."

At Sunday School they were teaching how God created everything, including human beings. Little Johnny seemed especially intent when they told him how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Later in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and she said, "Johnny, what is the matter?" Little Johnny responded, "I have pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

Two boys were walking home from Sunday school after hearing a strong preaching on the devil. One said to the other, "What do you think about all this Satan stuff?" The other boy replied, "Well, you know how Santa Claus turned out. It's probably just your Dad."

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You don't stop laughing because you grow old, You grow old because you stop laughing!  
Take heed and pass these along to people who need a laugh.

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Linda's Life



What a great God we serve!!

When my husband asked me to share my testimony I had a picture of my mother and father and the small towns of Fowler and Selma California in my mind. We lived in a three room house with only a light bulb hanging from the middle of the ceiling. There was no plumbing, no bathroom but we did have a woodstove. The outhouse was a distance from the house. We drew water from a well until we graduated to a pump. Years later my "daddy" and "mama" added pipes for a sink and we thought we were rich. We grew all of our own vegetables, had to go out to the henhouse to collect the eggs daily and took care of the Coolidge Ranch consisting of irrigating, pruning, picking grapes, driving tractor etc.... It was the neatest experience. It was survival.

We did not get into town very often so when we did it was a treat. We would visit my dad's family in Tulare and my mom's in Visalia California. If we went to church it was for a wedding, funeral, Easter or Christmas that I could remember.

The earliest experience of any prayer that I could remember was an elderly lady by the name of Nellie Metzler and her husband Henry. When the Wizard of Oz would come out on TV every year they would pick up all of us

kids and take us to their house. Nellie would pray for our delicious chocolate cake and glass of milk while we sat to watch the movie on this big blanket that was laid out for us in front of the "color" tv. Color TV! Wow! To see color for the first time and listen to Judy Garland sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." There is just something about that song that stayed with me. I could picture myself singing, seeking for answers that would lead to a beautiful new world where there was no tears and everyone was filled with a joy and love for each other.

I did not realize that "Nellie" was put in my path to pray for me until 1992. Thank God that she was a prayer warrior. She was also the person that gave me this book called "All About Trees" and told me to read and I could travel all over the world anytime. Yes, I do love to read and write and encourage others to do so.

My father was a very hardworking man. He was also an alcoholic which led to the abuse of my beautiful mother. In my teens, during their divorce I started hanging around with people who were eight to ten years older than me. WRONG!!

Selma When I was 12 or 13 years old I was brutally and violently raped by a relative whom I trusted. Being dragged down a dirt field by the hair is like those cartoons shown of cavemen dragging the female. With a can opener to my throat and after fighting for my life I finally stopped when I felt this calm over me as if I was not to move anymore. (I am still alive. Thank you Lord!)

My heart was shattered, my mind was confused and the silent rage filled my being. Every person was a target of my fury. The twig of anger turned into a bush of bitterness. Finding myself "alone" in all of this ugliness I chose to "survive". I vowed that on one was ever going to hurt me again. I delved in new age not knowing that it

was leading to a nightmare of hell. I did not know any other way until the day I accepted Jesus Christ into my life in 1992. Praise the Lord!!

I did not care about anyone but myself. I wanted to belong somewhere so like a magnet all my friends were about in the same boat. I was living a wild and very dangerous and promiscuous lifestyle. Misery loves company. That is so sad that some people live life through a tunnel vision. They cannot see the whole picture.

I had my first child at 16, married at 18, had my second child, divorced by 22 and lived (not married) with my third child's father for another 7 years. During my first marriage I usually ended up by myself with my children. My husband at that time was a heroin addict of which I would go visit him in prisons all over dragging my children along with me.

I was at death's door at least 6 times either by being almost strangled, beatings, knifed, or shot, well, you name it. We lived in a little cabin in back of my in-laws. Actually it was my then husband's grandparents who raised him. Whenever Grandma would hear any screams he would try to cover my mouth so he did not have to confront any of them and yell back to her...."Nothing is going on. We are okay." [Liar, Liar pants on fire :>)]. I would get slapped across my face, onto the bed, his knees would be on my shoulders and I would get called every name in the book as he slapped me back and forth until I would get away which would land me next to the little frig, get slapped toward the stove then slapped to the floor. It was a never ending story. Usually happening on Friday or Saturday nights after he would come home and I would find matchbooks with from the Rainbow Ballroom or he would smell of perfume. It was always something. (That is if anyone remembers those "OLDIES DANCES".) There were always other

women in his life. I was no naive in what was going on all around me. One day I had just about enough and in self defense I grabbed the scissors where I had them up to neck and until I heard "Grandma's" voice then I pulled back and I was safe.....for one day.

Being in and out of prison is no life for children and thinking there was no way out I felt lost and hopeless. I did not go to church besides visit and never got connected. I finally chose to get divorced leading to dead end relationships that were like a revolving door, over and over again.

The relationship I had for seven years was a roller coaster of emotions. I carried all the excess baggage with me everywhere. This relationship was full of arguments, no trust and insecurity. I had one child from that relationship. My son was loved by everyone and was tragically killed with his best friends in a fiery auto accident. He was a marine and home for several weeks when this happened. It involved alcohol. The enemy never sleeps.
Kings James 1 Peter 5:8,
NIV version 1 Peter 5:8

If I had not known the Lord then, even the little that I knew at that time during my life, I shudder to think where I would have been now. I had two more children without their fathers in their lives.

During 1990 I moved to Visalia. The doors were opening in all areas of my life. I started working with the developmentally challenged, office, auto dismantlers and as a merchandiser working all over the valley. God sent several people in my path to encourage me. I was married in 1994, very involved in my church so when I was served with divorce papers it was as if I was going through the grieving stages of another death. I was devastated. In James 1:2-8 the scriptures speak of "when you face trials" not "if", for they will surely come. The only thing you have to rely on is to have faith and trust

in God. Like Jeremiah 29:11 and also Colossians 4:17 where Paul writes; Tell Archippus: "See to it that you complete the work you have received in the Lord."

Well we have been given gifts, yes...You! You and I and we have to use them. It is like a nugget of gold. You use it to share the gospel and it increases in value everyday as you go out in obedience for His glory. It could be singing, using an instrument, reading to others, writing, sewing, painting, art, math, woodworking, ironwork, gardening...etc, etc, etc. Those skills are perfected and the giver of gifts will be well pleased..."he that is faithful in little will be faithful in much" What I am getting at is for you to look back at your childhood. What are your skills and gifts and how have you used them? What did you want to be when you grew up? Did you lose your dream? It has been said that the richest place in the world is the graveyard where people's hopes and dreams are buried along with them. The time is now! Do not wait a second longer. Pray for guidance in whatever you do. Maybe you will end up in Africa as my husband and I did. You do not know but I suggest you start getting prepared for this great adventure. If that train pulls up at your station I suggest you get on. Don't let that enemy put doubts in your head or allow him to set these words in your mind and heart like "I'll wait for the right time", "Maybe later", "I don't believe I am ready yet", or the classic:

"Look at you! Who is going to believe you, after what you have done!?" That dirty devil is the author of lies, deceit, confusion and the lord of the flies.

I am here today to write this because I know that we serve a great God and God loves me. As a young child I was robbed of my youth, joy and hope. When I realized that Jesus took it all for me I asked Him into my heart. He had to be the Lord of my life for the rest of my life. I asked for forgiveness and

gave up trying to carry that heavy load of guilt, anger, sadness and the pity parties that I was the host of and was the guest of honor. Like I said misery loves company. If you want to be a winner you have to hang around with winners. Think back at your life and ask God to guide you from this day forward. Allow your life to be filled with a joy that is so overwhelming that you cannot contain it and share it with everyone. You can have it now. Just ask Jesus in complete submission. (search your heart)

Lord, I am here today because I am a sinner. I repent of my sins and ask for forgiveness of _____ (tell Him now) I accept Jesus Christ as my savior and into my heart. I trust in you from this moment on. Give me a hunger for your word. Guide me in the gifts that you have given me so I may serve and share of You daily and whatever I do and say will be glorifying to You. Less of me, and more of You. I am a new creature in God's kingdom. I am royalty and will act upon it accordingly. May the words of my mouth encourage others, give me the wisdom to turn away from wrong and the strength to run the race and follow you all the days of my life.

AMEN. (There, was that so hard?)

December 15, 1992

Woodland Drive Baptist Church Office
Pastor Ernie and Margie Martinez

When I accepted Jesus Christ in my heart was the day that I said, "Lord, please take away this ugliness in my heart. I want to have joy and peace in my heart. I am sick and tired of being sick and tired. Then all of a sudden I said; (I was truly tired and desperate so I wanted to God to know that I meant business) " Lord if I ever see the person who hurt me I will tell him I forgive him and tell him of Your love." Then I said and if I ever see Nicky Cruz I will tell thank him for his book "Devil on the

Run". Margie gave that to me. The Bible is the living Word. It made this hard headed woman see the light. I got to see Nicky in Fresno and he prayed for me.

Years went by as I noticed so many changes in my life and saw how I viewed "things". My pastor Isidro and Cleo Carrasco said to get rid of things in my house that were not godly and if in doubt get rid of it. I did as instructed. My eyes were open to all of the stuff that I was allowing into my children's lives. I had to ask for forgiveness from my children. I then got rid of all kinds of items and broke them up (gods, idols) thousands of dollars of books and tore them up so no one would pick them up. If we give them to others or set them where another would pick them up and use then or read them, it is opening up the window to the darkness for them and we will be accountable.

Well, one day it happened. I was singing at a funeral and low and behold there he was right across from me. There was the man that had shredded my life into pieces. The first thought that came to me was "Okay Linda, finish singing and get out of here." I did get to see tears stream down his face under his sunglasses as I sang "Go Rest High Upon That Mountain" I started to leave when I heard a very clear voice tell me "What happened? I thought you were going to tell him about my love?"

???? Wow! I immediately asked for forgiveness and followed this person home and went up to him in front of all of his friends to ask him if I could speak to him

When he saw me it was as if he seen a giant with a facial expression that I will never forget. He walked around away from everyone and kept saying "please, don't look at me. I'm not worth the ground you spit on." I told him that I thought about many ways to get revenge but that on December 15, 1992 when I asked Jesus into my life there

was a heart change. I told him that I was there to tell him that I forgave him and wanted to be sure that I did not go to my grave or he did not go to his grave before I told him that I had repented of all anger and bitterness against him and wanted to be sure he knew Jesus too. He cried and said please don't tell me that. It burns like hot coals. He was like a crumpled, broken doll on his knees. I gently helped him up, hugged him and told him "I love you and now the ball is on your court. I serve an amazing God and I want you to know Him and let him be the Lord of your life too. Proverbs 25:22, Romans 12:20, NIV. Romans 12:9-21

Asking for forgiveness does wonders and heals our heart wounds. It had to be real. It was life changing and the newness and the joy I knew at that moment I could not even describe. Psalm 18, Ephesians 6:10, 1 Thessalonians 5:16-19

My present husband, Bob and I are growing closer.....The truth isAt first it was a bit of a struggle for me. I would think "forget this" at times. When you are a Christian it doesn't mean that everything is "live happily ever after". It just means that we rely on God to guide us in our decisions especially when we "humans" get to a low point. When the storms come we are not alone, especially in blended families. There is so much more. I could go on and on about God's miracles in my life and the lives of others that I would love to share. You may write me. God Bless you all.

God is good all the time....All the time God is good.

In Christ Jesus, Linda.

Continued – “What Was it Like ?”



Continued Stories of Our Blessings from Swaziland

The trip to Swaziland was sponsored thru “**Dream For Africa**” ministry created by **Dr. Bruce Wilkinson**, and now taken over and managed by **Ian & Janine Maxwell**.

Ian and Janine have done some reorganizing and also a name change to “**Heart For Africa.**”

AIDS - Already a pandemic that is devastating Africa by killing 2.5 million Africans each year, HIV / AIDS threatens the very survival of a continent. Africa is host to 70% of the world's HIV / AIDS population. In sub-Saharan Africa alone, 38% of the population is HIV-positive, Swaziland is at 42.6% HIV-positive.

No Tissue

We had one lady that shared her story of her need to use a ‘bathroom’ while out planting gardens. She went to one of the mud huts and asked to use the facility. The lady of the house pointed her to the hole in the ground, with plastic wrapped around four sticks around it. As our volunteer started off to use the

‘facility,’ the lady of the house said “I am sorry, but I do not have any tissue. Here is a piece of cardboard you can use.”

More Cattle

I think of Labor (pronounced Labo), our Guide, for team 12, that was a pastor of a small church far away from us. He had mentioned that the custom of acquiring a wife, was to offer the usual price of 17 cows to the future in-laws to get their daughter for a wife. Labor had been married about 9 years and had 2 wonderful children. We asked Labor if he had to pay cows for his wife and he said he paid the customary price of 17 cows. He further added that he had only given 12 cows so far, and still owed 5 cows to his in-laws. Imagine making a statement about your wife of “Only five more cows and she’s mine.”

America the Beautiful
By
Judge Moore

The following is a poem written by Judge Roy Moore from Alabama. Judge Moore was sued by the ACLU for displaying the Ten Commandments in his courtroom foyer. He has been stripped of his judgeship and now they are trying to strip his right to practice law in Alabama. The judge's poem sums it up quite well.

America the Beautiful,
or so you used to be.
Land of the Pilgrims' pride;
I'm glad they'll never see.

Babies piled in dumpsters,
Abortion on demand,
Oh, sweet land of liberty;
your house is on the sand.

Our children wander aimlessly
poisoned by cocaine,
Choosing to indulge their lusts,
when God has said abstain.

From sea to shining sea,
our Nation turns away
From the teaching of God's love
and a need to always pray.

We've kept God in our temples,
how callous we have grown.
When earth is but His footstool,
and Heaven is His throne.

We've voted in a government
that's rotting at the core,
Appointing Godless Judges
who throw reason out the door,

Too soft to place a killer
in a well deserved tomb,
But brave enough to kill a baby
before he leaves the womb.

You think that God's not angry,
that our land's a moral slum?
How much longer will He wait
before His judgment comes?

How are we to face our God,
from Whom we cannot hide?
What then is left for us to do,
but stem this evil tide?

If we who are His children,
will humbly turn and pray;
Seek His holy face
and mend our evil way:

Then God will hear from Heaven
and forgive us of our sins,
He'll heal our sickly land
and those who live within.

But, America the Beautiful,
if you don't - then you will see,
A sad but Holy God
withdraw His hand from Thee.

~Judge Roy Moore