

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The Bi-Monthly newsletter of Moving On Ministry

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Volume 72 – May./June 2012 (Published since Oct. 2003)

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, we are continuing with more of the testimonies of “How God Changes Lives” as well as some more of our own written articles. We can truly say that the “high” that many of our inmates have been trying to get through the wrong methods, is being surpassed by those putting God in control of their lives.

Watch our website

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We are also affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Fellowship

Our mailing list has cleared over 560. The time required for designing the newsletters, printing, folding and stuffing the newsletters, applying postage and printing the envelopes has become great. We get behind on letter replies, and may occasionally miss one. Please write back if we do not answer, and write clearly so we can get the information correct. **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 (Resource List).

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.

**Addresses to contact our
Ministry Volunteers**

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

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

**Recovering from Kidney failure
Andrea Shannon
8405 Jalima Ave
Norfolk, VA 23518**

**Sister Aleisha (Alice) C.
c/o M.O.M. (Women Only)
P.O. Box 6667
Visalia, CA 93290**

**Iglesia Puerta de Salvacion
202 Lafayette Ave.
Lindsay, CA 93247**

**Discover Bible School
Attn, Robert
P.O. Box 7175
Visalia, CA 93290**

**Paper Sunshine Pen Pals
P.O. Box 7331
Halcyon, CA 93421**

Missing M.O.M. ?

We must constantly remind individuals that we need to be notified of changes of address or facilities. If we get returned mail (about 20 each month), we remove that individual from the files. If you have, or you are going to be moved, please drop us a note to keep your file active. We get mail returned for bad ID #'s, no cell #, and no bed #.

Letters that Express it All

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

Readily Available Printouts

For those of you that communicate with individuals that have computer access, we have added quite a bit to our web site. The "**Resource List**" (28 pages), the "**Pen Pal Friends**" (12 pages), ALL past newsletters ("**Letter From M.O.M.**"), inmate lookup links, and artwork are available to be viewed or downloaded.

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

Ask for a copy of our **28 page "Resource List"**
or our **12 page** compiled "**Pen Pal List**"
Postage is always appreciated but never required for brochures.
\$.45 for Pen pals and
\$.65 for Resources
\$.45 for Newsletter
(Donations Welcome)

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.

The Testimony of Bruce Davis

I am a 36 year old African-American ex-gang member. At age 17, I was sentenced to life plus 5 years for attempted murder for a drug deal that went bad. When I was growing up my mother and my family members used to beat me. I was molested by both men and women at a young age. At age 5 I watched my mother’s boyfriend stab my grandmother and aunt over 30 times because my grandmother would not give him money for drugs. My aunt died on the way to the hospital; my grandmother lost 2 fingers. (My grandmother later died of natural causes when I first got arrested for this case).

I joined a gang at 13. I had so many close calls with death I can’t name them, but I know God was watching over me. I was jumped numerous times and had my nose and ribs broken. I also was shot twice by the time I was 17 years old. I sold drugs and did my share of wrong rival gang members. I got expelled from school in the 10th grade for bringing a knife to school because I had been getting jumped by rival gang members. I was on probation since 1987 for stealing money out of a teacher’s purse. I got arrested for drug charges, stealing a car and for violating parole.

I accepted Jesus in my life when I was 8 years old, 10 years old and 12 years old and again at age 15, when I got locked up for possession of selling cocaine. I prayed that I would not get 5 years in the California Youth Authority and I was released on probation. I went to church a few times when I got out but then went back to my old ways.

I was arrested on this case at age 17. In the back of the police car I asked God to not let the victim die because he was on life support. When I got to the intake cell at Juvenile Hall, I asked God to forgive me for my sin filled life and to take me back.

I felt a sense of peace. The victim in my case did not die and was able to walk. I was sent to adult court to be tried as an adult. The judge offered me 17 years but I didn’t take it because my attorney told me if they went to trial we would win. I listened to the public defender instead of God and went to trial and received a life plus 5 year sentence.

I’ve been in prison for over 16 years, since the age of 17 for a crime that the charges were trumped up on me. However, God gets all the glory for this because it has truly turned my life around. I work 8 hours, attend church regularly, along with other activities and take correspondence courses. I’ve had my ups and downs in prison all these years, but God has always been there for me and taken me back when I fall off. He has blessed me with nice brothers on the inside to be there for me when I needed family. I’m living my life for him because it’s not about me anymore. Jesus is the reason why I smile, why I sing, why I have so much joy in my heart.

I hope this testimony has been a blessing to you.
Love in Jesus Name, **Bruce Davis**

Omar's Testimony

I was beaten and tortured at a very young age. My first attempt at suicide was at the age of five. At the age of eight, I started sniffing glue. I ran away and was embraced by the gangs. I found love. God never seemed to care and neither did my mom, but my Homies did. I gave the neighborhood my every devotion. For years I lost myself in the streets. I forgot about mom, forgot about God and I forgot about me. I loved to steal. My only purpose for being was to hurt or be hurt.....until I met heroin. Oh my, what a wonderful relief! Heroin eased my pain like nothing else. So my motive changed from bringing the pain to numbing it. As time went on the emptier I felt. God seemed to abandon me and let me suffer. There were not enough alcoholics, drugs, fights and nothing could fill my heart of pain.

Then I came to prison. I found a home! Never mind the fact that I had at this time a beautiful wife and children who loved me. I wanted to be someone in prison. It seemed the only place that understood me; I felt at home here. People understood violence here. I was ruthless. I was a cold piece of work.

Last year as I was in the county jail going through it in the "Hole", I was called or touched or enlightened; I had my spiritual awakening and I'm not the same. Everything in my life was falling apart. I was facing 14 years with 80%, my wife was leaving me, I lost my "rank" and got beat up.....was in a bad way, I thought I was done for sure and I guess I was depressed. I am not one to cry about things but I felt down and out, no friends, lots of enemies and to top it off, I was starving real bad. One day when the walls were closing in and I saw no way out, I went to sleep with death and defeat on my mind. I slept fitfully, tossing and turning until breakfast. I ate at 3:00 AM and went back to sleep. I felt a little more calm and food on my stomach, so I slept deeply this time. Out of the deepest sleep, I came to consciousness and I felt a sort of finger touching my heart. The outer "skin" was icy cold and flowing outward and the inner part was warm, sweet, comforting and flowing into me. Was it love?

In the time it took me to open my eyes, I had an image of my little brother who's been dead now for four years. We were playing on the kitchen floor and we were both like five years old. He just stopped playing, looked over at me with the most loving expression I ever saw in his face and told me, "I love you, Bro" and then he was gone. Since then, I have not been the same.

I see things from a totally different perspective, like if a pair of sunglasses were given to me and through them, life seems more.....alive, colorful and even the bird's song is different. I can feel the Lord's conviction every time I think wrong, speak wrong or act wrong. I know for a fact that God is at work in my life. My life has been turned inside out! All glory and honor be to Him. I found the way to a new life in God, through Jesus Christ and I feel it!

By **Omar Zuloaga**

The Struggle of a Little Flower to Blossom

High is the snow covered Alpine valleys, God works one of His miracles year after year. In spite of the extremes of sunny days and frozen nights, a flower blooms unblemished through the crust of ice near the edge of the snow. How does this little flower, known as the soldanelle plant, accomplish such a feat? During the past summer the little plant spread its leaves wide open and flat on the ground in order to soak up the sun's rays, and it kept that energy stored in its roots throughout the winter. When spring came, life stirred even beneath its shroud of snow, and as the plant sprouted, it amazingly produced enough warmth to thaw a small dome shaped pocket of snow above its head.

It grew higher and higher, and as it did, the small dome of air continued to rise just above its head until its flower bud was safely formed. As last the icy covering of the air compartment gave way, and the blossom burst into the sunshine. The crystalline texture of its mauve-covered petals sparkled like the snow itself, as if it still bore the marks of the journey it just endured. This fragile flower sounds an echo in our hearts that none of the lovely flowers nestled in the warm grass of the lower slopes could ever awaken. Oh, how we love to see impossible things accomplished! And so does God, "for nothing is impossible with God." (Luke 1:37).

Therefore may we continue to persevere, for even if we took our circumstances and cast all the darkness of human doubt upon them and then hastily piled many difficulties together as we could find against God's divine work we could never move beyond the blessedness of His miracle working power. May we place our faith completely in Him, for He is the God of the impossible.

Written by **Patrick Czaja**

Based on a show he watched on P.B.S. called "Nature".

Complete Transformation in Jesus

I was born on a Navy base to an 18 year old mom. My dad was gone much of the time so my mom raised me by herself. As a child, I was very sickly with bronchitis, asthma and high fevers. Later, mom and dad had two other daughters. Because I was the oldest, I suffered the brunt of their abusiveness and was mistreated physically, emotionally and mentally. My parents were never shown love by their families, so it stood to reason they didn't know how to show love to their children.

The abuse I suffered took a terrible toll on my life, even at a very young age. At 8 years of age, I began to make poor choices drinking alcohol and taking drugs from a little girl in my neighborhood, whose parents were motorcycle "bikers." I stopped coming home, staying with her family whenever possible. I had run away to escape from the abuse and constant restrictions; punishment for my wayward behavior.

At 12 years old, I was raped. It was so horrible. I somehow associated it with "love," and decided if that's what love was, I wanted no part of it. I was raped frequently through my teen-age years. My heart became very hardened and I built walls of self-protection around my life trying to keep myself safe.

In junior high school, I partied as hard as I could, but managed to get good grades in spite of it. I had a wonderful first boyfriend, Danny, who had a band. We had so

much fun partying and playing all our favorite songs from Grand Funk Railroad, CCR , James Taylor and many more.

I was in the 10th grade, about 16, when Danny joined the Navy. I was very upset and felt a great sense of loss and rejection when he left. Unknown to Danny, I was pregnant with our baby, which I miscarried before I even told him about it. I started selling drugs with a girlfriend, trying to ease the pain of losing Danny and our baby.

At 17, my friend and I were raped by students in our school. Again, I was devastated, scared and began looking for love anywhere I could find it.

In my senior year, before graduation I met and married Willie. I didn't graduate. Willie was an alcoholic and I was a drug addict, not exactly a marriage made in heaven!

Willie and I had an awesome daughter who we named Brandy. We later divorced during a time I was using crystal meth. This is a very evil drug that seems to take away your pain, but makes one do evil things. It is definitely from the pit of hell. It causes one to go crazy and eats the calcium right out of your bones.

Against Brandy's advice, I married a man named Frank. She told me he was evil, but I didn't listen to her, and all hell broke loose. Turns out he was into the occult and in the mafia. We were married for 1 ½ years during which time he abused Brandy and I sexually, mentally and physically. When I tried to divorce Frank, he threatened to kill me. I was afraid of what would happen to Brandy if he did kill me, so I gave Brandy to my mother for her protection.

During the years of 1984 through 1989, I lived on the streets in California . I had a brother named Ronnie, who was from my old school . He taught me the biker way of living. With love and respect. We talked about God all the time. In January of 1987, he was shot in his stomach and nearly died. I prayed and begged God to keep him alive. He did! When I told Ronnie how I had prayed, he yelled at me and said, "Why did you do that?" He would have much rather have gone to be with Jesus! I told Him that I loved him and would miss him. He told me once that three men wiser than he would come into my life. I was surprised to hear him say that and wondered what it meant. Ronnie was later murdered. Even during the worst of times, I felt protected by angels.

For awhile, I lived on the streets of San Diego . One day, while in a park picking through clothes which had been donated by a church, a woman walked up to me and asked me if I was Denise and said my last name. She recognized me from a picture my mom had of me. She told me mom wanted me back home. I couldn't have been more surprised. It was at this point that things began to change for the better for me. I felt love for the first time in a long time.

However, in Sep of 1989, I was arrested for being drunk in public. While in jail, a woman began writing letters to me about Jesus. I started getting very curious about this man called Jesus. The guards introduced me to Chaplain Romie who told me the whole story of how Jesus died and rose again. She said that while He was on the cross, I was on His mind and in His heart. She told me that He is in heaven praying for you right now. I was very overwhelmed at what she said to me, and on my way back to my cell, overheard a Bible study leader saying, "Jesus loves you."

I held back tears, not wanting to let anybody see me cry. I had been in jail for eight days and just had to get out of there. Later, I got down on my knees out in the yard and said, "God, I know You are so real to me. You provided everything I needed when I was on the streets. I can see that now. Your Son, Jesus did this for me, and I will do

everything for You Please deliver me from meth, prison, the streets, sex and pot. I accept Your Son Jesus in my heart and life forever.” I added one more prayer, “Lord, because I was so touched by those letters sent to me in prison, telling me about Jesus, please open Your doors for me to write to your children until Jesus comes for us all.”

I suddenly felt a deep and great sense of peace. I felt completely clean and refreshed with an indescribable love. I wept in total gratitude, feeling better than I could ever remember feeling. God came in a very real, tangible way to my heart and mind, soul and spirit. It was the ultimate love I had been searching for from the time I was a very little girl, throughout my whole life.

I went back inside to find out I had been called into court and released with a very minimal fine and dropped charges. It was my birthday gift from God, September 13, 1989 . I was ecstatic, to say the least!

From jail I went into a women’s discipleship home until it closed. I went back to my hometown to help take care of my granddad Dave until 1993, which is when the doors opened for me to step into my Daddy God’s ministry which I named Jesus’ Prayer Ministry. We celebrated 19 years of ministry this year. We write letters all over the United States to prisoners encouraging them in Jesus. God has added to the ministry by sending Worship Leaders, Chaplains and Teachers. It is awesome to be part of His ministry! I have since discovered who the three wiser men are that Ronnie told me about! They are my blood brother Jesus; my teacher and coach; the Holy Spirit and my precious Father God.

My mother and I have reconciled and she helps me with the prison ministry. We also enjoy one another’s company as friends going to movies, working puzzles and praying together.

In 2006, I moved back to California wanting to be there on Mother’s day to see my mom, but I didn’t have a ride. I was feeling sad that I couldn’t be with her, so began to worship and praise the Lord. Jesus gave me a vision of my son Vito and my friend Ronnie. They were in heaven with Jesus right next to them. We did a group hug, giving me the best Mother’s Day present ever!

God’s love is so real in my life and I pray everyday for more and deeper things from my God. I particularly love 1 John 4:7-19 and ask that you read it as a gift from me to you.

If you have been looking for love in all the wrong places; if you have suffered abuse and hardships, honestly believe that Jesus will come and bring His healing love to your heart. All you have to do is get on your knees and ask Jesus to come into your heart and be Lord and Savior of your life. Ask Him to forgive your sins. He will because He loves you so deeply.

I want to bless you all by saying that Jesus loves you so very much; you are blessed and highly favored as a child of the King.

With Love and Respect, **Sister Denise**

c/o Jesus’ Prayer Ministry
PO Box 7925
Chula Vista CA 91912

The Lowest of the Low

“Brothers and sisters, think of what you were when you were called. Not many of you were wise by human standards; not many were influential; not many were of noble birth. But God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong. God chose the lowly things of this world and the despised things—and the things that are not—to nullify the things that are, so that no one may boast before him. It is because of him that you are in Christ Jesus, who has become for us wisdom from God—that is, our righteousness, holiness and redemption. Therefore, as it is written: “Let the one who boasts boast in the Lord.” 1 Corinthians 1:26-31

When Jesus walked the earth He did not choose the heads of state, or the wealthy, or the prominent government officials as His disciples. No, quite the opposite He called the common man, such as Simon and his brother, Andrew, James and his brother, John. They were not wealthy business men, they were single fisherman.

Luke 6:48B tells us that the least among us is the greatest. Jesus loves to take the worst of the worst and transform our lives to show His great power and glory. Look at Paul, formerly known as Saul, a persecutor of the faith, a cruel and violent man turned into a great and amazing servant of God (Acts 9).

Look to Mary Magdalene, afflicted by seven different demons and delivered from them all (Luke 8:2). She took up the cross and followed our Lord as well. How many afflict you my friend? Demons of sexual abuse, drugs, alcohol, violence and so many others can keep us in bondage and destroy our lives. But God’s grace is here for us and He wants to deliver us that we may serve Him.

Brothers and Sisters, think of what you were when you were called. We were drunks, thieves, prostitutes, liars, cheaters, addicts, etc.....but God has chosen us out of the crowd to bring Him glory. He chose the lowly and despised things of this world, the foolish and weak things of this world to show His amazing love and power.

Take heart knowing that you have been chosen for a purpose that is pleasing to our Lord. We are all Paul’s and Mary Magdalene’s in a sense. They were people just like us and God transformed them to suit His will. Open your heart and soul to Him. Let God transform you today. Boast in our Loving Father for He has destined us for greatness. For once you were low and despised, but today you are lifted up high and redeemed by the blood of Christ.

By **Brother Brandon Kerby**

Peace To Us

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

What an awesome gift from Jesus Christ, the only one that can be fully understood by those whom have been touched by our Savior. In our community of believers, I often ask “What is the thing different now in your life since you accepted Christ?” The overwhelming answer is peace. Jesus said only He could give true peace. The world we live in could never do that. I look back at my life and see a trail of destruction. A life filled with drugs and alcohol and constant unrest. I now see the true culprit of my conflicts was the fact that I was never at peace with life or myself. I never felt comfortable anywhere or around anyone and always relied on drugs and alcohol to give me that sense of fitting in or belonging. I always thought if I could get the right break in life (the right job, the right girl) anything that would give me happiness or a sense of worthiness. I had a beautiful woman. We had a beautiful daughter. Everything I’d ever wanted. On the outside it looked great but on the inside the void only grew worse. Eventually I just succumbed to the fact that I had deep problems within my heart and I’d just drown them out with drugs and alcohol. Why is it the harder we look for life outside of God the more twisted life becomes? The Bible says; to be carnally minded (or earthly minded) is death but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Romans 8:6 (to live God’s way is life and peace.) Proverbs 3:1-2 says,” My son forget not my law but let thy heart keep my commandments, for length of days and long life; and peace shall they add to you.”

Proverbs 12:20 says to the counselors of peace is joy. How true all those verses are. When I was carnally minded I would read these and thought they sounded good but they haven’t walked a mile in my shoes. It was easier for me to make excuses than change. Now after 5 years of living for God having been cleansed and put in my right mind by God’s Holy Spirit, it’s hard to imagine I ever lived life like I did or thought the way I used to think. I’ve been in prison for 16 years and I don’t know if I’ll get out. The one thing I do know is I’m at peace. I have hope and been set free from drugs and alcohol. Only Jesus Christ could give me what the world never could. Jesus is the true Prince of Peace. The world talks of peace and we have peace societies and temples of peace while the nations are arming for war. The very world who killed the Prince of Peace rejects Him now talks of creating world peace. Am I the only one who sees how ridiculous this it? How can there be world peace when we reject the author of peace?

I pray you’ll believe me when I say Jesus can change your life and no matter where you are at, He can give you hope and most of all peace. Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Your brother in Christ,

Glen White

HOW PROPOSITION 9 (MARSY'S LAW) IMPACTS LIFERS

1. Dramatically increases the maximum period of a parole denial to fifteen years from two years for prisoners convicted of crimes other than murder, and from five years for those convicted of murder;
2. Requires that the maximum 15-year denial period also be the default denial period in all cases, even for those with minimum prison terms of only seven years (i.e., most cases not involving murder).
3. Replaces the minimum denial period of one year with a minimum period of three years, eliminating the Board's ability to deny parole for only one or two years – the options previously chosen by the Board in 72% of all parole denials before Proposition 9.
4. Creates new hurdles the Board's commissioners must overcome (i.e., finding "clear and convincing evidence") to justify a denial period shorter than fifteen years. In fact, the denial period is now determined through a process of decreasing lengths from fifteen years to ten, seven, five, and then three years. Under the prior law, the denial period was reached through a process of increasing lengths from one year to five years – and even then only in exceptional circumstances.
5. Drastically reduces the availability of an earlier review following a lengthy denial period. Rather than an automatic review after three years, there is now an optional review that is only available if the prisoner makes a request (available only once every three years) and establishes changed circumstances or new information.
6. Requires 90 days' advance notice instead of 30 days' advance notice of parole hearings be provided to victims, their next of kin and other representatives.
7. Substantially expands the number and definition of victims, their relatives and designated representatives who can attend parole hearings and provide unsworn testimony during which they cannot be interrupted or questioned by prisoners or their attorneys.
8. Allows victim-related attendees to make statements on the record regarding matters completely unrelated to the prisoner's current risk to public safety.
9. Specifically excludes anyone who is currently incarcerated from the definition of victims or their representatives who may now attend parole hearings.
10. Requires that copies of the unchallengeable victim/representative statements be considered at all future parole hearings.
11. Eliminates prisoners' access to rehabilitation programs that are not specifically required by the

United States Constitution or by the laws of the State of California – indeed, the very programs in which prisoners participate in order to rehabilitate themselves.

12. Prohibits any expedited release programs to relieve the unconstitutionally overcrowded conditions in California’s prisons.

13. Requires all of the above-mentioned changes to apply to prisoners sentenced both before and after Proposition 9 passed.

A complete copy of Proposition 9 and the changes in Penal Code sections 3041.5 and 3043 can be obtained from (www.theuncommonlaw.com)

New Transportation



The Jeep that Bob had previously bought for Linda’s Birthday in 2010 gave us trouble on the trip to Tucson, AZ. April 2012 Bob decided to buy Linda a new car; a Hyundai Tucson, bought in Tucson, AZ. Oh well, so much for trying to be debt-free (LOL). Linda actually sat in the Jeep and cried before we traded it in for \$500.00 trade-in.

We will do a follow-up on the entire trip in the next newsletter

“We Have This Hope”

We have this hope
That burns within our hearts,
Hope in the coming of the Lord.

We have this faith
That Christ alone imparts,
Faith in the promise of His word.

We believe the time is here,
When the nations far and near
Shall awake and shout and sing,
Hallelujah, Christ our King!

We have this hope
That burns within our hearts,
Hope in the coming of the Lord.

By **Kaimel Glenn**

I MET GOD IN THE MORNING

I met God in the morning,
When my day was at its best.
His presence came like sunrise,
Like a glory in my breast.
All day long the Presence lingered;
All day long He stayed with me;
We sailed in perfect calmness
Over a very troubled sea;
Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed,
But the winds that seem to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.
Then I thought of other mornings,
With a keen remorse of mind.
When I too had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.
So, I think I know the secret,
Learned from many a troubled way;
You must seek Him in the morning,
If you want Him through the day.

By
Patrick Czaja

Spring buds are red and swollen,
there's pollen in the air.#
I've seen no Easter bunny
and I've looked most everywhere.#
He's not behind the berries,
no baskets have been found.#
I've checked behind the fallen log;
no tracks are on the ground.#
In fact, there's not a single sign
to show that he's been here#
And yet, the very hint of him
makes children shout and cheer.#
"Look what the bunny brought me,"
delighted young ones shout,#
"A chocolate egg and jelly beans!"
To them there is no doubt.#
There is an Easter bunny,
he brings them treats each year.#
Is it any wonder then,
they hold him very dear?#
Each day we see God's mercy,
not only Easter Sunday.#
Do we forget the gift He gave,
so we'd be with Him one day?#
Do we shout, "Look what I found,
see what the Savior got me!"?#
Do we declare, "Eternal life,
His sacrifice has bought me!"?#
Do we cherish God's great gift
and share our Heavenly treat?#
Are we excited to reveal
His gift to all we meet?#
Jesus loved the children pure,
which comes as no surprise.#
Their trust and love was spoken
in the wonder of their eyes.#
I pray that like sweet children,
we all will truly know,#
There is a living savior
and through our lives He'll show.#
Happy Easter! He is risen!#

Barbara LaRue#

2012#

“STEPS”

Anxiety starts deep in your heart -
Slowly breaking your soul apart -
It comes like a thief in the night -
And grabs ahold of you so tight -
Your mind begins to race so fast -
Thinking mostly about your past -
The things you'd change if you could -
Do the things that you knew you should
But those days have come and gone -
And now it's time to carry on -
John 3:3 says you have to be born again-
To enter the pearly gates of heaven -
It starts when you ask Him inside -
No longer to take that emotional ride -
Through the sin and the grief -
God will take your burdens
and give relief -
But you have to fully submit your life -
Through some pain and some strife -
But at the end your reward is great -
Placing your mind in a humble state -
Remember this earth is not our home -
Just passing through as we roam -
With one purpose through our call -
To win souls for Christ, to fill His hall -
For when we die our soul lives on -
Eternal life for those who belong -
So make the choice
while still on the earth
To forever rejoice
through your rebirth.
Thank you, Lord and Amen

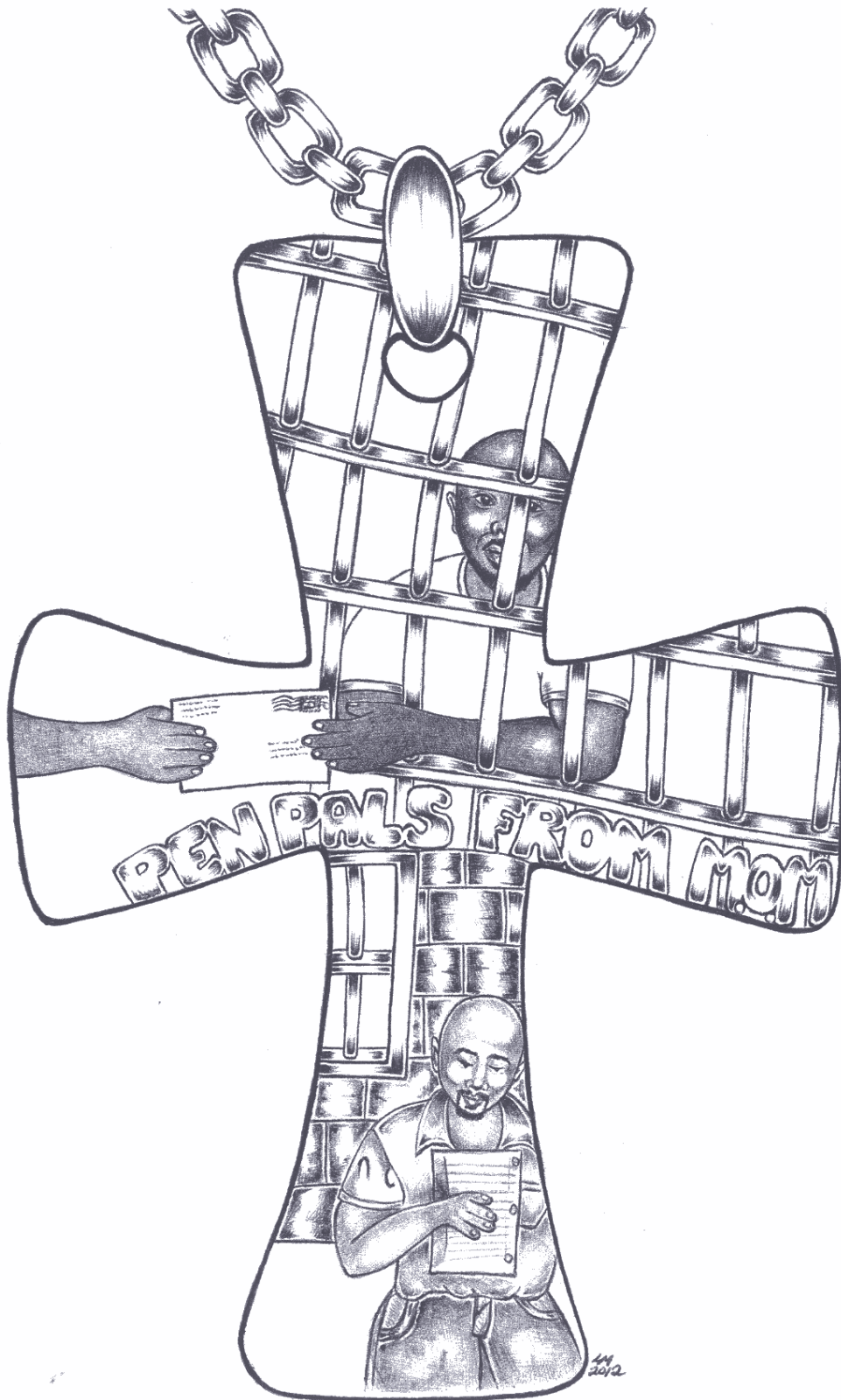
By
Javier D.D.

Your Love Is All I Need”

Lord, your love is all I need, to help me
get by.
Lord, help me to overcome, in whatever
I try.
I've tried things all on my own,
sometimes as I fell short.
Like something hindered my way, a
blockage of some sort.
There were times I'd do some things,
without thinking at all.
Not stopping to ask myself, if they
would make me fall.
I'd get caught up in living, and in
worldly possessions.
Until the day I realized, I made no
progression.
Finally I would understand, the danger I
was in.
That living the life I was.....was
causing me to sin.
I had always chased my dreams, and
strove to do my best.
In this I worked day and night, at times I
did not rest.
When someone would speak of you, I
had no time at all.
Many years I lived my life, not
answering your call.
I never saw my struggle, to stay some
place I'd leave.
Many years would pass me by, before I
would believe.
I saw that all I worked for, I couldn't
take with me.
Sensing my soul was in danger just
wouldn't let me be.
I came to a conclusion that truly made
me cry.
That your love is all I need, to help me
to get by.

By **Rudy Pena**

Drawing by
Leroy Merriex



Drawing by
Art Bastardo

