

“ But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint, ”

Isaiah 40:31



## The Joy of Growing in Christ

This spring I have been attending Merry Ministries Ladies Bible Study taught by Mary Willis. We have been studying the book of Acts. I have been so amazed with the boldness of Paul and his obedience. He cries out to Jesus and Jesus answers him. The lesson is that Jesus answers us today if we will but listen to him. I am trying so hard to move from the “I can do it” to “let God do it” by listening to the Holy Spirit.

Recently I read the book Redeeming Love by Francine Rivers and thought it was the best book I had read in a long time. It reminded me of an old friend with whom I had had a falling out with. I really felt that God was telling me to give it to her but I was so perplexed because we had not spoken in several years. In fact I had taken much rejection from her so I thought this “nudge” had to be my own voice. I did write a very brief note and placed it inside the book to the intended person but I laid it on my night stand for over 3 weeks.

I felt that nudge again and decided to put it in her mail box, after all, what was the

worst that could happen? I spoke to God and said that I was believing that he was telling me to do this. Several months went by and I did not hear anything. I wondered on occasion if she read it or tossed it!

I was walking my dog last week and I heard someone calling my name. Guess what? She was calling my name and telling me how much she loved and appreciated the book. We talked about the characters and this gave us common ground to start again. Thank you Jesus.

You see, I don't think I ever even asked God to help me with this situation. I think he was waiting for that prayer from me. “You receive not because you ask not.” I think his way makes our lives easier if we would just listen to his nudges. †

1 John 5:14 This is the confidence we have in approaching God: that if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us.

John 15:7 If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be given you.

John 16:24 Until now you have asked nothing in my name. Ask, and you will receive, that your joy may be full.

## Spectacular Moments With God

Moses stands and looks out over the Promised Land that he will not enter and leaves us with these thoughts in Psalm 90.

In verse 12 Moses prays: “Teach us (Lord) to number our days that we may gain a heart of wisdom”. In verse 16 Moses prays: Let Your work appear to Your servants and Your Glory to their children.

There are fleeting moments in time and if we do not stop for a moment to catch our breath and enjoy them they are gone forever.

There are a number of them in the Bible. Moses sees a burning bush and it amazes him. The Shepherds suddenly see a spectacular star, one unlike any they have seen before and they drop everything to follow it. A small shepherd boy sees the giant and correctly identifies..... he is not one of us; he is not circumcised, and

becomes a king. A woman dares to interrupt the temple officials on their way to someone else's home, touches the hem of Jesus' garment, and is healed. A young boy hears the disciples discuss a lack of food to feed the people, offers his lunch and becomes the hero of one of the most beloved Bible stories.

On our vacation in March we were treated to one of God's spectacular displays. We got up early to hike along the Cherochala Skyway in Tennessee. The temperature had dipped below freezing overnight and it was very foggy in the mountains. As the sun rose and touched the tree tops we saw that they were covered with fog that had turned to ice. It looked as if God had dressed the tree tops

***Spectacular Moments...***

*continued on page 4*

# Intercessory Prayer

## May 2008

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Donna Price Amy Clink	2 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	3
4	5 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	6 Gordon Rouze Martha McNamee	7 Alyson Smith Linda Hill Penny Wright	8 Gloria Rouze Terry Baldwin Amy Clink	9 Jim Flagg Lyn McElroy Marie Woods	10 Laura Springer Paula Jones
11 <b>MOTHER'S DAY</b>	12 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	13 Milly Bergman	14 Judy Welker Marcia Barker	15 Linda Earle Amy Clink	16 Jim Flagg Marie Woods Tom Welker	17 Kristal Schneider
18	19 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	20 Mike Hilliard Sue Hilliard	21 Frances Hodges	22 Amy Clink	23 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	24 Nan Leightenheimer
25	26 Donna Price Helen Wood Barbara Singletary <b>MEMORIAL DAY</b>	27 Bella Rillo	28 Duane Wolter Marilyn Wolter	29 Amy Clink	30 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	31

**Prayer Chapel Hours:** M-F: 8am-9:30pm Sat: 8am-Varies Sun: 7am-Varies

**Reminder:** At His Feet Ministry meets Tuesday night from 6:45pm-8:30pm

**Flex Time:** Pat Alkire, Mary Ann Byrne, Anne Cappleman, Ed Case, Pennie Clark, Marilyn Ewing, Ina Huntsman, Cassie McClanahan, Becky Orin, Daphne Ring, Marjorie Rozelle, Melissa Scholz, Deanna Shepard, Nancy Smith.  
Call Donna Price 281.242.8816 for changes.

## June 2008

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	3 Gordon Rouze Martha McNamee	4 Alyson Smith Linda Hill Penny Wright	5 Donna Price Amy Clink <b>LAST DAY OF SCHOOL</b>	6 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	7
8	9 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	10 Milly Bergman	11 Judy Welker Marcia Barker	12 Gloria Rouze Terry Baldwin Amy Clink	13 Jim Flagg Lyn McElroy Marie Woods	14 Laura Springer Paula Jones
15 <b>FATHER'S DAY</b>	16 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	17 Mike Hilliard Sue Hilliard	18 Frances Hodges	19 Linda Earle Amy Clink	20 Jim Flagg Marie Woods Tom Welker	21 Kristal Schneider
22	23 Donna Price Helen Wood Barbara Singletary	24 Bella Rillo	25 Carol Whitche Duane Wolter Marilyn Wolter	26 Amy Clink	27 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	28 Nan Leightenheimer
29	30 Donna Price Barbara Singletary					

Prayer Chapel Hours: M-F: 8am-9:30pm Sat: 8am-Varies Sun: 7am-Varies

# July 2008

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 Gordon Rouze Martha McNamee	2 Alyson Smith Linda Hill Penny Wright	3 Donna Price Amy Clink	4 Jim Flagg Marie Woods <b>INDEPENDENCE DAY</b>	5
6	7 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	8 Milly Bergman	9 Judy Welker Marcia Barker	10 Gloria Rouze Terry Baldwin Amy Clink	11 Jim Flagg Lyn McElroy Marie Woods	12 Laura Springer Paula Jones
13	14 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	15 Mike Hilliard Sue Hilliard	16 Frances Hodges	17 Linda Earle Amy Clink	18 Jim Flagg Marie Woods Tom Welker	19 Kristal Schneider
20	21 Donna Price Barbara Singletary	22 Bella Rillo	23 Duane Wolter Marilyn Wolter	24 Amy Clink	25 Jim Flagg Marie Woods	26 Nan Leighenheimer
27	28 Donna Price Helen Wood Barbara Singletary	29	30	31 Amy Clink		

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## The Duck & The Devil

There was a little boy visiting his grandparents on their farm. He was given a slingshot to play with out in the woods. He practiced in the woods; but he could never hit the target. Getting a little discouraged, he headed back for dinner. As he was walking back he saw Grandma's pet duck. Just out of impulse, he let the slingshot fly, hit the duck square in the head and killed it. He was shocked and grieved! In a panic, he hid the dead duck in the wood pile; only to see his sister watching! Sally had seen it all, but she said nothing.

After lunch the next day Grandma said, 'Sally, let's wash the dishes.' But Sally said, 'Grandma, Johnny told me he wanted to help in the kitchen.' Then she whispered to him,

'Remember the duck?' So Johnny did the dishes. Later that day, Grandpa asked if the children wanted to go fishing and Grandma said, 'I'm sorry but I need Sally to help make supper.' Sally just smiled and said, 'Well that's all right because Johnny told me he wanted to help'. She whispered again, 'Remember the duck?' So Sally went fishing and Johnny stayed to help.

After several day of Johnny doing both his chores and Sally's; he finally couldn't stand it any longer. He came to Grandma and confessed that he had killed the duck..

Grandma knelt down, gave him a hug and said, 'Sweetheart, I know. You see, I was standing at the window and I saw the whole thing, but because I love you, I forgave you. I was just won-

dering how long you would let Sally make a slave of you.'

Thought for the day and every day thereafter?

Whatever is in your past, whatever you have done... And the devil keeps throwing it up in your face (lying, cheating, debt, fear, bad habits, hatred, anger, bitterness, etc.) ..whatever it is...You need to know that God was standing at the window and He saw the whole thing.

He has seen your whole life. He wants you to know that He loves you and that you are forgiven. He's just wondering how long you will let the devil make a slave of you. The great thing about God is that when you ask for forgiveness; He not only forgives you, but He forgets. It is by God's grace and mercy that we are saved. God is at the window! †

**Spectacular Moments...**

*...continued from front cover*

with a bridal veil made of exquisite lace.

The moment was fleeting. As the sun rose and the temperature rose the thin veil of ice began to melt and was gone.

In June God treated us to a beautiful water fall at Bald River Falls, Tennessee. The water rushed over the rocks. On all sides the rocks were covered with the most beautiful green moss that I have ever seen. In March the same falls were full of water but the moss was gone and the scene not quite as beautiful, majestic and powerful yes, but not as colorful. Later in the trip I had occasion to meditate on fleeting moments with God.

In Georgia we viewed an exhibit of photographs. The photographer wrote a sentence or two about each picture. One was of a magnificent sunset she observed while driving along a highway. She described pulling over to take the picture and wondering if anyone in the cars whizzing by even noticed the spectacular display that God placed in front of them to savor.

God gives us spectacular, never to be repeated, moments every day of our lives. It's our job to stop and savor the moment, make it a part of our history, and enjoy HIS company.

Take a moment to stop and enjoy what God has placed before you today. Then thank Him for the air you breathe and the sight that He has given you. †

— Mary Schmerker

**Pastor's Prayer Partners Schedule**

May - July 2008

<b>DATE:</b>	<b>9:00</b>	<b>11:15</b>
May 4	Kristie Jones Ed Case	John Wilson
May 11	Donna Price Judy Welker	Connie Harris
May 18	Jim Goolsby	Jim Flagg
May 25	Nancy Thomas Lois Livingston	Bridgett Fogarty Michael Fogarty
June 1	Melinda Knight Gloria Goolsby	Ann Cappelman
June 8	Kristie Jones	Mike Alloy
June 15	Donna Price Judy Welker	John Wilson Ed Case
June 22	Jim Goolsby	Connie Harris
June 29	Nancy Thomas Lois Livingston	Jim Flagg
July 6	Melinda Knight Michael Fogarty	Bridgett Fogarty
July 13	Kristie Jones Gloria Goolsby	Ann Cappelman
July 20	Donna Price Judy Welker	Mike Alloy
July 27	Jim Goolsby Ed Case	John Wilson

**Altar Prayer Ministries Schedule**

May - July 2008

<b>DATE:</b>	<b>9:00</b>	<b>11:15</b>
May 11th	Betty Hayden	Kathy Boone
May 18th	Amy Clink	Barbara Conklin
May 25th	Ed Case	Roxanne Schulte
June 8th	Betty Hayden	Kathy Boone
June 15th	Amy Clink	Barbara Conklin
June 22nd	Ed Case	Roxanne Schulte
June 29th	Amy Clink	John Wilson
July 13th	Betty Hayden	Kathy Boone
July 20th	Amy Clink	Barbara Conklin
July 27th	Ed Case	Roxanne Schulte
Substitute: Bette Range		

**The Pastor's Prayer Partners**

**To Our Prayer Warriors**

We have been working with Pastor Phil on a new edition of our Pastor's Prayer Partners handbook. I think that you will enjoy them.

They are very similar to the ones that we currently use but will have a new cover and add a more personal touch to our prayers for our pastors.

Again, Please let me thank you for your dedication and continued support of this ministry. May God's richest blessings be yours throughout the coming year. †

**In Christ Love, Jim Flagg**

*"May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in Him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit."*

**Romans 15:13**



*This is a reminder to keep caring. To not give up and ask God to fill your cup when you feel empty!  
Happy Mother's Day to all the Mothers and Care Givers out there. This is in honor of you.*

## Invisible Mom

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask to be taken to the store. Inside I'm thinking, 'Can't you see I'm on the phone?' Obviously not; no one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all. I'm invisible. The invisible Mom. Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more: Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this??

Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, 'What time is it?' I'm a satellite guide to answer, 'What number is the Disney Channel?' I'm a car to order,

'Right around 5:30, please.' I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and the mind that graduated summa cum laude — but now they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again. She's going, she's going, she's gone!?

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself. I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, 'I brought you this.' It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: 'To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees.'

In the days ahead I would read — no, devour — the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after which I could pattern my work: No one can say who built the great cathedrals — we have no record of their names. These builders

gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished. They made great sacrifices and expected no credit. The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, 'Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof. No one will ever see it. And the workman replied, 'Because God sees.'

I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, 'I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become.

At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing my life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride.

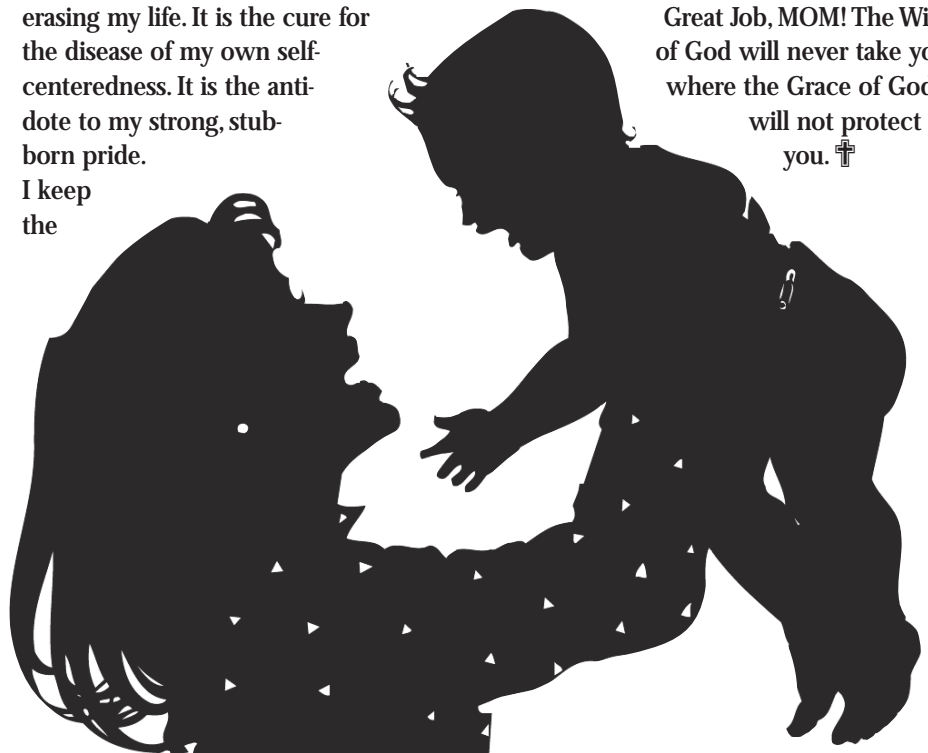
I keep  
the

right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on. The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, 'My Mom gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table.' That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, 'you're going to love it there.'

As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

Great Job, MOM! The Will of God will never take you where the Grace of God will not protect you. †



# The Pastors Son

by Anonymous

Every Sunday afternoon, after the morning service at the church, the Pastor and his eleven year old son would go out into their town and hand out Gospel Tracts.

This particular Sunday afternoon, as it came time for the Pastor and his son to go to the streets with their tracts, it was very cold outside, as well as pouring down rain. The boy bundled up in his warmest and driest clothes and said, 'OK, dad, I'm ready.' His Pastor dad asked, 'Ready for what?'

'Dad, it's time we gather our tracts together and go out.' Dad responds, 'Son, it's very cold outside and it's pouring down rain.' The boy gives his dad a surprised look, asking, 'But Dad, aren't people still going to Hell, even though it's raining?'

Dad answers, 'Son, I am not going out in this weather.' Despondently, the boy asks, 'Dad, can I go? Please?' His father hesitated for a moment then said, 'Son, you can go. Here are the tracts, be careful son.' 'Thanks Dad!'

And with that, he was off and out into the rain. His eleven year old boy walked the streets of the town going door to door and handing everybody he met in the street a Gospel Tract. After two hours of walking in the rain, he was soaking, bone-chilled wet and down to his VERY LAST TRACT. He stopped on a corner and looked for someone to hand a tract to, but the streets were totally deserted.

Then he turned toward the first home he saw and started up the sidewalk to the front door and rang the door bell. He rang the bell, but nobody answered. He rang it again and again, but still no one answered. He waited but still no answer. Finally, this eleven year old trooper turned to leave, but something stopped him. Again, he turned to the door and rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door with his fist. He waited, something holding him there on the front porch! He rang again and this time the door slowly opened. Standing in the doorway was a very sad-looking elderly lady. She softly asked, 'what can I do for you, son?' With radiant eyes and a smile that lit up her world, this little boy said, 'Ma'am, I'm sorry if I disturbed

you, but I just want to tell you that \*JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU\* and I came to give you my very last Gospel Tract which will tell you all about JESUS and His great LOVE.'

With that, he handed her his last tract and turned to leave. She called to him as he departed. 'Thank you, son! And God Bless You!'

Well, the following Sunday morning in church Pastor Dad was in the pulpit. As the service began, he asked, 'Does anybody have any testimony or want to say anything?'

Slowly, in the back row of the church, an elderly lady stood to her feet. As she began to speak, a look of glorious radiance came from her face, 'No one in this church knows me. I've never been here before. You see, before last Sunday I was not a Christian. My husband passed on some time ago, leaving me totally alone in this world. Last Sunday, being a particularly cold and rainy day, it was even more so in my heart that I came to the end of the line where I no longer had any hope or will to live.

So I took a rope and a chair and ascended the stairway into the attic of my home. I fastened the rope securely to a rafter in the roof, then stood on the chair and fastened the other end of the rope around my neck. Standing on that chair, so lonely and brokenhearted I was about to leap off, when suddenly the loud ringing of my doorbell downstairs startled me. I thought, 'I'll wait a minute, and whoever it is will go away.' I waited and waited, but the ringing doorbell seemed to get louder and more insistent, and then the person ringing also started knocking loudly. I thought to myself again, 'Who on earth could this be? Nobody ever rings my bell or comes to see me.' I loosened the rope from my neck and started for the front door, all the while the bell rang louder and louder.

When I opened the door and looked I could hardly believe my eyes, for there on my front porch was the most radiant and angelic little boy I had ever seen in my life. His SMILE, oh, I could never describe it to you! The words that came from his mouth caused my heart that had long been dead, TO

LEAP TO LIFE as he exclaimed with a cherub-like voice, 'Ma'am, I just came to tell you that JESUS REALLY DOES LOVE YOU.' Then he gave me this Gospel Tract that I now hold in my hand.

As the little angel disappeared back out into the cold and rain, I closed my door and read slowly every word of this Gospel Tract. Then I went up to my attic to get my rope and chair. I wouldn't need them any more. You see—I am now a Happy Child of the KING. Since the address of your church was on the back of this Gospel Tract, I have come here to personally say THANK YOU to God's little angel who came just in the nick of time and by so doing, spared my soul from an eternity in hell.'

There was not a dry eye in the church. And as shouts of praise and honor to THE KING resounded off the very rafters of the building, Pastor Dad descended from the pulpit to the front pew where the little angel was seated. He took his son in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably. Probably no church has had a more glorious moment, and probably this universe has never seen a Papa that was more filled with love & honor for his son... Except for One.

Our Father also allowed His Son to go out into a cold and dark world. He received His Son back with joy unspeakable, and as all of heaven shouted praises and honor to The King, the Father sat His beloved Son on a throne far above all principality and power and every name that is named. †

Humble yourselves, therefore, under God's mighty hand, that he may lift you up in due time. Cast all your anxiety on him because he cares for you.

1 Peter 5:6-7