

Sharing



Community Bible Study

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Jesus Let Me Start Again

I grew up in a middle class neighborhood in Minneapolis in a family of four children: two older sisters, and my brother, seven years older than I. My brother was a gifted athlete and some of my earliest memories are of watching him compete in football, hockey, and baseball. It seemed we were always going to watch him play, and my mother kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings about him. He was very good; in fact, he was better than just about anyone at all sports he participated in. In high school he was a twelve-letter man; one of only three who accomplished this in the history of our school—the first being my father. My father and brother gained much recognition as a result of their athletic achievements.

I, on the other hand, did not have these same gifts, and until my senior year in high school, I spent my life trying to be something I was not. I struggled with self-esteem, wanting more than anything to be respected. During my sophomore year in high school, both the varsity football and hockey coaches told me on separate occasions how disappointed they were that I was not as good an athlete as my brother.

Anger was growing in me

My brother's athletic prowess, together with his scholastic abilities, opened the door for him at Harvard, which did not award athletic scholarships. I don't believe my parents ever realized how expensive it would be to send a child to Harvard. Instead of taking some of our family's college fund, sending him there took all of it. Seven years later, when it was time for me to go to college, they were still burdened by the debt. I remember the night my dad, sitting at our kitchen table with tears in his eyes, told me my options for college were limited. He promised to help me, but said Harvard had cost so much. I know this was very hard for him because he loved me, but at 17 this felt like favoritism and it was difficult for me to accept. An anger was growing in me that neither my parents nor anyone else could see.

The result of never feeling like I measured up was an insatiable hunger for recognition and acceptance. I noticed that athletes were not the only people who were admired. I

decided I might not be an athlete, but I could be rich. Maybe I would never play on a pro team, but I could own one.

By the time I left for college, I was angry and bitter, arrogant and prideful. I had become very hard hearted and ruthless in my determination to win no matter what the cost. My priorities were money and power. I reasoned that if I had enough money and power I could get anything else I wanted.

There was only one person I cared about, and that was me. I constantly used people and loved things. My goal was making my first million dollars and to eventually become the wealthiest man in the world. I was arrogant enough to think I could do it, shallow enough to think it would matter if I did.

I was working my way through school, doing whatever I could to make a buck, while running over everyone who got in my way. With special contempt for anyone of faith, I passionately believed I was the master of my fate and the captain of my soul. My personal manifesto was Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay, *Self Reliance*. I needed no one and valued no one.

I was on my way

In my sophomore year at Madison I was introduced to a thirty-year-old guy who had made a million dollars at a multi-level business. I left the meeting thinking if that idiot could make one million, I could make ten million. For the next two years building my business became my primary focus in life. Nothing else mattered. My attitude and my methods could be summed up in one sentence: Get out of my way because if you don't, I am going to run you over. I was on my way, and



The Wyatt Family
Luann & Andy
Claire, Joe & Maggie

nothing could stop me—or so I thought.

The more I had, the more I wanted, and the less I liked what I got. I wasn't happy and I had no peace inside; I was empty, but couldn't figure out why. So I worked harder to get more things and in the process I wrecked more relationships. Then one day in 1982 something happened that changed my life forever.

"I'm pregnant," she said. "It's your child, and I am going to have an abortion." I had a problem and I knew that for \$250 I could have this problem taken care of and get on with my life. Or so I thought. The day of the abortion was the worst day of my life. While I was shaving, I looked at myself in the mirror and I saw the face of a murderer. I could barely breathe I was so consumed with guilt. Having no idea how to handle it, I worked harder and harder trying to ignore the guilt and fill the emptiness inside.

The next six months was the longest, loneliest period of my life. For the first time I began to question the meaning of life and the worth of my own life. I despaired, yet was more determined than ever to master my fate.

He knew all about me

Business took me to a national convention in Kansas City on a weekend with a couple of other guys. On Sunday, they told me they were going to the nondenominational worship service at the Coliseum. I told them I wasn't into those things and they could pick me up afterwards, but they were leaving right from the service and if I wanted to ride with them I would have to go along. I went. My plan was to sit in the car and read the paper while they attended the service, but God is sovereign. It was nearly 100 degrees that morning and I would have died in the car, so I went in along with 100,000 other people. My group of friends went to sit down front and I went up to the top row to read the paper. About a half hour later a preacher named Mac Evans started talking. I had never met him, but he knew all about me. He was talking about my life. I put down my paper and began to listen as he talked about messing up your life and wishing you could start again.

He said God loved me and had a wonderful plan for my life. He said the reason most people don't experience the abundant life is because man is sinful and separated from God. As a result he cannot know and experience God's love and plan. He said the wages of sin is death or eternal separation from God. He explained that there was nothing I could do that would be good enough to bring me to God. There was only one way to bridge the separation and that was through Jesus Christ, God's one and only Son, the only provision for man's sin; each of us must individually receive Jesus Christ as our Savior to know and experience God's love. He explained I must confess my sins and ask Jesus to forgive me. Then I could begin a new life with a clean slate. He asked those who wanted to make a commitment to Jesus Christ to come forward. I don't remember how I got from the top row of the Kansas City Coliseum to the front of the stage where I stood sobbing uncontrollably. It was September 9, 1982 and that day Jesus Christ let me start again. If it weren't for that expe-

rience I would have become a victim of my own desire for success.


The Bible says "*If we are in Christ we are a new creation, the old is gone and the new has come*" (2 Corinthians 5:17). I once felt unloved and unwanted; those feelings led me to act in a proud, arrogant way. Jesus came into those empty places of my life and filled them with His love. He taught me that I matter, not because of how I perform on a field, whether that field be athletic, academic, or business, but because He loves me. "*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life*" (John 3:16).

Times are tough

The changes my personal relationship with Jesus has made in my life have been constant throughout the past twenty years. My faith has sustained me and today it is stronger than ever. The past year has been one of the fiercest bear markets in history and we have all watched the economy come to a dramatic halt. We have seen an act of war on American soil. Times are tough.

To endure, we need faith. "*The Lord is my light and my salvation - whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life - of whom shall I be afraid?*" (Psalm 27:1). My favorite painting, Rembrandt's *Storm on the Sea of Galilee*, reminds me of the two ways Christ works: He calms the many storms in our lives, but more often than not, He calms us in the midst of the storm.

People ask me, "Do you have any good news?" On the surface, they may be asking about their investment portfolios, but they really want more. This is a sad time, especially if one's faith is in an investment portfolio or the economy. The collapse of the Twin Towers drove home that truth for me in a way that nothing else could.

The economy may fail, people may disappoint us and life may turn out differently than we expected. But Scripture assures us that when everything else is topsy turvy, God remains faithful and wants us to place our faith in Him. He does not change like the sifting sands of life: "*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever*" (Hebrews 13:8). We count on what His Word says because His words and His deeds are based on His character. "*The Lord is faithful to all his promises*" (Psalm 145:13). 

Andy Wyatt
Teaching Director
Burnsville Eve, MN CBS



Timeless Prodigal, Timeless God

Nine miners were trapped in a
Coal shaft for three timeless days,
Yet, along with those who rescued them
They refused to be fazed by delays.

Rescued in the middle of the night,
Tears of joy streaked everywhere,
In a nation so saturated with sorrow as
To forget that joy still lived there.

One prodigal son, longing only
For food and redemption,
Begins a long journey home, neither
Wanting nor expecting exemptions.

His fun loving, freeloading friends
Left when the money was gone,
Dumped him like valueless garbage,
Then turned their backs and walked on.

Prepared to meet cold recriminations,
The son's emotions begin to unlace
As he sees his father run toward
Him, with love and joy on his face.

"Bring out the fattened calf!"
He hears his father call,
"My precious son has come *home*.
Let us rejoice for him one and all."

Now at some time—all are prodigals,
Varying only in degree,
All are lost in a Miner's shaft
Buried by worldly debris.

But salvation is such a personal
Act, I can only describe my own,
Of being cramped in a mine shaft,
A long, long way from *home*.

It was dark and dreary the day He
Came, down the mineshaft, down,
My life was bleak and broken
But He stood on Holy ground.

Expecting punishment instead of
Love...as prodigals do I was awed!
And my heart melted within me,
When my eyes met the face of God.

I felt so small and so worthless
In the light of His shining grace, as
He took my coal black clothing and
Gave me a pure white robe in its place.

Then I heard the sounds of rejoicing,
Though we were the only ones there,
As the two of us knelt together
And offered His Father a prayer.

That was a long, long time ago,
Though the memory is sharp to this day,
Of a Savior skillfully drilling the rock,
But drilling it only one way.

Jesus came as an innocent miner
To break our bondage loose,
But to plumb the depths of salvation
Crucifixion designed Him a noose.

The day was dark and dreary when
He came down the mineshaft, down
But He rose three timeless days later
And now wears the Victor's crown.

He never flinched at our garbage,
Nor did He turn heel and walk away,
Nor did He shun such a terrible death
Though He died for mere lumps of clay.

I fail to understand love that is Timeless,
Or why a Potter would die for His clay,
But as long as my body has breath and life,
I will sing of His love every day.

I will sing of His love every day.

*Sister Cashel Weiler
Rochester Ev, MN CBS*

God Cares For You

We come from Naxos, a small Greek island on the Mediterranean Sea. My father was born there and later emigrated to this country as a young man. He lived in the Washington area for twenty years, started a business here, enlisted in the army during the First World War, and became an American citizen.

Then in the 1920s, while still a bachelor, he went for what he thought would be a short trip to Greece to take care of some property his parents had left him. Instead he got married and settled there. Before long, four of us were born: three girls and a boy. Life was very peaceful on the island. My father had been fairly prosperous and we had a very comfortable life, enjoying the fruits of his labor until my four-year-old brother, John, got sick.

The island doctors were unable to diagnose what was wrong with John, so he had to go to Athens for medical care. Since we were very young we all were taken there for what we thought would be only a few months. Shortly after our arrival, war was declared on Greece. Immediately all travel by sea was banned, which meant we were stranded in Athens, away from our home and everything we knew.

Starvation, bloodshed, and terror

The war for Greece was over in six months, and the country was overrun by the enemy. Two weeks before Athens was occupied, my brother died. In retrospect that was a blessing, for what was to come would have been unbearable for him. What followed was four years of starvation, bloodshed, and terror. Starvation affected the whole country, but some areas suffered more than others. The worst hit were the cities because there was no way to grow one's own food there as there was in the country. If we had been on our island we would not have suffered at all, because we could have grown our own food. In Athens we had nothing. The situation can best be described as a Greek tragedy. It was common to see people like skeletons staggering in the street, yelling, "I'm hungry," and it was not unusual to see someone drop dead before our eyes. No one could help them, because we were all in the same boat.

My father nearly died from starvation because what little food he could get his hands on he would not eat but give to us. If we refused to eat it, he would give it away to the first passerby. He was close to death, but for the grace of God. Miraculously we were able to get a permit for two people to go back to our home on Naxos. Travel was restricted and one had to get permission which was hard to do. Travel was also dangerous because the Aegean Sea was full of mines. My father thought it was worth taking the chance, in the hope that he could send us food. The thought was that we would be able to join him as soon as we could get another permit. By God's grace he and my older sister made it there. But then he found that he could not send us food. We learned in Athens that we could get no more permits to join him on the island.

We were thankful that my father's life was spared, but here we were—stranded in Athens without our earthly father. But our heavenly Father had not forsaken us, even though we thought so at the time. My mother was a faithful

believer who trusted the Lord, a prayer warrior who knew that the Lord could take care of His own, even if we could not see any way it could be done.

What followed paralleled the experiences of the Israelites in the wilderness. Mercifully ours only lasted four years and not forty, but there was much similarity. Like the Israelites, we could not grow food or buy it from the store. Yet, even though many nights we went to bed hungry, we did not starve. Somehow the Lord provided some food in the nick of time. Like the Israelites we had no water. Our water was taken by the occupation forces and sent to Africa where the troops were fighting. The water was turned off in Athens. It was turned on twice a week for a couple of hours so we could collect what we needed




Sophia Vlissides

for the entire week. In spite of the shortage, we did not die from thirst. There was no way to go to the store to buy clothes, but again, like the Israelites our clothes lasted. We never had to go naked or barefoot (Deuteronomy 8:3-4).

Then there was the problem of disease: malaria, malnutrition, and tuberculosis were but a few raging in the country. There were doctors; in fact, my mother's brother was a doctor, but no medication was available. Once again by God's grace, we stayed healthy for those four years. There was no dental care, not even toothpaste. My dentist today is amazed at the quality of my teeth. I only have two fillings in my mouth. The Lord was in it, for humanly it was impossible.

The similarity ends there. Most of the Israelites didn't make it into the Promised Land; we did. As soon as we were liberated, we learned that we could be repatriated and come to America. Because my father was an American citizen, we girls were U.S. citizens as well. We were elated with the news, but since my mother was not a citizen she would not be allowed to come with us. We would have had to come and send for her later. After what we had been through we were not about to leave our mother behind, not even for one day. So we called the whole thing off. But by the grace of God another miracle happened. American friends managed to get a visa for my mother and we all came together to this Promised Land.

That was in 1947. So many things have happened to us since that time, it would take a long time to tell you how the hand of God guided us every step of the way. But I will stop here and tell you that God does care for you. Even though He may not take you out of the predicament you are in or the circumstances in which you find yourself, He will walk with you and strengthen you because He cares for you. 

*Sophia Vlissides
National Director of Publishing, Retired
McLean, VA*

God's Servant—A Blessing to All

“**W**hat God wants most from His children is their faithfulness,” exhorts Katharine Aiken Phillips, Teaching Director in Memphis, Tennessee. Since age sixteen, when she began teaching Sunday School, Katharine has been a blessing and a role model.



Katharine Phillips

Katharine had never thought about or wanted to teach school, but the Lord had plans. When her younger daughter began kindergarten at St. Mary's Episcopal School, she was asked to teach a Bible class. This began her teaching career! She also helped to establish a library at St. Marys.

Through the years she has been a powerful Christian influence on the lives of many girls. One former student says, “No one, absolutely no one, can explain the Scriptures as well as Mrs. Phillips.” After thirty years of classroom teaching and time as the lower school principal, she retired. Many of the women she taught became Bible teachers throughout the Memphis area. During these years, Katharine also taught weekly home Bible classes. The Memphis CBS class had existed for two years when the Teaching Director, Vee Whitworth, became ill, and the class closed in January 1980. As the Servants Team prayed, the Lord brought Katharine's name to mind. She became the Teaching Director and has served in that capacity ever since—one of the longest and most productive tenures in CBS. She has rarely missed a week of teaching, and her boundless energy puts us to shame. The Lord has given her a special gift in her ability to explain the Scriptures.

She shepherds her members visiting the sick, bringing food or flowers to someone in need, and sending notes of encouragement. She is a diligent and fervent prayer warrior.

George, her husband for forty years and her most steadfast supporter died in 1983. Their daughters, Katharine Huffman and Jean Lorton, live in Tennessee. Katharine is the Children's Director in the Memphis CBS class; Jean is active in a Bible study in Nashville.

The Memphis CBS class thanks God for the blessing of Katharine Phillips in their lives for 23 years. This February 26th she celebrates a special birthday—85 years young! Her life as a servant of our Lord is a marvelous role model and a blessing. Thank you, Katharine, for your faithfulness and obedience in teaching the Word of God. We love you. ☯

*Class Members and Leadership
Memphis, TN CBS class*

New Classes

Amarillo, TX
Amelia Island Men, FL
Atlanta Northeast (W) Eve, GA
Aurora, CO
Black Hills, SD
Boulder Eve, CO
Brighton Eve, MI
Charlotte Eve, NC
Cookeville Eve, TN
Dunwoody, GA
Haines City (W) Eve, FL
Marietta (W) Eve, GA
Montrose, CO
Mt. Pleasant, TX
Orlando Eve, FL
Peachtree City, GA
Rochester Eve, NY
Rosenberg/Richmond Eve, TX
Sammamish Plateau, WA
Sarasota (W) Eve, FL
Shelbyville, TN
Southern Vermont
Virginia Beach Eve, VA

For a complete list of CBS classes please check www.communitybiblestudy.org. If you or a family member live in an area that does not have a CBS class, please pray for a class to start there. For information on existing classes or on how to go about getting a class started, contact us at 1-800-826-4181 or info@communitybiblestudy.org.

God Rescues Us

The noise was like the rumbling of a truck getting closer and closer, and moments later everything was shaking. I was sitting in a church sanctuary listening to my CBS lecture when the ground moving under my feet caused fear and adrenaline to take over as I looked for a doorway under which to take cover. I narrowly missed being hit by a light bulb falling from the ceiling. From the doorway, I ran outside and stood trembling on a basketball court, staring in bewilderment at the rippling pavement. I was experiencing my first earthquake. Having our foundation of earth move reminds us of how *not* in control we are.

My next experience with overwhelming fear was September 11 watching the World Trade Center towers burning like candles on the television screen. When the report came of a plane crashing into the Pentagon, I struggled to process what I was seeing. I was filled with fear, not only for our family back in Washington, D.C., but for the whole country.

All downhill from there

My third experience with fear was in a much more personal way during a day of skiing last year. Having skied only a handful of times in my life, I had grasped the basics without much trouble and found it enjoyable. One morning my husband, Andy, and I ascended the mountain on a chair lift for what was supposed to be a more challenging run. As we rose through increasing fog and over steep terrain, I began to feel less sure of myself. Nearing the top of the slope, I gathered my resolve, prepared to disembark, and promptly fell off the end of the chair lift—not a good sign.

After I recovered from my fall we had to decide which run we wanted to take. The dense fog made the decision difficult. Every hill seemed to drop off into white shrouded nothingness. It was all downhill from there! I followed Andy's lead as bravely as I could, but as we rounded a particularly fog-filled ridge I hit a patch of ice and slid out of control. After managing to stop, I knew I could not afford to lose control like that again. I prayed no one would run into me as I plodded along, trying to convince Andy there was no way I could ski down that mountain. But before long he hit an icy patch and slid down the mountain, leaving me alone.

Held captive by my fear

Eventually someone skied by, and promised to get the ski patrol to help me. I knew I needed them. When no one came I realized they could not find me in the fog. Cold and wetness seeped through my mittens and ski pants. Afraid and disappointed in myself, I was held captive on a mountain by my fear. Finally the ski patrol found me. They tried to walk me down but the hill was too slippery even for them, so they got a sled to carry me down. My initial relief at knowing that I was not going to freeze to death after all, gave way to shame at having gotten myself into this situation.

I didn't especially want to go back and reveal the details of my ski experience, but a week after the trip, the subject discussed in our CBS lesson caused me to share my story with the Core Group. I told of my lack of faith, my inability to

save myself, and my failure to muster up the courage to get down that mountain. Someone in the group said, "I think what is important about your experience is that God did help you. He was there and came to your rescue." I needed someone to point that out to me. I began to remember all of the people who had skied by with offers of help and words of encouragement. I had never been alone; I was not hurt, and the ski patrol did find me. I began to wonder if there was an even deeper lesson for me to learn.

The answer arrived in the mail. A friend had been praying for me and came across some verses which she sent to me on a postcard. "*God arms me with strength; He has made my way safe. He makes me as sure-footed as a deer, leading me safely along the mountain heights*" (Psalm 18:32-33). The message roared in my heart with more force than any avalanche I could have feared on the mountain. The skiing incident was not about my failure but about *His ability to save me and be for me what I could not do and be for myself*. He was my strength when I had none of my own. He was my companion when I felt alone. I realized this is the essence of the Christian life. Christ does for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

God understands our moments of fear; when we recognize the fear, He wants us to run to Him with our own inadequacy. It is exactly in the neediest moments that we can better understand who God is and what He wants to do for us. He came to us before we even knew we needed to come to Him. "*God demonstrated His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us*" (Romans 5:8).

We are never without His protection

As I look back on my skiing (or non-skiing!) incident, I remember how happy the ski patrol was to help me. Somehow I had anticipated that they would be just as frustrated with me as I was with myself. I thought that I might be an annoyance to them and that they would help me grudgingly. Their reaction was the opposite. They were kind, uplifting and gentle, happy to rescue me. Sometimes I feel that my need for God makes me a burden to Him. How far from the truth. "*The Lord your God is with you, He is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing*" (Zephaniah 3:17).

We love Him whose protection we are never without. The next time you or I get stuck on a mountain of fear and are too afraid to move on our own, we must not hesitate to call our heavenly ski patrol. God is mighty to save, and He will not hesitate to do so because He delights to show us mercy.



*Shiree Conlin Harbick
Bothell, WA CBS*



Shiree & Andrew
Aiden & Riley


A Servant's Heart

The year we studied the book of Revelation was a good one for our class. Attendance increased and many who had never studied this book of Scripture were excited to finally do so. Many who had left the class returned. One of the people to return to the class was Patty Crouch. Throughout the year I got to know Patty as a special prayer warrior. She attended faithfully and was very encouraging to me. The following year I asked her to consider being a Core Leader. She was thrilled to be asked, and despite the reservations of her husband, Mike, she agreed to serve. Mike was not against CBS, or even against Patty's being a leader, but he was concerned it might be too much for her. Patty had multiple sclerosis, was confined to a wheel chair, and had limited use of one hand. Coming to leadership and to class day meant early mornings for her husband who helped get her up and dressed for the day. Her caregiver attended with her to help get her in and out of her van. She sat beside Patty, holding the lesson so Patty could see her answers, which had been typed on a computer, and she fed her at the luncheons. Patty wanted to serve.

She attended faithfully that year except for a few weeks when she had a bout with TMJ. Patty called the women in her Core Group weekly, talking to them in her slowed speech on her speaker phone. She was an encouragement to all of us. I learned that she also taught a Sunday School class, and when it became too hard for her to make it to the church, the class came to her house one evening a week so she could continue to teach. She was a well-loved, highly respected woman.

Patty prayed and believed that God would heal her of the disease that so limited her in doing all she wanted to do for Him. In June 2002, He did. She had a massive heart attack and went to be with Him. As I sat in the church for her funeral service, I looked around at the people who had been touched by Patty's life. I wondered how many of them will go up to her in heaven and repeat the words of the Ray Boltz song that says, "Thank you, for giving to the Lord. I am a life that was changed. Thank you for giving to the Lord, I am so glad that you gave."

As a Teaching Director, I hear many excuses for not serving in leadership. Some of them are legitimate reasons, but many are just excuses. Patty never offered an excuse. She never allowed her illness to stop her from serving as long as she could. She truly epitomized 2 Corinthians 12:9: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness."

Our class misses Patty this year, but we know she is in the presence of the One she truly loved—whole in body, healed at last. 

*Kathy Grace
Teaching Director
Ashland, KY CBS*



The Prayer Corner


In Accordance With God's Will

In His instructions on prayer in the model given us in Matthew 6, our Lord said that we are to pray, "Your will be done" (v. 10). 1 John 5:14 says, "If we ask anything according to his will, he hears us. And if we know that he hears us—whatever we ask—we know that we have what we asked of him." God's Word also teaches us, "If you ask me anything in my name, I will do it" (John 14:14). Some Biblical scholars believe that asking in His name is the same as asking according to His will.

How do we know what is God's will? Certain things we know because they are scriptural. For example we are told in 1 Timothy 2:3-4, "God our Savior wants all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth." So we pray for the salvation of loved ones and friends with the full confidence it is God's will that they be saved. Our part is to be persistent, while being aware that God does not violate the human will. However, He can woo a person to the point of bringing about in them the desire to know Him. Speaking from experience, the prayers of hundreds on my behalf brought me to the point of knowing I was ready to do anything to have peace.

Scripture also teaches us we are to love God and to love others. We can have the assurance then that we are praying according to His will when we ask Him to increase our love for Him and toward others. Do we want renewed passion for God in our lives? Let us ask Him for it. Is there someone in our sphere of influence who is (in our eyes) difficult to love? We can pray with assurance that God will help us to love that person. We know it is according to His will because His Word declares, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength and with all your mind, and love your neighbor as yourself" (Luke 10:27).

Another aspect of prayer is that of praying for God's guidance, His will in our lives, when we have no idea what His will is. The prerequisite for praying for God's will is submission. When we are submitted, we can then pursue whatever course seems right to us, with the prayer, "If this is not right, Lord, please close the door. You know I want Your will." If the door is not closed, we can proceed. If hard times follow, we can take comfort in the fact that we were submitted and that He will see us through. Submission is the key.

Jesus prayed, "Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me; yet not my will, but yours be done" (Luke 22:42). We know that after that prayer Jesus went on to suffer and die on the cross, knowing that it was the heavenly Father's will. Submission was the key. 

*Dr. John Woods
Teaching Director
Rochester Eve, MN CBS*

A Personal Word from Camilla...

You Can't Outgive the Lord!

I so appreciated Sophia's story about the Lord's provision in a foreign country during a time of war. We need Sophia's fresh reminder of His provision as we face the unknown in our own country. Most of us have never suffered hunger and deprivation at that depth; but we do have our own lesser stories of God's faith-building in our lives.

Learning about the Lord's faithfulness when we obey began for us when my husband and I were living on his small beginning salary and raising three young children with all of their needs (medical and otherwise). Matt Prince, our Sunday School teacher was beginning a ministry called New Life and asked us to pray about supporting this work with \$20 a month over and above our tithe to our church. We were only a year old in the Lord and had not yet begun to tithe! In fact we considered it a big step of faith to give what we were giving. Of course, we didn't want to tell Matt that we weren't tithing, so we prayed. Being truthful in our response to Matt meant we had to begin to tithe first, then give \$20 to New Life. So we did! We began to write those checks to the Lord's work first and were

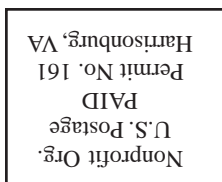
amazed at how He stretched the same amount of income each month to cover our needs.

That challenge from Matt began our pattern of giving that we have continued for over 34 years. God has faithfully met our needs according to His riches in glory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *"Bring the whole tithe into the storehouse, so that there may be food in My house, and test Me now in this," says the LORD of hosts, 'if I will not open for you the windows of heaven, and pour out for you a blessing until it overflows.'"* (Malachi 3:10 NASB)

The tithe is only the beginning of giving to the Lord. Everything belongs to Him anyway! What joy we have experienced over the years, giving first our lives to Him, then whatever else He directs. We have learned to be content in whatever circumstances we find ourselves. You can't outgive the Lord. ☯



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