

THE GOOD NEWS FREE

Just Keeps Coming



“...GO HOME TO YOUR FRIENDS, AND TELL THEM WHAT WONDERFUL THINGS THE LORD HAS DONE FOR YOU AND HOW MERCIFUL HE HAS BEEN.” MARK 5:19

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HUGS

From Heaven

Final Edition

Thirteen years ago my youngest daughter, Holly, and I stepped out on faith to answer God's call to create a Christian Newspaper called The Good News Just Keeps Coming. We knew we wanted it to be free to everyone so that hopefully someone that might never set foot in any church would read it and learn of the amazing love God has for all of us. *“For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son, that whoever believed in Him would have eternal life. For God came not into the world to condemn the world, but that world through Him might be saved.”* (John 3: 16-17)

God is so real and works in the lives of people every day. Our mission statement was from Mark 5:19, *“Go home to your friends and tell them the great things the Lord has done for you and how merciful He has been.”* We invited

everyone to share with our readers the wonderful things God has done for them.

We funded the paper by selling advertisements to allow this paper to be free to everyone. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the many supporters we've had over the last 13 years for supporting this ministry. I would especially like to thank Johnnie Reznicek from Complete Car Care in Wallis, Texas and Jerry Brown from Brown's Tires in San Felipe for advertising in every issue from the very first to the very last.

Our ministry has totally been staffed by volunteers that truly love the Lord. Several folks have stepped up and driven the delivery van every month to the 20 plus towns you can find the paper in this area: Heather Hartt from San Felipe, Texas; Holly Burton from Orange City, Florida; Liz Cockrell from

Needville, Texas and Amy Malugen from Oxford, North Carolina. Our deep appreciation to Valeria Goad, an English and Journalism teacher from Sealy High School for taking on the role of layout and design artist and changing my typed pages each month into a beautiful newspaper. Many thanks to all the wonderful people at The Brenham Banner for working with our schedule and doing such a beautiful job printing the paper.

We never planned on offering subscriptions when we started, but they quickly evolved. I want to thank my sister and brother-in-law, Barbara and Donald Tipton, for addressing, stamping, stuffing and mailing the hundreds of papers each month. We also mailed copies to incarnated individuals anywhere in the United States at no charge. It wasn't long before prison chaplains, homeless shelters and rehabilitation centers for our wounded soldiers requested papers. We were excited to fill their

requests. The postage on these was totally possible by donations from our readers.

I would like to thank Eva Dimel, a published author from Grove City, Ohio for sharing one of her wonderful poems each month at no charge for our readers to enjoy. I would also like to thank the many businesses throughout the area for allowing us to place The Good News Just Keeps Coming in their establishments for their customers to pick up.

I have enjoyed every moment of this adventure, and I have met so many wonderful people along the way. I can't wait to see what God has in store for me to do next.

*In His Love,
Diana Boring
San Felipe, Texas*

Thanks be to God for his indescribable gift!

As we complete our final issue of *The Good New Just Keeps Coming*, we would like to thank you for 13 years of support.

A cheerful heart is good medicine

Proverbs 17:22



I have five siblings, three sisters and two brothers.

One night I was chatting with my Mom about how she had changed as a mother from the first child to the last. She told me she had mellowed a lot over the years:

"When your oldest sister coughed or sneezed, I called the ambulance. When your youngest brother swallowed a dime, I just told him it was coming out of his allowance."



Tom was so excited about his promotion to Vice President of the company he worked for and kept bragging about it to his wife for weeks on end.

Finally she couldn't take it any longer, and told him, "Listen, it means nothing, they even have a vice president of peas at the grocery store!"

"Really?" he said. Not sure if this was true or not, Tom decided to call the grocery store.

A clerk answers and Tom says, "Can I please talk to the Vice President of peas?"

The clerk replies, "Canned or frozen?"



About 90 fifth-graders piled into the airliner I was flying, on their way home from a school trip.

Once we were in the air, and the crew began serving drinks, I could hear them pleading with the children to settle down and let the other passengers get some sleep.

No amount of reasoning seemed to help, until I thought of the solution that actually worked.

I picked up the PA mike in the cockpit and announced, "Children, this is the captain speaking.

Don't make me stop this airplane and come back there!"



There's a man trying to cross the street. As he steps off the curb a car comes screaming around the corner and heads straight for him. The man walks faster, trying to hurry across the street, but the car changes lanes and is still coming at him.

So the guy turns around to go back, but the car changes lanes again and is still coming at him. By now, the car is so close and the man so scared that he just freezes and stops in the middle of the road. The car gets real close, then swerves at the last possible moment and screeches to a halt right next him.

The driver rolls down the window. The driver is a squirrel. The squirrel says to the man says, "See, it's not as easy as it looks, is it?"



My husband and I took our two-year-old daughter to the home-improvement store.

Madison got tired of walking, so my husband let her ride on his shoulders. As he walked, Madison began pulling his hair. Although he asked her to stop several times, she kept on.

Getting annoyed, he scolded, "Madison! Stop that!"

"But, Daddy," she replied, "I'm just trying to get my gum back."



A woman was taking her time browsing through everything at a

friend's yard sale, and said to her, "My husband is going to be very angry I stopped at a yard sale."

"I'm sure he'll understand when you tell him about all the bargains you found," her friend replied.

"Normally, yes," she said. "But he just broke his leg, and he's waiting for me to take him to the hospital to have it set."



For months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions:

"There are quite a lot of advantages to being a bachelor," he began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being -- a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol; whom one can treat as one's absolute own; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows."

To his delight he saw a sympathetic gleam in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement.

Finally, she responded, "I think its a great idea! Can I help you choose which puppy to buy?"



Unable to attend the funeral after his Uncle Charlie died, a man who lived far away called his brother and told him, "Do something nice for Uncle Charlie and send me the bill."

Later, he got a bill for \$200, which he paid. The next month, he got another bill for \$200, which he also paid, figuring it was some incidental expense.

But, when the bills for \$200 kept arriving every month, he finally called

his brother again to find out what was going on.

"Well," said the other brother, "You said to do something nice for Uncle Charlie. So I rented him a tuxedo."



The farmer's son was returning from the market with a crate of chickens his father had entrusted to him, when all of a sudden the box fell and broke open.

Chickens scurried off in different directions, but the determined boy walked all over the neighborhood scooping up the wayward birds and returning them to the repaired crate. Hoping he had found them all, the boy reluctantly returned home, expecting the worst.

"Pa, the chickens got loose," the boy confessed sadly, "but I managed to find all twelve of them."

"Well, you done a good job, son," the farmer beamed.

"You left with seven."



At a clearance sale, the wife of a federal district court judge found a green tie that was a perfect match for one of her husband's sports jackets. Soon after, while the couple was vacationing at a resort complex to get his mind off a rather complicated cocaine conspiracy case, he noticed a small, round disc sewn into the design of the tie.

The judge showed it to a local FBI agent, who was equally suspicious that it might be a 'bug' planted by the conspiracy defendants. The agent sent the device to FBI headquarters in Washington, DC for analysis.

Two weeks later, the judge phoned the Washington office to learn the results of their tests.

"We're not sure where the disc came from," the FBI told him, "but we discovered that when you press it, it plays 'Jingle Bells.'"



God Blessed America

Sunday, December 7th, 1941-- Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat --you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war.

On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters everywhere you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?"

Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make, or God was taking care of America. Which do you think it was?" Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do you mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?" Nimitz explained:

Mistake number one: The Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two: When the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried

away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three: Every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply.

That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make or, God was taking care of America.

I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredericksburg, Texas --he was a born optimist. But anyway you look at it--Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism. President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver linings in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat .

There is a reason that our national motto is "IN GOD WE TRUST".

Why have we forgotten?

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A Perfect Mistake

Mother's father worked as a carpenter. On this particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to some orphanage in China. On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what happened; the glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut. His brand new glasses were heading for China! The Great Depression was at it's height and Grandpa had six children. He had spent \$20 for those glasses that very morning. He was upset by the thought of having to buy another pair. "It's not fair," he told God as he drove home in frustration. "I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to your work, and now this."

Several months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the

United States. He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China, so he came to speak one Sunday at my grandfather's small church in Chicago. The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting the orphanage. "But most of all," he said, "I must thank you for the glasses you sent last year. You see, the Communists had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses. I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my coworkers and I were much in prayer about this.

Then your crates arrived. When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top. The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in. Then, still gripped

(PERFECT Continued on page 4)

Dear Santa

Dear Santa, I don't want much there's nothing I really need,
The greatest gift my mommy says we already received.

It was a baby born in a stable with no room at the Inn,
My mommy told me that this is how Christmas really begin.
His daddy is a famous King, and everyone knows His name,
His mommy was so very blessed, and her life was forever changed.
Santa Clause, this baby was so very special a gift for everyone,
My mommy says He came to earth, and was Gods only Son.
As He grew up He traveled around, and so many lives He touched,
Mommy told me He was crucified, and He did it all for us.
Santa Clause, I know you know Him, and love Him just like me,
His name is Jesus, and His star shines bright for everyone to see.
Santa you travel all over the world sharing gifts with everyone,
This year Santa will you please share the gift of Jesus, Gods only Son.
My mommy told me not everyone knows this special baby born Christmas day,
So that is what I'm asking for, so all the children know that they can pray.

Dear Santa, I have a lot of toys, and everything that I need,
So all I want for Christmas is Jesus' love left under every tree.

Written By Eva Dimel©
Inspired By God



Parker Louise Ondruch, daughter of Matt and Lara Ondruch of Richmond, Texas

(PERFECT continued from page 3)
with the wonder of it all, he continued:
"Folks, when I tried on the glasses, it was as though they had been custom-made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that."

The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas. But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way.

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The Christmas Pageant

My husband and I had been happily married (most of the time) for five years but hadn't been blessed with a baby. I decided to do some serious praying and promised God that if he would give us a child, I would be a perfect mother, love it with all my heart and raise it with His word as my guide.

God answered my prayers and blessed us with a son.

The next year God blessed us with another son.

The following year, He blessed us with yet another son.

The year after that we were blessed with a daughter.

My husband thought we'd been blessed right into poverty.

We now had four children, and the oldest was only four years old.

I learned never to ask God for anything unless I meant it. As a minister once told me,

"If you pray for rain, make sure you carry an umbrella."

I began reading a few verses of the Bible to the children each day as they lay in their cribs. I was off to a good start. God had entrusted me with four children, and I didn't want to disappoint Him.

I tried to be patient the day the children smashed two dozen eggs on the kitchen floor searching for baby chicks. I tried to be understanding...when they started a hotel for homeless frogs in the spare bed-

room, although it took me nearly two hours to catch all twenty-three frogs.

When my daughter poured ketchup all over herself and rolled up in a blanket to see how it felt to be a hot dog, I tried to see the humor rather than the mess. In spite of changing over twenty-five thousand diapers, never eating a hot meal and never sleeping for more than thirty minutes at a time, I still thank God daily for my children.

While I couldn't keep my promise to be a perfect mother -I didn't even come close...I did keep my promise to raise them in the Word of God.

I knew I was missing the mark just a little when I told my daughter we were going to church to worship God, and she wanted to bring a bar of soap along to "wash up" Jesus, too.

Something was lost in the translation when I explained that God gave us everlasting life, and my son thought it was generous of God to give us his "last wife."

My proudest moment came during the children's Christmas pageant. My daughter was playing Mary, two of my sons were shepherds and my youngest son was a wise man.

This was their moment to shine.

My five-year-old shepherd had practiced his line, "We found the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." But he was nervous and said, "The baby was

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wrapped in wrinkled clothes."

My four-year-old "Mary" said, "That's not 'wrinkled clothes,' silly. That's dirty, rotten clothes."

A wrestling match broke out between Mary and the shepherd and was stopped by an angel, who bent her halo and lost her left wing.

I slouched a little lower in my seat when Mary dropped the doll representing Baby Jesus, and it bounced down the aisle crying, "Mama-mama."

Mary grabbed the doll, wrapped it back up and held it tightly as the wise men arrived.

My other son stepped forward wearing a bathrobe and a paper crown, knelt at the manger and announced, "We are the three wise men, and we are bringing gifts of gold, common sense and fur."

The congregation dissolved into laughter, and the pageant got a standing ovation.

"I've never enjoyed a Christmas program as much as this one," laughed the pastor, wiping tears from his eyes.

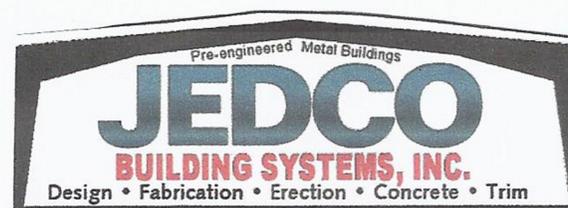
"For the rest of my life, I'll never hear the Christmas story without thinking of gold, common sense and fur."

"My children are my pride and my joy and my greatest blessing," I said as I dug through my purse for an aspirin.

Jesus had no servants, yet they called Him Master. Had no degree, yet they called Him Teacher. Had no medicines, yet they called Him Healer. Had no army, yet kings feared Him. He won no military battles yet He conquered the world. He committed no crime, yet they crucified Him. He was buried in a tomb, yet He lives today.

Feel honored to serve such a Leader who loves us so much.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL!



Proverbs
3:5-6



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Whatever you do, do it with all of your might, as working for the Lord, not for men.

Colossians 3:23



Sammy's Cranberry Salad

2 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 regular box cherry Jell-O
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated apple
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups chopped pecans



Boil cranberries and water until cranberries pop open. Add sugar and boil 5 minutes longer. Pour over one box Jell-o mix and let cool. Add apple and pecans and stir. Chill until set. Eat and enjoy

In Loving Memory of Mrs. Sammy Bynum
Bellville, Texas

WE HAD NO IDEA

Volunteers from a local church spent a frigid evening distributing food to people in a low-income apartment complex. One woman who received the food was overjoyed. She showed them her bare cupboard and told them they were an answer to her prayers."

As the volunteers returned to the church, one woman began to cry.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "That lady was my Sunday school teacher. She's in church every Sunday. We had no idea she was almost starving!"

How much do you really care about others?

Clearly, these were caring people who were seeking ways to carry the burdens of others, as Paul suggests in Galatians 6:2. Yet somehow they hadn't

noticed the needs of this woman - someone they saw every Sunday - and she hadn't shared her needs. This can be a gentle reminder for all of us to be more aware of those around us and, as Paul said, to "Do good to all people, especially to those who belong to the family of believers" Gal. 6:10. "Carry each other's burdens." Galatians 6:2

People who worship together have the privilege of assisting one another so no one in the body of Christ goes without help. As we get to know each other and care for each other, perhaps we won't ever have to say, "We had no idea!"

Nothing costs as much as caring - except not caring!

Elmer L. Crosby, Jr.
Houston, Texas

FUN WITH GOD'S WORD

Use the scriptures below to find and circle the **BOLDFACED** words. UNDERLINED WORDS will be found together.

S	H	Z	K	D	W	V	M	S	Y	M	R	O	T	A	W	R	S
P	E	U	T	E	I	P	R	O	H	B	S	E	O	B	A	T	U
G	A	R	H	I	N	I	N	W	A	E	A	R	I	F	T	R	D
P	V	O	L	F	G	P	E	A	C	E	P	B	C	A	C	D	D
I	E	N	K	I	S	E	A	R	Y	I	L	H	A	L	H	A	E
G	N	I	D	R	E	O	I	G	U	O	A	H	E	D	N	W	N
T	L	N	I	R	A	P	E	T	S	I	N	S	G	R	N	Y	L
N	Y	O	A	E	R	L	L	H	S	I	K	R	D	W	D	I	Y
L	H	R	R	T	T	E	H	S	T	A	S	B	O	S	N	S	F
U	O	E	F	Y	H	N	E	O	U	F	L	H	T	R	A	Z	J
F	S	R	A	H	T	M	N	P	U	S	S	R	Y	R	O	L	G
T	T	S	E	S	Y	O	G	O	O	D	N	E	W	S	S	P	L
I	V	K	M	G	D	V	G	N	R	N	Y	F	A	V	R	Y	B
D	O	C	W	J	N	P	Y	O	G	V	A	V	S	N	E	M	M
A	M	O	O	C	K	A	L	T	D	D	I	K	L	V	G	G	U
K	S	L	B	A	N	R	M	T	S	O	J	H	E	B	N	E	T
C	O	F	E	L	R	D	W	G	R	E	A	T	J	O	Y	R	L

⁸ And there were **shepherds** living out in the fields nearby, keeping **watch** over their **flocks** at night. ⁹ An **angel** of the Lord appeared to them, and the **glory** of the **Lord shone** around them, and they were **terrified**. ¹⁰ But the angel said to them, "**Do not** be **afraid**. I bring you **good news** that will cause **great joy** for all the **people**." ¹¹ Today in the town of David a **Savior** has been born to you; he is the **Messiah**, the Lord. ¹² This will be a sign to you: You will **find a baby** wrapped in cloths and lying in a **manger**."

¹³ **Suddenly** a great company of the **heavenly host** appeared with the angel, praising God and saying,

¹⁴ "**Glorify to God** in the highest heaven, and on earth **peace** to those on whom his favor rests."

Luke 2:8-14 New International Version

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A Baby's Hug

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a high chair and noticed everyone was quietly sitting and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said, "Hi". He pounded his fat baby hands on the high chair tray. His eyes were crinkled in laughter and his mouth was bared in a toothless grin, as he wriggled and giggled with merriment.

I looked around and saw the source of his merriment. It was a man whose pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his toes poked out of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose it looked like a road map.

We were too far from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists. "Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster," the man said to Erik.

My husband and I exchanged looks, "What do we do?"

Erik continued to laugh and answer, "Hi."

Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby. Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, "Do ya patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, he knows peek-a-boo."

Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk. My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Erik, who was running through his repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments.

We finally got through the meal

and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door.

"Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik," I prayed. As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to sidestep him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's "pick-me-up" position. Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man. Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love and kinship.

Erik in an act of total trust, love, and submission, laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain, and hard labor, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time.

I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms and his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, "You take care of this baby."

Somehow I managed, "I will," from a throat that contained a stone.

He pried Erik from his chest, lovingly and longingly, as though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, "God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift."

I said nothing more than a muttered thanks. With Erik in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Erik so tightly, and



why I was saying, "My God, my God, forgive me."

I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not. I felt it was God asking, "Are you willing to share your son for a moment?" When He shared His for all eternity. How did God feel when he put his baby in our arms 2000 years ago.

The ragged old man, unwittingly, had reminded me, "To enter the Kingdom of God, we must become as little children."

"The smallest act of kindness is worth more than the grandest intention."

It's Not MY Birthday!

My six year old grandson, Matthew, had gone to the mall to shop for Christmas, when we ran into my friend, Amy. Amy patted Matthew on the head and with a smile she said, "What do you want for Christmas?"

To my delighted surprise he gave the most profound answer

Jim Baker

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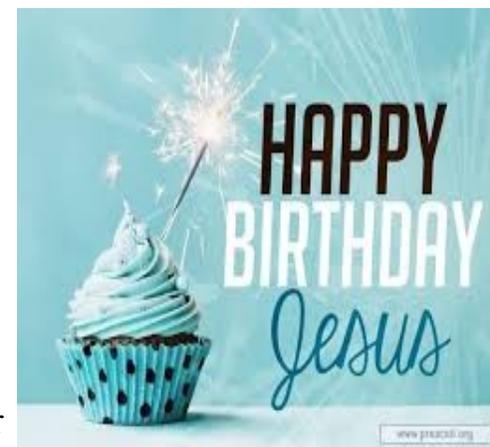
God's Amazing Answer To Prayer (2012)

and

Jim Baker's Unified Theory Of Everything (due to be released 2019), A book that started out about Science, and will now include a significant portion about God, also.

God has blessed me with Godly experiences and knowledge way beyond what is usually considered "normal". I want to share some of these experiences to help people believe in God to their very "maximum". God does "the impossible -- all the time." God is presently changing a speech-challenged person, me, into an evangelical SPEAKER. While I was a Nuclear Chemist at the South Texas Nuclear Project during pre-startup, a fellow co-worker called me "The Unclear Chemist", which I thought was pretty funny, direct and clever! --- Anyway, God has communicated with me three times in five years (1986-1991), and I want to share these three and other experiences. I always wanted a biblical experience, but never dreamed God would grant me even one such experience. God tested me as much or more than He did with Abraham with his son in The Bible. After testing me, and getting my response, God sent His second message to me twenty minutes later. My new book will include some of these experiences.

I've ever heard when he said, "It's not MY birthday! It's Jesus' birthday, and I know exactly what he wants. He wants ME!"



Protected While I Drive

I have been an over the road truck driver most of my life. I have had to drive in treacherous weather and road conditions and each time, God has kept me safe from harm. Sometimes I know there is no way I should have come through some situations safely, but each time, God was right there with me holding me safely in His loving arms.

Being from Texas, I do not like driving through snow, but I have had to many times on my routes. When I know that it is snowing ahead of me, I call my Mom and ask her to spray for my safety through the snow storm. I know it is her fervent prayers through the years that saved me. I could see the blinding snow ahead of me, and it was like a tunnel of vision opened up for me to see the road clearly and I drove through it. Looking back in my mirrors I saw the tunnel close behind me and visibility be at zero.

Another time I was carrying crushed cars stacked high on my trailer. After each car was loaded, I secured it to the trailer with a heavy chain. One particular car, several cars high, the chain became tangled in the wreckage. I tried and tried to free the chain, but with no success. Suddenly in the quiet of my heart I heard a voice that said

"turn around and run!!!"

Before I knew what had happened, I was 30 feet away from the trailer and that unsecured car had fallen right where I had been standing. There was no way I could have physically moved that fast over broken pieces of concrete, but yet there I was standing safely out of the way of danger. Only God could have orchestrated such a maneuver to keep me safe. I knew God was still protecting me.

Another time I was in Tucson, Arizona for a 34 hour layover. I was extendedly tired and decided to bunk down in the truck to get some much needed rest. Little did I know there had been a tornado spotted in the area. The wind rocked my truck and I went to sleep. I had been through wind storms before. Just as I was dozing off to sleep I heard a voice say, "Get up and go into the truck stop." I looked out the windows and checked my mirrors, but no one was there. I figured I must have been dreaming. Just as I was dozing off, I heard the same instructions again, but even louder this time. I reluctantly I got dressed and went into the truck stop. The truck stop was filled with people seeking refuge from the storm. Right after I came inside, the tornado hits the ground and circles the build-

ing, destroyed the plusive car parked right by my truck and several other vehicles in the parking lot, but my truck and I remained safe through the entire storm. Chill bumps ran down my spine as I knew once again, God had kept me safe.

I could tell you story after story, but what I want to say is God is real and He

goes with us all the way. God does answer prayer, because I am living proof of that today. God wants to live in your heart today, just ask Him in.

Owen Washburn
Liverpool, Texas



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Wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year