

# 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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## There's Hope For Everyone

I grew up in a severely dysfunctional family before we even knew there was such a thing as dysfunctional. My Dad was an alcoholic, my mother was a workaholic, and I had ADHD before there was even a diagnoses.

I was not the kind of girl most parents wanted their children playing with. I was hyperactive, always into mischief, a liar and a thief. I was sexually abused by my step grandfather and verbally and mentally abused by my father. My parents made sure we were in church every Sunday, but to me, that was just somewhere else to act up.

I couldn't wait until I could go to college where I could really be myself. I refused to go to church anymore. My friends were into drugs and alcohol, so, of course, I was too. I thought I had really arrived as an adult because I could do anything I wanted.

While growing up, we attended all the revivals that came to our church and with every new preacher, I walked the isle to “become a Christian.” It was never real to me, but what I thought I should do. It was not until I was 25 years old; that I finally opened my heart to the

grace and mercy of Jesus. I sincerely knelt and ask for forgiveness for all the sins I had committed and ask Jesus into my heart, really for the first time. For the first time, I became a new creation in Christ and I have never been the same since.

When I finally realized in my heart that life with Jesus was really the abundant life and life without Jesus was nothing, I couldn't wait to tell the world about Jesus.

I always liked to sing as a child and for as long as I can remember, I thought when I grew up, I would go to Nashville and make it big in country music, but when I got saved, Jesus led me to use my gift of song to worship Him and to lead others to Him. Today, I am the praise and worship leader at Grove City Church of God and I know now this is what God has really called me to do.

I also enjoy working with the Southwest Indian Ministries out of New Mexico and the prison ministries. I feel just at ease talking to strangers on the street corner as with my friends. God made us all in His imagine and we are all His children. So many today, just need to be introduced to their Heavenly Father



*Lin's family includes son James, son in law Michael, husband Jim, daughter in law Kate, daughter Amanda, Lin and grandson Luke.*

and I know they will love Him as much as I do.

God has blessed me with a wonderful husband of 30 years, James; our son and his wife, James and Katie; and our adorable six-year-old grandson, Luke; and our daughter and her husband, Amanda and Michael. If anyone had told me life

could be this good when I was growing up, I would never have believed them. I am a Christian today only by the grace and mercy of God and I will forever give Him praise.

**Lin Dimel**  
**Grove City, Ohio**

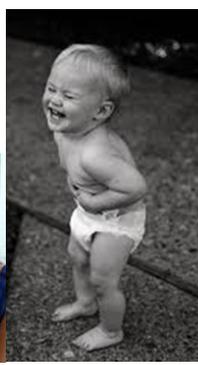
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# A cheerful heart is good medicine

Proverbs 17:22



A college professor asked his class a question.

"If Philadelphia is 100 miles from New York and Chicago is 1000 miles from Philadelphia and Los Angeles is 2000 miles from Chicago, how old am I?"

One student in the back of the class raised his hand and when called upon said, "Professor you're 44..."

The Professor said, "You're absolutely correct, but tell me, how did you arrive at the answer so quickly?"

The student said, "You see professor, I have a brother; he's 22, and he's only half crazy."



A man was on his way home with a new car, which was absorbing all his attention, when it struck him that he had forgotten something.

Twice he stopped, counted his parcels, searched his pockets, but finally decided he had everything with him. Yet the feeling persisted.

When he reached home his daughter ran out, stopped short, and cried: "Daddy, where's Mommy?"



A young man, fresh out of college, went to see his doctor one day.

"Doc, there's something wrong with me. Every time I stand in a baby's high chair and face southwest, and then touch my tongue to a piece of aluminum foil that's wrapped around an acorn, I get a strange tingle in my big toe. Can you tell me what the problem is?"

"Sure!" The doctor said.

"You have way too much time on your hands!"



The minister gave his Sunday morning service, as usual, but this particular Sunday, it was considerably longer than normal.

Later, at the door, shaking hands with parishioners as they moved out, one man said, "Your sermon, Pastor, was simply wonderful - so invigorating and inspiring and refreshing."

The minister of course, broke out in a big smile, only to hear the man say, "Why I felt like a new man when I woke up!"



Part of my job as a public-health nurse is teaching new parents how to care for their infants.

As I was demonstrating how to wrap a newborn, a young Asian couple turned to me and said, "You mean we should wrap the baby like an egg roll?"

"Yes," I replied, "That is a good analogy."

"I don't know how to make egg rolls," another mother said anxiously.

"Can I wrap my baby like a burrito?"



When I went to get my driver's license renewed, our local motor-vehicle bureau was packed.

The line inched along for almost an hour until the man ahead of me finally got his license.

He inspected his photo for a moment and commented to the clerk, "I was standing in line so long, I ended up looking pretty grouchy in this picture."

The clerk looked at his picture closely.

"It's okay," he reassured the man, "That's how you're going to look when the cops pull you over anyway."



A knight and his men return to their castle after a long hard day of fighting.

"How are we faring?" asks the king.

"Sire," replies the knight, "I have been robbing and pillaging on your behalf all day, burning the towns of your enemies in the west."

"What?!" shrieks the king. "I don't have any enemies to the west!"

"Oh, no..." says the knight. "Well, you do now."



A nearsighted minister glanced at the note that Mrs. Jones had sent to him by an usher.

The note read: "Bill Jones having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

Failing to observe the punctuation, he startled his audience by announcing:

"Bill Jones, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."



As a young preacher, my small church had limited facilities, so we held baptisms in a creek. With alligators in the area, however, that was less than ideal.

Then a minister friend suggested I bring my next group of baptismal candidates to his church for a joint baptismal service. Naturally, I accepted.

The baptismal pool had a clear front so the congregation could see everything. When the baptisms were finished, curtains were drawn, and I was left alone in the pool for a moment. The building had no air conditioning, and it was quite hot. I thought how nice it would feel to take a little dip. I glided to one end, turned, and backstroked to the other end.

Hearing a riotous uproar in the church, I looked toward the congregation.

The curtain was down only to the top of the glass! An astonished and amused congregation had been watching my every move.



Three men worked in the Empire State Building on the 102nd floor.

One day the elevator was out of ser-

vice, so they had to walk up to their office. To pass the time, they decided that one would sing a song, one would tell a joke, and the third would tell a sad story - each taking a turn every floor until they reached the top.

Finally, as they reached the 100th floor, one man sang his last song. As they reached the 101st floor, the second guy told his last joke. As they ascended the flight to the 102nd floor, the third man said, "I forgot the key."



An eccentric philosophy professor gave a one question final exam after a semester dealing with a broad array of topics. The class was already seated and ready to go when the professor picked up his chair, plopped it on his desk and wrote on the board: "Using everything we have learned this semester, prove that this chair does not exist."

Fingers flew, erasers erased, notebooks were filled in furious fashion. Some students wrote over 30 pages in one hour attempting to refute the existence of the chair. One member of the class however, was up and finished in less than a minute.

Weeks later when the grades were posted, the rest of the group wondered how he could have gotten an A when he had barely written anything at all. His answer consisted of two words: "What chair?"



We live in a small town where we have a volunteer Ambulance Corp. We are blessed with many dedicated and fully qualified attendants, who staff our ambulances and give freely of themselves. I was chatting with one of the EMS responders one day and she could hardly stifle a chuckle, so I asked her what was so funny and she told me this story...

It seems that she had gone to an automobile accident and was checking a patient who was lying on the road for injuries. As she knelt beside him and probed him, she asked, "Does this hurt or does that hurt?" After each probe, he replied, "No." When she had nearly completed her examination, she shifted to a better spot from which to finish the examination when after one of her probing questions, he exclaimed very loudly, "That hurts!"

When she asked where, he looked up at her with a look of real pain on his face and said, "You're kneeling on my fingers!"

## From Our Mailbox



I picked up a copy of The Good News at the Oakridge Smoke House in Schulenburg, Texas. It was a very inspiring paper. I lost my home and belongings in Hurricane Harvey in Vidor, Texas. I really needed the uplifting messages in the articles. I have bought a home in San Anto-

nio, Texas and am getting my life together. Thank you.

Gleta Strickland  
San Antonio, Texas

## Uncluttered Faith

One of my favorite stories concerns a bishop who was traveling by ship to visit a church across the ocean. While en route, the ship stopped at an island for a day. He went for a walk on a beach. He came upon three fishermen mending their nets.

Curious about their trade he asked them some questions. Curious about his ecclesiastical robes, they asked him some questions. When they found out he was a Christian leader, they got excited. "We Christians!" they said, proudly pointing to one another.

The bishop was impressed but cautious. Did they know the Lord's Prayer? They had never heard of it. "What do you say, then, when you pray?"

"We pray, 'We are three, you are three, have mercy on us.'"

The bishop was appalled at the primitive nature of the prayer. "That will not do." So he spent the day teaching them the Lord's Prayer. The fishermen were poor but willing learners. And before the bishop sailed away the next day, they could recite the prayer with no mistakes.

The bishop was proud.

On the return trip the bishop's ship drew near the island again. When the island came into view the bishop came to the deck and recalled with pleasure the men he had

taught and resolved to go see them again. As he was thinking a light appeared on the horizon near the island. It seemed to be getting nearer. As the bishop gazed in wonder he realized the three fishermen were walking toward him on the water.

Soon all the passengers and crew were on the deck to see the sight.

When they were within speaking distance, the fisherman cried out, "Bishop, we come hurry to meet you." "What is it you want?" asked the stunned bishop.

"We are so sorry. We forget lovely prayer. We say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be your name ...' and then we forget. Please tell us prayer again."

The bishop was humbled. "Go back to your homes, my friends, and when you pray say, 'We are three, you are three, have mercy on us.'"

**Max Lucado**  
*San Antonio, Texas*



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# The Beggar and the Bread

A beggar came and sat before me. "I want bread," he said. "How wise you are," I assured him. "Bread is what you need. And you have come to the right bakery." So I pulled my cookbook down from my shelf and began to tell him all I knew about bread.

I spoke of flour and wheat, of grain and barley. My knowledge impressed even me as I cited the measurements and recipe. When I looked up, I was surprised to see he wasn't smiling. "I just want bread," he said.

"How wise you are." I applauded his choice. "Follow me, and I'll show you our bakery." Down the hallowed halls I guided him, pausing to point out the rooms where the dough is prepared and the ovens where the bread is baked.

"No one has such facilities. We have bread for every need. But here is the best part," I proclaimed as I pushed open two swinging doors. "This is our room of inspiration." I knew he was moved as we stepped into the auditorium full of stained-glass windows.

The beggar didn't speak. I understood his silence. With my arm around his shoulder, I whispered, "It overwhelms me as well." I then leaped to the podium and struck my favorite pose behind the lectern. "People come from miles to hear me speak. Once a week my workers gather, and I read to them the recipe from the cookbook of life."

By now the beggar had taken a seat on the front row. I knew what he wanted. "Would you like to hear me?" "No," he said, "but I would like some bread."

"How wise you are," I replied. And I led him to the front door of the bakery. "What I have to say next is very important," I told him as we stood outside. "Up and down this street you will find many bakeries. But take heed; they don't serve the true bread. I know of one who adds two spoons of salt rather than one. I know of another whose oven is three degrees too hot. They may call it bread," I warned, "but it's not according to the book."

The beggar turned and began walking away. "Don't you want bread?" I asked him.

He stopped, looked back at me, and shrugged, "I guess I lost my appetite."

I shook my head and returned to my office. "What a shame," I said to myself. "The world just isn't hungry for true bread anymore."

I don't know what is more incredible: that God packages the bread of life in the wrapper of a country carpenter or that he gives us the keys to the delivery truck. Both moves seem pretty risky. The carpenter did his part, however. And who knows -- we may just learn to do ours.

*Max Lucado  
San Antonio, Texas*



# The Statue of Liberty

**In New York harbor stands a lady  
With a torch raised to the sky  
And all who see her  
Know she stands for  
Liberty for you and me  
I'm so proud to be called an American  
To be named with the brave and the free  
I will honor our flag  
And our trust in God  
And the statue of liberty**



**On lonely Golgotha stood a cross  
With my Lord raised to the sky  
And all who kneel there live forever  
As all the saints can testify**



**I'm so glad to be called a Christian  
To be named with the ransomed and free  
As the statue liberates the citizen  
So the cross liberates the soul  
I'm so glad...for that rugged cross  
It was there that my soul was set free  
Unashamed I'll proclaim that old rugged cross  
Is my statue of liberty**



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Proverbs  
3:5-6



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**Is That Jesus?**

A nurse on the pediatric ward, before listening to the little ones' chests, would plug the stethoscope into their ears and let them listen to their own heart. Their eyes would always light up with awe, but she never got a response equal to four-year old David's



comment. Gently she tucked the stethoscope into his ears and placed the disk over his heart. "Listen", she said..."What do you suppose that is?"

He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled line and looked up as if lost in the mystery of the strange tap - tap - tapping deep in his chest. Then his face broke out in a wondrous grin and he asked,

"Is that Jesus knocking?"

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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



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## Honey Glazed Chicken

½ cup flour  
 1 tsp salt  
 ½ tsp cayenne pepper (optional)  
 3 lbs chicken breasts – cut in half and tenderized  
 ½ cup butter – melted and halved  
 ¼ cup brown sugar  
 ¼ cup honey  
 ½ cup lemon juice  
 1 Tbsp soy sauce  
 1 ¼ tsp curry powder

Mix first three ingredients together. Add chicken pieces one at a time and roll in mixture coating each piece thoroughly. Melt ¼ cup butter in 9 x 13 inch pan. Put chicken in pan. Turn chicken pieces once to coat each side with butter. Bake 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Combine remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour sauce over partially baked chicken and return to oven for 45 minutes. Turn chicken several times while baking to coat each side with the sauce. This is a great recipe for feeding a large crowd. We've made it for family weddings and everyone enjoys it.

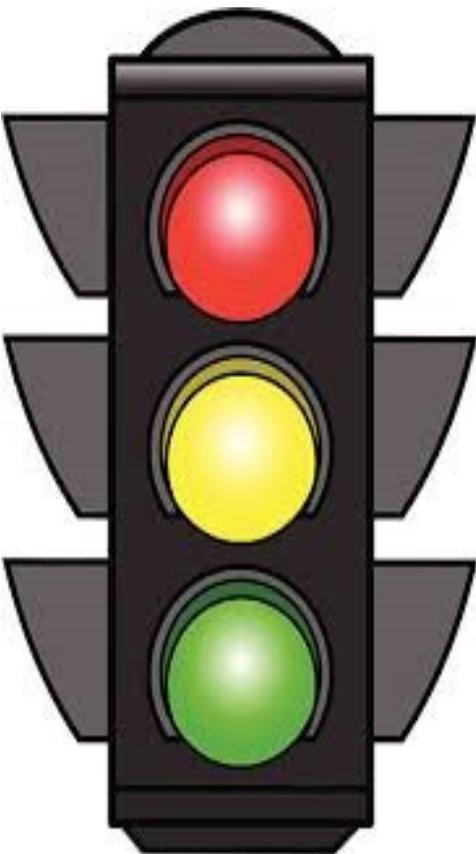
Amy Malugen  
Oxford, North Carolina

## FUN WITH GOD'S WORD

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

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

## The Light Turned Yellow



The light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection.

The tailgating woman was furious and honked her horn, screaming in frustration, as she missed her chance to get through the intersection, dropping her cell phone and makeup.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up.

He took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, photographed, and placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and

Be strong and very courageous. Obey all the laws Moses gave you. Do not turn away from them and you will be successful in everything you do. Study this book of the law continually. Meditate on it day and night so you may be sure in all that is written in it. Only then will you succeed. I command you – be strong and courageous. For the Lord your God is with you wherever you go.

Joshua 1:7-9

opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What

Would Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday-School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk, so naturally....I assumed you had stolen the car."

# HUGS From Heaven

I know in today's world, blended families are common everywhere and our family is no different. We recently had a family gathering at my home to meet some new members of our family from Arkansas that we hadn't met before. We had five generations represented and it was one of the biggest hugs from Heaven I've had recently. There was so much love, laughter and good food and I believe everyone had a good time.

My daughter was trying to explain her relationship to one of our family members and she started by saying "My Step..." when she was interrupted by another family member that said, "We don't use the word "step" in this family. We are all one family!"

I'd never heard that before and it got me thinking about something else we seem to do. We introduce our relationship with God the Father by saying, "I am a Baptist, Lutheran, Catholic, or any one of the other many denominations in the world. To me it's like using the word "step" to describe how you fit in to the family. I have learned there are no denominations in Heaven, only God's children. If you have asked God to forgive you of your sins and asked Jesus to come into your heart and live with you forever, that makes you a child of God. We are all one big family of God.

The Bible says in *1 John 3:1-2 (NIV)*  
*3 See what great love the Father has*

*lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are! The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him. <sup>2</sup> Dear friends, now we are children of God, and what we will be has not yet been made known. But we know that when Christ appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.*

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



## Eva's Inspirations I'm Home

The road I traveled was so very long,  
 But it was one that I knew I had to stay on.  
 There was mountains and valleys and times that were rough,  
 But I hung in there I never wanted to give up.  
 I fought with every ounce of strength that I had,  
 Hanging onto Gods hand when times got to bad.  
 I had so much that I wanted to live for,  
 My family and my loved ones and so much more.  
 The time finally came and now my fighting's done,  
 I'm at peace with my Father the saving one.  
 What a blessing it was when I stepped in the door,  
 Heavens everything I dreamed of and even more.  
 I have laughed so much with my family and friends,  
 Walked on streets of gold my joy never ends.  
 There is nothing but beauty everywhere,  
 Blue skies and sunshine and my Father who cares.  
 We sat in the garden and talked for hours,  
 While the birds softly sang enjoying the beautiful flowers.  
 I thanked Him and praised Him as tears filled my eyes,  
 He held me close as He whispered in heaven no one cries.  
 I smiled knowing all of His promises were true,  
 How could anyone be sad God while living with you.  
 I know your hearts are heavy and your feeling alone,  
 Instead of crying please thank God, I've made it, I'm home.



***Written by Eva Dimel  
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## From Trash To Treasure by Eva Dimel

Virtually every book, irrespective of its genre, somewhere near the beginning, makes certain claims about its content. The reader, of course, has the right to expect the book to live up to its claims. But let it also be said that, not every reader will come away with the same opinion after reading the same book. And with only these three sentences, whoever is reading this introduction has already begun to formulate in his or her mind, perhaps not an opinion, but a certain anticipation as to what this book – this novel, is all about. Then let us save some time and effort by jumping into the pond with both feet.

This is a book I said I would never write. It is about my life story, but God wanted it done. It is touching and helping so many. Everyone who has read the book said they couldn't put it down.

My prayer is that it continues to touch lives and be a blessing.

**You can get the book by contacting me at:  
EDimel9775@sbcglobal.net or at 1-614-875-9263**

## From Trash To Treasures

Inspired by God



Eva Dimel

# Hidden Heroes

A revival can begin with one sermon. History proves it. John Egglan had never preached a sermon in his life. Never.

Wasn't that he didn't want to, just never needed to. But then one morning he did. The snow left his town of Colchester, England, buried in white. When he awoke on that January Sunday in 1850, he thought of staying home. Who would go to church in such weather?

But he reconsidered. He was, after all, a deacon. And if the deacons didn't go, who would? So he put on his boots, hat, and coat and walked the six miles to the Methodist Church.

He wasn't the only member who considered staying home. In fact, he was one of the few who came. Twelve members and one visitor. Even the minister was snowed in. Someone suggested they go home. Egglan would hear none of that. They'd come this far; they would have a service. Besides, they had a visitor. A thirteen-year-old boy.

But who would preach? Egglan was the only deacon. It fell to him.

And so he did. His sermon lasted only ten minutes. It drifted and wandered and made no point in an effort to make several. But at the end, an

uncharacteristic courage settled upon the man. He lifted his eyes and looked straight at the boy and challenged: "Young man, look to Jesus. Look! Look! Look!"

Did the challenge make a difference? Let the boy, now a man, answer. "I did look, and then and there the cloud on my heart lifted, the darkness rolled away, and at that moment I saw the sun."

The boy's name? Charles Haddon Spurgeon. England's prince of preachers.

Did Egglan know what he'd done? No. Do heroes know when they are heroic? Rarely. Are historic moments acknowledged when they happen?

You know the answer to that one. (If not, a visit to the manger will remind you.) We seldom see history in the making, and we seldom recognize heroes.

But we'd do well to keep our eyes open. Tomorrow's Spurgeon might be mowing your lawn. And the hero who inspires him might be nearer than you think.

He might be in your mirror.

*From When God Whispers Your Name*

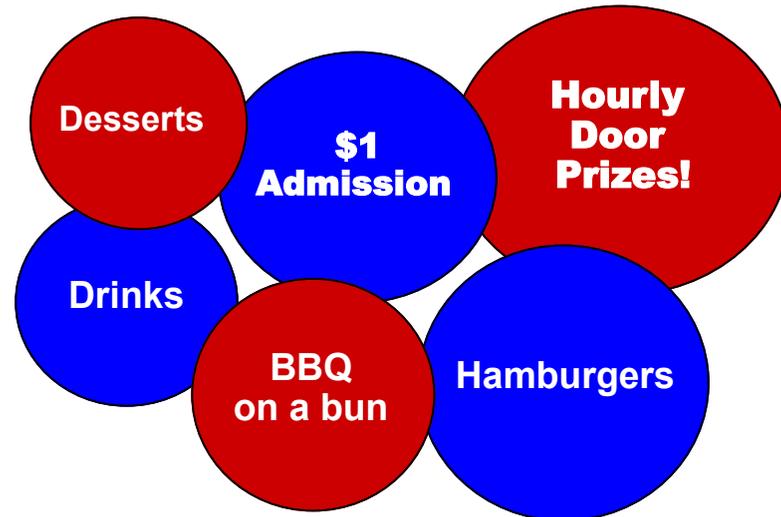
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