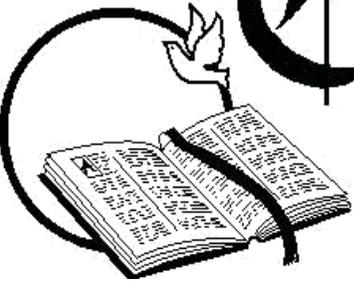


THE GOOD NEWS FREE

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

Volume 10, Issue 9

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Blooming in the Dark

For the last few years, I've purchased my Christmas poinsettias from *The Brookwood Community*--a residential/vocational program for adults with disabilities, some 35 miles west of Houston. During the holiday season Brookwood operates retail storefronts in the city, and I've most often visited these. But recently I was fortunate enough to spend the better part of a day at Brookwood, meeting many of the citizens there, and talking to them about their work.

Some were painting pottery and ceramic ornaments; others were working in the stone casting studio; some were serving patrons in the community's bustling Cafe. All were happy to tell me about the job they were doing, introduce me to other citizens, and invite me to join them in their activities.

In late summer (in the scorching Houston heat), Brookwoodians begin planning for the community's annual "crop" of nearly 47,000 poinsettia plants. Yes, you read that right. Forty-seven thousand. On the day I visited, citizens at work in the horticulture greenhouses were preparing potting soil in containers, separating and placing seedling plants into flats, and

moving them into their temporary growing spaces. In just a few weeks, a master gardener explained, these growing plants would be placed in complete darkness to encourage their blooms.

In complete darkness. Up to 14 hours a day, for at least 40 days. No period of darkness, no brilliant red, pink, or soft white blooms. The smallest exposure to light during this time can adversely affect the eventual crop. Perimeter lights on the property. The headlights of a car. Even a roving security guard's persistent flashlight! But when the darkness is respected and endured, the

end result is row upon row of brilliant beauty.

You don't have to be an English major to see the metaphor at work here. Brookwood itself was born out of a dark and uncertain time: its founder is the mother of a disabled child who envisioned and sought something more for her daughter than a lifetime in an institution. "Necessity," she likes to say, "is the mother of invention." But before Brookwood bloomed, there was plenty of darkness.

A wise friend of mine recently observed that good things seemed to be coming from my own recent rendezvous with darkness. Creative work finding new expression. A stubborn resurgence of joy. Even a few wild splashes of the color of hope. And why not? God's greatest work was

born out of the deepest dark. Three utterly lonely, silent days of it.

Are the lights seemingly out where you live? Do not despair. God is working, even in the dark-- and He alone knows the time required to nurture the manifold blooms that He envisions.

Even the darkness is not dark to You, and the night is as bright as the day. Darkness and light are alike to You. (Psalm 139:12, NASB)

If you live in the Houston area, I recommend a visit to Brookwood. Or, visit them online at www.brookwoodcommunity.org.

Leigh McLeroy
Houston, Texas



Photo by Luke Ellis

The Good News Just Keeps Coming is a monthly, free, reader publication of positive and uplifting stories submitted by local citizens showing God's works and wonders. With the help of advertising sponsors, it is able to distribute **17,000+ copies** throughout 40+ towns and cities in several areas in Texas and beyond.

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Innocent Eyes

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Proverbs 17:22

Here's hoping there is no one like this at your workplace.

Faced with hard times, the company offered a bonus of one thousand dollars to any employee who could come up with a way of saving money.

The bonus went to a young woman in accounting who suggested limiting future bonuses to ten dollars.



A minister was planning a wedding at the close of the Sunday morning service.

After the benediction he had planned to call the couple down to be married for a brief ceremony before the congregation.

For the life of him, he couldn't think of the names of those who were to be married.

"Will those wanting to get married please come to the front?" he requested.

Immediately, nine single ladies, three widows, four widowers, and six single men stepped to the front.



For months Bill had been Lynn's 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," Bill 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, Bill saw a sympathetic gleam in Lynn's eyes. Then she

nodded in agreement. Finally, Lynn responded, "I think it's a great idea! Can I help you choose which puppy to buy?"



We had built our dream house some years ago, and furnished it with quality pieces as we could afford them. Now the delivery truck carrying the last purchase, a new bedroom suite, was pulling into the driveway.

"Finally!" I exclaimed, flinging open the front door as the driver walked up to the house. "I've been waiting twelve years for this!"

"Don't blame me, lady," he said. "I just got the order this morning."



One of my daughter's wedding presents was a toaster oven. Soon after the honeymoon, she and her husband tried it out. Almost immediately, smoke billowed out of the toaster. "Get the owner's manual!" my daughter's husband shouted.

"I can't find it anywhere!" cried my daughter a short time later.

"Oops!" came a voice from the kitchen. "Well, the toast is fine, but the owner's manual's burned to a crisp."



My sister landed a good job with an accounting firm, and after a while she got a generous raise.

The day she found out about it, her husband picked her up from work, and they stopped for ice cream.

As they continued home, my sister blurted out, "Isn't it hard to believe that I have a job that pays this much money?"

Just then, she went to toss the last

of her ice cream cone out the window.

However, the window was closed, and it smacked against the glass. Her husband replied calmly, "Yes."



"Grandpa, I'm really proud of you," said the modish young lady.

"What's to be proud of?" asked the old man.

The young lady replied, "I noticed that when you sneeze, you've learned to put your hand in front of your mouth."

"Of course," explained Grandpa.

"How else can I catch my teeth?"



It was a terrible night, blowing cold and rain in a most frightful manner. The streets were deserted and the local baker was just about to close up shop when a little man slipped through the door. He carried an umbrella, blown inside out, and was bundled in two sweaters and a thick coat. But even so he still looked wet and bedraggled.

As he unwound his scarf he said to the baker, "May I have two bagels to go, please?"

The baker said in astonishment, "Two bagels? Nothing more?"

"That's right," answered the little man. "One for me and one for Bernice."

"Bernice is your wife?" Asked the baker.

"What do you think," snapped the little man, "my mother would send me out on a night like this?"



Todd's wife bought a new line of expensive cosmetics guaranteed to make her look years younger.

After a lengthy sitting before the mirror applying the "miracle" products, she asked, "Darling, honestly, what age would you say I am?"

Looking over her carefully, Todd replied, "Judging from your skin, twenty; your hair, eighteen; and your figure, twenty five."

"Oh, you flatterer!" she gushed.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Todd interrupted.

"I haven't added them up yet."



A kindergarten teacher gave her class a "show and tell" assignment. Each student was instructed to bring in an object that represented their religion to share with the class.

The first student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Benjamin and I am Jewish and this is a Star of David."

The second student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Mary. I'm a Catholic and this is a Rosary."

The third student got in up front of the class and said, "My name is Tommy. I am Methodist, and this is a casserole."



A well-worn one-dollar bill and a similarly distressed twenty-dollar bill arrived at a Federal Reserve Bank to be retired.

As they moved along the conveyor belt to be burned, they struck up a conversation.

The twenty-dollar bill reminisced about its travels all over the country.

"I've had a pretty good life," the twenty proclaimed. "Why I've been to Las Vegas and Atlantic City, the finest restaurants in New York, performances on Broadway, and even a cruise to the Caribbean."

"Wow!" said the one-dollar bill.

"You've really had an exciting life!"

"So, tell me," says the twenty, "where have you been throughout your lifetime?"

The one dollar bill replies, "Oh, I've been to the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Lutheran Church."

The twenty-dollar bill interrupts, "What's a church?"

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HUGS from Heaven

While I was driving through the countryside the other day, I noticed a field that had been recently plowed, and over the newly overturned soil hung a thin, low layer of steam in the crisp morning air. A short time later as I was driving home again I passed the same field, and saw that all the steam had evaporated, and there was not a hint of vapor in the air any longer. It made me think of the Bible verse where it is written that our life is like a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away.

"You do not know what will happen tomorrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away." James 4:14.

What is the point and purpose of my life? How heavy it is to live without a vision and a hope of something better! *"Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me."* John 14:1

Then Jesus says that He is preparing a place for us so we can be where He is for all eternity! How very crucial it is for us to really believe this, so in the days and years we have left, we are

zealous to please our Creator.

Everything I get now, I give to God and He in turn supplies all my needs. Spreading His love to as many as I can is my reason for living and I feel like God has called me to share **The Good News Just Keeps Coming** with as many as possible.

I've always wanted to be in control of everything in my life and this total submission to God is a relatively new thing to me. I've always let Him be part of my life, but not all of my life. What a difference it has made. I am always at peace knowing if I do what God asks me to do and give it all to Him; He will always take care of my needs. My God will always provide for me. Jeremiah 29:11 says "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to give you a hope and a future."

My desire for material possessions has decreased so much since Mom and Dad went to heaven. They both worked so hard all their life and in what seemed like no time at all, their earthly possessions had found new homes and were scattered among so many people. The only thing remaining was the many great memories we have of them.

I am blessed to have my own home, which originally started out as the first Big Dip Grocery in San Felipe so many years ago. It was built by my Dad over 40 years ago. It's comfortable and well insulated and that gives me joy living in something he built with his hands. The quilt on my bed was hand stitched by my Mom over 40 years ago and that also gives me great joy to sleep under the quilt she made and sleep in the building my Dad built. It helps me feel close to them until I will one day join them in heaven.

What a true hug from heaven every day with peace and no worry knowing God is in control of everything and what He provides is so much better than anything I could dream up. I spent

(HUGS continued on page 8)

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God Lives Under the Bed

I envy Kevin. My brother, Kevin, thinks God lives under his bed. At least, that's what I heard him say one night.

He was praying out loud in his dark bedroom, and I stopped to listen, "Are you there, God?" he said. "Where are you? Oh, I see...under the bed."

I giggled softly, and tiptoed off to my own room.

Kevin's unique perspectives are often a source of amusement. But that night, something else lingered long after the humor. I realized for the first time the very different world Kevin lives in.

He was born 30 years ago, mentally disabled as a result of difficulties during labor. Apart from his size (he's 6-foot-2), there are few ways in which he is an adult.

He reasons and communicates with the capabilities of a 7-year-old, and he always will. He will probably always believe that God lives under his bed, that Santa Claus is the one who fills the space under our tree every Christmas and that airplanes stay up in the sky because angels carry them.

I remember wondering if Kevin realizes he is different. Is he ever dissatisfied with his monotonous life?

Up before dawn each day, off to work at a workshop for the disabled, home to walk our cocker spaniel, re-

turn to eat his favorite macaroni and cheese for dinner, and later to bed.

The only variation in the entire scheme is laundry, when he hovers excitedly over the washing machine like a mother with her newborn child.

He does not seem dissatisfied.

He lopes out to the bus every morning at 7:05, eager for a day of simple work.

He wrings his hands excitedly while the water boils on the stove before dinner, and he stays up late twice a week to gather our dirty laundry for his next day's laundry chores.

And Saturdays - oh, the bliss of Saturdays! That's the day our dad takes Kevin to the airport to have a soft drink, watch the planes land, and speculate loudly on the destination of each passenger inside. "That one's goin' to Chi-car-go!" Kevin shouts as he claps his hands.

His anticipation is so great he can hardly sleep on Friday nights.

And so goes his world of daily rituals, and weekend field trips.

He doesn't know what it means to be discontent...his life is simple.

He will never know the entanglements of wealth or power, and he does not care what brand of clothing he wears, or what kind of food he eats.

His needs have always been met, and he never worries that one day they

may not be.

His hands are diligent. Kevin is never so happy as when he is working. When he unloads the dishwasher or vacuums the carpet, his heart is completely in it.

He does not shrink from a job when it is begun, and he does not leave a job until it is finished. But when his tasks are done, Kevin knows how to relax.

He is not obsessed with his work, or the work of others. His heart is pure. He still believes everyone tells the truth, promises must be kept, and when you are wrong, you apologize instead of argue.

Free from pride, and unconcerned with appearances, Kevin is not afraid to cry when he is hurt, angry or sorry. He is always transparent, always sincere. And he truly trusts in God.

Not confined by intellectual reasoning, when he comes to Christ, he comes as a child. Kevin seems to know God - to really be friends with Him in a way that is difficult for an "educated" person to grasp. God seems like his closest companion.

In my moments of doubt and frustrations with my Christianity, I envy the security Kevin has in his simple faith. It is then, I am most willing to admit he has some divine knowledge rising above my mortal questions.

It is then I realize, perhaps he is not the one with the handicap. **I am.** My obligations, my fear, my pride, my circumstances - they all become disabilities when I do not trust them to

God's care.

Who knows if Kevin comprehends things I can never learn? After all, he has spent his whole life in his kind of innocence, praying after dark, and soaking up the goodness and love of God.

And one day, when the mysteries of heaven are opened, and we are all amazed at how close God really is to our hearts, I'll realize God heard the simple prayers of a boy who believed God lived under his bed.

Kevin won't be surprised at all!

Prayer is one of the best free gifts we receive. There is no cost, but a lot of rewards.



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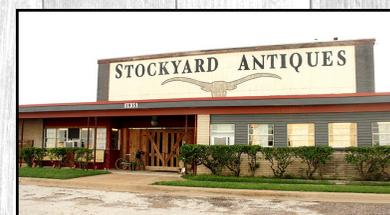
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Ups and Downs

I am currently on a sabbatical in the beautiful mountains of Colorado. During my time here, I recharge my batteries and restore my body to some sense of physical shape (round is a shape). Yesterday I hiked four miles up and down high country ridges and valleys. A total of 3,000 feet up and 3,000 feet down. By the time I returned home it was almost dark. On the drive to our cabin I relived the events of the day and these thoughts on handling the ups and downs of life danced in my brain. I hope you find them helpful even if you don't dance.

Prepare for the Journey. Every day is going to bring its own series of ups and downs. Why not begin each day preparing for the journey. I spent over an hour making sure that I had enough water and energy snacks, with me. I packed emergency equipment and navigational aids to help me find my way to my destination.

So why am I so careful about planning for a hike, and sometimes so careless about preparing for the daily journeys of my life? Every day I need the strength only my creator can provide. I will need to be prepared for unseen challenges, and stock up on the spiritual and emotional energy that can carry me through. I am determined to return to the discipline of starting my day with prayer and meditation on God's Word. That is the source of the sustenance, and guidance I need every day.

I wouldn't think of heading into the mountains without supplies that will sustain me. Why would I begin my day without stocking up on the strength and wisdom that God offers?

Take Time to Enjoy the Journey. I'm the kind of person who tends to choose a goal and then march blindly toward the goal, missing the beauty along the way. The rewards of the hike to a far ridge are not only the views from the top of that ridge but the little blessings all along the way.

Know the Terrain. Expect that every journey is going to have it's mountaintops and its valleys. *People who always claim to live on the moun-*

taintop are either delusional or liars.

If we expect that life will always be easy going we will surely be disappointed. Everyone who breathes has either been through a valley or will be facing one soon.

Yesterday's hike had moments of exhilaration and moments when I wondered if I could climb the next ridge. Don't live with the expectation that the journey will be easy. Live with expectancy, knowing that whatever the situation, God will provide. Look for His blessings all along the way.

Pace Yourself When the Terrain Is Steep. Once I get started I don't like to stop until I have reached my destination. Fortunately my legs and lungs are smarter than my brain. The rest-stops gave my body a chance to recover so I could continue the journey. The whole reason I am on this sabbatical is to give my body a chance to recover from security gropings, airline schedules, hotel loneliness, and performance pressure. These weeks will allow me to continue my ministry when most people have retired.

Why haven't I retired? Because what I am doing makes a difference and I still have a lot of energy left. Also because I can see another ridge I want to climb. Life is not a race. It does not have a winner's circle, it only has a finish line. Pace yourself so you can make it all the way.

Be Careful Going Down Hill My most dangerous falls have taken place when the going is easy. After almost five hours of hiking "dangerous" high country yesterday, I fell walking down the gravel road to my truck. I was almost home, going too fast when I lost my concentration, stepped on a rock that rolled from under my foot and down I went. The journey of life isn't over until you're finally home.

Whatever your journey I pray that you will revel in the peaks and the valleys and remember the One who is with you every step of the way.

"Have I not commanded you? Be

strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the LORD your God will be with you wherever you go."

Joshua 1:9 (NIV)

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Col. 3:23

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Mix all ingredients and mix well. Pour into greased angel food pan and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until done. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Edith Witt
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. Words may appear diagonal, across, backwards, up or down.

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I	U	E	G	E	N	T	L	E	N	E	S	S	E	W	E	C	L
N	R	S	G	R	M	B	I	R	N	J	T	E	L	P	D	E	D
D	E	I	N	O	A	R	K	S	E	O	W	C	T	R	U	R	D
N	W	C	U	R	I	S	Y	U	R	A	B	A	O	A	O	C	D
E	R	H	I	P	C	D	N	S	I	M	R	L	E	I	F	T	E
S	U	M	O	O	A	O	W	E	S	I	K	P	E	S	M	N	N
V	D	E	U	E	J	A	M	J	H	H	M	E	E	E	E	E	M
A	Y	O	R	Y	L	E	V	O	L	O	V	A	S	W	G	L	E
E	R	L	G	L	G	E	R	R	E	A	S	C	N	O	S	L	D
S	A	I	J	O	N	E	R	T	G	A	S	E	I	R	E	E	N
M	S	Y	G	N	I	V	I	G	S	K	N	A	H	T	Y	C	T
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Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: **Rejoice!** Let your **gentleness** be evident to all. The **Lord** is near. Do not be **anxious** about anything, but in every situation, by **prayer** and petition, with **thanksgiving**, present your requests to God. And the **peace** of **God**, which transcends all understanding, will **guard** your **hearts** and your **minds** in **Christ Jesus**. Finally, brothers and sisters, whatever is **true**, whatever is **noble**, whatever is **right**, whatever is **pure**, whatever is **lovely**, whatever is **admirable**—if anything is **excellent** or **praiseworthy**—think about such things.

Philippians 4:4-8

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When God Sends You Help

Louise hurried to the pharmacy to get medication, got back to her car and found that she had locked her keys inside. The woman found an old rusty coat hanger left on the ground. She looked at it and said, "I don't know how to use this." She bowed her head and asked God to send her some HELP.

Within five minutes a beat-up old motorcycle pulled up, driven by a bearded man who was wearing an old biker skull rag. He got off his cycle and asked if he could help. She said, "Yes, my daughter is sick. I've locked my keys in my car. I must get home. Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?"

He said, "Sure."

He walked over to the car, and in less than a minute the car was open. She hugged the man and through tears said, "Thank You, God, for sending me such a very nice man."

The man heard her little prayer and replied, "Lady, I am NOT a nice man. I just got out of prison yesterday; I was in prison for car theft." The woman hugged the man again, sobbing, "Oh, thank you, God! You even sent me a professional!"

Is GOD great or what?!

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Philippians 4:19

What If?

What if God couldn't take the time to bless us today because we couldn't take the time to thank Him yesterday?

What if God decided to stop leading us tomorrow because we didn't follow Him today?

What if we never saw another flower bloom because we grumbled when God sent the rain?

What if God didn't walk with us today because we failed to recognize it as His day?

What if God took away the Bible tomorrow because we would not read it today?

What if God took away His message because we failed to listen to the messenger? (Think about it)

What if God didn't send His only begotten Son because he wanted us to be prepared to pay the price for sin?

What if the door of the church was closed because we did not open the door of our heart?

What if God stopped loving and caring for us because we failed to love and care for others?

What if God would not hear us today because we would not listen to Him?

What if God answered our prayers the way we answer His call to service?

What if God met our needs the way we give Him our lives?

What if we fell in love with Jesus the way we love our parents, spouse, and children?

Seasons

I've been through seasons of pain,
and seasons of sorrow,
Times when I couldn't even
look forward to tomorrow.
Seasons of struggles,
and seasons of strife,
Times that I questioned,
what is God's plan for my life?
Seasons of fear and seasons of worry,
Times that I prayed,
God please heal me in a hurry.
Seasons of doubt,
and seasons of not caring,
Times that I knew,
I couldn't handle all that I was bearing.
Seasons of happiness,
and joy enough to share,
With everyone I loved,
showing them how much I cared.
Seasons filled with laughter,
and lots of fun,
Times just relaxing,
talking to Jesus God's Son.
Seasons filled with mercy,
and lots of God's grace,
Times that taught me,
I needed to trust, and have faith.
There is so many seasons
that I have been through I know,
But God was always with me,
showing me it was my time to grow.

*Written by Eva Dimel
Inspired By God ©*

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The Shepherd's Way Church

Interdenominational

1225 Eagle Lake Road, Sealy, TX 77474 (979)885-1225

<p>Sunday - 10 a.m. - Morning Service 10:45 a.m. - Children dismissed for Children's Church</p> <p>Tuesday - 9 a.m. - Fall & Spring Ladies' Bible Study</p>	<p>Wednesday - 7 p.m. - Family Night Pioneer Club: 4 yrs. - 3rd grade Area 456 Club: 4th - 6th grade Elevate: Youth; Adult Bible Study</p> <p>Friday - 10 a.m. - Intercessory Prayer</p>
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Where Love Abounds

John 14:6

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(HUGS continued from page 3)

so many years worrying" what if," and now I know that if "what if" comes, God is still in control and He will always work out what is best for me. I wish I had learned to live like that way years ago. Try it. It really works.

"Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice! Let your gentleness be evident to all. The Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4:4-7

In His Love,
Diana Boring
San Felipe, Texas

Jack and Deb Stone In Concert



September 27, 2015

10 am

All Around Cowboy Church

5812 Crosstree Ln Sealy Tx

979-885-1155

Diary of a Senior Citizen

I found this timely, because today I was in a store that sells sunglasses, and only sunglasses. A young lady walks over to me and asks, "What brings you in today?" I looked at her and said, "I'm interested in buying a refrigerator." She didn't quite know how to respond. Am I getting to be that age?

I was thinking about how a status symbol of today is those cell phones that everyone has clipped onto their belt or purse. I can't afford one. So I'm wearing my garage door opener.

You know, I spent a fortune on deodorant before I realized that people didn't like me anyway.

I was thinking about old age and decided that old age is when you still have something on the ball but you are just too tired to bounce it. I thought about making a fitness movie for folks my age and call it "Pumping Rust".

When people see a cat's litter box they always say, 'Oh, have you got a cat?' Just once I want to say, 'No, it's just for company!'

Employment application blanks always ask who is to be called in case of an emergency. I think you should write, "An ambulance."

I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older. Then it dawned on me: They are cramming for their finals. As for me, I'm just hoping God grades on the curve.

Birds of a feather flock together and then poop on your car.

The older you get the tougher it is to lose weight because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

In case you never noticed, the Roman Numerals for forty (40) are XL. The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he can tell when he's really in trouble.

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Some people try to turn back their "odometers." Not me. I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Lord, keep your arm around my shoulder and your hand over my mouth.



Change Your ECHO



"The weapons we fight with are not the weapons of the world. On the contrary, they have divine power to demolish strongholds." 2 Corinthians 10:4

Has anyone ever told you something negative in your past that has stuck with you? Maybe even to this day. "You're stupid," or "you'll never make it."

In the scripture above, the word "stronghold" comes from a Greek word meaning "echo." A stronghold is an echo. And that negative phrase that was spoken to you at a young age that you began to believe is still echoing today ... "You're stupid. You're stupid. You're stupid."

How do you stop an echo? Start a new sound. A new sound will stop the old sound. When you speak God's word, sing songs that are filled with his truth - you are starting a sound, a new echo. Ask God to help you identify the negative echoes in your life. Pray for the courage to believe what God says about you.

Start speaking life and truth now. In Psalm 139:14, God says you are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Ed Young
Grapevine, Texas