



Connections

◆ A Journal by & for Women in Ministry ◆

Vol. 19, No. 4

December 2012

My Defense Attorney

By Sharie Meyer

I find the study of law and our legal system endlessly interesting. Reading mysteries is a passion with me. G.K. Chesterton spoke of mysteries as the modern-day form of morality plays and he was right. Crime fiction usually explores justice or good versus evil, looking at it from a variety of sides, the gray areas along with the black and white. Love it!

And then there are the police or legal shows on television. Certain ones are must-sees for me. The procedures followed, the determining of motive, the trail leading to a doer, the give and take of the courtroom, the eliciting of facts and truth, the revealing of how the system operates—always something to learn.

I studied law for a while and reveled in the classroom experience. Later I worked for a law firm doing research, and with another firm, wrote an appellate court brief. It's true, the practice of law and the study of law are vastly different.

"How can you defend someone like that? He's a pedophile, a child molester! She's a murderer!" No wonder there are bad attorney jokes. No wonder people turn up their noses when they meet "one of those." And what a lame excuse the lawyers give: "Hey, everybody is entitled to a defense attorney; somebody has to do the job." Even more irritating for the public: "It is bad enough that our taxes have to provide public defenders for these low-lives."

Except—our justice system does require everyone to be represented, to be given a chance to defend themselves and to be allowed help and assistance. The defending attorney does not need to know or care whether or not her client is innocent; what she needs to do is her job and to do it well. Even more important, the job of the defense attorney is not to seek justice; that is the role of the prosecuting attorney. The defense attorney's responsibility is to get the defendant acquitted! Does that bother you?

Let me mention something else. The defense attorney must be loyal to her client, absolutely loyal. Her focus must be totally and absolutely on the well-being and needs of that client no

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My Defense Attorney

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matter what he or she has been accused of, no matter the attorney's personal opinions, no matter who the client is—loyalty, absolute loyalty dedicated to getting the client off. Period! Do you find that an ugly picture?

I'm one of those clients. I've been charged and my crime is not a pretty one. But I am fortunate to have an excellent defense attorney. His name is Jesus Christ. He stands between me and my accuser. He speaks for me before the Judge in the court of heaven. He knows I am guilty but he defends me and he defends me totally. He defends me because I have thrown myself upon his mercy.

Jesus is the ultimate in loyalty as a defense attorney for all of humanity. What we did is not important to him. He does and will defend us with vehemence and knowledge and caring.

Loyalty is the word used in our human justice system. For us as Christians, *loyalty* really means love, the love of our Savior, our ultimate Defense Attorney, for us.



Sharie and her husband live in Northern California in a house filled with books. Reading is a joy and a passion for her. She can be reached at smeyer1@mindspring.com.

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Connections, a journal by and for women in ministry, is published by Grace Communion International to promote the constructive exchange of ideas and experiences. Opinions of the writers do not necessarily reflect official church policy.

Submit your ideas and articles to *Connections*, GCI, P.O. Box 5005, Glendora, CA 91740-5005, or email: tammy.tkach@gci.org.

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Connections

Mission Statement

Primary: The Connections for Clergy Support Department provides intellectual, emotional, physical and spiritual support and encouragement in the personal lives of GCI ministry families.

Three primary means of serving are the *Connections* journal, the Connections for a Successful Ministry and Life web pages, and the Nurturernet forum. We highlight women in ministry but are inclusive of the needs of the entire family.

Secondary: To promote respect, understanding and support for women, their personal ministries and ministries that serve them.

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• CALIFORNIA •
TAM 2 U

No Room for Jesus

As I was standing in line at Disneyland, looking around at all the people having fun, the thought struck me, There doesn't seem to be any room here for Jesus. He didn't seem to be anywhere I looked—in the lines, on the rides, in the restaurants. Lots of people and a few non people like Mickey Mouse and Sleeping Beauty, but no Jesus.

In the days before the birth of Jesus, Joseph and Mary traveled to Jerusalem for the census on hot, dusty roads. Those roads must have been filled with others going in the same direction.

At Disneyland, there's always a seat for us on the rides, but when Joseph tried to find a place to stay in Nazareth, he was told every space was taken. There was no room for them (Luke 2:7).

No room—no room for the Savior of the world. No room for the one who was to redeem every human from his or her sins. So he was born in a stable, a place for animals. The one who would be called a king was squeezed in between the donkeys and the sheep.

They squeezed him out of the inn and then they crucified him clear out of this physical world. The whole world has been squeezing him out ever since. He's been squeezed out of churches, and replaced by ritual and legalism. He's been pushed out of schools, and replaced by evolution and humanism. He's been shoved out of Christmas, and replaced by Santa and consumerism.

Sometimes we Christians do that to Jesus. Our lives are full of so much busyness, we squeeze him right out of our lives. Then we try to squeeze him back in—between the shopping and the Internet, or the bills and the dishes. Sometimes there just isn't any room for him at all.

Is there a way to keep this from happening? There's no formula. It's not easy. It won't happen in one day or just because you pray about it once or twice. Spiritual transformation takes a lifetime, through practicing the disciplines of prayer, study, meditation and fasting. By interacting with God on a daily basis, we can, as Dallas Willard says, "bring our personality and total being into effective cooperation with the divine order."

Making room for Jesus in our lives is a matter of our hearts. What is closest to your heart? Or as Matthew says, where is your treasure (6:21)? If Jesus is your treasure, he will have your heart and you won't have to make room for him. There won't be room for anything else.

Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year!



Tammy

How can God stoop lower than to come and dwell with a poor humble soul? Which is more than if He had said, such a one should dwell with Him; for a beggar to live at court is not so much as the king to dwell with him in his cottage.

—William Gurnall



My Little Corner of the World

By Joyce Catherwood

A party was going on in heaven, a jubilant celebration, and the only humans who caught a glimpse of it were a few terrified lowly shepherds. Here's what they witnessed. The glory of heaven broke through the skies as Jesus was born in Bethlehem. An angel stood in the midst and made the greatest declaration the universe would ever hear—the Savior of the world was finally born!

In the glistening light that pierced the darkness, a great company of angelic beings suddenly appeared. They sang loudly and triumphantly: “Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men on whom his favor rests.” They had been waiting for this moment in time from the foundation of the world.

The angels sang of peace brought to earth by this tiny infant, son of God and son of man. But looking at the world around us, one has to wonder, peace? What peace? Usually we think of peace as a sociopolitical phenomena dependent upon world leaders and global treaties. And, of course, that will happen universally when the Prince of Peace returns to our planet.

But most translations of this scripture similarly indicate the peace Jesus would bring was for those “on whom his favor rests.” That would seem to be referring only

to those who are already in a relationship with Jesus. Is it exclusive to believers? Or is it supposed to start with believers?

“Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me” are words from a familiar song. Though it sounds simple, individual attempts at ordinary everyday peacemaking are not easy. As I wrote the first draft of this article and began to think about circumstances in which peace could begin with me, it turned into a list of pet peeves and the people attached to them. I sensed irritation rising to the surface; the words I wrote became sharp and a little prickly. Ha! I was missing my own point! So I backed up and started over.

OK, trying again. How does peace on earth begin with me? Everyday life can be overwhelming. Lots of things are out of our control: events, circumstances and especially the actions and reactions of those around us. So here's a good place to start—taking responsibility for the energy that is in our own personal space.

I love the imagery of managing the energy in my space, i.e., realm of influence. For the longest time I didn't recognize I had my own space. I always thought I was in someone else's space. So when I first heard it expressed in those words, it really spoke to me. It means monitoring our reactions to what is taking place around us. When the vibes in our own little corner of the world are peaceful, conciliatory and gracious, they will positively spill over and those around us will experience the peace of Jesus, no matter who they are.

We can become accustomed to or comfortable with our negative reactions toward a lot of day-by-day stuff that goes on in our space. More often than not we think it doesn't matter. We may feel justified in responding curtly on the phone or impatiently

There is not one blade of grass, there is no color in this world that is not intended to make us rejoice.



—John Calvin

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My Little Corner

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with a family member. I'm kidding myself if I think my huffing and puffing and grumbling to myself when the garage door isn't working again doesn't affect someone within earshot. Watching my husband retreat to his office is proof of that.

We can quickly come up with our own list of pet peeves and annoyances—people who take forever at a checkout, unsolicited opinion-givers, tailgaters, slow pokes, people who love to bicker, noisy neighbors, complainers, people who can't make up their minds or who are rude or who mumble or who are 24/7 annoying and the list goes on—right?

Here's the good thing though—don't miss this! A peaceful reaction to life's little irritants makes us less apt to end up on someone else's annoying-people list. No one wants to be a pet peeve A-lister.

The heavenly peace planned from the foundation of the world Jesus brought to the earth miraculously resides in those “on whom his favor rests.” That's amazing, isn't it? But here's the deal. It's meant to spill

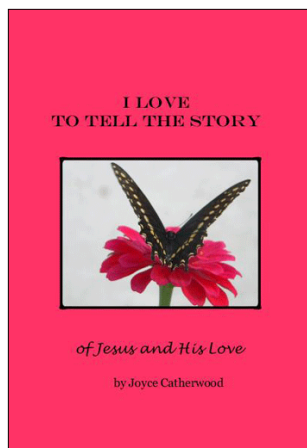
over from your realm of influence into someone else's space. That means it's contagious.

Our peace will “spill over” any time we have a peaceful, conciliatory response to an otherwise bothersome or contentious invasion of our individual space. It can be in a kind word to a harried checkout clerk who made a mistake. It will show up when bickering is avoided. It's there in the form of patience expressed toward those who can't make up their minds. It soothes when rudeness is overlooked.

None of us will be able to pull this off 100 percent. But hopefully sharpening our awareness of the need to become peacemakers within our space will help. “Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me,” in my little corner of the world. How's the energy in your corner?



Joyce says: “I'm trying to live outside the box a little. I just self-published my book, doing everything on my own. It has a grand total circulation of 10, but, hey, for me that's outside the box!”



I Love to Tell the Story

Joyce's book is filled with stories about Jesus and the women he interacted with while he was on the earth. The validation, confirmation of worth and respect he offered his original female followers remain the same today. He delights in meeting all our special feminine needs.

Anyone interested can obtain an e-book version for \$7.99 by going to www.blurb.com and typing *Joyce Catherwood* on the search line. Scroll down to the e-book. A hard copy is also available. Contact her by email joyce.catherwood@gci.org for a discounted price.

We're Born, We Learn, We Choose

By Lila Millhuff

When we are born, we all start out in a similar way. Then we go our different ways, as our genes, environment and choices lead us down various paths. Our genetic abilities and gifts determine in part what we do with our lives.

We each grow up within a unique environment, which affects us in big ways. If we live on a farm, we learn to appreciate hard work and see the results in produce we consume or sell. Some live in cities, which have their own limitations and possibilities.

Many of us can then choose which direction we will go in life. Will we stay on the farm or excel in city life? We'll choose which has the best opportunity. Will we choose to be an engineer, doctor or social worker? Or will we choose the bad side of life, one that feeds on society, hurting or taking advantage of others?

We also experience limitations such as illnesses or physical problems. Some are blind and must learn to use the language of the blind to continue to grow in their environment. They don't let a limitation stop them from growing or learning to become the best they can be.

Some cannot walk without aid. Equipment is needed to help them function. Some are limited in every physical way, except for their brains and cognitive abilities. So they zero in on those abilities and continue their journey in life to learn and grow, contributing to society and those around them.

It seems those with limitations are the ones who learn life's lessons more quickly. They use those limitations to spur themselves

forward. Their example is a source of encouragement to all who come in contact with them.

In 1924, my brother, Wayne, was 4 years old when polio changed his life. It was a new disease and treatment was a learning process for the doctors and the patients.

Wayne spent many years in the hospital and in therapy. He did not stay home and give up. He used crutches for mobility and did exercises to build up his hands, arms and upper body. Graduation came several years behind schedule, but he completed high school. He then caught the college bus for Tyler Junior College and earned a degree in technology. He was the first member of our family to finish college.

He went to the big city of Fort Worth, Texas, and found a job, heading up a printing department. He used his skill as a photographer to enhance the advertising brochures for the company. He could repair anything in that department. They got their money's worth with someone who didn't back down from a challenge. He never quit.

Wayne was a child of God and trained his children in God's way of life. His family came to him for advice, for he had a wealth of wisdom and tenacity. He lived to see his first granddaughter before God took him home. All those whose lives he touched appreciated a man of integrity and reliability. He was a man who walked the talk!

We are a product of our genes, our environment and our choices. We can't point the finger at someone else and blame them when we make the choices for our lives. Our choices make a difference for other people and ourselves. In spite of our physical circumstances, by making good choices we can be a source of encouragement for others and

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We're Born

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live our lives as God intended.

God has a plan for each one of us. We can talk to him about the plan and needn't worry it might be too late to implement it. He has gifted us with many abilities that are beyond the gifts inherited from our parents. He gives us opportunities to use those gifts and he has made the way possible through his Son, Jesus. God *never* gives up on us! We make the right choice when we follow him.



On December 19, Lila and her husband, Ted, celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary. Their first great granddaughter, Reagan, was born in September, with a first great grandson, Easton, due in 2013. "We are blessed and celebrating!" You may email Lila at lmillhuff@att.net.

"Don't Worry, Be Happy"

By Sheila Graham

"Oh, what a beautiful morning..." As I drove through the countryside, watching the sun come up in my rear view mirror, I started singing this line from the musical *Oklahoma*. I could remember only a couple more lines, so I just repeated them. (Yes, I was alone in the car.)

And what a beautiful morning it was—crisp and cool and, unusual for north Texas, not windy. I passed a lake, calm and serene, mirroring the light breaking through. Ducks were huddled together off to one side. What a Christmas card that would make!

Then I thought, why don't I feel this joyful every morning? One reason could be I don't usually see a sunrise. At that time of the day, I'm inside the house bundled up, drinking a cup of coffee so as to bring my inner human into focus. It takes a while.

It's not that I'm unhappy. I'm almost al-

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Nurturenet

Nurturenet is a computer forum for women in ministry. Its purpose is to help you stay connected through digest-mode communication (each day's messages compiled into one email). You may use it for requests for information, prayer requests, to share ideas and resources, to receive updates on *Connections* news or just to stay connected!



**Do we
have
your
email
address?**

To join or update your email address, please send Tammy a message at tammy.tkach@gci.org. Please do not reply to a post unless you want to address the entire list.

“Don’t Worry, Be Happy”

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ways happy. I have every reason to be happy. I’m supposed to be happy! It’s that time of year.

Even before Halloween we’ve been hearing and seeing Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year on TV, in the newspapers, and, of course, in the stores. Ed and I went to dinner at a buffet restaurant where old Christmas music struggled to be heard through a faulty speaker overhead. It seemed, distorted or not, that music, and it wasn’t carols, had to be played. I expressed my condolences to a waiter. We could leave but the waiter had to listen to that all day.

Then while making out my Christmas cards, I see it again, along with the Merry Christmas and the joy to the world is the Happy New Year. Many do seem to be happier. Children are certainly full of expectant joy. If we’re not careful as parents and grandparents, we start them early believing that more things equal more happiness. Some never grow out of that notion.

But, if it’s not more things, what’s to be happy about? This is a stressful time for many people, and for good reason. But to be honest, I feel a peace, joy and happiness this time of year. If you overlook that Black Friday and Cyber Monday are fast becoming national holidays, and see and hear the constant reminders of the season as memorials to God’s greatest gift to the world, then it be-

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.



—Dorothy Valcarel
Transformation Garden

comes a special, worshipful time of year.

Christmas should be a time of worship. It’s a time when the world is reminded that something extraordinary happened many years ago in a tiny area of the Mideast, in Palestine. Something so stupendous that heavenly, spiritual beings appeared in full view of human beings, breaking out in joyous songs of praise.

I always have a real tree at Christmas. I love the wonderful fresh, green scent that fills our house. Whenever I look at our Christmas tree, all sparkly with lights flickering and glowing, with the angel on top, I think of that joyous proclamation of long ago. I think of newness of life, of our God who came into this world because he wants to have a relationship with us now, and not only now, throughout eternity! What a gift!

And I like to give gifts! Giving is fun. Shopping is a chore for me, but I love giving.

The older I get the more family get-togethers mean to me too. Christmas and New Year holidays mean putting work worries behind to enjoy sharing special times together with family and friends. This year, a couple of new baby names were added to our family tree. Having a chance to hug all that chubby cuteness makes me happy.

So, look beyond the commercialism and look forward to those qualities of the season that do bring joy, and, then you can say with me, don’t worry, be happy! And Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



Sheila and Ed look forward to observing Christmas with their family and friends at their home church in The Colony in north Texas and with more loved ones at various family get-togethers as well. Sheila may be contacted at sheila.graham@gci.org.

Zorro and Me

By Barbara Dahlgren

Paying for the Window

When our son Matthew was 10 years old we left him with the parents of one of his good buddies, Brad, while we attended a conference in Southern California. After church that week the boys were killing time in the parking lot, waiting to go home and doing what boys are prone to do—tossing pebbles at each other. As luck would have it one of Matthew's stones hit the driver's side window of a church member's car. It shattered. He was mortified.

The whole story was relayed to us when we returned. Matthew waited with fear and trembling to hear what his punishment would be. Zorro calmly told him: "These things happen. I guess you now know throwing rocks at each other for fun is not a good thing to do."

Matthew agreed, but waited to hear what his punishment would be.

Zorro said: "Well, I don't think you need to be disciplined for this. You've already put yourself through a certain amount of punishment just thinking about what would happen."

Matthew's downtrodden demeanor slowly lifted as a look of relief brightened his face.

"However," Zorro continued. "You will have to pay for the car window."

The downtrodden look returned. Matthew busied himself trying to figure out how he would get the money.

Then we got a call from Brad's parents. They wanted to pay for the window. After all, their son was as much to blame as Matthew, and they felt a little guilty they hadn't watched the boys more carefully.

Matthew's downtrodden demeanor slowly lifted as a look of relief brightened his face. Reprieve—or so he thought.

Zorro told the family, and Matthew, he wanted his son to learn a life lesson: Actions have consequences, even the accidental ones. Matthew would have to pay for the window.

Matthew's downtrodden look returned as he continued to find ways to come up with the money.

Then we got a call from the couple who owned the car. The Brooks said they knew accidents happen, and they had always had a special affection for Matthew. He was a great kid. And besides, their insurance would cover most of it.

Matthew's downtrodden demeanor slowly lifted as a look of relief brightened his face. A bailout—or so he thought.

Now to be honest I was usually the harsher disciplinarian with our children and Zorro was the pushover. But by now even I was thinking we should give the kid a break. Zorro wouldn't give in. He told the Brooks that Matthew would earn the money and put it in their hands.

Matthew finally accepted his fate—no bailout, no reprieve, no rescue, no deliverance and no get-out-of-jail-free card. So he earned the money, gave it to the Brooks, and learned a life lesson he still talks about today.

This story has some parallels to our relationship with Christ. We know we are pardoned from all our sins (past, present, future)—the deliberate and accidental ones. And while it's true God has taken away the ultimate penalty for sin—death—God does not always take away the residual consequences. In fact, he rarely takes away the consequences. There's a definite difference between the death penalty and residual consequences of our actions. God is merciful but he usually allows a circumstance to take its course. If he didn't, we would never learn

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Paying for the Window

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any life lessons.

I wonder if this is something we in ministry need to consider when working with people. In our zeal to help others, could we sometimes circumvent the lessons God has built into a system so people will not habitually repeat the same mistakes? There's a difference in forgiving someone and continually bailing them out of situations. God always forgives; he doesn't always bail out.

That's why we should always seek God's guidance in counseling others. Perhaps we should ask God and ourselves what would truly be best for an individual. Sometimes the best thing we can do for people is to let them pay for the window.



Zorro and Barbara are looking forward to all the family being at their home for the holidays. In the words of Tiny Tim she says, "God bless us every one." You may email Barbara at bydahlgren@pacbell.net. She loves to hear from you.

Connecting & Bonding Conferences, 2013

Dear Sisters in Ministry,

"We all need to hear from someone in our lifetime that we are special and loved."

"We all need to know we all are created for relationships and how much better our health will be when we have friends."

These quotations from last year's guest speaker Heidi McLaughlin really stood out for me because this is a big part of what *Connecting & Bonding* ministry is all about. At each conference our goal is for women to leave knowing they are special and loved. Through the shared experiences of listening to great speakers, enjoying little gifts, eating meals, or snacking on plenty of chocolate, each woman has a chance to make many new friends.

We will be having two *Connecting & Bonding* conferences this year. We are hopeful you'll be able to attend one of them. This

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Confidential Peer Listener Line

Shall we talk? We're here for you!

Darlene Schmedes
626-815-1960, Pacific
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Ginny Rice
225-205-2901, Central
ginny.rice@gci.org



Helen Jackson
626-284-8256, Pacific
HHelenjac@aol.com

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year's theme is "Resting in Jesus' Presence," and our signature scripture is Psalm 46:10: "Be still and know that I am God." We are working on the schedule to make sure we have more time to do just that.

Our Lexington, Kentucky, conference will take place March 1 to 3 and the guest speaker will be Lucinda Secrest McDowell from Wethersfield, Connecticut. A pastor's wife and mother of four, Lucinda has written 10 books, including *Amazed by Grace*, *30 Ways to Embrace Life* and *God's Purpose for You*. You can read more about Lucinda on her website: www.encouragingwords.net.

This year, Lucinda will be our featured speaker for both the Lexington and the Ontario conferences. The Ontario conference is scheduled on Labor Day weekend, August 30 to September 2. We will also hear from our dear friend and faithful mentor, Kathleen Hart, who has been a huge help and encouragement in our C&B journey.

Please mark your calendars with these conference dates:

Lexington, Kentucky: March 1–3

Ontario, California: Aug. 30–Sept. 2

See the last page of *Connections* for the registration form.

Please pray for C&B as we prepare and look forward to another year. Thank you for your selfless service for God. Whether working beside your husbands or being involved in ministries of your own, you are helping people meet Jesus and are much appreciated.

I hope to see you in Lexington or Ontario this year. Come rest in Jesus' presence with us!

You are in my prayers.

Jannice May



My Kids

It's Christmas, so I'm going to talk about my kids. No apologies, I don't need Christmas as an excuse—I love my kids. I love seeing them have fun together. My kids look forward to spending time together and will do so as often as they can. They actually prefer one another's company.

Our kids aren't little anymore; they're adults, some with children of their own, but they've not lost that sense of fun that comes from years of sharing life's experiences. They tell stories on each other, stories that have become family legends to their own children. They tell stories on me and Ed too, I'm sure, not that we're privy to all of them. Just as well, probably.

We're a close family so it's difficult for us to think of family in any other way. We know we can depend on one another, and we can trust one another. Not all families are like that, but I believe something similar was what God had in mind for families.

Jesus constantly sought out his Father in prayer. Every time he could slip away and talk to his Father, he did. God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit continually communicate their love and appreciation for one another.

While on this earth physically, Jesus must have felt a strong need to continue that relationship with his Father. Prayer wasn't a duty to him; it was an expression of his love.

Our families may be large in number or small, near or far, old or young. Whatever, let's show our love and appreciation for our families this Christmas, and always!

—Sheila Graham
sheila.graham@gci.org



Letters to the Editor

I always appreciate your efforts and the efforts of all the writers. It gives me joy in a crazy busy world. What a lovely way to stay connected to our God and to each other!

—Anne Gillam
Klamath Falls, Oregon

I want to take a moment to say *Thank you* for *Connections*. Each article takes me to places in my mind. . .to an awareness of Jesus, in ways I would not have thought of on my own. Not only does it contain beautifully transparent descriptions of the experiences of the writers but it also reveals so much of the writers themselves. Thank you, Tammy, for all the work you do to give us as sisters in Christ a place to share our lives and ourselves with one another.

—Trish Clauson
Denison, Texas

Being a Light...*has a lighter side!*

I picked up my 9-year-old daughter from school and asked how her day had gone. A few minutes later, distracted by driving, I repeated the question, and again a few minutes after that.

Instead of annoyed, Ariana was philosophical. “Mom,” she said, “your amnesia is my *deja vu*.”

* * *

In a grocery store a cashier held up a small dairy carton and yelled to a co-worker, “How much is half-and-half?”

Without a moment’s hesitation the other cashier replied, “One.”

* * *

My father was extremely nervous about his first funeral service as a Navy chaplain, but the undertaker assured him that he would prompt him. All went well until, at the close, the undertaker whispered to him to instruct the family to come up and view the body.

“Will the family now come forward and pass around the bier,” said my father. He cringed inwardly when he heard his own words. Later, as my father was leaving, he overheard two of the cemetery workers talking. “I didn’t get any beer,” one said. “Did you?”

“You heard the chaplain,” the other replied. “It was just for the family.”

—cleanlaffs

Ministers' Wives Conferences 2013

Registration Information

Full Name	
Address	
City, State, Zip	
Phone	
Email	

*Please mark the conference(s) you wish to attend and mark which type of room you need.
The following prices are for accommodations, meals and registration fees.*

<p style="text-align: center;"><input type="checkbox"/> LEXINGTON, KY Embassy Suites March 1 - 3, 2013</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Triple (\$321/person) or 3 payments* of \$107</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Double (\$369/person) or 3 payments* of \$123</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Single (\$516/person) or 3 payments* of \$172</p> <p style="text-align: center;">If you should cancel, the registration fee of \$150 is not refundable.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><input type="checkbox"/> ONTARIO, CA Hilton Ontario Airport Aug 30 - Sept 2, 2013</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Double (\$417/person) or 3 payments* of \$139</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Single (\$555/person) or 3 payments* of \$185</p> <p style="text-align: center;">If you should cancel, the registration fee of \$150 is not refundable.</p>
<p>*If you are making 3 payments the due dates are: 1st payment—January 11, 2013 2nd payment—February 1, 2013 3rd payment—February 22, 2013</p> <p>If final payment is not received by February 22, there will be an additional charge of \$50.</p>	<p>*If you are making 3 payments the due dates are: 1st payment—April 12, 2013 2nd payment—June 14, 2013 3rd payment—August 3, 2013</p> <p>If final payment is not received by August 3, there will be an additional charge of \$50.</p>
<p>I plan to share accommodations with the following person/people: (No need to send forms together.)</p> <p>1.</p> <p>2.</p>	<p>I plan to share accommodations with the following person/people: (No need to send forms together.)</p> <p>1.</p> <p>2.</p>

Please indicate if you have any physical limitations that would require wheelchair accessibility or limit your stair use:

Yes No (If yes, please explain in comments below)

Please indicate if you have any dietary needs:

Yes No (If yes, please explain in comments below)

Comments:

If you have questions, contact Jannice May at 626-379-0505 or conbond@acninc.net
Please send completed form to:
Connecting and Bonding, 300 S. Highland Springs Ave, Suite 6-C #156, Banning, CA 92220