

Choose the Give Way

By Jim (J.R.) Roberts

Hazel and I took a vacation in 1987 to New Zealand. We rented a camper van on the South Island and began our adventure on the seaside routes. We were struck by two particular highway signs that kept turning up. One was “Metal Surface.” It warned we were about to run off a paved highway onto a gravel road. OK, we learned that “metal surface” just meant “pavement ends.” We paid dearly for our encounter with “metal surfaces” with loss of our “windscreen,” but that’s another topic.



The other sign we got familiar with was “Give Way.” This turned out to be the equivalent of our American “Yield Right of Way” sign. You are expected to stop at an intersection and if opposing traffic is coming, you let them pass first. So we learned about the importance of “give way.”

The signs also reminded us that the original leader of our church denomination had long taught us there are two ways of life: the “give way” and the “get way.” He was not right about every doctrine, but I have learned he was definitely right about this principle and life choice. It pays to live the “give way.” I have spent 50 years proving this truth.

For a practical illustration, in New Zealand we were following a winding river road in our camper. Suddenly we came upon a hard right turn onto a bridge across this magnificent river. What was unusual and shocking about this bridge was that the roadway coincided with a railway! Our only choice was to straddle the rails and head on across the bridge. What do we do if we encounter an oncoming train that claims priority over the bridgeway?

It was a long bridge. We could not see the other end. But about half way across, we saw a turnout. It could be used by those who suddenly realized they were about to encounter an oncoming train committed to use the only roadway available across the bridge. We quickly got the

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Choose the Give Way

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point about what “give way” meant. You had best pull your vehicle over and let the locomotive pull its cars on across.

So that is life, isn’t it? Haven’t we all encountered people intent on plowing their own way through life in spite of obstacles in their path? Have we been unwilling to yield to the “give way” signs in life and try to surge on to the goals we have in mind? Are we so intent on getting what we want that we won’t surrender and yield ourselves to other’s needs and priorities?

Choices. Life-style. In retirement I have learned an important principle. If I stick to a “give way” life-style, I’ll be willing to surrender the road to someone else for a while. If I insist on “getting” my own way, I am probably headed for a train wreck!



Jim and his wife Hazel retired sooner than expected because of Hazel’s severe degenerative spinal arthritis. Both would appreciate prayers for coping and pain relief. You may email him at jim.roberts@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 Nurturennet 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

Another Year, Another Word

*F*or the past few years, my first article of the year in *Connections* has been about My One Word. In the spirit of not changing a winning game, I am continuing that tradition. I hope it's a winning game, though not many of you have chimed in with your word. If you haven't given it a try, I recommend you ask God for a word this year. I was given my word toward the end of January, which is probably about average, but it's not too late to find a word and go with it.

I began reading a book titled *Invisible* by Jennifer Rothschild. It's about embracing your identity in Christ, with stories of Gomer from the book of Hosea. I found it really hit home with me and is a book I'd recommend and would like to read again.

One of the points in the book is how much we are accepted, loved and valued by God. And that's when I found my word—*value*. I realized I sometimes struggle with feeling

invisible and not valued. I'm afraid it's not uncommon among us women. It's not that we need constant praise or compliments, it's just that in our big, impersonal, cruel world, it's easy to become focused on self and feel like a little ant crawling on the ground. We just need to be reminded we haven't been lost in the crowd.

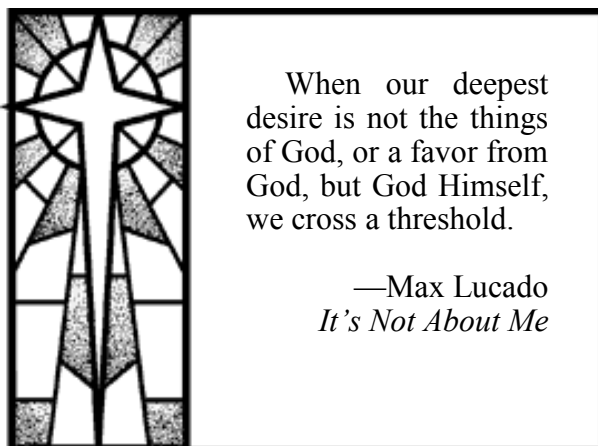
We are so important to Jesus that he died to give us eternal life. He loves us with un-failing and everlasting love. He cares about the hairs on our heads. He listens to every word we say and answers our prayers. He even keeps our tears close to his heart. Talk about valuing us!

I'm hoping when I think of my word, I won't ever again have a day when I feel undervalued or invisible. Jesus sees me and I'm important to him. Remembering how much God values us keeps us grateful, humble and secure.

Those were my first thoughts about my word, but I also like to figure out how it points me to God. Paul talked in Philippians 3:8 about the value of knowing Jesus. He said everything else is worthless compared to knowing the most important person in the universe. Getting to know him better is the best way to expend our energy. As one of my favorite songs says, "There is no greater thing."

Having a One Word is all about interacting with God as you focus on the word and the scriptures related to it, then meditating on those verses, praying about how God wants you to use that word to draw closer to him and to help you in your spiritual growth and development. If you would like to read more about it, visit myoneword.org. And please share your word with us, in an article or a paragraph or even a sentence. We value you and what you have to say!

Tammy



The Art of Listening

By Denise DeMoei

I have vivid memories of learning to listen well. Listening to whom? Well, to God!

I still remember the day when I set out to meet one of the volunteers in our Christian bookstore, which Hans and I had in those days. As I was talking with her, a clear thought entered my head: Denise, I want you to offer your friendship to her. Although I



**INCLINE YOUR EAR,
AND COME TO ME;
HEAR, THAT YOUR
SOUL MAY LIVE.**

ISAIAH 55:3, ESV

thought I recognized this as the voice of God, I felt insecure, afraid I was just hearing my own thoughts and that I would make myself utterly ridiculous if I were to say such a thing out of the blue. I just kept standing there, continuing the conversation and asking God: “Is this really you Lord? I’m afraid. Is this really you?”

The woman suddenly said: “You know what I really long for so much? I long for someone to want to be my friend.” “O Lord, I’m so sorry!” I silently whispered to God. And then I offered my friendship to her, knowing with regret I could have done better, had I trusted and followed right away.

Now of course God, full of grace and full of patience, always forgives and is simply teaching us. It wasn’t the last time he spoke to me when I had a hard time believing it. He gradually helped me learn to listen to him and to act on what he said.

I remember a quite funny situation God used to teach me this lesson. We were on holiday in England and the weather was really English—it was raining and the sea was cold. Our son Maarten joyfully ran into the cold sea, but I hadn’t gone any farther in than my feet, and I thought that was pretty cold already!

One morning, as I was lying in my bed praying, I sensed God saying, “Today you

are going to swim!” How illogical, I thought. However, I had learned by that time God knows things we don’t (I’m a slow learner), so went on with my prayer.

I didn’t do anything with this impression. I didn’t tell Hans and Maarten about it, and when we set out that day for a carting adventure, I didn’t take a swimsuit or a towel. (As I said, I’m a slow learner.) While Hans and Maarten were carting, the weather improved greatly. The sun started shining and it got really warm.

On the way back, Hans wanted to drive another route along the coast. Hans said: “Hey, let’s go look at this part of the coast. Maybe it’s really nice.” And so we happened to arrive at a beach on the other side of Cornwall, where the sea was a lot warmer. We saw many happy people enjoying the marvelous waves of the great sea.

You can guess how I felt at that moment! The only one of us able to go into that wonderful water was Hans. He was wearing shorts and thought: I’ll go in this way. I don’t want to miss this opportunity! Maarten and I stayed on the beach, and I don’t have to tell you this caused a wakeup call in my mind. Yeah, maybe I should do something when I believe God is saying something to me. I would have loved to dive into all these waves!

I don’t know how you experience your relationship with God, but I’m pretty sure, as we’re all unique, our relationships with him will have some unique characteristics as well. Maybe you do not suffer from this insecurity like me, and maybe you are not afraid to believe it when God speaks to you. Maybe the way you notice him relating to you is different from mine. But then maybe you are insecure or afraid. Maybe you have a hard time believing he might actually want to say something to you at all!

The Lord has never given up on me. That’s one thing for sure. He has done quite

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Listening

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the opposite. Slowly and gradually he kept pressing in on me, building my trust and building a relationship with me. He wants me to see and experience the many ways he cares for me and for those around me. He wants me to trust that he really speaks to me.

At times I did get it wrong and our great Triune God wasn't troubled by those times either. He used them to teach me to discern him better. He is still teaching me today, full of grace, full of love, always lovingly taking me to the next step. It's his marvelous grace that he isn't finished with me yet.



Hans and Denise DeMoei pastor the Tiel congregation in the Netherlands. They have two children: Yvonne, who married Matthias den Hartog, and Maarten, who just turned 18. With both children grown, they have time God is filling in with lots of new situations, experiences and people! You may email her at denise@gemeentedehoeksteen.nl.

Have courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones; and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

—Victor Hugo



Come to Me

By Grace Situtu

Our country Zambia went to the poll last year in August and I contested to stand as a councilor on our ward. Preparing for it was a busy time for me. I got so tired every day for about two months. Most times I felt so alone and could not wait for the poll day.

One morning during my devotion I fumbled on a book binder given during the all-Africa conference in May 2014. I came across a reference to Matthew 11:28: "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

I felt so much at peace being reminded God cares that I have rest and he is the source of the rest. He is the source of our strength and hence we should not forget he is always waiting to give us rest.



Grace attended the University of Zambia. You may contact her on Facebook.

Let all our employment be to know GOD: the more one knows Him, the more one desires to know Him.

—Brother Lawrence
The Practice of the Presence of God

Zorro and Me

The Great Adventure

By Barbara Dahlgren

Our family just returned from safari in Kenya. This trip far surpassed our expectations. Most of us only see lions, giraffes, zebras, leopards, rhinos and elephants caged in zoos. It was a special treat to ride around the plains in a four-wheel-drive van with a popup roof. It was like we were in the cage while the animals roamed free.

Seeing more than 85 different animals and birds (we kept a list) in their natural habitat reinforced in our minds the greatness of God as Creator. And of course, we just scratched the surface of what our great God has created.

This trip was fantastic but exhausting because Zorro and I are not spring chickens. Thankfully, aging hasn't slowed us down, yet. Last year we went to Egypt and this year to Kenya. Both were gifts from our children. Both were adventurous places to visit.

To be honest, it seems like I am the one, rather than Zorro, who has become more adventurous in my old age. Zorro has always been the bold and daring one, while I was more content to stay at home. However, these last two trips were more my desire to go than his.

Now don't get me wrong. Those who know Zorro are fully aware of his willingness to go just about anywhere, do just about anything and enjoy life. Still, he did ask me if next time we could go somewhere a little less adventuresome. Actually, I think he used the word *dangerous*. Which is funny, since I've considered my life with Zorro as one

adventure after another.

What is an adventure, anyway? The dictionary says it's an unusual, exciting, risky, bold and daring experience. Yep! That describes my life with Zorro.

Guess what? It kind of describes our life with Jesus, as well. God has called us to go on a journey with him—the ultimate adventure. It's full of unexpected surprises, plus twists and turns along the way. It's daring because with God as our guide, we climb high mountains and descend into valleys. We are risk takers because we stand up for what we believe.

We could be talking to dignitaries about Jesus one day, and the next, we could be thrown into prison for our beliefs (Matthew 10:18-20). It's exciting because we walk by faith, not by sight (2 Corinthians 5:7). We are bold because we do not fear the world

and we trust God completely (2 Timothy 1:7; Proverbs 3:5). We also have the answer for everyone's problems. That answer is Jesus! (1 Peter 3:15).

Those early disciples had an adventuresome spirit too. Jesus said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of

men." They didn't know where he was going and weren't totally sure what he was doing. They didn't even know what it meant to be fishers of men. He could have just as easily said, Let's go boldly where no man has ever gone before.

Yet, they knew Jesus had something they needed. So they followed. They followed in faith. They didn't have a list of dos and don'ts to perform before they were allowed to follow either (Matthew 4:18-22). They were on a learn-as-you-go plan—and so are we! Now that's adventure. It's an adventure I'm so thankful to be on.



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The Great Adventure

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My family is amazed at how adventure-some I seem to be getting. I can hardly believe it myself. After years and years of following Zorro on his adventures, he may get the chance to follow me on a few of mine. New Zealand, Egypt, Kenya—next, I'm thinking about skydiving. Zorro said, "Oh no," but I think he'll come along.



Barbara says: "Jambo to you! That means 'hello' in Swahili. We

learned so much on our Kenya trip. Did you know hakuna matata actually means "no worries"? Who knew Disney movies could be so educational? Do you know what lions say when they see a tourist out of the van? Let's have lunch! What a great time we had!" You can check out Barbara's Banter at www.barbdahlgren.com and email her at bydahlgren@pacbell.net. She loves hearing from you.



Connections

Be Encouraged, You Do Make a Difference

By Karon Smith

Have you ever experienced a coincidence that moved you deeply? I did. It felt like God put his arm around me, gave me a squeeze and said: See, my love, I have told you many times that you make a difference in people's lives as you share my love and care, but now you got to see and hear it for yourself. Now do you believe me?

As I am now 63 years old, I can no longer deny age has crept up on me. I don't consider this a bad thing. Since I retired from being a social worker seven years ago, I have more discretionary time. I still spend many hours happily involved in church work alongside my husband Steve, who pastors one small church and two fellowship groups. I also do volunteer work in the community. And best of all, I get to spend time with my 10 grandchildren.

But sometimes, out of nowhere, a negative voice comes into my head: What are you doing? Why aren't you using your time more productively? Others are doing things out there and making a difference. What have you ever done?

I'm probably not the only one bothered by self-doubt, self-worth questions. So let me tell you how God orchestrated a coincidence to powerfully reassure me that what we do makes a difference.

After Steve and I visited his family in Indiana, we were in the Indianapolis airport for our return trip, walking toward our gate, when I heard someone calling my name. I stopped and turned. A beautiful young

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Be Encouraged

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woman was smiling at me. It took a couple of seconds for me to recognize her. After all, she was only 10 years old when we first met and I started working with her and her two siblings in long-term foster care.

I worked with her and her family for seven years until she graduated from high school and enrolled in the local community college. I spent countless hours with these children, counseling them, going to meetings with their teachers, foster parents, doctors, biological mom, even taking them on outings. But I hadn't seen her in 10 years.

The words this young woman spoke next affected me more than you can imagine. I replay them in my head still and visualize her saying them. She smiled, looked me in the eye and said, "Karon, you have the right name. You were the one who cared."

We hugged and she informed me she was in Indiana visiting her former foster mom. She updated me on her family and said she would be caring for her sister's baby when she got home because her sister was still having issues. She is also involved in helping her younger brother.

None of this surprised me because I know the family dynamics so well. This woman completed a tour of duty in the Army, is now in the Army Reserve and is in a training program to be a fire fighter. She is a strong, caring, successful woman and God allowed me to show his love to her and her family. He allowed me to be a part of her story. Thank you, Jesus.

I have been praying for the whole family for years and will continue to do so. They have a part of my heart, just like many others whose lives have intersected mine over the years. I believe that is how we are all connected, by acts of kindness extended to one another.

One scripture that comes to my mind often is Ephesians 2:10: "For we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us

to do."

All of you have also done many good works, works you did not seek out, but works God especially prepared you to do, then brought to you. God gets all the credit for this. Most of the time, we don't even know what a difference we are making, and often doubt we are making any at all.

I have not forgotten one more thing this woman said to me years ago. She was 10 years old. I hadn't been working with her long. She was in my car and I was taking her to a new foster home.

She was a quiet-spoken, shy girl and didn't say much. I was doing most of the talking. Actually, I was doing all of the talking. I couldn't get a word out of her. But then she turned to me and challenged me by softly saying, "Do you really think you are helping people?" Well, that was hard to hear. I knew she was in a devastatingly difficult place in her young life and was undoubtedly feeling hopeless and helpless. But still.

That is a question I have asked myself many times through the years. I'm so grateful God orchestrated a *coincidence* 17 years later so this woman could answer the question herself. Yes, I was helping by caring. We have all made a difference in many lives every time we cared, smiled, encouraged or offered to help, whether accepted or not.

We don't have to be involved in some big, organized program to make a difference. We are God's workmanship. He has and continues to shape and develop us in special and unique ways, to do the good works he prepared in advance for us to do. We have all done many of them already and some are yet ahead. It is only from the vantage point of heaven that we will be able to see how all things work together for good. To God be the glory!



Seven years into retirement, I am still loving spending extra time walking and talking with God—he is such a good listener! You may email her at karonsmith@yahoo.com.

Connected to the Vine

By Laura Urista

Have you ever read a familiar scripture and suddenly it's as if someone flipped on the proverbial light switch? I experienced one of those *aha* moments when reading John 15:1-12. I thought, Hey wait a minute, did it *always* say that? I checked several translations just to make sure. In John 15:1-12, *NIV*, Jesus talks to his disciples about the vine and the branches.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener (verse 1)... If you remain in me and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing. If you do not remain in me, you are like a branch that is thrown away and withers; such branches are picked up, thrown into the fire and burned (verses 5b-6).

I always thought this passage was mainly about us doing good works and keeping the commandments. But now that I read it with the light on, I can see it's really about us abiding in Jesus' love! The fruit we will naturally bear by abiding and remaining in his love is not produced because of our own human efforts. It's the fruit produced by the Holy Spirit as described in Galatians 5:22-23—"love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control"—the embodiment of God's *agape* love.

In his book *In My Father's Vineyard*, Wayne Jacobsen says: "The call to fruitfulness and the command to love one another are one and the same. 'By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another' (John 13:35). The fruit the Father desires is the fruit of love. He wants to

see His character filling our lives, spilling out like grape bunches on an overloaded vine. When we love the way God loves, we are bearing the fruit of His kingdom.... The fruit of the Spirit is not what *we can make ourselves do* for a moment, but what *God makes us to be* for a lifetime" (page 60, emphasis mine).

A few years ago, I experienced an incredible *aha* moment during a break at a women's retreat. I was passionately praying, "Lord, what do *I* need to do?"

I was focused on trying to do my own good works. But a thought came that was the opposite of what I'd focused on, like the old TV show *Monty Python* intro, "And now for something completely different!" The thought (answer) that came into my mind: Let *ME* live in your love through you! In other words, set my mind on things above—stop focusing on my works and focus on allowing Christ to live in me and love through me.

Since then I've been praying every morning and throughout the day, "Lord, please live in me and love through me." It takes less than five seconds but that prayer has drastically changed my life. Since I started asking Jesus to live in me and love through me, I am starting to see others with a fresh perspective, by "looking through the eyes of love."

If you're like me and for years tried to bear fruit (do good works) by your own effort, struggling and failing time after time, why not give it a try? Ask Jesus daily to live in you and love through you. You'll be amazed at the bountiful fruit of his love in your life that overflows to others.



Laura Urista is the managing editor of *Plain Truth* and *Christianity Without the Religion* magazines, and an assistant pastor at New Hope Christian Fellowship in Eagle Rock, California. You can email her at laura.urista@ptm.org.

Briefly Speaking...

Good Samaritans at the Laundromat

I've gone to laundromats before when I didn't have a washing machine, but it's been a long time. So when my relatively new washer quit spinning, I called the company. Eventually, a repairman showed up, but he couldn't fix all the problems. By this time it had been more than a month since my washer quit.

Trips to the laundromat became part of my weekly routine. I have to admit I felt a little strange among some of the people there. It seems big, tattooed, rough-looking guys need to do laundry too.

First trip, I remembered to bring quarters but forgot laundry soap. A woman who looked as if she could be homeless showed me the vending machines and even opened the soap for me. What a dear!

Forgetting my soap cost me. The washers and dryers all cost more than I remembered too. Two quarters only got me 14 minutes of dryer time. What? But, after the first trip I was more organized. I had soap and quarters; I only forgot hangers.

I thought I had figured out the double dryers, but when I pushed the button the lower dryer with my clothes didn't start. I thought it wasn't working. As I started to check with the laundromat lady, a young Hispanic woman nearby explained that I had just added two quarters to her top dryer.

She offered to give my quarters back, but I told her it wasn't her problem; it was mine. Later, as we folded our clothes, we got better acquainted. She was in her 30s and no doubt felt sorry for the old woman who couldn't figure out the dryers. To make matters worse, I told her about my broken washer and that I had lost my husband about a year ago.

As I heaved my large garbage bag of

Deep Book: My Journey to True Inner Peace and Deep Songs From Within

By Keysha Taylor

A lot happened on that 7-mile-wide and 21-mile-long rock called New Providence, Bahamas. Yes, painful events painted my life's experiences, but in some way they also, through God, motivated me to never give up but press on with my gifts and talents to be all he created me to be.

Throughout my life, I have experienced monumental highs and discouraging lows, but through it all I was blessed with many enjoyable moments with my family and in community. I endured a number of traumatic seasons. The Lord, in mercy and in time, has revealed himself as being present in every moment of my life. He allowed me to endure molestation, assault and addiction, yet

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clothes back in the trunk of my car, she came out and insisted I take the two quarters I had lost in her dryer, plus a penny she had found to bring me good luck. I'm sure she believed I needed it!



Sheila's washer is all repaired now. She says every time she uses it she counts her blessings. No more driving into town to haul loads of laundry in and out of the laundromat. But she says meeting new people there was an adventure. You may email Sheila Graham at grahams@ntin.net.

Deep Book

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proved his presence in every experience.

Even though I suffered these hardships, I am thankful for the mountaintop blessings of having caring parents who provided a way for me to be educated and encouraged my musical gift and talent.

I was able to have a meaningful relationship and get married and have three beautiful children. Opportunities to grow and serve came as I made my home in another country. I began serving within the loving walls of the church and enjoyed serving in full time ministry with my husband.

As time went on, I still carried the weight of my past and walked in my struggle of addiction and shame. I believed if I ignored the infection of trauma and abuse in my soul, in time, it would somehow disappear into the atmosphere. The breaking of that belief was shattered after I lost my mother to cancer.

I pressed on and continued to struggle but avoided dealing with the process of grieving. Through the word of God in Scriptures, prayer, worship and meditation, I received the healing of my soul. Now, divine hope to believe in myself and my purpose here on earth is mine to possess. When I embraced the truth of what I endured, that I had not forgiven those who wounded my soul and had not forgiven myself, I was able to see and embrace freedom in my soul.

Through a vision from God I am encouraged to write my story and somehow be a vessel of light for healing and hope to my family, friends, church and community. The story of my life is also expressed through the songs I write.

On this album the songs are the expressions of the despair, cries and a yearning to be free. Intermingled with prayer is the residing joy, hope and praise to God. Flowing through the spirit of each song is the echo of

my soul, letting love flow from my heart to the keys and through my voice.

This heart expression offers real and dependable sources from the Word of God. They are the verses the Lord gave to me to draw on when experiencing the mountaintop and valley lows of living.

It is never too late to start over in God. He is able to restore all that has been broken and crippled. His loving hand renews faith and hope within the soul. The Lord reveals to us how he makes all things new and is in constant contact with his children. My life story thus far has been a journey of joy tested through suffering, but to God be all the glory for the things he has done.



Please pray for Keysha's health concerns. You can email her at musicves-sel.love@gmail.com.



Keysha's book is available at the following sites:

www.amazon.com
www.barnesandnoble.com
www.googleplay.com
www.kobo.com

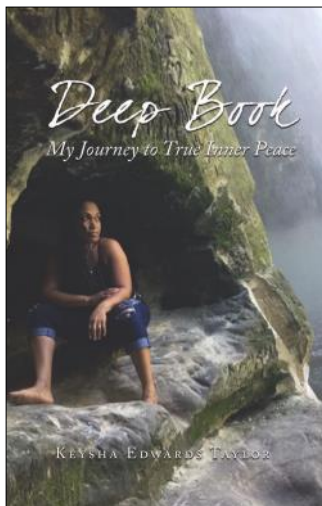
Type in the full name of the book to access the order-and-download page. Paperbacks can be ordered through Amazon.

Download the accompanying album "Deep Songs From Within" at

www.cdbaby.com/keyshaedwardstaylor

If you would prefer the CD, please send a request to me at musicves-sel.love@gmail.com. I receive payments through www.paypal.com/keyshat.

Thank you for your support, prayers and encouragement!



Being a Light...has a lighter side!

Going to bed early; not leaving my house; not going to a party: my childhood punishments have become my adult goals.

Merriam-Webster dictionary added over 1,000 new words today, including the word 'photobomb.' They didn't WANT to add photobomb, but it jumped in at the last second and kinda ruined the dictionary.

—Jimmy Fallon

While I was dining in the restaurant of a large hotel, I heard a loud crash. A waitress had dropped a whole tray of coffee cups, plates and dishes. Being only a couple tables away from her, I felt a stinging pain in my hand where I was cut from the shattered debris. I was immediately escorted to the hotel doctor.

"What happened?" he asked. I said, "Attacked by a flying saucer."

—clean laffs

Be assured, no one—man, woman, or child—says "I love you" with more certainty than the Lord. His regard for us goes far beyond kind words and warm feelings; His is a show-and-tell love, held up for the whole world to see.

—Liz Curtis Higgs



Nurturennet

Nurturennet is our 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 to request information, to request prayer, to share ideas and resources, to receive updates on *Connections* news or just to stay connected!

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.



Please let us know if your email changes!



—churchart.com