

“Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

WWW.MovingOnMinistry.com

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Volume 42 – Nov. 2008

“I Can Only Imagine”

As you receive this volume of **Letter From M.O.M.**, we just celebrated our 5 year anniversary of publishing “Letter From M.O.M.” We are showing the entries for “Heaven is Like . . . “ We can truly say that the “high” that many of our inmates have been trying to get through the wrong methods, is being surpassed by those putting God in control of their lives.

Watch our website

www.MovingOnMinistry.com

We have also become affiliated with International Prison Fellowship

www.PrisonMinistry.net/movingon

Fellowship

We have now communicated with about 2/3 of the prisons in California, as well as writing to Africa, Egypt, New York, Tennessee, Minnesota, Idaho, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, Louisiana, and Michigan. We have also had communication thru email as a result of our web sites. **We would like to know of the impact we are having and also cherish letters from inmates or relatives to the churches to let us know how we are doing**

Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches that individuals might look forward to attending once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment, and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items.

God’s Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** “For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up.” **Proverbs 24:17** “Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth:” **John 11:10** “But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.”

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

Addresses to contact our Ministry Volunteers

**Moving On Ministry
Chaplain Bob & Linda
P.O. Box 6667
Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Moving On Ministry - Linda
Spanish & Women's Ministry
P.O. Box 6667
Visalia, CA. 93290**

**Jesus Prayer Ministry
Sis Denise, Twila, Marlene
P.O. Box 7925
Chula Vista, CA 91912**

**Armor In Ministry (A.I.M.)
Rocky Wells
P.O. Box 7032
Visalia, CA 93290**

Volunteer Work: I do it like I am paid great and dearly for it. For surely, the price Christ paid, was dearly and great!

Replenishing

God's Word promises to restore the years of the locust, or more simply the years previously lost.

Joel 2:25 And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.

**Our life should reflect what fills it
– Jesus Christ**

Letters that Express it All

We like to post real life situations, because God works in real lives and He is the one that gives "Eternal Life."

Oops in Prison

Thank you for the monthly newsletter. As always I enjoyed it so very much. And, yes, I will contribute a poem on Heaven for your contest. The poetry has pretty much dried up for me recently, for a couple of reasons. First, my job with the paper has really kept me busy and preoccupied lately. I really do spend much of my time chasing after story ideas and interviews. But I truly enjoy my work on the newspaper, so that's pretty cool.

Second, I have had some misfortune lately. I went out to a private hospital last week for a colonoscopy, along with several other guys from the prison. Anyway, it seems the hospital washed the tools used on us with a caustic acid, then failed to sterilize them. When they stuck the tools up inside of us, the caustic chemical ate sores in our stomach linings, sort of like ulcers. I have had stomach bleeding and real bad aches for the past week and a half now.

Other than my medical ills, I am in a pretty decent frame of mind. The time seems to have been moving quite fast and letters from you, Jenni, Ray, and my kids have really helped to keep my spirits up. And then along came your card, an unexpected masterpiece, and that really tickled me tremendously.

DM

Interstate Transfer Reply

Hello, and how are you and sister Linda doing? I hope all is well with the both of you.

As for me, I am very blessed to have you and sister Linda praying for me. I just received your newsletter from M.O.M. Very nice. I see that you used my letter in the article, "The Effect of Interstate Transfer of Inmates." I praise God that we need to shed more light on this subject. You did a wonderful job in putting that together. As you see, I am still here at Corcoran C yard, and thanks be to our Lord Jesus and your prayers, He has kept me here. Thank you Jesus!

The Lord is good all the time and I praise Him, and thank Him each and every day and throughout the day. So far our Lord is keeping me here, because He knows the effect it will have on my son & mother if I go out of state. "Praise God!" Being obedient to His Word, and preaching the Gospel to others is such a high, it is better than any drug I've ever taken (amen). Thank you Jesus! Well I just wanted to touch base with you and sister Linda, letting you know that I am still here at Corcoran C yard. Lord willing, this is where I'll stay until I come off of closed B status. **RB**

More on Interstate

Wish I had something worth bragging about but as usual, it's the same-o-same-o on this yard.

How are you folks? As always it's in my prayers that all is well for you and that our mighty God is showering you with blessings as you boldly spread His glory.

I received your newsletter the other day and figured since I've still got

my property (so far?), I'd return a favor and best wishes.

Well folks, I too am one of the chosen to be transferred to Arizona. When? I wish I knew, but from the rumors I've been getting, it'll be soon. I was to be on the first buss outta here like the 15th of this month (Sept. 2008), but for some reason I got passed over, which turned out to be a blessing because from what I've heard those boys sat at Wasco until just recently (we know how rumors go).

Things heard about this move have changed so many times. First it was a 5 year gig. Now, I've heard its down to 3. There was supposed to be like 750 California inmates being transferred. Nobody knows for sure. There was told of weights, which was a selling tool to get us to volunteer (and believe me, it was an effective tool). Schools and jobs were the big interest, a lot of us are tired of not working (*Note from Bob: Perhaps Fran Florez, running for assemblywoman of California, should see this side of the picture*), and in the California prison system, jobs are like scarce. If it were not for this transfer, I'd be stuck on this yard for 3 more years with the chances of getting a pay-number, slim next to none.

I don't know what to say about the whole Arizona gig. I mean if ½ of the stories are true about the joint, then the move will be worth it, half the stories!

Personally I think it's a scam of some sorts for the state to pull some wool over the Fed's eyes, you know, with over-population issues and all. Dome Nov. we should be hearing good news for many of us incarcerated when the court trials begin. **SK**

Making an Observation

If I may comment, I couldn't help notice that in your last booklet (Letter From M.O.M.) that you didn't have any pictures. I'm not complaining, just making an observation. Although I must admit seeing Shawn Snyder standing on a wire high above the valley is astonishing. It would be wonderful if you could include pictures like that in every issue. I'm just giving you a little bit of feedback, it doesn't necessarily mean anything. Thank you all for keeping me in touch with your ministry. As you probably already know, the times are getting harder, which reminds me of **Matthew 16:2-3**, which states; *"but can you not discern the signs of the times?"* And in **Ephesians 5:16** which says; *"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."* What does that mean? Are we in the 'End Times?' I believe that everything that God says is true. Especially what God says in **Deuteronomy 31:29**; *"For I know that after my death you will utterly corrupt yourselves, turn aside from the way which I commanded you; and evil will befall you in the latter days; because you will do evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke Him to anger through the work of your hands."* Is it safe to say the Lord is angry? I do believe that He also says not to be moved by this but to rejoice (**1 Peter 4:13, Philippians 4:4**). Why am I sharing this with you, I suppose so that we get the big picture, what is to come, if not now, someday to come, I pray that you stay in the Word of God until he comes and I'll do my best to do the same. I didn't mean to start this letter this way, I hope you do not think I lost my mind (Bob actually thinks God controls his mind – amen). Remember what Festus said to Paul,

"And as he thus spake for himself Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness" (**Acts 23:24-25**). I do believe that I've already taken up enough of your time. Again, thank you for keeping me on your mailing list. God bless you both and your staff, in keeping you strong in the ministry, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, amen. **FSR**

Relocated but Still Near

I was at Bob Wiley's and was truly blessed by your presence and you told me that if I wrote you, that you would put me on the M.O.M. ministry mailing list. Can you please do so, as I was moved to Delano North Kern Reception. God has truly blessed me as I remember praying and fasting, that He would place me where He chose and with a celly that was a Christian. Well, yea ha-la-lu-yah! We pray, worship, Bible study, and have church in our cell and God has brought a spark that set off a revival in us that I am sure will spread. I am so thankful. *I would rather be in prison full of Jesus and the Holy Ghost and fire, than out and not knowing the joy of truly serving Him in wholeness of Heart.* Than being out side and thinking I had all. I can hardly wait for His coming to those who are His – Wa-Hoo!

God's word behind prison walls will go far in the right hands.

RDS

Cold Walls & Cold Hearts

I sit within these cold gray walls of my prison cell, where evil hides within the hearts of cold evil men. But I have joy

in my heart, a joy of pure love that I found within the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I was once one of those cold hardened men, full of hate and evil, with no compassion for mankind. My heart was hallow and empty. My heart was filled with pain & hurt. But today, I shout as loud as I can “I have Christ in my life!” It’s a turnaround that I never thought in a million years I would do. Not me, the man who had the reputation of a hard core gang banger, who carried a gun & knife, just ready to use them on someone. But today, my weapon of choice that I use on people is faster than a bullet and sharper than a knife, and it doesn’t kill people. No, my weapon of choice saves people, for I now carry the Word of God, “The Holy Bible.” Even though I sit here in this prison cell, I have no fear of those who are walking in shadows of evil. For I know I am protected by the power of our Lord. Today I’ll pray for God to touch the heart & souls of those who are blind and lost. For I see myself in them. For I am no better than them. For I wish to see them in Heaven when our time comes. I am at peace now. I am found and not lost. For God loves me, for His Word tells me so. Now I can believe, for I now know trust. I’ve now set my place in Heaven and I’ll never trade it! Praise God. **RU**

Prayer not Confined by Prison Walls

I would like to share this praise report” with you and all the brothers. I have been locked up for about 16 years. My daughter was barely three years old when I got locked up and she was living with her mom and others who did crack cocaine, didn’t take care of her, and abused her. Some years ago, I started praying that God would put her with

people that would take care of her and love her (I had no contact with her at all). I prayed that she would be a good person a good person, be safe, and all the things a father would want for his daughter. Well, my daughter finally wrote me and told me she lived with a woman that loved her and takes good care of her, and she is a straight “A” student. All the the things I had been praying for, God did it. And here is the good part. All this started around the same time I got saved and started praying for her. God is an awesome God. I really believe prayer is more powerful than people believe, and God is a God who answers prayer. Well I just wanted to share that with you. **JB**

Requiring Someone to Teach

Note: Just as the Eunuch that required someone like Phillip to teach him, so must the volunteers in the jails and prisons.

Chaplain Bob;

Just a quick letter to check in with you, because I know it’s been a while since I last wrote.

We’ve been completely kicked out of our chapel, and can only go in there when a volunteer is present, which there were none until yesterday. A couple has committed 3 to 6 months to us.

We took all of our services outside to the bleachers, but winter is coming, and we will be challenged even more. It has affected our ministry, but it goes forward.

This month’s newsletter (#41 – Sept. 2008) was the best one yet. Keep up the good work! I need to give you my new hookup because I have moved to a building (housing was on the gym floor). May God richly bless you in all areas of life. **WS**

Experiencing Interstate Transfer

Sunday - 10-19-08

Just a short letter, to let you know that we got here last week. It was a straight ride from Avenal to Florence (12 hours bus ride). It was a pretty good ride. We finally got our property on Friday. This is a pretty nice facility here, run by a private organization called Corrections Corporation of America (CCA). It is pretty low key too. We live in a 20 cell pod (40 man total) and a 10 table – 4 seats each, day room, where we eat all our meals (3 hot meals a day!).

The food here is good (it even has seasoning in it) and the variety is good – we just don't get enough of it (ha ha)! I guess that is always the case. We came here with inmates from Salinas Valley. After us, they sent two more buses from Avenal. They will keep doing it till they fill this prison with the California overflow, so they will placate the feds, I guess.

We get yard for 1 ½ hours a day. The yards are small, but at least they have a basketball court and weight machines too.

We go to classification on Tuesday, but the jobs won't be given until they get the other inmates transferred in here. They have an extensive Chapel service, but that I will seek out by next week, when we get off lock down and all. **DR**

Monday - 10-27-08

This prison is fairly new, being built in the late 90's, from what a correctional officer told me. It is privately run by CCA. They are actually out of Tennessee, I think, but my family has to send money to me via Atlanta, Georgia – go figure!

This was a mainline prison and they are now using it as a SNY (Special Needs Yard), which I came from there in Avenal. There are a lot of prisons just in the vicinity of here. Other prisoners went to Red Rock, wherever that is, I don't know.

I have found out that they have plenty of chapel services for all denominations. We even have a fellowship and Bible study here in the pod (20 cells of 2 men each). Nice and cozy with 2 TV's in the dayroom, with 10 4-man tables where we eat our 3 hot meals.

We can get packages only from Walkenhorst and Yellow Ribbon as of now. Their canteen here is excellent and have numerous items to choose from on a list of 2 sided 8 ½ X 11 paper. Twice as good as at Avenal. They have cable outlets in all cells and cable TVs in the dayroom, with TNT, ESPN, FX, History Channel, Discovery, etc., etc,

They have 6 units (F, G, H, J, L, & M) with 8 pods to each unit (potential of 1920 inmates?).

I have met people here from Pleasant Valley, Corcoran, SATF, Salinas Valley, Soledad, Jamestown, and Avenal so far. **DR**

Sharing Your Testimony

There are 4 parts to an individual's testimony;

1. What my life was like before I met Jesus
2. How I realized I needed Jesus
3. How I committed my life to Jesus
4. The difference Jesus has made in my life.

But in reality, those who believe in Jesus have the testimony of God in them; each of us needs to periodically share our testimony with others. The importance is not what you have done, but what God is doing.

1. Your testimony;
2. Your life lessons
3. Your godly passions
4. The Good News

I would like to add that we have shared many wonderful testimonies.

Many individuals are afraid to share their testimony because they are not sure what to write or feel inadequate in their writing ability. I think all will agree, that the testimonies that move people are not the ones written from great minds, but are actually the ones written from a great heart.

God's Word says in **Jeremiah 17:9** that **“the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?”** When the heart is changed by Christ (salvation – separation – sanctification), it becomes the center of where God works from in our life. The testimony written from the heart is truly God inspired, as compared to the one that is a work of the mind. These are the ones that change others lives also, when shared.

Getting Out With God

I'm new to the Christian path Bob & Linda, but I'm slowly learning. I guess what you are about to read is my sincere testimony.

Here surrounded by steel bars and cell walls, I ask for a minute of your precious time, to share the sad reality of a good man fighting for the wrong cause.

For 28 years, off and on, I've been part of the so-called prison system. In here selfishness, greed, ignorance, poser, manipulation, loneliness, anger, and fear are just a few diseases that fester in a man's heart.

Being on my own ever since the age of 12, and a part of a gang, is a way of life. As every king needs his army, the eagerness to stand for what is right and rise within the so-called ranks and be part of the chosen few.

After all these years, all I have to show is painful memories, and awful regrets. Day in and day out I ask myself, "Is this worth what I lost? My wife. Two beautiful children, my parents, my precious, precious freedom, and the list goes on.

Back then. I truly thought it was worth it . . . Until one day I came to a rude awakening. Those that were my brothers, sisters, so-called friends, left me alone to suffer. Wouldn't even send me a dime. Who would have ever thought. This from ones I loved and respected.

5 1/2 Years Gone

Just like that, my spirit broken, my body broken, my mind not comprehending what was going on. I still tried to make myself believe I was wrong (they had not abandoned me). Just then when I most needed someone to explain, comfort, and truly guide me, only my Lord Jesus Christ came. But deep, deep down in my heart, He was always there. I was the one who ignored Him. I had made my bed, now I was laying in it, nails and all.

Then I realized how wrong I had been for being deceived and giving my love, respect, trust, courage to a man cause, and to this world, that all I was fueling was a man's greed, interest, and selfishness.

I may not have a woman, a place to stay, a car, clothes on my back, or even a dime to my name, but what I do have in my life - Jesus Christ. A true friend, and a real partner.

We all experience a lot of difficulties, and we incorporate what we want in our identities. I truly believe, with all my heart, I can be successful under any condition. It only depends on how I deal with the situation at hand. I started to find time to go to church and to read my Bible as much as possible. The Word of God really moved me - Spiritually. I remember many awful nights I lay hungry, then I started to read my good-book and would become full and my hunger would fade away. I know when I re-join society (11/28/2008), the Lord will leave with me. **VC**

TESTIMONY OF M.J R

Within every human life resides a story. A story that depicts the character of old, and of the new. In every life there is a starting point...The actions, experiences in between are the ingredients that constitute the makings of such a story. No story is perfect...all stores are unique. This story is no different. It is my story I'll speak.

Although childhood memories are something that should be cherished, and held in high regard, sometimes they can weigh heavy on the heart. As a youngsta growing up I recall being told of stories that as an infant I was left by my mother (RIP) in various locations, some good some not so good. This pattern continued on throughout my youth and teenage years. I recall bouncing from house to house and from family member to family member. My Moms was a beautiful woman but she was possessed and consumed by a miserable life style attributed to drug addiction. This caused her to live for drugs and the street life. Unfortunately it ended up in incarceration and ultimately was the cause of her untimely death in 1995. My Pops was never around. There were always various men in and out of our lives. Some were cool, but they only lasted for a little while before their love and affection turned to violence and destruction. It is just something else I had to adjust and adapt too!

Due to Mom's life style my grandmother and her husband (I don't refer to him as my grandfather which I will explain later) had to sell their house in Southern California and relocate to San Jose so that they could care for me and my two baby brothers, and baby sister. By this time I was already a wild child due to living from place to place and being around drugs and having no

rules or supervision, so when my grandmother (RIP) came into the picture she wasn't prepared for the brats that we had become. She loved us and spoiled me, so much, it only lent more confusion to my upbringing.

With my grandma I got what I wanted. When Mom's was around I did what I wanted. I now see how this was a lethal combination growing up as a child. This ended up being my mindset and approach to life. I learned how to manipulate, deceive, and exploit all sorts of situations to my advantage. Me and my cousins would steal their money. We would steal their money to buy candy, and then blame each other for it. That was our entertainment.

It's a trip because I used to recall so much pain, but at the same time laughter that we would try and squeeze out of the pain. I promised my grandmother that I would never use drugs, never go to prison, and never beat a woman. And ".then I had children to never abandon them. But unfortunately I learned at an early age that promises are meant to be broken! Not only did I become everything everyone despised, but I perfected the flawed behavioral patterns that gave root to the many evils that exuded from my body! My grandmother tried ,but I was already on the road towards destruction. I had no direction. I was looking for a place where I might fit in, my own identity! I found it on the streets, or so I thought. I chose to turn my love and affection to a life style that thrived on anything but love. At the age of 16 I turned to the Nortenos. At first I had no idea what a Norteno was, but eventually I had my red flag and my homies, and that is all that mattered! Right???

My grandma gave me my first

car, a beautiful Cadillac which ended up getting full of bullet holes within a week. We was getting high, doing drive bys and being idiots. I had my first daughter in 1990 and I did good for a month and then I was back on the streets gang banging. I started getting locked up. First Juvie, then Boys Camp, then prison. I've had six terms from 1993. Actually, I've only spent 17 months on the streets during the past 15 years. It is safe to say I'm a bit of a knucklehead who refused to learn his lesson, and I'm a bit institutionalized. But as stupid as it sounds, it was kinda cool at first. I enjoyed it? I adapted, adjusted, then I just didn't care. It never failed, I got out and returned to the same lifestyle living on the run, taking penitentiary chances, chasing woman, making babies that don't even know me well enough to call me father! Nor do I deserve that right or privilege! But, I always found a way to chalk it up to the game, to the lifestyle. I bit into the notion that "this is just who I am". I built a lifestyle of pain, misery and regrets on this deceptive idea of a thug! I wasn't only hurting myself but all those that cared for me and the children I gave life to. I had five children by five different women, some of who were beautiful friends. What my womanizing has destroyed! I have so much to regret. But I always found ways to burn bridges, to destroy relationships. As I sat in these isolated concrete boxes I continued indulging in laughing and struggling with my "homies", my co called Norteno brothers. It was in these very cells that I was told that my mom died. It was here in these cells that my grandma passed away. It was in these cells that I sat hearing how my grandfather molesting my baby sister. It was in these cells I heard my baby sister tried to take her life. I was in these cells that I heard that

possibly my eldest daughter was possibly molested. I sat in a cell while my mother's coffin, and my grandmother's coffin was carried by other hands when it should have been mine.

I should have been the big brother to protect my baby sister. I should have been the father to protect my daughter from harm. I should have loved my brothers when they needed me. I should have been there and loved my children. I should have been there for my children, on all those special occasions that bring meaning and purpose to their beautiful lives. But, instead, I chose to sit in a cell perpetuating a life of misery, laughing yet struggling with my "so called" Norteno brothers who ended up being the ones to turn on me in the end.

But it was this unfortunate turn of events that caused me to let go of this life style and turn to God for direction. It was in a cell that I gave my life to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ on April 27, 2007! It was in a cell that I cried out and prayed on bended knees that Jesus would be the Lord of my life. It was in a cell that I now sit and study and edify my spirit in His Word. It is in this cell that the Lord is blessing me by bringing beautiful people back into my life, opening doors that are providing love, support and opportunities. It is in this cell that I was saved, and made a new creature in God, by and through His grace and mercy. He has given me faith that has replaced all my past misery and regrets.

As I sit in this cell and tell this story. My struggle shall continue but the red that I now show represents the blood of Jesus Christ that washed away my sins. Battles will come and go, but my Christian Soldier is Eternal. In Jesus Name. Amen. **JR, August, 2008**

Lighter Side

Read out loud the text inside the triangle below.



More than likely you said, 'A bird in the bush,!' and. .

if this IS what YOU said, then you failed to see that the word THE is repeated twice! Sorry, look again.

Next, let's play with some words. What do you see?



In black you can read the word GOOD, in white the word EVIL (inside each black letter is a white letter). It's all very physiological too, because it visualizes the concept that good can't exist without evil (or the absence of good is evil). Now, what do you see?



You may not see it at first, but the white spaces read the word optical, the blue landscape reads the word illusion. Look again! Can you see why this painting is called an optical illusion?

What do you see here?

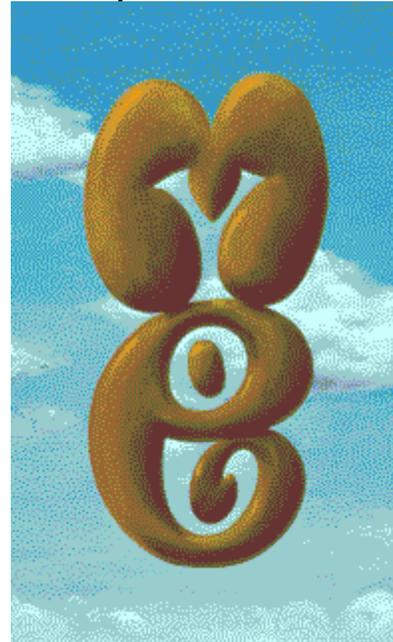


This one is quite tricky!

The word TEACH reflects as LEARN.

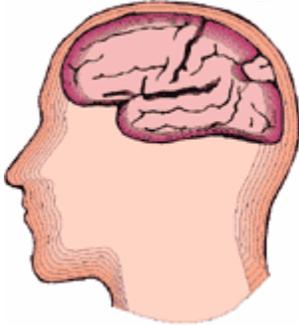
Last one.

What do you see?



You probably read the word **ME** in brown, but.....
when you look through **ME** you will see **YOU!**

Do you need to look again? **Test Your Brain**
This is really cool. The second one is amazing so please read all the way though.



ALZHEIMERS' EYE TEST

Count every 'F' in the following text:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS...

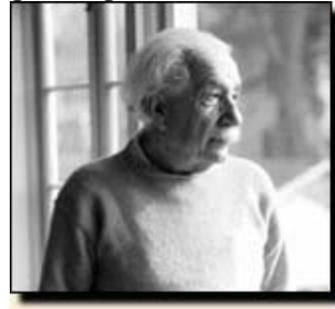
(SEE BELOW)

HOW MANY ?
WRONG, THERE ARE **6** -- no joke.
READ IT AGAIN !
Really, go Back and Try to find the 6 F's before you scroll down.

The reasoning behind is further down.

The brain cannot process 'OF'.

Incredible or what? Go back and look again!!
Anyone who counts all 6 'F's' on the first go is a genius



Three is normal, four is quite rare.

More Brain Stuff . . From Cambridge University

Olly srmatt poelpe can raed tihs. I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulaclyt uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mtttaer in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the only iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig huh? yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmorantt! if you can raed tihs psas it on !!

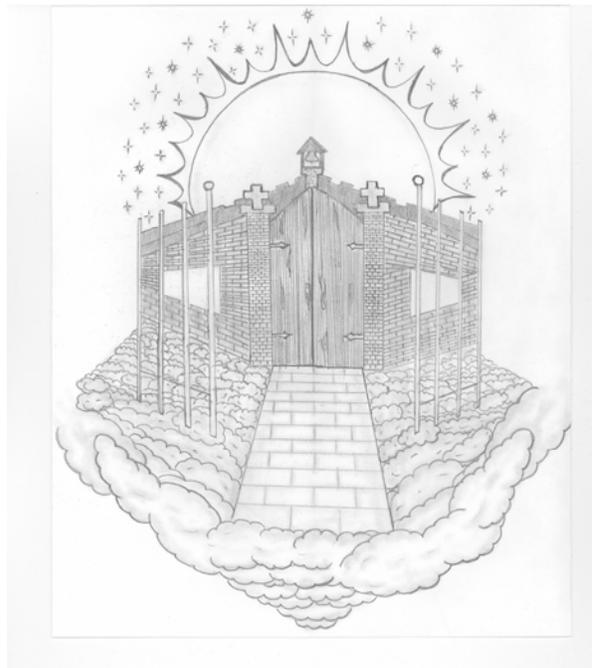
“Heaven is Like . . . Drawing Contest



Sonny Rosas



Sonny Rosas



Frank Nall – WINNER



Yolanda Acosta

Heaven is Like . . . Poetry/Article Contest

The Attributes of Heaven

One day I was alone
Afar off on a grandeur majestic tree,
A beautiful spirit came upon me.
It asked me did I know
What Heaven likeness would be?
I told the spirit I did not know,
The spirit said come with me,
For I will show, the spirit took me
Off to a distant place afar away,
In color, opposite of just grey.
The spirit asked me did I have a light,
Before I knew it,
Behold: there was a breath taking sight;
There it was before my face,
“The attributes of Heaven”
Shining gleaming and glistening,
Within glittering glitz radiant
Beaming like a sun,
I don't know what you've been told.
But the city of Heaven
And its streets are paved of gold.
Like clear glass, a sight purely
Marvelous and majestic
Something truly sweet to see.
I don't know if you've seen exotic
Beauty out of this world.
However it's gates, buildings and walls
Are adorned with many gorgeous pearls,
Emeralds, topaz, sapphires,
Amethysts, jacinths, sardonyx
And jaspers adorn her crown,
Like a bright morning star,
A sight unexplainable unknown
Unto both man and woman.
Now I'm glad
For the spirit's secrets shown,
“The Attributes of Heaven”
Are no longer a grand fairy tale mystery!

Runako Lutalo Ayers
TIED – 1st PLACE

Heaven is Within

For Heaven, Lord, my spirit yearns
And someday, Lord, I'll see
In Heaven, Lord, what waits for me
In Heaven, I will be

I dream of streets all paved with gold
Such beauty unsurpassed
A vision, Lord, magnificence
As long as such dreams last

Angels glide on gilded wings
Their voices lift in song
Insuring me quite musically
In Heaven I belong

And everywhere I turn to, Lord
I sense such boundless grace
And I feel the pure elation, Lord
That's mirrored upon my face

Quite clearly, I see clearly, Lord
A throne fit for a king
And all around the sound of bells
Sweet music as they ring

Upon my knees, I realize, Lord
Why I've come to this place
As I'm kneeling at your throne, dear
Lord
And gazing upon your face

I know that all the reality, Lord
Created just for me
And thru the life you sacrificed
In Heaven's where I'll be.

David Marsh
TIED – 1st PLACE

Charles Schultz Philosophy



The following is the philosophy of Charles Schultz, the creator of the 'Peanuts' comic strip. You don't have to actually answer the questions. Just read the article straight through, and you'll get the point.

1. Name the five wealthiest people in the world.
- 2 Name the last five Heisman trophy winners.
3. Name the last five winners of the Miss America.
4. Name ten people who have won the Nobel or Pulitzer Prize.
5. Name the last half dozen Academy Award winners for best actor and actress.
6. Name the last decade's worth of World Series winners.



How did you do?

The point is, none of us remember the headliners of yesterday. These are no second-rate achievers. They are the best in their fields. But the applause dies. Awards tarnish. Achievements are forgotten. Accolades and certificates are buried with their owners.



Here's another quiz. See how you do on this one:

1. List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
2. Name three friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
3. Name five people who have taught you something worthwhile.
4. Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special..
5. Think of five people you enjoy spending time with .



Easier?

The lesson:

The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards They are the ones that care .



What “Really” matters in life is the significance of what we do. I had an individual that we were working with say “Bob, I am going back to the “hood” because I feel that I make more difference there than I do in church.”

I explained to him that to light a match in the forest can cause a much greater fire than to light a match in a fireplace. However, the fireplace does the greatest good, not because of size, but because of purpose.

We sometimes also need to look at the “wildfires” not started because of not doing something, or doing the right thing.

Sometimes the things we do, influence our future generations. We need to think of the long term cost and payoff. Do we want our children going down the same paths we have gone? Who can help direct them on the right paths, but someone that knows where the wrong paths lead. Help save a life and create a future for someone. Surprisingly, many of us have our Doctorate degree from the “School of Hard Knocks.”