



Wings of Prayer

A Publication of the United Prayer Tower

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FIVE LIFE-LESSONS, (FOR CHRISTIANS) FROM THE BEE

Thoughts taken from the 1954 publication of the Manual of Prayer, (now out of print), formerly a monthly publication by the United Prayer Tower

1. The Bee's capacity to fly is a miracle. Every

Christian, who gives his/her life to Christ, life then becomes a miracle. The bee's body is too heavy for its wings to lift. Flying is a biological impossibility. By some leverage unknown to the rest of the insect world, the bee manages to sail through the air. What wings are to a bee, God's Promises are to the Christian. We sail through life on God's Promises. (Hebrews 11:1) *"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"*.

2. The Bee is single-minded---centering on the master principle

of love---the Queen Bee. If the queen bee moves, ALL in the hive move. Even the hive filled with all its wealth of accumulated honey will be instantly abandoned if it comes to a choice between clinging to the property or following the Queen Bee. Jesus Christ must be the Christian's Source and Center. We are (Matthew 22:37) *"To Love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind"*. We are, (Matthew 6:33) *"to seek FIRST the Kingdom of God"*. (Acts 17:28), *"In Christ we live and move and have our being"*.

3. The Bee gives the best example of perfect cooperation: division of labor, perfect orchestration, and working together

without jealousy or discord. Jesus says, (Isaiah 43:10), *"Ye are my witnesses, my servants whom I have chosen"*. Jesus asks us, (Ephesians 4: 3), *"to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace"* and work together in harmony being Christ's light---thus turning someone's darkness to light.

4. The Bee balances efficient service between its home and the

world. This is illustrated by the way it carries pollen and brings back honey. The law of rhythm governs ALL of God's activities. (An example is the ebb and flow of the tides or the rising and setting of the sun). Jesus implemented the law of rhythm in the following scriptures: (Matthew 7:12), *"Whatever you want men to do to you, do also to them"* and (Mark 12:31), *"You shall love your neighbor as yourself"*.

5. There is no old age problem among the bees.

When the wings become too weak to move the heavy body laden with honey, the wings are still strong enough to move currents of air to keep the honey that others bring, sweet and fresh! The sense of being put on a shelf and no longer needed in this world is what makes old age a sorrow. To discover that one's declining years can be of the greatest service makes old age a time of great delight and complete happiness! Christians everywhere are invited to become like the Fanner Bees--- "Fanner Pray-ers", ALWAYS praying to keep the great hive of the world growing sweet, and fresh!



PREFACE: by Gweneth Ray

In Rhea Zakich's many ideas on Prayer that she shared with us in Australia, there was no better exercise than the "Unknown Picture Choice Exercise". Julie and Lex Price and their son, Zach are regular CFO campers and members of the Brisbane Council Ring. Zachary has in this past month, headed off to a Rotary Exchange in Cranbrook in Canada. As you read the article, take notice that Zach is their only child.

God Being Very Specific

-by Julie Price

Rhea asked us to take a picture from the face down pile. "Do not look until you get outside alone." Before we chose, we were to ask God what it was that we personally needed to hear from Him.

I knew exactly what I wanted God to help me with. My son, Zach, was to be going to Canada for a year. I asked God to help me know that I would be OK. The thought of him being away was difficult for this mum. I was going to miss him so much. I deliberately chose a non favorite, color-backed picture and walked outside. My picture was of a dried up maple leaf being held gently in someone's hands. I was stunned at the specific Canadian symbol. I noted that the hands were the Hands of God gently holding me. The leaf was dried up and brown and I reflected to God that that is just how I felt, like a dried leaf, used and finished with a sense of completion of my parenting role to the child that would return an adult.

I knew God totally understood and was working on this for me. I had an overwhelming sense that this was a seasonal thing: The leaf, my feelings of loss, and Zach being away. There was a shrub, cut off to the ground, near where I stood; and a tiny green shoot coming from the ugly rough cut. Through that visual, God would renew my Spirit. God would bring new things that were life giving and beautiful. I was not done. I was so grateful to God for encouraging me so specifically.

Zach was leaning, rather stunned, against a wall. He beckoned me over. His picture was a photo of the Canadian Rockies! He was amazed too, at God's provision and encouragement. I was able to let Zach know that I would be OK, and that it was God's perfect plan for him to go away in 2007. He needed to know this, as he was aware that I was struggling a bit with it all, even though he is very excited about going.

Lex had a picture of a country church and an old cemetery with flowers. Lex's answer had come in the form of a sense of deep peace about his life. We could have picked up any other of the 50 or so pictures from the pile. God's purposes for us were fulfilled! It has made a huge difference, as to how I am experiencing these next months. We will be OK and God is there, totally involved with us.. Even if I do cry heaps at the airport, it is okay.



Heart Surgery

By Glenn W. Rogers



While at my family doctor for a regular check-up, I casually mentioned to him that I could no longer throw a baseball or tie my shoelaces. He referred me to a Dr. Norek who has worked with similar cases.

Two weeks later, I was in her office. We sat and discussed the x-rays she had taken. We discussed the various places where the bones were merging, and she referred to me as Mr. Arthritis. I asked another question. "But what is that big 'blob' there in the middle?" She commented, "Oh, that is an aneurysm, and we will talk about that later". We never did.

I left the office with suggestions on how to help my arthritis. When I arrived home, my wife said that I was to call my doctor right away!

I was to contact the hospital immediately to make an appointment for a variety of tests, x-rays, and consultations with a Dr. Gerdish. I thought, "What is happening here? Why the rush?" Dr. Gerdish was the Chief thoracic surgeon at the hospital, and I found out my aneurysm needed attention AT ONCE!

Two weeks later I was in the surgery prep room getting ready for what I thought would be just a small repair job on my aorta. I decided to pray for all the doctors and nurses in the operating room. Two days later I discovered I now have a "Dacron/ polyester" aorta about 15 inches long from my sternum to my groin. Dr. Gerdish later said, "You had so much gunk in there that the surgery took three hours longer than we had planned!"

God does do great things for those who believe and release themselves to Him! Just think, all I wanted to know at my regular check-up was why I could not throw a baseball or tie my shoelaces.

Postscript to Glenn's Miracle Story--by Joann

Glenn's heart surgery was April 2005. In a little over 3-month's time Glenn recuperated, so much so, we had the joy of attending the ninth CFO International Meeting in Kenya! Glenn stays active! He is an integral part of a new tutoring ministry our church. He is the up-coming Lay Delegate to the Annual Conference. He loves volunteering at the 1890's Historical Farm, working with school groups and adults that come to see the Smoke House (for sausage). He helps with the collecting of maple syrup, sheep shearing, threshing, and chopping lots of wood for the kitchen stove. Recently Glenn returned from an 18-day Volunteers in Mission experience in the Philippines. God still has things for Glenn to do!

SCARS

by Kelli Caballero

So willingly I stepped into the arms of fate.
But now I earnestly pray that it is not too late.
To take back the life I want so badly now.
Can I have another try and be forgiven somehow?

But there are scars on my arm that cry out to me
What a failure you are, and always will be!
Scars on my wrists refusing to fade.
Things that I've done and choices I've made.

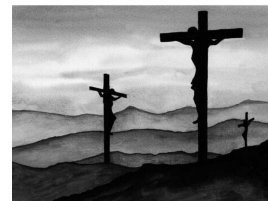
But there's One who can bring a new meaning to light.
And here's what He told me quite late one night.
"I see your scars and I know your pain.
Surrender to me so this won't be in vain."

"I'll give you another chance and a million more.
If you'll give me the chance to be all you're looking for.
Don't take your eyes off me and hear what others say.
Cry out to me, I'm never more than an arm's length away."

I fell to my knees from the weight of my tears.
He sat down and held me and said, "Child have no fear"
"I'll never forsake you or leave you alone."
He lifted my face so my eyes could see His own.

He stretched out his arms and said, "See I have scars too!
I got them on the Cross the day I died for you!"

Kelli composed this poem when she was a very young teen. The difficulties of her life and troubled family caused her to respond by both an eating disorder and self-mutilation (cutting her arms). When she found Jesus, the shame of the scars was overwhelming and humiliating. In His healing love and search for victory over her past, Kelli wrote this poem.



Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

by Sharon Witt

After taking a pan out of the oven, I decided to put it back to brown my fish sticks some more. Why, I don't know, I grabbed the pan with my bare hand. Fish sticks and pan went everywhere.

I was burned! I immediately began to repeat, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus" and run cold water over my hand. It hurt so that I cried. **A few hours later there was no redness and no blisters and no longer any pain. The name of Jesus healed me.**

THE JOURNEY OF HEALING

by Deborah Galiley

Seven years ago I was diagnosed with breast cancer and underwent modified, surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation. The pathology report revealed this was one of the deadliest and most aggressive of the breast cancers. However I believed that God would heal me.

Eighteen months after treatments, cancer had metastasized to my right hipbone.

Radiation treatments left a golf ball sized hole in my hip that should have taken 1-2 years to heal, but 6 weeks later, no evidence was found on the x-ray. God had healed me in a miraculous way.

Last summer, I began to have back and neck problems. I was sent for a bone scan but when they were unable to inject the nuclear meds properly, I walked out.

As the summer progressed, the pain in my lower back grew more severe. Again, I went for a bone scan. It showed nothing. Relieved, we were convinced that I probably had something like a slipped disc. However an MRI revealed fractured discs and cancer in my lower spine. Radiation along with narcotics, steroids, and nerve pills made the pain tolerable. I was scheduled for a procedure whereby a balloon is injected into the vertebrae restoring the vertebrae to its natural shape.

Then my husband suggested we tell the doctor about the pain in my neck. The doctor called and said "Get a cervical collar immediately. You have 2 fractures in your neck and are at risk of severing your spinal cord and becoming paralyzed!"

The following Saturday we traveled to a Silver Bay Council Ring meeting. What a blessing it was to be among CFO family! Everyone prayed for me, and had words of encouragement and healing.

On Monday, I went back to the surgeon. He said that I had cancer in every vertebra in my back and neck and that I was too fragile for surgery. We could tell the surgeon thought I was dying. I said to Steve. "We're not going to just seek God for healing, we're going to trust him for a new spine and neck. The Lord will be my surgeon; not a man"

The next six weeks brought intense suffering but also much blessing. Much prayer went forth. The Lord promised me again and again, "You will not be paralyzed".

In October at Capon Springs CFO I was about to take one of my routine pain pills that I always needed. The Lord spoke to me. "Why are you taking that? Are you in pain?" I thought about it. No, I really wasn't, at the moment. "No, I'm okay" I answered. I never took another pain pill. A miracle!



That night, campers wrapped me in a shawl which had been lovingly knitted and prayed over and the whole assembly stood and raised their hands toward me, praying for healing. It was an amazing experience.

I went to bed as usual with the neck brace on. For the first time, it annoyed me, and I was unable to sleep. The Lord spoke to me. "You can take that off!" "But Lord," I argued. "What if I damage my neck while I sleep?" "I have healed your bones, You will not be paralyzed". That was the last time I wore the neck brace. He also told me to stop using the cane, which I put away for good!

4 months have passed. God has not yet released me from the weekly chemo. A CFOer received the Scripture, Mark 16:18 for me, signifying that I could drink strong poison and not be affected. That is just what the Lord has done! I have recovered my strength and vitality. I even have my hair!

We serve an awesome God, who heals and delivers. Not only has the Lord rescued me from death, He has opened up new paths. Last year, I wrote a biblical fiction novel. God has worked out a publishing plan and the book will be released April of 2007. He has given me a hope and a future!

3/8/2007---An update

I went to the oncologist today, and he took me off chemotherapy and prescribed a once-a-day pill, Arimidex. This doctor is extremely cautious so this is a huge confirmation of healing. Praise God!!!



PLEASE LORD, GIVE US A DAY OF SUNSHINE

By Juanita A. Honculada, Philippines

It had been raining very hard the last week of January this year. It was what we called "Raining Cats and Dogs". Living in the outskirts of Butuan City, Philippines, I began to be apprehensive of a flood coming. On the way to the city one morning, I noticed the water along the side of the road was level with the highway. Some parts were already under water, and almost all of the houses along the highway were flooded.

At home, the clothesline in the yard was full of clothes, from days before. Wherever we could we attached a wire, (with more clothes). The display of clothes almost reached all the way around the outside of the house. We saw this same scenario in many surrounding areas. The school was filled with evacuees from the flooded area, and relief goods were being distributed.

On the way home, I breathed a silent prayer, "Please, Lord, give us a day of sunshine". The next day, the rain only slackened. Sunday, we had sunshine in the morning. It rained again in the afternoon. Monday, the sun peeped through the clouds. As the sun was growing brighter, most of the clothes dried! The next morning, Tuesday, some clouds covered the east. "Please, Lord, another day of sunshine". The early sun was not so bright, but it shone stronger and stronger as the day went on!



Thank You, Lord! The Praise and the Glory are Thine!

God's Character Amidst Suffering

by Amira Perera

<http://one2one.trideja.com>

We wonder where God is when severe suffering occurs. Suffering may be physical, mental, emotional, or spiritual----loss of a loved one, loss of body parts, loss of career, loss of reputation, loss of abilities.

We cry out to God with the question "why and how do I solve this" and "God please, please, help" type of prayers. We desperately ask others to pray; yet, no answer is forthcoming. It seems God is unbearably distant---not caring and not hearing. Hopelessness sets in. Then we go through the grief cycle, same as when a death has occurred. I experienced this physical suffering the last many years, at times unbearably. That is when I prayed and said, "God, if you do not give me HOPE to hold on to, I am done with living."

Within a very short time, God answered my request for hope in two ways. :

First, He provided the initial installment of money necessary to sign a contract with a publisher, regarding my life story, Out of Brokenness,

Second, I felt that I was to meditate on His character in the midst of my circumstances; that by doing so, I would see a difference in my life; that He allows things for a purpose. He was a faithful, loving, just Father for the People in the Bible, to St. Augustine, Madame Guyon, Smith Wigglesworth, Amy Carmichael, and Agnes Sanford. He is the same kind of Father to me. (Heb:13:8.) (Isaiah 55:11) "Not one word that comes out of God's mouth will be void, but that it will accomplish what it was sent to do." If our loving earthly father does everything possible to protect and help us, then how much more will our Heavenly Father help?

(Romans 4:18) "Hoping in spite of; hoping in God's Word and character instead of getting discouraged because of seemingly hopelessness" (my situation) I choose to trust in the words I read in the Bible, trust God's character revealed in it and begin to believe by faith, to see things happen.

(Ephesians 6:13) "Having done all, to stand". I will do what is possible in my circumstances, and then take a stand, waiting in expectation of victory! (2 Corinthians 12:9). "I will see that He has become greater in me, and His power has been made perfect in weakness" (in my life).

I have received a heart revelation that God is who He says He is. I am at a place of rest. I can truly count on Him and trust Him. God's answers may be different from what I want or expect, but I will be satisfied with His answers because He knows what is best! I will have reached a more mature place in my journey, where I know that God has given me His best!

I

COME TO MEDITATION IN YOUR JAMMIES

by Peggy Marinello, So. CA CFO Council Ring

One of the first things we emphasize at CFO camps is the importance of participating in the WHOLE program, starting with coming to morning meditations . Our Southern



California CFO meets in June in the beautiful San Bernardino Mountains near Big Bear Lake at 7,000+ feet elevation. Our meditation is set on the edge of Cedar Lake with chairs set around here and there. However, many of us just sit on one of God's custom chairs (be it a boulder or a fallen tree), and settle ourselves to take in all the beautiful morning beauty as someone leads us in our meditation time. Thus, we try to encourage our campers to be comfortable but be there.

Ours is a family camp and being so we have children of all ages attending. Even though mom and dad do not have to fuss with preparing and cleaning up after meals all week, it is still a chore to get their little charges up, dressed, and down to meditation on time. So, we encourage them to bring a blankie, a pillow, and even just COME TO MEDITATION IN YOUR JAMMIES! And they do.

However, the little ones are not the only ones who may not be bright eyed and bushy tailed at that time of day. So, should you come to our camp you are likely to find yours truly stumbling down the trail, wrapped in a blanket, trying not to spill my coffee and yes...IN MY JAMMIES! So, I would like to suggest that this is not unique to some quirk of "Californianess" Perhaps you might consider encouraging this practice for your campers. I am sure it will be a unique memory of how they went "farther out"...going outside...with a group of people...IN THEIR JAMMIES!

Observations from the Coordinator

I see "Reflections of His Glory" in Prayer Groups when:

God's Love melts us into Oneness

1. The presence of the Lord answers the unspoken need
2. The group has yielded to His plans
3. There is expectancy and wonder in the air



How We "Prepare for Prayer" at our Camp

By Jean Prette, Prayer Hostess, BC Van Isle CFO

First, I direct my prayers to God, (some time before camp) seeking whom to ask to be facilitators/leaders of prayer groups. I believe God calls them. I contact the ones I feel led to ask, asking them to pray and consider. I send everyone prayer materials and extra helps to those leading for the first time.

I meet with the facilitators/leaders the first day., gathering in a visual circle of prayer. We briefly review the Prayer Group Guide and answer questions. We pray and then close the time by anointing each other with oil.

The Prayer Hostess is available to the Prayer Group Leaders throughout the week, if any need arises.

At Prayer Preparation, we may have a worship song, scripture, and prayer. Sometimes the Lord gives the Prayer Hostess a word to share with the whole group. The focus is a time of quieting ourselves so we are ready to hear His still small voice, moving from mind & body to Heart & Spirit.

Prayer Group Facilitators/Leaders

1. Prepare through prayer and scripture---intimacy with Jesus .
2. Use the prayer guide, Come Pray with Me, and other prayer materials.
3. Prepare the prayer group environment. Have enough chairs. (What if it rains, etc.?)
4. Begin with prayer, always.
5. First day get acquainted ideas, ask the members to share briefly; for example, occupation, family, when they first heard about Jesus, etc.
6. Friendly reminders
 - Commit to keeping prayer group sharing confidential
 - God Regenerates Our United Personalities**, in Prayer Group. Encourage the quiet people. Mention each one by name, every day.
 - Avoid giving advise, solving the problem
 - Avoid dominating or monopolizing the conversation
7. Pray! Let the Holy Spirit bring answers ...Ask, "What is the Holy Spirit telling you?" "Does any one have a Scripture, a picture, or a Word from the Lord?" ...then, **WAIT FOR ANSWERS!!!**
8. (Matthew 19:26) *Nothing is impossible with the Lord!*

Prepare for Prayer Groups with:

Silence & Listening--for His still, small voice.

Expectancy Jesus, through His Holy Spirit, is present and brings answers and healing.

Trust & Meekness- those who are with me want the best for me.

Openness - to hear and receive.

Courtesy - give each one an opportunity to be heard and prayed for.

BROKEN DOLLS

by Barbara Grassl

Beautiful dolls arrayed on a shelf
Each exquisite enough to adore.

"How to choose one," I said to myself.

An inner voice said, "Look on the floor."

I peered intensely beyond the light,
Searching in darkness 'til I could see

There on the floor, a pitiful sight A
broken doll who looked just like me.

Faunting their beauty in the bright glow

The dolls on the shelf cheerfully danced.

Crowds gathered around to watch the show.

For the doll on the floor? Not a glance!

Careless feet stepped on the broken one

For a better view of the beauty.
Special dolls have their moment of fun

The broken doll just does her duty.

Yes, I'm the broken doll on the ground

Watching the lovelies dance way above.

Hoping that one day I will be found
Worthy enough to pick up and love.

God says physical beauty's not prime

But the world has different things to say.

Perfect dolls steal the scene every time.

Broken dolls get kicked out of the way.

Broken dolls limp along through their days

Their value falling with each new crack
They're buffeted

through a painful haze

What's the quality broken

ones lack?



Where else can we go but to the Lord?

The One Who made us just as we are.

Who promised us our plea would be heard.

If we only reach out for His Star.

Hands lifted up, I fell to my knees,
I cried out years of anguish and pain.

"Take my heart, do with it as You please.

No longer do I seek empty gain."

Holy Spirit revealed my story. Light and Atonement flooded my soul.
My being was bathing in glory, And when I looked again I was whole.

I shook my head and tossed back my hair.

My reflection was now clear and pure.

No cracks appeared, neither here nor there.

God knows how to mend a doll, that's sure!

But then a very strange thing occurred.

Jesus didn't put me on the shelf. He set me on the floor and I heard,

"Touch these for me, the dolls like yourself." "I don't need another dancing

doll. A doll who struts and poses and preens.

I need one whose heart has heard my call,

To mend the broken behind the scenes."

"Will you hold them, love them, kiss their wounds?

Share with them all that you know of me?

Fill each heart with melody and tunes,

Reminding them who I meant them to be?"

What could I say when I heard His voice;

And not do what I heard Jesus ask?

Within my heart I had but one choice.
And that was to set about His task!

Thoughts on Prayer

Excerpts from Carissa Cooper's journal,
Feb. 2007, after Ventanilla CFO, Peru

Prayer is one of my most cherished opportunities. Prayer opens the door, giving Jesus access to my needs and the needs of others, permitting Him to exercise His own power and discernment in dealing with the requests. The outer results, (answers) are often the mere by-products of the real answer to prayer. I wonder if we are like Aladdin at the beginning of the movie, when he is more interested in what he can get from the genie, than developing any sort of relationship with the genie. My attitude occasionally mirrors this attitude. **Sometimes I want the answer to my prayers more than the "Answerer".**

(Romans 8:26), "The Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us"... Further along in that same chapter, (verse 34), we are assured that Jesus Himself is at the right hand of God, interceding for us. Our prayers might still contain desires, **Ultimately it is not a question of having a wish come true, but of expressing an unlimited faith in the Giver of all good things.**

We have a right to expect God to answer our prayers, yet we should also expect to come to know God through diligence and perseverance in prayer. For our Father to immediately answer our every prayer and leave His child in ignorance and immaturity is unthinkable, short of what God hopes for us, I think. **The greatest answer to my prayer has often been in the development of my character and the enrichment of my soul!**

Prayer is indeed where I wrestle with God. **Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance, but rather laying hold of God's willingness.** When my prayer is not answered the way I would expect, I know I have submitted to a will greater than my own and more capable of goodness! (Than my own goodness) **(Isaiah 55:8-9),** "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways", declares the Lord. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts". It is more than a blessing to bring my requests to God, lay them at His feet, and leave them in His care. I have not refrained from asking my Father to send healing for my knee, or his arthritis, or her deteriorating hip. I have asked these things and more, knowing that my God is capable of healing all things.

However, this is my deepest, most sincere prayer and my final, earnest plea: "Have Your way, Lord, that You might be glorified". It is for His Kingdom and His will. **I should not ask unless I am prepared to cooperate with Him!**



The Dream Found the Dreamer

Esther Tellie Amante
Prayer Coordinator for the Philippines

As a young girl, I wanted so much to be a member of the Silliman University Orchestra. I was not proficient in any musical instrument, not even the piano, which was the only instrument I could play. I told myself, "Tellie, no chance".

I continued wishing and dreaming. God heard the desires of my heart. He created a situation that made it possible for me to join the orchestra. Who would ever think that the orchestra conductor himself would find his way to our house as his lodging place? When I told him about this burning desire, you can never guess what instrument he assigned me to play. A pair of tympani's, sometimes called kettledrums. (I do not see any connection between kettles and drums do you?)

During performances in those times, only the conductor and the timpanists were in standing position, very visible to the audience. You cannot imagine how proud I felt and how thankful I was to the Lord, that at last, I became a member of the orchestra!

My length of time in the orchestra was shortened, because before long, I married and was soon pregnant. My growing belly could not be the third tympani! So sadly, I had to quit, but Not before praising God for an answered prayer!!!!

Excerpts from Glenn Clark's book, The Soul's Sincere Desire, where Glenn spoke about Cinderella, the little girl whose dreams came true.

Why did her dreams come true?

- First**, because she had a right to dream
- Second**, Cinderella loved her dream
- Third**, she relinquished her dream.
- Fourth**, This law of the dream came true when the fairy godmother told Cinderella she may go to the ball, on one condition that she may stay at the dance only as long as the hands of the clock move upwards toward "the zenith".

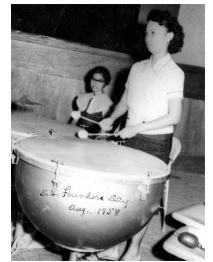
You know the rest of the story!

•**Fifth and final law of the dream: That the dream, if it is "properly"dreamed, will ultimately find its dreamer out".**

A story about a little child: His next-door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat. When his Mother asked what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry".

When there is that is when you you need!

nothing left but God, find out, God is all



Stand at the Door and Knock--If anyone hear my voice...

By Jane Ross

We start with three familiar songs: "**Listen**, listen, listen, to my heart's song..." "Do you **hear** what I hear...?" "Cause me to **come**..." Notice the three directives in this order: **Listen---Hear---Come** .

Our entire experience of following Jesus, is dependent upon an intimate relationship with Him. **LISTENING & HEARING** are basic requirements in developing that relationship. What we are attaining to is an intimacy leading to **COMPLETE ABIDING IN JESUS!** If we love Him, we keep His commandments and seek intimacy! (John 15:5, 10, 12 and...absorb the whole chapter!)

A primary incentive in my preparing an agenda for leading **Creative Listening** was the scripture, (Revelation 3:20), "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."

These words, given by our Lord Jesus, to His apostle John, were instructions given to the seven churches...promises from Jesus for the overcomer. **We know we are called to be overcomers**...Perhaps you are like me, working at overcoming that silly girl (me), who continually strives to reign. Yet, she knows that Jesus is King...supreme ruler...**Surrender is so difficult!** Jesus says, (John 5:19), "I, of myself can do nothing. The Father within me doeth the work." **Still some of us are tempted to do things in our own steam.**

However, we know that God is faithful...on an experiential basis. Every prayer is answered...God walks with us and talks with us...**If we have not reached that place of ruthless trust, let us learn to persist!...there is always an answer**...sometimes His answer gives us the opportunity to say, "Yes Lord, You are in charge!"

God is the creator and sustainer of the whole universe...You are His child! You are dear to His heart. He holds you in His hand...He feeds you...clothes you...does ALL for your ultimate good! **In His heart, intimacy has been established.**

Is it possible for you to complete that, (which in reality already exists)? Many have, by relinquishing their selfhood---coming into complete union with *Abba Father*. Others are in the process of dying to self. Still some of us have just begun the process...or it's "look at me...I'm beginning again!" We are not in control! It is as if we are driving down a lonely country road, and from time to time, we pass a sign that says, "**Yield**". If we could only keep that kind of reminder in our consciousness..."we're not in charge!"

In John's gospel, we find Jesus telling His disciples the reality of the Shepherd, the Sheepfold, and the Sheep. Jesus says, (John 10:9), "I am the door; if any man enter by me, he shall live, and he shall come in and go out and find pasture". He is the Door...He is the Way...Let us accept His invitation---enter in, and as the children's stories tell us, "Live happily ever after!"

Here is a lullaby...

Breathe through the heats of our desire

Thy coolness and Thy balm;

Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;

Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,

Oh, still small voice of calm!

(Fifth verse of "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"

By John Greenleaf Whittier)

We begin by yielding---We begin to listen---We are in awe over what we are hearing...We begin to understand! **We come! We become! We become united with our Lord...In truth...begin to walk and talk with Him...Intimacy! Oneness with the One we love, because He first loved us!**

I Stand by the Door,

by Samuel Shoemaker,

I stand by the door.

I neither go too far in, nor stay too far out,
The door is the most important door in the world!
It is the door, through which men walk when they find God.
There is no use my going way inside, and staying there,
When so many are still outside; and they, as much as I,
Crave to know where the door is.
And all that so many ever find
Is only the wall where a door ought to be.
They creep along the wall like blind men,
With out-stretched, groping hands;
Feeling for a door, knowing there must be a door,
Yet they never find it...



Jane Ross

Gifts in Memory of:

Van Hinchey

By Lucille Hinchey

Jim & Jane Ross

Frances E. Wortham

By Sally Rodgers

Bethany Bartlett

By Dean & Hazel Severin

Terri Wilhoft

Mary Robinson

By Verne Robinson

Marion Clark Elliott

By Jim & Ann Elliott

Marcella Million

By Eva Pierce

Lloyd Greene

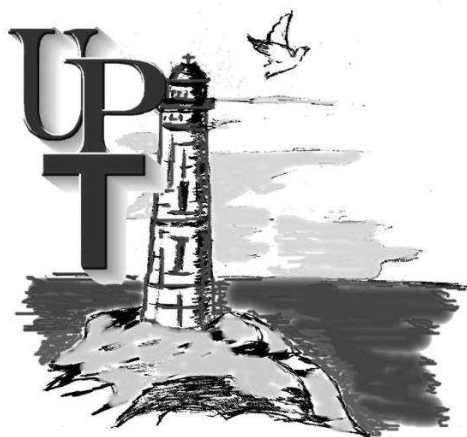
By Mrs. Donna Bischoff

Julia Durrance

By Jim & Jane Ross

A Living Prayer is filled with the wonder of the presence of God!

Give a love gift to the United Prayer Tower in memory of our loved ones!



Wings of Prayer

The Bible Speaks Healing

God has shown us numerous ways to pray, and He is oh, so creative. At the Zone 2 Retreat, March 1-4, 2007, delegate Dan Franklin, sent us off to prayer groups with this directive: **The Bible speaks healing!**

Our prayer group had already bonded together, so we went directly into silence inviting some words from the Lord. They came! We recalled healing events with Jesus as the Healer. There were many!

Next, we brought to mind our loved ones who were greatly in need of healing of body, mind, spirit---relationships and situations of all kinds. We visualized each loved one, as being healed by Jesus. We watched Jesus bestow healing blessings---taking notice of what He was doing, what He was saying, and how the persons responded to healing. (We ourselves were not present.)

I envisioned my friend, who has a chronic disease, touching the hem of Jesus' garment. He called her "Daughter!" Others saw Jesus with their loved ones in a different healing event. More responses from this prayer experience may come to each of us as we continue in prayer. If the Lord allows us to share the healing prayer experience with the person, revelation may even come to the one being prayed for. I am reminded of an old favorite song, **Fill My Cup, Lord**. Jesus offers the woman at the well *Living Water* to quench her thirst. Do you have thirsty friends/loved ones? Are YOU thirsty? In our divine imagination, we take our dear ones to Jesus, and let Him fill their cups. Linger a while, and let Him fill yours!

Remember the song, **He Touched Me**; and, as He did of old, Jesus is still healing with His touch. Meet Him there in the biblical stories for His touch, and rejoice!

This is a very simple prayer experience and a very personal one. I invite you to ask God if this would be His choice for some of your healing prayers. One person remarked this was perfect for her loved one! Use God's variations and see what happens!

Priscilla Greenwood Iowa CFO

