



Greetings All.

It has been a while since the last newsletter and i trust that a whole lot of growing in Christ has been going on. It is always happening when we least expect growth – during the trouble times. That’s when we most need to employ the foundation of continual surrender to Jesus and let Him deal with the negative stuff from deep inside that is being flushed up like dross in the crucible of molten metal.

5 Minute Editorial

If we have our ears open we are hearing many quiet prophetic voices amongst our brothers and sisters. They are warning the great Family of God in the western world of serious times coming soon. Whatever you personally make of these messages, it is clear that it is time to consider some issues. Whatever personal agendas we carry inside, whatever suspicions we have of one another, it is time to put them aside to encourage the family to hear our Father above all thing in the face of the coming financial collapse and the persecution that will follow as demonic men take what they want and can no longer earn.

We must refocus our efforts to encourage and help the Family of God all around us perceive, hear and walk with our Father, for this is survival in the days to come and LIFE to us now. A man will need to hear in order to know how to care for his family. A woman will need to hear in order to be wise with what little the family has left. All must hear and be prepared so that bitterness does not rob us of the opportunities to bring to birth more of His family that will be there in that time.

Our Father’s will is to bless us abundantly with all spiritual and material blessings, but what do we expect Him to do when the material blessings get in the way of relationship with Him? It is sorrow to Him, but He must allow them to be taken away so that the rest of the family will turn to Him and cry out to be saved.

He wishes us all to walk in a dynamic and powerful way with Him. Hearing Him, seeing what He is doing and partnering with Him as good sons and daughters will in order to help Him achieve His plans. Whatever you think of all this, scripture is clear that relationship with Him comes first, and then the help and rescue of our brothers and sisters who are caught in the pig pit of existence in this world. "Pig pit?" you might say. Yes it is, when we take a moment to consider the richness of dwelling with Him for the rest of eternity.

An inspirational poem by Kevin Grant.

The Prodigal Son

We all know it, we've heard it, it's found in the Word,
A story about God's precious love.
It's found in Luke's Gospel, in Chapter 15,
This blessed sweet gift from above.

A man had two sons, who prospered with him,
They loved and they laughed on the farm,
Until the youngest had this great idea
That he'd leave, and live off his charm.

*H*e got his inheritance, and then shot the gap,
To live his new life to the full.
He partied and prospered in such a new way,
That the farm, and his folks, had no pull.

*H*e was the greatest, the best that there was,
In friendships he never went short.
The hangovers got to the stage, I am told,
That he'd live upon disprin he'd bought.

*P*eople just used him, and his money as well,
He had quite a few on his back.
He never thought that, in all of this time,
He wasn't quite on the right track.

*I*n all of this time His father would pray
That the Lord always had him in care.
He relaxed in himself, always knowing deep down

That his God, never failing, was there.

*I*t's easy to say, and much harder to do,
To take your hands off and just pray.
But that's what he did, this lovely old man,
And let the Lord in the end have His way.

*T*hat didn't stop him - in most every day
He'd stand at his gate and look out.
He wanted to see a small figure we know
In the distance, his life turned about.

*B*ut this never happened, the son carried on,
Losing money and friends on the way,
Until he decided, as he looked at himself,
That there must be a far better way.

*H*e asked for employment, but that didn't work,
Who'd hire a broken down soak?
He asked everywhere for a handout it seems,
But no one will care when you're broke.

*H*e fed the town's piggies, and feasted with them
On foul smelling and dirty old maize.
He kept up this needless pursuit of a job,
He even lost count of the days.

*U*ntil, one day, the reckoning came,
And our boy said, "Now I've had enough!
I'm going home, to my daddy, who'll be
Full of love and forgiveness and stuff."

*H*e hopped on the road, a real sorry sight,
He had nothing, but what he could wear.
He humbly began his long journey to home,
Every step would bring promises near.

*H*e walked through the countryside, sick of himself,
Hurting – as only one can,
He started to wonder what all of this meant,
Was it part of a much higher plan?

The hills looked familiar, his heart gave a lurch,
“I’m in my neighbourhood now.
With only a day or so on this old road,
I bet there will be a big row!

I’ve lost all my money, I’ve nothing to show
For the years that I’ve been away.
I just hope my dad will be kind to this son,
I’ll work hard, all the debt to repay.”

His father was watching the road from his gate,
He gasped, “I’m sure that’s my boy!”
His old eyes were showing him that he was right,
His heart was now racing with joy.

He started to run, he opened his arms
To receive back the sum of his dreams.
He kissed him, and hugged him, reassuringly so,
He just gave him his heart, so it seems.

The lad himself was quite speechless,
He just hugged his father and wept,
He wondered aloud how on earth could it be,
The distance that he had once kept.

His father just cried with delight, and he said,
“My son, who was lost, is now found!”
He gave him a ring, and a robe to put on,
And a hangi prepared in the ground.

The older son packed a magnificent sad,
He even refused to do chores,
His dad, feeling love for his firstborn, replied,
“All that is mine, is now yours.”

There are some of us here who can relate to this yarn,
We’ve known Jesus, then we’ve said goodbye.
We’ve left him still hanging on that old wooden cross,
In his tears He is asking us “Why?”

*H*e'll never stop loving, He'll never let go,
He'll never stop being our friend.
He'll carry our tears in His nail-ridden hands,
He is faithful right unto the end.

*S*o remember, if you've pulled away from our Lord,
He's waiting until you return.
His outstretched arms will tell you I'm sure,
His loving you, this will confirm.

*T*his poem's about me, I'm sure you have guessed,
You know where I'm leading you to.
I've had the privilege, as most in the room –
The words from our Lord, "I love you."