



God is His “Word”

By David Gabruch

God is His Word! In John 1:1-2, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.” Verse 14: “And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.” In Revelations 19:13, “And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God.”

These scriptures tell us clearly that God and His Son Jesus are the “Word.” If you desire to enter into a deeper relationship and communion with Christ and our heavenly Father, it becomes vitally important to delve into God’s Word.

The Word of God has many titles: The Gospel, Book of the Law, Law of the Lord, Holy Scriptures, the Word, The Word of God, Commandments of God, and all are contained in the Bible. The Bible reveals God’s complete plan for mankind. It contains the message of salvation through Christ, who is our saviour. It gives us direction in our spiritual walk and guidance on how we should live our natural lives while on earth. It provides the way for reconciliation to God through His son Jesus. It gives us instruction on what He requires of us, through

the operation of our ministry, for the coming together of the Body of Christ. Each of us has an important part to play in God’s great plan and purpose for mankind.

God’s word is available to us, in various ways:

Hearing God’s word: This is the simplest and least demanding of us. Ephesians 4:11 tells us that God gave, by His Holy Spirit, gifts for various purposes to spirit-filled men, some of whom are apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers. The purpose of these gifts is to deliver and teach God’s Word to the church, for the purpose of perfecting the saints, for the work of their ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ. Do we hear God’s “Word,” when it is ministered to us? Are we hearing what God is teaching us?

Reading God’s word: This requires a more personal involvement than simply hearing the word. When we take time to read the Bible we are getting serious about our spiritual walk and maturity. This allows us the time to ready our hearts and minds to receive God’s Holy Spirit, who brings life to the scriptures.

Studying God’s word: We desire to be humble and mean business with God. Studying God’s word gives us the opportunity to gain spiritual

knowledge (God’s knowledge). Studying the scriptures helps us grow in our personal lives in terms of how we conduct ourselves and our attitudes. Our nature takes on more of the likeness of Christ. Those around us can see the resurrected living Christ being a part of our lives; a part of who we are.

Meditating on God’s word: We have a memory reservoir where we are able to record and store God’s Word. From there we can call upon God’s truths. His truths are personalized within us, and we can apply them to every situation and circumstance that comes our way. Through quiet times of meditation, we allow the Word of God to literally become part of our cells, our being; teaching us, reproving us, warning us and comforting us.

Memorizing God’s word:

Having the knowledge of God, through the memorization of the scriptures, can rescue us from the temptation of sin. We have heard many testimonies where a scripture has come at a moment when someone was being tempted by sin. A scripture they memorized at some point in time, recently or a long time ago. The mind has the capacity to store immeasurable volumes of information. So, if we fill that space with memorized scripture,

we will cultivate a biblical mind to help us in our spiritual growth and maturity. It will prepare us and give us the power to put into action the gifts and ministries God has given to each of us.

How deep do you want to walk with God? How open do you want your communication to be with God? To what level of spiritual maturity do you want to attain? All these questions can be greatly influenced by you through the choices you make. To know God is to know His "Word." Use all of these avenues and delve into God's Word with humbleness of heart and mind and allow the Holy Spirit to unfold them to you. God will bless

you. You will experience a spiritual maturity unlike that which you have experienced in the past. As you gain more knowledge through God's Word you will gain a fuller appreciation and understanding of God's plan for you as an individual and for mankind.

We have been encouraged to read the Bible, study it, meditate on it and memorize scripture. Let us take to heart this encouragement and develop a desire to read scriptures, daily. Allow the Holy Spirit to make them alive to you. Give an attentive ear to what is being ministered from the scriptures. If you struggle in this area, ask God to help you. Through His word, God is revealing who He

is. God delights in you having a closer relationship with Him. He loves you with a love that surpasses all human understanding. You are an important part of His plan. Get to know Him in a deeper way by spending time in the scriptures.

Hebrews 4:12 & 13 is a familiar scripture, from the NIV. "For the Word of God is living and active. Sharper than any double-edged sword, it penetrates even to dividing soul and spirit, joints and marrow; it judges the thoughts and attitudes of the heart. Nothing in all creation is hidden from God's sight. Everything is uncovered and laid bare before the eyes of Him to whom we must give account."

"God is His Word."

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens

By Steven Levson

A brother in Christ from the Church in Calgary used to often quote this verse from God's word.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ". (Galatians 6:2)

It is a good reminder to us all that we are not here on this earth just to go about achieving our own goals. There are others that need us. We are asked by God to love, comfort, and encourage one another.

Jesus was the best example of this service. He speaks of a lot of ministering to others, but these following two passages of what he says are very significant.

"And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' He said unto him, 'What is written in the law? how readest thou?' And he answering said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy

neighbour as thyself.' And he said unto him, 'Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live'". (Luke 10:25-28)

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law of the prophets". (Matthew 7:12)

Paul also weighs in on this subject when he says in Romans 13:10, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law".

The problem is not so much that we don't know this, but that we don't put it into practice. We are too busy doing other things. These other things are often not wrong, but they take us away from fulfilling our responsibility to others. Whether it is work, sports, entertainment, etc., we need to look to the Lord not to overdo these areas in our lives and neglect our service of love to others.

As Paul says in 1 Corinthians

10:23, 24, "As I have said before, the Christian position is this: I may do anything, but everything is not useful. Yes, I may do anything, but everything is not constructive. Let no man, then, set his own advantage as his objective, but rather the good of his neighbour." (Phillips)

Therefore, let us ask the Lord to show us who we should minister to and how. Also, let us ask the Lord to fill our hearts with His love so that our motive is pure. There are many people who are hurting. They need a smile, a phone call, a letter or card, a gift, a visit, a hug, an act of kindness, or some other expression of God's love for them. Let us be God's hand extended. Again Jesus speaks about this in Luke 10 in the Parable of the Good Samaritan.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his

own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took our two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take

care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee'". (Luke 10:33-35)

Let us be like the Good Samaritan and love our neighbour as ourselves.

When we take the time to minister to others, we bear their burdens and fulfill God's law of love.

Love, a brother in Christ,
Steven Levson

Resurrection Life

*By Crafton Lewis
My Testimony*

Ps. 23: 1-6 The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness For His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Before I begin to share my testimony, I would like to give thanks unto God for His goodness, His faithfulness, His love and care for me throughout my lifetime, and especially for bringing me miraculously through my most recent brush with death. Indeed, He is an awesome God, He is the Almighty God, He is the faithful God; He is the God who delivers and it does not matter, He is able and more than able and He proves Himself all the time.

It has been said time and time again that the days of miracles are over. Whoever believes that, let me say to them, and to the world, that this is a lie from the pit of hell. The days of miracles have just begun and I am living proof of this.

If you never saw a miracle before, just look at me and ask those who were with me at the hospital day after day witnessing my condition as it worsened and the doctors helpless, not knowing what to do next.

I left home for West Africa on February 27, 2006 to join my colleague Richard Holt in Ghana for what would be our month-long missionary trip to that country and Nigeria. It was a most pleasant trip as we experienced the power of the Holy Spirit while ministering to the saints.

We were so happy to be with them and they too were thrilled and blessed that we had finally arrived and were together able to enjoy the moving of the Holy Spirit. After our stay in West Africa, we travelled to Kenya in East Africa, where we joined two of our other colleagues, Andy Snoke and Brian Hannigan.

Our experience there too was wonderful as the Spirit of God moved and wonderful things were accomplished. Surely, we could have said, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord". (Zech. 4:6)

After leaving Kisumu, (one of the cities in Kenya,) I went on to Nairobi (the capital) where I was scheduled to take a flight back to London and from there, return home to Trinidad.

On April 1, at about 3:00 p.m., I started to feel ill and I noticed that

I had developed a temperature. My flight was due to depart at 10:20 p.m. that evening so I had a taxi pick me up at about 6:00 p.m. and headed to the airport.

After checking in, I sat in a waiting area that is separate from the departure lounge. By this time, an indescribable drowsiness came over me and all I could do was sleep. After the announcement to go to the departure lounge, there was another waiting period until the passengers were called to board the flight.

From the time I boarded the flight, to the time of my arrival in London at about 5:30 a.m. on April 2, my condition had not changed, but instead seemed to have worsened. And it was here where I experienced the blessings of God, as I was able to get a vacant room at a nearby hotel. (Often times, rooms are not available upon request and there is usually a waiting period of a few hours.)

With no improvement in my condition, I went straight to sleep. I awoke later that afternoon, still not feeling any better and without any appetite. I decided, however, to have a bowl of soup, which seemed to be all I could handle anyway.

On my way to Africa, I had made arrangements with my sister, Patsy, who lives in Middlesex, to spend a few days with her and family upon my return from Africa. But feeling as terribly as I did, I called

her and told her that I thought it better to stay at the hotel since I did not know what, in fact, was wrong with me.

I later called my wife, Joyce, to let her know that I was back in London, but was not feeling well. She begged me to get the next flight out and come home. This, of course, would later prove to be impossible.

The evening of April 3rd I called Patsy and asked her to take me to the hospital as my condition had worsened. She stayed with me as the doctors attended to me. They took blood samples from me for testing, treated me for dehydration and gave me a prescription for antibiotics.

I was told that if all proved well after tests were conducted, there would be no need to contact me, but, if there was anything wrong, I would be contacted. The following day, the hospital called my sister asking her to bring me to the hospital as soon as possible. By that time, my condition had already deteriorated further with bad diarrhea increasing my suffering. I felt almost incapacitated.

The tests having been conducted, the diagnosis concluded that I was suffering with malaria, the worst kind there is. This type, Plasmodium Falciparum I was told, if not treated, in three days time, death is the end result.

I was admitted to the ward and the doctors began treatment immediately, but nothing seemed to be working. I was transferred to the intensive care unit, at the Hillingdon hospital.

It was there, as I continued to feel worse, that I decided it was time to make my will. I asked one of the nurses for a couple sheets of plain paper. After struggling to finish my will, I asked two of the nurses attending to me to sign as witnesses. They did so and one of them handed me a large envelope

in which to put it. I then placed it in my bag, ready now, for any eventuality.

I was not fully aware of what was going on, but here and there, I was able to pick up pieces of conversation between the nurses as they discussed my condition. In one of those conversations, the nurses were expressing their concerns about my platelet count being very low. When I later asked whether they were able to source the platelets I needed, I was told that they were on the way and this put me a little more at ease.

Soon enough, I was again moved to another section of the hospital as my condition showed no signs of improvement. In fact, though I cannot be precise, there was a further decline in my condition, thus the reason why I am unable to say exactly where I was moved to; I suspect it may have been to some area of isolation. I cannot tell on my own account of what transpired after this point as I had been heavily sedated.

I would later learn that I had been transferred to the University College Hospital (UCH) in London, known to be the very best in the world for treating tropical diseases. I was placed in the CCU (critical care unit) where my condition stabilized for a while. I was, however placed on life support while at the Hillingdon Hospital. When I did regain consciousness, my wife, my fellow travelling colleague, Bro Gilbert James from Trinidad and my sister Patsy were on hand to greet me. I discovered that I was unable to speak and so, my only form of communication was through writing.

These three were very much at the forefront of things as they sourced information from the doctors, nurses and consultants. By then, for a little while, there was a measure of improvement in my condition.

With my condition worsening, the ventilator on which I was placed took over my breathing and many other functions. There were many tubes hooked up from my ventilator to me; my nose, mouth, throat, neck and hands, there were tubes all over. The malaria parasites were brought under control, but my organs began to fail. My lungs, kidneys, liver, pancreas all suffered failure. My body became swollen and my colour changed, I was told. As my condition further worsened, I began to experience some unusual happenings. Let me add at this point that I am not giving this testimony to you in chronological order as I can only remember the events.

There was the feeling that I was in the wrong place and needed to be elsewhere at another hospital. This was the feeling that came over me. If felt I did not want to be attended to by the nurses as I became fearful and felt they were not helping me but instead, they wanted to get rid of me. In my debilitated state, in my resistance I fought sleep and seemed not to have slept for three days. At one point, it seemed as though there was need for surgery to be done and I could hear the nurses being asked by the doctor whether I was strong enough to withstand the surgery having not slept for three days. The reply was, "He is strong enough".

Again, I want to be clear, these things I am sharing just now are some of the experiences I was going through as I sank into a coma. It was during this time of feeling insecure that I called my sister and asked her to come get me and take me to another hospital as I felt I was not in the right place. My sister and my mother came with an ambulance and I could hear the siren of the ambulance as it came, but no one would open the gate for it to come into the compound. I could hear my sister and my mother talking with the receptionist and

pleading with her that I should be released. That was not working. The receptionist began to speak with the ambulance driver trying to discourage him from taking me away. He was told that I had some contagious disease and he would be jeopardizing himself if he carried me. He then increased his fee, but was further discouraged. During that time, a Filipino nurse who was attending to me, in whom I had a little more confidence, was preparing me. She knew I wanted to leave and she gave me the thumbs up as she prepared me. I remember pleading with her for help saying to her, "Please help me, I would like to go home to see my children". In the meantime, negotiations that were taking place between my mother, the receptionist and my sister failed to materialize, thus the ambulance driver left, my hopes at that point in time, dashed.

At that time, I was in battle. I guess by then I had slipped into a coma, in that state, I remained for fourteen days. It is interesting that the Lord had said to me before slipping into a coma, "my time was not yet". Despite those wonderful words of assurance, I was faced with some serious battles. It seemed at times I was in warfare and at times I was afraid, not of dying but of what I perceived to be my enemies. Another of my experience was lying in bed with the monitors in view, at one point, it seemed as though the reading was becoming weaker and weaker and one of the nurses seemed to say, "It's just a matter of time". Gladly, the shift changed and the nurse who took over attends to me and said, "Don't be afraid, I will be here and if there is anything you need, call me". She began to sing a very lovely song that was very soothing to me.

It should be said that there were times when I felt that I was travelling to other lands. It seemed at one point I had gone to Jamaica

for medical attention; my mother and a sister (Molly) travelled up to see me. I could not, however, stay with them, having been called to be attended to. Not being sure as to whether I was hospitalized then, it was at some point I was at hospital at Mona, Jamaica. I was placed in an isolation ward where I was treated and recovered. I was offered a job at what seemed to be the hospital on the campus. I also found myself in Trinidad. I had come home to take care of some matters, one of those being repairs to my car. I have pointed out these things as I feel there is need to understand what can take place in the realm of the spirit. During the time of my battle in that realm, I saw myself standing over what seemed to be my grave. It was like I was attending my funeral and there at the grave side looking down at the grave, there was no coffin in it; but there on my right stood a man who was very tall, I saw him only from his waist down, he seemed to be my enemy, I said to him, "I will tell them you killed me".

With that scene ended, it seemed as if I had stepped into another realm that seemed like a step over into another world. My, what beauty! There was a beautiful path made from concrete slabs neatly and beautifully placed that led to a beautiful garden. On that path there was a gentle flow of crystal clear water that seemed to be coming from the garden. Even though walking in the water as I walked up the pathway, my feet were not wet.

I could not help but notice how beautiful the garden was. I saw beautiful plants of different and varied types. There were colours that were so impressive, what really caught my attention were the various shades of green that stood out so beautifully, I could not help but admire them. Standing in the garden, there was another

attraction that caught my attention; there was a small cloud which was within my reach, it was not white, but a beautiful blue like sky blue which was floating right before me. Such beauty, what serenity and peace I experienced in that place of tranquillity. Looking to the North of that garden, separated by the path I mentioned, there was another building, the wall in front looked like a screen, upon which I saw what appeared to be small designs of beautiful little lights flickering like what we call fire or candle flies. North East of the garden, there was construction going on. Some very lovely houses were being built. The completed ones looked so pretty. O yes, it was quite an experience; It's hard to think this was a death experience. I experienced more beauty, tranquillity, peace and life than I could have ever hoped for. What a wonderful thing to have travelled in the realm of the spirit.

Let not anyone say this side of life is all there is to life. Though things may seem to be so beautiful and enjoyable and attractive, it must be said that life in the realm of the spirit surpasses one's wildest dreams. I can't put in words all I have experienced. But let me say, "It's simply marvellous". Thanks be unto God for having taken me through such a wonderful experience. In spite of my ordeal and what would appear to be so painful, yes I know I have had strong doses of morphine and other drugs for pain; let me say however, my real experience was painless while going through the ordeal. There is no value one can attach to those precious moments. I would like to remind you, during the time I was going through all of these experiences, I was still on the ventilator. I was told that I was treated with so many different drugs and was given blood transfusions. Also, with a very high fever nothing seemed to work in their efforts

to bring down the temperature. I was also given steroids as well as insulin.

I understand the doctors came to a decision that I had become too dependant on this piece of equipment and also, because I was becoming infected, they were going to put in a tracheotomy which would help me to breathe on my own. There were almost immediate results as my condition began to improve. The next three days astounded the doctors and everyone else. The rapidity and progress could not have been imagined.

My coming out from the coma, however, brought new challenges. I began to realize I was not whom I was. I did not fully understand when my brother Gilbert James said to me, "Crafton, you will have to take it easy for some time, don't be in a hurry to get up and about. You will need to take a lot rest before getting out again". I must confess, at that point in time, not knowing the full extent of what had happened to me, I thought I would have been up and about in quick time. As the days came and went and as I began to understand things once again, I realized I was unable to do anything for myself. Not being able to talk was very frustrating as I tried talking to my wife and others, and not able to do so, no one was able to hear what I was saying. I was unable to write because my hands trembled as well as being very weak.

Being unable to walk was something I discovered after a few days. Just imagine me unable to do anything for myself. I could not feed myself; a 125 ml bottle of water was too heavy for me to lift up. I had to get disposable shaving blades because my regular shaving set became too heavy to lift up.

I remember the morning the therapist came to me and said, "Today we will help you to get off the bed and walk". This was another

experience I would not forget. I had to be helped to get up from the bed. I had to be taught how to sit at the edge of the bed and how to get up from the bed in order to make my first step. This was certainly an ordeal. I must admit there were some fears in me as the two nurses held me under my arms and said to me, "take your time". Alas, I got up from the bed, and let me say, that took quite some doing. The bigger task was to follow and that was to walk. It seemed a most difficult thing as I looked down at the floor, thought about how weak I felt and all of my muscles gone. Once again I received encouragement from those attending to me. I tried putting my right foot forward, that was tough. Thank God that first baby step was taken, and after a few more, I was helped back to my chair where I sat for many hours that day. This was the first time I sat up on my own since being hospitalized at UCH. It was also the first time I was asked what I would want for lunch. I can tell you, I was longing for some food.

The time came when I was taken from the CCU and sent to the ward. For a while, besides the daily blood drawn from my hands for testing and other checks and medication, at nights I was awakened every hour on the hour, my temperature, my pressure and medication if needed had to be administered. I had to drink lots of water also.

There was a determination in me that I had to overcome all of these inabilities. I was brought a walker by the therapist who also took me for a short walk. The following day I continued my walking and every time I would take my walk I would increase the number of times I would walk the corridor. After a couple days, I was brought another walker, this one with wheels. After about two or three days of use, a pair of crutches were brought and placed by my bed. I was told

that would be my next step in my recovery. The following day as I was taking my walk, a nurse was passing and stopped to commend me on my progress. I asked her for a favour to which she consented after pressing her to grant my request. Instead of me pushing the walker, she was now the one pushing it and I was walking behind it without any assistance. She was surprised that I wanted to try this and more surprised that I succeeded in what I wanted to do. On hearing this the therapist brought me a walking stick and took away the crutches saying, "You do not need them." I was ahead of the game, thank God.

The day before I was due to be discharged, I had to go the ENT hospital to have some tests done, this was arranged by one of my doctors. I was taken there by ambulance but to my surprise and dismay, the driver left me on the pavement and I had to find my way from there. Bearing in mind that I had just begun walking and not knowing anything about where I was going etc., I felt I was hard done. Under some pressure, and carrying what was a very heavy file of all my medical history, with some assistance I was able to find my way. Having my tests completed I was taken to the restaurant for lunch. By 1:50 p.m. I was ready to return to the hospital that was twenty minutes away. I was told the hospital was notified and they said the ambulance was on the way. The long and short of this is, after waiting in that cold restaurant, I was not dressed for that kind of environment. Sitting on such an uncomfortable seat, (the others were the same) I was not picked up until 6:54 p.m. The following day, being the day for my discharge, when one of my doctors came and checked me, she said to me, "You are not going anywhere today, you have a temperature." I

had picked up an infection and for the next few days, it was sometimes tough because of the infection. While there in the ward, it was my privilege to share the salvation message as well as my testimony with some of the patients.

Some information I would like to include in this testimony is as follows. My illness in part was during the time that is referred to as holy week. Our daughter, Temeka was pregnant and her baby was due in the month of April. As parents to be, they chose the name, Naysa some time before she was born. The name NAYSA, means miracle from God. As Temeka and Leif sought the Lord on my behalf and asking the Lord for a miracle, asking the Lord to give me a miracle by restoring my life, they were able to take comfort in the name that was given to their unborn baby girl who was born on April 15, 2006. Not only did God give them the miracle they were praying for, but also a beautiful little girl was born by the name Naysa “miracle from God.”

A beautiful omen appeared and was seen by my daughter Reba during the time when I was in a coma. One morning, a white pigeon appeared on the roof of our house. She said it seemed to be wounded. This it did for three days. On one of those days, there came a grey pigeon perfectly well and flew aside of the white pigeon. The white pigeon, though wounded chased away the grey healthy pigeon. Those days were the only time that white pigeon was ever seen around nor has it been seen around since.

In total, I spent forty (40) days at the hospital, I was blessed to be discharged on mother’s day, and then to have been discharged from outpatients clinic on my wife’s birthday. What I deemed to have also been a wonderful event was that of leaving the UK

and returning home on Pentecost Sunday. Yes for me, there were days and times and things of great significance and during which I received a new, yes, a miraculous life. My thanks to God and to Him I give all the glory, honour and praise.

I would like to at this time give thanks to God for those who attended to me and to take this opportunity to thank all the doctors, nurses, consultants and all others. They did a marvellous job. For what I know of the care I received, it was tremendous. I experienced sheer dedication and commitment as those responsible attended to me. It was remarkable the way in which interest was taken and the concern that was shown at all times. There was always concern that I, as the patient was always comfortable. I was told that whatever had to be done, whatever medication had to be given, or anything that related to my care, it was the duty of whoever was attending to me, whether or not I was in a coma, I had to be informed.

I would like to extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks to my wife and our children as they stood with me in my time of need. My wife who had lots to do as she spent many hours at the hospital day after day and sometimes hearing the not so good news, it certainly was the grace of God that kept and enabled her through this ordeal. Bro. Gilbert James, we are eternally grateful to you and family for the part you played, being the tower of strength and encouragement, manning the station, so to speak; bringing those inspiring e-mails from around the world and sending the many updates. You certainly were my lifeline as you stood in the gap for me and I thank you for being such a friend and a brother to me.

I must also express my sincere

thanks to my sister Patsy and her family. I thank the Lord that she was there for such a time like this. She was of great help to us. I thank God for the open door and the concern showed. Of course, I got a couple of scoldings from her too and I know that was because of her concern for me.

To my mother, thank you for standing in the gap and interceding on my behalf. I know it was a trying time for you, but thank God for the victory.

To all of my co-workers who we refer to as “The Brethren and the Travelling Deacons”, thank you for standing with me and my family in the way you have. It is so wonderful to know that there is such support.

There are many others I would like to mention by name, but impossible to do. I would however like to make mention of Sister Molly who has stood with us all the way and so many times travelled from so far to come to the hospital to visit me. Even after I was discharged, faithfully she came to my sister’s house to visit always bringing along some load and leaving it with us. Thank you from all of us and God bless and multiply your labour of love towards us.

Let me say that all of our children were very supportive during this crisis. I, however, have to make special mention of Reba. She was left with much responsibility upon her, my wife having to hurriedly depart for London. Reba went through a tremendous ordeal. Having to cope with things here at home, her work, which is so demanding, and her faithfulness in calling just about every day and sometimes a few times a day. She has been selfless in so many ways. We thank you for being there for us and may God bless you abundantly. May the Lord continue to bind us together for His honour and His glory.

DATES OF IMPORTANCE

New York/New Jersey Camp Meeting Oct. 3 - 5, 2008
 Pinelaw Family Camp Nov. 8 - Nov. 11, 2008
 North Battleford New Year's Youth Retreat..... Dec. 28, 2008 - Jan. 1, 2009
 Indiana Young People's Meeting Dec. 27 - Dec. 31, 2008
 Big Spring Texas Camp Meeting Feb. 6 - 8, 2008

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