

GRACE IN THE WILDERNESS

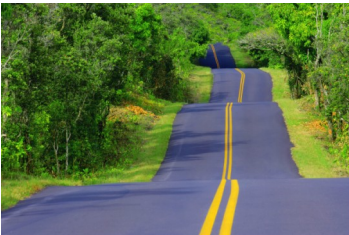
A MINISTRY FOR TODAY'S BUSY WOMAN



I WILL EVEN MAKE A WAY IN THE WILDERNESS, AND RIVERS IN THE DESERT - ISAIAH 43:19

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Milestones, Road Blocks and Bumps in the Road

By Sharon Hawkins

"Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body. But rather, to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming WOW what a ride!"

This quote has been claimed by a lot of different people. Do you think that's because so many of us want to live our lives like this but are afraid to?

Grace Ankles, today's busy woman, has encountered many milestones on her journey. Isn't it interesting how we measure our lives by milestones? That was before I graduated high school ... after I got married ... when my kids were little.

For all her adventures, Grace still finds it hard to live her life in total, pull-out-all-the stops, go-for-broke abandonment. Just when she is getting her momentum going, she sees something on the horizon. What's that? Another bump in the road?

Bumps in the road just make the ride more fun, right? Yeah, kind of like riding a roller coaster, sitting backwards in the seat and blindfolded. Wheeeee!! (cough, cough!) Let's face it, bumps in the road can send today's busy woman spiraling out of control as she struggles just to hang on.

Or maybe it's worse this time, maybe what's ahead is a road

block. A road block is like encountering a huge boulder that sprang up from nowhere. Usually the first thing we try to do is move it.

Cindy Lu wrote a story about a man who was sleeping at night in his cabin when the Lord appeared to Him and told the man He had work for him to do. He showed the man a large rock in front of his cabin and explained that He wanted the man to push against the rock with all his might.

The man did this, day in and day out for many years. He worked each day from dawn to dusk, pushing with all his might against the massive, unmoving rock. Each night he returned to his cabin sore and exhausted, feeling like it was for all for nothing.

Then Satan got involved and told the man that the job was impossible and that he was a failure. The man decided to lighten up and start just giving a minimum effort. But before he did, he prayed about it.

"Lord," he said, "I have worked long and hard putting all my strength into doing what you have asked me to do. But even after all this time, I have not moved the rock even the tiniest bit. What is wrong? Why am I failing?"

The Lord responded compassionately, "I asked you to push against the rock with all

your might and you have done that. But I never asked you to move it. Now you think you have failed. But, have you? Look at your arms, they are big and strong, your back is muscled, your hands are callused, and your legs are mighty and hard. You have grown a great deal through opposition and your abilities have increased. Yet you still haven't moved the rock. Remember your calling was to be obedient and to push and exercise your faith and trust in My wisdom and you have done this. ... Now, I will move the rock."

Today's busy woman has definitely had her share of bumps and boulders. But, praise God, for them!!

Sometimes God uses them to wake us up or to redirect us. Sometimes He wants us to climb over them, go through them, work around them or just push on them like the man from Cindy's story. No matter what He's calling us to do in regards to bumps in the road and roadblocks, He's using them to grow us.

C. S. Lewis once said, "The safest road to Hell is the gradual one - the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts."

We've got to remember God has a divine purpose for us in every milestone, every bump in the road and every roadblock. Besides, would life be as exciting without them?!!

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Visit our Grace In The Wilderness Facebook Page and 'Like us' to receive updates about our newsletters and conferences.
Our 4th Annual Special Day for Moms of Special Needs Children is July 20, 2013 at Mt. Airy Baptist Church.

Philippians 3:14

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.



Financially Speaking: Spring Cleaning

By Diana Kilgore

Well, it is officially Spring whether or not the outside temperature reflects it. And it's tradition to begin Spring Cleaning in Spring, so here are a few ideas to help you Spring Clean your finances.

First of all, since we just finished Income Tax Season, let's talk about refunds. If you received \$2000 or more in a federal refund, I would like to suggest that you consider increasing the number of exemptions you are claiming on your Form W-4 at work. By doing this, you will increase the amount of money you bring home in each paycheck. Take the additional income and apply it to household debt. By doing this throughout the year, you will save more money by paying down interest than you would by making a larger payment when your refund arrives. Please consult your tax professional for help determining the number of exemptions that would be most suitable for your personal situation.

Secondly, consider the large difference that cutting small expenses can make. How many times have you stopped at the gas station to put fuel in the vehicle and ended up spending almost as much

on drinks and junk food? And in these situations, we know how husbands and children have *inflation* written all over them. In these cases, I recommend you either have cash specifically for fuel and enter the building with only that amount of money OR don't go inside at all, but rather pay at the pump and avoid the temptation of the honey buns and bottled caffeine.

Another small expense that tends to get out of hand is eating out for lunch. Consider packing a lunch instead of swinging through the closest fast food drive thru. You will be surprised how much happier your wallet is...and your bathroom scale.

Thirdly, with Spring comes the anticipation of children getting out of school. Well, I have a tidbit of advice that can save you college moms thousands of dollars - fill out the financial aid forms ... *before the deadlines*. The Free Application for Federal Student Aid (FAFSA) must be completed and accepted by June 30, 2013. Please do not wait until 8:00 am on the 30th to begin the process or you won't make it. There are required signatures and PINs and there will be some emailing and snail mailing that cannot be accomplished in 24 hours. Then you have state-based deadlines for grants. If you live in South Carolina, you share the June 30, 2013 deadline with the feds. Finally, you have school-specific deadlines imposed by

your individual colleges for grants and scholarships. Please pay attention to your deadlines, stay in touch with your Financial Aid Department and do not procrastinate.

Lastly, Summer is right on the heels of Spring and many of us ladies are concerned about our appearances and want to look our best for the season. Some of you have joined a gym, some are on diet plans, and some have even hit the tanning salon. Well the latter has become increasingly popular and there is a large expense involved in being cute and crispy. A 16-week tanning regiment (whether tanning bed or spray tan) averages \$200 - \$400 plus the cost of products and accessories. I certainly understand that you don't want your co-workers wearing their sunglasses inside the building because you decided to wear capris to work, but have you considered the option of a bottled tan?

I have researched these products and found they've greatly improved over the years from the Crayola orange nightmare of the past. Products average in cost from \$7-\$10 per bottle, which, used daily, will provide most women a two-week supply. You can get a golden glow for anywhere from \$56-\$80. That's at least a 60% savings.

Happy Financial Spring Cleaning!



Why Do I Let Go?

By Brenda Horne

In troubled times, I try to pray hard and do my best to hang on as the Lord carries me through. I cling to Him, praying with a burdened, broken heart. I converse with my Savior who shows me over and over how much He loves me and how He has it all in control. My gracious Father holds me close and listens to my fears. He is patient, understanding and grips my hand tightly as I wonder through the dark unknowns of my life. His light guides each footstep as I lean into Him for comfort and security.

Then, my perilous journey gets better as the Lord takes me from the deep valley to higher ground. He gently places me back on the mountain top where I can find safety and stability.

As I stand on that mountain top, looking back at my journey, I am thankful for God leading me through. Now, up here in the high places, my life has gotten a little easier. My struggles, at this moment, are not as intense and I can finally take a deep breath and exhale.

As I relax, something strange slowly starts to happen. This strange thing slithers in unexpectedly. For some reason, during the good parts of my life's journey,

my grip on Jesus loosens and ... I let go!

I let go of the hand that pulled me out of the pits of my sin. I let go of the hand that kept me from drowning in the depths of my despair. I let go of the hand that led me through the darkness. And when I let go, my prayers are not as deep, my worship is not as strong and my thoughts are not of God. Why do I let go? Why would I ever feel safe on my own? My prayers should always be out of desire for Him and not out of my own desperation. My relationship with Him should be more than a teenager holding out her hand for money or car keys.

Why Do I Let Go? (Cont'd)

By Brenda Horne

It's sad actually, I've been a Christian longer than I've been a non-Christian. Yet here I stand, on the mountain top, a spoiled child saying, "Now I want to do it! I can do it by myself." So I pull away from Him.

But, like a child, when trouble strikes again, here I go running back to where I

should have been all along, grabbing hold of the hand that keeps me safe.

My Lord loves me, therefore He wants more. He wants more than to just shield me in the bad times; he also wants to laugh with me in the good times. He wants to enjoy His child who is safely in His fold. So why do I let go?!

Galatians 3:3

Are you so foolish? After beginning in the spirit, are you now trying to attain your goal by human effort?



May Is Mental Illness Awareness Month

By Jan Kueber

One out of every five people has suffered from mental

illness in the past year. One in seventeen suffers serious mental illness such as schizophrenia, major depression, or bipolar disorder. One in ten children lives with a serious mental or emotional disorder. We have many, many people with this illness in our communities and churches who suffer in silence because of the stigma that is attached to it. Do those with mental illness and their families deserve our prayers and support?

May is mental illness awareness month. It is time we all learn about what mental illness is, how to treat it, and how to live with it and support our loved ones.

What is mental illness? It is a brain disorder. Researchers are finding radiographical changes in the brain of those with serious mental illness as well as those with ADHD. Like other illnesses, genetics and trauma play a role.

Mental illness is not a sign of weakness or evil. It is, like other illnesses, the direct result of a fallen world. There are plenty of godly men and women who suffer with mental illness every day.

Would you tell someone with cancer, "If you'd been stronger or more spiritual you would not have gotten cancer"?

The reason we think those things about the mentally ill is because we do not understand it. It is unseen, unknown, and ugly. To be able to support people and families living with mental illness, we need to learn more about it.

How do we learn more about mental illness? More research needs to be done to understand what happens to the brain before and during mental illness, and the best ways to treat it. For this to happen, we need to financially and politically support mental illness education and research like we do other illnesses. What happens if we don't? More people suffer, families suffer, and ultimately society suffers.

How do we live with mental illness and support our loved ones? It is an all-consuming illness and affects not only the people living with the illness but their families as well. It is very easy to be judgmental, but no one person can understand the loneliness and fear that only mental illness can bring. Please be prayerful, patient, and kind.

Many people with mental illness are struggling the best they know how through every single day. The ones that I know with mental illness are strong, loving people who, if given a choice, would not choose to be afflicted with this kind of pain.

Everyone with a mental illness experiences the illness differently, much like there are different forms of cancer. So, to compare people with mental illnesses to one another is of no good to anyone. After living with a family member with mental

illness for over 10 years, I can tell you that a prayerful, loving, and patient presence is of great benefit to your loved one. Matter of fact, it is beneficial to everyone. Ultimately, isn't that what Jesus taught us?

NAMI is the National Alliance on Mental Illness, the nation's largest grassroots mental health organization dedicated to building better lives for the millions of Americans affected by mental illness. NAMI advocates for access to services, treatment, supports and research and is steadfast in its commitment to raise awareness and build a community for hope for all of those in need.

If you, or a family member are in need of support, please visit the NAMI Greenville website:

www.namigreenvillesc.org

You are not alone, others are struggling every day.

Colossians 3:12

Therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, put on tender mercies, kindness, humility, meekness, longsuffering;



Sometimes I feel like I don't love God enough.

I feel unworthy of His love.

I also feel guilty at times for loving others for fear that it's more than I love God.

As I was driving down the road one morning, I was pondering this thought. I was praying and asking God why I felt like I loved others more than Him. I wondered if it was because we can touch them or hear them speak out loud.

Then out of the blue, this thought came to me. Well, actually God spoke to me. So, yes, we can hear God speak if we will listen.

It's not that we love others more than God. It's one way God's allows us to share His love and for us to receive His love. We can see God in the smiling faces of our loved ones or touch God in each hug and kiss. We hear God speak through others too.

You see, we are the body of Christ and we are called to love one another as ourselves. When we love others, it's not more than God unless we let them keep us from Him. It's when we love others we

allow God's love to shower down on them and us. That's when we realize we love God the most.

Matthew 22:37

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.



Titus 2 Wisdom for Women: Our Good Samaritan

My husband was an Electrical Project Manager. Often we would go with him if he was going to be gone for a long time. We enjoyed these trips as we got to see a number of places and things that we wouldn't ever see otherwise.

Jerry would usually go to the job and after a few weeks, he would get us an apartment or house. Then we would just leave our home and most of our belongings behind. We had an alarm system and our neighbors would look out for our home.

I remember one time when he was offered a job in Vermont. I was familiar with the U.S. map and had been to several states, but I knew very little about Vermont.

Jerry got really lucky looking for us a place to rent while he worked in Vermont. He found a condo at a ski resort and it was off season so he rented a three bedroom condo for \$450 a month. Everything was furnished, down to the bed linens and everything one would need.

We were excited when we arrived in Vermont. Vermont is one of the most beautiful states in the U.S. Our oldest daughter's husband was given a job there also so they came too.

Our son was working with his dad and he met his wife there. Our other daughter was the only one left at home at that time and she fully enjoyed her time there. She liked her school, learned to ski and met some really good friends. She was 12 or 13 at the time.

After we were there for about a year, the job ended so we returned to South Carolina. We had taken some of our personal things with us and we had acquired several more things to bring home. That is why we were pulling a U-Haul behind the truck. Jerry was always good with directions but this time we got off the main highway in the country part of lower New York.

There wasn't much of anything it seemed on this road, way out in the country. It was snowing, very cold and we found ourselves, off the main highway. There were very few houses and Jerry realized we were very low on gas. It was getting dark, snowing harder and I was thinking this wasn't good at all. Jerry commented that he was needing to find gas soon or we may run out.

When we got to the station, he asked me and Michele to come inside and warm up. I could hardly believe this. He gave Michele crackers and a soda and asked us if we wanted anything.

As I thought about being out in the middle of nowhere, almost out of gas, it was cold, dark and the snow was not slowing up at all. I looked over to Michele and said, "I think we need to pray." And that was what we did. She looked at me and I could tell she was very scared. I was just pleading silently for God to help us find help soon.

Jerry finally said, "I think I see a light up ahead, maybe someone there can help us. It was a white house beside the road. He stopped and went to the door and a nice man came to the door. Even though we were strangers, he seemed very friendly. Jerry told him our situation, that we were needing gas and needed to get back on the right road. Jerry told him we had lived in Vermont and were headed to South Carolina. I was thinking, "I believe he is going to help us." As he and Jerry continued to talk, this man said, "Sure, I will help you. I have a gas station just up the road." So we followed him. We were complete strangers to him but he didn't hesitate to help us.

When we got to the station, he asked me and Michele to come inside and warm up. I could hardly believe this. He gave Michele crackers and a soda and asked us if we wanted anything.



Our Good Samaritan (Cont'd)

By Roberta Brown

No one can ever tell me that God had not answered our prayers.

It was unbelievable, almost.

As I was thinking about writing this story, I know that God was in control of that situation that night. I know God still works miracles and He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

When we were being helped, it took me back to my childhood, as my dad had a store. We sold gas and I can remember so many times he opened up the store for complete strangers and pumped gas for them. He saw to it that they got refreshments, etc., before they headed up a very steep mountain road to their destination.

Like my dad had been a good Samaritan to strangers, so had this man been a good Samaritan to us on this snowy night in Vermont.

Luke 10:36-37

“Which of these three, do you think, proved to be a neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?” He said, “The one who showed him mercy.” And Jesus said to him, “You go, and do likewise.”

My Back

By Sharon Hawkins

Time stood still for me the morning of November 2, 2011 when I got the call. The nurse's voice was speaking to me in slow motion on the other end of the line. "I'm sorry to tell you this, Sharon, but you have melanoma."

"What?!"

This was the last news I expected to hear. I couldn't even comprehend what she was saying and all it meant. I was overwhelmed to say the least.

I had been on a roller coaster of heart-ache and physical devastation for the previous five months and this was another deep plunge. I had been diagnosed with breast cancer in June, had mastectomies in July and another reconstruction surgery in August. These two surgeries were followed by constant, chronic pain. The answer each time from the surgeons to resolve my unbearable pain was to have more surgery.

The surgeons and I were hoping the pain would end when I had natural breast reconstruction in Charleston. It was scheduled for just two weeks down the road on November 17, 2011. Besides this, just a couple of weeks earlier in October, my close friend was sentenced to federal prison for embezzling hundreds of thousands of dollars from my business, from me and my family.

And now THIS ... how could this be happening too? It was surreal.

Then an indescribable peace came over me as I realized, all of this was nothing

short of a miracle from God. He was trusting me with a precious gift, an incredible one (and I do mean one that people would find hard to believe. I was having a hard time believing all of it myself!) He was giving me a testimony that would bring Him glory if only I would not give up. Galatians 6:9 says, "Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up." If only I would continue to trust Him, I knew He would bring me through and I could share how He was there for me every step of the way.

In fact, it's an amazing "God" thing how we found this mole in the lower center of my back in the first place. After my mastectomies, my friend Lisa Johnson (who happens to be a cancer nurse) so sweetly came over to my house to help me change my dressings. She noticed the mole on my back and told me she thought I should have it checked. The miracle ... Had she not come to my church, become my friend, had a kind heart to want to help me, been a cancer nurse, noticed the mole and mentioned it, it would not have been caught. Ironically, if I hadn't been diagnosed with breast cancer, she wouldn't have even been in a position to see it. I had no plans for a routine appointment to have it checked. I didn't know it looked suspicious.

Because it was only two weeks until my surgery in Charleston when I would be put flat on my back and this incision would take two weeks to heal, the dermatologist and surgeons decided we had

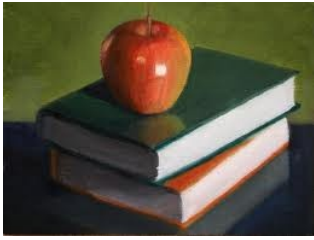
to act right away. So the same morning I got the news, they removed the margins around where the mole had been with a 4 inch incision in my back. I couldn't lie down on my stomach for the procedure because of my previous breast surgeries so they did it while I sat on a wooden stool leaning over a chair. Boy, that was fun!

To make a long story short, the GOOD NEWS is they got it all, it was stage 1, no chemo, no radiation. Praise God!!!! He is so faithful, He had this and has been with me through everything even the constant, chronic pain I still live with every day!

The dermatologist gave me a handy dandy mole checker brochure in the months that followed my surgery. I tried it out on my husband and saw a suspicious mole right away on his back. He had three atypical moles removed. The nurse told me it was a good thing I checked him because they would have turned to melanoma too if not removed.

God is taking care of me and you in ways that we can't even imagine every day....Wow!!! He's always got our backs!!!

May is Skin Cancer Awareness Month. 3.5 million skin cancers are diagnosed every year. This number has been on the rise for the last few decades. Protect your skin from the sun's damaging rays, use a sunscreen of at least 30 SPF, and wear a hat with a brim. If you haven't already, have a body scan by a dermatologist and check your body once a month for changes in any moles. Life-saving information is at <http://www.cancer.org/index>.



The Teacher

By Brenda Horne

My husband teaches 2nd-5th grade at our church. We average 22+ elemen-

tary school aged children on any given Wednesday night. When my husband teaches he commands respect and the kids know when it's time to pay attention to the lesson. My husband loves the kids, they love him, it all works beautifully.

My job in the classroom is to be my husband's helper. I enjoy the roll of helper... help-mate... behind the scenes person... the non-lead roll... whatever you like to call it, it works for me! And since the Lord has not called me to teach, I don't.

One fateful Wednesday night my poor husband was sick and I blindly volunteered to teach the class for him. "How hard could it be?" I thought to myself. I mean, I'm in there every Wednesday night any way! "You'll do fine." My husband reassured me as I prepared my lesson.

On Wednesday nights we always have playtime in the church gym before class, this allows the kids to get out some of their pinned up energy. Then after playtime, the kids come into the class room, sit quietly and rest while the lesson is being taught.

Before the class started, on this particular Wed. night, I had it all pictured in my mind. I would be in the front of the classroom, standing at the podium, joy-

fully sharing the Biblical truths of the love of God. All the while they would be sitting attentively in their seats, quietly gazing at me with their sweet little eyes. Their inquisitive little minds open to all the wonders the Bible beholds. We would bond as class and teacher. I was excited!

I snapped out of my daydream when the kids came barreling into the classroom slamming into their seats. Their sweaty little faces glared at me as I slowly made my way to the podium. I could feel their eyes watching every step I took. When I placed my shaky hands on the podium and looked around the room ... that's when I knew I was in trouble ... they could smell the fear. I barely squeezed out the words, "Mr. Randy will not be here tonight so I will teach you."

I don't quite remember anything past that point ... I do know there were at least 7,523 questions asked, lots of hands being raised for more questions. There was plenty of talking, lots and lots of talking to be exact, despite my repeated request for quiet. I believe at one point a kid stood up in his chair and screamed "BE QUIEEETT!" (on my behalf,.. bless him). Then there was the swopping of seats, for no apparent reason. The students all of a sudden looked like Orville Redenbacher popcorn, jumping from seat to seat. I just kinda watched in stunned silence. "They never do this with Randy" I thought and my next thought was "If Randy's not dead when I get home, I'm killing him!"

Next came the "Mrs. Brenda, I need to go

to the bathroom!" At which time all 22 kids had a sudden bout of bladder failure and needed to rush to the bathroom.

Finally, I was able to get a brief moment of semi-silence, so I read a few Bible verses and explained as I went. "Ok, this might work." I thought to myself, when a young fellow in the front raised his hand for a question. "Oh yay, a question! Maybe now they will get involved in what I'm teaching."

"Do you have a question?" I asked the young fellow "Yes ma'am, my teacher says zombies aren't real, is that true?" At which time the entire room erupted into another 7,523 questions, none of which had anything to do with my lesson.

So the next 15 minutes was spent trying to calm them back down just in time for the parents to pick them up.

This is what I learned from my teaching experience: the next time my husband feels he is too sick to teach, I will duck tape him to a gurney, throw him in the back of our truck, haul him to church and prop him up against the wall of the classroom so he can teach. Because I'M THE HELPER, NOT THE TEACHER!

Genesis 2:18

The LORD God said, "It is not good for the man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him."



The Prayer

Dear Lord,

Please help me to stay focused on you, and not my storms. May others see and

be amazed at what you are doing in my life.

I pray that I would not let unexpected events throw me off course, but rather that I would respond calmly and confi-

dently and remember that You are with me.

As soon as something grabs my attention, I will strive to talk with You about it. I know You want to share in my joys as well in my problems.

You can help me cope with whatever is before me. This is how You live in me and work through me.

Amen

Psalms 107:28-30

Then they cried out to the Lord in their trouble, and He brought them out of their distress. He stilled the storm to a whisper; the waves of the sea were hushed. They were glad when it grew calm, and He guided them to their desired haven.



Let's Go Planting: Unselfish Love

By Cathy C. Whisnant

I hope that over the last two months you have spent quality time laughing with your children! So far we have planted the seeds of transparent tenderness, protection, and laughter. This month we are going to plant the seed of Unselfish Love.

How would you describe the type of love that is unselfish? I call it "agape" love; the love that the Father has for His children. It is a love that is unconditional and always does what is best for the other person. It is love when it hurts, love when you are weary, love when you must discipline, and love that stays on task.

In his book, How to Really Love Your Child, Ross Campbell gives a definition for unselfish, unconditional love.

"Unconditional love is loving a child no matter what. No matter what the child looks like. No matter what assets, liabilities, handicaps. No matter what we expect him to be and most difficult, no matter how he acts. This does not mean, of course, we always like his behavior. Unconditional love means we love the child

even at times we may detest his behavior."

I John 3:18 says, "Dear children, let us not love with words and tongue, but with action and truth." Our unselfish love and acceptance is communicated more clearly in what we do and how we do it rather than by words alone.

One of the many ways to show unselfish love is by hugging your children daily. I know this is especially hard when your children start their teen years. I know they turn into teenage aliens. You sometimes want to lock them in a cage until they become civil again.

But every day you must go to that cage and let them know that you love them unconditionally, no matter what has earned their spot in the cage. They may not hug you back, but on the inside where no one can see but God, they are hugging you back.

Mom's hugs gives them renewed strength to face a world full of peer pressure. When our children are grown, it will be how their mother loved them that will determine how they love others. In this way, a mother's love never dies.

In the world in which we live today, we give our children iPhones, iPads, and iPods while maybe all that really want to know is mom's unconditional love for them. They will never be too old to hear these three most powerful and beautiful words in the English language, "I love you."

It's time to put down this article now and go give out some hugs!

1 Corinthians 13:4

Love is patient and kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.



The Goat

By Celeste Hebert

A goat fell down a well. It wasn't yet the dry season

so a little water covered the bottom. The goat's owner went home and found his rope, but it was too short. He spent the day borrowing strands from his neighbors to make a longer rope.

He put a large loop at one end of the cord and tossed it down the well. Surely his goat would see the way to get out of the deep hole and throw his front legs into the rope, so the man could pull his goat to safety.

The goat didn't put his legs into the loop. Instead, the animal yelped and started

beating his head against the rocky sides of the well.

The man called a meeting with the villagers to get advice on how to rescue his goat. His brothers said the only way to save the animal would be if someone went down into the well, picked up the goat, and carried him up to the top.

The goat's owner was the logical choice to descend the well. The man tied himself to the rope and was lowered down by his brothers. He picked up the animal and carried him to safety.

It was a long, tiring day and seemed like a lot of trouble to save a stupid and stubborn goat who did nothing to help himself get out of the well. The man had worked and suffered to rescue his goat,

even though the animal had gotten himself into that situation.

The owner saved his animal because he loved him, just like God loved us and came to earth to save us.

John 10:11

I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd gives His life for the sheep.



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Follow Sharon's cancer journey at
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FOCUS SCRIPTURE VERSE:

Isaiah 43:19
... I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

Grace In The Wilderness is an out-reach ministry for Today's Busy Woman. Our mission is to encourage women of all ages:

- To look upward to God as they discover Him in a new and deeper way,
- To look inward as they discover who they are in Christ, and
- To look outward as they discover God's plan for their lives.

We appreciate your prayers and support. Donations are also appreciated and may be made payable to Grace In The Wilderness Ministries (address to the left).

This is a bi-monthly newsletter. Visit www.wildernessgrace.org to subscribe for a free email copy or please call or email us for paper copies.

Visit our Grace In The Wilderness Facebook Page and 'Like us' to receive updates about our newsletters and conferences.
Our 4th Annual Special Day for Moms of Special Needs Children is July 20, 2013 at Mt. Airy Baptist Church.

Check us out on Facebook—Grace In The Wilderness and at www.WildernessGrace.org

You will never reach your destination if you stop and throw stones at every dog that barks. —Winston Churchill

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