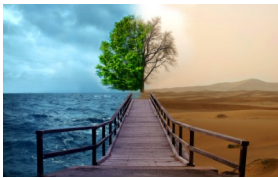


GRACE IN THE WILDERNESS

A MINISTRY FOR TODAY'S BUSY WOMAN



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



The Temporary

Life is filled with

the unexpected. Here are a couple of certainties.

If you love your current situation, embrace it, enjoy it, it will change.

If you hate your current situation, hold on, do not give up, it will change.

A very wise friend of mine once told me, "You and I can do anything temporarily."

Through many seasons, her saying has encouraged me to hold on just a little bit longer, to dig just a little bit deeper, to fight just a little bit harder. Sometimes just a little bit more is all that God requires of us—just a little bit more hope, just a little bit more faith.

It is not by accident that our lives are filled with change. God spells this out in Ecclesiastes 3.

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:

A time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot,

A time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build,

A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance,

A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,

A time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away,

A time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak,

A time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.

Changing seasons are an opportunity to experience God's sweetest providence, His all-sufficient grace and His unwavering guidance. Accepting, discovering and appreciating God's perfect timing becomes a pathway to peace throughout our lives. If we doubt or resent His timing, we can fall into despair, go our own way and miss the blessings He is so beautifully unfolding. When we come to realize that God is leading us to a new plan, it is time to start acting like it—time to walk by faith, not by sight.

God is our Light, our only constant, our one true North Star. In His light, we can see what is now and what He has done for us in the dark seasons before. In seeking His light, our faith can grow like a Morning Glory on a rock wall reaching for the new sun coming up on the other side.

A path that seemed to be all wrong, may turn out to be so right a little further along as we watch "all things work together for good to them that love God". (Romans 8:28)

Often our faith grows the most when we have no other choice but to rely on Him. When we find He is all we have, we find that He is all we will ever need.

Like you, I have been to the

end of my rope, I have hit rock bottom, and I have been overwhelmed by the size of the battle. During these times, God has urged me not to give up, not to give in.

He has brought me through some impossible seasons—an eating disorder, a rocky first marriage and divorce; years of infertility; an emotional collapse, my mom's cancer battle and her death, embezzlement by two different employees (one my closest friend), my own personal breast cancer battle, mastectomies and numerous surgeries. Often I have found myself submerged in an impossible situation one day but miraculously lifted out of it by God's grace, the next.

Through trials, He has shown me that when I reach the end of my rope, it is His garment that I can grab hold of. When I have hit rock bottom, there has been only one direction to go. And, most importantly, I have learned that the battles were not mine at all, but His.

These lessons have been forged into my life through the fire. *You would think they would be forged on my memory too and I could never forget them.* Unbelievably, sometimes I still do forget.

Even so, God never forgets me. I am so thankful that He holds me through every season of my life, through the good times and the bad—the temporary.

All of my life, in every season, you are still God. I have a reason to sing. I have a reason to worship. —Hillsong

By Sharon Hawkins

March/April 2015

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Grace In The Wilderness Women's Conference is coming April 10, 2015 to Blue Ridge View Baptist Church. Info-www.wildernessgrace.org

2 Corinthians 4:17-18

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we do not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Special Day

By Sonya Skidmore

*Sent to Marie Pritchett on July 1, 2008
by her sister, Sonya Skidmore.*

I began my day out back watching the sun come up and remembering the memories I had with my nephew Josh.

I remember the day he was born and what a celebration. He was the first grandchild in our family and the first boy on our side, so we were all anticipating the fun we would have watching him grow.

I remember the toddler years and teaching him to swim, turn a cartwheel and how to drive his Mom and Dad crazy. You see that was my job as the Aunt with no kids of my own, to spoil him rotten and then send him home for his Mom and Dad.

I remember baseball games, homeruns, dirty uniforms and \$5 for making the "great plays".

I remember Disney World, rides in the

convertible, smoke bombs in the bathroom and shopping every year for the great pumpkin together.

I remember the night he and I cried as we put my dog into the front seat of a pickup truck and watched her ride away with strangers because she was too aggressive to keep.

I remember the call I got that he was on his way into this world and the call I got the night he left it. And although I want more than anything to get one of those tight hugs that only he knew how to give. Today I want to remember the life. I want to remember the good times, the memories and the celebration in heaven the night he arrived 3 years ago today.

So although I'm struggling today with a broken heart, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is right where he wants to be and that he wouldn't come back here for anything except to get us.

So my sweet precious sister, know that your son's waiting at the gate. He's driving God crazy to come get us all. He's asking if he can borrow the big white horse, a pair of wings or the keys to the latest hover cloud because he can't wait to get us up there with him. So as I know your heart is breaking too, know that he's not forgotten. His memories are fresh in our minds, hearts and spirits and no one can ever take those away.

So today, I honor him, I celebrate his life and I remember when...

1 Thessalonians 4:13

Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope.



Ahhhh Marriage: The Love, The Admiration, The Really Dumb Fights

By Brenda Horne

It was a good Sunday. My husband was asked to teach the adult Sunday school class and he really allowed the Lord to use him. It was a lesson that touched many in the class.

Then onward to Children's church, it was our Sunday for him to teach there also. The kids were engaged in the lesson and behaved wonderfully ... all 36 of them! The day was wonderful.

On the way home, I told my husband that watching him teach today, reminded me of why I fell in love with him in the first place. He has a God-given gift to reach out to children in need and to adults who are hurting. I told him how much I love him and how proud I am of what he is doing for the Lord. I explained how I see the Lord moving in his life and in our marriage.

When we got home from church, we ate a late lunch and I decided to take a nap. After I rested I went into the living where I saw the extremely large bowl of

candy sitting on the coffee table. I sat on the floor next to the table, dumped the candy and started sorting.

I like to sort my favorite yummy Chocolates from my not-so-favorite hard candies. You can understand the need of separating the super delicious goodness of Snickers, Twix and Kit Kats from the sweet chewiness of Skittles, Laffy Taffy and Nerds. Yep, I have a system. Each type of candy has its own individual pile and each pile has its own rating of "favorite-ness". Once the sorting process is complete, I sit back and gaze at my oodles of sweet, candy abundance. Then I dig in like a 7 year old child.

My wonderful husband, who had been watching TV, decides he wants to be a part of the action so he comes over, grabs the unsorted candy and tries to take over my process. Then he proceeds to rearrange my sorted piles. The piles I have worked so hard on!

Well now ... I love my husband very much and he is the leader of our family

... but nowhere in the Bible does it say I have to let him take control of my "sorting of chocolate, candy-coated goodness".... so we got into a HUGE fight !!

We didn't speak to each other until it was time to go to church that night. And when we got there we realized how much we needed it!!

So as you can see, the "sweet" bliss of marriage can take a ugly turn to the "dark chocolate" side very quickly, even on days when it seems nothing can go wrong. We just keep moving forward for our love for Christ, our love for each other and for our love for Chocolate!

Ephesians 5:20-21

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.



The Serenity Prayer

By Sharon Hawkins

Like many of you, I love, love, love the Serenity Prayer!

I have a copy hanging in my office at work and in my den at home. I have prayed it many times when I've found myself overwhelmed and under-motivated.

God has used it to help me put things in perspective—at times to step up, at other times to stand back. Most importantly, He has used it to show me that He is God and I am not.

Until recently, I wasn't aware that there was more to the prayer than the Serenity, Courage and Wisdom part.

My friend, Marie Koth, told me recently about the rest of the prayer. This beautiful prayer has also been adopted by Alcoholics Anonymous and many 12-step addiction programs. What a great encourager for us all.

Here is the prayer in its entirety.

God,

Grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change,

Courage to change the things I can,

And the Wisdom to know the difference.

Living One Day At A Time,

Enjoying one moment at a time,

Accepting hardship as the pathway to peace.

Taking, as Jesus did, this sinful world as it is,

Not as I would have it.

Trusting that You will make all things right

If I surrender to His Will,

That I may be reasonably happy in this life,

And supremely happy with You forever in the next.

Amen

(Reinhold Neibuhr - 1926)

Seasons

By Marie Pritchett



All of us go from one season to the next during our lifetime.

A baby becomes a young child, a young child becomes a teenager, a teenager becomes a young adult and so on. Some changes are fun, exciting and easy to deal with. Some we painfully enter kicking, screaming!!!

When our teen leaves for college, when someone we love is sick or leaves this earth earlier than we expect, or when our parents become feeble and frail, we want to turn back the clock.

Right now I am dealing with a season that I have planned for

and expected since my daughter (Ali) was born. She just married the love of her life and is happier than I have ever seen her, BUT my new "son" is entering a job field where they probably will have to move to a different city.

This mother's heart is broken and elated at the same time. The little girl I have loved and taken care of her whole life has become a young woman who has overcome more challenges than anyone should ever have to.

Like a baby bird, she will not only be leaving the shelter of parents who love her unconditionally but she will be spreading her wings and starting a new life of her own.

But, I am selfish! I want her to be happy with the man God has gifted her with but I also want them close by so that we

can do Sunday dinners, shop endlessly like we always have, talk late into the night, share each other's secrets, and just spend time together. Ali is not only my daughter but my best friend.

Someone near and dear to my heart sent me a message this morning (as I am feeling sorry for myself). She gently reminded me that my parents walked this same road when I was first married.

The Navy sent us to many cities but it no way diminished the love and close relationship my parents and I shared.

Even though I couldn't see them daily we stayed connected through our frequent visits and many, many long distance phone calls!!! Of course this was before SKYPE, cell phones and all the other

Seasons (Cont'd)

By Marie Pritchett

modes of communication we have now. Am I telling my age?!!!

My friend reminded me that Ali is being what we have taught her to be ... a wife who loves her husband second only to God. She is an amazing young woman and I am so proud of her. She has overcome many obstacles in her life and yet she is stronger because of them.

As my heart hurts with letting go, I am also celebrating the gift of watching my daughter experience all that God has waiting for her. I know that life for her will not be perfect and that she will have "seasons" she will enter reluctantly.

But I also know that she is God's first and she will be in His care. What more can any parent ask for?

What season are you in now? Take the advice of my wise friend. Even though we can't see God he is only a prayer away.

He is the anchor who holds through the most horrific storms and the one who loves us through the good times and bad. He is the one constant in our lives. Today, celebrate being his child and rest in his loving arms.

Isaiah 41:10

"Do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."

Like and Share

By Liz Rampey



If you are friends with me on facebook, you already know what I post.

If you aren't friends with me, I can tell you in one word. Dogs.

Most often, I post pictures of dogs that need homes. Some are dogs that I have found. Or, more accurately, dogs that have found me by crossing my path.

There are pictures of other dogs someone else has found, and pictures of dogs hoping to get out of the shelter. As a result of this interest, I am friends with numerous rescue groups and other organizations that help dogs. It seems that more canines come across my screen than people.

It always saddens me to see a frantic post from someone who has lost their furry friend and is desperately seeking their safe return. If it is someone from this area, I "share" it to help spread the word for people to be on the lookout.

I love the posts when a pet was lost

but the updated the caption says, "Safely home!" I "like" the post, even if I don't know the person or the dog, and even if they don't live anywhere around here. I am happy that the dog is safe and the person's furry family member is back where it belongs.

When one of MY dogs got out of the fence, my post did not simply say "Easley area friends, look out for this dog." When it was my dog, the post pleaded, "This is Liz Rampey's dog. My best buddy is missing. Please share!!!"

I am not enthused about overly personal displays on facebook, but I didn't hide the fact that I was desperate. I wanted all of my contacts to pay attention.

This was not a dog I did not know. I wanted everyone who saw his picture to know he was mine and that I needed him home.

As Christians, we are instructed to rejoice when others rejoice and to bear one another's burdens.

In this New Year, let's commit to checking on one another and to re-

joicing in the good times. Let's also commit to sharing our burdens with Christian friends.

We may not want to put our cries of desperation on social media, but we can certainly share with those we trust.

It's not only OK, but it is what God encouraged us to do.

After all, none of us are safely Home yet. Let's share with one another along the way.

Galations 6:2

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Why Me? Why Not Me?

By Janice Baxter

While I was growing up almost everyone in my family went to church but only on special occasions: Christmas, Easter, Mother's & Father's Day, etc.

During these times we would get all dressed up in our "Sunday Clothes" and off we would go. I remember this but I also have pictures of these times. We would go to a small Wesleyan church in the mill village where most of my family worked and lived. There were three churches there: Baptist, Wesleyan and Methodist. Because my uncle belonged to the Wesleyan church, that is where we attended. Even though we lived off Highway 8, halfway between Pickens and Easley, we would drive to this church on the other side of Easley.

At about 3 years old, my uncle and sometimes my aunt would drive from their home in Easley to get me, then drive me back home. My aunt would buy me beautiful dresses to wear to church every Sunday. At about 4 1/2 years old, we moved across the street from them so it became much easier to get to church each Sunday.

One thing I noticed soon after moving there was the ringing of the church bells of all the small churches, calling people to church. Sometimes they would ring all at the same time. At other times, they would be a little off, sometimes ringing in sequence. In the age we live in now, I wonder how many people would be called to church by a ringing bell? Even at an early age, it would bother me when I was sick and couldn't go to church. The bells rang out at other times, like when someone got married, but it was the Sunday bells that called to me.

For years, in my young heart, I thought it was the bells that called me to church. Little did I know that

there was Someone much greater drawing me to be there every Sunday. I loved going to church and getting pins and certificates for not missing a Sunday. At around the age of 12, I started going to GA's (Girls In Action) at the Baptist church. This is when I started to somewhat understand Jesus and the pulling of the Holy Spirit that had been in my heart all those years.

At about 13 years old, I visited a small Baptist church with a friend. During that revival, I accepted Christ as my personal Savior and joined the Baptist church. During this time, my parents were going through a very bad divorce. Divorce was not as common then as it is now, especially being raised by a single father.

My dad became my rock. Instead of leaning on Christ, I found myself leaning and depending on my earthly father. Even though my father came from a good family, he was not saved. Through continual visits from the precious Christians in my new church, my dad started attending. He was saved and attended with me. Praise the Lord!

I have two younger brothers who never felt that call of the Holy Spirit, or have denied the need of anything godly. I have often wondered why God allowed all these things to happen the way they did. Why I surrendered to the call of God and the rest of my family, except for my dad, turned their backs on Him, I don't know. I am just a plain ordinary person that God allows His love to run through. I wish I could say I have always lived a wonderful Christian life but I have not.

There are many, many times when I have completely turned my back on Jesus and lived in the world. I always felt Him pulling me back to Him and back to the life I should be living. Romans 8:28 says it all for me. He used

those bad times to grow me into the Christian He wanted me to be. Living in a single (father) parent home brought many challenges. I could have become bitter having to be the mother, housekeeper and everything for my two brother. My dad worked two jobs so everything was left for me to do (that's another story). Really, it taught me things I would have never learned. I finally learned that my strength came from my Heavenly Father not my earthly father.

At around the age of 15 1/2, my dad remarried and, boy, did life change and become hard for me! My stepmother did not like me and tried all she could to make my life as hard as possible. She was always trying to put strife between my dad and me. Christ was so evident in my life at that time, but, being so independent, I could not take this any longer. One of my brothers went to live with my mother and, at 17 years old, I moved to Greenville, worked full time and finished high school.

I married young and had my oldest son at 21 years old. (I went to college at age 30 which was very hard.) My husband was soon saved and we spent many years deeply involve in the church. It was years later when we fell away from the church that our marriage became troubled. I look back now and see where God would have led if we had been willing. You have to live completely for Christ or not at all. Living halfway in the world and halfway in the church never works. God wants all of us and not just a tiny little piece. Going to church on Sunday morning is great but we must have that deep yearning to want to go "every time the doors are open", read our Bibles, live so others can see Christ in us and share our testimony to anyone who will listen.

Why Me? Why Not Me? (Cont'd)

By Janice Baxter

The reason I titled this ‘Why Me? Why Not Me?’ is because I’m not special or in any way an important person, but God saw something in me, even when I was very young. He thinks the same about you.

When the Holy Spirit pulls at your heart, you need to step forward, repent, believe and ask, “Lord, what can you do through me?” No, we cannot do a lot of things on our own, but we can do all things through Christ. He quips you and me.

I recently left a church where I had been for almost 23 years. I held many, many

positions in that church over the years. I was always there and faithfully did what God expected of me. After much prayer and sadness, I felt God was leading me to Blue Ridge View Baptist Church, and I left this church that I thought I would never leave. Hardly a Sunday goes by that I don’t leave BRVBC feeling like I have been in the presence of the Lord. Praise the Lord for all He is doing at this church and the great moving of the Holy Spirit through His people.

In this new year, I challenge you to say yes to Jesus and whatever He may ask you to do. You will never regret It and

the blessings will be abundant. I know this because He has done that for me many times and I am just a sinner saved by grace—a sinner who loves her Savior more and more.

Romans 8:28

And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.

My Convenient Oven



I have a secret. It is one I vowed I would kill my husband over if he ever shared it with a single, solitary person alive.

replace it.

Since Thanksgiving was so near and this was the first Thanksgiving that I was going to get to host both of our families, I couldn’t wait for one to come in on order. I literally begged the salesman at Lowe’s to sell me the one from the display. He did and I was one thankful customer.

But for some unknown reason, I feel compelled to share it here with you. Maybe it is so that I will feel redeemed by telling it.

I realize that I share it with great risk that I will have my “Woman Card” forever revoked by the womanly women club, especially the elite chapter known as kitchen aficionados.

Here goes ...

Last August, after the sale of a large part of my business and after each of my employees left the business, I found myself spending lots of time alone at the office. One day I brought home a small convection toaster oven that we had been using in our kitchen to heat up lunches.

Although I had never used it personally at work, I found that I loved using this little convection oven. I made little pizzas with it. I toasted scrumptious bread and baked beautiful, yummy vegetables.

So it came as no surprise that when my microwave at home died the week before Thanksgiving, I decided that I had to have a convection/microwave oven to

I helped my husband install the new convection/microwave above my oven. Okay, I mostly just held a light for him and told him when it was level, but that is beside the point.

As we finished up, I was telling him that it sure would have saved us a lot of money if my regular oven had just been a convection oven.

Then he looked down at the controls on my “regular” oven and said, “Honey, what does this “Conv Oven” button mean?” We both looked at each other and burst out laughing.

You can imagine my surprise when I realized that I had had my oven for over 9 years and had never noticed that it had a convection oven feature.

Okay, I admit that I am no Suzy Home-maker but I did grow up mastering my Easy-Bake Oven. Dying with laughter, Scott sympathetically said, “That must stand for Convenient Oven.”

Desperate to change the subject, I said, “Well, if it is so convenient, why is it not a self-cleaning oven?” At which point

By Sharon Hawkins

Scott replied, “You mean this auto clean feature right here?” He is so helpful.

Oh my goodness!! I was speechless. And, as Scott will tell you, that is a rare event.

Do you know how many times I have been on my hands and knees to clean this oven with that icky foam cleaner, a roll of paper towels and a bucket of water?!? Well, just two actually. But that was two times way too many!!

My helpful husband then informs me that he remembered that it was a Professional Series when we bought it. Well, isn’t that special?! I guess we should have gotten a Professional with it to help operate it, Mr. Smarty-Pants!

All I have ever done with it is bake and broil the old-fashioned way and turn the burners on and off up top. In my defense, with my business, I worked all the time and did not have much time to cook.

Beginning with last Thanksgiving, I had plans to change all that. Just for the record, I have been cooking more since then.

And since I love convection ovens, the good news is that now I have three—a toaster one, a microwave one and a full-sized one.

How convenient! At least they will be, when I learn how to “convect” with all of them and clean them.

What am I saying?! What really is more convenient is to go out to eat!!

From Your Friend, Drugs

By Sandra Capps

Dear friend:

I am your friend. I will never forget how I suckered you in from the very first time we met. You enjoyed yourself so much. Nothing or nobody had ever brought you such satisfaction. I knew I would be with you again. You would welcome me back after the great time we had together. I had you won over after that first night.

The next time, you didn't have the satisfaction you did the first time. I could tell you would be back though. Our time together was good, even though it was nothing like the first time. After the first couple of times, I started being a companion so to speak.

You would use your grocery money to make time with me. I was beginning to be a very important part of your life. I started to take priority in your life.

After a while, nothing was as important to you as I was. I noticed you started to care less and less about your looks. You

used to take great pride in how you looked. You wouldn't go out without your makeup and your hair fixed just right.

Your family was important to you. You even had respect for yourself. Oh, and don't forget how much you loved your kids. They were your number one reason to breathe. They were the twinkle in your eyes.

Now you have been with me for a few years. You couldn't really enjoy me like you once did. You are depressed most days. Combing your hair or putting on makeup is not something you do often. You've looked around and your children are gone. You have no respect for yourself or anyone else. You look in the mirror and wonder, "What happened? When did I get into this mess?," you ask.

Our family is not like it used to be. There are no family get togethers. Everybody blames the drugs, then blames you. If it was not for you, our family could be like it used to be. We could enjoy holidays,

birthdays and Christmas.

Now all you do is want to spend more time with me. I am your number one reason to get up in the morning. Even though you've come close to dying many times because of me, you still desire me, maybe even more than ever.

You don't care that it has been years since you have slept in the same house as your little boys. You have destroyed everything and everybody you have come into contact with. And, oh, by the way, you were lying in your own urine and feces when your daughter came by today.

I have taken your desire for any and all things that you used to love. You don't care if you wake up tomorrow. But if you do, you will still want me, even after all I have taken from you.

Go ahead, you have nothing else to lose.

Your friend, Drugs

I'm Glad I Opened The Door

By Sammy Richards



Being honest, have you ever heard a knock on the door and when you answered it, you have said,

"Come on in—excuse the mess"? Even if I had just cleaned, I would still say it, just to cover myself in case I might have missed something.

My husband and I had an ongoing project for a couple of weeks. We were replacing bath tub fixtures. During the process, a wall had to be cut out to reach pipes for the repairs.

A dear friend of mine came over while my husband was away at work. I was so excited to see her. Soon upon arrival, we were engrossed in girl talk catching up on our time apart. She had not been over in awhile, and I carried her to the room where the work in progress was going on, not thinking of all the mess, the dust, the clutter or moved furniture.

I was only thinking of our friendship, the conversation, the moment at hand. I

showed her whatever I had taken her back to see and then closed the door, not looking back.

Why does this matter? Well!! This is why it matters. This is where God taught me something. I thought I would share it with you.

My husband arrived home at midnight after working, and, during our catching up on our time apart, he discovered that I had been in the room where the mess was with our guest.

Laughing while I write this, I found out quickly we are all different, and we all react differently to our messes in our lives.

I had invited her in and asked her to excuse our mess. He had closed the door to the mess, thinking no one was going to see.

All this is to say we all have been a mess or had a mess in our lives at some point. There is no use to close the door, no use in making excuses for our messy lives.

God is knocking on the doors of our hearts, waiting for us to open the door. He already knows the mess behind the door and He loves us the same. He can fix our mess that we have made of our lives if we will only open the door and leave the rest to Him.

Jesus knows all about you as you are. Hide yourself in Him.

I am glad I opened the door. My friend saw the mess in my life that day. She also saw that a true friend will share, uplift, encourage, and be available to her at the very moment she was in a mess of her own. The great news is that God already knows all about it.

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 and will sup with him and he with me.



Grace In The Wilderness Ministries

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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).

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"Today is your day! Your mountain is waiting. So ... get on your way." —Dr. Seuss

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