

Heart and Home Harmony

Aiming for hearts, homes, and lives in harmony with:
God and His Church, and the rest of His creation through the Holy Spirit.

Vol. 3 No. 3

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As earthly securities fail, a young couple find hope and a Rock and....

Grace For Today

Anonymous

My husband and I married in April of 1999 in the Chicago, Illinois Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We married young, my husband was twenty-two and I was nineteen. We were going to school full-time, him working full-time, living paycheck to paycheck like so many young married couples do. We also carried some heavy baggage from our pasts, including abuse we both experienced as very young children. But we saw our future as a new start, a new life together. It was full and bright, and we had it all planned out as many young married couples do. We had both been seeking hope, peace, and something to hold to since we were both young children. As teenagers, we both converted to the Mormon church. We thought that we had found “answers” to many of our questions and comfort to many of our wounds. We served as missionaries and did work often in the Mormon temples. We worked to build our perfect little idea of a Mormon family.

In October, I became pregnant with our first child and suddenly became very ill. What started out as drop-

ping a glass now and then and passing out from time to time from what I thought was just low blood pressure turned into serious and dangerous seizures where I would be unconscious and stop breathing. Our image of our dreams for the future began to change, and everyday life was now different, very uncertain. Every bit of us feared that we would lose this baby and my life, as the ER doctors warned us this could happen. My husband was terrified to go to work and leave me alone throughout the day and began having terrible nightmares of me and our unborn baby dying alone while he was gone. I eventually could not be left alone for a moment, could not take baths, could not use knives or glass, and driving was out of the question. At this time we were now living in another state, near where my mother lived and she and my husband took turns being with me. The ambulance came about once a week to take me to the hospital again. I had top care at the Mayo Clinic, but nothing was enough to control the Epilepsy. I remember being wheeled in for another ultrasound and being firmly told by the technician that

she never had seen a similar patient keep their baby for so long. Her words echoed in my mind as I wondered if we would make it to the birth of this baby. A turning point happened when the fear, uncertainty of seeing tomorrow, dreadful anxiety, and worry took over. We left the Mormon church as we were studying deeper doctrine and not finding it sound. We lost our church support, then. My husband lost his job after leaving too much. He was too often leaving work to drive over to the hospital, told to hurry, it would be the last time to see me. There were lots of bills, and little income for rent, groceries, or growing debts. The darkness was overpowering. One afternoon I began bleeding and cramping heavily, the pain was strong. We needed to leave for the doctor, but I couldn't get up from where I was sitting. So, my husband just wrapped his arms around me and we began crying out to God from the darkness we felt covering us. We claimed His promises from the Bible to not leave us alone, not leave us powerless, and to hear and answer our prayers! We felt everything was falling apart and now we were losing our precious baby as well and all we could do was call out to Him! We had nothing to hold to but the Lord Jesus. No surety of hope but Him. Broken, we called out to the Lord. He heard us; He answered our prayer. The cramping stopped and a peace settled upon us.

From that point on, the light of God began pouring into our lives and shattering the shadows and sinful bondage of fear, anger, doubt and worry. A

new strength and power came upon us as we praised God each day for another day, another moment of life and us being together. We didn't have money for the rent, food always for the fridge or the bills in on time, but all of that fell aside as we praised God for just being alive another day! Our eyes no longer looked at the worries and idols of fear that used to lord over us. Our eyes did not stray from the one true and living God, the Lord Jesus! Joy and strength filled our hearts!

At this time, the seizures became so severe that I was having multiple ones a day. I remember coming out of unconsciousness in the back of an ambulance, it was to be our last ride. It was terribly bumpy as we flew through rush-hour traffic, over curbs. I kept asking, "is my baby okay? is my baby okay?!" I remember that paramedic held my hand and just kept saying, "we will know when we get there,". I told him I was praying and that God was going to save my baby. I told him my baby's name was Elijah, that he is a gift to us from God. The paramedic said he had been praying, too, and asked if he could pray with me. I will never forget any of those paramedics.

When we got to the hospital,

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the doctors said they could promise nothing about our baby and were focused on keeping me. But our family was lifting up prayers for our baby. No longer could I be released from the hospital. I was heavily drugged and eventually stabilized enough to induce labor, one month premature, to hopefully end the increasing severity of the seizures. The pain was terrible and my tailbone broke as our baby was born through a rapid and hurried delivery. My thoughts and vision were a mixture of reality and the strange foggy illusions and in-and-out blackness of the pain and medications. A blue little unbreathing boy was born into the world. Over a quart of fluid was sucked out of him and he barely began to cry. He was taken away. Oh, how I just wanted to hold my baby! He was finally brought to my husband and I and we held him and thought about how we had just lived and seen a true miracle of God. God had won against man's odds.

Elijah's intestines were underdeveloped, he cried and screamed most of the day and into the night for the first few months. He could not tolerate light or noise. He seldom opened his eyes for three months. He never smiled. He couldn't breastfeed for many months. We rarely slept. Sometimes it felt as if I were walking in a dream. I felt weary from the painful recovery of the past months and the birth, the load of regular daily activities, and also the emotions that swirled about us. But God was there every moment, carrying us, wrapping us in His arms, and lifting us up. As time passed our son grew

stronger. At three months he was finally able to breastfeed successfully. He sure got fat! In time, he even began to smile at us and gave Daddy his first giggle. He began to coo and babble those sweet baby sounds. The crying began to slow and he began to hold on to toys and sit up. He grew strong and healthy and heavy! At his one-year birthday, you never would have known such a happy, active, chubby boy to have such a rough ride into the world. It took over a year for me to physically recover. The Lord led us in learning more about my Epilepsy. We eventually pursued other avenues with it. I learned about whole food nutrition, herbal use, and also some good nutritional supplements from a couple in Iowa. Soon I was weaning off the medication and since have had only one seizure since the birth of our baby blessing. We found a Bible-believing church and came to know good Christian friends who loved and cared about us. We wanted a church where God's unbelievable power, majesty, grace, continual peace and victory were exciting enough to worship in, with no need for dramatic music worship services, elaborate activities, and a show of what earthly men could do of worship, but what God could do within in the heart. A church where people brought their Bibles to church, kept them open, digging in to its truth for the whole service, knowing that the Bible is for today as much as it was hundreds of years ago. We wanted a church where people didn't want to idolize and live after the demands of the world, but

worship and live for the Lord Jesus.

Time carried on as Dan had a new job and every dollar went to paying on the debt and credit card bills incurred after he was fired. We had needed to charge our groceries, gas everything, because there was nothing else and all our thoughts and efforts had gone toward getting through that time. My mom constantly was sneaking \$20 bills into our drawers and my purse. She often brought bags of groceries. My dad and in-laws sent clothing and things for the baby. We lived each and every moment by the grace of God. One time we were unable to pay rent for the month. We had \$30 to our name. All the other bills were of course late as well and we had to go to the food bank for the first and only time. God came through! Right at the last minute, when I was ready to pack our things and move into the car, (I am not kidding), my husband was given an envelope at church. We don't know how anyone knew what was going on, we did not share our financial concerns with others. Inside was \$700 cash. The church had a garage sale the week before and they gave us the money from it. We praised God knowing He is always watching over us! Another time we were able to sell some things to a consignment shop and made enough to cover a bill just in time. I could go on and on about the times our prayers and the prayers and actions of family and friends have intervened, it is a lengthy list of true miracles of God!

A sister from church and I committed to spend time in prayer each

time we were together. I remember often sitting in her old truck in the parking lot of my apartment, the sound of the engine idling, the sounds of traffic and urban city, the hot summer heat upon us. There we sat, with our heads bowed and bumped together, hands clasped, lifting up praises and petitions to our living God. I had rough days yet physically, and wasn't out of the apartment much. I came to know many dear, sweet sisters in the Lord through email from all over the United States and even a few overseas. Through the years, we came to know one another's joys and struggles, to laugh, and shed tears together, to study God's Word and lift one another in prayer. The continual love, prayers, and support of these women were, and still are, a blessing to me.

We were still living out-of-state at this time and eventually decided we wanted to return home to Minnesota. My husband got a job the first week back. We had good income coming in, however, we still had no savings, and our debt from the struggles of the past years was enormous. Creditors called and badgered everyday. Some bills were going to collections and student loans were coming due. It was a heavy weight on us. The few people we had confided in about our situation told us we should consider bankruptcy. We did not feel right about this option for us, we wanted to pay our debts. Again, we cried out to God. Again, He heard us and answered our prayer. I came to meet a sister in the Lord, through a turn of events, in an

other state and we built a friendship together through phone calls and regular letters. She and her husband helped us to get our tremendous debt in order and the payments more manageable. We praised God for this couple being instruments in His hands to help us make sense of the mess and aftermath of our financial struggles from the past years and get on track to paying off the load of this debt.

We began to plan of buying land and our first house. We wanted to build our life and family, have a house of our own, no more continually packing, moving and scraping by. We began to once again write and plan what our future was to be. But God still had more lessons for us, we had not yet learned that He is the Author of our lives. We were not yet utterly dependent on Him. Much of our “happiness” and “security” came from getting our debt paid off, having food in the refrigerator, a running car, and being able to make the rent payment. We did not yet completely see that true contentment, true lasting joy and happiness does not come of these things or of any circumstances. These things, and all earthly arrangements can suddenly change or be taken away, in a sudden turn of events. Many believe that tragedy would never happen to them and build their lives and happiness on false, earthly securities, and teaching their children to cling to and value the same. We needed to learn that true happiness and security that cannot be shaken regardless of our circumstance, comes from who we are in the Lord Jesus.

Soon after our move to Minnesota, I began to notice regular pains in my ankles, feet, and hands. I was often exhausted and felt like I had the flu. I supposed it was from the climate change and didn't pay much attention to it. Then the joints began to look red and swollen. One morning I woke up and my joints were so stiff, swollen and sore that I could not walk. My husband brought me into the doctor. A few blood tests later and I found that I gave a positive test for Lupus and later it was diagnosed as Rheumatoid Arthritis (RA), a disease in which the body's immune system mistakenly begins to attack and destroy its own joint tissues. The body then responds as if it had an illness or infection by boosting up the immune system even more, continuing the vicious cycle. I didn't know what RA was at the time, and the doctor didn't explain it to me. He just gave me some paperwork and told me a Rheumatology office would be in touch with me later that week. I was also told that I was pregnant. Not knowing what RA was, I just assumed it would go away. I let the word “arthritis” mislead me into thinking it was something only the elderly could get. We left the doctor's office all smiles with the results of the pregnancy test. How excited I was about my husband's good job, and our plans for buying our first house, and now a baby, too!

The RA rapidly progressed, and after my first visit to the Rheumatologist, my illusion of a quick cure was waning. After talking more with a good friend and sister in the Lord

who's late husband had RA, I understood more about the disease. With a prescription from the doctor of an immuno-suppressant and some steroids, we worked toward getting the RA to improve. But by fall I had much difficulty doing housework, and needed help getting dressed and cutting my food. We did not have a church family near by. My husband worked full-time and then would come home to help care for me and our son and do the housework. He just couldn't get it all done, and there wasn't any help. I felt like I was failing in so many ways. I no longer was the person I used to be, the mother I used to be, or the wife I used to be. One day I grew so tired of just sitting and seeing the dishes sitting undone in the sink, the piled up laundry, the disarray, that I just pushed as hard as I could to do it all. I leaned on a chair at the sink to wash the dishes, dropping more than I held, pushed myself through vacuuming, sweeping, and tidying. My fingers were very stiff and my knees and ankles didn't want to hold me up. The pain was throbbing. The apartment didn't look much better when I was done, and I was exhausted and weak. I did too much, had some bleeding, and ended up on limited bed-rest as we, and the doctor, didn't want any complications with this pregnancy.

Our son became my helper during the day; he was the only one that didn't seem to notice the change in Mama. He would bring his books and toys near me so we could play together. When I needed to get up, he would valiantly take my arm (just like Daddy)

and "help" me up. He would get out the bread and dishes as I worked to make a simple meal for us. When I especially had difficulty with a joint, he would "kiss the owie bye-bye" and we would sing and pray together. Someone once told me the disabled shouldn't have children, and it was a shame that I was pregnant. I told her that I may not be like other mothers, but our children are loved and nurtured beyond measure. I am always with them, teaching and raising them. We have a home of love and care of one another and joy in the Lord. They have a unique opportunity to learn at a young age, compassion, empathy, helpfulness, and a continual prayer and reliance on the Lord at all times. Just the other day, my son had an "accident" in his pants...he is learning to use the potty...he asked me if we could ask Jesus to help him to use the potty every time. The Lord is hearing and answering his prayer!

The medication wasn't helping my pain much and I had stopped the other medication because I was concerned of its affect on pregnancy. We began to be told that a change in climate would help, that Minnesota with the damp cold and near constant low-pressure systems was not a good place for RA. My husband felt helpless in stopping the RA from taking over my body. Each time he cut up my food or helped me to walk across the room, was a reminder to him of its progression. It was just continuing to worsen, and we feared the crippling we had seen in other RA patients. He felt something had to be done. After

thought and prayer, we decided we should return to the Southwest. We muddled through packing, my husband left his good job, we left our apartment, our extended family and all the “security” that came from these things and returned to Southwest with the hope that I would be able to be healthy again.

A few weeks later after moving into the desert heat, I already was feeling a difference. I also loved being near my mom again. One morning I woke up, got out of bed and walked to the other room to realize that my joints were not painful and stiff. I was eager to jump right back where I was before the RA, but my husband reminded me (often!) to not push too hard or too fast and overdo it. One day I was able to scrub the small bathroom floor on my hands and knees, it took me a long while but when I was done I was so excited that I ran outside to tell the neighbor! I was using a midwife this time and the pregnancy was progressing well. Both the baby and I were doing well! My husband was still hesitant to get excited. He remembered all too well the nightmares, fears, and seizures of only a few years ago. Much of what we had tried to forget was coming back to mind. One night, I woke to find labor had started. Five hours later, a healthy baby boy was born to us! I couldn't help exclaiming, “Thank you, Jesus!” over and over as we all cried tears of joy and praise to God! The birth had been a breeze compared to the first time. This time I was on no medications and enjoyed a beautiful, natural

birth. Our baby boy was pink, alert, and healthy. I can clearly remember each moment. I was up and about right away and couldn't help telling everyone how wonderful it was and how grateful we are to Jesus.

Soon after the birth, God began to bless us with further refining. My husband had still not found work since our move and our money was nearly run out. We still had our debt payments, bills, and living expenses to pay. We prayed continually. Each resume my husband would turn in, we would pray. Each interview he would leave for, we would pray. One day in May, he came home to tell me he had found a job (although it was part-time to start). We wept tears of joy! But that same day, we found out we would have to move out from the place we were living by mid-summer. We had no money and we were not sure where we would go for a home. We had been counting so much on a job to make this all work. My husband had never been denied a job in the past, had good qualifications, a college degree; we figured he would have a job right away. My husband so wanted to do what was best for his little family. He so hoped that this would help my arthritis. Little did we know it would take months of time and that right when we were reaching our goal of getting on our feet, with him getting a job there, that we would tumble down the hill again. Then our car broke down as well. We didn't know what to do or where we could go. I had moved continually since I was a little girl. I never let my

self become attached to a place because I knew I would soon have to go again. This home was the first one I actually let myself get attached to. The thought of packing up and moving when I thought I was getting my “security” for the first time was difficult for me. We again cried out to God, and He heard us and answered our prayer.

We ended up taking a loan from my dad to move back to Minnesota. We stayed with him for a few weeks and my husband found work the first week back. I did not want to leave the Southwest at first. My mom lived there. We were concerned about my arthritis, and also leaving the little church family we had come to love. We just didn’t know what the future held. Satan knew we were feeling weakened. Pains from both of our childhoods began coming up. My husband confessed to me that he felt he has only continually failed in his life and that now that he is married, that he was failing our family as well. He so wanted to do what was right, and now that we had the Lord, he wanted to do right by God. We leaned heavily on each other and on the Lord. For the first time, we finally started to get the lesson. Our peace, our security, our joy, our happiness does not come from having a home, a running car, debts paid, money in the checking account, strong health or any earthly circumstance. These things can fail us. When we set our foundations about them, our foundation can and will fail. The Lord alone must be our foundation. We must build our house upon the rock for it to be

firm. Matthew 7:24-27.

God will never fail or forsake us. He alone must be our source of happiness, contentment, and peace, and then everything else will come into place. God also taught us that our worth doesn’t come from the sort of job we have (or don’t have!), if we have a home, health, or if the world considers us “successful.” Our worth comes only from who we are in the Lord. We learned to no longer base our worth on what others said or thought of us, or on our earthly success and failures, but instead on what God says about us. He says we are blessed, chosen, holy, without blame, adopted, redeemed, forgiven, and has given us wisdom, prudence, an inheritance, purpose. (Ephesians 1:3-12) I certainly rather believe what He says!

Satan often uses the difficult time, particularly when struggling with an earthly need, to mislead. We have found it so important to always watch and pray, and to arm ourselves in the Word of God. There have been dark times where it seemed that Satan was almost leaning right over my shoulder and whispering his lies into my ear. During these times, sudden thoughts of fear and worry would jump into my head. Sometimes it seemed my reality would change right before my eyes. I knew what was real, but Satan wanted me to believe his lies. I would often become so full of anxiety and fear that I could barely pray. I would, however, recognize this as him trying to take me out of the light of Jesus, and I would just begin repeating “Jesus” over and

over, taking His name upon me and calling out to Him, until the fear and thoughts passed enough that I could pray. Jesus is truth and light, I don't take my eyes off of Him. We also learned that there are hidden blessings in each bit of suffering. Often in life, one can look back at a time of hardship and say, "I wasn't grateful for that at the time, but now I can give thanks for it." For us, we have found a key to blessings in learning to give thanks in the midst of the suffering, while it is happening, even if we cannot see the purpose in it, by having faith that God is working a mighty good and praising Him for it. 1 Thessalonians 5:16-24. When I lie in bed and feel the pain of the RA over my body, eating at me, I just start to call on God, "Thank you, Lord! Thank you that *all things* work for the good of those that love you! Thank you for grace, and peace, and strength! What a mighty God!" He hears, and He answers my prayer.

We are scraping up the hill again. Just a few weeks ago, my husband told me not to buy a single thing because we had less than \$10 to our name. Electric was going to be shut off the next day. Would you know a tax rebate check from last year came in the mail that day? God is always taking care. We do not live in abundance, but we no longer want to anyway. We have enough food to eat. We haven't had any major medical disasters. We have a safe and comfortable apartment. Yet again this month, God will make it work for rent to be paid and the bills, too. Income is starting to trickle in

again, and although everything goes to debt and bills, we will make it, but only by God. My arthritis is slowly coming back, but I know I am in God's hands. We feel a leading to move our family to a place where the climate is beneficial, as that made such a difference, and where we can partake in a local body of like-minded believers. We know God will lead and we rest and trust in Him. We know also that He can heal me, if it is in His perfect will and we believe. We are working toward our own home-based business to serve others, help with out debt, and provide a way for my husband to work from home more to be with our family, should my arthritis become severe again. We are excited to see how God will bring our business together. We are so thankful for all our "prayer warriors" who pray with us. They know who they are. God really does hear and answer prayer. He has saved my life, our baby, and literally carried us through when there was nothing else, all only on the power of a prayer. He will hear you. He will meet your needs and will give grace for the moment. He will not give grace for worry borrowed from tomorrow, but grace for today. Matthew 6:34. The world offers no security to us, it fails, but God never fails. Regardless of what the world takes or gives, we are blessed beyond measure when we walk with Jesus. Let the sin and idolatry of fear, worry, and anxiety fall away. Jesus says that perfect faith casts out fear. Instead, take the hand of Jesus, His yoke is easy, His burden light, and He loves you so. ✠

Dear friends and family,

Greetings from the Daniel Martin family! We are very excited to tell everyone of the blessing the Lord gave to us this summer. August 8th, 2003 the Lord blessed us with a wonderful son. Phillip Daniel Martin was born at 6:15 pm; was six and one half pounds and 19 and one half inches long. He was born with a cleft lip and palate, which has proven to be a challenge at times, but with the Lord's help we have been blessed by this little bundle of joy. Phillip had his first surgery on Nov. 7th, 2003 to repair his lip. His next surgery is planned for May of 2004 to repair his palate. It did bother him some to not eat for the 24 hours after his surgery, but once he had some of his homemade formula again, he was just as happy as he was before.

We are also happy to say that we are in the process of building a house. Currently we live in a cabin that will be Daniel's shop soon. Our house raising was Sep. 6th, we had quite a turnout and what a wonderful time of fellowship with our friends and neighbors. The outside is done except for some landscaping and other ground projects. The inside is coming along in the sheet-rock stage. We are planning to be in by spring.

We pray that this magazine is a blessing to all that read it.

Daniel, Mendy and Phillip Martin

Engagement!

Our daughter, Dawn and Mr. Luke A. Rosenbarker, son of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Rosenbarker, are busy planning their wedding.

March 27, 2004



Phillip Daniel Martin, a few days old.



Phillip, 5 months old.



*These two letters are taken from **A Fathers' Gift** by Peter Jansz Twisck. Written in 1622, the book is his last will and testament to his children to encourage them in obedience to God, to parents and other authorities.*

Obey God Above All

22. When parents require something that goes against the Word of God, then the children should not obey them, nor be submissive to any wrong. The first and most important command is to love God above all else. Jonathan was not obedient when his father Saul told him to kill David. In that case he was honored by God for his disobedience. According to Peter, we must obey God more than man.

But why should I add many examples when Jesus himself included it all in a short passage. "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me. And he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. If any man come to me and hate not his father or mother, wife or children, brothers or sisters, yea his own life, he cannot be my disciple."

The command of God to the children to obey their parents must be in accord with wholesome things. Children are not bound to obey to sin and shame. The life of the children shall at all times be in accord with the laws of God. Being mindful not of following a natural father's rule, but of trespassing the command of the heavenly Father. Yet it is the children's duty to love, honor, and submit to their parents in all allowable things.

The law of nature is not made void by the transgression of the father. Fathers who live ungodly lives should well remember how King Nebuchad-

nezzar's nature was turned into that of a beast to sleep under the dew of heaven and eat grass like an ox. Fathers should be honored as long as they do not request the children to sin against their heavenly Father. The children shall love the person but not their ungodliness.

Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters and to please them well in all things without argument. (I Tim. 6:2, Titus 2:9)

How much more then, my dear children, should you love, obey, and be humble toward parents who teach you virtue and the true doctrine of the Gospel by both mouth and pen and seek to bring you up in their weakness, in love, peace, and meekness. (Eph. 6:5) You know, hear, and see this yourselves. I kindly plead with you to follow, as Jelis Matthews wrote to his children while he was imprisoned for his faith, "Share with each other godly love, humble submission in wisdom as you have done, by doing so shows that you seek your salvation and cherish my writing."

Examples to Warn Disobedient Children

93. I have told you some examples of loving, peaceful children who according to the fifth commandment have honored their parents by being obedient. May I awaken in you a desire to do the same. I feel that I should also mention a few examples to warn you of the terror and reward of the ungodly, disobedient, and unthankful children. Such have brought much sorrow upon the hearts of their parents. How bitter their harvest and evil their end.

Let us look at the first example of Cain. He slew his innocent brother Abel because he himself was a sinner

full of hate and anger. His life filled the measure of sorrow in the hearts of his parents when he murdered his brother. From this example you not only learn to avoid doing the same ungodly deeds which is almost too horrible to think of. How must the parents have felt when Abel, one of their dear sons, lay in his blood. Cain cooled his anger only to be turned into eternal doom. You must be aware and remember that it was the spark that burned the house. Let not the sparks of hate, enmity, revenge, bickering and squabbling cause disunity, heartache and sorrow come to your parents. Such is sin and shame for yourself.

John said, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." You know that no murderer has eternal life abiding in him. This is as serious as drawing a sword and cutting our enemy.

Vapor and smoke of a furnace go before the fire as reviling before blood. We are hereby warned of dislike, particularly shame and disunity. As loving brethren, to the praise of your parents, honor and live harmoniously together so that you need not flee over the fields or before the face of God with Cain. You shall fulfill my will and live a life to the honor of your parents. Jacob the Chandler said, "The children must serve their father and live according to his will, and not according to their will." A man is honored by his obedient children. ☩

God is the supreme authority, not only above parents, but also above husbands and governments of all kinds. When we stand before God, we will have no excuse for sin.

Dear Reader,

If you are having trials and troubles, or find no purpose in life, cry out to God, the Creator. He promised that if you seek you will find, if you knock it will be opened to you, Matt. 7:7-11.

To the persecuted and the falsely accused, remember Matt. 5:11&12 (**Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all kinds of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for your reward in Heaven is great. For so they persecuted the prophets who were before you.**) If you do not find yourself rejoicing, look at verse 4 of Matt. 5 **Blessed are they that mourn! For they shall be comforted.** Take heart, for if God be for us, who can be against us? No one can destroy or take away the life (eternal life) that Jesus gives us.

To those who are seeking for purpose in life, or those lonely believers in Jesus who are seeking fellowship with other believers, I am offering myself to be at your service, to support you, to comfort you, to listen to, and share your concerns, and to point you to the one, Jesus, who gives purpose and life to whoever comes to Him. I also want to be encouraged by and to learn from you too.

Dear reader, if you are experiencing hardship, such as lack of food or some necessity of life, please come see me, or write, or call. I may be able to help or find help.

If you are interested in being partners in this work, please let me know.

Sincerely,
A brother in Christ Jesus,
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