

The Sovereign's Scribe -01



True Stories of “Marvellous Manifestations” in the life of the “Sovereign” brothers, Liam, Charles, and Patrick

--Written down by their mother and scribe.

Jesus Christ is King and Lord of all!

Through our testimonies, that we are witnesses to, we declare the reality, the care, the love and involvement of our interactive and alive Saviour and Sovereign.

I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES: HIS PRAISE SHALL CONTINUALLY BE IN MY MOUTH. MY SOUL SHALL MAKE HER BOAST IN THE LORD: THE HUMBLE SHALL HEAR THEREOF, AND BE GLAD. O MAGNIFY THE LORD WITH ME, AND LET US EXALT HIS NAME TOGETHER. (PSALM 34:1-3)

At last the time had come for Charles’ Birthday book launch. Part of the program was a funny skit, based on Charlie Chaplin. Charles’ dressed up like him, and the script talked about a man struggling to find something he could do right—cook, busk, anything to help him be able to get some food, as the man was poor. While “Charlie” was doing the cooking part of the skit, he was to use two eggs. We would hard boil them, so the “cracking” part wouldn’t be messy.

A few days before the show I knew we’d need two eggs to boil for the comedy show—if we were to follow the script. I didn’t know what to do, however, as I only had one egg left. It was there in the fridge for a few days. Thankfully, it didn’t get eaten, but I didn’t have an easy way to get more eggs in time. I didn’t want to go out and buy this and that. I thought it would be a bit of a waste of time and such, to take a trip out just to buy eggs for the show. I left it to the Lord. He’d either supply another egg, or I could just give up the idea of getting everything perfect.

I decided, on the day, to go ahead and cook the one egg; we’d make do with that, or change the script to just use one egg, or something. When I opened the carton to cook the one egg, I was stunned for a moment; I was so touched. There were TWO eggs there! The Lord is so sweet to me. If it had been really two left in the carton all these days, they would have been side by side, the last eggs in the egg carton. But they weren’t, one was a space or gap away, and slightly bigger too. It was good to have two, as then the boys (and their dad) could each get half an egg as part of the dinner. They were very hungry by the time we got home from the show!

There was a conference happening for a week, by “Jesus is alive Ministries”. They needed a piano player for their praise and worship songs and contacted my husband to be the pianist. Normally he would have not been able to help out, but due to schedule changes—some unexplained—this freed him to help out for two of the nights. We had prayed and knew it was the Lord’s will for him to do this. These people were filled with the Holy Spirit, knew the Bible well, and wished for everyone to get to know Jesus better and be set free and healed in heart and in every way. It was a great gift for them to be offering to people in our city. We were happy to support their efforts.

When he came back after the service he was thrilled to tell of a miracle that had occurred.

He had been playing and using the piano (electric keyboard set up on a stand) for two hours during the event. They were lively songs, some that he had been banging away on the keyboard to play.

As soon as the event was over and it was time to put away his keyboard, all off a sudden, bam! The keyboard stand collapsed! The heavy keyboard fell on his foot—perhaps it helped to break the fall (and thankfully he wasn’t injured).

The man who was responsible for setting up the stand came to look at it, and lo and behold a wonder was seen.

The question wasn’t “Why did it fall?” but “Why did it stay up all that time?” The screw or pin that holds it in place securely hadn’t been put on properly. It should have and could have collapsed at anytime.

What a wonder, that all that time the Lord’s Spirit held up this keyboard, while songs of praise and worship were being sung. The next wonder was that my husband’s foot wasn’t harmed or hurt at all; and the keyboard suffered no damage in any way. Praise the Lord! –As when we do praise Jesus and lift up our hands in praise—or lift up our fingers to play His music, there are lots of other things the Lord will hold up for us.

My husband/ the boys dad, was away on 31st of July for a one day trip to Townsville, in Queensland. He got a flight sponsored to go to a concert of music he had composed. I was in the kitchen thinking that he would probably like to be calling me. But there was no way. My phone was out of charge, and I couldn’t charge it; he’d taken the only charging cord with him.

I was thinking about what I was going to say when he got home and was possibly going to be bothered that I hadn’t kept it charged, so I could receive a call from him. I didn’t want to make him buy a new one charging cord, but I didn’t like the thought that he’d be unable to phone us then. Just that moment, breaking my thoughts, my phone rang! It was him of course.

I talked, and didn’t worry about how it was being powered, or when it would go dead and all that. Then I passed it to each of the boys and they talked a bit to their dad, as long or short as they wished. Each boy got a turn, and the phone was returned to me again. As soon I said goodbye, and the call was finished and I was about to “hang up” CLICK, all is black again on the phone; no power. I guess the Lord can make phone calls happen and power them when He knows it is best. We can depend on Him when things in the material world don’t work or wouldn’t normally work. He’s in charge—literally.

(By Liam)

Yesterday, our dad came outside asking if anyone wanted to play cricket with him. We all jumped at the opportunity—especially my youngest brother, Patrick. Patrick, who really likes batting, wanted to be the first one to take hold of the bat. He was on the trampoline and moved as fast as he could to get off.

As he ran across it he slipped, did a cartwheel upside down in the air, then landed on the ground with a thud. And as if he had bounced, he immediately sat up with a declaration of “I’m fine” then shot up on to his feet, and kept on running. As an observer it was rather disconcerting seeing him upside down, just a foot or two from the ground, arms and legs extended, plunging head first to the ground. It was almost like I saw it in slow motion. I didn’t know what to expect.

When his body miraculously turned in the air, placing his feet down and head up, and then landed normally, I was glad! However, I still was worried about how many injuries he could possibly have. When he the bounced up and kept on running I was relieved the more. But knowing, with him, if he gets hurt in a way like that he often bounces up and says “I am fine” and then soon declares his hurt. But that never came. This time he said he was fine, and proved to be so as we enjoyed our cricket game. And he played unusually well that cricket game.

Sometimes lately the children have seen or sensed a spiritual, comforting female presence in their room, in the early morning, or at night. They think it’s me, their mother standing there, or who is beside them as they go to sleep, or who is walking out of the room with the younger one as he groggily makes his way to the bathroom. But, though I try to be with them as much as I can, and don’t often leave them alone in their room when they are awake; at those times they mentioned this presence that was seen in the room, I was not there.

I asked them how they felt when seeing this “person”. They feel at peace and there is a “motherly” presence, and it makes them feel calm and cared for. I thank God for the many guardian angels that watch over these children of His. Liam described in detail the clothing and height of this womanly angel or helper—much taller than me, wearing a skirt, etc. I’m sure it helps for angels to be rather tall, to keep a good eye on us.

Patrick said about it: “When I was snuggling up with who I thought was mommy, I realised later on that mommy is smaller than the person I saw beside me.”

Another day he was very surprised to see me in the room I had been in for quite awhile, having prayer time and reading the Bible. “Mommy, you are everywhere! I just saw you in the bedroom, and now you are here!”

I am glad for the angels the Lord sends to look after the children, even to be visible and to appear as if it’s me there, when I can’t be right with them. He truly does give His angels charge over us, to keep us.

TEN TOP TOOLS FOR WINNERS TO USE WHILE IN SERVICE FOR THE SOVEREIGN SAVIOUR

--The stories in this mag show God's power and help in action, helping us to be winners.

1-God's Word: *Read, study, listen to and apply God's Word--the older Word of God, the newer Words He has given through believers, and His fresh words to you personally. Seek for His confirmation on your actions and plans, from His Word, in one way or another.*

2-Love Jesus: *Nurture a close relationship with and love for Jesus, after the step of receiving Salvation—go as far as He wants you to go, in getting closer to Him, and showing Him your love, and learning of His love for you; take a step closer each day.*

3-Holy Spirit: *Be filled with the Holy Spirit through fellowship with Jesus, feasting on His word, forgiving others. Pray for the fruits and gifts of the spirit to be manifested in you, to help you love others and bring others to Jesus.*

4- Angelic help: *Ask God to send angels and ministering spirits to help you. They are an important part of God's set up to help guide humans to God's will, to protect them, and to teach them. They are real and alive and always with us, and know far more about God's thoughts and ways and will than we do.*

5- Praise God: *Praise, honour, and worship our Lord Jesus Christ; this is the greatest protection against inroads of Satan. Full allegiance and loyalty to God brings His full protection, and shuts the door to those that hate Jesus and who try to harm and hinder you in the spirit.*

6-Prayer: *Use prayer as a way to teamwork with the Lord, and let His power do miracles for you and others, if you want your work and efforts to be worth your time.*

7-Clean heart: *Resisting and ridding your heart and life, mouth and mind of that which is wrong and against the Lord's loving ways. Repent and be forgiven for any rebelliousness or disobedience to the Lord. Get a cleansed heart daily and strengthen your relationship and communication with Jesus. Take communion and thank Him for His love.*

8-Humbly helping each other: *Have humility, and honesty, and help each other to uphold God's Standard and fight the enemy. Talk together, confess your faults, and pray for one another.*

9-Serve God wholeheartedly: *Choose daily to do God's Will, and work hard for Him, not wasting time; forsake and give up whatever He asks of you. Use your time on things that will strengthen and build up His Kingdom and what will bring others to Jesus.*

10 –The Keys of the Kingdom: *Use—pray for—the power of the Keys of the Kingdom to work for you (the gift Jesus grants to His wholehearted disciples). This power will enable you to bind our spiritual enemy and loose the power of Heaven to bring God's will into reality and work wonders, and make possible things seemingly thought impossible.*

(By Liam)

It was the day before my 13th birthday, the 22nd of September, 2018, and I was out with my dad to get some of the necessary things for my birthday party, and other up coming events, along with ordinary things that we needed. It was on our list to go to Magnet Mart to get firewood, and a wooden leg stand for one of our chairs—as it had broken. We had planned to go there after I went for rehearsal with my orchestra. Dad took what he thought was a short cut, and when driving into the parking lot was tricked by what he thought was an entrance to the parking lot, but was really a curb. He drove over it with a crunch-scrape-grind. It didn't sound good at all, but we didn't think much about it, and entered the store.

At the store I noticed a bin with grey duct tape, and asked Dad if we could buy a roll. He was at first a little hesitant, but I was soon able to persuade him, as we are often needing it for our day to day life. After purchasing a few more items—and discovering they didn't have any of the items that we needed, a little discouraged, we left the store and started up the car. As we pulled out, to our dismay, we heard a scraping sound coming from underneath the car. Although we were only driving under 40 KPH, still it didn't sound very good. We pulled over at a 7 Eleven, and as we did I noticed an old man approaching us. He looked about 80 years old and was wearing the most radiant smile I have ever seen someone of his age have. We got out of the car, not knowing what was wrong, when suddenly the old man spoke to us and told us exactly what the problem was, and a simple way to fix it, later on. Then he promptly left, crossed the street and disappeared down an ally, without even giving us time to say thank you.

I just didn't forget him, especially I, since being exposed to many stories of angelic experiences was open to the fact that angels are always around and every now and then appear, usually in human form. I asked dad about it, and although he was sceptical, he was open to the idea that he might have been an angel.

Another interesting fact is that that guy came at just the very moment we needed him. Just imagine: we weren't able to find the necessary things we needed at the shop, the car wasn't working properly, and we were afraid that we were going to be late because of the delay, feeling quite discouraged when this guy pops out of nowhere with a radiant smile that I'll never forget, and then without asking him or communicating with him, he tells us exactly what the problem is, and how to fix it when we got back home; even though it would be virtually impossible for him to see underneath our car with the curb blocking it. All these facts put together made me wonder if this man was perhaps an angel, or one perhaps commissioned by one. Whoever he was, I believe he had divine back up and that he was able to help us right in our time of need.

Not having the right tools to fix it, we walked off to the 7 Eleven store to see if they had a wrench or a spanner we could use to fix the problem. The problem was the bash plate underneath our car had broken loose on one side, but was still connected on the other side. The broken part was dragging on the road, and Dad was hesitant to drive with it like this, for he was afraid that it might break loose completely, and perhaps hit another car or cause other damage. The 7 Eleven store told us that they didn't have any tools, so we decided to cross the street to the other shops to buy the other things we needed. After returning to the car I suggested to Dad, as a thought popped in my head, "Why don't we tape it up with duct tape?" At first this was sort of a joke; after all how were we going to get duct tape out here. But just as I said this, I remember how just minutes earlier we had purchased a roll of duct tape at Magnet Mart. After discussing it with him a little bit, we decided to give it a try.

We taped here and taped there until it was supported and seemed safe enough to drive, at least the short drive to home. We were pleased with our work and found that the Woolworths Caltex petrol store had one of the items we had been looking for—a bag of firewood. Because of all these miracles we were able to make it home safely in time to prepare for the party—and have it, of course. One of the friends we'd invited to the party, brought along a box of firewood and it was a sufficient amount for the fire that night. So one way or another, the Lord was making sure we had all that we needed, and because we bought that bag of firewood we will be able to use it on up coming trips.

The day we had planned for months was nearly upon us. We had worked diligently and focused on all the aspects of this event and family activity. For the first time ever we were going to rent a stall at a market. There was all the paper work and permissions to work through, besides physically making or getting printed the items we wanted to sell. There was considerable expense put out for this endeavour. There was so much our family wanted to share with others and offer—from their talents of creativity in many fields. We chose about half a dozen types of items to offer at the market (books, CDs, handmade cards, gift bags, food, and so forth), and one of the items being A. Charles' book "Sailor's Tale".

To save (or attempt to save) on the printing cost I took extra time to create special PDFs for printing—the colour pages (and their flip side) in one file, and the remaining black and white pages in another. I sent these files online to be printed and delivered back to me. I would then assemble these pages and got it spiral bound at a print shop later. In answer to prayer the printing came back in time to us just two and a half days before the "big day at the market".

We were so happy and looked at this book printing, and the other printing done that we had prepared to offer at our stall. But soon the joy turned to, "Oh dear! What happened?" The printing was not correct. Even though I took a long time preparing of the PDFs, knowing the slightest mistake would throw the whole book off, it still was possible the fault was with me that the printing came back wrong. Maybe not, but one way or the other it was wrong and we had to deal with it. What were we to do?

And, to my greatest dismay, every single one of the coloured pages were wrong, with strange numbering on either side of the paper. We all looked at them—and there were four copies made—and all were strangely wrong. Not one of the colour pages could be used. Several black and white ones were right, but a significant amount of printing would need to be redone—and fast; and it would cost a whole lot to just walk into a print shop somewhere and get it done. (There is a usual "walk in fee" of \$50, not counting your printing cost—then to add "colour printing" of all that, was a bill I didn't need or want pay. For not only would they charge the colour printing price for the colour pages, but every page they did in the same batch.)

I put it away and would think about it later, or just give up getting it ready for this market time. But I felt compelled, I HAD to have this book ready—as each of the other boys had their "thing" to sell; how could I just not provide one of the boys with their promised material to offer? To get things reprinted, and done fast, in time for the market, took a lot of effort to locate print shop that had time and could do it. After praying lots and persevering, at last I found someone who could do it.

I'd get it late at night on Friday, but still in time—the market being early Saturday, the next morning. It all worked out. Praise God! But this story was all to lead up to the shocking miracle that occurred.

On Thursday afternoon I was preparing to send the files to the new printer for the reprinting, I looked at the many pages in the “printed wrong” pile that I had sorted on Wednesday with the children. It was easy for us to know the wrong ones—any that didn’t have a corresponding page number on the flip side of the page. For example if the page said “37” on one side and “42” on the other it was WRONG.

So I looked over the wrongly printed pages, and then was stunned, and before I could speak I broke into tears. “Am I a just imagining this? Or has Jesus just done a shocking miracle?” I said. The boys hovered around to see what I was talking about and crying about. The page content and page numbers on all the COLOURED pages and their flip page were CORRECT!!

Wow! There aren’t words to express what I felt at that moment, because one isn’t used to that kind of thing happening. Each and every one of the colour pages suddenly having the correct numbering and pages on the back and front—of all four copies of the book! God is good, and saved us money doing that, not to speak of the sense of wonder, not so much that he CAN do that, but that he DID and that He KNEW what we needed and WANTED to do it.

With joyful wonder, I only had to send the wrongly done black and white pages to be printed, and the new printer did a good, fast, focused job—and didn’t charge a “walk in fee” either. Praise His Name! The pages were correct, and the book was ready on time, and that was a huge miracle.

I felt we were getting a significant amount of spiritual—and physical—resistance for our efforts towards this market, but when this wonderful happening occurred I found myself with a sense of awe saying, “With this kind of a God, doing these kinds of things for us—we can make it! We can truly do whatever He calls us to do.”

I felt the Lord whispering to me, “When the Enemy’s power is stronger and fights you more, it just means I’ll do greater and more wonderful miracles for you.”

Troubles? Attacks?—Something to look forward to, as we’ll have more marvellous manifestations of His Majesty in our lives!

When in prayer I claim the Keys of the Kingdom—the Keys of “Garden of Eden”—for our backyard...

--The thorns and thistles vanish [while neighbours grass is full of these and they can't walk barefoot, but we can on soft grass].

--A fruit tree springs up out of a small garden bed, on its own and is now (at the time of this writing) is filled with ripening plums—looking like yellow baubles on a green tree, and at Christmas time too!

-- Beans planted in a small raised garden bed, grew to produce so much, that it took all three of us working for 20 minutes or so to pick them all, and still there were more beans. They filled two small pots. It didn't look scientific, but great!

--The bugs ate the bitter lettuce that we didn't like, and didn't touch the good lettuce so we could grow and pick it, and eat it.

--The strawberries eaten by snails, after prayer started growing bigger and stronger plants that held the strawberries higher than before, and made bigger strawberries too, and were from then on untouched by the abundant snails, lower down on the ground. Praise the Lord!

I can't help but have this incident engraved on my mind. When I get hurt I might pray for forgiveness of whatever I've done wrong, real quick, and pray for healing and relief from the pain; for it not to take long to heal, etc. But some months ago I was cooking and using the grill. Charles was standing nearby getting a peek and anticipating the dinner. Then I made a bad move and we both heard the "sizzle" of my finger's flesh touching the red hot element. A serious and sudden burn. Just before I could breathe out a prayer, worried about the pain I'd have for many hours, disrupting my work (or bothering me through the night) Charles said aloud in a commanding voice, "I rebuke the Devil, in Jesus name!" Words I wouldn't have thought to say, but on target as it proved. The second he said that, the healing was done. I pulled my hand all the way away from the grill, and there was no mark nor pain that followed. Jesus had done as was commanded and requested, and worked a miracle.

We had wonderful weather the whole trip to Queensland, both for the seminars we travelled to attend as well as for the several days travelling home and staying at various camping places. The last full day before our last night, the place we stayed at had posted up a warning announcement that there was a possible bad storm coming. Predictions of large hail stones, hurricane, flash floods, strong winds and so forth could be coming that way—warnings not to park under trees were stated, due to branches that might fall, etc. We slept a peaceful night sleep, got packed up and headed on our way driving out. The moment, almost, that we were to leave and drive, the weather changed and got very rainy. The strong rain started to fall as we drove along and turned to hail on the windscreen. The storm had come. But we were safe. Soon it stopped and we had a good rest of the day, no more storm, slept fine in our final campground, and made it safely home the next day after plenty of fun at a playground and a botanical garden that we stopped at. The next morning, once home, we found out that just 50 kms away from where we had been, it had been a bad storm indeed. It was reported that hail stones the size of tennis balls were falling and smashing car windows, bruising people walking, ruining whole crops and so forth. But, "It shall not come nigh thee." I remember now that a day or two before this storm happened, that the Lord spared us from, we were meeting to pray and hear from the Lord. He warned us to have a special time of prayer for protection as there were troubles to be spared from. So we did pray fervently about each aspect of the trip home. Now we see how the prayers played a part—along with everyone else's prayers for our safe keeping, to keep us under the shadow of God's protection.

Contributed true story, by a friend: THE POWER OF THE KEYS IN ACTION!

(From his "Tales of Grandpa Gabe")

Are the words of Jesus and his spoken promises something that can be taken literally and redeemed by faith? Sometimes we get familiar with verses that clearly describe heavenly intervention and promised results which leave us with the warm fuzzy feeling that "Yeah, Jesus can do anything," and then we go about our business without giving the matter too much further thought. Then something happens which is beyond your control. You find yourself totally helpless, and it looks like there is nothing that can be done about it. This is when the benefits of a knowledge of the Word of God and a foundation of faith present us with an option to pick a promise, claim it for your own and exercise your faith by believing that it is TRUE!

The following is a true tale of how I found myself in a totally hopeless and desperate situation and how claiming a promise with expectant faith started a series of divine interventions that left no doubt as to the validity of His Word. I have found many a time that those deep, dark, panicky experiences are the fertile ground for the seeds of faith to suddenly blossom and bear incredible fruit.

This miracle happened when Honey and I were living in Okinawa, Japan. Each summer we would receive the two children of our son E and his wife C for summer vacation. One summer, neither E nor C could take the flight to deliver the boys, so I needed to fly to Los Angeles to pick them up. C brought them from Phoenix, Arizona, to Los Angeles, where we met and spent the night at a hotel. All went well until the next morning when we got to the ticket counter at LAX to check in for the flight and discovered that my youngest grandson's passport was expired!!! The staff of the airline were very helpful and directed us to the passport office in downtown LA. They said we could fly the next day if we got the passport issue sorted out.

Upon arrival at the Federal Building, where the passport office was located, we were in for a rude awakening. There was a huge line of desperate, weary and frustrated people all there for the same reason we were. After speaking to several people we found that some had been there for **days** trying to gain access to the building to apply for, or waiting to pick up, a new passport! The security of the building was very strict. Only people with appointments or with receipts to pick up issued passports were allowed inside. Further, as a security precaution, you could not take any luggage or mobile phones inside that building for any reason, and there were no facilities to store or leave any items upon your entry. As this was the Federal Building, it was being zealously guarded by armed US Marines. There was an automated telephone service number that was given out to try to get an appointment to apply for a new passport, but the closest opening for that was days ahead. There was a very slim chance to get a cancellation, so we were calling that number constantly (along with hundreds of others) hoping for a miracle. Not being able to speak to a real person, and the reality of so many people there who had been waiting for days (some we spoke to were trying to get to weddings and even a funeral) really made the situation look impossible, and we were in the depths of despair.

We took refuge in a coffee shop, continuing to be refused at every attempt on the phone to get an appointment that day. It was at this point that we seriously prayed and claimed the "Keys of the Kingdom" for an outright miracle, in spite of the depressing and overwhelming conditions.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus spoke to his disciples telling them that He was the rock upon which the church would be built. He further stated, "I will give you the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." Having read this chapter of Matthew many times, these verses were very familiar but untested on a personal level to a degree that they would be that day. We found a semi-quiet place and claimed the promise of the Keys of the Kingdom to bind any forces hindering us to obtain that needed passport and loose any channels that would enable us to get into that fortress and obtain my grandson's passport.

Soon after our heartfelt and desperate prayer, a well-dressed woman approached us and asked if we would watch her suitcase and mobile phone as she needed to enter the building and had no one with her to watch her things. We agreed, since we weren't going anywhere. When she returned to collect her things she thanked us, and then asked C where she was from. When she replied, "Arizona," the lady told her, "Call this number," and she proceeded to give C a phone number.

When we asked what the number was, she said it was the personal secretary to one of the Senators of Arizona and she could help us!!!! The lady then collected her phone and suitcase and left. When we called that number we found the secretary in a meeting for another half hour. On our second call, contact was made and the “Keys” kicked in and the miracles began to take happen.

The secretary, through a phone call from her office to the Federal Building, cleared C to enter the building immediately and go to the passport office. Once there, she explained the predicament and was faced with mixed reactions. One office lady was irate that intervention from the senator’s office was overriding protocol and breaching security guidelines for obtaining a child’s passport. However, with the directive from the senator’s office there was little she could do but to comply.

At this time E was undergoing basic training in the US Air Force as a Reservist. Since he was training, he could not sign any papers as the father, which further complicated the issue at hand. Again, the “Keys” went into action, and a high-ranking Federal employee in the office said he would sign so the paperwork could move forward, since E was currently in active duty for our country.

C was then told that she could return in a few days to pick up the passport, but meekly replied that she needed it the next morning as the flight was only extended till then. The irate office lady then further exploded saying, “OK, you can come in the morning, but it won’t be here!!!” C then took her receipt and left the office.

We were thrilled that the “Red Sea” of a huge line of desperate and long-lingering people had been parted and C got in and even applied successfully. Our hopes were lifted and we praised the Lord for all that had happened so far. We kept recounting all the barriers that were broken down and the people who stepped up to make her application possible. We were buzzing seeing Him coming through on what He had promised!

We still had a way to go before snapping in our seatbelts on the flight to Okinawa though. We spent the night at a hotel, and were at the Federal Building bright and early the next morning. After more desperate prayer, C went in and within 45 minutes was back with the passport in her hand!!!! We were ecstatic and proceeded directly to LAX and boarded the flight with grateful hearts and the privilege of directly experiencing firsthand the “power of the Keys of the Kingdom” in action.

The heavenly coordination of having us in the coffee shop at the same time as the woman (or angel???) who was somehow connected to a senator of Arizona’s secretary probably took quite a bit of heavenly orchestration. The compliance and cooperation of the airline staff, and the special ones in the passport office who made it all happen are another source of marvel. It was a bit overwhelming while reflecting on all that had happened, as we sat comfortably in our seats on our flight to Okinawa. The previous couple days were a rollercoaster of intense emotions from shock to despair, to hope to apprehension, to expectation to victory. It was an experience I will never forget!

Note: This passport office does not usually even issue passports directly. They receive the applications (by appointment) then send them back east or to one other office in the central US for approval, and then they are sent back to this office for collection. To have a passport issued at this office in one day was a total miracle in itself! (End of story.)

A Merriment Moment—Jokes and Fun (authors unknown)

Robert, my muscular friend, applied for a job with a moving company. To determine if applicants knew how to move heavy objects properly, part of the interview consisted of moving a safe. Each applicant struggled to get it across the room. When Robert's turn came, he said, "Are you kidding? I can't move that safe by myself."

Robert got the job.

My Aunt deals with customer complaints at a retail store. She and my uncle had had an argument, and to make up he waited in her customer-service line. When it was his turn he whispered in her ear that he'd take her out to dinner that night. Her face lit up, and she gave him a big kiss.

The next man in line stepped up and said, "I'm complaining about the same thing he was."

In the employee parking lot, a couple of weather-bureau forecasters were about to drive home.

"Say," said one, "did you remember to close the office windows? Never know when it might rain."

He wasn't able to do all the things around the house that he used to do, the man told his doctor. After the examination, he said, "Now, Doc, I can take it. Tell me in plain English what's wrong with me."

"Well, in plain English," the doctor replied, "you're just lazy."

"Okay," said the man. "Now give me the medical term so I can tell my wife."

My brother, a strict vegetarian, travels abroad for long periods on business. When he got back one time, he called our parents' home and told Dad he was about to pay them an unexpected visit. Dad hung up. "The prodigal son is returning!" he called to my mother. "Kill the fatted zucchini!"

"You may not like my boyfriend," said the daughter to her father, "but you notice he calls for me in a \$28,000 sports car!"

"That's nothing," replied the father, "I used to take your mother out in a \$75,000 bus!"

At age 20, we worry about what others think of us.

At 40, we don't care what they think of us.

At 60, we discover they haven't been thinking about us at all.

A stage mother cornered the concert violinist in his dressing room and insisted he listen to a tape: Her son was an extremely talented musician, she told him. The man agreed to listen, and the woman switched on the tape player.

What music!, the violinist thought. A difficult piece, but played with such genius that it brought tears to his eyes. He listened spellbound to the entire recording.

"Madam," he whispered, "is that your son?"

"No," she replied. "That's Jascha Heifetz. but my son sounds just like him."

BIBLE VERSE TWINS

Just as a right hand and left hand go together and help each other and need each other, so does the Old Testament and New Testament go right along with each other—both helping to express God’s thoughts on the same topics. Here are some examples:

Old Testament

New Testament

Isaiah 43:11 I, even I, am the LORD; and beside me there is no saviour.

Acts 4:10, 12 ...the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead... Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Psalm 119:165 Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.

John 16:1 These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended.

Isaiah 49:10 They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them: for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them.

Revelation 7:16,17 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Psalm 18:16 He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

MAT.14:29-31 And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

Genesis 2:7 And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

John 9:11 He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight.