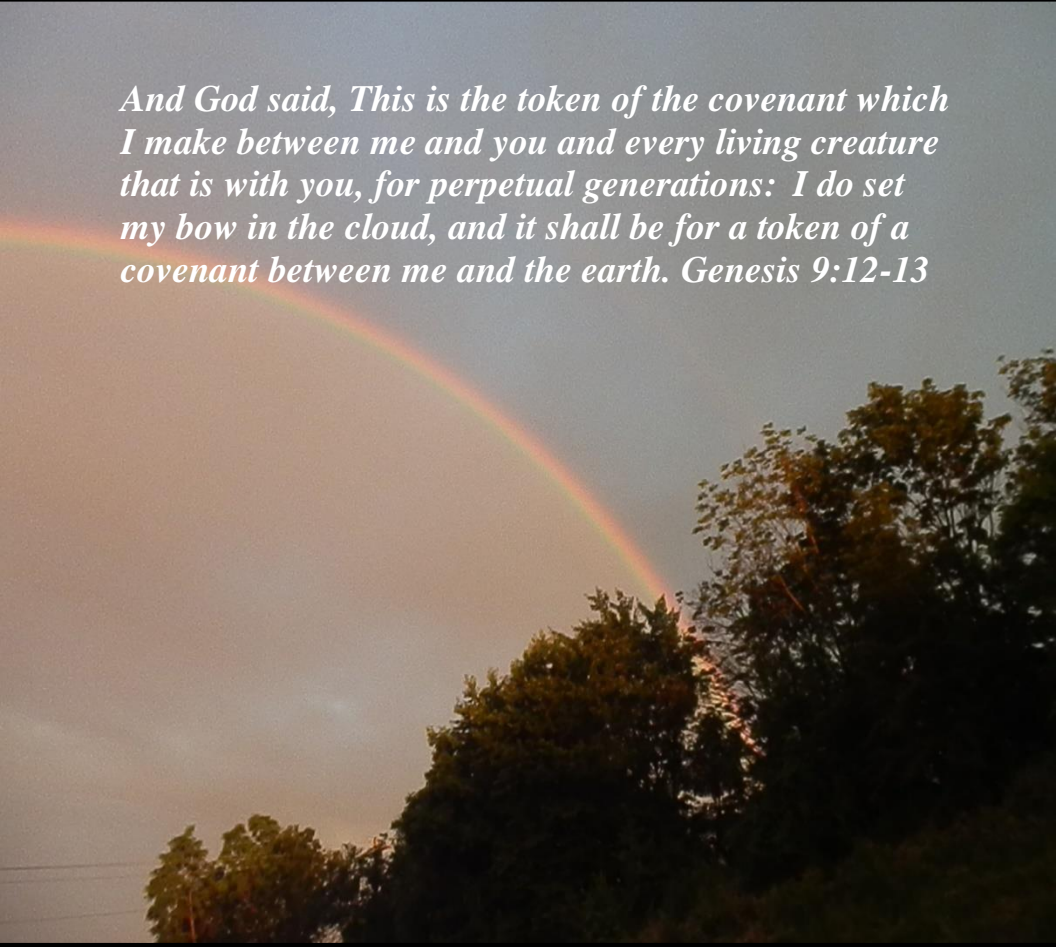


Connecting the Light

And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. Genesis 9:12-13

A photograph of a vibrant rainbow arching across a cloudy sky. The rainbow's colors are clearly visible, transitioning from red on the left to violet on the right. Below the rainbow, a dense line of green trees is silhouetted against the sky. The overall scene is peaceful and evokes a sense of hope and renewal.

Encouraging Stories from Real Life

By Cindy Lee Nonnemacher

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Unless otherwise specified, bible scriptures used are from the King James Version. Scriptures noted NKJV are from the New King James Version, NIV from New International Version, ASV from American Standard Version and NASB from New American Standard Bible.

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~About the entries~

For a number of years I was the “editor and chief” of monthly church newsletter. Each month I’d write a little article of encouragement and faith. Folks seemed to enjoy them and often told me I should write a book. The stories contained in this little tome are a collection of some of those articles.

Each entry was written from observations and events in my life. My thinking is that if I can learn things from my life; why not share what I’ve learned with others? Perhaps you will see something of yourself in one or more of my own experiences. These are simply numbered 1 through 14 for everyday life and January through December as the articles often pertained to a specific month.

Ultimately, I want to serve the Lord by encouraging His children to see the real world through the eyes of one of His flawed children.

May you be blessed through the Love of Christ,

Cindy Lee Nonnemacher

Desperation. Desolation. Destruction.
Depression. Discouragement. Disease.

These “D” words are words of doom and gloom. All are words that can describe the world we live in and the realities of life that face us every day. All can be Deep Dark places with in us. At one time or another we have all faced these “D”s in our lives.

The good news is that you are reading this. That means you (and I) have all come through this multitude of “D”s. We have survived the big earthly “D”...Death.

We have more than survived, we have overcome. Life has handed us many obstacles, yet we continue on. We continue to move forward.

How do we do it? How do I do it? With a “D”. We have but to Depend upon the lord for our strength.

“I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praises; so shall I be saved from mine enemies.” (Psalm 18:3)

Then there is the really big “D”; The One who Died “to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our way into the way of peace” (Luke 1:79) Without this death there could be no life. Without His death, there would be no resurrection, no salvation. Our Father gave his only begotten Son, so that through His death we would all have everlasting light. Do not be in Distress.

“These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. (John 16:33)

This leads to the final “D”. Deliverance! *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil (Matthew 6:13)*
We are delivered from all of the “D”s in our life through our Deliverer, Jesus Christ

I know this is a lot to Digest, but be Delighted in the knowledge that we are given the promise that when our days on this earth are Done, we all have a mansion in glory.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you”. (John 14:2)

Be Determined in your walk with God and the Devil in your life will be Destroyed.

As the years have passed, the printing in my well-worn Bible seems to have gotten smaller. My mother gave me that Bible for Christmas in 1969. After seeing me struggle to read it, my good friend Tina bought me a new one...a large print edition. Oh, what a joy to be able to see the print! But, I found myself lost. I found myself fumbling through the pages for a scripture that would have popped right out at me from the old Bible. So many of the verses had been underlined and highlighted, the broken binding automatically causing the pages to fall apart just at the right places. If I could only remember the chapter and verse...I think it's in Matthew...or was it John? Oh drats ... fumble... fumble...fumble.

Memorization has always been a problem for me. The words I can remember, just not where they are. I had the same problem when I was in school. I took a nurses aid course. We had to memorize muscles and their locations. The names I could remember, just not where they were. Aren't you glad I didn't go into medicine? It could have been a disaster.

The same goes for scripture. Since I don't have my "cheaters" Bible to fall back on, it's a disaster. So, I am trying to memorize scripture. As a children's church teacher, I often learn as much (if not more) than the children do. My preparation includes studying all of the scripture that will be used. My "new" large print bible is now loaded with book marks, underlined text and highlighted scripture.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. (John 15:7)

Many years ago I worked in a machine shop. One of the men there was complaining about his lot in life and having to

work for a living. I recounted to him the story of Adam and Eve, their downfall and their punishment. The punishment for man being that he has to toil for his sustenance. He asked me how I knew that, did I see the movie? I said “No, I read the book”.

The words of our Lord abide in my heart. The love of our Lord abides there also.

If your bible is in good shape, you probably aren't.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee. Psalm 119:11

Good grief! Time just goes zipping by. Days turn into weeks and into months. Looking back I can't recall what I did yesterday, but I was very busy at whatever it was.

Through all of it I laugh and I cry and I endure. The sun still comes up, even if it is obscured by clouds and rain. There just seems to be so much rain in our lives sometimes.

We all eat, sleep, and work in some fashion. Ask someone what they've been doing and they may say "Same stuff, different day.", or "Busy, busy, busy." or "Not much."

It amazes me sometimes that no matter what happens in our lives, there is always a new day. Oh, there are days when I would just as soon stay in bed and pull the covers up over my head. There are some days when I actually do that. But, no matter where I am, physically or mentally, the day comes anyway. The sun still comes up, birds still sing, somewhere a life begins and another ends.

God's love is like that. No matter where we are physically or mentally, God is there with us. Through not only the summer storms, but our own personal storms. Every day, in every way, God is with us. In the clouds that obscure the sun, in the song of the lark, in the cry of a newborn baby and in the tears of a widow.

...and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matthew 28:20b)

And, He is not just with us; He bestows His peace on us.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. (John 14:27)

In reality, it's not all that bad when you think about it. On those days when I just can't seem to get moving, I am still breathing and walking upright. For that, I am eternally grateful.

On a Saturday evening a few years back, I had the privilege of attending the Yokefellow Prison Ministry dinner and program. As I listened to a gentleman masterfully playing a glistening grand piano, I softly hummed, reciting the words in my head. The tune was a familiar one, “Because He Lives”, by the Gaithers. The program proceeded. Now a silver haired man stepped up to talk about Yokefellow and their ministry. His name was Wayne Benjamin, the Council Director – a volunteer. Here was a man, who could have surely been enjoying a quiet retirement, but chose to continue his service to the Lord through this ministry. This man had truly dedicated his life to spread the gospel to those who are in a place, both physically and mentally, where all seems hopeless.

One of the speakers that followed was Bob Varricchio. He had been at the piano earlier. His testimony was moving. He had come from the depths of drugs and crime through prison ministry. After several incarcerations and attempts at a clean life, he accepted Jesus as his Savior. But, even then, he fell back into the life of addiction. He went back to prison and entered a rehab program yet again. This time, he was able to stick with it. He has been clean and sober for over 20 years now and has used his life to Glorify God and spread the Word of the Gospel.

Listening to these two gentlemen speak, I thought how trivial my grumblings are. I am blessed every day by this life that I have. Free to come and go as I please, to attend the church of my choosing, to be safe in my home and to know the love of family and friends. God has given me so much. But, most of all, he gave His Son for my Salvation.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah 40:31)

How wonderful is that? How much more joyous could it be? I must remember to be happy with the mundane, rejoice in the tedium and be glad in all things. The Lord will provide the strength for whatever I face in the days to come.

And whatever things you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive. (Matthew 21:22 NKJV)

As Christians, prayer is (or should be) an integral part of our daily lives. In Paul's letter to the Thessalonians he says

“Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.” (Thessalonians 5:16-18 NKJV)

That sounds like a pretty tall order especially with our lives being so hectic and full. It's hard to be rejoicing when the alarm goes off at 6:00 am. Being thankful as the economy sours, the flu is rampant and corruption prevails is certainly a daunting task at best. Pray without ceasing? Who can possibly do that?

God knows what is in our minds and hearts. Prayer does not need to be formal or eloquent. We multi-task all of the time, why not do it with prayer? Have you ever been doing something and a person pops into your head? That's a prayer opportunity. Lord, I am thinking of so-and-so, please be with them. Doing the dishes? Count your blessings. Mowing the grass? Hum a hymn. Doing the laundry? Ask blessings on those whose clothes you are folding. See an emergency vehicle on your way to work? Say a prayer for the unknown person who is in need of help.

But I say to you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, (Matthew 5:44 NKJV)

Say what? Pray for my enemies? Yes, that is the only way to receive internal peace from those who persecute you.

You may not be able to change the person offending you, but it will bring peace to your own heart. And, it could change theirs.

God hears our prayers, He knows our sorrows and He knows our joys. He soothes our souls and lifts our hearts above the pain. He knows our needs before we have need of them.

Our prayers for others are heard and answered as well; lifting up those we love in their sorrow and need.

The power of prayer is an awesome thing. The more we pray the stronger the power. Make time for prayer and I assure you, blessings will come your way. Pray for those around you and you will see their blessings. Pray for those who persecute you and you will find peace.

Aren't vacations wonderful? My husband and I had just gotten back from a 4 day trip to Ohio. We spent time visiting museums, going to Lake Erie, seeing a lighthouse built in 1871 and dining with a few of my cousins that live there. Of course, I took pictures of everything and everyone.

There are totes full of photos in my "office", taken through the years. Snap shots from my life and before. There are old black and whites that were taken by my parents, grandparents and others. And with the miracle of digital photography, I have thousands more on my computer. One of these days I'll sort them all out. Or at least that is what I tell myself. My kids love to drag out the old family albums and show them to whoever will look. They get a good laugh out of some of them while others bring back memories.

Photographs are important to us. They are a way to document our lives, to validate them to a certain degree. How many times have you been to a funeral or memorial service for someone who has died and there is a photo presentation in one form or another? Pictures of your loved one, often times from youth through death. Images caught for all eternity on film so that you may never forget the one you loved.

Our minds are like photo albums, too. Memories floating around that are recalled from time to time, some times when you least expect them. Not all of them good memories, either. But, mental photos none the less.

Can you imagine what God's photo albums are like? He sees everything, knows everything and yet, when we turn our lives over to Christ, our redeemer, the slate is wiped clean. His

photo album starts the day we are reborn in Him. All of the pictures of our sins are gone. Vanished! Memories and all!

The photos that I have are greatly cherished. Some of them are very rare, old tin types and such. The ones I took on this particular vacation will be added to all the others. As the years go by, I am sure I'll add thousands more.

No matter how many photos I have on earth or in my mind, no matter how many memories I have, no matter what the album of my life holds, my photos in God's collection have been edited. Have yours?

Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new. (2 Corinthians 5:17 NKJV)

“Look, it’s a half a moon!” That’s what my granddaughter exclaimed as we arrived at the Kutztown Fair a few years ago. And, she was right. The moon was a perfect half circle.

The evening was beautiful...warm, but not muggy, with a slight breeze blowing. We walked through the animal houses...pigs... cows...sheep...goats...all the while, the children saying, “Look at this one.” and “Look at that one.”. We listened and watched the Martin Family as they played and performed Irish songs. And, of course, there were the rides!

One of the rides, the “Hang Glider”, had a bench by the entrance, so I took a seat while the children rode. The ride whirred as it started and kicked up a gentle breeze. I sat on the bench looking at that half-moon and feeling very much at peace. Then I looked at the ride and marveled at the mechanism that allowed it to rise and fall; spin and gyrate. At the end of each fair or carnival, the whole thing has to be torn down only to be built back up when it arrives at the next event. If one of the pieces was not put together properly or if a piece should break, it could lead to disaster. Then I thought about how much that parallels life.

Our lives can be like a carnival ride. Rising, falling, spinning, gyrating; being torn down and built back up. And when the pieces don’t go together properly or become broken, it spells disaster for us, too. Our lives are in constant motion. And, in constant need of building up or repair. The difference being that our lives are not built or repaired with wrenches and screwdrivers, our lives are built and repaired with nails...the nails that pierced the hands and feet of our Savior. Isn’t it

wonderful to know that the nails that God used to build us will never break or need repair? The nails that have given us life, everlasting, cannot be removed.

We are often torn down. But, each time we are, we are built back up again by the Master Builder. As one life event ends and another begins, we are assured that when we reach the final event, we will be rebuilt in glory for all eternity in the presence of the carpenter from Nazareth.

Another thing that happens in this process of rebuilding is that we grow stronger with each repair. We are not only repaired but replenished.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. (Acts 20:32)

One of my favorite movies has a line in it that goes something like this... “the only thing constant (certain) in life is change”. Isn’t that the truth?

A number of years ago, my daughter and three granddaughters moved in with my husband and me. Then, they were moving out. Many things changed when they moved in and once more there were changes after they moved out. It was difficult to say good bye. One thing that I knew I must do was to put it into God’s hands. I was finding that hard to do, but God reminded me that He is in control.

The day after I found out that they would be leaving, I was watching a show on one of the “religious” channels. The pastor’s message was taken from the parable of the wheat and the tares (weeds) from Matthew 13:24-30 & 36-43. He was talking about the weeds in our own lives and reminded the viewers that God is in control of both the wheat and the weeds. No matter how carefully we sow our wheat, weeds will always invade. However, as long as we tend to the wheat, God WILL take care of the weeds.

After listening to this message, I realized he was right. There have been times in my life when the weeds were so dense, they overtook the wheat. God is such an awesome God that even in those times he was in control. In times of need, He has provided; in times of sorrow, He has comforted; in times of despair, He has prevailed. I need only look at the past to know that He is present. God will be with my daughter and granddaughters wherever they go, even if I am not.

Since that time, I have had grandchildren move in and out and then in again. They have come to visit, sometimes for the day, sometimes for a few weeks. Each time they leave, I put them into God's hands. I pray that their wheat grows abundantly and when the weeds come, that God has his weed whacker at the ready.

In our human lives, change is a certainty. In our spiritual lives, God is the certainty. When you hit that patch of weeds, and you will, remember who the true gardener is.

Therefore as the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so it will be at the end of this age....Then the righteous will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. .(Matthew 13:40& 43 NKJV)

Stuff...our *stuff*...defines us, doesn't it? Souvenirs from places we've visited, gifts from folks, treasures passed down from still more folks, mementos that we've hung onto for one reason or another. All are fragments of our lives that help define who we are.

"*Stuff*" can refer to the state of our affairs. "She's going through some *stuff* right now." "He's dealing with some *stuff*." "I've got a lot of *stuff* on my mind."

Of course none of this is new; people have been going through *stuff* since the beginning of time. Adam and Eve certainly had their "*stuff*" to deal with.

Jesus opens the Sermon on the Mount with a whole list of *stuff*... those who are poor of spirit; those who mourn; those who are meek; those who hunger and thirst for righteousness; those who are persecuted for righteousness sake. In each case, He says "Blessed are they". He also says for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; for they shall be comforted; for they shall inherit the earth; for they shall be filled. Jesus promises all of this to us when He tells us "*Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven.*" (*Matthew 5:12*)

Contained in the sermon is also a warning to us about how we look at other people's *stuff*.

Judge not, that you be not judged. For with what judgment you judge, you will be judged; and with the measure you use, it will be measured back to you. (*Matthew 7:1-2*)

Who are we to look at what someone else is doing and then condemn or reject that person? We don't know what kind

of *stuff* they may be going through. We don't know what is in their heart, only God knows and sees. Christians are not immunized against sin; we are merely given the ability to move past it through the Grace of our God. We are forgiven for our "*stuff*" and provided a way to deal with future "*stuff*".

*For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.
(Romans 3:23)*

But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble. (Matthew 6:33-34)

All of this should give you an idea of how to deal with the *stuff* we all face. If you'd like to learn more, read the entire sermon in Matthew chapters 5 through 7. There is an answer to every kind of *stuff* there is. The answer is Jesus!

How dependent we have become on something discovered over a century ago, electricity. Our lives are so much easier since that magnificent day. From lighting, to high tech devices, we depend on the “juice” that flows through miles and miles of wires every day.

We find out just how much we depend on this miraculous invisible power when all at once, we don’t have it. Winter storms and summer winds “knock” it out with random abandon. No one is immune. No one can hide. When all at once the television, the computer, the lights go dark, collectively we gasp “Oh no...I was in the middle of...”.

How often have you walked into a room during a power outage and just automatically flipped the light switch and then said “Duh!”? Thanks to the invention of batteries and wireless connectivity, we at least have our cell phones. But, even they will need charged eventually.

At my house, when the power goes out, we lose everything. Heat, A/C, water, lights, the whole nine yards. We can’t cook. We can’t so much as flush a toilet. It doesn’t take too long for the house to start getting chilly or steamy either. So, what do we do? If the power is off for an extended period in the winter, we get into our car and go somewhere else. Somewhere that has power. In the summer, we open the windows and wait.

Our relationship with God is like that, too. We are so used to having that invisible “power” that we take it for granted until it’s gone. Not gone because God pulls His power from our lives, but because we pull our lives away from His power. The

winds of life “knock” us down and away from the source of light. Winter enters our hearts and separates us from the life giving “juices” of our Lord. The heat of summer can have us shedding our clothes and our connection to the “power”

What to do? We go to where the “power” is on or wait in silence for it to return

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. (Romans 13:1)

Through Jesus who sits at the right hand of the power generator.

Who is he who condemns? It is Christ who died, and furthermore is also risen, who is even at the right hand of God, who also makes intercession for us. (Romans 8:34)

When the weather and the winds have knocked out your power, plug yourself in to the source of all power, God!

*Pick a little, talk a little, pick a little, talk a little,
cheep cheep cheep, talk a lot, pick a little more*

Those are the words to a chorus made famous in the musical production “The Music Man” attributed to **Robert Meredith Willson** (May 18, 1902 – June 15, 1984). Since that time it premiered in 1957, it has been made into a movie (twice) and performed on countless stages across America. This particular song is enacted and sung by some town’s women who are gossiping about another woman.

Often, real life can mimic the theater and movies. In this case, gossiping. Although the theatrical scene is of a gaggle of women, men are not immune. Most of us know what gossiping is, but just out of curiosity, I “Googled” the word to see what I could find. Most of the definitions were similar. I particularly liked the entries from WordNet, both as a noun and as a verb:

Noun- gossip - a report (often malicious) about the behavior of other people;

Verb- gossip - wag one's tongue; speak about others and reveal secrets or intimacies

As a noun (thing), there is not much we can do about gossip. As a verb (action) however, we can do something... We can refrain from doing it!

Where there is no wood, the fire goes out; And where there is no talebearer, strife ceases (Proverbs 26:20 NKJV)

Nothing good can come from gossip. It is only a way to spread rumors, falsehoods and half-truths. Even if you preface what you are going to say with “Don’t tell anybody”, it doesn’t mean that that will happen.

The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. (Proverbs 18:8)

Developing relationships is a key component in our daily lives. We all share things with each other. The next time you are tempted to “share” information, ask yourself a few questions first. If the answer to any of these is “no”, then it shouldn’t be said.

- Am I sure that this is 100% true?
- Am I sure that person “A” would want person “B” to know?
- Is what I am repeating positive and uplifting?
- Is the source reliable?

Just remember, Jesus called us to be part of the vine. But, I don’t think the proverbial “grapevine” is what he had in mind.

Have you ever felt like you were behind and can't get caught up? I often feel that way. Very busy at my job, busy at home, forgetting to do things, walking into a room and not remembering what for...any of this sound familiar? Then as I am trying to finish a project, my printer conked out.

The printer was less than three months old. And, it was a replacement for the one that had conked out in less than a year. I was not a happy camper. So, I got online, did all of the on-line instructions, got nowhere, did a "live" chat with a technician, just to be told that there was a malfunction in the mechanism and the printer would have to be replaced again. It would take 5 to 7 business days. Not acceptable. The next 45 minutes were spent on the phone with a customer service representative. After much diligence, the situation was resolved to my satisfaction and my replacement printer arrived within 48 hours. YEA!!!!

It's amazing how diligent we can be when we feel we are entitled to or owed something. In this case a replacement printer – a machine.

What about other situations? Interpersonal situations? Situations when we may feel slighted or insulted, unappreciated or taken for granted. Situations when there is a malfunction of the human mechanism that requires replacement.

Sometimes we get "bent out of shape". When, for one reason or another, things just aren't resolved to our satisfaction. How much diligence do we put into rectifying the malfunction of our human mechanism?

We each have our own personal customer service representative, Jesus. Through Him, all of our human malfunctions are replaced and made new. But, are we ready to be the customer service rep?

As Christian brothers and sisters, isn't it up to us to show others, through our own deeds and actions, what Christian love is all about? Aren't we to be the example? Aren't we to be God's customer service representatives? When our human mechanism malfunctions, it can lead to a malfunction in our walk with Christ.

So what do we do? We go to the service manual, better known as the Word of God, the Bible. We bow our heads, open our hearts and speak to the mechanism creator, God. Be diligent. You speak, He listens. You ask, He answers. You forgive, because He forgave first.

Pretty awesome thought isn't it? The next time you have a human mechanism malfunction, just remember you have the best customer service representative of them all. He died to prove it!

When my granddaughter Aryanna was about 5, she came to visit with her mom and siblings. She was just this precious little bundle of joy with an infectious smile and laugh. Of course, she was five, so it wasn't always smiles and laughs, but she was so cute you kind of overlooked some of the grumpiness. When she visited, she loved to play tea party with a little set of "real earthenware" dishes I had gotten some time ago. We would set the table and have some little snacks on the dishes and a little water in the tea cups. It was quite the affair!

As the day progressed, we had to put away the tea party dishes so that I could set the table for supper. In my hutch cupboard, I have a set of orange luster Fire King dishes. They are rather old and have some value to them. I use them on occasion, but not for regular family stuff. In clearing things off, I placed a piece into the cupboard. Aryanna spotted the shiny orange dishes. With a gasp of awe, she said "Oh Memaw, you have tea party dishes!" I looked at them and said "Yes, I guess I do." and closed the door. I paused a moment and then looked at this little animated face and said "Should we use the tea party dishes for supper?" Her eyes got huge, her little head bobbed up and down so quickly I thought she was going to break her neck. Out came the shiny orange dishes, away went the everyday plates and we set the table together. She could hardly wait to have supper using such special dishes.

It's amazing isn't it? How something so simple can make a child think they are so special. Of course all children are special. Their innocence and gaiety brighten up even the dullest of days.

Now imagine, our heavenly father looking down on us.

Each one of us is His child. Paul has this to say to the Galatians:

“All of you are God's children because of your faith in Christ Jesus”. (Galatians 3:26)

Ask yourselves, “Am I brightening up my Father’s day?” “Have I set out my tea party dishes for Him?” He overlooks our grumpiness because He loves us. Just as we overlook the tantrums of a five-year-old.

God loves us because we are his children. Through His Son, we are forgiven. Through His Spirit, we are strengthened. When you sit down at His table (*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies*) will your Father set out the tea party dishes?

It was my birthday and when the phone rang, my caller ID indicated that it was my friend Tina. Expecting to hear birthday greeting, I was stunned to hear what she had to say. “Cindy, Mart is dead!”. He had gone home to be with the Lord. He was there one minute and in a matter of hours, he was gone.

Although Tina and I are not related by blood, we are as close as any two sisters could be. Our friendship of more than 35 years has seen us through many rough times as well as good ones. So, when I received the call, I knew I had to go be with her.

Tina’s husband, Mart, was a man of foresight. He made sure that his wife and their children were provided for. He wanted to be sure his wife would be provided for even after his death. He had planned ahead.

God had foresight, too. Long before men devised savings accounts, life insurance and pre-paid funerals, He came up with a plan to provide for his “bride” – the church. He gave us saving grace and life assurance. He gave us the provision of eternal life, paid for in full by His son.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3:16)

As human beings, we are given free will. We are free to choose our own path in life. Each path, each choice results in consequences. Some good, some not so good; some planned for, some not. But, in any case, we make the choice.

Making the decision to accept Jesus as our Lord and Savior is a choice that always has the same outcome. It makes us prepared for eternal life.

Life can deal us some heavy blows. Some things we can never foresee or prepare for. But, through His son, we are forgiven and assured an eternal life.

Have you planned ahead? Are you prepared? If you are not, then take this very minute to accept Christ as your savior with this prayer.

Lord, today let me give you my life and my heart. Forgive my sins and wash me clean so that I am prepared for your kingdom. Make me a new person as I receive Christ as my savior.

If you are prepared, then use this prayer to renew your commitment to Christ.

Lord, today let me ask you to renew me in your spirit. You have washed me with the blood of the Lamb, my name is written in the Book of Life. Lift me up that I may do Your work on earth through my life dedicated to you.

Today's date _____

~ January ~

Here we are, beginning another new year. I can remember being in grade school and hearing the year two-thousand mentioned in science fiction movies and thinking how far off that sounded. Here we are in two-thousand-fifteen. It just boggles my mind. (It doesn't take much.)

In many cases, in the beginning of a new year, we hope to have a better year than the one that has past. One that is more prosperous and abundant with less stress and strife. Maybe a new child or grandchild is on the way. Maybe a new job is on the horizon or retirement is in the picture. Maybe even a new romance is blooming or a milestone wedding anniversary is ahead. Maybe we just want a fresh start in life; a new beginning.

What if we go back to the beginning...the real beginning?

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters. (Genesis 1:1-2)

God started this whole thing rolling. From nothing, he created everything. Including a plan to bail us out from the mess we got ourselves into from the very start.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God... And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. (John 1:1&14)

God knows each and every one of us. He knew us before we began.

*Before I formed you in the womb I knew you;
(Jeremiah 1:5a)*

God knows what is in our hearts and thoughts just as Jesus knew the Pharisees thoughts.

*But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, He answered and said to them, “Why are you reasoning in your hearts?
(Luke 5:22)*

God is not only the beginning, but the ending as well.

And He said to me, “It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely to him who thirsts. He who overcomes shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be My son. (Revelation 21:6-7)

As we begin this New Year, let us not forget our **first** beginnings from God, the **renewed** beginning through His Son, Jesus and the glorious **ending** that is in store.

In My Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. (John 14:2-3)

~ February ~

The first thing that comes to mind is hearts and flowers...Valentine's Day. But, there is another holiday in the month that warrants celebration. President's Day. Not just because some folks get a day off from work and school, but because it is important to remember what our forefathers have done for us as a nation.

Our nation was officially born in 1776. We are a nation that has seen its share of turmoil. Starting with its independence from the monarchy of England, through a civil war, two world wars, a great depression, acts of terrorism and now with unrest in our government and economy, this country remains "One Nation Under God".

We live in a country where, despite those who fight against it, we are free to worship as we choose. Free to attend church; free to carry a Bible; free to meet and pray in public. Free to celebrate Christmas and Easter, the birth and resurrection of our Lord and Savior. Free to possess a book such as this.

A group of the women from church get together every couple of weeks to share breakfast. When our "Breakfast Bunch" meets, we bow and say a prayer before we dig in. There are countries where we could be hauled off to jail for doing so. I carry a small Gideon's New Testament in my purse; there are places where I could be put to death if it were found. There are whole nations who do not allow Christian celebrations of any nature; where worship services are done in hiding. If discovered, these Christians are put to death.

For all of its faults, this country remains free. We have a constitution that ensures us all the right to remain free because of past presidents like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, those who's birthdays we celebrate this month.

By all means, send hearts and flowers to your loved ones. But remember to thank God for the blessings of freedom we enjoy as citizens of The United States of American. The freedom that we have has been paid for by the lives of young men and women throughout our history and their sacrifices continue today. Pray for our military and our nation's leaders so that God may guide them to continue the path of freedom that was forged so many years ago.

I urge, then, first of all, that petitions, prayers, intercession and thanksgiving be made for all people— for kings and all those in authority, that we may live peaceful and quiet lives in all godliness and holiness. This is good, and pleases God our Savior, ... 1 Timothy 2:1-4(NIV)

God Bless America!

~ March ~

This is a month of transition. A transitioning from winter to spring...the daylight lasting a little longer before the cold night takes over.

Our lives are in constant transition with each year that passes. Another grey hair, another wrinkle, a death, a birth, each are signs of life ever moving forward. Each day is bringing a new challenge.

Some challenges are small (I can't open this pickle jar!). Some challenges are monumental. The monumental challenges are the ones that perplex and bewilder us. These challenges can test our faith. Challenges like these can cause us to question the reality and presence of our Lord; especially when there seems to be no resolution in sight. It is hard to keep trusting and believing when every road has a road block.

We can grow impatient and try to push our own resolution through. We want to hear that still small voice but we are shouting out our own agenda. Life can be so harried that we don't make time to listen.

This is when we need to sit and transition ourselves into God's will. That's a tall order and a very difficult one. I know, I struggle with it every day.

It seems that when the days are cold and dreary, it is easy to let our hearts get cold and dreary as well. It's hard to be cheerful when we are wrapped up in hats and coats with our heads bent downward against the wind. Here in Pennsylvania we experience all four seasons. From the swelter of summer to

the frigid months of winter, just like everything else, the seasons are *from* God and *of* God.

To every thing there is a SEASON, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: Ecclesiastes 3:1

Seasons are not simply periods of time, but measurements of our lives. We have the springtime of our youth and the winter of our later years. Our hearts have seasons, too. Springtime is the joy in our hearts while winter is reflected in our times of sorrow and pain.

Through all of the seasons both on earth and in our hearts, there is a light that shines. Although obscured by clouds from time to time, the light is always there. For the earthly seasons, that light is the sun. For the seasons of our heart, the light is Jesus Christ.

When the clouds roll over our hearts, it is often hard to see the Light. But, it is there never the less. On the coldest winter nights, the warmth of the Son continues. We have but to bow our heads downward. Not against the wind, but in prayer. In our darkest hours, the Light shines the brightest.

March is the transitioning of the seasons, transitioning into God's will brings more light into our days.

For it is the God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. 2 Corinthian 4:6 (NKJV)

~ April ~

April 1st...April Fool's Day...

A day set aside to be foolish.

Wouldn't it be nice if we were fools only one day out of every year? I don't know about you, but I can play the fool any day of the year. Though I am not as limber as I once was, putting my foot in my mouth happens all of the time.

In doing some research on Bible verses containing the word "fool", I popped a bible CD into my computer. I have a King James Bible Program that will search for any word. I typed in "fool" and clicked "search". To my surprise, there were 46 "hits" on the word. As I read down through the scripture, I noticed that the word "fool" appeared a lot in Proverbs. So, I went back and counted (a foolish thing to do I suppose). The Book of Proverbs contains the word "fool" 32 times. (That is if I counted correctly.) Out of all of the scripture, I found this to be the most intriguing and found the NKJV to read even better:

A fool vents all his feelings, but a wise man holds them back. Proverbs 29:11 (NKJV)

Over all, pretty good advice don't you think? How about the part that says "a wise man holds them back"? Oh, is that some hard advice to follow or what? Now I am not saying hold everything in. There are times when feeling must be discussed. At those times, we must express ourselves with love and kindness. It's when we just blurt things out in anger or vengeance in a way that causes hurt, albeit sometimes not intentionally, that we get ourselves in trouble.

There is also a saying that goes something like...we have two ears and one mouth so we hear twice and speak once. This is actually based on scripture.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak... James 1:19 (KJV)

It seems that there is so much going on in the world today, that no matter what you say, you may wind up with “Foot-in-Mouth” disease. But rest assured that if what you say is said in love, it will be much better received.

“Put on therefore, as God's elect, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, lowliness, meekness, longsuffering;” Colossians 3:12 (ASV)

Isn't it amazing that so many times our mouth is in motion before the brain is in gear? Or that our thoughts are from some place other than the heart? What fools we truly are.

We are all human; therefore we will always say and do foolish things. But, wouldn't it be nice to only be a fool once a year?

~ May ~

Have you ever ridden a donkey? I haven't, but I can't imagine it would not be very comfortable. Yet it is believed that Mary rode upon a donkey as she and Joseph made their way to Bethlehem, carrying in her womb, our Lord Jesus.

Thirty three years later she watched her son, seated on a donkey, as he entered into Jerusalem amid cries of Hosanna. How proud she must have been seeing her son being recognized as the Messiah. Then, only days later, she witnessed the most horrific thing a mother could ever see, his death upon the cross.

The heartache had to have been gut wrenching. As he was beaten, she felt every blow. As the nails were pounded into his hands and feet, she winced in pain for him. As he hung on the cross, blood streaming from his body, tears were streaming down her face. As his limp, lifeless body was taken from the cross; her life felt like it had ended, too. The depth of her sorrow had no definition.

Then, there was the empty tomb and the realization that Jesus had risen. Joy and elation was felt in the place that had been filled with sorrow, to see that the prophecy had been fulfilled, to know that her son lived.

Mary was carried to the birthplace of Jesus on a donkey. Jesus was carried to the city of his death on a donkey. Between those two events, Mary had raised her son. She had nursed him, taught him to walk and talk, watched him grow into a young man, and loved him with all her heart. All the while, knowing that he would be taken from her to save humanity from itself.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins. (Matthew 1:21)

Mother's day is this month. Not all women have given birth. Yet, all women are mothers. Motherhood is not just the bearing of a child; it is born of the love in our hearts for others. The love for nieces, nephews, cousins, friends and children in general makes every woman a mother.

Regardless of whom we are or how we were raised, if you are a mother of children or a mother born through loving others, as we think of and remember our mothers, remember the mother who rode upon a donkey to bring salvation to us all.

~ June ~

*What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind...*

This is taken from William Wordsworth's poem "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood":

Recently, on TCM, the 1961 film "Splendor in the Grass" was aired. As I had never seen it, I thought it might be worth watching. It was actually a good movie. Part of the dialogue includes the recital of this excerpt from a Wordsworth's poem. The lines of which resonated within me and I just couldn't get them out of my mind. At first I couldn't figure out why, and then it dawned on me...

It is summer once again, the time of year that brings back so many summers past. Summers of my youth spent sleeping "in", sitting on the back patio, playing in the yard with neighbor kids and spending time with my best friend, Linda. There were no worries, no schedules, no school, and no real stress. Oh there were chores and I had to help take care of my brothers, but life was so much simpler then.

The lines "*Though nothing can bring back the hour, of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower*" seemed to really strike a chord with me. So many times I grieve for the times that used to be, those carefree lazy days of summer.

Now, my life seems to move from one stressful thing to another. Always busy, always thinking about what I have to do next, always with one more thing to do. It seems summer is over and I've done nothing to enjoy it.

“We will grieve not, rather find, strength in what remains behind...” What is it that remains behind? What is it that we are to find strength in? That question haunted me until I helped with a children's church lesson about the comforter. Then, I did a little research and found the scripture that brought it all together for me.

But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. John 16:6-7

You see, when I am stressed, I can close my eyes and remember. Remember that the peace I had in those days of a simpler existence is still there, it's just been buried amid the chaos of today. Those times had to go away, but they had to happen so I could remember them now. Just as Jesus had to leave his disciples, so that he could send the Comforter. And, what a Comforter he is!

No matter what we may go through in life, we need only turn our eyes to God. Even folks who are not biblically savvy are familiar with the twenty-third Psalm

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they **comfort** me.” Psalm 23: 4 (NKJV)*

No, the past cannot be reproduced. Time cannot turn backward. But, what we can do is remember those happy times and draw comfort from what had been. Just as we think of Jesus death so that we could have a Comforter forever. If Jesus had not died as he did, he still would not have lived forever. He was in human form. In His death, we have life. Until we meet Him in Glory, we have a Comforter. We find “*Strength in what remains behind*”.

~ July ~

There are a number of things that come to mind that are directly related to summer and all of its activities. In the past, there was all of the prep work for Vacation Bible School in addition to all of the other summer activities. As a director and teacher, I found something more important, leadership. Not just leading the youth in the direction that they should go, but leadership in general. Leadership in life.

Many of us at the Lighthouse were in the “over 50” category, me included. We are considered the “older” men and women of the church. There are some pretty specific guidelines for us “older” folk laid out in the bible. In Titus, we are given a very precise directive:

Older men are to be temperate, dignified, sensible, sound in faith, in love, in perseverance. Older women likewise are to be reverent in their behavior, not malicious gossips nor enslaved to much wine, teaching what is good, so that they may encourage the young women to love their husbands, to love their children, to be sensible, pure, workers at home, kind, being subject to their own husbands, so that the word of God will not be dishonored. Likewise urge the young men to be sensible; in all things show yourself to be an example of good deeds, with purity in doctrine, dignified, sound in speech which is beyond reproach, so that the opponent will be put to shame, having nothing bad to say about us. Titus 2:2-8 (NASB)

The directive is simple...lead by example. “*in all things show yourself to be an example of good deeds*”.

As a female, “*being subject to their own husbands*” can be a little hard to swallow. Here’s the thing...if the men are

being the husbands and fathers that they should be, it is not difficult for a wife to be subjective. *“Older men are to be temperate, dignified, sensible, sound in faith, in love, in perseverance”*. The men are to lead, at home and in the church.

The women are to be *“reverent in their behavior, not malicious gossips... teaching what is good...”* both in the home and in the church.

These directives serve one purpose... *“so that the word of God will not be dishonored”*.

As a mother, my example was not always in tune with the directive from Titus, but as I grew and matured within myself, I hope that I have become the example that they should have.

Each of us has the obligation to present the good example, no matter what age we are. There is always someone looking at us and to us for direction.

~ August ~

In previous summers, I helped with, taught or directed during Vacation Bible School at our church. The whole week was always wonderful! It was a lot of work, but bringing children to the Lord is one of the most rewarding things I have ever done.

Watching the faces of the little ones enthralled by the scripture stories, they were like little sponges soaking everything in. But, more than that, I learned too.

A few years ago the theme was a trip on Route 254 based on Psalm 25:4 - *Show me Your ways, O LORD; Teach me Your paths.* Our lessons were all based on making choices, choices about Jesus. The stories were all familiar ones from scripture, yet they were used in a way that was different.

Day two was “Being thankful to Jesus” from Luke 17:11-18, the story of 10 lepers that were healed by Jesus, yet only one returned to thank Him. At that point, Jesus asked what happened to the other nine. In our class, we acted out the scene by choosing a child by random number to play the “one”. The others groaned in unison, they all wanted to be the “one” and not part of the “nine”. It stirred quite a conversation among the children.

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, “Were there not ten cleansed?”, but where are the nine? Luke 17”15-17

It also stirred my mind. How often have I been one of the nine? When I thought about it, I was one of the nine more often than I'd like to admit. Not because I am ungrateful, but because I don't always recognize what Jesus has done for me...the little everyday things that sort of go un-noticed...safe travel, a good meal, a hug from a friend. So many times we (and I say we because I know I am not the only one) miss the little miracles that we receive on a daily basis.

God has been good to me; He has blessed me in many ways. I have a good husband, three grown children and nine grandchildren. I have a roof over my head, clothes to wear and food in the refrigerator. Some miracles happen every day, yet they just slip by unnoticed. Even if it was obscured by clouds, the sun came up this morning. Even with aches and pains, I got out of bed. Even though my vision isn't what it used to be, I can still see.

Everything I have and am, I owe to God. Not just for the blessings that I have, but for having a God who loves me enough to allow the sun to come up, for me to get up and to see the world around me.

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. Psalm 34:1

~ September ~

Where did the summer go? It's hard to believe that the kids are going back to school (Much to the relief of parents and grandparents!) No matter what we do, time moves forward. The seasons change. I am grateful to live in an area where I can witness the changes that shows God's full splendor!

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: Genesis 1:14

This time of year while the earth slowly prepares for its winter sleep, there is still a flurry of activity around us. Overhead the sky will soon be filled with honking geese as their lines create threads across the skies. The sun will dip below the horizon a little sooner than we'd like. The squirrels and chipmunks will play their game of hide and seek as they gather their stores for the winter. The trees will become artists' palettes with colors only God could manufacture. Lawn mowers will make way for the leaf blowers. Children will discover what fun a pile of leaves can be. Adults will rifle through closets for sweaters, jackets, hats and scarves. Our homes will be filled with the scent of cooking and baking as the harvest begins. And, the holidays are just around the corner!

While spring is the transition into life, autumn is the transition into sedation. When God created the seasons that many of us experience, do you think He thought about how metaphoric they would be? He did create the seasons before he created man. It is man who has used them in writings, songs and as a parallel to life itself.

Be patient, then, brothers and sisters, until the Lord's coming. See how the farmer waits for the land to yield its valuable crop, patiently waiting for the autumn and spring rains. James 5:7(NIV)

James, 2,000 years ago, used the seasons and waiting upon the rains as a metaphor for patience, waiting for the coming of our Lord. Waiting for the day when all suffering shall end and we will be in the presence of the Prince of Peace.

As much as I hate to see summer go, I love the excitement that the autumn brings. Oh, we'll still have plenty of beautiful summer days left to enjoy the warmth of the sun. And then we'll muddle through another winter. No, it's not quite time for the hot chocolate yet. But, get the mugs dusted...it won't be long!

~ October ~

As I sat at my computer I bowed my head and ask God what I should write about for this month.

The word “Thanksgiving” kept popping into my head. “But, Thanksgiving is next month” I keep thinking. “Not the Holiday, silly, the act!” Oh...OK...**Giving Thanks**, not Thanksgiving. Now I’ve got it!

Yes, I have a lot of things to give thanks for. Sometimes I forget that. Somehow I don’t think I’m alone in forgetting all that I have to be grateful for.

God has been so good to me. There is so much love in my life. That, in itself, is one of the biggest blessings that I have. There are friends and family all around that love me. And, they love me for the imperfect person that I am. (Hopefully I haven’t disillusioned anyone by admitting that I’m not perfect.)

None of us is perfect, but God loves each of us anyway. He loved us so much he sent a savior who makes us perfect, whose blood washes us clean as snow. He sent his Son into this imperfect world to be the perfect sacrifice.

All of my life God has been with me. Through all of the good and the bad; through all of the ups and downs; through times of joy and times of heartache, He has been with me. When my life was a shambles and I felt there was no reason to live, God had a plan. When I turned my face away from Him, He waited patiently until I looked up once more. Never once did He waiver in His love for me.

Give thanks for His love? You betcha! Thanks for His love and for all of the things that I have on this earth.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thessalonians 5:18

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Corinthians 15:57

If not for the love of God, and the plan that he had from the beginning, I would have none of these things. What I have found is that, even without any of the material things, God still loves me. When I had no home, he loved me. When I had no food, He loved me. When it seemed no one else could love me, He did!

Thanksgiving. Yes, it is a holiday in November. But Giving Thanks makes everyday a holiday!

~ November ~

November is always a hard month for me. It's the beginning of the "Holiday Season". You know, Thanksgiving, Christmas, celebrating the New Year; a time when families gather to give thanks, celebrate the birth of our Savior and look ahead.

It is also the month when we would celebrate my mother's birthday. Her birthday was at the end of the month and there were times when we would combine our family Thanksgiving Day celebration with her birthday. Along with the traditional turkey dinner there would be cake and ice cream, cards and gifts. Those times have many wonderful memories for me.

Mom went to be with the Lord 20 years ago. She was gone too soon, young by today's standard. She was only 66. She loved the holidays. She loved having all her children and grandchildren around her. It took her 2 or 3 days to put up all of the Christmas decorations. There was the tree of course, but she had Christmas on display on every flat surface you could see, on the walls and in the windows. She usually took some vacation time and did it the week after Thanksgiving.

Setting aside all of the festivities, one thing she tried to instill in each of us was to be grateful for what we had. Even if it didn't seem like much to us, it was more than so many others had. She was a single mother back when divorce was a scandal in any family and not as common place as in today's world. She raised four of us without help from any agencies. She wouldn't even entertain the thought of applying for assistance. One of the things she did was to save "S&H Green Stamps" through

the year to use for Christmas gifts. (If you don't know what Green Stamps are, Google it.)

How did she do it? She got a job and trusted in the Lord to provide for us. When times were really hard, I can recall her saying *“The good Lord has always provided for me and mine; I trust that He will continue to do just that!”*

She was a strong woman with a powerful faith and trust in the Lord. I was well into my thirties before I fully was able to comprehend that trust. Now, I don't know where my life would be without it.

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Proverbs 3:5-6

Yes, it's a hard month. I miss my mother. But, her life was a testament of trust and faith. I only hope that one day, when I am gone; I will have left the same legacy.

~ December ~

“What child is this who lay to rest on Mary’s lap is sleeping? Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, while shepherds watch are keeping.”

(Lyrics: William Dix (1865))

What it must have been like on that night as the angel of the Lord appeared with a heavenly host, to announce the birth of a child. Not just any child, but the child that would represent the hope of the world. God’s plan for our salvation was coming to fruition with the birth of this child.

There were no newspapers, no radios, no televisions and certainly no e-mails, cell phones or Facebook. The announcement of this birth was by way of celestial proclamation. The news traveled far and wide, from person to person, throughout the lands.

“For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.” Luke 3:11

Christmas, the celebration of the birth of our Lord and Savior, is a time of renewed hope for Christians all around the globe. Yet, there seems to be a shadow over the celebrations. There is so much turmoil in the world. Disease, war, immorality, economic recession and depression...So many worldly fears seem to encompass our lives and push out the hope that lives within.

“I don’t know what is going to happen, but it scares me.” I’ve heard that phrase over and over again in recent weeks. Can someone please tell me what there is to be afraid of? Isn’t God in control? Doesn’t He meet all of our needs?

Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Psalm23:4

The twenty-third Psalm is one we all know. We are walking in the valley of the shadow of death. But it is just *the shadow of death*. As Christians, we are not walking in death, but in life. We do not need to fear what is ahead.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Psalm 23:6

Let's get back to the business at hand, loving one another, celebrating the good news of a birth that happened over two thousand years ago. God was in control then just as He is now. Let's renew our faith in the hope of the world that was laid to rest in Mary's lap.

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About the author...

From writing poems to deal with life, to short stories about fantasy love, Cindy has had a passion for writing since childhood. Creating poems for friends has blessed many with her insights to life.

Growing up and living in rural York county has inspired her love for nature and nurture. Being raised by a single mother when that was not as common place as today, she also learned at an early age about hardships and faith.

Now, a mother of three and grandmother of nine she has gathered what is presented in this little devotional to share with you and the world.

The title, “Connecting the Light”, exemplifies her concept that all things are made light through her savior, Jesus Christ. The format, “A Fortnight and a Year” makes it a practical guide to life.

As you read through each of the devotional stories, you too will get to know how even the ordinary can be extraordinary through the love of Christ.