

The Church of the Damascus Road Echo!

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Fort Dodge & Rockwell City, IA



Yesterday

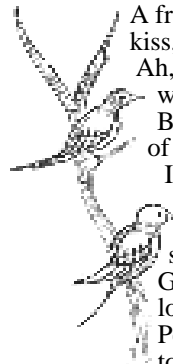
Yesterday is gone and should be forgotten. Satan will often time (as well as your friends) remind you of your yesterdays. Remember that your yesterdays- All that is wrong is under the blood and all that is good and is right, it will be all right for your recite. Walk in the light and know that your yesterdays are forever gone. Today is beautiful so walk with the Lord and enjoy His blessings for yesterday does not exist.

Trinity

Flowing through an endless sea of tranquility I see a light.
It seems to be flowing from a thousand different directions,
Yet it is coming from one.
It turns into thee.
The Father
The Son
The Spirit
In all I see one face.
God.
Full of love, compassion, and forgiveness.
I seek to grasp this wonderful feeling and yet it seems just out of my grasp.
While straining for this oneness I hear a voice.
Be humble.
Ask and you shall receive.
by John Hammers

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard his call.
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work, or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I found that peace at the close of the day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.



A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah, yes, these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow.
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I've savored much,
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief. Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your hearts and share with me. God wanted me, now He set me free.

by Gerald Holldorf

This Friend of Mine

Have I told you about this friend of mine, He's known as the King of kings,
Who saved us all from certain death, in His name the angels sing;
His arms are always open to us, if we open our lives to Him,
carrying us when we're too weak to walk, through all that's thick and thin.
We must open our hearts and ask Him in, within us for Him to dwell,
and when we do and live through Him, no longer will we ever fail.
He overcomes all obstacles in us, if we let Him take the lead,
He produces the mightiest of people, from just a simple seed.
in Him are the greatest treasures, in His truth let us all be bold,
In Him is the promise of life, is He in your heart to hold?
For He's overcome every temptation, in our life for we live in sin,
accept Him as Christ the Savior, and your new life will begin.
Yes He is my personal Savior, who conquered death and gave me life,
the only one who holds true peace, in this world of sin and strife.
He is the key to forever and more, beyond this world and time,
tell me, do you have a friend like I do in this friend of mine?

Henry Poteet, NCCF



We are beginning a new publication with this issue called "The Church of the Damascus Road Echo!" It will be published in the months between the Flash! It is only to be distributed inside the two prisons in Fort Dodge and Rockwell City. Tell us what you think about it by writing letters to the editor and giving them to Pastor Lang or to Glenn Wooten or to Doug Lehr. We want the Echo! to be yours.

Inside the Echo

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What to Expect

I wasn't sure
just what to expect
but I stared at myself
just as a mirror would reflect
I bore into my soul
I could see with-in
I gaped at the sight
of jet black sin.
I couldn't believe it
this wasn't me
this wasn't who I was
how could this be?
I lowered my face
& stared at the ground
my pounding heart
was the only sound
Then Jesus spoke up
"Do you believe me now,
I can set you free
would like to know how?"
I stood for a moment
and stared at my feet
then a thought came to mind
the judgment seat
I looked at Jesus
"Please set me free
open my eyes
please let me see."
I could see His blood
pouring over my head
it was pure & clean
it was bright and red
I wasn't sure
just what to expect
but I stared at myself
just as a mirror would reject
I bore into my soul
I could see within
I gaped at the sight
there was no more Sin!
Kendra Renae Wheeler



In Your Hands Jesus

In your hands Jesus I leave it all up to you,
strengthen and guide me
show me what to do.
To glorify You to praise Your name,
this humble sinner is no longer the same.
My eyes are opened I now see the truth,
studying the Gospel focusing on You.
Each day I walk with You
then at the end of the day,
I drop to my knees and humbly pray.
Thanks for caring showing You love,
praise be to Jesus in heaven above.
Amen

by Robert L. Johnson II

Homeless

It was a cold winter's day that Sunday.
The parking lot to the Church was filling up quickly. I noticed as I got out of my car that fellow church members were whispering among themselves as they walked to the church.

As I got closer I saw a man leaned up against the wall outside the church. He was almost laying down as if he was asleep. He had on a long trench coat that was almost in shreds and a hat topped his head, pulled down so you could not see his face.

He wore shoes that looked 30 years old, too small for his feet with holes all over them, his toes stuck out. I assumed this man was homeless, and asleep, so I walked on by through the doors of the Church.

We all fellowship for a few minutes, and someone brought up the man laying outside. People snickered and gossiped but no one bothered to ask him in, including me.

A few moments later church began. We all waited for the preacher to take his place and to give us the word when the doors to the church opened. In came the homeless man walking down the aisle with his head down.

People gasped and whispered and made faces. He made his way down the aisle and up to the pulpit. He took off his hat and coat.

My heart sank. There stood our preacher ... he was the "homeless man." No one said a word. The preacher took his Bible and laid it on the stand.

"Folks, I don't think I have to tell you what I am preaching about today." Then he started singing the words to this song.

"If I can help somebody as I pass along.
If I can cheer somebody with a word or song.
If I can show somebody that he's traveling wrong.
Then my living shall not be in vain."

by Robert L. Johnson II

My Hearts Lament

I wondered silently
amidst the gray & black
through the murky swamps
and sandy deserts
sliding both back and forth.
Without worry thought or care
wanting to end my life
but all the time
knowing I wouldn't dare.
I looked for you
but found another
color slowly faded in
The sun was setting
upon the horizon streams began to flow
red like the scarlet sin
the wind whispered
silently in my ears
and told me things
of which I had always dreamed.
What had become of the decadence
that once was.
Had the blood of this man
swallowed it up
and was he more than
what he seemed.
My hearts lament
so loud and piercing
for though I cursed
His Holy name
he took me to his side
and said, "My child,
I love you still the same."
Kendra Renae Wheeler

Words of Wisdom

A Christian prayer is not: "Please do for me what I want." It is, "Please do with me what You want." That prayer will always be answered in proportion to its sincerity.

Prayer

I Must Pray

Always on edge I always seem to be,
worried about what will happen to me.
Lord give me strength to dwell in the word,
praying to you my words shall be heard.
Only man worried and scared,
such a blessing Jesus to know that You care.
Leave me Satan for you can't win,
Jesus blessed me He washed away my sins.
Each day that passes I look for the way,
I drop to my knees beginning to pray.
I look to You Jesus take all my fears,
comfort my heart wipe away my tears.
For You are the one to whom I must pray,
for wisdom and guidance day after day.
Amen

by Robert L. Johnson II

The Church of the
Damascus Road
Echo!

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The official publication of The Church of the Damascus Road, a Christian Community of Reconciliation, serving the inmate population of the medium security units at Rockwell City and Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Harvey Fluker, Editor.

Glenn Wooten, Contributor

If you are reading a copy of this letter that is not yours, you can subscribe and receive your own copy by writing to:

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Time is short

Have you ever watched kids
 on a merry-go-round
 or listened to the rain lapping on the
 ground?
 Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight
 or gazed at the sun into the fading night?
 You better slow down
 don't dance so fast
 time is short
 the music won't last.
 Do you run through each day on the fly?
 When you ask "How are you?"
 Do you hear the reply?
 When the day is done,
 do you lie in your bed
 with the next hundred chores
 Running through your head?
 You'd better slow down
 don't dance so fast
 time is short
 the music won't last.
 Ever told your child,
 we'll do it tomorrow
 and in your haste, not see his sorrow?
 Ever lost touch,
 let a good friendship die
 cause you never had time
 to call and say "Hi"?
 You'd better slow down
 don't dance so fast
 time is short
 the music won't last.
 When you run so fast to get somewhere
 you miss half the fun of getting there.
 When you worry and hurry
 through your day,
 It is like an unopened gift....
 Thrown away...
 Life is not a race.
 Do take it slower
 hear the music
 before the song is over.



A Special Song of Thanks

Use the music code to find the words for this familiar song of thanks.

CODE:

A ≡	E	I	O	U
B	F	L <	P	V
C	G	M ^	R	W #
D	H	N	S	X ∞
			T	Y

Challenge: What do we commonly call this song?

The

A Message from the Lord and Me

I heard a voice,
 the voice told me to open my bible right
 away!
 I rushed to open it,
 to hear again what the voice might say.
 The voice was etched right there in red,
 the Lord bless and keep you,
 this is what it said!
 Suddenly the voice spoke again,
 hurry my son, spread the message, tell a
 friend.
 So here I am to say!
 The Lord bless and keep you,
 and He wouldn't want it any other way.
 Amen

Michael E Nellist

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise him, all creatures here below; praise him above, ye heavenly hosts. Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Doxology

A Living Bible

His name is Bill. He has wild hair, wears a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. He is brilliant. Kind of esoteric and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus is a well-dressed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students, but are not sure how to go about it.

One day Bill decides to go there. He walks in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt, and wild hair. The service has already started and so Bill starts down the aisle looking for a seat.

The church is completely packed and he can't find a seat. By now people are looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything.

Bill gets closer and closer to the pulpit and, when he realizes there are no seats, he squats down to sit, right on the carpet.

Although perfectly acceptable behavior at a college fellowship, this had never happened in this church before!

By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick. About this time, the minister realizes that from the back of

the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Bill. This deacon is in his eighties, has silver-gray hair, and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, very courtly. He walks with a cane and, as he starts walking toward this boy, everyone is saying to themselves that you can't blame him for what he's going to do. How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It takes a long time for the man to reach the boy. The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane. All eyes are focused on him. You can't even hear anyone breathing. The minister can't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty he lowers himself and sits down next to Bill, to worship with him so he won't be alone.

Everyone chokes up with emotion. When the minister gains control, he says, "What I'm about to preach, you might never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget. Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read."

Maturity

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence.

Maturity is patience. It is the willingness to pass up immediate pleasure in favor of a long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance, the ability to sweat out a project or situation in spite of heavy opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and frustration, discomfort and defeat, without complaint or collapse.

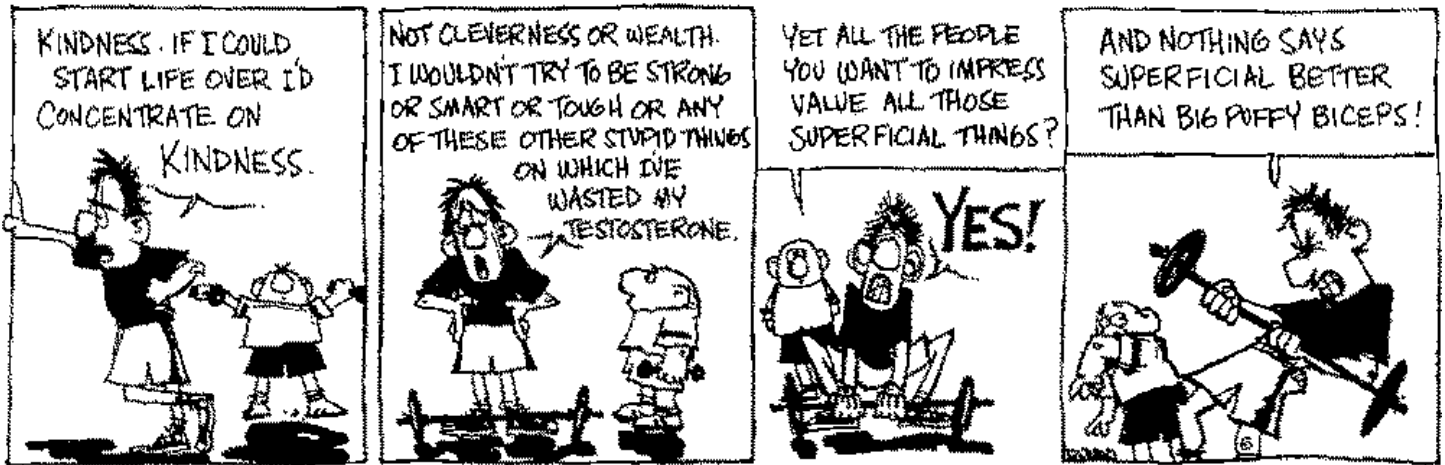
Maturity is being big enough to say, "I was wrong." And when right, the mature person need not experience the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so!"

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. The immature spend their lives exploring endless possibilities and then do nothing.

Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word and coming through in a crisis. The immature are masters of the alibi. They are the confused and the conflicted. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business and good intentions that somehow never materialize.

Maturity is the art of living in peace with what we cannot change, the courage to change what should be changed and the wisdom to know the difference.

BEYOND BELIEF



Worship & Bible Study

FDCF Fort Dodge

7:00pm Wednesdays Holy Communion
7:00pm Fridays Bible Study

NCCF Rockwell City

6:30pm Tuesdays Bible Study
6:30pm Thursdays Holy Communion

Contributions invited

The editor of this newsletter is inviting ALL READERS to contribute articles, poetry, art work, and opinions for the newsletter. So don't be bashful.



Preacher's Service

This preacher goes into a closet to get some of his old sermons to make a new sermon for Sundays service. He sees a basket with 3 eggs next to a stack of dollar bills, about \$100 worth. When he ask his wife if she knows why they are in the closet, she said, "some days your services are terrible and when you give a terrible one, I put an egg in the basket." He says, "after 40 years, 3 eggs, that's not bad." She tells him, "yeah but when I get 12 eggs, I sell them for a dollar."

Jeff Hall