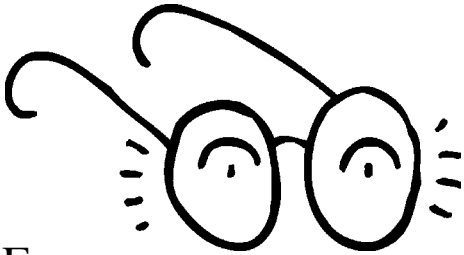


The Church of the Damascus Road

Damascus Road

Echo!

Volume 10
Issue No. 5b
October 2007
Fort Dodge & Rockwell City, IA



Focus

Don't always focus on the things in life that are certain. Look at the world of possibilities, and opportunities of changing your ways to become a better person for society.

-John Bell FDCF

Letters to God

A Nun asked the students in her class to write letters to GOD. Here are a few examples:

Dear GOD: Maybe Cain and Abel would not kill each other so much if they had their own rooms. It worked with my brother. — Larry

Dear GOD: I bet it is very hard for You to love everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I can never do it. —Nan

Dear GOD: In school they told us what You do. Who does it when You are on vacation? —Jane

Dear GOD: Is it true my father won't get in Heaven if he uses his bowling words in the house? —Anita

Attention Members:

Incourage all of you to submit articles to the Flash, and Echo for us all to read. It's good to hear personal testimonies of how God has inspired you. Let us know what's on your minds, and in your hearts.

-Tony Halsrud FDCF

Inside the Echo!

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You and the Lord's Prayer

I cannot say **our** if my religion has no room for others and their needs.
I cannot say **Father** if I do not demonstrate this relationship in my daily living.
I cannot say **who art in heaven** if all my interests and pursuits are earthly things.
I cannot say **hallowed be thy name** if I, called by His name, am not holy.

I cannot say **thy kingdom come** if I am unwilling to give up my own sovereignty and accept the righteous reign of God.

I cannot say **thy will be done** if I am unwilling or resentful of having it in my life.

I cannot say **on earth as it is in heaven** unless I am truly ready to give myself to His service here and now.

I cannot say **give us this day our daily bread** without expending honest effort for it or by ignoring the genuine needs of my fellowmen.

I cannot say **forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us** if I continue to harbor a grudge against anyone.

I cannot say **deliver us from evil** if I am not prepared to fight in the spiritual realm with the weapon of prayer.

I cannot say **thine is the kingdom** if I do not give the King the disciplined obedience of a loyal subject.

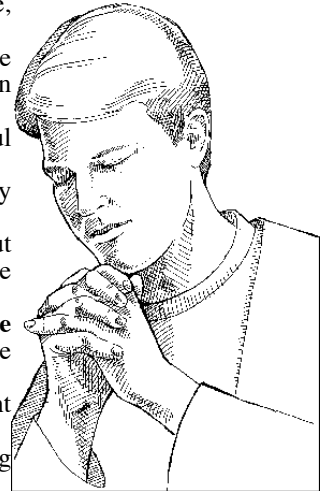
I cannot say **thine is the power** if I fear what my neighbors and friends may say or do.

I cannot say **thine is the glory** if I am seeking my own glory first.

I cannot say **forever** if I am too anxious about each day's affairs.

To think and pray about: I cannot even say **Amen** unless I can honestly say, 'Come what may, this is my prayer.'

-Matthew 6:9-13



CROPWALK

CROP Walk in October

The annual CROP Walk will take place at NCCF on Saturday, October 27 at 1:00 pm and at FDCF on Sunday October 28 at 12:30pm and at 2:35pm. We walk for two reasons. First we walk because they walk. Just to get food and water some people in Third World countries walk up to ten miles, carrying the water and food on their heads or backs. We walk to show our empathy and solidarity with our brothers and sisters in Third World countries. Second, we walk as a demonstration to others

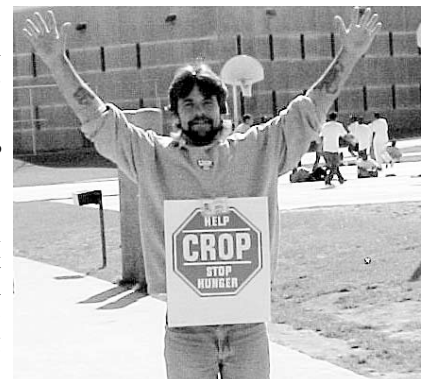
who can see us walk and visibly see how much we care about the hungry of the world.

The CROP Walk is three miles. Easily done in an hour. If you call or write home about our walk, some of your friends and relatives may wish to give toward the hungry by sending their donations to:

The Church of the Damascus Road, CROP Walk

PO Box 834, Fort Dodge, IA 50501-0834

Personal donations from inmates may be made with a special CROP Store Order (FDCF) or giving sheet (NCCF). Set your sights on the CROP Walk and join us for the fun and fellowship and the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing a good thing for someone else in need.



Red Marbles

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today?'
'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good.'
'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?'
'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.'
'Good. Anything I can help you with?'

'No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas.'

'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.'

'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'

'All I got's my prize marble here.'

'Is that right? Let me see it' said Miller.

'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hm... only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked.

'Not zackley but almost.'

'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble,' Mr. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, 'There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket.

Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

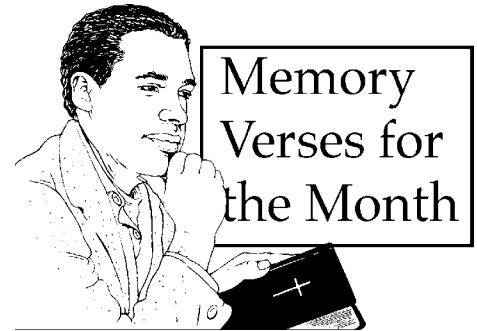
'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size....they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho.'

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.

It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived!



October

"But whoever drinks the water I give him will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life." (John 4:14).

The wicked borrow and do not repay, but the righteous give generously (Psalm 37:21).

Do not take advantage of each other, but fear your God. I am the Lord your God (Leviticus 25:17).

Better a little with righteousness than much gain with injustice (Proverbs 16:8).

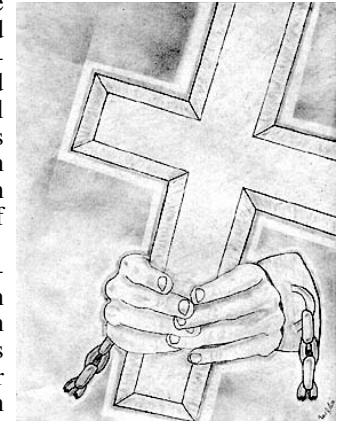
Jesus is Freedom

John 8:36 "Therefore, If the Son makes you free, you shall be free indeed."

Freedom given by Christ is the only true freedom. Delivered from the shackles and the bondage of sin, a Christian can do what he ought, and is no longer bound to his evil desires as this woman had been in this story of life.

The unsaved man indulges in sin and has no power over it. Sin is in control. Sin binds him. Christ's offer is freedom from such bondage, and a life that will please God and does.

Romans 6:11 "Likewise you also, reckon yourselves to be dead indeed to sin, but alive to God in Christ Jesus our Lord."



The Church of the Damascus Road Echo!
Issue 10.5b October 2007

An official publication of The Church of the Damascus Road, a Christian Community of Reconciliation, serving the inmate population of the correctional facilities at Rockwell City and Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Rev. Carroll Lang, Pastor
Tony Halsrud, Editor
Joey Vazquez, Assistant Editor

The Clock

The clock of life is wound but once, and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop at late or early hour. To lose one's wealth is sad indeed, to lose one's health is more. To lose one's soul is such a loss that no one can restore.

-The Tract League



Totally Complete

The love and courage to create.

By far is truly great.

But even more so when,

I consider my own fate.

Like a statue of beauty,

Your image will be.

Because no one comes

close in comparison,

In the way you are made.

And your image and beauty,

Forever will stand.

So the world may see

As I stand proud and grateful,

That God made you,

Beautiful just for me.

And through the course

of divine creative labor,

God has made you totally complete.

-T. Rada

A Closing Story

A lady recently baptized was asked by a coworker what it was like to be a Christian," she replied, " It's like being a pumpkin: God picks you from the patch, brings you in, and washes all the dirt off that you may have gotten from the other pumpkins. Then he cuts the top off and scoops out all the yucky stuff. He removes the seeds of doubt, hate, greed, etc. Then he carves you a new smiling face and puts his light inside you to shine for the entire world to see.

-Joey Vazquez FDCF



Remember Our Heavenly Father

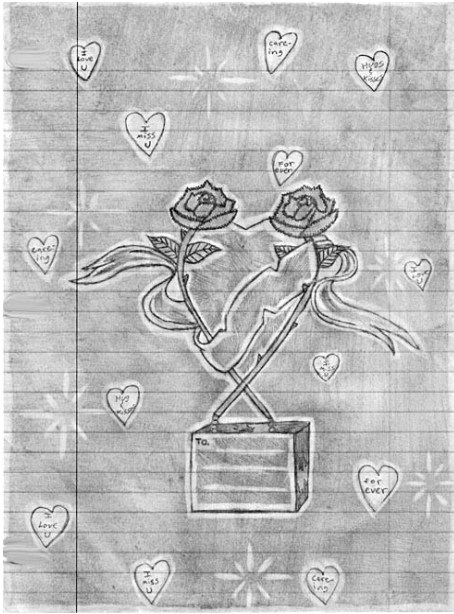
Father's Day is a time to thank our dads, who work hard to keep the family fed, safe and loved. Let us also remember God, our heavenly Father, who gives life to us all.

Use the grid to fill in the blanks below. To find the letter for each number, look down the column to the dot, and then go to the left to the letter. Write the letter on the appropriate blank.

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1 John 3:1, NIV



Josh McHale FDCF 2007



James Jessop FDCF 2002

Worship Opportunities

Worship & Bible Study

FDCF Fort Dodge

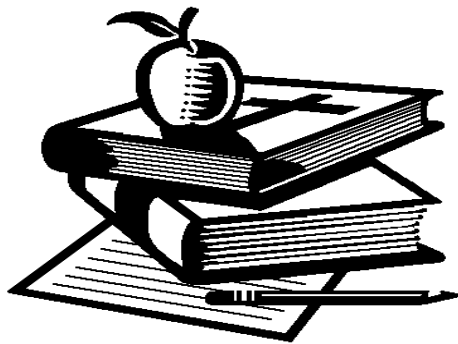
7:00pm Wednesdays Holy Communion
6:30pm Fridays Prayer & Bible Study

FDCF Chapel Hours

2:30pm-4:00pm Wednesday
1:00pm-2:00pm Friday
2:30pm-4:00pm Friday

NCCF Rockwell City

6:30pm Tuesdays Prayer & Bible Study
6:30pm Thursdays..... Holy Communion



Check Them Out!

The Church of the Damascus Road Librarians are inviting you to come to the chapel (MPR 23), and "check out" the books, tapes and compact discs in our library! There are many genres of books to choose from! We hope to see you there!

Way^S Truth^P Light^R

The Battle's Not Over

Jesus, You tell me
You're the light of the world,
But all around me
I see darkness unfurled...
Satan's used man
To destroy & degrade,
But I know in my heart
That I've been custom made.

You are my light
When darkness descends:
Your love is pure love
That never does end.
Help me, my Lord,
To endure through the fight,
Give me the power
To stand up for what's right.

One little candle
Illuminates much;
One little Christian
Rekindles by touch.
Let me, my dear Lord,
Be a candle You choose
To ignite sleeping Christians
So we all can be used
To eradicate darkness,
Fight against apathy,
Speak peace to the war-torn,
Who need to be set free.

I'm ready, my Lord,
To reach out & touch
Each soul that You tell me
That You love so much
The light of the world,
My savior divine,
You've pierced through my darkness
Time after time.

The battle's not over,
But I'll not suffer defeat,
For You, Lord Jesus,
Will bring victory sweet.
I'm ready now, Lord,
Please use me, I pray,
To reach out & touch others
In my own special way.

-- Julie Hetrick 2006
(Adam Garlinghouse's mother)

Three Trees Twist

One weekend a Sunday school teacher told her class the story of the Three Trees. In it, each of the trees wished to grow big and strong.

The first wanted to become an ornate treasure chest; the second, a majestic sailing vessel; the third, the tallest tree in the forest.

One day a woodsman entered the forest and felled all three trees.

The first was made into a plain box; the second, into a simple dory; the third, cut into lumber.

The children all understood the disappointment of the trees.

But, continued the teacher. "The first tree became the manger for Baby Jesus; the second was the boat from which Jesus preached and performed miracles, and the third was made into a cruel instrument of torture..."

An incredulous voice interrupted, "The bagpipes?"

— Ray Kerley



Answer to puzzle on page 3

HOW GREAT IS THE LOVE THE FATHER HAS TENDERED ON US THAT WE SHOULD BE CALLED CHILDREN OF GOD.