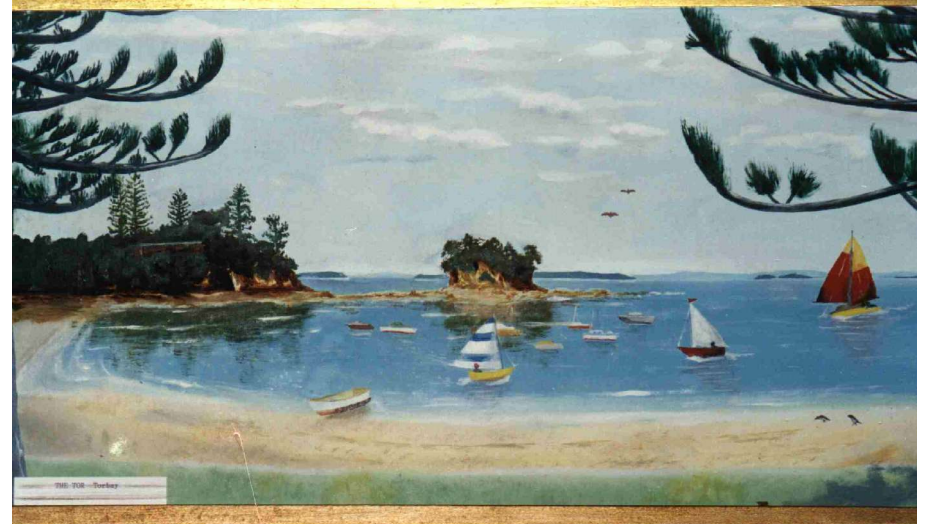


BESIDE STILL WATERS



DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER TODAY?
OF COURSE HE DOES ...
As the following pages will show.

I TRUST, MY DEAR READER, WHETHER YOUNG
OLD, OR IN-BETWEEN, THAT AS
YOU READ THE FOLLOWING TRUE STORIES,
YOU TOO WILL BE PERSUADED TO TRUST
MY SAVIOUR IN EVERY TIME
OF NEED.

HE CAN PROMISE SUCH JOY
AS YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD
I SHALL NEVER BE IN WANT

HE CAUSES ME TO REST
IN GREEN PASTURES,
HE LEADS ME BESIDE STILL WATERS

HE RESTORES MY FAILING HEALTH.
HE HELPS ME TO DO WHAT HONOURS
HIM MOST

YES, EVEN THOUGH I WALK
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL
FOR YOU ARE WITH ME,
YOUR ROD AND STAFF UPHOLD ME.

YOU PREPARE FOOD FOR ME
IN THE VERY PRESENCE OF MY ENEMIES.

YOU ANOINT MY HEAD WITH OIL,
MY CUP RUNS OVER WITH JOY.

I AM SURE GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL
FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE
AND I SHALL LIVE IN THE
HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER.

BEFORE I BEGIN THESE STORIES

First, let me say I know hundreds of books have already been written, and sermons preached about prayer, and you are not keen to read any more. RIGHT?

But this is not ABOUT prayer as such, but about ANSWERS to prayer I have had over recent years. I have felt an urgent call to pass them on to others, even if it is the last thing I ever do before I die. As a matter of fact, I have on my mind my own children, their children and the many others who follow me, some, perhaps skeptics, if I may use that term, who say "THESE THINGS JUST HAPPEN".

To such folk I would reply, "GOD HAS A PLAN FOR EACH ONE OF OUR LIVES AND OUR PART IS TO ALLOW HIM TO WORK OUT THAT PLAN." If we do that we will never have any regrets.

As the apostle Paul said – "IF I BOAST IT IS IN ORDER THAT CHRIST MIGHT HAVE ALL THE GLORY".

As we progress we shall read the testimony of others who have passed this way and finally conclude that -

"IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHOSE HANDS WE ARE IN."

HOW DID I COME TO LIVE AT MAYFAIR VILLAGE?

This Is One Of God's Miracles

Early in the 1990s I was intrigued to notice a new retirement village beginning to take shape at North Cross. Having recently lost my dear wife, I thought it might be a suitable place for me to eke out my latter days, rather than living alone in a 4-bedroom house.

So I called at the office which was then in one of the completed villas just inside the main gates.

I talked to Mrs Jan Flint, manageress of the village and to Mr Graham Collins, one of the directors, and Mrs Flint and I walked about half way up the drive and climbed up some steps leading to villas on higher ground. Some villas were already occupied.

Mrs Flint also had pointed to where the office and apartment block was to be located as well as where the bowling green and croquet green also would be, in fact where all the activity would be, at this time just heaps of mud.

Mrs Flint also pointed to where there would be a two-bedroom villa, which seemed to be exactly what I wanted! So with that pencilled in for me I went away quite happy about it all.

So, I took steps to sell my lovely Ridge Road home, only to find that property values were way down from what I was expecting to sell my home for. So I decided to wait until the market recovered.

(Property values move up and down from time to time. At this moment they were at rock bottom!!)

Then I waited, and waited.... And **waited**, until I received a letterbox drop from another agent offering to give a free valuation of my property. So I thought 'WHY NOT?' It is eighteen months since the last valuation. Things may be better now.

SO I WITHDREW MY HOUSE FROM THE MARKET AND WAS WAITING. *I dare not make a move without God's Leading.*

More than eighteen months I waited, until I felt I should try again. Then up went the signs again. More "open" days and even an auction, which cost me a lot of money, and still not even one bid!

(A word of warning: If you decide to have an auction, it seems as if you are obliged to pay the auctioneer plus all advertising costs whether the property sells or NOT!!)

Eventually I had one more 'open' day, when I went and sat in my car by the beach and cried out to God **"Father, I need your help. Please help me to sell this house."** That's all I said.



I returned home when I thought everybody would have gone and stood looking out of the front windows to see a man and wife walking up the path.

"We have been through your house but would you mind if we had another quick look through?" they asked.

"Certainly," I said, "go right ahead."

In less than five minutes they came back saying **"Yes, we like it and will go straight down to the agent and make an offer."**

Well, having received one offer I received two more in quick succession, each one being higher than the previous one... But they all had to sell their own house first. It so transpired that the last one was the first to come up with the cash and so were able to buy the house – for almost the price I had hoped to receive for it, thus recouping the one hundred thousand dollars I would have lost had I sold before God's time.

How was that for a quick answer to my prayer?
Don't tell me it was just a coincidence!!

That was nothing but God's faithfulness in answering prayer !

**There are no coincidences in God's economy.
Everything goes according to HIS plan.**

GOD KNEW WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW

**Now there are Two Things God Knew
About This But I Didn't Know
And He is Always Working For Me**

1. God knew that if I sold the house earlier I would have lost around \$100,000 by so doing.
2. He knew that instead of having an interesting view of the bowling green with all the activity I was expecting, I would have been looking straight into the 4-level main block and I wouldn't have seen a single thing.

From the map Mrs Flint showed me I was seeing only a single-story building and she didn't enlighten me. I guess I should have realised it.

Now I have the envy of all the folk across the passage, on the cold, south side of the building, whereas I have brilliant sunshine from earliest sun-up till mid-afternoon in winter time while being shielded from the hot summer sun by the deck above. I reckon that I have the best apartment in the whole village, thanks to God's goodness.

Further, I have a fascinating scenery over the tops of roofs in front, of trees, grass and a few houses, with traffic flowing up and down the main road compensating for the beautiful panoramic view I had at Ridge Road.

Well God knew all this in advance you see, and now I can only thank him for keeping me waiting two years while he guided me step by step along his chosen path.

Some wise person said
"We have got to let God know
some things that We don't know"

“IT IS TIME FOR YOU LORD TO WORK”

Psalm 119:126

When I read this verse last night before retiring, my mind went back nearly 60 years, to after our marriage when we were living in a rented house on Northcote Point.

After two or three years we decided to look for a house to buy, to live in and make our home.

We searched all over Auckland but anything we liked was always just out of our financial reach. We were quite open as to where it was, except Sandringham where we did not wish to live. So we continued the search.

Then one day a friend who had heard we were looking for a house, came and made us such a good offer that we were able and glad to accept, for a modest little house which served us for what was to become 25 of the most wonderful years of our lives! **WHERE? SANDRINGHAM OF COURSE!**

Now, my mind often goes to the story of how God gave Jonah a third-class, direct passage to Ninevah, the very place he was fleeing from, in trying to avoid the task God had for him to do.

It so happened that Phyllis had pointed out to me a verse that she read in her daily reading which said- **“it is time for you Lord, to work”**. And he did!

You see God’s plan for Jonah was to go to wicked Ninevah, to witness to the people there, but he was afraid. God also had a plan for us to work for him in Sandringham, not that I am inferring the people there were a wicked bunch, but we were to find out what that work was to be.

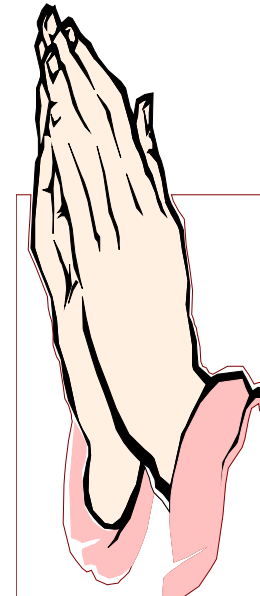
So, out of it all emerges one little four-letter word, wait. A word that has come to Phyllis and me many, many times. God has His plan for each one of us and it is only as we wait for him to work out that plan in our lives that we will have real joy.

May God give us patience always to wait for him!

I am afraid I can’t honestly say we made all this a matter of prayer, but now, more than 60 years later I marvel at how God works. He had been planning our lives along before we ever went to Sandringham, and that included leading us AWAY from there after those wonderful 25 years. Strangely enough, this time to the very place we would gladly have gone to instead of Sandringham.

But we had to wait to find out what that work was to be in Browns Bay. Again to do a work for Him in having a major role in starting up the new church at Long Bay.

God surely works in most mysterious ways. Ways for which, in hindsight, we can only say “Thank you, Lord that your hand of love and guidance has surely led us all these years, although we didn’t fully realise it at the time. You don’t always reveal your plans but expect us to go step by step as you lead us.”



HOW MUCH LORD?

August 1999

There is General consternation among residents of Mayfair Village to-day, because of an announcement by the directors of a coming increase in fees.

Yesterday at Long Bay Church, Kerry and Annie Hilton poured out their hearts, telling us of the abject poverty of millions of people in Calcutta literally living on the city pavements with bits of wood, iron, cardboard, and anything else they could scavenge from the local rubbish dump to build themselves a shelter just to exist in. **THIS WAS THEIR HOME!** And they never knew where, or if their next meal would ever come.

This is the place to which these two brave young folk are going with their four little children, **WILL WE SUPPLY THE NECESSARY FINANCE TO SUPPORT THEM?**

Our hearts were stirred to the very depths. But THEIR anguish is what could two people do to make any significant difference anyway? Their attitude is, 'God has called us to go, and we have responded to that call'. All honour to them. The task seems so enormous, almost hopeless.

My reading this morning was Corinthians 9:11
**'God has given you much,
so that you will be able to give away much.'**

Now that challenged me. Just let me tell you how God will honour that promise. "but Lord, I thought, I had such a big rise in fees only last year. How can I cope with another so soon?" **"Well, there is my promise. Are you going to trust me, or not?"**

Sure, I am happy to make a donation, but this would need to be on an on-going basis. That's different. How do I know what my future holds?"

"Oh foolish child. Where is your faith in Me?" Then as I mulled over the question I was compelled to say, "Father, how can I live here in such comfort while these two gallant young people with their four children are willing to sacrifice their home and comfort to live amid the smells and squalor of Calcutta?"

Phyllis and I had always regarded our possessions as a trust from God, to be used for Him, our home and car included, so after all these years how could I doubt that He would continue to 'supply all my needs until He comes again or calls me home?'

"Yes, I will gladly trust Him to supply all my needs for Mayfair as well as for this gallant couple who are answering the call of God to go with their four children to this dark, teeming, blighted city of Calcutta."

THE SEQUEL.

A couple of days after making this decision I received a letter from my nephew, Warren, who has stepped into Len's place as manager of my late sister's shops, saying he had arranged for a sum of money to be paid into my bank account. When I looked at the amount I discovered it would cover, not only the Mayfair increase but also the monthly amount needed for this family going to Calcutta!!

You see, **GOD IS NO MAN'S DEBTOR, HIS PROMISES OVERFLOW !
They exceed all our expectations.**

Now, the interesting thing is that Warren knew nothing about these two expenses I have, but **God knew and He loves to give beyond our bare expectation.. What a loving father we have !!**



Before YOU call

This story took place shortly before I left Ridge Road for Mayfair.

Accounts came rolling in, one after other, rates, insurances, registration, you name it, and when I totted them all up, to be paid about the same time, I realised I didn't have enough liquid cash to settle them all. Sure I had some small investments I did not wish to break into, but I have always paid my accounts on their due date.



What was I to do?

After pondering the matter over for some days I said **“Lord, you know I have always paid my accounts on time, and I have never been in this position before. Please take over this whole business for me. I leave the whole matter in your wise and wonderful hands.”**

That, I remember quite clearly was on a Friday afternoon. For some reason I rarely received any mail on a Saturday but I always looked anyway. On this particular day there was one letter from, of all people, the Tax Department! **“Oh no, not another bill to pay??” No, on the contrary it was a letter advising me that a sum of money had been paid into my bank, More than enough to pay those unwelcome bills” !!!**

Now there were some interesting things about this whole affair-

1. The fact that I rarely received mail on Saturdays.
2. God's generosity in giving more than I needed.
3. His perfect timing.
4. This letter must have been on its way before I had even asked God to take care of it.

HOW WONDERFUL GOD IS WHEN WE FULLY TRUST HIM.

These are all proof of God's absolute faithfulness to His many promises.

Isaiah 65:24 – It shall come to pass that before they call I will answer and while they are still speaking I will hear.

We can take it as a fact, 'a fait accompli', that something is already done. Our part is simply to believe, without question, that it will happen, and it will.

“Before THEY Call I Will Answer”

(Once Again)

This is what God said to Isaiah more than two and half thousand years ago.

Yesterday I had a most unexpected but very welcome letter in my mailbox and it was from the Inland Revenue Department! “OH DEAR, NOT MORE TAX TO PAY? But no, quite the reverse!

It appears that my provisional tax had been over-estimated and further, so had my last year's income tax return and here was a further cheque for no less than \$3184! I could hardly believe my eyes, but who was I to argue with such an August body?

Well now. I had a cataract operation a few months ago and that has left me with blurred vision when reading and typing because the other eye is now out of focus with the new lens. (Something I do not want to have to live with for the rest of my life.)

So, I had decided to have a talk with the surgeon I saw before having the previous op. I had not, as yet asked God about a second operation; this would be merely an exploratory interview prior to making the final discussion.

Now, quite out of the blue, comes this cheque, just as if God was saying to me – **“Go ahead, have this second operation and here is the money to pay for it.”** (More than I expected it would cost.)

What a wonderful God we have. Always right on time! And even BEFORE I had asked!

God's message to Isaiah (chapter 65:24) was 'Before you call, I will answer, and while you are speaking, I will hear you.'

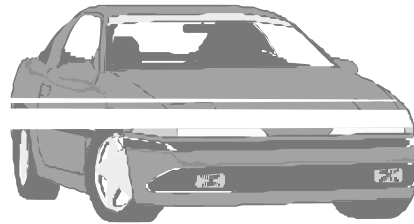
His promises are just as reliable in this 20th Century and indeed in the 21st Century, as they were more than 2½ centuries ago!

My first op, done in Auckland hospital was free, this second one, done privately will cost around \$3000.

DRIVING TO KAIAUA – WITH AN ANGEL

BECAUSE OF SOME HEART WARNINGS, MY BROTHER LEN WOULD, SINCE THE DECEASE OF HIS WIFE NANCY, GO TO THIS IDYLIC WATER'S-EDGE SPOT, ONLY WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE WOULD GO WITH HIM. (Wisely, I think)

So I was happy to go with him on occasions, but, it was sixteen months since I had driven my car over the harbour bridge and the southern motorway to Kaiaua, and each time I had done this I seem to have had some message that had brought a blessing from the Lord to me.



My method of travelling there has been for me to drive to Len's home at Papakura and then to drive out to Kaiaua in tandem in our own cars.

This time, however, it wasn't quite so easy because, at 92 I had to ask myself should I do this? My re-actions in an emergency might not be quite as quick as they once were and I would not want to be the cause of anyone else's hurt or even death. Traffic now is so heavy and so fast.

So for some time I had been asking the Lord for guidance and was still waiting for a message from him. Then a couple of days before I was due to leave I read in my evening reading Psalm 34:7 -

"The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear him- (stand in awe, trust Him) and he delivers them."



Immediately I knew that verse was for me; I now had no doubts about driving myself because **the angel would be sitting right there beside me all the way**, guiding me and keeping me from harm.

So here I am back at Mayfair having driven all the way without fear or worry.
Wasn't that wonderful?

ONE MORE WONDERFUL THING

There is one more wonderful thing about this episode:

The day before I was due to leave for Kaiaua, Jan rang to say she and Phillip would take one of their cars with me as far as Ellerslie, this being the busiest section of the road and then leave me to carry on myself.

However, I said that there is no need and I told her why. Then Jan told me that when she was praying for Richard's safety in flying off the extreme northern coast of Australia she was given this comforting message from Psalm 121:8 –

'The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in
from this time forth and forever more.'

If you have flown in an airplane you will know that the 'going out' and the 'coming in' are the most scary bits of the whole flight.

How gracious God is, and always at the right time!!

As the plane reaches it's destination there is a hush, complete silence, until touchdown, when conversation starts again. "Going out and coming in."





A NEW WASHING MACHINE

Let me get down to the nuts and bolts of everyday life.

After ten or so years of loyal service my faithful old washing machine was still working but had sprung a leak. Rather than have it repaired and then have something else go wrong I decided to buy a new one, so called in two Browns Bay firms to give me a quote for trading in the old machine.

No.1 came, had a fiddle around with it's inside so that it would no longer go, gave me his price for a new machine, and left. The cost of a new one, if I remember rightly, was around \$1300. After a couple of days I received, by post, an account for more than \$60. I was flabbergasted!! This was merely for coming and giving me his estimate. However, I just left the bill on the table for a week or so until I had calmed down a little.

MEANTIME I went to the number 2 shop and the first thing I saw as I walked into the shop, was a huge placard hanging above a washing machine, reading LAST ONE AT THIS PRICE, \$999.

Well this was the identical machine I was looking for because I had heard such good reports of it. So with Jan's support I decided to buy it and save myself about \$300.

NOW LET ME RETURN TO THE No.1 SHOP

I still needed to settle that score. I had a number of things to do in Browns Bay that day but not relishing the task ahead of me. I left this to the very last call - (coward!)

I remember as I was passing those huge phoenix palms in the centre of the town, I sent up a quick prayer to God -

“Lord, You know I don't like arguments at any time. So please take charge of this interview and handle it for me.”

That was all I said as I continued on my way.

Arriving at the shop I took the docket out of my pocket and laid it on the counter. The same salesman as I had spoken to previously (I think he was the manager) came forward and reaching under the counter brought up what I guessed was a receipt book. I said, “You won't be needing that, for I am not paying this.”

The poor fellow picked it up, and didn't know quite what to say. Finally however, he stumbled out with - “You shouldn't have received this, it shouldn't have been sent.” So I too, was struck dumb for the moment, then said “Thankyou” and turned and left the shop.

I remember, as I walked out of the door saying -

“AND THANK YOU
TOO FATHER
FOR ANSWERING
MY PRAYER.”



AN UNWANTED INCIDENT

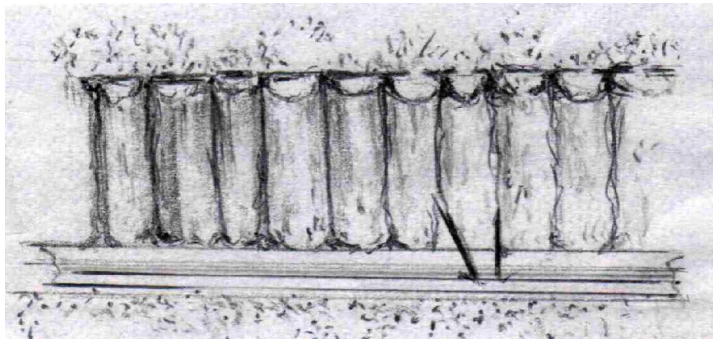
This morning I had an appointment with my Doctor. As it was such a beautiful morning I decided to first take a walk along Browns Bay beach.

Coming back to my car I stepped down from the grass giving myself a step down of about 15 inches. Somehow landing on both knees with a great thud, onto rough concrete and quite unable to get on my feet again.

Fortunately a very kind young lady and her husband saw me fall, hurried to my rescue and lifted me up, feeling very unsteady but not much the worse for the fall. When I was in the car however, I thought I had better look at my knees and found them both cut and bleeding.

Well, I managed to drive to my appointment and asked the receptionist if my knees could be patched up, so she lay me down in a small anteroom until the doctor came and set things in motion to attend to my original reason for coming. I had several minor problems as well as two of greater concern to me so I was expecting quite a hefty bill, but ACC paid for my fall and the doctor must have felt sorry for me, only charging half as much as I expected!

I still have no idea just how I ended up the way I did, but as I looked down, I saw a plank on the ground instead of on top of the low log wall where it should have been. Worst of all though, were two huge 4 inch nails pointing up where I had just fallen, and **best of all, I had missed them both!!**



HAPPINESS IS NOT JOY!



The apostle Paul says
“In everything give thanks”

I have heard it said –
How can you possibly thank God for everything?

But I just thanked God that, by his love and grace my fall was not much worse, as it could well have been if those nails had pierced my knees.

Joy is something deep down, Only God can give me Joy.

I was not happy when I fell, my knees were sore and bleeding. But I did have joy in my heart because just at the instant I fell and could not get up again that very kind young lady and her husband driving past saw my predicament, stopped their car and helped me get up.

I was not at all happy because I had two very sore knees, but my heart was running over with Joy as I realised I could well have suffered for the rest of my life if those 2 huge nails had pierced my knee caps.

How gracious God was in saving me that agony.

YOUR WAY IS IN THE SEA

The Israelites, it appeared, had come to the end of their journey to freedom from slavery in Egypt.

With the sea in front and Pharaoh's massive army snapping at their heels, there was nowhere to go - until Moses gave the command to -
GO FORWARD INTO THE WATERS AHEAD OF THEM.

SURELY THIS WAS MADDNESS! BUT NO! It was a step of faith by Moses and it was as they obeyed, taking that first step towards the raging waters, that the waters miraculously parted, enabling this fleeing company to cross over on dry ground, while the greatest army in the world, was drowned, to a man and horse.

HAVE YOU EVER COME TO YOUR RED SEA? TO YOUR 'WITS END CORNER'?

Perhaps your family, partner, job, finances, health or whatever; you don't know which way to turn or who to ask. You maybe are just about tearing your hair out, what to do?

Let me remind you, my dear reader, that God is standing beside you with His loving arms out-stretched to help you. All you need to do is to hold out and grasp His hand and **LET HIM GUIDE YOU THROUGH WHATEVER YOUR PROBLEM MIGHT BE.**

God is always ready to come to aid those who put their trust in Him. All He asks is for your implicit trust in Him. He knows the way and will never let you down.

I had a direct answer to my prayer only this morning when I needed a repeat of two prescriptions. But my doctor was on holiday. The receptionist said "you will need to see the locum." However, I left the two empty packets and hoped for the best. Coming back later I was not looking forward to the interview so asked the Lord to please take care of it. The prescriptions were both ready for me, so I paid the \$10 and departed, thanking God for His faithfulness to His promise to all who trust Him.

**THE SAVIOUR CAN SOLVE EVERY PROBLEM
THE TANGLES OF LIFE CAN UNDO.
THERE IS NOTHING TOO HARD FOR JESUS,
THERE IS NOTHING THAT HE CANNOT DO.**

ELIJAH

Was Elijah a 'special' man in God's sight. Was he one of God's favourites, his pet?

In my early school days it was common to hear it said "oh, he/she is the teacher's favourite, or her pet". But does God have favourites now or did he ever? Was Elijah such a person? I am sure Elijah must have been very special to God, but so is every believer! Warren Wiesby ask the question and then answers it himself; **"How many times did God answer Elijah's prayers" - every time!**

So, you may well ask **"Why don't I get answers to my prayers?"**

There may be more than one answer, but I suspect one reason could well be that if you don't get a quick reply perhaps you doubt God's promise to answer, you decide it is not going to work and you give up praying. Wiesby says **'Elijah went down on his knees and he prayed and prayed earnestly' until he received an answer'.**

I believe the reason was because Elijah trusted God and was prepared to wait for God to answer in his time.

Many people pray when they have a very real need, or, possibly they get into a 'jam' thinking "I'll try it anyway, it just might work and if it doesn't, well, so much for prayer". The chances are they will not try again until the next emergency.

Read what James says in chapter 1:6-7

Without Faith, it is impossible to please God

**SO, IF I DON'T GET AN ANSWER TO MY PRAYER
WHY BOTHER TO PRAY AT ALL?**

IS THAT REALLY WHAT YOU ARE THINKING? SURELY NOT!

TODAY I AM TO HAVE AN EYE OPERATION

Well, **Not exactly my eyes, But my eyelids.** They have both been drooping down over my eyes to such an extent as to cause me to recently have a 'near miss' while driving the car.

So I decided it was time to do something about it. First of all seeing my own doctor, expecting him to recommend a plastic surgeon, but to my surprise he said "Oh I can do that for you and I will only charge about 10% of what a plastic surgeon would charge you."

After talking it over for a few minutes I said, **"you're on"!**

Well Today is the day. Jan offered to drive me there and back, as I doubted the wisdom, or ability of driving straight after the operation.

As usual, I read my daily portion for the day, 1 Cor.10:13 before setting out, reading from **The Message**, a modern version, which says, **"He's going to bring you through"**.

And then the commentary goes on to say **He'll always be there to help you to come through"**.

"All you need to know is that God will never let you down."

And now, after six days with stiches and plaster removed and with better vision resulting, I marvel at the efficiency of up-to-date medical practice under God's almighty hand and I praise him for that.

What a message!!

Just at the right time and, as usual, the very moment.

FOCUS YOUR EYES ON GOD.

Not Your Anxiety Over Your Circumstances.

Charles Stanley emphasised itime and time again in his telecast; **When you have a problem turn straight to God, then turn away from the problem and look to him. Throw that weight off your back.**

Look to God, let Him carry that weight for you, Let Him shoulder your burden and you will be set free of it!

My dear reader, do let the Lord Jesus Christ carry every burden of yours. Then you will have real peace in your heart. I, personally have done this many, many, times.

PEACE. **A GIFT FOR ALL TIMES.**

"The peace of god, which passes all human understanding, shall guard your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

Saint Paul said **"LET THE PEACE OF GOD RULE IN YOUR HEARTS"** Read that lovely 14th, chapter of John's gospel- **"Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God believe also in me."** Said Jesus.

In his own inimitable way, Charles Stanley illustrated the whole point of this passage by holding two large books on his back while struggling to walk along under the weight of them. When he released his hold of the books they simply fell to the floor and he kicked them out of the way... And that, my friends is what happens to our burdens when we release them to God, "We will have anxious moments, says Stanley, they are a fact of life and we cannot avoid them...but it is all a matter of how we handle them that really matters."



*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
look full in his wonderful face
and the things of earth will grow
strangely dim in the light of
his glory and grace.*



BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING

Charles Stanley said '**Focus on God**' on his programme "In-Touch":

How can we ever hope to have peace in this war torn world of ours when we have fighting and fears without and within our own selves?

I have been tuning in to this program which provides such stirring messages, as I have not heard since Rev. Joseph Kemp preached in the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle.

Today Charles Stanley took viewers right back to that very favourite passage, Philippians 4:6-7

"Be anxious for nothing, but in everything, by prayer (pleading), with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God and the peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding will keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

(I have believed and loved and relied on these verses for 60 years & more!)

So let me pass on some of Stanley's main headings as far as I can remember them.

1. Anxiety. **"Be anxious for nothing" don't worry.** We will have anxious moments, says Stanley, they are a fact of life and we cannot avoid them... but it is all a matter of how we handle them that really matters. Psalm 55:22 says '**Cast your burden on the Lord and he will sustain you**'. Psalm 68:19 says '**What a glorious Lord who daily bears our burdens.**' So why should I be anxious?
2. Recognise your dependence on God. Don't try to solve your problems yourself you can never do that, but God will do it for you if you ask him and then leave it to him to do, in his own time and way.
3. Pride. **There is pride & pride.** And they are different. When I do a painting, lay out a beautiful garden, or what ever, I believe God allows me a moment to savour it, to stand back and admire, a moment of achievement at last. But to stand back, puff out my chest for all to see, that is a different kind of pride, which God does NOT approve of.... He even says in Proverbs 8:13- **"PrideI hate."** If I have a difficult problem and I do manage to solve it by my own strength or wisdom, without seeking God's help, that can lead to an altogether abhorrent kind of pride which is displeasing to him

4. In everything depend on God. You don't need to worry your little head about a single thing.

When you ask God to solve your problems, why should you go on worrying about it? He is not only capable, but is also waiting and wanting for you to take your hands right off the matter and leave it all in His loving hands to work out for you. So long as you keep on worrying about it, He is not likely to interfere. But as soon as you commit your problem to him and leave it to him he will work it out in His own time and way.

5. Prayer. In everything. **"By prayer and supplication let your requests be made known to God."**

This means asking with the absolute confidence that God will grant your request.

Prayer is not asking in the hope that 'it just might work, I'll try it and see. But in case it doesn't I'll keep on trying to do it my way.'

James, in his little book near the end of the Bible, says "Don't let that kind of person think he will get anything from the Lord" NO. He must cast everything entirely upon God and relax, knowing God's answer will come in due course.

6. Thanksgiving. What would you think of a person, who having received a gift or a kindness just walked away, without even saying a word of thanks? There are some folk like that, especially where God is concerned. So let us all be careful to thank God for his blessings poured out on us day after day.

What a peculiar mixture of nerves, muscles and chemicals man is made of...

**You only need to pat him on the back
and his head begins to swell**

THIS STORY GOES BACK TO 1995,

I WILL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I WENT TO STAY WITH MY BROTHER LEN AT HIS BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED BEACH HOUSE AT KAIAUA.

In hindsight I can now see this was part of God's plan. I had been reading John 5 so I confidently turned to John 5 on my first morning's holiday, hoping to pick up where I left off the day before. I read-

“this is the confidence we have in him that if we ask according to His will, he hears us, and if we know he hears us - we know that whatever we ask - we have the petition (granted) we ask of him.”

I thought I knew John's Gospel reasonably well, but I could not recollect these words, until I realised I was reading John's EPISTLES, instead of his Gospel.

Three of us, all grandfathers, had been meeting together for five years to pray for those of our families who had not accepted Jesus Christ as their saviour, but I had seen no change in any of mine.

Now the next part of my story I have never told Sonia and Graham, who figure in it, nor any other reading it, nor the next, new section which happened 2 days ago.

You see, my grandson Graham had been transferred to Wellington, where he met Sonia and they fell in love, as young people do and they became engaged, but the problem was that he was Baptist and Sonia a Roman Catholic. Both attended their respective churches, but as frequently happens, neither felt comfortable in the other's church.

In the passage of time, however, Graham was transferred back to Auckland and of course Sonia came with him. It wasn't long before Sonia met a fine Christian young lady who led her to the Lord. And so the problem vanished and they were married in the Royal Oak Baptist Church in 1996 and now worship and serve Him happily together there.

NOW I COME TO MY REASON FOR TELLING THIS LONG STORY-

I asked the Lord if it would be out of place to ask Him for an assurance, **just one soul**, that's all I ask, as an assurance that I was right in trusting His promise - and here it was! Within two days - Sonia!!

Then, as a further assurance of that promise, I was reading a day or two ago the account in Matthew's gospel chapter 1, about the miraculous birth of Jesus and the promise of the angel. In spite of their great surprise, both Mary and Joseph accepted and believed the promise that the child would in fact, be the coming Christ.

Somehow, that whole event hit me as a further confirmation that my prayers for my families would be answered in God's own time and way,

I don't know how or when, but that is not my concern for He who is ever faithful knows, and I trust Him.

ABOUT HALF OF MY OFFSPRING HAD ALREADY COMMITTED THEIR LIVES TO CHRIST, BUT WE THREE OLD GRANDFATHERS HAD CONTINUED TO PRAY FOR THE REMAINDER TO FOLLOW SUIT – ABOUT SEVEN.

I know if God makes a promise, He will honour it. Mary and Joseph accepted AND BELIEVED THE PROMISE that their child would indeed be the coming Christ.

Abraham was already 100 years old and Sarah was 90 when they received God's promise, not only of a son, but also that their seed would be as numerous as the sand on the seashore. WHAT FAITH!!

WHAT FAITH IN GOD!

**AND HOW LITERALLY GOD HAS FULFILLED HIS PROMISE,
“WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE GOD”.**

“IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?”

Read Hebrews 11.

THE PERFECT DAY

I REMEMBER SO WELL HOW MY ELDER BROTHER, NORMAN, USED TO DELIGHT US ALL AS HE PLAYED THOSE CAPTIVATING MELLOW STRINGS OF HIS CELLO.

There was one particular song some older folk may remember – ‘When you come to the end of a perfect day’, beautiful words with entrancing music, which often left a lump in my throat very near to tears. I could sit all day to listen, he put so much feeling into his playing.

Now this was nearing the end of a perfect day for me.

As I looked out of my ranchslider, over the bowling green I was looking directly on to three beautiful gardens, just a mass of gaily-coloured begonias and petunias, which I had been wanting to photograph. So I decided to go down and get a close-up picture of these gardens.

I walked down the back stairs one floor, and this took me to the same level as the gardens. On the way I passed a rose bed, which a few days previously, had been such a picture. Unfortunately we had some rain and wind and what had been a glorious sight, was now nothing but a carpet of withered rose petals.

My mind immediately flew to Psalm 103:15-1,
“AS FOR MAN HIS DAYS ARE LIKE GRASS, HE FLOURISHES LIKE A FLOWER OF THE FIELD: THE WIND PASSES OVER IT AND IT IS GONE AND ITS PLACE IS KNOWN NO MORE”.

How like a human being's life! A few years after most of us have left this earth for the ‘Better Land’ how many of us will even be remembered?

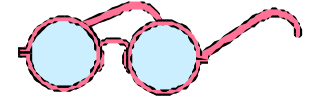
But God is the same YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

Verse 17 of this Psalm says-
THE STEADFAST LOVE OF THE LORD IS FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING. HIS LOVE EXTENDS TO YOUR CHILDREN AND THEIR CHILDREN”. That's three generations from now and your influence will be shaping the character of your grandchildren.

**ISN'T THAT A SOBERING THOUGHT FOR US GRANDPARENTS??
And what a responsibility we share.**

MEMORY OR LACK OF. ????

‘WHAT DAY IS THIS? ‘
WHAT DID I DO YESTERDAY?’
‘WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO-DAY?’
‘WHAT DID I COME IN HERE FOR?’
‘WHAT'S HIS NAME?’
‘WHERE DID I PUT THE WRETCHED THING?’



Last night before retiring I was preparing for an early start in the morning, but I couldn't find my glasses. Where on earth did I put those wretched things? I scoured the living room, bedroom, bathroom, office THREE TIMES to no avail; I lifted cushions, books and papers; I looked in drawers and cupboards, shifted furniture and every other silly place I could think of BUT NO GLASSES ANYWHERE!

“LOOK AGAIN” said a voice, “THEY’VE GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE.” I was completely frustrated and cried “ PLEASE LORD, SHOW ME WHERE MY GLASSES ARE”. Something said to me “you haven't looked under the settee.”

Then I got down on my knees with my walking stick in hand to run it along under the settee and out came my precious glasses!
All I could say was “THANK YOU, FATHER”.

I had apparently laid the glasses down on the little table I have beside my armchair and brushed them off under the settee, out of sight.

Then came to mind the little Bible story of that poor woman who lost one precious coin, somewhere in the house; she hunted everywhere, even swept the floor, until, HALLELUJAH, SHE FOUND IT!

This morning we had a guest speaker at Long Bay Church and what should the subject be, but the story of the woman and the lost coin !

Well, last night I just thanked the Lord for my found glasses and went into a peaceful, thankful sleep!

WHICH DOCTOR?

I HAD A TOOTHACHE, OR WAS IT A SORE GUM?

I had had it for some time and for the life of me I could not make out which it was. Sure the gum was very sore, as also was the roof of my mouth, and all around that big back molar. It was all so touchy to brush, and it even hurt to eat on that side.

Not being sure what it was, I was treating it all with my trusty old remedy – glycerine and borax – with no success, giving me no relief at all. Further, I did not know whether to go to my doctor or dentist, and I didn't want to end up paying both unnecessarily.

Then one day, in desperation, it dawned on me. "Why do I need to go to either? Isn't Jesus the great physician?"

IF HE HEALED EVERY KIND OF AILMENT, FROM BLINDNESS
TO AN INSANE BOY, WHY COULDN'T HE HEAL MY MOUTH?

So, immediately I prayed –

"FATHER, I KNOW YOU COULD HEAL MY MOUTH,
WILL YOU PLEASE DO THAT FOR ME?"

And did He??

OF COURSE HE DID. HE WAS WAITING FOR ME TO ASK HIM!

The next day or two my hurting began to ease, until in a very few days I could eat, I could brush my teeth without any hurting, and I was completely overjoyed and able to praise God for His answer to my prayer.

FRIEND, WHAT GOD DID FOR ME HE IS WILLING TO DO FOR YOU AND
FOR ALL WHO WILL TRUST HIM IMPLICITLY. ALL HE ASKS IS YOUR
COMPLETE TRUST IN HIM. SO STOP WORRYING AND LEAVE IT TO
HIM TO DO IT. AND HE WILL !

"WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE GOD."

WHOSE HANDS IS IT IN ?

anonymous

A basketball in my hands is worth about \$19.

A basketball in Michael Jordan's hands is worth about \$33 million.

It all depends on whose hands it's in.

A tennis racquet is useless in my hands.

A tennis racquet in Pete Sampras' hands is a Wimbledon Championship.

It all depends on whose hands it's in.

A rod in my hands will keep away a wild animal.

A rod in Moses' hands will part the mighty sea.

It all depends on whose hands it's in.

A sling shot in my hands is a toy.

A sling shot in David's hands is a mighty weapon.

It all depends on whose hands it's in.

Two fish and five loaves in my hands are a couple of fish sandwiches.

Two fish and five loaves in God's hands will feed thousands.

It all depends on whose hands they're in.

Nails in my hands might produce a bird-cage.

Nails in Jesus Christ's hands will produce salvation for the entire world.

It depends on whose hands they're in.

AS YOU CAN SEE NOW, IT DEPENDS ON WHOSE HANDS IT'S IN.

SO PUT YOUR CONCERNS, YOUR WORRIES, YOUR FEARS,

YOUR HOPES, YOUR DREAMS, YOUR FAMILIES AND

YOUR RELATIONSHIPS INTO GOD'S HANDS,

BECAUSE IT DEPENDS ON WHOSE HANDS THEY'RE IN.

SO THAT ABOUT WRAPS IT ALL UP.

WHAT MORE CAN I SAY ABOUT THE LOVING SAVIOUR WHO HAS BROUGHT ME SAFELY THROUGH ALL THESE YEARS, WITH SO MANY INSTANCES OF HIS UNBOUNDED LOVE AND CARE?

BUT, I could not sign off without expressing gratitude to my family for their assistance and encouragement in the task of recording a little of God's amazing love.

It all began when my grandson and his wife, Graham and Sonia came to visit me. I was telling them of the project I had embarked upon. My trouble was that I was no typist, just a two-finger amateur, and it took me so long to do so little. "OH, THAT'S NO TROUBLE TO US, WE COULD DO IT ON OUR COMPUTER" they exclaimed. Well, I know absolutely nothing about computers, but after talking about it for a few minutes, we were under way.

I am sure though, they didn't expect what a hard taskmaster they had asking them to re-type, alter, and so on, until Sonia's indisposition caused me to call a halt to her part in the work, and so she graciously withdrew. Now I can only thank them both for their valuable share in the work.

Fortunately, my daughter Jan, was able to step into the breach while still on the mammoth task of endeavouring to hasten the builders to complete their new home at Warkworth.

Next of course, comes Reg, who has done such a great job of reproducing my oil paintings of One Tree Hill, Torbay etc.

To cap it all, next on the scene came Marion and Murray, who ferreted out a printer who was able and willing to bring the whole project to a satisfactory conclusion.

But life, unfortunately is never a bed of roses. Yesterday everything seemed to go awry. My memory was letting me down time after time, until son Murray, with my two little great-grand-daughters Kate and Samantha, arrived. These little girls had a great time riding in my 'up-and-down-chair', before merrily skipping off down these long passages and away to their next appointment.

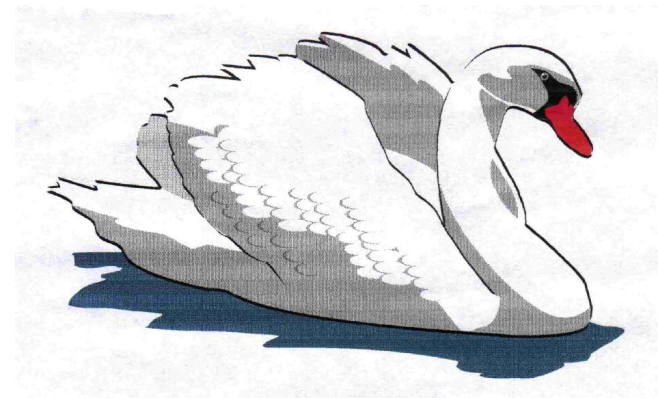
What a ray of sunshine they brought
into my life that day!

MY SWAN SONG

All the way my Saviour leads me
What have I to ask beside?
Could I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through my life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know, what-e'er befall me
Jesus had done all things well,
Yes, I know what-e'er befalls me
JESUS WILL DO ALL THINGS WELL!

YES, I KNOW WHERE JESUS LEADS ME
THAT HE WILL DO ALL THINGS WELL!!

I sing this to myself every night as I get into bed.



ROYSTON GARLICK
2003

This is all I would have seen if I had gone ahead under my own steam, instead of waiting for God's time for me to move into Mayfair Village.



The picture below shows the view I have now, even better than I had expected! You see, I maintain that because I waited 2 years for God's time, I now have the very best apartment in the whole village. GOD RESERVED IT FOR ME. Instead of the front of the main 4-level building, I have a fascinating view, looking straight on to the bowling green, with a rural scene and traffic flowing up and down the main road.

I also have the sun shining right into all my rooms from sun-up in the winter, yet shaded by the deck above from the hot summer sun. Furthermore, God knew that by keeping me waiting 2 years, He would be able to give me back the \$100,000 I would have lost by not waiting for His perfect time.



God knows everything, and His timing is always spot on