

The Christian Ranchman

We're not trying to build an organization.

We're trying to fill the Kingdom of God.



Volume 37, Number 7 - 8

"..By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." John 13:35

July - August 2011

I'm An America and Proud of It

By Joan Clayton

Every day I hear complaints, murmurs and criticisms of my beloved land. I am an American and proud of it. I cherish the freedom I have. I wouldn't live anywhere else on earth.

Blessings have reached down to all of us, blessings of prosperity, technological advances, modern-day medicine, communication and transportation. Each one is moving forward in an amazing progression.

America provides golden grain, majestic forests, mighty oceans and rich productive farmlands. Factories, manufacturers and research laboratories have provided materials for tremendous services to mankind.

I cringe when I hear what's wrong with my country. I submit to you the many wonderful things that I cannot even begin to number, chief of which is freedom.

America has felt many tears for the shed blood of those who have given their lives to provide freedom, the right to vote, the pursuit of happiness and the chance to fulfill the American dream. America has been a beacon of light for those imprisoned by dictatorship. In the midst of adversity courage, strength and faith have remained unmovable, preserved by the sacrifices and unselfishness of Americans.

Freedom has come with a great price. May we never take that heritage for granted. United we overcome our enemies and defend our way of life.

May "Old Glory" wave with pride. The red, white, and blue means so much to me. The red stripes remind me of the blood that has been shed to keep America free.

The white stripes remind me of bandages wrapped around wounds inflicted on those who would hurt this country.

The blue field represents to me the "true blue" patriotism of the homeland.

Let us rise up. Stand up for America. Love this nation. Salute the flag. Hug a veteran. Give back to America the dedication our veterans and military have given to us. Let us be positive and upbeat by sending our troops encouragement. Let's demonstrate that we are not moved by setbacks and circumstances because we stand tall in faith and prayers for the good of this country.

America has given so much to all of us. May we return those gifts of honor with respect, loyalty and patriotism.

Be a red-blooded American and be proud of it!



A Short Prayer

Submitted by Donna Karpenko

Hi Lord, it's me, things are getting bad here, gas prices are too high, no jobs, food and heating cost too high. I know some have taken you out of our schools, government & even Christmas. But Lord I'm asking you to come back and re-bless America, we really need you. Thanks Lord,

I love you! The Lord says when 2 or more are gathered in My Name, there I will be also!!!

Please pass this on. Please God please bless America again



This is a beautiful photo of a giant American flag in Arizona and the photo is authentic. The person who took the picture couldn't believe the image created by the sun rays creating a cross.

"When Jesus spoke again to the people, he said, "I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life." John 8:12

God's Timing is Always Right

By Karen Runia, Lebanon, Oregon

I guess the best place to start is to give you some background on my dad.

He was born in Wright City, Oklahoma, in 1925. He lived there with his family and worked their small ranch. He started roping in jackpots and rodeos at about age 13. He married my mother in 1942. He then went off to the war to serve our country in World War II. When he returned, they moved to Oregon a few short years later where they raised two sons and two daughters. They finally settled in the Willmette Valley.

My dad loved to rope every chance he got. Every summer we would be gone almost every weekend somewhere. He was usually in money wherever he went. He probably could have been one of the best. But, like so many who try to take on the world on their own and fall victim to the devil's traps, my Dad followed suit.

My dad's downfall was alcohol. He suffered the awful disease of alcoholism. He seemed to turn in to it more after a hunting accident took the life of my older brother. He just couldn't accept it.

I prayed many a night that he would be released and that his heart would be softened so he could hear about our Lord and Savior. There were many who were praying the same prayer. My dad's brother and sister were Christians and were praying for him to come to know the Lord.

My dad became very sick in October 1990. He had lung problems combined with heart problems. We had him in and out of the hospital about four times from October to January 1991.

One day when my dad was home, our local pastor called and asked if he could visit with him. We said "Sure, we would love it if you would."

He came over and talked with my dad and told him about the Lord and read from the Bible and asked him if he would like to accept the Lord. He wouldn't make any commitments that day.

That nearly broke my heart. I knew my dad was not going to be with us on this earth much longer and for him to be lost for an eternity was almost unbearable.

Even though his alcoholism and everything else, my dad was a very special man. There was hardly a person in our valley that did not know and like him. He was everybody's friend. He made every local livestock sale and farm auction in the valley.

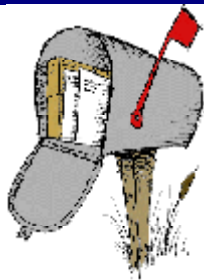
He became real sick and entered the hospital again on Saturday. My Uncle and I continued to pray for his heart to be softened and to accept the Lord. We prayed someone would reach him.

(Cont. on Pg. 4)

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Letters TO The Editor!



A Living Memorial

*In memory of
Charlene "Maw Maw" Jones
Sand Springs, OK*

*From
Jarrod Nichols
Lawton, OK*

*In Memory of
Mindy Frazier
From*

Kip Frazier

*In Memory of
Jim Fusee
From*

Fuzz Fuzee

*In Memory of
Jamie Barlow
From*

Dick & Diane Milner

*In Memory of
Sue Tretsven
From*

*Adolph Burdick,
Andy & Jo Burdick-Buttner*

*In Memory of
Walter B. Nichols
From*

Dick & Diane Milner



The Christian Ranchman

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COWBOYS FOR CHRIST **STATEMENT OF POSITION**

Supreme authority over this organization and all its activities is vested in God's own Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and exercised by the Holy Spirit. This must be recognized and practiced as laid out for us in God's divinely inspired Word, the Holy Bible.

Cowboys For Christ is not a substitute for the local Church or Assembly, nor is it in competition with any denominational group. It seeks, rather, through God's enabling grace, to be a helper to all local churches, denominations and groups to the extent that they are in harmony with the will of the Almighty God. Its function is to proclaim the Word of God. It is designed for outreach and building up of the Body of Christ, God's blood-bought people, and in harmony with the work of the Holy Spirit is an active force in the Lord's program for the present day.

The message of The Christian Ranchman is the saving grace of Jesus Christ. These messages come to us in a variety of expressions, including testimonies and Letters to the Editor, and each is meaningful in its own way. We pray that the Holy Spirit will minister to each of you that bit of reassurance and comfort your need today.

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Dear Christian Person,

Could you please add my name to your mailing list for the Christian Ranchman paper? An elderly Christian lady, who has been helping me to learn about God, received your paper and told me that I should write to y'all for it also. She says it is great and helps her a lot. I haven't been a Christian for long, but I am interested in learning all I can. Thank you for your consideration. I know many Christians don't like prisoners so I'll understand if y'all don't want to send me a newspaper. Take care and my God bless y'all. T.D. Virginia

You have been added to the mailing list and we are thankful that we can help you walk with the Lord

Dear Brother Ted,

Grace to you and please accept these offerings in any way you need for the Christian Ranchman. It is a powerful witness to Jesus Christ through his holy spirit and how he changes lives - 1 life at a time. And the Lord's blessings on everyone who has anything to do with the Ranchman paper in putting it together, printing, sent out and of course blessings to anyone who sends their testimonies. Love in Christ L.C. NH

Thank you so much for helping us to send out the Christian Ranchman

Hi,

This is to support the ministry in any way! I also pray for all of you. If I go to the KCM conference in July, I may be able to come and visit you. God Bless you E. H. FL

We would love to have anyone visit if you are in the area, thank you for your donation

Thank you for the Christian Ranchman! We really enjoy and use lots of the jokes and sayings and testimonies in our correspondence. We send 20-40 cards a month for birthdays, anniversary and keeping in touch. God bless your ministry. M Wilson

We love to be able to share, so if you have one, please send it in.

Dear Sirs,

My address has changed and by the grace of God my murder conviction was vacated after 17 years. It was proven through the hard work of a God-sent friend, Jerry. The state of North Carolina had convicted the wrong man. I have already found a good church since my release. I have attended some barrel races which is my passion. I was given a good running bred yearling by a dear old friend. I would like to keep getting The Christian Ranchman, and for all the cowboys and cowgirls out there I am living proof prayer does work. A friend in Christ and always a cowboy, Tom

May you continue to walk with the Lord.



Follow God- -No Matter What!

By: Gary Reynolds

Recently I was listening to a tape of one of my favorite pastors, and he told a story about how Abraham, or at that time Abram, took his household servants and whipped the armies of five kings. When he said that, it just struck me that I want to be like that. I want to be able to take the things of my house and whip the armies of however many kings necessary. If you want to read more about that story, look in Genesis the 15th chapter; however, it is not the point of this story, so I will leave you to read that on your own.

After reading what Abram had done by rescuing Lot from the invading armies that had conquered Sodom, it peaked my interest in Abram. I knew that Abram was a great man of faith; after all, he had obeyed God by choosing to give up his son on the altar. I decided that I wanted some of what Abram had, whatever it was; I was gonna get me some of it too!

I backed up a couple of chapters in my Bible to chapter twelve, and I began to read, expecting to learn what made Abram such a courageous man of faith, full of obedience and so God prospered him on ever corner. What I discovered was a man not unlike myself who had been through some things, made some mistakes and made a decision to follow God no matter what.

Chapter twelve of Genesis begins with God calling Abram out. Genesis 12:1-3 of the Contemporary English Version: "The Lord said to Abram, 'Leave your country, your family, and your relatives, and go to the land that I will show you. I will bless you and make your descendants into a great nation. You will become famous and be a blessing to there. I will bless anyone who blesses you, but I will put a curse on anyone who puts a curse on you. Everyone on earth will be blessed because of you.'"

I am pretty sure that if that had happened to anyone of us we would have set about the task of moving our families and following what God had told us to do. We would have set out just like Abram did with all the obedience we could muster, and marched our families right on over to the place just like God told us to do. We probably would have been diligent to pray and offer up sacrifices to God just like Abram did. Most of us would have dedicated the new land and everything to god just like Abram did.

What struck me as unusual was what happened beginning in verse ten: "THE CROPS FAILED, AND THERE WAS NO FOOD IN THE LAND." But wait just one minute here! Abram was on a mission from God, called by God, he was God's anointed and appointed, and the crops failed and there was no food in the land. Just like all modern-day businessmen, I wanted to analyze his behavior, or find out what was wrong with the business plan. Where did he miss the mark? Just what did he do to cause the crop failure in the midst of God's plans?

I hope you have begun to wonder why the crops failed. If you have, or even if you have not I want to throw out one more bone on the table to chew on for a bit. Abram and Sarahi had to go to Egypt because of the famine, and as most of you know Abram asked Sarahi his wife to lie to the Egyptians and tell them he was his sister. Abram was afraid that they would kill him and take her, and after all she sort of was his sister anyway, so the King took her into his house and into his harem. Look closely at verse 16 it says, "The King was good to Abram because of Sarahi, and Abram was given sheep, cattle, donkeys, slaves, and camels.

Now I do not mind telling you that this was causing my little religious mind to overload. I was probably like that two-year colt the first time you loaded him in the trailer. I was pretty comfortable where I was, and I was pretty well convinced I was that I understood the plans for the future, and I did not need to go anywhere. Furthermore, you can't make me step one foot in that trailer.

Let me recap this for you. Here is our man Abram following God, praying, dedicating, sacrificing, giving into the morning, evening and Wednesday night. He is spending time with God. He has received his word of knowledge and responds in

obedience and everything he does goes up in smoke when it does not rain. On the other hand he moves to Egypt and because he lies and offers his wife up to a heathen king for his harem, he is getting blessed abundantly!

Many Christians have been in the former place that Abram was we have walked in obedience and faith with God. We stepped out and tried to do something we believed God was calling us to do, only to see it fail. I was in that situation not too long ago and began to work some things inside of me through this set of verses.

It is so easy for us men to try and analyze the events of the failure and to find out what caused them so we do not make same mistakes again. We may even equate the failure with something within us. So often men are what they do. If what they do falls, then the logical process is that they are a failure.

When I was going through the process of trying to sort out the mess of feelings that I had, God began to take me back to when I was a wheat farmer in the panhandle of Texas. I leased some land that my father had previously been farming, and went into business for myself. The first year I plowed the ground once again, that fall I once again planted the seed, once again the rains came.

Usually in that area of the state we harvested out heat crops from the middle of June, until the middle of July. I do not remember the exact date, but I distinctly remember the sickening feeling in my stomach watching a hailstorm wipe out the wheat crop less than two weeks away from harvest.

The thing that I began to understand as I reflected back on this event some twenty years in the past is the crops. I can plow the ground, and plant the seed, but I cannot make the seed grow. I cannot make the rains come, and I can't stop the hail from falling. It is so easy for us to forget sometimes in business or ministry that they are not our crops. You are not responsible for causing the seed to grow. Only God can create life. Yes you have to be diligent to plow, plant, and harvest but you are not responsible for causing the crops to grow.

Deuteronomy 8:2, Moses is talking to the children of Israel and He says, "Don't forget how the Lord your God has led you through the desert for the past forty years. He wanted to find out if you were truly willing to obey him and depend on him so he made you go hungry, then He gave you manna, a kind of food that you and your ancestors had never even heard about."

The crops are not important to God. The business or the ministry is not important to God. What does God want from us? Deuteronomy 11:12 tells us that God wants us to respect and follow him, love and serve him and obey his laws and teachings.

Why did Abram go on to be the great man of faith that could take his household servants and whip the armies of five battle-hardened kings. Because he learned that God was his source; I repeat, God was his source. God is your source too, not the crops, or this year's futurity horses or even your job. God is your source no matter what, keep on going, keep on being obedient, keep on praying, keep on tithing, and keep on leaning on God.

One of the most important days of my life came several years ago. One day, when I was cleaning stalls, I was at one of the lowest points of my life since I had become a Christian. I did all the things the Bible said to do from praying, binding, tithing, and everything seemed only to get worse. I looked into the east one morning and said to the Lord, I don't care if I loose this place, and cannot find a job, I don't care if I have to clean toilets at the church for the rest of my life, I will not give up, I will follow you all the days of my life. I am determined that when I get to heaven I am going to hear those words, 'Well done my good and faithful servant.'



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Are We Doing Enough?

By John L. Brown

This here is one powerful question. The most interesting question however, is how do we answer it? Then there is another important question. Just what is it that we are supposed to be doing and for whom and maybe even why?

Well, there are a whole lot of things we should be doing. Things like being good parents, better Christians, better employees, better children. And yes, we might even be better horsemen.

Let's talk about the part of being a better horseman. Regardless of what anyone says, we all have room to improve our horsemanship, some more than others. To first acknowledge that we have more to learn not only means we are honest but that we see room for improvement. But this doesn't mean much if we don't take action and work on improving ourselves. No trainer is perfect, but we can learn something from all of them. The key is that we have to want to learn.

You know what? This will apply to every aspect of our lives. It especially applies to our Christian life. If we think we have learned enough or are doing enough we are in very serious trouble. When we stop learning, doing and growing, we die. It's time we all stop and take a hard look at our lives and see where we can do more, especially for the Lord.

"Don't worry about anything, instead pray about everything tell God your needs and don't forget to thank Him for His answers." Philippians 4:6.

God's Timing is Always Right

(Cont. From Pg. 1)

That Sunday after we went in to the hospital, we were all getting ready to leave after visiting hours were over, and in walked two men from our local church. What a miracle.

The one man, Eldon Townsend, said that my dad had been on his heart all day and he couldn't shake him. He went to the evening service at church and said the Lord kept speaking to his heart, "Go see Odis." Eldon said "Okay, I'll go tomorrow or later this week." The Lord out it on his heart that later might be TOO late! So he yielded.

Shortly after that another man from church camp up to him while he was telling his wife he was going to the hospital. The other man, Craig Still, said "I sure would like to go with you to see Odis." So they left for the hospital. They got there about 8:30 p.m. They had been there about five or ten minutes when two more men from the church came walking in. None of these men had planned this trip with each other but the Lord had! He knew my dad was ready to hear the Word.

They talked with him and read the Bible with him. They told him how the Lord loved him. They asked him if he would like to accept the Lord as his personal Savior. He told them "I knew that it would always come down to this but I don't know how to accept the Lord." They told him they would tell him how. They prayed with him and he accepted the Lord that night. Eldon called my Uncle as soon as he could get to a phone and told him the good news. My Uncle called me as soon as he got off the phone. I was so excited. We were all so excited!

My dad's life began to change that moment. He only lived four short days after that. He passed away on January 31, 1991. But we have the blessed assurance that he is safe in the arms of Jesus.

God does answer our prayers. Not always in our time frames or in our way. But he does listen and answer. God knew the time my dad was ready to hear and accept. He sent four men that he would listen and respond to. May God bless them for listening to the voice of the Lord and obeying. Just think of all the great things we could experience if we could follow this simple example.

I hope this story lifts your heart a little. My dad's salvation has touched many. He has been a testimony to a lot of people.

My sister who was lost accepted the Lord on March 3, 1991. Many have stopped to think about their own lives. If Odis Lawhon can accept the Lord as Savior and be forgiven so can I, so can you. He has touched a lot of lives.

I didn't mean to get so lengthy with my testimony, not there is so much to tell about the way God worked in my dad's life. How He planned it all out unknown to us. It was a miracle, and I Praise the Lord daily for the mercy and grace He had not only extended to me, but to my wonderful dad.

I am sure there are many out there like my dad who just doesn't know how to accept Jesus as their Savior. It is easy. Just ask Him to forgive you of all your sin and invite Him to be Lord of and over your life. That's where it begins. The rest of your walk with Him depends on how much you get into the Bible and how much you communicate with Him.

"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."

Submitted by Lewis Kirby

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion,
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly
For they knew whereof he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For old Mike has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer
For a Soldier died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories
From the time that they were young
But the passing of a Soldier
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Someone who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Soldier,
Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a Soldier—
His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Soldier,
Who would fight until the end?

He was just a common Soldier,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his like again.

For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."

Pass On the Patriotism! YOU can make a
difference!!!



Observing the Farmer

By Zachary S. Sigmon

His back is bent; his brow is furrowed; sweat runs down his back and shoulders.

He labors, toils, strives, and strains, all for his family's sustaining grain, and though his body may grow weary, and soul may linger long and dreary, never once does he complain.

Sun up, sun down, he's working on without quitting; he's working for to make a living.

He plows his fields; he plants his seed; he plucks out every nagging weed.

He goes on daily without rest, except for Sunday, when in the Lord he does invest.

And when his plants begin to show, he prays for rain that they may grow, and thanks the Lord for what he's got, though now it's little, it will be a lot. So the farmer goes, day in, day out, even when he lives without. He puts his trust in God above, and works to live, and lives to love

A Cowboy's Faith

Frank Buchman

Obituary of Common Sense

By Aubrey Mathis

Passing Of Heroes Brings To Life Promise Of Future

Where have all our heroes gone?

One finds with maturity, there are more funerals to attend.

During childhood, most attend very few funerals, but can remember the most infinite details of each. In early adulthood, the number is still low, but the details aren't as intimate, unless it's a parent, close relative or classmate. Many people are still of the opinion: "I'm going to live forever."

Another of our heroes passed away recently. While his health had been declining, we'd ridden several horses for him during the past year, and we'd talked about his next colt crop. "It's going to be the best ever, and there'll sure be a winner." At age 80, Bob had lived a long and good life, most would agree. Yet his death was another shock to us. I was humbled as a pallbearer; we felt a terrible loss leaving the cemetery on that cold dreary day.

It must come with our age. We've been privileged to ride horses for a number of prominent cowboys and cowgirls, and great friends who've passed away: Andy, Bill, Dan, Don, Emmett, Frank, Gordon, Howard, June, Keith, Park, Pat, Phil, Puncher, Rosie, Russell, and now Bob. A common denominator of each was their love for horses, but even greater was their appreciation for nature: God's wonderful creation. While most of them expressed little about their faith, it was apparent in their attitude toward the land and what it provided.

As we approach another birthday, our maturity reminds us too of our mortality. Crawling on that colt for the first time or getting back on that ornery cuss, who was more horse than we were cowboy, were scary at times. None compare to one's nightmare of the hereafter.

We should not be afraid.

1 Samuel 12:24 contends, "Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things He hath done for you."

Psalms 23:4 promises, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

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

We can look forward to emerald green grass that is always stirrup high, clear sky blue water overflowing, none of 'em buck, they never run off, they are all pretty as a picture and ride like a charm.

My parents told me about Mr. Common Sense early in my life, and told me I would do well to call on him when making decisions. It seems he was always around in my early years but less and less as time passed by until today I read his obituary. Please join me in a moment of silence in remembrance. For Common Sense had served us all so well for so many generations.

Obituary

Common Sense

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape.

He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as knowing when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm, life isn't always fair and maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you earn) and reliable parenting strategies (adults, not children are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job they themselves failed to do in disciplining their unruly children. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer Aspirin, sun lotion or a sticky plaster to a student; but could not inform the parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband; churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims. Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar can sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason.

He is survived by three stepbrothers; I know my Rights, Someone Else is to Blame and I'm a Victim. Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still remember him pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing.



WEBSITE NEWS AND UPDATES

Note to Chapter Presidents and Vice Presidents

Quarterly Updates are due by the 15th of the following months: January, April, July & October.

The update form is available at:
www.cowboysforchrist.net

If you do not have internet access and do not have the current form, please call the office at 817-236-0023 and we will mail it to you.

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If your chapter is not listed in the directory or on the website, we have not received the required Quarterly Updates. If your chapter is active, please submit a current Quarterly Update so your chapter information can be reinstated in the next issue of the Christian Ranchman and posted on the website.

If there is an error, please call the office or e-mail cfcmail@cowboysforchrist.net and it will get corrected as quickly as possible.

Contact us via E-Mail:

Ted Pressley and Dave Harvey General mail:
cwb4christ@cowboysforchrist.net

Submit testimonies, articles or to subscribe to the Christian Ranchman at
ranchman@cowboysforchrist.net

Order Inquiries:

cfcorder@cowboysforchrist.net

Paperwork/Chapter Correspondence:

cfcmail@cowboysforchrist.net

WEB SEARCH ENGINES

Please continue to use Google and Yahoo search engines to locate Cowboys for Christ Official Website. This will help us keep our ranking in the search engines.
www.cowboysforchrist.net

CFC E-Mail Addresses

cwb4christ@cowboysforchrist.net —General mail account and e-mails to Ted Pressley.

ranchman@cowboysforchrist.net —Submit Articles, send your testimony or subscribe to The Christian Ranchman newspaper.

cfcorder@cowboysforchrist.net —Questions regarding products ordered from the paper that have not been received or product related questions.

cfcmail@cowboysforchrist.net - Office, Mailings, Paperwork,

CFC Bible Studies and the Prayer and Praise area are now online.

Alabama

Circuit Riders CFC, Ohatchee
 Tony Crosson, President, 256 419-3140; Jason Yates, Vice-President, 256 490-3549
 Email: hatcreekboys@yahoo.com

Cowbyn' for the Son CFC, Athens
 Cynthia Baughn President, 256 771-1826; Roger Weakley, Vice-President, 931 309-9758
 Email: baughbcg@gmail.com - Website: www.cowboynfortheson.com

Alaska

Mat-Valley Cowboys for Christ, Wasilla
 Tim Avritt, President, 907 376-2370; Chuck Abbott, Vice-President, 907 376-7007

California

Southern California Cowboys for Christ Ministries, Torrance
 Fr Ricardo Rodriguez, President, 310 938-2786; Rev. Tami Wall, Vice-President, 310 938-2786
 Email: wishelder3@aol.com

Colorado

Durango Chapter, Durango
 John Beranek, President, 970 247-8288; Chris Swift, Vice-President, 970 533-9797
 Email: swiftcreekbranch@aol.com

Florida

Soncoast Cowboys for Christ, Nobleton
 Barbara McKenzie, President, 352 568-1507; Nancy Ramirez, Vice-President, 352 569-5318
 Email: cfcsoncoast@aol.com - Website: www.cowboysforchristfl.com

Illinois

Christian Cowboys Outreach Cowboys for Christ, Pontoon Beach
 Gary Wagoner, President, 618 580-6372; Dan Boone, Vice-President, 618 797-1021

Indiana

Northern Indiana Cowboys for Christ, New Paris
 Ted Schowengerdt, President, 574 831-5764; Willie Hosletler, Vice-President, 574 575-0451

Central Indiana Cowboys for Christ, West Newton
 Phil Fatch, President, 317 266-9065; Derek Hornaday, Vice President

Kansas

Clay Center Cowboys for Christ, Morganville
 Chuck Smith, President, 785 632-5841; Dean Stockert, Vice-President, 785 761-5242
 Email: dalexander@twinvalley.net - Website: www.claycentercowboysforchrist.org

COWBOYS FOR CHRIST CHAPTER DIRECTORY

For more information about activities, meeting dates, times and locations, etc., please contact people listed for the chapter nearest you, or our website at: www.cowboyforchrist.net

The Rugged Cross Cowboys for Christ, Conway Springs

Darrin Green, President, 620 456-2203; Brian Strange, Vice-President

Kingdom Riders of Southeast Kansas

Sarah Lowe, President, 620 212-4097; Eddie Henley, Vice-President, 620 537-7137

Kentucky

Ridin of Faith Cowboys for Christ, Shepherdsville

Pamela Thompson, President, 502 931-4853; Jessica Davis, Vice-President
 Email: pthompson0012@insightbb.com

Michigan

Great Lakes Cowboys for Christ, Coopersville

Jim Hansen, President, 616 450-4887; Harlan Smith, Vice-President, 616 837-6432
 Email: jimhansen2@netzero.net

Heavenly Hoof Beats, Dansville/Perry

Ron Squires, President, 517 675-1540;
 Email: trailrider@cowboyway.com

Michigan Cowboys for Christ, Midland

Pat Murphy, President, 989 832-9092; John Oelberg, Vice-President, 989 708-0090

Mississippi

Circuit Riders, Hazlehurst

Scott Biggens, President, 601 672-4262; Jack Foster, Vice-President, 601 894-3809

Missouri

Capital Region Cowboys for Christ, New Bloomfield

Tom Shands, President, 660 849-2149; John Hunter, Vice-President, 573 310-1293
 Email: timberline2@earthlink.net

Pony Express Cowboys for Christ, St. Joseph

Matt Wagner, President, 816 238-7503; Glenn Spencer, Vice-President, 816 685-3210
 Email: miwestcfc.com

Green Hills Cowboys for Christ, Green Hill Area

Tom Bennett, President, 680-342-3403; Pat Scott, Vice-President, 660-226-5351

New Mexico

Cowboys for Christ (New chapter forming), Los Lunas

Bryan Chavez, 505 720-2142

North Carolina

NC Foothills, Statesville

Craig Deal, President, 704 873-3421; Andrew Sams, Vice-President, 704 880-3661
 Email: craigdeal@bellsouth.net

Heart of Carolina Cowboys for Christ, Garner

Cliff Lee, President, 919 553-6726; Jerry Sprague, Vice-President
 Email: cleeconstruction@embarqmail.com
 Website: www.heartofcarolinacfc.com

Mid-East Chapter, Grifton

Jack Keel, President, 252 525-8519; Lennis Freeman, Vice-President, 910 358-9723
 Email: daystarjrseministry@yahoo.com

Tri County, Marion

Bill Queen, President, 828 73-8485; James Nations, Vice-President, 828 738-4343
 Email: mckinneywalkers@yahoo.com

Cape Fear CFC

John Millican, President, 910-840-1402; Gary Caswell, Vice-President, 910-874-0613.
 Email: anthonyrich@yahoo.com

Jacksonvill Home of Camp Lejuueune

Carol Godfrey, President, 910-324-7137; Athina Williams, Vice-President, 910-799-9529.
 Email: jcblaze@embarqmail.com

Twin Counties Chapter

Alfred Tyson, President, 252-459-6091; Sue Armstrong, Vice President, 252-443-4434
 Email: donnatyson@aol.com

North Dakota

Dakota Cowboys For Christ

Karen Hook, President, 701-391-4271; Loren Wetch, Vice-President, 701-663-5424
 Email: khook@nd.gov

Oklahoma

Central Oklahoma Chapter, Norman

Steve Womack, President, 405 872-7329; John Payne, Vice-President, 405 396-2738

Cowboys for Christ in Sand Springs, Sand Springs

Phil Schwartz, President, 231 670-9851
 Email: arabiansfarms@yahoo.com

Pennsylvania

West Keystone Cowboys for Christ, New Castle

Dale Brenneman, President, 724 924-2830
 Bob Steffler, Vice-President, 724 758-6255
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Ted Pressley, Founder, President, 817 236-0023
 Hank Sinatra, Assoc. Editor
 Dave Harvey, Executive Director
 Email: cwb4christ@cowboysforchrist.net

Southeast Texas Cowboys for Christ, Kountze

A. H. Elmer, President, 409 246-8985; Sneed Elmer, Vice-President, 409 246-8985

West Virginia

Ridin' for Brand, Victor

Elbert Horrocks, President, 304 658-5730

Wisconsin

Lighthouse Chapter

Janet Kent, President, 920 517-3845; Mary Harris, Vice-President
 Email: churchoreopeach37@yahoo.com
 *If your Chapter isn't on here call 817 236-0023

COWBOYS

You can see a lot when you look in a cowboys eyes
 You see many years of hard work, and rarely do you see lies
 He has sweat and bleed for everything he will gain
 He has driven many miles just so maybe you'll remember his name
 He has sacrificed his body tryin to make that one great ride
 And when he hears that whistle blow, he stands in the arena with pride
 He raises his arms in victory, looking to the crowd
 Thinking about his family, and hoping they are proud
 He always wears that poor old beat up hat
 It's been stepped on and kicked and one side is flat
 But it is full of years and memories that he could never trade
 For a new Stetson or Ralston of any shape or shade
 His body aches in the morning from the crashes he has had
 But you will never know it 'cause he will tell ya it's not that bad
 He just grits his teeth and bares it, and goes on about his day
 He has stalls to clean, and fences to fix, and he has to stack the hay
 He is riding for more than money, buckles or the fame
 He also rides for pride, and he truly loves the game
 So when you see that cowboy sitting on the rail
 Just think about the miles he's been and the stories he can tell
 Unknown



CHAPTER UPDATES

Alabama

Circuit Riders CFC, Ohatchee
Fellowship: Friday's at 6pm

Cowbyn' for the Son CFC, Athens
Fellowship: LuLu's Restaurant 1st
Thursday each month at 6:00pm
Website: www.cowboynfortheson.com

Alaska

Mat-Valley Cowboys for Christ, Wasilla
Fellowship: 2nd Monday at 6:30pm
Call Debbie Avritt at 907 376-2370

California

**Southern California Cowboys for
Christ Ministries, Torrance**
Fellowship: Each Wednesday at 11am

Colorado

Durango Chapter, Durango
Fellowship: Animas Valley Grand Hall on
Thursday's at 7:00pm

Florida

**Soncoast Cowboys for Christ,
Nobleton**
Fellowship: Call Barbara at 352 568-1507
for date and location
Website: www.cowboysforchristfl.com

Indiana

**Northern Indiana Cowboys for Christ,
New Paris**
Fellowship: Trail Ride 3rd Saturday each
month

**Central Indiana Cowboys for Christ,
West Newton**
Fellowship: Call Phil at 317 266-9065 for
date and location

Kansas

**Clay Center Cowboys for Christ, Clay
Center**
Fellowship: see website for information or
call Chuck at 785 632-5841
Website:
www.claycentercowboysforchrist.org

Kentucky

**Ridin of Faith Cowboys for Christ,
Shepherdsville**
Fellowship: 1st Thursday of each month at
7p and call 502 931-4853 for location
Michigan

**Great Lakes Cowboys for Christ,
Coopersville**
Fellowship: Call Jim Hansen at 616 450-
4887 for date and location

Michigan Cowboys for Christ, Midland
Fellowship: Call Pat at 989 832-9092 for
date and location

Mississippi

Circuit Riders, Hazlehurst
Fellowship: Thursday's at 7pm at J & M
Saddlery

Missouri

**Capital Region Cowboys for Christ, New
Bloomfield**
Fellowship: At Timeberline Stables; 1st
Friday - Music Jam 2nd Thursday Meeting
3rd Saturday Trail Ride

**Pony Express Cowboys for Christ, St.
Joseph**
Fellowship: 1st Tuesday at 7pm at Poney
Express Club

**Green Hills Cowboys for Christ, Green
Hill Area**
Fellowship: 3rd Thursday at 7pm call Tom
at 660 342-3403 for location

Salvation Riders, Lamar Area
Fellowship: 1st & 3rd Sundays at 6pm at
the Memorial Hall in the basement

New Mexico

Cowboys for Christ, Los Lunas
Fellowship: August 21st at 9am at the
Valencia County Community Expo in
Entertainment Tent

North Carolina

NC Foothills, Statesville
Fellowship: Call Craig at 704 873-3421 for
date and location

Go To Chapter Directory (pg. 6) For Contact Info.

**Heart of Carolina Cowboys for
Christ, Garner**
Fellowship: 2nd Thursday at Corolina
Barbecue at 6:30pm
Website
www.heartofcarolinacfc.com

Mid-East Chapter, Grifton
Fellowship: Call Jack at 252 525-8519
for date and location

Tri-County, Marion
Fellowship: 1st Monday at 7pm at
Providence Farm

**Cape Fear CFC, Clarkton/Whiteville
area**
Fellowship: Call Anthony Rich at 910
876-2589 to find where 3rd Saturday of
the month meeting/ride to be held

**Jacksonville, Home of Camp
Lejeune Richlands**
Fellowship: Contact Carl Godfrey at 910
324-7137 for time and location of
fellowship

**Twin Counties Chapter, Rocky
Mount**
Fellowship: 4th Thursday each month
at 7pm at Englewood Assemble of God

North Dakota

Dakota Cowboys for Christ, Mandan
Fellowship: 2nd Sunday @ 7:00pm (CT)
at KIST Livestock Arena

Oklahoma

Central Oklahoma Chapter, Norman
Fellowship: 1st Tuesday at Remington
Place

**Cathedral of Praise Cowboys for
Christ, Sand Springs**
Fellowship: Last Sunday of the month
6pm at 5846 S 209th W Ave., Sand
Springs

Pennsylvania

**West Keystone Cowboys for Christ,
New Castle**
Fellowship: 1st & 3rd Sundays at
6:30pm at Brenneman's home



Texas

Cowboys for Christ Office, Newark
Fellowship: 1st & 3rd Thursdays at 3011
FM 718, Newark 76071

**Southeast Texas Cowboys for Christ,
Kountze**
Fellowship: 3rd Saturday at 7pm at CFC
Barn

Wisconsin

Lighthouse Chapter
Fellowship: Last Saturday at 5:30pm call
Janet 920 517-3845 for location

***If your Chapter isn't on here call 817
236-0023**



Soldiers Code

I am a soldier in the army of my God! The Lord Jesus Christ is my Commanding Officer! The Holy Bible is my code of conduct! Faith, prayer and the word are my weapons of warfare! I have been taught by the Holy Spirit, trained by experience, tried by adversity and tested by fire! I am a volunteer in this army, and I am enlisted for eternity! I will either retire in this army at the rapture or die in this Army; but I will not get out, sell out, be talked out or pushed out! I am faithful, reliable, capable and dependable!

If my God needs me, I am there! If he needs me in Sunday School, to teach children, work with youth, help adults or just sit and learn, He can use me, because I am there! I am a soldier! I am not a baby!

I am a soldier! No one has to call me, remind me, write me, visit me, entice me or lure me! I am a soldier! I am not a wimp! I am in place, saluting my King, obeying His orders, praising his name and building His kingdom!

I am committed! I cannot have my feelings hurt bad enough to turn me around! I cannot be discouraged enough to turn me aside! I cannot lose enough to cause me to quit! When Jesus called me into this army, I had nothing! If I end up with nothing, I will still come out even! I will win! My God will supply all my needs!

I am more than a conqueror! I will always triumph! I can do all things through Christ! Devils cannot defeat me! People cannot disillusion me! Weather cannot weary me! Sickness cannot stop me! Battles cannot beat me! Money cannot buy me! Governments cannot silence me and HELL CANNOT HANDLE ME!

I'm a soldier, and I'm gonna fight even if no one else notices! Hell will notice! My enemy will notice!

Cowboys For Christ General Store



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cotton jackets!*



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Tracts Qty.

- _____ Your Entry Fees Are Paid
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- _____ Five Steps to Become A Top Hand
- _____ God, Cowboys and Reining Horses

Other Materials Qty.

- _____ Bible Studies
- _____ Ministry Brochures
- _____ Bumper Stickers: Cowboys For Christ
- _____ Offering Envelopes
- _____ CHRISTIAN RANCHMAN newspapers

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Qty.	Item	Color	Size	Price
_____	Belt Pins	Blue/White	1"	\$ 5.50
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_____	Hat or Shirt Pin	Sterling Silver		\$ 4.50
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_____	T-Shirts	Cotton Poplin	S-M-L-XL	\$34.00
_____	Ball Caps	Blue	S-M-L-XL-XXL	\$10.50
_____	Belt Buckle	White, Khaki or Black		\$14.50
_____	Belt Buckle	Antique Bronze		\$35.50
_____	Belt Buckle	Silver w/24k Gold Plate		\$50.50
_____	16 OZ Travel Mug	Inlaid-Royal Blue, White & Green in Shield & Letters		
_____	CFC Flags	Royal blue with white print		\$ 5.00
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_____				\$ 6.50

Include S & H cost posted to the left.....

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United State Shipping & Handling Cost

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\$40.01	\$100.00	\$8.50
\$100.01	\$250.00	\$10.50
\$251.00	and up	\$12.50

International Shipping

From	To	Rate
\$0.01	\$200.00	\$25.00

NOTICE

Contributions, gifts, bequests and legacies of money or property, made to Cowboys For Christ, for any phase of its ministry, are tax deductible. Cowboys For Christ ministries include evangelism to the livestock industry, missionary outreach, publishing The Christian Ranchman, tract outreach, personal counseling, preaching, praying and writing. A Tax deductible receipt is issued at the year's end, for every gift.

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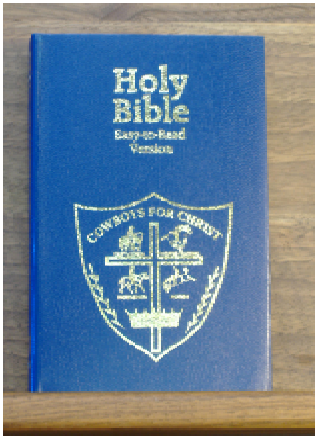


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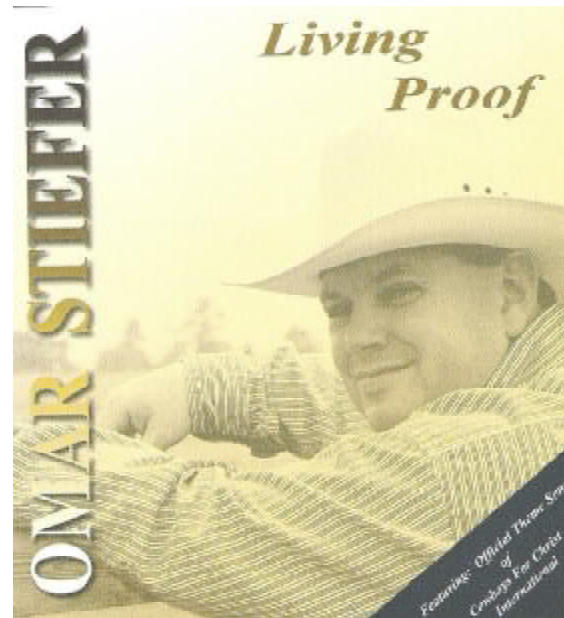


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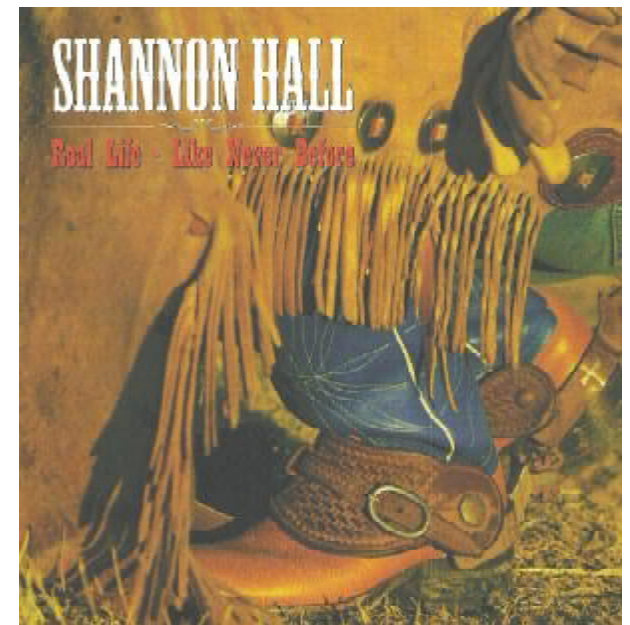
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will lift your spirit
and touch your
heart.**



A Helping Hand

By Jim Adkins

Sometimes I become so disheartened with others that I almost feel like giving up. But, of course, giving up is true failure. I wonder why people are so afraid of being involved with others? Isn't this one of the reasons we are here? To help others? I have always tried to be of service to others in some way, trying to teach them what little I know in hopes that they would not make the same mistakes, or that it would help them in some way. I never realized, until I began to write poetry and songs, how unwilling others were to help.

I wonder where we would be if Paul or Matthew would have felt this way? What if they and the others would have kept it all to themselves?

It was in the spirit of love and concern for others that they wrote and suffered in order to pass on the knowledge of the Gospel to the world- not fearing that someone would eventually out-do them or become a threat to their successes.

Our country was founded on people helping people- not fearing that someone would over-shadow their accomplishments- rather to help them be even better than they were. There is success when we share our knowledge with others. We, as Christians, should be thankful for the blessings we have at hand. We should thank others, like Brother Ted, who followed God's direction to found Cowboys For Christ to be a beacon of light for a world fast losing its vision. I know that CFC is there, rain or shine, passing on the Word to others. I thank God for CFC and I thank God for true friends that really care like John Brown, a frequent contributor to The Christian Ranchman. He decided to help me when I needed it the most. I met John through a local chapter here in Indiana and a friendship grew rapidly.

At the lowest point in my life, I sat on the edge of my bed with a 44 magnum in my hand with the intention of ending my suffering. Without knowing why, the phone rang, and it was John, calling without any reason, except only to talk. John never knew until later what a difference that he made in my life! He gave me the seconds I needed to realize that this would only be the beginning of my suffering, not the end!

Now John and his son Justin come to visit me weekly, driving over 40 miles one-way. After this experience, I began to write poetry to keep my mind positive. Having never written, God seemed to pour out his instructions for my life through the written word. Endless nights at the computer writing one piece after another. Waking in the middle of the night with more words spinning around in my head, God slowly showed me a direction for my life.

After writing over 100 poems, I began to write gospel music. Then I wrote Cowboy Poetry and then finally I began to write Country Love Songs. I felt the need to organize the songs and to attempt to bring them to others. I never knew at the time though that the struggle would be so great. Failure after failure had truly taken a toll on my spirit. Ready to quit, John again showed up with stories of failure in a personal endeavor of his own. But his words are positive, words about not quitting. I will keep trying until I succeed. You can't hold someone down forever. John teaches me not to quit- even in the face of overwhelming odds- keep fighting! This is what we

all should be doing for each other- helping when we can, offering words of encouragement instead of failure.

If we all would follow John Brown's examples and thoughts, maybe we would all be better off. Surely, we would be more help to others. I hope that someday I will be so strong of spirit, strong enough to fight failure. Strong enough to help others attain their goals in life. Cowboys For Christ and people like John Brown, not perfect, but always improving, working, never giving up. This image of determination will not fail. Thank God for those who fight the good fight, Please keep me in your prayers.

Testimony

By Jimmy Johnson

Last June 2010 I done a shot of crystal meth and in about 2 hours started to throw up blood. My head began to go bad places and I started realizing that I was going to die. I fell on the bed and could no longer see or could I get up. I knew I was dying and my wife went next door and got my brother. He came and got me and put me in the truck and was taking me to the hospital. I turned grey and my eyes sank into my head and I told him I was dying. I could hear my brother saying don't you die on me don't you die and yelling at people to get out of his way. When we got to the hospital I could hear him calling for help. I opened my eyes and could barely see the doctors coming to help me. They got me out of the truck and asked me my name and I said Jim. They asked me what year it was I told them I didn't know and went unconscious. The next thing I remember is my youngest son's voice saying to me, dad they say you are going to die. What do you want them to do? I said can they fix me and he said they don't know but they would try so I said fix me. Then I remember dreaming that all the sudden I am in the dark and I going to a light where is thousands of people standing but there is no one hanging light or light shinning from above. The people talk loud and I couldn't understand them. My father, who been dead 7 years and my mother-in-law 8 years, came walking out of the crowd to me and was griping at me for what I had done but I didn't know what I had done. Then they told me to go back it was not my time. Something grabbed me and pulled me back into the dark and then I was dreaming again. Then again I was in the dark place again and my mom and dad appeared again and told me it was going to be OK. Tell everybody we love them and are always with them but it was not my time and I had to go back again. Something pulled me back into the dark. Then I was dreaming again and then again I was in the dark going to another light that was smaller and it had a black gate in it but it was dark on both sides and on overhanging light and something said it's not your time and you got to go back. This time I woke up and I was in a lot of pain. The nurses began telling me I had been in a coma for 3 week and 3 ½ months had gone by. I had died 5 times, had 5 operations and had 100 pounds of water removed from me. I had a machine coming out of my belly and both sides of my bed were lined with machines. I had been on life support for 3 ½ months. I could not move a muscle in my body. I had overdosed on meth. I looked up at the tv and a woman was preaching and healing people so I began to pray and give my life to God. Soon

the machines began to go away and I began to be able to move my arms and legs a little bit. In about 2 weeks they came and told me because I had a warrant for my arrest they could no longer treat me and sent me home. I could not walk, feed myself or even sit up. My sons moved me around on a bed sheet and a wheelchair. On November 1 I was going to court for my crime of manufacturing meth. I could not figure out how I was going to get my family out of this so I began to pray. At court my lawyer told me if I would sign 2 12 year sentences my wife and sons could go home. I took this as a miracle from God and signed it. The judge gave me 60 days to learn to walk, feed myself and take care of myself. When I got to prison I could only walk about 25 yards. I kept on pray and now I am walking 1 ½ to 2 miles a couple time a week. God keeps putting this testimony in my head every night, he wants it told. So this is my testimony the way God wants it told and the way I remember it told and the way it has been showed to me. If you will print this you will be helping give my testimony to the people doing God's will.

God bless you!

Jim Johnson



The Lord's Creation

Now, the Lord had made everything in the world,
Each thing perfectly placed, nothing was hurled.
All was well, each serving the purpose it should,
He looked around, smiled and said it was good.
As He walked through the West he started to think,
On the banks of the Bighorn He paused for a drink.
He wondered what was missing, what still wasn't
right?

There was just something needed to equal the might.

There must be something special, a thing that stands
apart,

Its greatest value must be to the mind and the heart.
It must be a thing of beauty to match this great land,
As a symbol of this big country it forever would stand.

Then He knew what was missing and what must be
done,

For nowhere at all was a place like this under His sun.

He made a creature with strength and heart as its
source,

The Lord smiled with pride and called it a horse.

Yet, there is one more thing that is in need,
A creature to love my horse, a different breed,
He scooped a handful of river, between His fingers it
ran,
He mixed it with sage and granite and built up a man.

Not just any man, but a man of mountains and sky,
A man of courage who took hardships and never
asked why.

The man was placed on the land with the horse to
employ.

His West was complete and God called him cowboy.

Dave P Fisher
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“CLOSE ENCOUNTER: OF THE SAVING KIND”

By Derrick Osorio

My Christian brother, Timmy, had been going through some spiritual difficulties, and he found every little thing to be bothersome. He asked to be moved; although I didn't want him to leave, I never had the chance to say anything. As they approved the move, he began to pack without speaking a word to me. My heart was heavy, but I knew the lord had His reasons.

A few moments after he left, they called me over the intercom, and asked that I come down to the desk. When I got there, they told me I was moving to cell 261. I blew my stack! Now I not only lost my celly, but also had to move myself. I had four rooms worth of Bibles, and literature crammed into one room, and I loathed moving. Now, I was upset with Tim. I kept telling myself “The Lord knows what He's doing. He always has a reason.”

I packed as best I could, considering I had 60 seconds notice, and began to carry my property down to my new room. I threw my ninety pound trunk up on my shoulder, and lugged it across the tier, down the steps, and half way back across the second tier. My new celly-to-be was still at work, so I stacked my belongings in a corner as neatly as possible, and went back down to the desk to request that they move me in with a friend of mine. The officer said he would, as soon as he could.

I went back upstairs. Just as I finished unpacking and organizing, I turned toward the sink, that's when I saw him at the door...all 350 pounds of him! The giant (my new cellmate) opened the door, ducked, turned sideways, and walked inside. He was a brown-skinned Puerto-Rican man with massive arms.

A thousand thoughts raced through my mind as to what I should say, or how I should greet him. “Hi, I'm Derrick,” I mumbled as I extended my arm to shake his hand. His hand reached out to mine, and in a soft, gentle voice, he responded, “I'm George, but I already know who you are, Colombia. Everybody here knows about you. It's a blessing that you moved in here with me, because I need you to help me. I need God in my life. I'm a state-baby. I've been in and outta jail since I was a kid, first Juvey-hall, then county sentences, and now in and outta state prison. I'm going home again in a couple of weeks, and I don't wanna come back again. I can never seem to stay out more than three to six months at a time, before I get myself into trouble.” “Why are?” were all the words I got out before he broke again, “I wanna change my life, Colombia. Will you help me?”

“Thank you Jesus!” were the next words out of my mouth. “Of course I will. ‘For whosever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved’ and that includes you too George. Let's pray,” I continued.

We both got down on our knees. As I laid my left hand on his right shoulder, I asked George to privately confess his sins to the Lord, and ask for His forgiveness, while I prayed for him. Quietly, I prayed for a few moments. I presented him to the Lord, asked that He would have mercy on him and bless him with His Holy Spirit.

I prompted George to speak the name of Jesus (John 14:14), and to ask Him into his heart to be his Lord and Savior. By this time, George was weeping. With tears

in his eyes, he cried out “YES! I need you to be my Lord and Savoir! Help me Jesus! Please help me! Change my life. Teach me to be like you Jesus.”

I was almost in tears myself, as I put my arm around him, and continued to pray. After a few moments, he finally clamed down. He opened his eyes, and with a big smile on his face, he put his arms around me, and exclaimed, “Thank you, Colombia! Thank you! I feel like a new man already.”

I explained to him that it was because he had just been born-again, and been cleansed by the Holy Spirit of the Lord. Then I quoted one of my favorite passages of scripture, “Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.” (2 Corinthians 5:17).

I immediately saw the change in him. His eyes gleamed as though Jesus was dancing in them, and somehow, he looked different. His look of despair was gone; and that heavy burden he seemed to be carrying on his shoulders only a few moments earlier, was lifted. He had turned to Jesus, and the Lord took the weight of his sins off of his shoulders and gave him rest. “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” (Matthew 11:28-29).

As we sat down, I began reading from the Bible. I read a few passages to him letting him know that he now belonged to God's family. I told him he needed to study the scriptures in order to learn more about Jesus, and how he was to live out his faith as a Christian. I explained that he needed to be baptized as an outward sign that he belonged to the Lord's family, and read Romans 6:1-14 to him.

I invited him to “Yoke Fellowship” services, where I teach a Bible study group on Thursdays. He agreed, and attended the following week. He attended Sunday church services that week as well. We studied the bible together for the next two weeks. As we were in the middle of a Bible study, they called me down to the desk. The officer had finally made arrangements for me to move in with my friend. I didn't give it a second thought, because my other friend, also named Tim, was in desperate need of Jesus too; only he just hadn't realized it as yet.

George went home the following week, and hasn't been back. That was over two years ago. Though I never heard from him, I know the Lord is guiding his every step. George now has the Holy Spirit to help him walk with Jesus.

I'll never forget that close encounter with a gentle giant who fell to his knees, and called upon the name of the Lord...

THE END



God's Love

Our 14 year old dog, Abbey, died last month. The day after she died, our 4 year old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to heaven, God would recognize her. We told her that we thought we could so she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog? She died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I am happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick.

I hope you will play with her. She likes to play with balls and to swim. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love, Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey and Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Then Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. We told her that we thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, ‘To Meredith’ in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, ‘When a Pet Dies’ Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note:

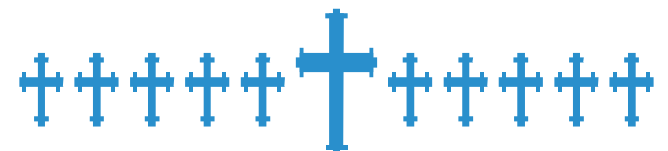
Dear Meredith,

Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help. I recognized Abbey right away.

Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in, so I am sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by. Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother & father for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother & father you have. I picked them especially for you.

I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much. By the way, I'm easy to find, I am wherever there is love.

Love,
God





From The Desk of Dave.....

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

Those famous words of the great patriot Patrick Henry are still very significant when we consider their eternal meaning. At the time those words were uttered by the great statesman, the glimpse of liberty was peeking through the clouds of "religious" oppression, unjust laws and heavy taxation by a tyrannical government. The brave men and women of that day were freedom fighters, standing strong against a vastly stronger and established enemy. They had suffered and many of their loved ones had died crossing the vast Atlantic Ocean only to be pressured to be placed back under the same web of bondage that they had given so much to escape. Many sacrifices were made to come to a new land of freedom to worship ALMIGHTY GOD and to have the liberty to proclaim the Gospel and accept

JESUS CHRIST as their SAVIOR and LORD with the blessed guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT without interference from an all consuming government.

There was the excitement of a new land, new opportunities, and even the promise of a new start, but the greatest motivation was to get away from the heavy hand of a government that strangled the spiritual movement of a people that had tasted the goodness of the LORD. Ps 34:8 "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him." KJV FATHER GOD was well aware of the need for a place to freely worship HIM and to share HIS SON, JESUS CHRIST, to the lost and the seed that HE planted into the fertile hearts of those brave pioneers grew and flourished as they heard the GOOD NEWS. The existences of cults, occults, and demonic factions so prevalent today just did not exist in this new world, for there was certainly no question in the minds of those new world settlers about ALMIGHTY GOD and that HE was the source of their strength and salvation. Gal 5:1 "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." KJV

Cowboys and Cowgirls, there is liberty only in the LORD, and there is bondage without HIM. Freedom is being able to reveal HIS LOVE and proclaim HIS forgiveness for a lifetime of sins that leave each one dirty, wretched, and blind unless you are washed in the BLOOD OF THE LAMB. There is absolutely no other way, none, for JESUS CHRIST is the WAY the TRUTH and the LIFE. John 14:6 "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." KJV Patrick Henry certainly wasn't thinking about eternal liberty, but his words ring true when you look at them from an eternal prospective. Because everyone who has not accepted JESUS CHRIST as LORD and SAVIOR will receive eternal death and their eternal liberty will certainly be lost. Acts 4:12 "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." KJV

The term "religious freedom" that is nonexistent in most other countries in this world has been abused, misused, and distorted for so very many years in this nation by factions, cult, the government and especially the courts and legal system. As Christians, we have been attacked from every angle, inside and outside to reduce or eliminate our freedom of worship in our states, cities, towns, and even our own homes. No longer is the Nativity a usual for Christmas, no longer are classrooms the place of prayer to the LORD to start the school day, no longer are sports events, club meetings or government proceedings opened with a request to ALMIGHTY GOD for blessings and guidance. The Ten Commandments are not posted in schools, courtrooms, and government buildings; in fact a judge has been disbarred for refusing to take down the one that had hung in his courtroom for many years.

In this country today, GOD'S HOLY WORD which is the very foundation of the judicial system is not revered, but is ridiculed and profaned. The government and courts actually work to suppress Christian values and principles and trample them under the feet of false teaching, distortions, and the modern wave of alternate life styles. The WORD OF GOD gives the full and complete account of the fall and sinfulness of mankind, and the works of satan through cults, movements and so called "religions" and all of this has been prophesied to happen in HIS WORD and is sure being carried out right before our very eyes. Eph 6:12 "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." KJV

The evil that is so prevalent in all walks of life in the world is certainly a wake-up call to all of the "I'll wait until tomorrow" procrastinators and the fence straddlers who believe that mankind has the answers or that there is another way. 2 Tim 3:13 "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." KJV No one could question the fact of the sinfulness of this world, nor should they question the TRUTH of GOD'S plan of salvation from the penalty of those sins. John 8:32 And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. KJV If anyone sincerely seeks the TRUTH in the HOLY WORD OF GOD, and ask the HOLY SPIRIT to guide them to the TRUTH, it is assured that they will find the TRUTH that would give them liberty for eternity. Matt 7:7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: KJV

Cowboys and Cowgirls, the persecution and ridicule being suffered by Christians around the world in many cases are extremely severe. For the most part, we in this nation have not been assaulted physically, but we certainly are being challenged in our daily lives through the courts, media and by our own government. It is truly time for us as Christians to take a stand for the LORD and call out those who are trying to distort or extinguish the message of a SAVIOR and LORD that has suffered and died to pay the sin debt of mankind that all who believe will have eternal life. As the times get more and more evil and those so dedicated to ridicule and destroy the message and the messenger, I pray that we, as GOD'S children, will be bold, strong, and committed to fight the good fight of faith for HIS Honor, Glory and gainful service. 1 Tim 6:12 "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." KJV GOD bless this nation and the many warriors who have given so much and those who are still giving for the freedoms that we still have in this nation as we celebrate Independence Day 2011.

In CHRIST, Dave

Carl's Garden

Submitted by Aubrey Mathis

Carl was a quiet man. He didn't talk much. He would always greet you with a big smile and a firm handshake.

Even after living in our neighborhood for over 50 years, no one could really say they knew him very well.

Before his retirement, he took the bus to work each morning. The lone sight of him walking down the street often worried us.

He had a slight limp from a bullet wound received in WWII.

Watching him, we worried that although he had survived WWII, he may not make it through our changing uptown neighborhood with its ever-increasing random violence, gangs, and drug activity.

When he saw the flyer at our local church asking for volunteers for caring for the gardens behind the minister's residence, he responded in his characteristically unassuming manner. Without fanfare, he just signed up.

He was well into his 87th year when the very thing we had always feared finally happened.

He was just finishing his watering for the day when three gang members approached him. Ignoring their attempt to intimidate him, he simply asked, "Would you like a drink from the hose?"

The tallest and toughest-looking of the three said, "Yeah, sure," with a malevolent little smile.

As Carl offered the hose to him, the other two grabbed Carl's arm, throwing him down. As the hose snaked crazily over the ground, dousing everything in its way, Carl's assailants stole his retirement watch and his wallet, and then fled.

Carl tried to get himself up, but he had been thrown down on his bad leg. He lay there trying to gather himself as the minister came running to help him.

Although the minister had witnessed the attack from his window, he couldn't get there fast enough to stop it.

"Carl, are you okay? Are you hurt?" the minister kept asking as he helped Carl to his feet.

Carl just passed a hand over his brow and sighed, shaking his head. "Just some punk kids. I hope they'll wise-up someday."

His wet clothes clung to his slight frame as he bent to pick up the hose. He adjusted the nozzle again and started to water.

Confused and a little concerned, the minister asked, "Carl, what are you doing?" "I've got to finish my watering. It's been very dry lately," came the calm reply.

Satisfying himself that Carl really was all right, the minister could only marvel.

Carl was a man from a different time and place.

A few weeks later the three returned. Just as before their threat was unchallenged.

Carl again offered them a drink from his hose.

This time they didn't rob him. They wrenched the hose from his hand and drenched him head to foot in the icy water.

When they had finished their humiliation of him, they sauntered off down the street, throwing catcalls and curses, falling over one another laughing at the hilarity

(Cont. on Pg. 14)

Hard Day at the Office

By Richard M. Dunlap

"Have a hard day at the office, dear?" June would ask of Ward
He'd slump in his chair with a sigh of relief and soon he'd begin to snore
Well I recently had my own trying day, the events on which I'll reflect.
In fact it was more than a "hard day," it was downright heck!

I got out of bed on the wrong side, literally and figuratively too.
And stubbed my toe on the door jamb, now it's black and blue.
The coffee canister was empty and no more could be found.
The weatherman was calling for heavy rains and me with twenty acres of clover down.

I saddled the old mare at daylight and rode out to check the fence.
It was down in three pieces; steel posts were flattened and bent.
I found my Angus bull grazing nonchalantly in my neighbors hay.
Yes sire'ee I tell you, it's turning out to be a heck of a day.

Now a bull he can't go back through the fence at the same place he got out.
He's got to tear it down some more, just to hear you cuss and shout.
Well I got that problem taken care of, and headed back to the barn.

I tied the mare up to the corral, to unsaddle and brush her down.
When between her feet comes a rabbit and a speeding beagle hound.
The results were quite disastrous as she hauled back on the rope.
For the post was rotten at the bottom; I don't have to tell you it broke!

It was Jericho revisited, as a section of corral came crashing down.
Snorting, bucking, stirrups flopping, she slung the remnants across the ground.
"What more can possibly go wrong?" I thought, "This all must be a bad dream."
But the day's events were only beginning to build up a full head of steam.

Well I had some corral posts already cut, in a pile up by the house.
But I had to move the steel post bundles on top, in order to get them out.
As I dug and pried diligently to uncover the posts that were there,
I heard a droning, then a buzzing sound, and something brushed past my ear.

Next thing I knew I was covered with angry bees,
And I'm telling you Jesse Owens didn't have a thing on me!
After the bees settled down, I knew I still had to get that post.
No problem for in the gun rack on my truck there hung a rope.

My favorite nylon lariat; one skillful toss was all I'd need.
Tie off to the clevis on the bumper hitch and the post would soon be free.
The rear-end fish-tailed, and gravel slung; I heard and felt a "pop".
And the new ends of my prized reata lay unraveled on the rocks.

A little gasoline solved the bee problem; I got the post out none to soon.
Fixed the corral in nothing flat; in fact I was done by noon.
But thinking back, in retrospect, just one thing need be said.
"If I had that day to live over, I think I'd stayed in bed."

Shoes in Church

I showered and shaved..... I adjusted my tie.
I got there and sat..... In a pew just in time.
Bowing my head in prayer..... As I closed my eyes..
I saw the shoe of the man next to me..... Touching my own. I sighed.
With plenty of room on either side..... I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?'
It bothered me, his shoe touching mine... But it didn't bother him much.
A prayer began: 'Our Father'..... I thought, 'This man with the shoes, has no pride.
They're dusty, worn, and scratched. Even worse, there are holes on the side!'
'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on.
The shoe man said..... A quiet 'Amen.'
I tried to focus on the prayer..... But my thoughts were on his shoes again.
Aren't we supposed to look our best. When walking through that door?
'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, Glancing toward the floor..
Then the prayer was ended..... And the songs of praise began.
The shoe man was certainly loud..... Sounding proud as he sang.
His voice lifted the rafters..... His hands were raised high.
The Lord could surely hear. The shoe man's voice from the sky.
It was time for the offering..... And what I threw in was steep.
I watched as the shoe man reached.... Into his pockets so deep.
I saw what was pulled out..... What the shoe man put in.
Then I heard a soft 'clink' . As when silver hits tin.
The sermon really bored me..... To tears, and that's no lie.

It was the same for the shoe man.... For tears fell from his eyes.
At the end of the service..... As is the custom here.
We must greet new visitors, And show them all good cheer.
But I felt moved somehow..... And wanted to meet the shoe man.
So after the closing prayer..... I reached over and shook his hand.
He was old and his skin was dark.... And his hair was truly a mess.
But I thanked him for coming..... For being our guest.
He said, 'My names' Charlie..... I'm glad to meet you, my friend.'
There were tears in his eyes..... But he had a large, wide grin.
'Let me explain,' he said..... Wiping tears from his eyes.
'I've been coming here for months.... And you're the first to say 'Hi.'
'I know that my appearance.....'Is not like all the rest.
'But I really do try.....'To always look my best.'
'I always clean and polish my shoes..'Before my very long walk.
'But by the time I get here.....'They're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'
My heart filled with pain..... And I swallowed to hide my tears.
As he continued to apologize..... For daring to sit so near
He said, 'When I get here.....'I know I must look a sight.
'But I thought if I could touch you..'Then maybe our souls might unite.'
I was silent for a moment..... Knowing whatever was said
Would pale in comparison... I spoke from my heart, not my head.
'Oh, you've touched me,' I said.....'And taught me, in part;
'That the best of any man.....'Is what is found in his heart.'
The rest, I thought,..... This shoe man will never know.
Like just how thankful I really am... That his dirty old shoe touched my soul

~Author unknown

BE STILL

By Sindy Williams

There was once a big fire; there was once a big wind.
But God wasn't in them, He comes from within.

God's voice is small; God's voice is still.
He wants me to hear Him; He wants me to chill.

God really wants my undivided attention.
So I must daily remember to make a connection.

My blessings come down like gifts from above.
So I sit down with Him, and soak up His love.

God will not force me; He'll give me a choice.
But I must listen carefully to hear His voice.



Let's rustle up some grub

Fresh Broccoli Salad

- 2 head fresh broccoli
- ¼ of a red onion (can use fresh onions – red is for color)
- ½ pound of bacon
- ¾ cup of raisins (soak in hot water for about 30 minutes then drain)
- ¾ cup sunflower seeds
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup white sugar
- 2 T (tablespoons) apple cider vinegar

Place the bacon in a skillet and cook over medium heat until brown. Cool and then crumble.

Cut the broccoli into bite-size pieces; Slice the onion into thin bite-size pieces

Mix the broccoli, onion, bacon, raisins and sunflower seeds together

Dressing

Mix mayonnaise, sugar and vinegar together until it is smooth. Stir into the salad and let the salad chill overnight. It needs to chill for at least 4 hours to allow the flavors to come out.



TESTIMONIES!



Revelation 12:11 says,
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the WORD of their testimony."

Have you shared His Word lately?
 Send us your testimony today!



Carl's Garden

(Cont. From Pg. 12)

of what they had just done.

Carl just watched them. Then he turned toward the warmth giving sun, picked up his hose, and went on with his watering.

The summer was quickly fading into fall Carl was doing some tilling when he was startled by the sudden approach of someone behind him. He stumbled and fell into some evergreen branches.

As he struggled to regain his footing, he turned to see the tall leader of his summer tormentors reaching down for him. He braced himself for the expected attack.

"Don't worry old man, I'm not gonna hurt you this time."

The young man spoke softly, still offering the tattooed and scarred hand to Carl.

As he helped Carl get up, the man pulled a crumpled bag from his pocket and handed it to Carl.

"What's this?" Carl asked. "It's your stuff," the man explained. "It's your stuff back, even the money in your wallet." "I don't understand," Carl said. "Why would you help me now?"

The man shifted his feet, seeming embarrassed and ill at ease. "I learned something from you," he said. "I ran with that gang and hurt people like you we picked you because you were old and we knew we could do it.

But every time we came and did something to you, instead of yelling and fighting back, you tried to give us a drink. You didn't hate us for hating you. You kept showing love against our hate."

He stopped for a moment. "I couldn't sleep after we stole your stuff, so here it is back."

He paused for another awkward moment, not knowing what more there was to say. "That bag's my way of saying thanks for straightening me out, I guess." And with that, he walked off down the street.

Carl looked down at the sack in his hands and gingerly opened it. He took out his retirement watch and put it back on his wrist. Opening his wallet, he checked for

his wedding photo. He gazed for a moment at the young bride that still smiled back at him from all those years ago.

He died one cold day after Christmas that winter. Many people attended his funeral in spite of the weather. In particular the minister noticed a tall young man that he didn't know sitting quietly in a distant corner of the church.

The minister spoke of Carl's garden as a lesson in life.

In a voice made thick with unshed tears, he said, "Do your best and make your garden as beautiful as you can. We will never forget Carl and his garden."

The following spring another flyer went up. It read: "Person needed to care for Carl's garden."

The flyer went unnoticed by the busy parishioners until one day when a knock was heard at the minister's office door.

Opening the door, the minister saw a pair of scarred and tattooed hands holding the flyer. "I believe this is my job, if you'll have me," the young man said.

The minister recognized him as the same young man who had returned the stolen watch and wallet to Carl.

He knew that Carl's kindness had turned this man's life around. As the minister handed him the keys to the garden shed, he said, "Yes, go take care of Carl's garden and honor him."

The man went to work and, over the next several years, he tended the flowers and vegetables just as Carl had done. During that time, he went to college, got married, and became a prominent member of the community. But he never forgot his promise to Carl's memory and kept the garden as beautiful as he thought Carl would have kept it.

One day he approached the new minister and told him that he couldn't care for the garden any longer. He explained with a shy and happy smile, "My wife just had a baby boy last night, and she's bringing him home on

Saturday."

"Well, congratulations!" said the minister, as he was handed the garden shed keys.

"That's wonderful! What's the baby's name?" "Carl," he replied.

That's the whole gospel message simply stated. ** John 13:34-35

****GOOD FRIENDS ARE LIKE ANGELS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE THEM TO KNOW THEY ARE THERE****



PRAY FOR
 OUR
 TROOPS AND
 OUR
 NATION!



Will You Help Us...

Will you help us get the word out about CFC? If you have E-Mail, you can send an E-Mail to ten of your friends and acquaintances about what CFC is and what CFC does. Then you can ask those ten to send it to ten people they know. **This will have a snowball effect and will get the gospel message out and "Fill the Kingdom."**



SAMPLE EMAIL: CFC is a 38 year old ministry to the livestock industry. We reach out to where the cowboys and cowgirls are and bring them into the Kingdom. For more info, a free subscription to The Christian Ranchman, or free tracts, contact Fort Worth Headquarters:

COWBOYS FOR CHRIST

PO BOX 7557
FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76111
(817) 236-0023.

EMAIL: cwb4christ@cowboysforchrist.net
THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU.

NOTICE

Contributions, gifts, bequests and legacies of money or property, made to Cowboys For Christ, for any phase of its ministry, are tax deductible. Cowboys For Christ ministries include evangelism to the livestock industry, missionary outreach, publishing The Christian Ranchman, tract outreach, personal counseling, preaching, praying and writing. A Tax deductible receipt is issued at the year's end, for every gift. Checks should be made payable to: Cowboys For Christ

Become a Partner with Cowboys for Christ Be Part of the Blessing & Share in the Blessing

The Christian Ranchman is distributed to approximately 20,000 homes each month FREE of charge. Cowboys for Christ also provides tracts to pass out at events FREE of charge to anyone who asks. Brother Ted and other leaders in Cowboys for Christ chapters preach, teach and speak at many local events FREE of charge.

Would you consider partnering with us with a monthly donation to help with this vital ministry to the lost and hurting? All donations are tax-deductible and are used to spread the Good News of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Currently we need your help in the following

1. Laptop for ministry
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Want more information about local chapters, upcoming events & Cowboys for Christ?

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A Living Memorial

Death, as Christians understand it, is a change in the form of life; it is not a cessation of life. Those who have been given eternal life in Christ Jesus will spend a few fleeting moments here on this earth. The rest of eternity is spent in the presence of God.

Service in the name of Christ can also live on, even though the servant has gone to his heavenly reward.

A living memorial in the name of a loved one, in the form of contributions, bequests or gifts to the work of Cowboys For Christ, will be acknowledged with a reproduction of the Keith Avery drawing, "A Time For Looking Back". Keith's poem accompanying the drawing, "Checkin' the Back Trail", will also be included with the reproduction of the drawing, in a framable presentation which acknowledges the receipt of the gift.

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RULE BOOK TALK

By Ted K. Pressley
Beating the Heat

In the past month here in the North Central Texas area, the temperature has been around the 100-degree mark. That is not only hard on humans, but it's really rough on our livestock. Someone may say, "Yeah, but that's just Texas." Yes, that's Texas alright, but I have seen on television that temperatures have hit all time highs all over the nation already this summer. Everyone seems to be extremely concerned about the heat.

We read in the newspaper about people and animals dying from heat due to lack of proper protection and care to combat it. We have heard of forest fires started from the dry heat which burned millions of acres. During these fires, many animals died because of the heat. Ranchers and farmers have been interviewed and told of their suffering and being put out of business because their crops and livestock died

due to hat, lack of water and protection.

Neighbor, we (all over this land) need to know how to beat the heat. There is probably not one of you reading this article right now that hasn't come close to over exhaustion due to heat. Some cause it by building fences, or working cattle. Others may cause it by rodeoing or putting up hay, etc. It is done by pushing your body beyond its limits in excessive heat. I can hear some of you thinking, "But, I have to make a living!"

In the process of making a living, we need to find ways to beat the heat! People beat the heat in various ways. Rodeo contractors schedule their rodeos to begin after the sun goes down. Horsemen, performance or racehorse folks train either very early in the morning or late in the afternoon. Others may use indoor or covered facilities rather than exposing their animals or themselves to the direct heat of the daytime sun. Feed lot operators put up canopies for their stock to be under. Some cattlemen move their stock to pastures that have an abundance of shade and water and they will only move them in early morning or late evening. And, of course, we humans are getting more and more used to air conditioning in our homes, trucks, etc. We are always finding ways to beat the heat.

Beating the heat for our physical bodies is great, but how many of you have thought about how you can beat the heat of hell? I'm talking about our spiritual, eternal being. The Bible, the Rule Book says in Malachi 4:1 (New King James Version, NKJV) "For behold, the day is coming burning like an oven, and all the proud, yes, all who do wickedly will be stubble. And the day which is coming shall burn them up, says the Lord of hosts that will leave them neither root nor branch." According to this scripture, all who sin—do wickedly—will burn. Yet, there are those who are not seeking the way to beat the heat of hell.

Many are afraid of what people may say about them or do to them socially if they prepare, through Christ, to beat the heat. Matthew 10:28 in the Rule Book tells us this, "And do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

All of us need to take note of the ultimate power God has to give us through eternal salvation in Christ Jesus, if we ask. If we reject Jesus, God has no alternative but to turn us over to the devil for eternal fire. This fact should give everyone the desire to come to Jesus in order to beat the heat.

You may ask, "How do I accept God's gift of salvation and beat the heat?" the Rule Book tells us in John 14:6, "Jesus said to him. I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." There it is—your personal protection to beat the heat. Jesus is the way!

Neighbor, I would like to leave you with this bit of information about beating the heat for your soul. It's found in The Rule Book in 2 Peter 3:10-13, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat; both the earth and the works that are in it will be burned up. Therefore, since all these things will be dissolved, what manner of persons ought you to be in holy conduct and godliness, looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God, because of which the heavens will be dissolved being on fire, and the elements will melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness dwells."

Now friends, that's a lot of heat. Jesus is the only way to beat the heat. Do you know Him?

If you would like to know more about Cowboys for Christ, receive free faith-building tracts or a free subscription to The Christian Ranchman contact:



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Evangelist John Kofiappiah
Ghaha - West - Africa

Dear Reverend Ted,

Praise to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Greetings in the resurrection name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yes he is risen! May all praises, honor and glory be unto our God who raised our Lord Jesus Christ.

"But the angel answered and said to the woman; do not be afraid, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen as he said come see the place where the Lord lay." Matthew 28:5-6 (NIV) Truly, truly God has honored his great promise and if "Christ" is not risen then our preaching is empty and your faith is also empty. I am so much glad in the Lord that by his grace and mercy you believe Jesus Christ is risen.

Reverend Ted, I am so much glad in the Lord that you are still preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Please, please keep keeping on to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. May the Lord richly bless you.

I am so glad in the Lord to give a report of our revival during Easter day. We started on Thursday and ended on Sunday. I am so much glad in the Lord that our revival at Aklobenya was successful in the Lord. Many people came to the revival to hear the word of God. Many sick and afflicted were prayed for. Also, many were baptized after hearing the word of God. Also many gave themselves to our Lord Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. Please see pictures at our revival service. Please, we need your unceasing prayers, as we know you do pray for us, as we do the same for you.

As I am getting to end of my letter I want to pray for you and your wonderful ministry. Dear Father you know your humble and obedient servant Ted, his great concern to get the gospel out at all cost; by preaching, distributing gospel tracts, bibles and other materials. Lord, anoint him mightily, greater than ever before. Lord please give him the wisdom of Solomon in dealing with various problems. Lord please let him continue to work for You and You alone. Lord please protect and guide him all time. Let his vision be great. Lord all his dreams come true. Please, please let this year 2011 be strong income so that CFC ministry will continue to spread the good news. Let all members continue to support the ministry of CFC.

Thank you Lord for how you have used him in the past and that it will seem like nothing in comparison to how you use him CFC ministry in the future. In Jesus holy name I pray. Amen, Amen!



*John, we are blessed to have you with the CFC ministry and spreading the gospel in Africa