IT'S CAMP MEETING TIME

Don and Yvonne are busy at various camp meetings this summer, recruiting new Pen Friends and sharing God's wonderful blessings He's been pouring out on them. They'll fill us in on their exciting trip next issue.

The following testimony is too good, too wise, too right on not to share with you.

TESTIMONY OF DARRELL SCOTT, FATHER OF TWO VICTIMS OF COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL SHOOTING at LITTLETON, COLORADO BEFORE THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON CRIME, HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1999 2:00 P.M., 2141 RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

Since the dawn of creation there has been both good and evil in the hearts of men and of women. We all contain the seeds of kindness or the seeds of violence. The death of my wonderful daughter Rachel Joy Scott, and the deaths of that heroic teacher and the other children who died must not be in vain. Their blood cries out for answers.

The first recorded act of violence was when Cain slew his brother Abel out in the field. The villain was not the club he used. Neither was it the NCA, the National Club Association. The true killer was Cain and the reason for the murder could only be found in Cain's heart.

In the days that followed the Columbine tragedy, I was amazed at how quickly fingers began to be pointed at groups such as the NRA. I am not a member of the NRA. I am not a hunter. I do not even own a gun. I am not here to represent or defend the NRA—because I don't believe that they are responsible for my daughter's death. Therefore I do not believe that they need to be defended. If I believed they had anything to do with Rachel's murder I would be their strongest opponent.

I am here today to declare that Columbine was not just a tragedy, it was a spiritual event that should be forcing us to look at where the real blame lies! Much of that blame lies here in this room. Much of that blame lies behind the pointing fingers of the accusers them-selves. I wrote a poem just four nights ago, that expresses my feelings best. This was written way before I knew I would be speaking here today.

Your laws ignore our deepest needs,  
Your words are empty air;  
You've stripped away our heritage,
You've outlawed simple prayer.
Now gunshots fill our class-rooms,
And precious children die;
You seek for answers every-where,
And ask the question "WHY?"
You regulate restrictive laws,
Through legislative creed;
And yet you fail to understand
That God is what we need!

Men and women are three-part beings. We all consist of body, soul, and spirit. When we refuse to acknowledge a third part of our makeup, we create a void that allows evil, prejudice, and hatred to rush in and wreak havoc. Spiritual influences were present within our educational systems for most of our nation's history. Many of our major colleges began as theological seminaries. This is a historic fact. What has happened to us as a nation?

We have refused to honor God, and in doing so we open the doors to hatred and violence. And when something as terrible as Columbine's tragedy occurs-politicians immediately look for a scape-goat such as the NRA. They immediately seek to pass more restrictive laws that continue to erode away our personal and private liberties. We do not need more restrictive laws.

Eric and Dylan would not have been stopped by metal detectors. No amount of gun laws can stop someone who spends months planning this type of massacre. The real villain lies within our own hearts. Political posturing and restrictive legislation is not the answer. The young people of our nation hold the key. There is a spiritual awakening taking place that will not be squelched! We do not need more religion. We do not need more gaudy television evangelists spewing out verbal religious garbage. We do not need more million-dollar church buildings built while people with basic needs are being ignored. We do need a change of heart and an humble acknowledgement that this nation was founded on the principle of simple trust in God.

My son Craig lay under that table in the school library and saw his two friends murdered before his very eyes. He did not hesitate to pray in school. I defy any law or politician to deny him that right!

I challenge every young person in America and around the world to realize that on April 20, 1999-at Columbine High School-prayer was brought back to our schools. Do not let the many prayers offered by those students be in vain. Dare to move into the new millennium with a sacred disregard for legislation that violates your conscience and denies your God-given right to communicate with Him.

To those of you who would point your finger at the NRA - I give to you a sincere challenge. Dare to examine your own heart before you cast the first stone!

My daughter's death will not be in vain. The young people of this country will not allow that to happen.

Via the Internet

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IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE GUNS?

Paul Harvey read this Letter to the Editor on his newscast a few weeks ago. It was tracked down on the internet through the San Angelo Standard - Times; give them full credit for this article. 4/27/99

How can we blame it all on guns? For the life of me, I can't understand what could have gone wrong in Littleton, Colorado. If only the parents had kept their children away from the guns, we wouldn't have had such a tragedy. Yeah, it must have been the guns.

**It couldn't have been** because of half our children being raised in broken homes.

**It couldn't have been** because our children get to spend an average of 30 seconds in meaningful conversation with their parents each day. After all, we give our children quality time.

**It couldn't have been** because we treat our children as pets and our pets as children.

**It couldn't have been** because we place our children in day care centers where they learn their socialization skills among their peers under the law of the jungle while employees who have no vested interest in the children look on and make sure that no blood is spilled.

**It couldn't have been** because we allow our children to watch, on the average, seven hours of television a day filled with the glorification of sex and violence that isn't fit for adult consumption.

**It couldn't have been** because we allow our children to enter into virtual worlds in which, to win the game, one must kill as many opponents as possible in the most sadistic way possible.

**It couldn't have been** because we have sterilized and contracepted our families down to sizes so small that the children we do have are so spoiled with material things that they come to equate the receiving of the material with love.

**It couldn't have been** because our children, who historically have been seen as a blessing from God, are now being viewed as either a mistake created when contraception fails or inconveniences that parents try to raise in their spare time.

**It couldn't have been** because we give two-year prison sentences to teenagers who kill their newborns.

**It couldn't have been** because our school systems teach the children that they are nothing but glorified apes who have evolutionized out of some primordial soup of mud by teaching evolution as fact and by handing out condoms as if they were candy.

**It couldn't have been** because we teach our children that there are no laws of morality that transcend us, that everything is relative and that actions don't have consequences. What the heck, the president gets away with it.

Nah, it must have been the guns?

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FREDDIE'S BIBLE

Hello Don & Yvonne;
First I would like to say, and not last, I wish God's blessings to continue to be on you both and on this wonderful prison ministry that you are helping God with.

Over a year ago, I chose to write to my prison pen friend, Freddie, because I understand how much a letter or card of 'paper sunshine' can mean to the one receiving it.

Although my husband and I have been going through one small agonizing trial after another for the last year, I have continued to write to my pen friend. My husband and I would no sooner get up onto our feet from one trial and we would be knocked down again.

Everything from myself having recurring severe abdominal pains requiring hospitalization and two operations; then having our best clothes stolen when our van was broken into; then my husband and I were both diagnosed with fibromyalgia; and then my 'healthy' 30-year-old daughter finding out that she urgently needed open-heart surgery, to mention just a few.

But, God said to rejoice in trials. Well, I got joy all right.

But, not where I ever expected to get it from. Little did I realize that by writing to my prison pen friend that I would also be receiving "paper sun-shine", and I mean 're-e-a-al sunshine'. He is so full of God's Holy Spirit. Always praising God for having brought him to jail in order to call him and that he would never have had it any other way. Having lost everything, he praises God for having gained everything. I could not help but stand back, observe and also praise God for what He was doing, and also to take a good look at my own spiritual life and to question where I was coming from.

My trials soon became nothing but 'speed bumps' in my life, because I was always waiting for that next letter from Freddie. I am always excited to read his letters. They always bring me hope and joy when I need it. I went out of my way to send 'paper sunshine' only to get 'paper sunshine' back, in abundance.

Our God surely is an awesome God, His wonders to perform. As Freddie would simply say "PRAISE GOD!" The interesting part of this letter exchange is that neither Freddie nor myself have ever seen each other, and have never heard each others voice. We have only read the words that we have written to each other. But likewise, we both also have never visually seen Christ, nor have heard His voice, but similarly have only read His Word. The truth is, though, that through this 'paper sunshine' we both know and see Christ.

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I was also wondering about the leather bound study Bible that I sent Freddie last summer. I received a letter from the prison saying that the Bible was being sent back as parcels, even if they are Bibles, had to be sent from a ministry. I believe that it would have been sent back to your former address, but I'm not sure. I believe that you might remember the telephone call I made about a month ago concerning the Bible. You had mentioned that you would re-send it to Freddie through your ministry. I also left a message on your phone machine a few weeks ago, but I haven't heard if you have received it or not and have forwarded it.
Yes! And again, may God continue to bless you both.

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**BEEN STOPPED BY A BRICK LATELY?**

About ten years ago, a young and very successful executive named Josh was traveling down a Chicago neighborhood street. He was going a bit too fast in his sleek, black, 12 cylinder Jaguar XKE, which was only two months old. He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something. As his car passed, no child darted out, but a brick sailed out and WHUMP! It smashed into the Jag's shiny black side door!

**SCREAMING!!!**

Brakes slammed!

Gears ground into reverse, and tires madly spun the Jaguar back to the spot from where the brick had been thrown. Josh jumped out of the car, grabbed the kid and pushed him up against a parked car. He shouted at the kid, "What was that all about and who are you? Just what are you doing?!!" Building up a head of steam, he went on. "That's my new Jag, that brick you threw is gonna cost you a lot of money. Why did you throw it?"

"Please, mister, please ... I'm sorry! I didn't know what else to do!" pleaded the youngster. "I threw the brick because no one else would stop!"

Tears were dripping down the boy's chin as he pointed around the parked car.

"It's my brother, mister," he said. "He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair and I can't lift him up."

Sobbing, the boy asked the executive, "Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me."

Moved beyond words, the young executive tried desperately to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. Straining, he lifted the young man back into the wheelchair and took out his handkerchief and wiped the scrapes and cuts, checking to see that everything was going to be OK. He then watched the younger brother push him down the sidewalk toward their home.

It was a long walk back to the sleek, black, shining, 12- cylinder Jaguar XKE-a long and slow walk. Josh never did fix the side door of his Jaguar. He kept the dent to remind him not to go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at him to get his attention. Some bricks are softer than others. Feel for the bricks of life coming at/to you.

*Via the Internet*

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**JEAN'S JOTTINGS**

Don and Yvonne call often to torture me about how great their weather is while I steam away in Michigan's built-in sauna.
After three years of retirement, my creative juices stagnated, so I've gone back to school to learn about the broadcast business. I am NOT a morning person and the 55-mile commute is teaching me that Detroit is do-able. Classes provide intense, well-planned, hands-on training in audio and video production, and are very interesting. With your prayers and their excellent instructors, I'm sure to I'll do well. Writing will be easy; it's coordinating all those knobs and switches or being on camera that's scary.

DAUGHTER IN PRISON

Hello! I just found you on the internet. Our daughter is in a particular facility (Lane Murray, Gatesville, Tx) that has made a ruling that inmates are not allowed to send out applications of any kind. I have spoken with the mail director myself and have been informed that I can, from my home, send for her and in that way, she would be able to receive mail. I will be glad to send you SASE's if you will let me know if this is possible to get her listed with your organization. Any advice you can give us will be so very much appreciated. Thank you. Yours In Christ,

Shirley

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LOUISE... AND MARSHA'S LETTER

One night a woman named Louise, fell asleep in her bed, and dreamed a very fitful dream. She dreamed that someone in Hell wrote a letter to her, and it was to be delivered to her by a messenger. The messenger passed between the lakes of burning fire and brimstone that occupies Hell, and found his way the door that would lead him to the outside world. Louise dreamed that the messenger walked to her house, came inside, and gently but firmly woke her up. He gave her the message, saying only that a friend had written it to her from Hell. In her dream, Louise, with trembling hands, took the letter and read:

My Friend,

I stand in Judgment now,
and feel that you're to blame somehow.

On earth, I walked with you, day by day,
and never did you point The Way.
You knew the Lord, in Truth and Glory,
But never did you tell the story.
My knowledge then was very dim,
You could have led me safe to Him.
Though we lived together on the Earth,
You never told me of the Second Birth!
And now I stand this day condemned,
Because you failed to mention, Him.
You taught me many things, that's true,
I called you "friend," and trusted you.
But I learn now, that it's too late,
You could have kept me from this fate.
We walked by day, and talked by night,
And yet you showed me not The Light.
You let me live, and love, and die,
You knew I'd never live on High.
Yes, I called you my "friend" in daily life,
I trusted you through joy and strife.
And yet, on coming to The End,
I cannot now, call you "my friend."

Marsha

After reading the letter, Louise awoke. The dream was still vivid in her mind. Sweat dropped from her body in pools. She swore she could still smell the acrid smell of brimstone and smoke from her room. She lay contemplating the meaning of her dream, and realized that as a Christian, she has failed. She has failed in her duty to "go out to all the world and preach the gospel." As she thought of that, she promised herself that tomorrow, she would call Marsha and invite her to church with her. The next morning, she called Marsha and this was the conversation: "Yes, Bill, Is Marsha there?" "Louise, you don't know?" "No, Bill . . . know what?" "Marsha was killed last night in a car accident! I thought you knew!" Fellow Christian, is this your testimony? Are you witnessing to your friends that you are with everyday? Is there a friend in Hell, asking you why you did not tell them about the Lord?

As Christians we must be Christ-Like. Christ commanded us to go out and preach his Word, so that others would come to the saving knowledge of God. It says in the Bible in Romans 1:16 that we are not to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Also, in 2 Timothy 1:8 says the same thing. We must tell our friends about the Lord before it is too late. I need to do this also, because I have many friends who, if they were to die right now, would spend Eternity in a place prepared for the devil and his angels.

Let's be witnesses to the world, Christians!

(Submitted by Paul Moodley)

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