

Lakewood Park Women's Ministry WINTER 2018

JESUS, you are the satisfaction for every deep longing in my heart.

*Teach me more about you and I will praise your **NAME...***



One of the I Am's of Jesus we will learn about in our upcoming Bible Study, is "I Am the Good Shepherd". Is this, we are equated to being His sheep. Sheep to me are cute and cuddly with all their curly wool, but they can also smell... The characteristics of sheep shared in "Finding I Am" are: *sheep are defenseless animals, are prone to go astray, have poor eyesight, they tend to follow other sheep without thinking, and they can be stubborn.* Well, that pretty much sums me up in many ways!

In this study, Lysa Terkeurst talks about how the Good Shepherd always works to draw us back to Him. Always wanting us to **FIND HIM**, because He cares for us. When we separate ourselves from other Christians for fear of judgment, or if we separate ourselves from God as we try and "get things together", we are actually becoming more lost. Last spring, we went through a study called "**Lies Women Believe and the Truth that Sets them Free**". In this study, we looked at the lies we tell ourselves, that others tell us, and lies Satan himself tells us. If we are not careful and we start separating ourselves out of "God's green pasture" and His Word, we open ourselves up to be deceived. "**The more alone we get with lies, the more confused we become**" Lysa Terkeurst.

As Bible study season starts back up, I want to encourage you to **COME**. It doesn't matter where you have found yourself lately, as a lost sheep, or maybe simply enjoying His pasture...**COME**. We will **FIND I AM**, the one who is the first and the last, the one who did miraculous things in the Bible, and the one who calls you and me. **Let's learn together, as His little sheep... trusting in a Good Shepherd.**

Upcoming :

Jan. 13th:
Alaska TEAM one year reunion. Pray for Alaska Missions and the women living in and around Nome

Feb – April: BIBLE STUDY
"Finding I AM"
Wed. 9am, 6:30pm, and
Mon. 6:30pm

April 28th:
9am-5pm
Pricilla Shirer Simulcast

MOPS:
Jan. 22, Feb. 26, March.
26, April 23, May 7

Crochet Knit Night is
second Tuesday of the
month, 6:30pm at the
Cupbearer

Women's Prayer Time is
second Saturday of the
month, 9am at the
Cupbearer.

**HAPPY
2018 LADIES!**

**KARI HARVEY, WOMEN'S
MINISTRY DIRECTOR**
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**WOMEN'S DAY RETREAT:
SATURDAY, APRIL 28th, 9am-5pm at Lakewood**



SAVE THE DATE!!!
Lakewood is a host sight for a **Pricilla Shirer Simulcast**. (She is the author of "The Armor of God", and several other women's studies we have done). The **DAY RETREAT** is **Saturday, April 28th 9am-5pm** and will include lunch.

PLAN to come and enjoy a day of worship and great teaching just for women. Invite your coworkers, family, and friends from all over this area to take part in this special event.

UPDATE FROM OUR CARDS THAT CARE PRISON MINISTRY:

I've always liked the idea of having a pen pal! Sometimes even best friends move away and lose contact over time. Modern messaging has changed so much about our methods of communicating, we have lost the art of letter writing and underestimate the impact of a personal letter, hand written, and sent via US Postal Service! I used to find a pleasant spot to read letters from my two oldest daughters, when they were away at college! If you have never seen the movie, "The Letter Writer", you should see what an impact positive, uplifting written words to even randomly selected recipients can make!



I sent out two brief notes of encouragement and desire to connect to the two ladies I hand picked the night we made cards. One lady, Lindsey, wrote me back from Florida! She said that she is getting close to leaving the facility she's in, and can hardly wait to be with her two children. She seemed delighted that I would want to write to her and pray for her, saying she believes we have connected for a reason. She stated that twice! She asked to hear all about me and my life in Indiana.

Yesterday, I sat down and wrote Lindsey a long letter by hand, and while not giving out names or addresses, explained how I came to be in Indiana, how large my family is, a bit about work, what I do in my spare time, and other (hopefully) interesting tidbits of my life. I tucked the letter into a Christmas card and sent it out, along with a Christmas card to the other lady I



originally sent a note to, PLUS, two more ladies I was given Christmas Cards for, with short messages of Christ coming to earth to lead the way to forgiveness for all. I believe the many hands that put pen to paper can be used greatly by the Lord, to bless others in a mighty way! Let's continue to let the Holy Spirit speak through the medium of ink! Even your penmanship says something about you and your sincerity in connecting with ones who may be lonely, insecure, indecisive, downcast, or feeling unloved. If one person benefits from this person to person ministry, it is well worth it! I'm thankful for this opportunity being presented to me! May God move and receive all the glory!

BY, JONI MARCUM

I SPY some ladies! "Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer" Rom. 12:12





RECONCILING RESENTMENT By CJ EATON

Every single one of us can look back throughout our lives and find something, probably multiple things, that have happened for which we feel resentful. It gets to be fairly easy, maybe even normal, to carry that around and have it become a regular part of our lives. After a while, we hardly even acknowledge the weight it has added. Resentment has found a home in our hearts and has no plan to move out.

Salvation is the beginning of what it looks like to live in freedom. We talk about and sing about “chains” and being lost and hopeless without Christ and how all of that falls away once we accept Him as our savior. And that’s all true but it’s not all there is to it.

It is an act of will to leave my chains at the foot of the cross. It takes deliberate effort and a genuine desire to step out of bondage. I’ve had Christ in my heart for decades and I still find places where I’ve allowed myself to remain caught up in the sins of resentment and bitterness. The worst part of it is that I know better and still find justification to hold onto those monsters.

I am blessed – really, really blessed – to have family and friends who are willing to speak truth to me. My brother is one such man, a man who fell down the deep, dark well of addiction and has grasped onto grace of Jesus to find the way out. He understands resentment and bitterness, anger and hopelessness. And he will be the first person to tell you he could never have overcome the demon of addiction alone. Christ has become central in my brother’s life and he lives each day in the joy and hope of that relationship.

There was a day recently when he and I were talking, and it was evident that I continued to have some deep-rooted bitterness toward someone who has been a handy target to blame for many childhood problems. There were good reasons for it, in my mind, and I honestly had no intention of ever making any attempt to resolve them. But my brother said to me, in the plain and forthright manner he has, “you’re wrong”.

Maybe it’s just me, but when my big brother makes a statement that sounds like judgment and criticism, it crawls right up my back. It did not have the effect of making me want to listen to more and try to understand what he meant and why he said it. What I wanted to do was shove him away and yell at him that he had no clue and no right to tell me I was wrong. I didn’t do that. Instead I calmly refused to talk about it and, since I had been in the process of leaving anyway, hugged him, told him I loved him and left.

But I stewed. I stewed for hours. I stewed until I couldn’t stand myself any longer. And it was then that, once again, someone I love took the opportunity to speak truth to me. My son, grown but still a child in my eyes, struggling in a relationship with a difficult parent, simply pointed me back to Christ.

In those moments of talking with my son, I recognized something that I never knew before. Loss needs time to grieve. Any loss, all loss. I lost a two-parent home and had to learn, quickly, to cope with the upheaval that followed. There was no thought given to how it impacted me and my brother; there was no consideration that we would have trouble accommodating new routines and the addition of authority figures.

The history here is that in the process of my parents’ divorce, my life spiraled into chaos. I was too young to understand and too oblivious to pay attention, but everything started changing when I was eight-years-old, and my only option was to follow in the wake of the disaster.

What I realized, because my brother had the courage to risk my anger and my son had the wisdom to make me think, was that I had developed a fierce conviction about all of the adults involved in that mess decades ago. I had to examine this mindset in front of my son, who kept reflecting back to me Biblical and historic truth. He understood that I needed accountability then, not sympathy.

I had carried through my life a well-rooted and strongly held belief that had left me with the certainty that I was both helpless and unimportant. The consequences of failing to invalidate this assumption left me in a state of fear and insecurity that has taken years to overcome. But the most poisonous effect was that I had the need to blame someone, the most unlikeable someone, and spent years in bitterness and resentment toward that person.

When my eyes finally opened, I could see the perfect example of Romans 8:28 – just how God uses every single event, opportunity, situation, and interaction for our good and His glory. He allowed me to live through 45 years in about 30 minutes and took from me the old, useless resentment, giving me healing for old wounds and a peace I had never thought I needed. I gained the ability to feel compassion for a person when before there was bitterness. And finally, I was able to confess directly to that individual and ask forgiveness. The incredible freedom of this is indescribable.

God bless my brother, who was obedient to the prompting of the Holy Spirit, who spoke just enough to nudge me into exploring the possibility that I was wrong, who faithfully accepted that his words might NOT be welcome, but who put his trust in The Lord to use him for His purpose. I am also grateful that through this lesson, I discovered that submission is not about what we lose but about what God gives to those who surrender.