

# THE REVIEW

## MAY 2020



*An idea for a future garden scheme, perhaps?*

**WADDINGTON STREET UNITED REFORMED CHURCH,  
DURHAM CITY DH1 4BG**

**Church Website: [www.durhamurc.org.uk](http://www.durhamurc.org.uk)**



Dear Friends,

We may not have met yet, or only spoken briefly in passing perhaps just on the telephone, but we are indeed friends because we are together through Jesus.

As Paul reminded the Ephesians, “you have been united with Christ Jesus. Once you were far away from God, but now you have been brought near to him through the blood of Christ.” (2:13) We are brought together by the extraordinary work of Jesus—his life, teaching, and accomplishments—and especially his carrying of heavy burdens on the Cross, which he then cast off in resurrection glory.

We continue his story here and now; the rising power which rolled the stone away is within us, shifting heavy burdens and lightening the load. I’m of the view that we are most alive when we are open to that resurrection power in our lives today. The examples may be great or small, general or very personal, extraordinary or ordinary. But wherever there is a reversal—from death to life, grief to hope, endings to new beginnings—we see resurrection in practice.

That’s not to deny things as they are, but to open ourselves up to things as they could be. It’s important to remind ourselves that Jesus really did die, the tragedy was real, but the power of God then moved the world a step closer towards where it could be through the message of salvation perfected in the empty tomb.

I know that many of us are missing the joy, comfort and encouragement of meeting together. There is no doubt that ‘normal life’ has come to an end and many are grieving. But we are invited at this time to participate with God in his continuing story of resurrection; moving the world, the church, and ourselves closer to where we should be—“Look,” said Jesus, “I am making all things new!” (Rev 21:5)

God’s home is among us, his people, wherever we are. Our unity does not depend on us meeting together in one place, at one time. It does depend on our faith in the Risen Lord Jesus; and the future depends on our openness, letting God’s rising power work through us practically today.

Regards

**Marcus**



A little boy opened the big family Bible.  
He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages.  
Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible.  
He picked up the object and looked at it.  
What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages.  
'Mama, look what I found,' the boy called out.  
'What have you got there, dear?'  
With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered,  
'I think it's Adam's underwear!'

## DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

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**Ministerial Services** – Revd. Marcus Hargis is contactable in the following ways:-

Phone: 0776 949 2629 and 0191 366 4930 (messages can be left on either).

Email: [marcushargis@outlook.com](mailto:marcushargis@outlook.com) For routine pastoral matters, please first approach your Elder.

**Time of Sunday Services – 10.45 a.m.**

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### WEEKLY NOTICE SHEETS –

Please forward details of items and events for the weekly notice sheets to Peter Galloway – email [pagalloway@hotmail.com](mailto:pagalloway@hotmail.com) or mobile phone number **07 763 912 670**.

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**COPY DATE FOR THE JUNE REVIEW IS – SUNDAY 24TH MAY 2020.**

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The final total of the fundraising for the anti-slavery charity – **HOPE FOR JUSTICE** – is **£4,000**.

Although we are a small congregation, this is a great result thanks to our hard working fundraisers and those who support the efforts. Well done everyone.



We send our best wishes to our friend Christiane Mitchell on the occasion of her 80th birthday.

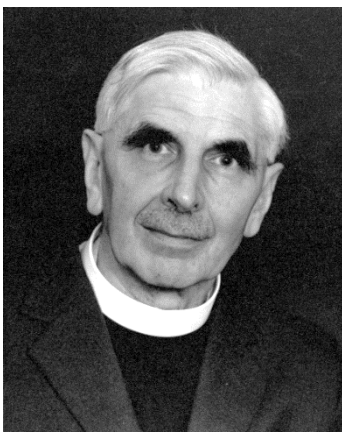
Christiane was very active in the Church here before she moved to be nearer her daughter.

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Jean Graham, who organises the Flower Rota for this Church, has had an operation on her leg which has helped to some degree. The other leg is still causing a problem but hopefully will improve with the treatment being carried out. We send our love to Jean and hope she will soon be back to normal activities. She is very grateful for the phone calls and good wishes she has received.

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Malcolm Reay has sent word that a Japanese language edition of the late Reverend Professor Charles E.B. Cranfield's book, "Romans: A Shorter Commentary" has just been published in Japan.

It is gratifying to know that Charles' work and scholarship is still held in high regard internationally.



## Bill Pay Checklist

[illegible]

She asks that we remember  
that our offerings are still needed.



A friend reminded me of this poem which in many ways can be applied to show some of the benefits that could come from the current lockdown situation. (Editor)

## Leisure by William Henry Davies -

What is this life if full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare  
No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows  
No time to see when woods we pass  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in  
grass  
No time to see in broad daylight  
Streams full of stars like skies at  
night  
No time to turn at Beauty's glance  
And watch her feet, how they can  
dance  
No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began  
A poor life this if full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare



1. Cows have best friends and spend most of their time together munching on grass.
2. Otters like certain rocks that are special to them and they have a pocket in their skin suited to carrying them.
3. When tickled, as they are very ticklish, rats and mice let out little giggles.
4. Because they liked it so much, Norway once knighted a penguin.

## DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

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**Margot Legacy Ideas as at 14/04/20** update from the Elders.

The following are the suggestions from members and friends received so far on how we, as a congregation, might use Margot's legacy. More suggestions are welcome. Please send them to your Elder. Discussion and decisions on which to pursue are obviously now on hold until we are able to convene church meetings to reach a consensus on which ideas to pursue.

### **Community.**

1. Run minibus trial for a year to bring folks onto church premises and for outings.
2. Create an overnight shelter for the homeless in partnership with Durham Christian Partnership.
3. Provide a credit union for church hall user groups.
4. Set up a community chest for say £10k and invite charity groups using the premises to bid for a grant to develop their activities.

### **Personnel.**

5. Appoint community development officer to further develop premises as a community hub.
6. Appoint worker to engage with families or mother/toddler or children or youth or students.
7. Appoint a caretaker.
8. Appoint (or provide a placement for) a pastoral assistant.
9. Identify candidates for URC ministry and fund through investment annuity or similar.
10. Sponsor a local or overseas student.

### **Property.**

11. Replace hall chairs with light weight, wipe clean, easily stackable.
  12. Replace the existing hall tables with brown coloured melamine type topped tables.  
Consider a number of smaller tables or even round ones for use.
  13. Replace lighting in the church with lights that can be reached, and bulbs replaced as necessary.
  14. Expose and light rose window, removing false ceiling. (Possible that a Heritage Lottery grant might apply.)
  15. Remove window guards covering the stained glass, clean/replace; clean stained glass including Rose window and illuminate.
  16. Insert mezzanine floor in the church.
  17. Go eco church with solar panels etc.
  18. Have better notice boards/display boards internally.
  19. Renew external poster board.
  20. Have a feasibility study done on the balcony to see if it could be made into an extra usable room (not necessarily opening it up into the Church).
  21. Consider replacing the gas cooker in the kitchen.
  22. Review and update sound system in church.
  23. Refurbish the hall toilets.
  24. Rub down the dado rails in the church and vestibule and re-varnish.
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### *WORDS OF WISDOM ...*

"As I watch this generation try to rewrite history, one thing I'm sure ... it will be misspelled and have no punctuation."

"It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me. 'Is that a dog you got back there?' he asked. 'It sure is,' I replied. Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally he said, 'What'd he do?'"

## Back in the days of tanners and bobs ... (by Pete Stevens)

**Back in the days of tanners and bobs,** When Mothers had patience and Fathers had jobs.  
When football team families wore hand me down shoes, And T.V gave only two channels to choose.  
Back in the days of three penny bits, when schools employed nurses to search for your nits.  
When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted and all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.

Back in the days of hot ginger beers, when children remained so for more than six years.  
When children respected what older folks said, and pot was a thing you kept under your bed.  
Back in the days of Listen with Mother, when neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.  
When cars were so rare you could play in the street. When Doctors made house calls and Police walked the beat.

Back in the days of Milligan's Goons, when butter was butter and songs all had tunes.  
It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea, and your annual break was a day by the sea.  
Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green, Crackerjack pens and Lyons ice cream.  
When children could freely wear National Health glasses, and teachers all stood at the FRONT of their classes.

Back in the days of rocking and reeling, when mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.  
When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools, and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.  
Back in the days when I was a lad, I can't help but smile for the fun that I had.  
Hopscotch and roller skates; snowballs to lob. **Back in the days of tanners and bobs.**

(Thanks to Kath Ogilvie for sending this in.)





## EDITOR'S LETTER

### DEAR READERS,



During the period of lockdown, we felt we would have unlimited time to do things around the house. Strangely enough the days seem to fill up quite easily and while some things have been done, others are still on the list! After 3 years of not so subtle hints from me, Les has reorganised his filing cabinet and got rid of lots of out of date material. While tidying up the trolley which sits next to my easy-chair, I came across a Christmas Card with a note in it which I obviously meant to reply to some time – that has also now been done! Another Christmas Card has prompted me to write a long overdue letter! I am always full of good intentions but easily get side-tracked. I suspect that lots of things are now being done due to people being at home more. Les and I both think there will be a rise in the birth-rate at the end of this year or the beginning of next year.

Some friends' grand-daughter is sending them interesting facts to help fill their lockdown time. This is a good one which I had never heard of before.

"Did you know? The Netherlands sends Canada 20,000 tulip bulbs every year as a thank you for looking after the Dutch Royal family during the war. The first year they sent 100,000."



A friend decided that his grandchildren would have no idea of his early life and what conditions were like for ordinary people in the first half of the 1940s, so he is writing down his life story, using a computer - what a good idea that is. Another friend is restoring a vintage car and that will occupy many hours.

Angus and Jan Robson have kindly sent some superb Springtime photos from their collection, to lift our spirits. Please pay particular attention to the beak of the little thrush – I don't know how they captured this!

Our street is actively supporting the Thursday at 8 p.m. applause for the NHS. We have been very moved by this show of support. We wave to our neighbours from our respective doorsteps and long to be able to mix freely once again. It has made us realise just how much of our previous freedom, to go where we want when we want, we took for granted.



It has been very heartening to hear of people's efforts to support the NHS and other services, from sewing scrubs in their own homes, making visors and protective aprons, to providing cooked meals and hampers, as well as delivering groceries to housebound elderly people. Various T.V. and online concerts have also been arranged as fundraisers. We were amazed at the success of Captain Tom Moore, the 99-year old veteran who has walked laps of his garden to raise funds for NHS Charities. He has raised over 25 million pounds, so far, with his Just Giving page. He will be 100 years old at the end of April. What a wonderful fundraising effort!

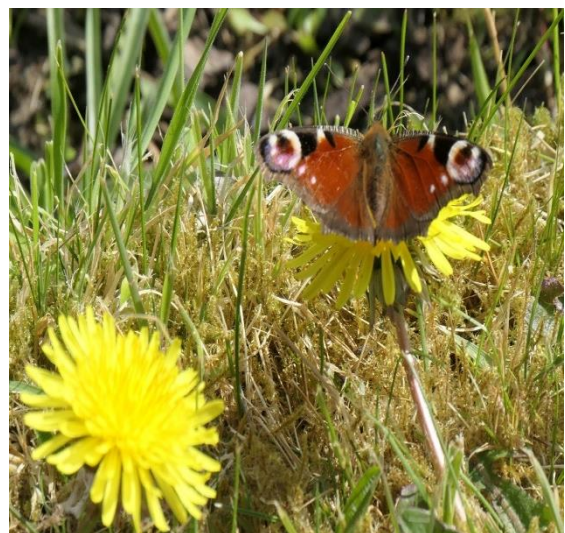
I hope to receive some more items for The Review from our readers.  
**Lucille Thomson**

The next issue of The Review will be published on **Sunday 7th June 2020.**  
Contributions please to Lucille Thomson BY POST or **Tel. 0191-3861052**  
or e-mail **lesthomson@talktalk.net** - no later than **NOON on Sunday 24th May 2020.**



## **The Wonders of Nature (from Angus and Jan Robson)**

Whether we sit at home fretting or go out to face the ordeal of shopping for necessities while keeping a safe distance from our fellow human beings, there's a world of nature out there that carries on with its own rhythms, regardless of our suffering. The birds still sing, the chicks hatch, the lambs still gambol around the fields and the flowers still bloom. We won't see much of these things this year, but they will take place next year and every year, so we will just have to be patient until we can go and witness the wonders of nature for ourselves once more. Here are a few reminders of what we can look forward to when things return to normal.





9.







Sandy Ogilvie suggested I ask for details of how people are coping during the current lockdown situation. Here are a few comments. Please feel free to send me your own ideas. Editor.

Val Hodgson writes: Dear Lucille,

Along with Zoom meetings with friends & family, I have enjoyed watching YouTube services by Rev Glen Craig, the minister who retired from my church in South Africa about 15 years ago, at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uBRG5Mc5LAG>. Of course, for me, it's wonderful to see an old friend, in his living room, complete with the chiming clock, at his home in Kenton-on-Sea, but maybe others will enjoy it too. Glen puts out a short, daily message, and on Sunday I took part in his online Easter Communion service, with even a glimpse of his dear wife, Jeanette. The URC services are good, but are, sadly, audio only, and I find it easier to relate when there's a visual component too. Perhaps others feel similarly, and I know there are other online services with visuals, including ones with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Today has been a busy day online (I don't normally fill the whole day with Zoom): this morning I had a coffee morning over Zoom with members of our U3A, this afternoon a quiz with family in the UK and South Africa (we came second!), and this evening is the weekly West Cornforth Bible Study, also by Zoom. God bless, **Val**.

Lucille, What are we doing during lockdown - boarding a trainee Hearing Dog. We were due to have her for the week before self isolation, but when that began we were asked if we could keep her for longer. She is very good, having done her basic training, so we are enjoying her company at home and on our daily walks. Instructions are being received via video links, on how to carry on her hearing training, so that is interesting, and she is learning very quickly. **Sylvia and Ian Warburton.**



This attachment may be of interest too - I was sent it from a book lover in Australia.

(Thanks Sylvia and Ian.

This is very clever.)

The titles say:

The English Patient Had Caught It On The Beach.

I should have stayed home She Said.

Now She Was In Quarantine In The Dark House Of Splendid Isolation.

Still, Hope Springs Eternal.

With A Little Bit Of Luck, Common Sense And

Personal Hygiene, The Corona Book Of Horror Stories Must End Soon.

Always Remember, Clean Hands Save Lives

And When In Doubt

Don't Go Out!

Joyce Harling writes:

Dealing with UFO's!!

(Unfinished Objects) mostly sewing. Cooking, gardening and as a last resort spring cleaning have filled the days. I would like to say a big Thank You to Helen Cockburn for doing the shopping for us. So kind and we are very grateful. Kind Regards to all **Joyce Harling**.



This poem from a woman named Kristi Bothur who has a website called "This Side of Heaven" came from America. (I thought it was relevant even though Easter is past. Editor)

## **How the Virus Stole Easter**

'Twas late in '19 when the virus began, Bringing chaos and fear to all people, each land.  
People were sick, hospitals full, Doctors overwhelmed, no one in school.  
As winter gave way to the promise of spring, The virus raged on, touching peasant and king.  
People hid in their homes from the enemy unseen,  
They YouTubed and Zoomed, social-distancing, and cleaned.

April approached and churches were closed, "There won't be church services, and egg hunts are out,  
No reason for new dresses when we can't go about."  
Holy Week started, as bleak as the rest, The world was focused on masks and on tests.  
"Easter can't happen this year," they proclaimed. "Online and at home, it just won't be the same."  
Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, the days came and went.  
The virus pressed on; it just would not relent.  
The world woke Sunday and nothing had changed. The virus still menaced, the people estranged.  
"Pooh pooh to the saints," the world was grumbling,  
"They're finding out now that no Easter is coming."  
"They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!"  
Their mouths will hang open a minute or two, And then all the saints will all cry boo-hoo.  
"That noise," said the world, "would be something to hear."  
So it paused and the world put a hand to its ear.  
And it did hear a sound coming through all the skies. It started down low, then it started to rise.

**But, the sound wasn't depressed. Why, this sound was triumphant!**  
**It couldn't be so! But it grew with abundance!**  
**The world stared around, popping its eyes.**  
**Then it shook! What it saw was a shocking surprise!**  
**Each saint in each nation, the tall and the small, was celebrating Jesus in spite of it all!**  
**It hadn't stopped Easter from coming! It came! Somehow or other, it came just the same!**

And the world with its life quite stuck in quarantine, stood puzzling and puzzling.  
"Just how can it be?"  
"It came without bonnets, it came without bunnies,  
It came without egg hunts, cantatas, or money."  
Then the world thought of something it hadn't before.  
"Maybe Easter," it thought, "doesn't come from a store."  
Maybe Easter, perhaps means a little bit more."  
And what happened then? Well .... the story's not done. What will YOU do?  
Will you share with that one - or two or more people needing hope in this night?  
Will you share of the source of your life in this fight?  
The churches are empty - but so is the tomb, and Jesus is Victor over death, doom and gloom.

So this year at Easter, let this be our prayer,  
As the virus still rages all around, everywhere.  
May the world see hope when it looks at God's people.  
May the world see the Church is not a building or steeple.  
May the world find Faith in Jesus' death and resurrection,  
May the world find Joy in a time of dejection.  
May 2020 be known as the year of survival,  
But not only that -

**Let it start a revival.**

### **A Walk on The Wild Side** (by Jan and Angus Robson)

A few days before the Coronavirus restrictions were announced, we decided to go for a walk that involved little or no contact with other people. I had searched online on the websites of the Yorkshire Dales National Park, UK Government and Swaledale Tourism, to see if our plans would be acceptable and found that walkers were very welcome provided that they keep 2 metres away from other folk. This was the weekend before everybody crammed all the beauty spots in a bid to have a bit of “isolation”. I had worked out a route that started in the village of Reeth and followed close to the River Swale, before climbing up onto the moors, eventually coming back to the valley at Grinton.



In the first few hundred yards or so we met three dog walkers who kept their distance and waved a cheery greeting. We also saw geese and oystercatchers in the meadows.



Along the valley next to the river, we could see the vast amount of damage done in the previous year's catastrophic floods, with huge sections of walls flattened and river gravel scattered across the riverside meadows.

As the path climbed, it afforded some good views of Swaledale, although it lacked the greenery and wild flowers we normally see later in the year.





### 13.

We hadn't seen anybody else since the dog walkers nearly an hour ago and wouldn't again for another three hours as the path climbed steeply up onto the moors. We managed to find a shallow depression in which to get out of the bitterly cold wind and settled down for coffee, sandwiches and biscuits. We also heard the first sounds of spring up there on the wild moors, curlew, lapwing and grouse and smelled smoke from a distant moor burning site.



In yet another hollow in the moor, beside a stream, we stopped again for coffee and sandwiches. By then, mid-afternoon, it was becoming even colder and we were glad of the four or five layers of clothing to keep us warm. Five minutes of exposure made our fingers numb and we had to put our gloves back on. The tiny stream had also been a raging torrent in the floods and debris showed us that it had risen by nearly 10ft, carrying huge boulders with it and leaving them high and dry.



As we descended down towards Grinton, we met a handful of other walkers and a couple of lads on bikes, all keeping their distance from us. At Grinton we turned east following the river for a while before turning uphill and westwards over fields to High Fremington, then on to Reeth.

In a field near our path we saw a sheep with a strange hairstyle.

Back in Reeth we telephoned a friend who lives there to say we were nearby and we had a conversation, with her on her doorstep and us out in the street.

The village of Reeth was very busy with tourists and motorcyclists, very few of whom seemed to be distancing themselves from others.



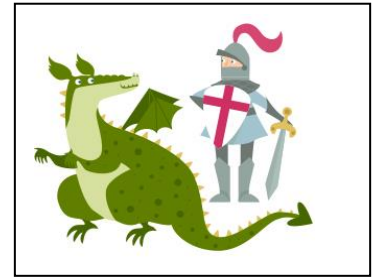
We cautiously ventured to the door of the local Post Office and were welcomed in, as we were when we went for a take-out coffee at another shop.

This would be our last country walk for goodness knows how long and luckily just before the Coronavirus restrictions were announced. We were aware of possible infection and deliberately chose a route that successfully avoided contact with most people. Hopefully we'll be able to walk there again later this year. But the walks, the animals, the birds and the views will all be there for many years.



## 23<sup>rd</sup> April is St George's Day

St George is Patron Saint of England, but was born in what is now Turkey and never came to the British Isles!



A soldier who was prepared to die (by tradition in Lydda) rather than deny his Christian faith, he is venerated as a martyr all over the world. There is evidence that he was known in Great Britain from the 7<sup>th</sup> Century.



Greek icon of St George



The tomb of St George in the Citadel of Aleppo, Syria.  
(Well, that's what we were told.)

St George is, of course, famous for defeating a dragon to save a beautiful princess, his taking on the dragon dependent on the king's agreement that, should he defeat it, the people would convert to Christianity. He did, and they did. This was a story that only became current through *The Golden Legend*, written about 1259-66 and printed in English by Caxton in 1483.

It's a story that carries the thought of good triumphing over evil, but the story may also connect for many of you with the story of St Michael defeating the dragon – Revelation 12: 7-12. Here the dragon is cast out of heaven down to earth to wreak its own havoc, and there's plenty of that.



This is a picture of Aleppo, taken from high on the Citadel in 2010, a smart, neat city, to compare with the pictures of shattered buildings we see today, a reminder that many nations are struggling against the evil of terror and war as well as the Covid virus. 'Dragons' do not always come singly!

But in spite of all this, perhaps the story of George and his dragon has something of encouragement to say to us today, as we face our own 'dragons'. These may be fierce worries about our families and friends, or worries about money, or worries about health, or worries about the state of the world. Or perhaps the Covid-19 virus itself appears as a kind of dragon. Pause and be still. Have courage.



## Read Ephesians 6: 10-20 – the Armour of God

We can take on this armour ourselves. And, as someone once said, it's all armour to protect our *front* – we face whatever there is before us with courage, for Christ is risen. Light and love have defeated the power of darkness, and hope lives, always.

### A prayer

When many of us were children, we sang the hymn, *When a knight won his spurs*.  
Oh, for the day we can truly sing, “For the knights are no more, and the dragons are dead,”  
for we are only too aware that the dragons of anger, of war, of illness still roam our world.

We remember before you, Loving God,  
those places where war and terror are still part of life,  
thinking particularly of Syria, of Israel and Palestine, of so many places . . .  
and those places where there is conflict of any kind –  
in families pushed close together because of lockdown,  
those in crowded refugee camps. Those in conflict in governments.  
Lord, bring the peace that Jesus offers, we pray, the peace that the world cannot give.

Thank you that you offer us the strength and courage to face whatever comes,  
and thank you, too, that you have promised that you will never give us more than we can cope with,  
though we confess that sometimes, Lord, it seems to us too much.

We bring those who are struggling with illness at this time,  
in hospital, in care home or at home, whether that be physical or mental illness,  
or fear of Covid-19; fear at each cough, each sense of heat,  
or fear of the future. Lord, bring your healing peace to all we pray.

We bring those working within hospitals, hospices, GP surgeries,  
district nurses, carers, and so many more . . .  
and for those who work in shops, who carry out deliveries, and so many more . . .  
May they know the strength and peace of the presence of Christ to uphold and enfold them.

Lord, we thank you for those who are simply a smiling, loving presence as they go about the world,  
defeating sadness and gloom by the lightness they bring. Help us know that small victories over  
darkness are each significant to you, and to the bringing of your kingdom of peace and justice to our  
world.

And thank you for the signs of victory of life over cold and apparent nothingness:  
the plants, the insects, the birds, rejoicing in the sun and new beginning.  
We praise you, living, loving God, for new life within creation and new life within each heart.  
Help us live in the power of your Spirit with new courage, new hope, new love.

We ask it in the name of Jesus, your Son, our Saviour. **Amen**

*Stay safe, stay well!*  
*Blessings,*  
*Ruth*

(Thank you to Reverend Ruth Crofton for this article on St. George.)



### ***The Boy Standing Alone At The Flagpole.***

*When a friend urgently texted Florida mom Stacey Philpot about a Facebook post she just had to see, she wasn't sure what to expect. The post showed a teenaged boy standing alone at the flagpole and it seemed as if everyone had something to say about him. And that's when it hit Stacey — she was looking at her son!*

*As a blogger, Stacey Philpot spends a good amount of time online. So, she decided to take a little break from Facebook. But then a friend sent her an urgent text about a post Stacey “wouldn't want to miss.”*

*The post showed a boy standing alone at the flagpole praying as part of **See You At The Pole** Day. This yearly event encourages students everywhere to gather at their school's flagpole to pray for their school, friends, families, churches, and communities. Usually the event draws a crowd. But at Minneola High School, only one young man turned up. The brave boy stood all alone, praying by himself.*

*A passer-by was so touched, they snapped a photo and posted it to Facebook, saying: “I commend the young man that stood alone at Lake Minneola High School's ‘See You at the Pole Day.’ I welled up with tears, happy tears, proud tears. I honestly didn't know that it was today until after I had left and heard it on the radio. Please take a moment today to pray for our children, school, teachers, and administrators. Pray for protection over them, guidance, wisdom, and a wonderfully blessed year.”*

*Comments poured in, praising this young man for his courage and his parents for instilling such good values. Even folks who professed no faith commended this boy for standing up for his.*

### ***Reality Hits Home –***

*At first Stacey couldn't understand why her friend insisted she break her Facebook hiatus for this picture of a boy standing alone at the flagpole. Then she realized she recognized the boy everyone was talking about. That was her son! “The little boy I'd rocked to sleep in blue airplane pyjamas when he was sick. The toddler who loved Elmo and couldn't go to sleep without holding his Veggie Tales characters in his hands had captured the attention of our community by standing alone, by doing everything we'd ever taught him, everything we'd ever hoped he would do,” Stacey said. “I was completely undone.”*

*Stacey immediately texted her son, Hayden, and told him how proud she was of him. But what he revealed when he got home was even more incredible. Hayden was just as surprised at all of the attention as his mom. He'd originally thought he'd just pray until someone else came along. But when no one else did, he asked God to use Him. “He told me with sheer amazement in his voice that as he stood alone and prayed the cry of his heart had been, ‘God, as people drive by, let them wonder, let their hearts be pricked.’” And boy did God answer that prayer!*

*There are people out there that don't understand why we pray. They see it as wasted effort. But Hayden proved just how powerful prayer truly is! And his proud mom says her son's story is a big reminder for us all. “Wherever it is in your life you stand alone. . . God sees, He knows, and He can do big things.” Now does that deserve a huge AMEN or what?!*

*By Mel Johnson on September 28, 2017*

*(Although this was from 2017 I thought it worth sharing. Editor)*