

THE ENCOURAGER

SEPTEMBER 2009

Teachers for the Month

Nursery: Frances Diaz & Rebecca Perez
 2 & 3 year old class: Aida Navarrette
 4 & 5 year old class: Deleine Chavira
 1st & 2nd grades: Angie Garza
 3rd & 4th grades: Chuck Kilbourn
 5th & 6th grades: will stay in the service

Church Services

Sunday Morning Service
10:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service
6:00 p.m.

Generation Impact 6:00 p.m.
7th grade—12th grade

Kid 's Church 6:00 p.m.
6 years old—12 years old

Wednesday Bible Study
7:00 p.m.

CHOICES

Oscar brought a great message about the stand we must take in our culture, he mentioned the Three Hebrew Children and their stand against compromise and idolatry while many of their countrymen bowed. As I was meditating on the choice The Hebrew Children made that day. The Lord spoke to my heart and said they didn't make a choice that day they simply informed the authorities of the choice they had made long before that day. **Their refusal to worship the idol was an act of true worship to the living God** and like so many true acts of worship was despised, for example, Abel's offering of the fat of his flock, David dancing, Mary anointing Jesus' feet

with the expensive ointment. The Three Hebrew Children's choice stands through the ages as an example of love and devotions to the living God even when the culture was against it. Today we find ourselves in a similar situation. The Bible is full of examples of good and bad choices. Ray showed us last Sunday night how Lots choice to go and live in the cities of the plain (Sodom and Gomorrah) not only affected his immediate family but had far reaching effects that was a problem for the Israelites for years. We truly can see in this example the sins of the fathers being visited to the third generations. I want to share a couple of things about choices.

First. Choices to be committed and devoted to the Lord are made long before the crises takes place, like the Hebrew children our hearts should be set on worship of God before a test comes. Make your choice to love and obey Him today, 2 Corinthians 6:2 says now is the accepted time.

Second. Once the choice is made don't worry about the performance of it Philippians 2:13 shows us how God is in us to cause a willingness and to bring about the performance. There has to be first, a choice and then God's power goes into action. Choose today to love and obey Him and the blessings will follow.

Written by Pastor Kelly Rumfield

DROWNING TESTIMONY STORY

The following is an account of the miraculous events that took place in my life on Saturday, July 11th-Sunday, July 12th. This is being written with the intent of encouraging the reader spiritually and stimulating them mentally to consider God's

wonder and enduring mercy as the omnipotent and in fallible gem that it truly is.

I have decided to write this in "story-form" from my perspective and my perspective alone, in favor of recounting my ex-

perience of the events *exactly* as they happened to me in real-time. You will feel what I felt, hear what I heard and see what I saw...

Continued on page 5

Evan Linn 18th birthday on the 1st
 Connie Flores 2nd
 Miriam Perez 12th birthday on the 4th
 Kristopher Garcia 8th
 Heather Hargrove 8th
 Carlos Chapa 10th.
 Mario Hernandez 10th
 Katelynn Garcia 12th birthday on the 11th
 Adan Diaz 13th.
 Fred Hirschmann 17th.
 Pastor Kelly Rumfield 18th
 Aida Rivas 20th
 Delaine Chavira 21st
 Jesse Martinez 21st
 Jacob Micah Navarrette 12th birthday on the 28th
 Patty Edwards 29th



Robert & Aida Rivas
 15th anniversary on the
 28th

Water Baptism

Will be Saturday, September 12th at 3:00 p.m.
 at Trei & Angie Garza's home 5006 South Ex-
 pressway 83 Maggie Lane, for directions call
 them at 793-4783-Trei or Angie 226-9658.

"TRUE LOVE WAITS"

Ring ceremony will be Sunday, Septem-
 ber 13th at 6:00 p.m. Dr. Liebert will be
 the guest speaker. Reception following.

UP COMING EVENTS

October 2nd Ladies Fellowship
 October 3rd Yard Sale at Church
 October 11th Family Night at Victor Park
 October 25th Life Chain on Ed Carey Drive

September 2009

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

		1	2	3	4	5 Good Samaritan Nursing Home 10:00a.m.
6	7  LABOR DAY	8	9	10	11	12 Kid's Church Fliers 9:00am Water Baptism 3:00 pm
13 Kid's Church Begins & True Love Waits Ceremony 6:00p.m.	14	15 Meeting for the Family Night Festival @ 6:30 p.m.	16	17	18	19
20	21	22 	23	24 	25	26
27 Fund Raiser Luncheon	28	29	30	 KID'S CHURCH FLIERS TO BE PASSED OUT SATURDAY THE 12TH AT 9:00 A.M.		

KID SPOT LIGHT—JACOB MICAH NAVARRETTE

Jacob Micah Navarrette is our spot light kid this month and he will celebrate his 12th birthday on September 28th. Jacob is the son of Jacob and Aida Navarrette and brother to Lauren.

Jacob attends Long Elementary School and is in the 5th grade. His favorite sport is football and his favorite bible song is "Take Take It All".

Jacob says he was 6 years old when he was born again in Vacation Bible School. We

asked are you baptized in the Holy Sprit? His answer was, "No, but I will be soon".

Jacob's favorite bible lesson is David and Goliath because a boy who loves Jesus can bring down a giant.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me" Philipians 4:13 is Jacob's favorite verse.

"I would like to finish

school and attend the University of Texas to become an architect," says Jacob.



"One day my dog got loose and someone called the dog catcher and they told us they were going to pick him up for 10 days and I prayed very hard and when the dog catcher came he did not pick him up cause he said he was a good dog". Testimony from Jacob.

Jacob says, "God gave me life and a good family and friends and thank the Lord for all my teachers I have in church".

Written by Jacob Micah Navarrette

CHILDREN'S MINISTRY

Once again, congratulations to all those children that were promoted in August. I think they everyone has transitioned into their new classes very well. It's always interesting to see our children move up in classes as they are growing.

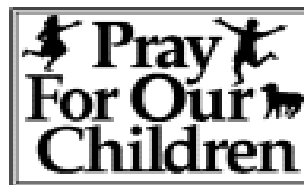
As me announced at the promotion ceremony, we are beginning another semester for the Sunday School Incen-

tive Program. We would like to encourage all students to come to Sunday School, bring your bible and offering and continue to learn your memory verses. We will end this semester in December. Those qualifying students * will be treated to a Pizza Party!!!

***Note to parents:** Please rest assure that we will make sure that all our student qual-

ify for this reward.

Thank you, Pastor Kelly for that awesome blessing over the children as they begin a new school year. We pray that the children are a light in their class as well as their school.



KID'S CHURCH

SEPTEMBER 13TH

6:00 p.m.

FEATURING THE

"TEN COMMANDMENTS"



LADIES FELLOWSHIP

Patty Edwards was our speaker at the fellowship. She spoke of how the Lord called her to stand for the unborn, she gave many testimonies of how the Lord has saved many babies from abortion and how the Lord has protected her and those that stand with her at the abortion clinic. Thank you Patty for sharing with us and being faithful to the Lord in what

He has called you to do.

We had about 19 ladies and two teenagers attend the fellowship. Everyone enjoyed the meal and enjoyed receiving their prizes. Special gifts were given to the 2 teenagers that attended.

Thank you to Kim Kilbourn for being the hostess.

Thank you Vicky Chapa for the beautiful anointed song you sang.

Thank you Isabel Puente for the anointed prayers.

Thank you Velma Martinez for your generosity.

Our next ladies fellowship will be October 2nd, 2009. Hope to see you there!

STUDENT SPOT LIGHT—ISSAQ ALVAREZ

Issaq Alvarez is our spotlight student for this month. He is the son of Eladio Alvarez and Veronica Quintanilla. Issaq has a younger sister, Destiny Quintanilla and a baby brother, Isaiah Alvarez. He is also the grandson of Alicia Alvarez and nephew to Ray & Rebecca Perez. Issaq celebrated his 13th birthday last month on the 17th.

Issaq has been in church since he was an infant. "I have been born again since I

was seven years old in vacation bible school but it wasn't until I joined the youth group that I am understanding how to get closer to God" says Issaq. He was asked if he was filled the Holy Spirit and he says "No I am not filled with the Holy Spirit yet but I am praying for it."

Issaq attends Vernon Middle School and is in the eighth grade. He plans to attend college and becoming a research computer programmer is his goal.

My favorite verse is Psalms 32:8 **"I will teach you the way you should go I will instruct and advise you."**

My memorable event is when I went to Six Flags with my dad and grandma.

My favorite hobby is playing football and I also play in the team at school as line backer, receiver and special team and I'm involved with Modular Technology at school.

Written by Issaq Alvarez



GENERATION IMPACT

Summer 2009 flew by- at least we made some great youth group memories. The True Love Waits Bible study had several new people join the youth group and had good participation. Discovery Camp was also a lot of fun! Several youth rededicated their lives to the Lord and others are seeking the Baptism of the Holy Spirit as a result. Of course, VBS is always a blast—this year was no exception. We had fun helping with crafts, snacks, songs and all the little ones on Crocodile Dock. Finally, our first annual back-to-school lock-in was a great way to end the summer! A lot of food, glow bowling, games...I think we were disappointed when morning came and we all had to go home! Good times.

So that brings us to Sep-

tember. School is back in session but that doesn't mean Generation Impact will be



slowing down. Quite the opposite! We have a lot of great Bible studies planned for this fall as well as some fun events and even an outreach project.

(And let's not forget our fundraisers)

Sept 13 - True Love Waits Ring Ceremony, 6 pm

Sept 27th - Luncheon after the morning service

Oct 3rd - Yard sale at church 6 am

Looking ahead to October: We

will be helping Tanya with the Fall Festival so make a note on your calendar: Oct

11! Also being planned- Generation Impact's first annual fall retreat sometime in late October.

As you start this school year off, remember to "Be strong in the Lord and in His great power. Put on the whole armor of God that



you can fight against the devil's evil tricks," (Eph 6:10-11). Your church family is praying for each of you!

Written by Sharmayne Brooks



DROWNING TESTIMONY STORY

-Saturday, July 11th-

I was accompanied by three of my friends: Oscar Lira, Nelly Lira, Roberto Benavides (Roberto I had actually just become acquainted with that same day), and my aunt Dena Sechovec. The trip to South Padre Island for us was far from eventful. We hit a few wild and random strings of heavy rain while on the road, but overall, spent more time just admiring the clouds outside our windows and conversing playfully. We stopped for sunscreen and a bite to eat and were back in business early enough that the sun was still rising.

Moments later, we reached the sands of the beach and couldn't help but noticed right away that the waters beside it were in a mess of waves all their own. The current was at "code yellow." this made Oscar, Roberto and I chuckle with a sort of semi-nervous excitement more than anything else really. We ran into the gulf with full-force strides, mentally preparing for our skin to take on it's chill factor. It was all at once relaxing and invigorating, calming and engaging. It took us only a few seconds to realize how much fun we were having just simply being there in that place. And these feelings I'm afraid, are what drove us to push the limit...

Oscar and Roberto & I began walking further and further out... ..the walking was soon enough replaced with paddling, and we swarm... ..before we knew it, we were laughing ourselves into mild hysterics over the thrill of being out so far... ..Oscar, logically-minded as he was about our now current positions, stated aloud between

a constant onslaught of shared guffaws, that it didn't seem like we were reaching any notable sandbar and had better head back...Roberto concurred... ..but I didn't react quite so swiftly... ..in a matter of seconds the two of them were racing away to get their feet back onto solid ground, and I, with my back to them at the time, upon noticing their evident absence, likewise emulated their actions myself (though only after partaking in quite a disabling period of delay) ...I had wasted valuable time and energy that I should've spent getting back to shore. Despite the circumstances, my body felt like it could give this sea a bit of an impressive show still, and I rowed firmly with my arms the best I could...

...my best was not good enough...

...I ran myself through those waters at what felt like ramming speed, and soon, everything in and outside of me began to just feel so drained... ..I took in my surroundings for the briefest moment that I felt I could afford and much to my dread, was faced with a grim reality: I had not progressed forward like I thought I had... ..what felt like a full-blown lap in a long pool to me was nothing more than maybe a few feet, and then after that: frozen suspension... I had hit a wall.. I was on the edge of some kind of hole... all breath within me was slipping out... I panted for oxygen... ..without thinking of what to say or how to say it, I cried out with a choked voice to Oscar and Roberto in the distance... my arm flailed haphazardly in the air... I was losing myself already... I could feel it... I could feel that I was about to die...

...then all at once... I just sank below...

"Lord Jesus *save* Me PLEASE!: I beckoned loud enough in my head that I could've sworn it rang audibly throughout the very outstretched shape of that element which encompassed me. "I have so much more to do for You my God! It *cannot* end like this!"

...there was no pain in my chest, no crushing sensation or burning in my throat... I did feel immensely grateful that I was being spared from feeling any nerve-wrenching bodily trauma at least... my one cherished shred of relief in that terrible terrible moment...

...but nevertheless... I faded...

...I faded so abruptly that not only all life flowed from out of me, but strangely enough, it felt as if all self-recognition of my ever once *being* alive was somehow plucked out as well... ..and everything around me became the darkest black...

...

An eternity passed without my knowing it...an eternity that lasted no longer than a split-second before-AAAGH!!

I wailed irritably, my eyes deceiving me, telling me that night had fallen when the sun was still shining bright in morning. Something or someone was holding me down on some kind of gurney, that much was certain, and all I knew was that I wanted out of there.

"Sir calm down, we're here to help you," a stern yet reassuring adult male voice exclaimed.

But my present state of being was a shocked and conflicted one at this time. I felt more like I had awoken to the sensation of

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realizing myself to be a victim in the midst of a villainous kidnapping!

“Get yourself out!: shouted my instinct-driven inner self. “*Fight* if you have to!

“Don’t touch me!: I bellowed at the top of my lungs... *...wait ...lungs?* ... hadn’t I drowned: What was going on here?! I didn’t feel as if I’d drowned...did I?

My train of thought had no more than a second to thrive before it was violently destroyed by my clenched fists flying through the air to contact something, anything. Deliver the blow firmly and with alarming accuracy Nason! Pay no mind to your sore eyes! Just smash through whatever seems to be holding you back from fleeing this awful scene!

I was going to win this! Nothing could stop me! *...but NO ...NO, THIS ISN’T RIGHT! THIS ISN’T ME!* Where was so much of this nonsensical ferocity coming from?! I am not such an unruly creature! I am never so hasty to lash out in anger as this! Why am I doing and saying these things?! They said they’re here to help me, right?!

Why am I acting this way?! Why am I here?! *...what’s that sound? ...helicopter blades...where could such a thing have come from? ...why can’t I open my eyes?*

...

...

The darkness returns and I sink into it as if I’m losing my life all over again... *...the darkness aims to make me forget what it means to live. The darkness speaks to me with a serpent’s*

tongue...and I feel so weak against its many lies...

...“God bring me back” I whispered...the words couldn’t reach my lips, but they were undeniably in my mind.

All I could remember thinking in that whirlwind of a moment was that I was *not* dead. Miserably confused, *yes*, but I had moved and spoken through earthen animation again, no doubt about it. God had done something...it could not end here...

Black.

And BOOM! A flood of stinging white light came rushing onto my eyes from out of nowhere. That miserable confusion made its presence known a second time and my reaction to such an introduction was unfortunately a return to hostility...

“ARRGH!!” I heard my self growl inside, my lips tried to follow suit but something was jammed between them. Something awful, something...*choking me!* No! Not *that* horrid sensation again! Especially now that it was different! Now it *really hurt!* My hands came up into and around my own face and clawed frantically, itching to grasp on to just one solid enough chunk of something, like a tab or indent I could apply pressure onto, just to remove this wretched apparatus fro out of my throat! The brightness of this room’s lights kept my eyelids down, much to my irritation, and I moaned in the whimper of a sick dog as I beat down on the appliances within and around me, like some brute caught up in temper-tantrum. I remembered thinking, in the furthest back area of my mind, that this frightening place I *had* wound up in had to have been a hospital. And as “frightening” as my mentality wanted to make it out to be at

the time, I knew deep down inside, that I should probably just sit back and trust in this machinery to tend to my ailments the best it could...

...I was back in action and yet I felt my sanity crumble and my heart inflate to near-implosion from stress... ...I thought I was dying all over again. All over.

Everything that I had rediscovered about what it meant to live and what I was feeling at that moment was once again consumed...by an uninvited black cloud...

...

...I hate you darkness...I hate you with passion poured out from the largest of melting pots...so bold is my hatred for... *...but I thank God* that no matter how many times you *try* to take me, you WILL NOT *keep* me!

I fought through a horrible fog in my mind to think this...right at the tail-end of my fading out. The very words burning like a victorious fire around my every bone. An igniting that provided comfort to every inner area of myself...every nook and cranny that I never could’ve seen with human eyes, nor felt with human skin tissue...

...god was with me.

...

-Sunday, July 12th-

I lifted my head up and was already muttering some kind of gibberish before I could even fully realize that I had “come to” once again...but this time, everything felt different.

I immediately detected that I had been drugged. This was certain. The realization of

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it was particularly frustrating because I had all the right words and intentions set in my mind, but no matter how hard I tried, my body and my mouth were not delivering them properly. I did not envy the nurses that surrounded me in this time...

...nurses! My imagination had not gotten the best of me after all! I was, just as I had minutely supposed earlier, positioned within the parameters of a hospital!

Before I could consider much else about my present situation, a male doctor of some sort, important-looking man that he was, came in and, upon viewing my condition, ordered that I be moved to a “better” room. As oddly phrased as it sounded to me at the time, I couldn’t deny that I definitely felt like I should prefer a “better” room at least. So, I just smiled a big dumb smile and the doctor went about his way as nurses trucked me off to another, more “adaptable” section of the hospital...

I was left alone for a good amount of time and in my mind, I prayed that loveliest prayers possible to my Lord and Savior, thanking Him for His goodness.

Details were just starting to solidify themselves and mentally fall into place for me at this point...

...I knew that I had drowned... ...I knew that I had been rescued... ...I knew that I was alive...

So many little mysteries floated about. But there was not a doubt in my mind that God had miraculously pulled me through...

...

My parents entered my new, “better” room, and my heart leapt at the sight of their smiling faces. We exchanged embraces and small-talk and I shared with them (the best I could through the haziness of my remaining drug-stupor) the good news of my well-recovery. I really was feeling good too. *Unbelievably* even.

Many wonderful people came to visit, and I received so much notification that so many other unseen people were praying for me as well, from every possible angle of the small world that surrounded me. I had never felt so entirely blessed in my life. Everyone that I loved in the world was so openly showing that they loved me back. All in unison.

At a time when the room had cleared, and the only companions that remained with me were my parents, my mind wandered to those that accompanied me to the beach the day before...

...I wanted to see Oscar...and Nelly...and Roberto...and Dena...

My parents had apparently been given the full story on what occurred between me and Oscar and Roberto that day. They shared it with me tenderly...

“Oscar and Roberto are the ones who dove in to save you: they said (thought I am paraphrasing, for lack of remembering particular wording.) and they passed on to me the best they could, the details that had been passed on to them...

...I missed Oscar and Roberto so much in that moment. I ached to just be near to them even. To smile and laugh with them once again...to smile and laugh...

So I cried...

...tears flowed thick from eyes that sat stiffened in a wretched squint on my now contorted face. I curled up with my arms and legs bending shakily at every joint and just wept.

I continued to release, quivering and distraught, but *not* “defeated.” I had so much joy in me, so much freedom, but right now, this just needed to flow right out. I wasn’t necessarily at the mercy of any form of sorrow or grief, but I did feel *shame*. I despised the fact that I had put my friends lives at risk. I had to fight from despising myself.

The devil is a thief and a liar...and “*guilt*” can sometimes be his favorite mode of operation.

I knew better than to let my countenance fall to wilt at the hand of such shame. So I did my best to right then and there, fully place my trust back in God. This was going to be in His hands and out of mine. No matter how badly I may have wanted to take it back at times and deal with it all on my own, I was never going to be removed from the reminder that God simply knows what’s best for me, and to that fact, what good would even my strongest efforts ever be?

I was humbled beyond description...by so many things. So many thoughts and feelings. So many sweet words and kind gestures. So much of everything that is the outright essence of good in life.

...

When Oscar, Nelly, Roberto and Dena finally made it to my room, my ears rang in the most amazing way at the sound of their pleasant greetings and my arms were fed a plethora of

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gifts both beautifully sentimental and hilariously sarcastic. I was beyond comforted by their positively and light-hearted sense of it.

humor, the room was absolutely aglow with it. Something stirring inside me made me feel that I would've liked to have cried all over again, but things between us were just too downright chipper for me to actually do so.

When Oscar and Roberto took me through their own (and most accurate, mind you) version of the story regarding that which had happened between them and I in the waters of that beach, everything inside me froze and nothing in the world that could've presented it self in that moment, would have succeeded in swaying my attention...

They explained how they saw me go under... ..how they raced back to reach me, alongside each other... ..how terrifying I looked with eyes open and skin unnaturally discolored... ..how they struggled to balance their efforts in carrying me, a now forty-pound heavier, water-weighted body, back to shore... ..Oscar described how he performed mouth-to-mouth on me, relieving me immediately of any excess water, even as he swam us desperately toward dry land...

...Roberto described how when we finally reached level ground, my skin was so blue that it was tinted purple... ..he described how he, for the life of him, could detect no life in *me* whatsoever, and being certified in CPR, he wasted no time in performing it on me...

...Oscar described how he ran down the

horizon of the sand-line, arms waving hysterically and voice in full-blown chaos, beckoning maniacally to anyone and everyone around that would lend an ear to hear... ..he explained how in what felt like way too long of matter of time, he eventually was able to get someone to take him seriously and notify the authorities...

...Roberto described that as he continued to perform CPR on me for over *four minutes*, I finally began to show signs of reaction in accordance to it... ..an assortment of disgusting things came flowing out from inside me and normal color eventually returned unto my flesh... ..he could tell I was breathing... ..he could even hear me speak now...

The very walls that support all relevance in the areas of both mathematical equation and scientific explanation were torn down to the ground that day. They were shattered to dust for us by the hand of God. What Oscar and Roberto performed together in their daring rescue was *not* humanly possible. By all accounts of evidence that mere man could ever present regarding the situation, we *all* should have died that day. But God had bigger plans... ..He still has so much in store for us... ..it simply was not our time to go... ..

After Nelly, Roberto, Oscar and Dena left later that evening, I said my "goodnights" to my parents as well and was eventually left alone to feel abnormally soothed in my solitude. Hospitals in general are not very inviting places, and my stay in that room was far from "ideal," but there was a calmness that remained in my spirit nonetheless. One that was very much

welcome.

I had peace... ..*true* peace. I was *back*, praise God.

Given the time to meditate on various facts and declared statements on various facts and declared statements that were expressed to me throughout the day, I slowly began to realize that there were people praying for me from the very start of all this, people that didn't even have a full idea of what in particular they were praying for.

The body of Christ is alive and well ladies and gentlemen, and glory be to God, so am I.

This is both the end of one story and the beginning of a new one.

Praise the Lord, for He is worthy to be praised... ..and He's still got the whole world in His hands.

Written by Nason Rumfield

A Church Garden

First, plant five rows of peas:
Presence
Promptness
Preparation
Purity
Perseverance.

Next to these, plant three rows of squash:
Squash gossip.
Squash criticism.
Squash indifference.

No garden is complete without turnips:
Turn up for meetings.
Turn up with a smile.
Turn up with new ideas.
Turn up with determination to make everything count for something good and worthwhile.

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North Way Bible Church
and Teaching Center

Started in 1980 and our mission is to reach souls for Christ and teach families and individuals the truth of God's Word and applying it to their daily lives.



"YE HAVE COMPASSED THIS MOUNTAIN LONG ENOUGH:
TURN YOU NORTHWARD." DEUTERONOMY 2:3

SEPTEMBER 24TH



Listen to God

This year's theme—
**Be STILL and
KNOW That I Am
GOD**

Every September, millions of students gather around their schools' flagpoles to intercede in prayer for their schools, fami-

lies, friends, communities, and countries. It's a time of renewal and increasing faith as students pray for God's protection, guidance, and healing.

PSALM 46:10

*Be still and know that I am
God. I will be exalted
among the nations.*



Visit the SYATP official site for more details on this student-led, nation-wide prayer vigil. There you can find useful information to help you plan, promote, and pray for this event. Then, after September 27, check back to see uplifting pictures and reports.

Journal your prayers. But don't just journal requests. Write out questions, heartaches and struggles. Don't forget to journal praises, too. Be creative. Put your prayers into poems. Write a letter to God. Then go back and read your journal entries in a week or a month. There's a good chance you'll be reminded of how God has answered your prayers. And when you're feeling down, your past praises remind you of God's goodness and love for you. *By Rebecca Brooks* **This feature first appeared in Ignite Your Faith magazine. Used by permission of Christianity Today International.**