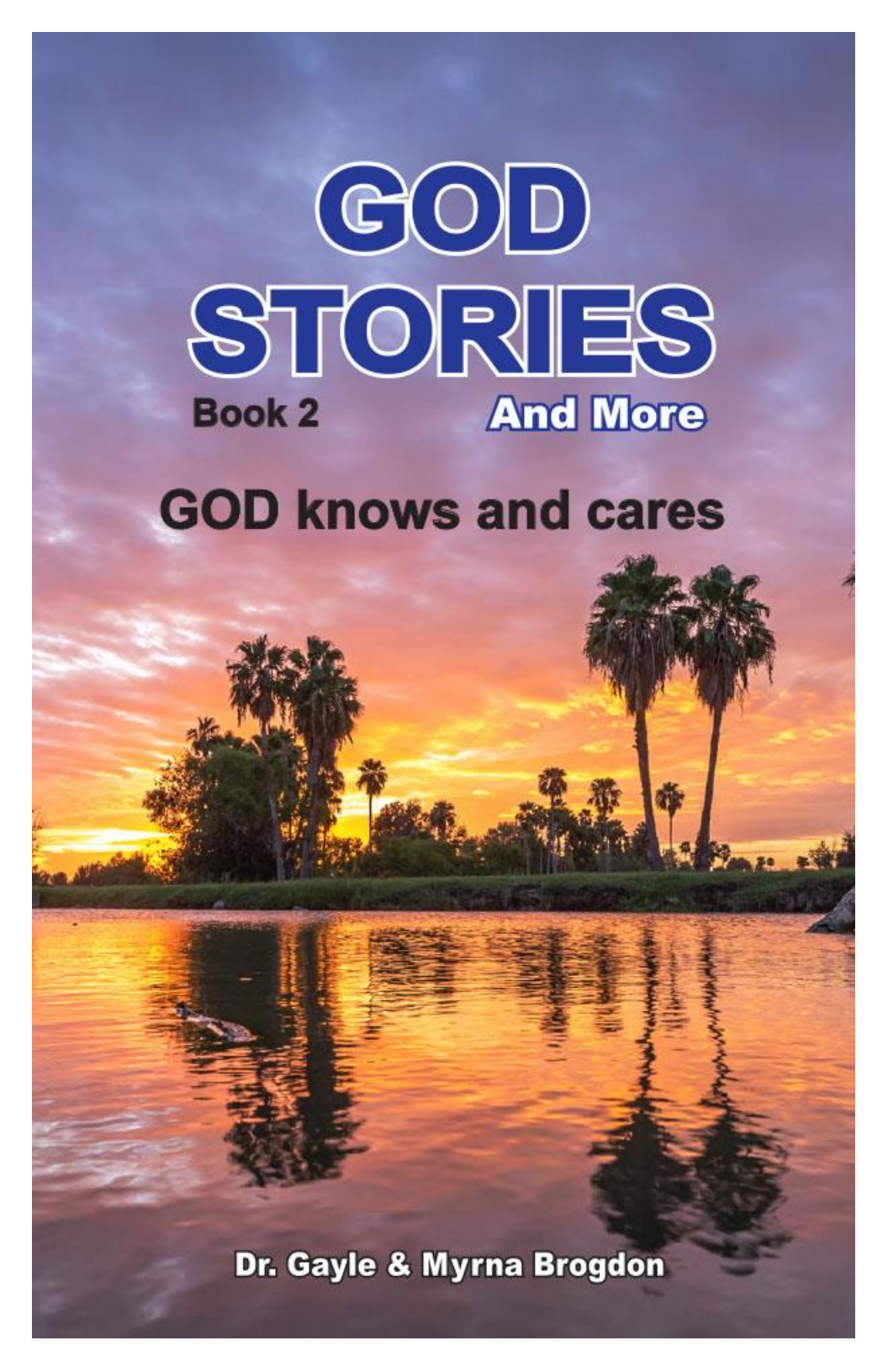


GOD STORIES

Book 2

And More

GOD knows and cares

A serene sunset scene over a body of water. The sky is filled with soft, orange and yellow clouds, with the sun low on the horizon. Several tall palm trees stand on the shore, their silhouettes and reflections clearly visible in the calm water. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Dr. Gayle & Myrna Brogdon

BOOK 2: GOD STORIES And More

*“I will give thanks to the LORD with my whole heart;
I will recount all of your wonderful deeds.
I will be glad and exult in you; I will sing
praise to your name, O Most High.”*
Psalm 9:1-2



Have you ever experienced a miracle? A prayer was answered? **Book 2 GOD STORIES And More** is a collection of uplifting and inspiring stories written by ordinary people about an extraordinary God and what He has done in their lives. They are true stories about God connecting with people, changing them, and doing supernatural things in ordinary peoples' lives. Also, interspersed in this booklet are biblical principles and encouraging messages on how to daily live out your walk with Jesus Christ.

As you turn the pages, you may recall your own amazing encounters with God or find yourself passionately desiring to know God more and have a real personal relationship with Him every day. As the praise song goes, “Our God is an awesome God”, each story in this booklet attests to that.

30-DAY DEVOTIONAL: This booklet may also be used as a 30-day devotional. As you read the stories designated for each day, ask the Lord, “What do you want to reveal to me? In what way(s) may I apply to my life the message(s) and/or the scripture passage(s)? Then pray and do what He shows you.

Our prayer is that everyone who reads this booklet will draw closer to the Lord Jesus Christ and for those who don't know Jesus Christ as Savior, we pray you will...for **GOD KNOWS AND CARES!**

Walking with Jesus,

Gayle & Myrna

Dr. Gayle and Myrna Brogdon

life4educators@aol.com

<https://www.god-stories.com/>

DAY 1: IT HAPPENED ON THE DAY I DIDN'T QUIT

"So, let's not allow ourselves to get fatigued doing good. At the right time we will harvest a good crop if we don't give up, or quit." Galatians 6:9 MSG



Ron Corzine
Ft. Worth, Texas

It happened on the day that I had planned to drop out of college. After chapel service, I walked past the administration office and headed downtown to my little part-time job at Electrical Equipment Company where I sold lighting fixtures. It was a hot, muggy Friday afternoon. A nice but persistent lady entered the store and wanted to buy a fixture and have it installed that same afternoon in her home because she was having out of town guests for the weekend. I told her all our electricians were busy and it would be Monday before we could get to her unless she was willing for me to stop by on my way home and do it. She agreed.

So, after work that day I placed the fixture in my car and headed to South Campbell Street. We had agreed that since I wasn't a licensed electrician that I would do the job for \$10.00. I quickly went to work installing the fixture saying very little about me or my family, except that we were students at a Bible college. When I finished and was cleaning up, she handed me \$20.00. I reminded her our agreement was for \$10.00. She smiled and said she and her husband knew what it was like for a young couple to be working their way through college. I said thank you and proceeded to put my tools in the car when out of the clear blue I heard her from the porch say, "please wait just a few minutes". I waited for about ten minutes and she came out the front door with a large box of groceries. She smiled as she handed it to me and said, "God bless you, your family, and your future." I said thank you, then got in my car and drove away.

I was so happy I was crying and thanking God all the way home. You see what she didn't know was that I was going to quit college that day because we had no money to buy food. So many things like that have happened throughout my life. I don't remember the address, nor do I know her name, but God used her that day to encourage and remind me that He is always watching out for his children. So, if you are thinking about quitting today, DON'T!! God only knows what might happen.

Don't
Quit

DAY 2: LISTEN

“And I will lead the blind in a way that they do not know, in paths that they have not known I will guide them. I will turn darkness before them into light, and rough places into level ground. These are things that God does, and he will not forsake you!”

Isaiah 42:16 ESV

Uncle Ora was raised in a Christian home and lived a good life, but just never felt he needed Jesus! Working in his garden preparing it for winter, Ora suffered a mild heart attack. He was 89 years old.



Steve Frauhiger
Bluffton, Indiana

While recovering at the hospital, I felt compelled by the Spirit to go to Ora and humbly inquire if he was prepared to meet Jesus. He asked me to leave the room! Shortly thereafter he suffered a stroke and was committed to a full nursing care facility.

Once again, on a Thursday afternoon, the Spirit interrupted my day and in plain terms spoke to me “Go see your Uncle Ora.” It was not timely, but left me no choice. Entering the health care facility, I asked the receptionist for Ora’s room number. She said 202 just down the hall. But, she said, he hasn’t known his daughters or his wife for a week.

Because my directions were clear, I went to his room anyway. He was lying there with his big feet sticking out from under the covers, eyes closed, and sound asleep. I squeezed his big toe and instantly his head came off the pillow, eyes opened, and a big grin crossed his face and he said “hello Steve.” I knew at that moment that God knew what Ora needed at this moment. I asked him if I could read him the 23 Psalm. He laid his head back down, closed his eyes, and nodded yes. That was the last communication I would have with my uncle. I read the Psalm and asked if he felt he was in that “valley of the shadow of death,” he nodded very faintly, but affirmatively yes. Again, I asked if he was alone? Yes again! Then I asked if I could pray with him, again a faint nod. I prayed for him to share with Jesus anything that may be on his heart, to ask Jesus to forgive him and take him with Him to Heaven. After praying, I could get no response from my uncle any more, but there were tears running out of the corners of his eyes, but no nods, no smile, nothing.

At 5:00 Friday morning, I received the news that my Uncle Ora had passed through the valley of the shadow of death. But because of those tears, I know his friend and our friend, Jesus, accompanied him home.

DAY 3: GOD'S INTERVENTION IN MY LIFE

"And we know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose." Romans 8:28



Bob Harris
Laguna Vista, TX

My wife and I were not in good standing and I wanted to kill myself over that. I took my gun and I was going to commit suicide. Meanwhile my wife and my mother were looking all over South Padre Island for me. My mother found me behind one of my Island stores in the dark. It must have been 1 or 2 in the morning. I was holding a gun to my head, crying like a baby. She told me to give her the gun. I didn't want to kill myself in front of my mother. She said things would look better in the morning. I went home with my mother and

spent the night at her house.

The next day I went to help my mother during her lunch break. She was running one of our booths at an indoor flea market. While she was having lunch, a man came up to me and started talking to me. He then began sharing the gospel with me. I thought oh no a "Jesus freak". I thought maybe if I listen to him, he'll buy something from me. He then gave me a tract, a pamphlet explaining what it takes to get to heaven. After a while what he told me began to make sense and that night I was born again. My wife saw the change in me and a week later, she was born again. Our eldest daughter also became born again during that same time period.

Then the next day I went to work and called all my co-workers to a meeting and shared the whole truth about the gospel. Some received and some didn't. That was the beginning of a life of ministry, starting with teaching Sunday school in the church we attended at that time. I started teaching Vacation Bible School during the summer, both in Spanish and English. Some came to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. We then met a dear friend Brother Bear, who has since gone to be with the Lord. He was a faithful follower of Jesus who had a heart for the gangs of our area. He opened up opportunities for me to go into several public high schools and share the gospel. We also ministered every Wednesday to a youth group comprised of many different churches as well as youth that didn't attend church. Many lives were changed by sharing the gospel with them. One of them even became a missionary to China.

As time went by, I was ordained as a pastor 16 years ago, I am now a bi-vocational pastor which means I am a business man and a pastor. I have been blessed to be a shepherd of a loving congregation, teaching and equipping them to be ready to share the gospel and explain why they have hope in the times to come. My wife and I always rely on the Word of God, which says: *"And we know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose." Romans 8:28*

DAY 4: BEFORE UBER THERE WAS GOD!

"For He will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways." Psalm 91:11

In February of 1976 my husband accepted the position of Pastor at a church in Combes, Texas. We packed our older model car, a U-Haul truck, a five-year-old and a two-year-old and headed south from Sherman, Texas. Sherman is on the Oklahoma border and Combes is on the Mexico border. That is a 580-mile 9-hour drive and we were determined to do it in one day.

About 8 p.m. we changed our minds. We were exhausted and still had about 2 hours to go when we arrived in Kingsville, Texas. Ron pulled over at the Holiday Inn and I followed his lead. Remember there were no cell phones then so you couldn't discuss your plans or chat your way down the road. We had never heard of the Lower Rio Grande Valley, or Winter Texans. In fact, we had never been past San Antonio. We were not prepared for a 'no room in the inn' response from the Holiday Inn manager. After a quick phone call to the people in Combes we got back on the road and that is the last thing I remember. From Kingsville to the Combes exit 2 hours later I have



**Anne Corzine
Ft. Worth, Texas**

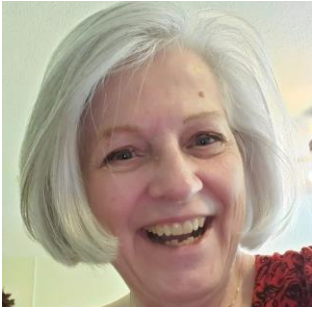


no recollection of anything. All I remember is I pulled off in Combes to a well-lit parsonage where about a dozen people were waiting to feed us and unload our truck. They set up the beds, put on the sheets and made sure we were comfortable for the night. It was obvious to me that God wanted us in Combes because he sent an angel to drive me there. This may be hard to believe but no one can change my mind as to how this happened.

*He will command his angels concerning
you to guard you in all your ways.
On their hands they will bear you up,
lest you strike your foot against a stone.
Psalm 91:11-12 ESV*

DAY 5: GOD KNOWS AND CARES

"In their hearts humans plan their course, but the LORD establishes their steps." Proverbs 16:9

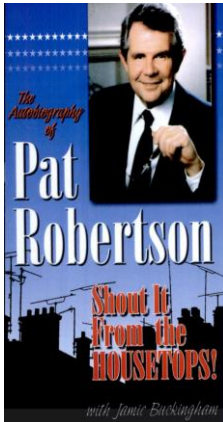


**Myrna Brogdon
Los Fresnos, Texas
and Bluffton, Indiana**

Have you ever been at the right place at the right time? I remember one such time years ago during our fun activity of "antiquing", going from one antique store to another looking for possible items to add to Gayle's antique clock collection and my framed paper needlepoint mottos that have a Christian saying on it

We moved to Los Fresnos, Texas in 1982 and decided to check out an antique store in a nearby town. Upon entering the store, I noticed the owner at the register. As we walked down each store aisle, I found myself drawn to look at that man again and again and wondered why? Knowing this was different, I asked quietly, "Lord, what is it you want me to see?"

We continued browsing. As we approached the aisle next to the man, my eye spotted a book alone on the seat of a chair close to the man. I was so surprised. For in 1977 a book exactly like it was instrumental in me receiving Jesus Christ as my Savior. I knew that I knew what I was to see and why.



So, I picked up the paperback book, Shout It From the Housetops, showing it to the owner and encouraged him to read it, all the while sharing my testimony of how and why this book as well as other people (an educator and a nurse) were instrumental in me receiving Christ as my Savior.

He listened intently and said, "I'll definitely read it." It was so obvious to Gayle and I that the Lord had led us there to that place, at that right time to share the love of Jesus Christ with the owner, because **GOD KNOWS AND CARES**.

I'm reminded of another right place, right time story in Acts 8 when an angel of the Lord told Philip to walk down a particular stretch of road from Jerusalem to Gaza. Philip obeys and sees a eunuch alone in his chariot reading Isaiah. Philip joins him and asks "Do you understand what you are reading?" Philip explained the passage and the Good News of Christ to him. The eunuch received the Lord and Philip baptized him. They both were at the right place at the right time, because **GOD KNOWS AND CARES!**

DAY 6: LET'S CHANGE OUR LABEL!

"Then saith the woman of Samaria unto Him, how is it that thou, being a Jew asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans". John 4:9

Many people wear labels related to their relationships, their occupations, their virtues, and even their flaws. Some could be a source of pride; others a source of shame that we try to shed. What are some of our labels?

One afternoon a Samaritan woman went to the well during the heat of the day to avoid her community since she carried significant shame because of her labeled adulterous lifestyle. She must have been startled to find a Jewish man there, and even more so when he asked for a drink." You are a Jew and I am a Samaritan woman," she answered (v.9).

Noticed that she led with their labels and believed the lie that came with them. But Jesus responded with truth and grace. He focused on His identity and His gift for her (v.10). While she focused on physical things like a missing jug to draw water and a deep well, Jesus wanted to satisfy her spiritual thirst and give her eternal life!

Jesus demonstrated that He knew everything about her. He called her to truth and offered her grace all over again--getting rid of the labels.



This one conversation with Jesus changed the Samaritan woman's life. She left the well, sought out her community, disregarded the labels, and relished being known by Jesus and then was used by Him to bring others to faith.

What are our labels? Do we believe the lies of the devil? What longings do we have that aren't satisfied? Let's bring them all to Jesus and receive the Living Water He offers! Our lives will never be the same! So let us change our 'label' and love, obey, and delight in our Savior!



Cindy Geisel
Bluffton, Indiana

DAY 7: BE STILL

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, “declares the Lord. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts”. Isaiah 55:8-9



**John and Mary Cavazos
Brownsville, Texas**

One day at church, a man we knew came up to me (Mary) and said, “God wants to tell you something. Go outside and be still and listen.” Well, I do not like being outside, and “still”, no way! I told John, my hubby, and he very nicely, got me a lawn chair, turned on the sprinkler and encouraged me. I sat out there with arms crossed and very uncomfortable.

John had been offered to be principal of the school associated with our church. I had already determined that this would result in a pay cut and I would have to do more to provide for our family. I

was working as a diagnostician and John was an assistant principal at our local ISD. There was no way we would make it I thought. I had enrolled at a university to become a speech therapist so I could be a diagnostician during the day and speech therapist at night. I had convinced others to join me. I had even already gotten my book ordered for the class. I heard God say, “You are going to be the first-grade teacher at the church’s school.”

I was like, “No, God”; I am going to be a speech therapist.”

“You are going to be the first-grade teacher at the church’s school.”

“But, God, I convinced my friends to go through this with me!”

God said, “If they want to pursue it, they will.”

“But God, I already have been accepted and I have my book!”

God said, “You can sell the book.”

I was not a happy camper. John said, “What did God say?” I told him that I didn’t want to talk about it. I prayed and sought Godly counsel while John was away on a school trip. When I finally told John, he said, “I could have told you so.” Needless to say, I was the first-grade teacher at the church’s school with John as the principal, and we never lacked for anything! Praise God!



DAY 8: BY HIS STRIPES

“But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; The chastisement for our peace was upon Him, And by His stripes, we are healed.” Is. 53:5

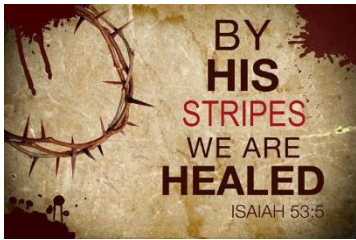
In 2000, I felt a lump in my groin and made an appointment with our family doctor, which led immediately to a consult with a surgeon. Soon thereafter, surgery was scheduled. My wife (Mary) and I were attending church but knew very little about the Word of God.

So, I decided to drive 30 minutes away to have Mexican food at one of our favorite restaurants. We were seated and there was a young man with very short hair and a T-shirt with some red stripes and it said “By His Stripes”. We had no idea what that meant, but we were drawn to it and started

discussing, maybe he was military?



John Cavazos
Brownsville, Texas



opened the book, it was the story of the woman with the issue of the blood. There was that phrase again! “By His Stripes!” God was sending me a message.

We went home and I started channel surfing and stopped on a Christian channel and the preacher was declaring, “By His Stripes!”. What? There it was again! Shortly after, my daughter gave me a book on Jesus’ miracles that she had been given. When I



Eventually, through this difficult time, we were drawn to a different church where the pastor told me that when God wants to confirm a word, you will get the same message three times. God was letting me know that By HIS Stripes, I would be healed. I had kingdom work to accomplish. All Honor and Glory to God that He fulfilled his promise and I have been in remission all these years. God is using me through a street ministry and a jail ministry to show the love of Christ.

DAY 9: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES

"My dear brothers and sisters, take note of this: Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak and slow to become angry," James 1:19



Steve and Gene Hale
Aransas Pass, Texas

I was blessed to be able to serve in the ministry alongside my parents for a number of years. My dad was the pastor of a small church and we had a Christian school where I was the administrator.

One Spring Day, we were about to embark on our annual Bike-A-Thon fundraiser. As I brought our staff together for our morning devotional and for final directions for the day's event, I realized that there were many details left undone. Anger boiled in my heart and I let them have it!! I looked around the room making deliberate eye contact to ensure they all knew my displeasure. It

was evident they had dropped the proverbial ball and I was going to make sure they heard about it.....this was unacceptable!!

After dismissing them from my tirade, I walked out the front door where I was met by my dad, Gene Hale, who was having a cup of coffee and greeting students. What he said to me stung and has never left my mind. He said, "Steve, you cannot talk to people like that if you want to keep them on your side. There is a right way and a wrong way to handle situations like that and you were wrong."

Still seething, I shot back, "They were wrong and they know it! If they don't like what I said, then that's THEIR problem."

He looked me square in the eyes and said, "No Steve, that's YOUR problem". He was right.....I had let anger rob me of an incredible teaching moment, and more importantly, my witness to fellow believers.

I've never forgotten that day or the lesson learned. It would be dishonest of me to say that I've gotten it right every time since then, but the Lord uses that encounter often to remind me that it is *"A soft answer that turns away wrath, and harsh words only stir up anger."* Proverbs 15:1 Turns out that dad was right....it was MY problem....Now it's the Lord's and I strive daily to be a person who is *"...quick to hear, slow to speak, and slow to anger."* - James 1:19

My dear brothers and sisters, take note of this:
Everyone should be quick to listen,
slow to speak and slow to become angry.
James 1:19



DAY 10: ANGELS ON ASSIGNMENT

"For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways; they will lift you up in their hands, so that you will not strike your foot against a stone." Psalm 91:11-12



Beth Aschliman
Bluffton, Indiana

My son, a believer, was in an accident April 2023. He rolled his truck four times and was ejected. He walked away with barely a scratch. I would say that's a God story of God's faithfulness and His amazing Angels.



I HEARD HIS VOICE AND OBEYED!

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." John 10:27

It was Saturday the first day of the Christmas vacation and I was so excited because I was flying to Pennsylvania for the holidays. My husband was already there and I would see snow for the first time. As I was leaving, I noticed the water hose across the lawn. So, I coiled the hose by the water faucet and heard softly, but firmly, "turn off the water meter". I did so without hesitation. When I arrived in Pennsylvania that afternoon, I was greeted with 18-degree temperature and plenty of snow. For the next 7 days I was enjoying the many winter activities: snowball fight, making a snowman, sledding down the hill, walking the dogs in the woods and shopping at the crowded mall. Our next-door neighbor invited us for Christmas lunch and while I was there, I asked to use their phone to call my mom. All my mom talked about was the severe weather and the freeze of the night before. She had broken water pipes and all her plants were frozen. My husband's first reaction was to call our neighbor to turn off the water to our mobile home. I said, "It's not necessary. I turned it off before I left. With a puzzled look on his face, he asked, "Why did you do that?" I repeated the words God had said. So, we thanked the Lord for saving our mobile home from flooding and for His love and protection.



Maria Ellwood
Santa Maria, Texas

DAY 11: THE MAN FROM GALILEE

“And he went throughout all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and proclaiming the gospel of the kingdom and healing every disease and every affliction among the people.”

Matthew 4:23



Virginia Rauch
Bluffton, IN

A miracle happened to me during the early morning hours of April 14, 2015. The day before I went for an afternoon walk, as I often do, for about 20 minutes. With every foot step I began having a sharp pain in around my right collar bone just below my neck. It felt like some thing or someone was pinching me...hard. It just thumped with every step that I took and I didn't know what it might be as I had never had pain like this before. I could not complete my walk that day but had to return home because of the severe pain I was experiencing. That pain continued off and on throughout the rest of the day. Then the next day, during the early morning hours, that same sharp pain woke me up and hurt with every

breath that I took, I went to the recliner in the living room to try to get some sleep, but the pain kept me awake. Right beside the recliner is a little stand with our big family Bible on it. For some reason the song “Put your Hand in the Hand of the Man from Galilee” kept coming through my mind. Why this particular song, I had no idea because I hadn't thought about this song for a long time, until at that moment when God put it into my mind. So, I reached over and laid my hand on the family Bible as I repeated the words of this song in my thoughts and within seconds the pain totally disappeared. With my hand on the Bible, I soon fell asleep. My pain has not come back since. Praise be to God for His healing power.

Our church congregation was reading the New Testament through that year, a chapter a day, except for on the weekends when we choose our own devotional for the day. We were not reading the books in chronological order and this particular week we were reading in Matthew. But what really confirmed my faith was the fact that after breakfast during our morning devotionals, my husband and I read in Matthew 4, the chapter our church was reading for that day. In verse 23 we read about the Man from Galilee and how He healed the sick and that really reassured my faith in Jesus and His almighty power because He had just healed me of this agonizing pain.

Why did that particular song come to my mind that night? Why did I happen to sit in the recliner closest to the Bible instead of the other recliner? All this truly increased my faith. Praise be to God, for **THE MAN FROM GALILEE!**

DAY 12: MAKE IT RIGHT

"Therefore, if you bring your gift to the altar, and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift there before the altar, and go your way. First be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift." Matt. 5:23-24

In January, we usually start the year with a fast to focus on Jesus. I decided to watch a series about Jesus called The Chosen. It is an excellent series and really brings the gospels to life. One episode in particular shows Jesus giving the sermon on the mount. His disciples were listening intently along with the multitude. In this episode it showed one disciple going to another disciple and apologizing for some harsh words he spoke. It really touched my heart as the other disciple accepted his apology and gave forgiveness. In another powerful scene, a different disciple goes to his family and apologizes and they also accepted it. They too gave forgiveness. I was in tears as it moved my heart!



Leigh Aten
Brownsville, Texas

The previous years there had been many angry words spoken in my family. I was guilty and knew the Holy Spirit was convicting me. I needed to humble myself and apologize. My pride did not want to do it because I felt justified in my own pain and hurts from these same family members. However, I knew I needed to be obedient and do it. So, one day, I did. I apologized for every hurtful, hateful word I had spoken and any offense I had caused. I asked each person if they would forgive me. By the end of the day, each person had accepted my apology and forgiven me. One also asked my forgiveness. I felt so clean!!!! This was the work of the Holy Spirit!

The heaviest thing you can
carry is a grudge.



DAY 13: MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN

"I will tell of the kindness of the Lord, the deeds for which He is to be praised according to all the Lord has done for us." Isaiah 63:7



**Judy and Ken Kipfer
Bluffton, Indiana**

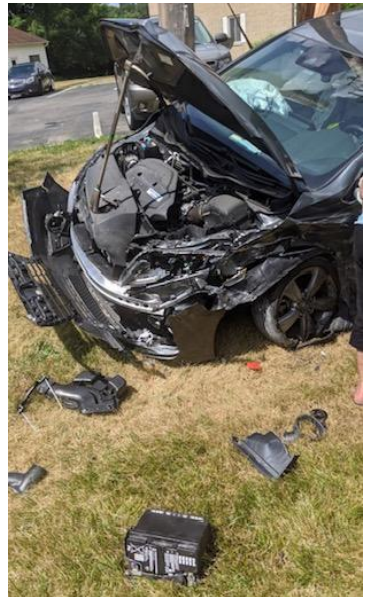
later found out that both ligaments holding his head upright were severed, making it impossible for his neck to support his head. This happened at the height of Covid, and the hospital dismissed him with an appropriate neck brace to hold his head upright.

Meanwhile, Ken's pain was so severe that even with pain meds, we had to help him do everything—feed him, help him to the bathroom, put him to bed, etc. It took two to three people to get him to the bathroom, shower him, or move him to a chair or bed. He has very little memory of this time. But God showed up for us in the help I had from our family—day and night for 5 weeks.

Ken had surgery to attach his head to his spine, which means now he has NO head movement up, down, or side-to-side. But our family stayed with us for 3 weeks while he was recuperating and accepting this change. The miracle didn't include the healing we were hoping for—but we saw His love for us in the way friends and family came to visit, sent cards, and encouraged us along the way. God has given us His peace and acceptance as only He can provide!

My God Story happened in the middle of one of the hardest times in our lives. It started July 10, 2020, when Ken and I were in a head-on car crash. Ken was actually paralyzed at the scene of the accident for 20 minutes. Thankfully, his sense of feeling returned before he was transported to the hospital.

Because Ken had several brain bleeds and a concussion, he was transferred by helicopter to a larger hospital in Ft. Wayne, IN. At the time, we didn't realize the severity of his injuries. We



DAY 14: GOD'S HAND OF PROTECTION

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; And all that is within me, bless His holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who redeems your life from destruction, who crowns you with lovingkindness and tender mercies..." Ps 103:1-2, 4

"Well God, this is it." I thought to myself as my car hydroplaned into oncoming traffic, and into the lights of an 18-wheeler. It had been a cold and drizzly day, and I was on my way to give my mom the rent money before going to a meeting. The impact sent me into a spin, and when my car stopped, my head and upper body were in the passenger seat while my right hand clutched the steering wheel. To add salt to the wound, the air bag went off seconds later. The pain I felt was so excruciating! I was pretty much broken up - my left ankle, knee, and wrist were crushed, but I was also hurting from my right knee and ribs. My knee was fractured and some of my ribs were broken. But somehow, I couldn't shake the feeling that I should be dead if it hadn't been for God's hand of protection. The doctors told me that I wasn't going to walk for 8 to 12 months, and when I did, it would be with the aid of a walker. I knew that my Lord is powerful and that He would have the last word. My family and friends began prayer chains where people all over the world were praying for me. Praise God! I walked out of the rehab with a walker after two and a half months, and then walked on my own without a walker 2 months later!



Ida Ruth Rodriguez
Brownsville, Texas

LOST AND FOUND

"Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you." Matthew 7:7

I looked everywhere, but it was gone! Where could my doctoral degree ring be? I (Gayle Brogdon) prayed. Then came, "In the flower bed." I had planted lots of hibiscus that 1980 day and began digging them back up. There it was in the ground beneath one of the plants. WHEW!



Fast forward to 2019. After looking thoroughly in our backyard, I acknowledged, "I've lost my ring again! It must have slid off in the HEB parking lot." I prayed. But it wasn't there, nor was it turned into the HEB manager's office and it wasn't in any pawn shops.

A year later a friend was working on our patio. There had been a hard rain a few days before and the ground was still wet. His eye saw something shiny partially exposed to the sunlight. Upon closer examination, he dug the object out. There was my ring. Lost but found one year later in 2020! Thank You, Lord for answering my prayer!

DAY 15: MY BRUSH WITH DEATH

“who desires all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.”

1 Tim. 2:4-6



**Jane and Doyle Frauhiger
Bluffton, Indiana**

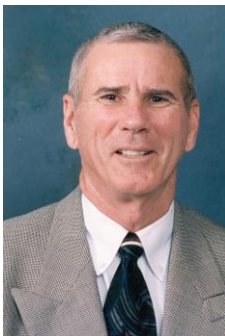
One sunny summer afternoon, my wife, Bonnie, was in an innertube holding our 9-month-old daughter, Sherri, in the farm pond. At the age of 21, I saw what looked like a great opportunity to have some fun! I quietly swam out to the innertube which was holding my wife and baby to scare them. Well, it backfired on me!! Bonnie was so scared that she threw Sherri into the pond. Then, I was scared!! I went underwater immediately to find Sherri. I thought my lungs would burst before I would find her when all of a sudden, I got ahold of her little leg! I brought her up and she just giggled, but we all went up to the shore and Bonnie and I just cried. Little did I know that by July 31, 1964, there would be many more tears, because Bonnie passed away a week after her heart surgery. As sad as that was, God very graciously provided a second wife, Jane, for me. Praise the Lord!!

Years later, I heard someone say that he was desperate to see the lost come to Christ. I then wondered if I've ever been that desperate to see the lost come to Christ and all of a sudden, I remembered the time in the farm pond and YES!! I was desperate to find Sherri in the same way we should desperately want others to be saved.

GOD DIRECTS OUR STEPS

“The Lord directs the steps of the godly. He delights in every detail of their lives.”

Ps. 37:23



**Gayle Brogdon
Los Fresnos, TX
and Bluffton, IN**

Daily Myrna and I ask the Lord to show us who He wants given His **GOD STORIES And More** booklets. So, we carry at least one booklet with us prepared to give out this gospel tool as the Lord leads. In fact, one day as we sat down in a doctor's lobby, we heard a woman call out asking, "Dr. Brogdon, is that you?" I hadn't seen this woman in 40+ years when I had her as an undergraduate student in college. During our conversation I gave her a **GOD STORIES** booklet. She eagerly asked for one more for a former student of mine. After we left, Myrna and I prayed for both of them asking the Lord to do His work in their lives for His Glory. It was God's open door of opportunity, not a coincidence, to be sitting across from her in the doctor's lobby at that day/time, because **GOD DIRECTS OUR STEPS!**

Day 16: YOU CAN'T OUT GIVE GOD!

Give, and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, will be poured into your lap. For with the measure you use, it will be measured to you." Luke 6:38

You can't out give God! Many years ago, my husband walked into the room and told me that during his prayer time that morning the Lord had told him to give a large sum of money (above our tithe) to our young church. Without thought I replied that he must have been tuned into the wrong channel, and with my accounting background I began to explain why we could not afford to do that. We had three young children, mortgage, car payment, etc., etc. I'm so thankful I am married to a man who has always led our family with confidence. He wrote the check, and I submitted. The Lord used that situation to teach me He was our provider. As only He can do, we received back the EXACT amount we had given through unexpected circumstances.



**Tami and Lynn Johnson
Lyford, Texas**

Where is the Lord stretching you? It is not always finances He is asking us to give abundantly. Is He asking you to give forgiveness, kindness, time, patience, trust.....? Be encouraged! You cannot out give God

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" Matt. 19:19

A few years ago, my neighbor in back of my house was given custody of her two grandsons, ages 8 and 12. I got to know the young boys well and took them to church several times. When their mother was reunited with them, I told her where I had taken the boys to the church thinking that she would take them herself. Her quick curt response was, "I know where the church is".

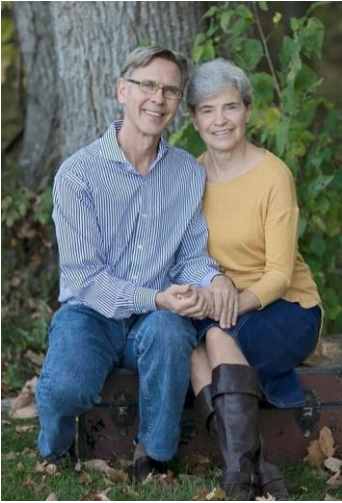


**Maria Ellwood
Santa Maria, TX**

I often saw the mother and the boys in the back yard while I tended to my peach trees. It was summer and I would check daily for ripe fruit. One day she sends the older boy to ask me for peaches. My first thought was, "No! She does not like me". As I picked small peaches for her, I felt the Lord telling me, "Give her the best peaches". That day I gave my neighbor the biggest tree ripened peaches because the Lord told me to treat others the way I want to be treated.

DAY 17: WE SERVE A “RIGHT ON TIME” GOD!

“But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Phil. 4:19



Jerry & Kathy Rauch
Bluffton, Indiana

We purchased an old Victorian house that was located on North Main Street in Bluffton, Indiana and listed on the National Historic Register, with the intention of moving our store into it someday. We rented it out for a couple of years as we began to make plans for the anticipated move. Our original plan was to build on to the back of the home for our retail area and use the original home as a natural food café. The upper house level would serve as office space. We had the house remodeling plans drawn up and were ready to move ahead.

We called our landlord who rented retail space to us at our current location in early January and told him of our decision to move out in July, which was the six-month notice required. You can imagine the shock when we were told the lease

had just rolled over for another five years. We had rented from him for the past 25 years and that small but significant detail in our lease was something we had forgotten. We were devastated because that meant we would need to wait another 5 years to make this move!

So, we asked our landlord if there was any way we could get out of our new lease. He was very kind and said he would let us out of it if he could find someone else to assume the lease for us. He warned us that if he found someone, there would likely be very little notice and we would need to be ready to move out quickly, within a two-month period of time. We prayed and committed it to God, believing it would all work out for good either way.

On October 6 of that year, we got a phone call from him, saying he had someone to assume our lease and we had to be out by November 30th. Obviously, there was not enough time to build on to the back of the house, so our dream of expansion, including a café, was no longer possible, but at least we didn't have to wait another five years. We were so thankful!

The house needed a ton of work before it would be ready to make it into a store. New wooden shelving fixtures needed to be purchased since the fixtures we had been using were metal and more institutional looking. Not at all complimentary to the historic home new venue. We visited Shipshewana, Indiana hoping to find some vintage furniture display pieces that could accommodate our products.

After exhausting our options due to prohibitive prices, we left discouraged. However, on the way out of town, we saw a sign advertising Amish-made furniture. What could we lose? As we visited with the owner and explained our urgent need of wood shelving, he told us he had the entire week of Thanksgiving open for his workers. In addition, he said they could have the sizable wood shelving order finished and delivered several days ahead of our required lease vacate date. We were elated at how the Lord was providing!

Then, about two weeks before we needed to vacate our old lease premises, we received a visit from an inspector from the Indiana Department of Homeland Security. He informed us there were certain requirements by the state that had to be fulfilled to convert a residence into a venue for public use and they need to be done prior to moving in. He said we needed to hire an architect or a lawyer to make sure everything was done right. That settled on our hearts like a heavy brick. How long could all this take, when we were already on crunch time? My husband, Jerry, grabbed the large phonebook from Fort Wayne, Indiana and opened up to Architects in the Yellow Pages, put his finger on one of about a hundred Architectural firms and made a phone call to that company. When the man answered, and heard our plight, he said, “No worries, I happen to sit on the board of the Indiana Department of Homeland Security, and I can get you right through this.” Wow, another Providential occurrence that left us praising the Lord. Fortunately, we had taken steps to make all necessary changes in the right way, prior to his inspection, so we breezed through with only a couple minor improvements. The Indiana Department



of Homeland Security was happy with our report and granted us the necessary title to safely use the house for commercial traffic. Thank the Lord, He provided again!

The beautiful new wooden shelving fixtures were delivered on time and friends and family pitched in to help us move our products and other things to our new location, just in time. God be praised for working out every detail for this move!

DAY 18: SILVER AND GOLD

“The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts.” Haggai 2:8



Yvette Perez
Rancho Viejo, TX

Prior to the United States shut down in spring of 2020, and at the very beginning of the Covid pandemic, my husband Thomas and I made serious decisions quickly. We decided that we would stockpile medications, medical supplies and food that would help us through this unprecedented time and we both decided that if either he, our teenage son, or I became ill with the virus, we would all remain quarantined together. We would only go to the hospital as the absolute last resort. As a middle school science teacher in Los Fresnos, Texas, I did my best to keep up with the limited research and published knowledge of the virus, aware that even the experts did not know how to beat this monster. I

knew full well that my husband was considered “the poster child” of victims of corona virus; Thomas was over 55, overweight, diabetic and had pre-existing heart conditions. He was also a general manager of a hotel which never shut down and was constantly among the public serving his international guests. Even though I believed with my whole spirit that God was with us and that He would protect us, the outlook was grim.

As I stockpiled and worked to prepare, my husband asked me several times to call a cousin of his in Ohio whom I had only met once years ago, Nina is her name; she wanted to share some information with me. I heard him, but never called and kept reading, preparing and praying. At the end of June, my husband called me and said that he felt ill. He had worn the masks, washed his hands and did all to protect himself and he hesitantly came home terrified to infect us. Due to his weight, the oximeter did not work the Saturday he arrived; it erroneously read his oxygen level at 85 which is dangerous so we rushed him to the hospital. Doctors x-rayed his lungs which appeared clear and he was sent home. We rejoiced that his lungs looked good.

Sadly, within only four days, we could no longer control his fever which spiked to 104 every day; despite staggering acetaminophen and ibuprofen, we could not keep the fever at bay. By Thursday morning he could hardly take more than several steps without losing his breath, and being a large man, he was scared to fall because ambulances were taking hours to reach the sick and hospitals were inundated. When I saw his face Thursday, his color was gray and I knew he was critical. He said that he could not fight another day of fever and he could feel life leaving him, but he was too scared to go to the hospital because he felt he would not return. I knew he was dying but did not let him see me cry. I went to my room and broke down, and cried out to the Lord asking Him for guidance and all I heard was “Call Nina.”

I was shocked and honestly did not know why I heard her name as the answer, but I called, and she answered immediately. She did not even say hello, but said, “Yvette, I have been praying you would call me.” We spoke at length and she shared that there was a product on the market which contains nanoparticles of silver in purified water and that it helped her 92-year old father beat sepsis when doctors told him there was no hope, and she believed this would help her cousin live. This precious silver water has been on the market for decades and there are many brands which do the same thing; the microscopic particles of silver attach themselves to our blood cells and help us defeat virus or bacteria by stealing electrons. I know that God made our world and has equipped us with all we need to heal ourselves. This made scientific sense and I believed. God made silver and that is all I needed to know.

I instantly got online and ordered the silver, but it would not be here for five days and cried again like a baby because I knew Tom would not survive that long. This time, through my tears, I heard, “Go find it”. There was only ONE bottle, exactly the brand Nina suggested, in McAllen, and I drove the 45 miles on the 4th of July to buy it from a well-known vitamin store. Upon return, I began to give it to Tom in tiny doses and within twelve hours his fever broke, praise God! We were amazed! Tom felt much better, but he still could not breathe well and we both knew he needed oxygen; at that time, no oxygen machines were available and his doctor could not prescribe one. On Sunday, Tom finally admitted that he could neither breathe nor walk more than two or three steps and needed to go to hospital. I was in the kitchen and remember breaking down alone because I knew that we had used the entire 8 oz. of silver water and he needed to continue fighting without me; no visitors were allowed in hospitals. I sobbed uncontrollably and remember my body shaking with fear for Tom and all I heard was “Those who listen will not die.” I stopped crying.

I remembered that there was another vitamin store 10 miles from me in Brownsville; all I heard was “go”. I told Tom I would take him to the hospital but needed to go buy him something first. I bought the only four bottles on the shelf. I returned home and packed the largest bottle in his bag and showed it to him. I begged him not to tell anyone about it and to promise me he would take it every hour.

From the emergency room, he called to tell me the nightmare he was living; people were screaming they couldn’t breathe, adults crying out and nurses and doctors rushing to as many as they could with Code Blue sounding every half hour; Tom said it was like a war movie. I told him I would set my phone alarm for every hour and called to remind him to sip God’s silver water.

Within four hours of being there he called me hysterically crying like I have never heard him. A doctor had just left him and said, “Call your family to make arrangements, your new chest x-rays show that your lungs are filled with Covid...there is nothing we can do for you, you are going to die.” My husband was absolutely horrified and inconsolable and I said firmly with no fear, “That

doctor does not know YOU, or the God WE serve; YOU WILL NOT DIE. Trust God, and trust me. Take the silver.” My husband asked me again how I knew that he would be okay, and I said quickly, “Because God told me so.”

My husband suffered almost three days in the ER waiting for an available room, and on the third day, as the nurse on his floor welcomed him and took his vital signs, he said, “Sir, you are on our Covid floor with over 9 men; and no offense, but most of them are younger, and thinner. Sir, we do not know how or why, but you are doing much better than they are; your infection levels are dropping by the hundreds daily, and we are amazed at how fast you are recovering.” Tom called me and asked his male nurse to repeat his words. I just sat there and cried, and cried, with sheer joy and utter gratefulness, and I cry exactly like that every time I think of this moment. God is faithful, God is good; and he equipped this earth with all we need to heal ourselves, all we have to do is listen. I learned more about how ancient civilizations used silver and gold to purify water because of their immunity properties.

My husband witnessed the horrors of the pandemic, but he walked out of that hospital to the amazement of nurses and doctors. The same doctor who sentenced him to death on Sunday, July 5th, asked Tom to donate his blood to help others just seven days later. My husband is a walking miracle, and to God alone be the Glory.

GOD SUPPLIES

“And my God will supply all your needs according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus.” Philippians 4:19



**Teresa Moreno
Bryant, Arkansas**

While in line at McDonald’s one day, I saw a young mother with two children at a nearby table. After a few minutes I realized that the three of them were SHARING a cheeseburger, fries, and a soft drink. That tugged at my heart so much and I felt the Lord nudge me...hard. He wanted me to give the young mother my last \$5...my LAST \$5. I struggled momentarily but I obeyed. I quietly put the \$5 in her hand and whispered, “Ma’am, please go get another cheeseburger and fries for your kids! The Lord asked me to bless you.” I saw the tears in her eyes as she accepted the gift.

Six months later on my birthday I received an anonymous card. Inside was 5 crisp \$100 bills! I asked God, “Why me Lord and why \$500?? The Holy Spirit quickly spoke to my heart. “Remember the \$5 you gave the young mother a few months back? You obeyed me even with you were in need yourself. Here is your 100-fold return!” I had totally forgot the \$5 and that young mother but the Lord had not forgotten!

DAY 19: THEN CAME GOD!

"Every day I will praise you and extol your name for ever and ever. Great is the LORD and most worthy of praise; his greatness no one can fathom." Psalm 145:2-3

My brother Matt passed away at the age of 41 due to cirrhosis of the liver caused by alcohol. His journey from the age of 13 to a couple months before his death was tragic. The God he had heard about in Sunday school hadn't protected him and seemingly wasn't able to fix him either. Many people tried to help including all 8 of his siblings but none of us able to make a difference. His liver was operating at 2% and the doctors gave us little hope. We sent out the call for prayer.



Jeff Leman
Decatur, IN

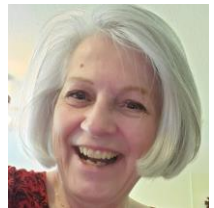
THEN CAME GOD! One day his liver started functioning at 20%. The doctors told us they had no explanation for this. With his liver functioning at that level his mind cleared up. This lasted for 2 weeks. In those 2 weeks he found Jesus or rather Jesus came to him. Nothing any of us did had anything to do with it, except maybe our prayers. Jesus just came to him and claimed him. He was able to tell a couple of my brothers that when he was young the name of Jesus seemed so sweet then He seemed so distant. Now it sounded so sweet to him again. Shortly his liver shut off and he was dead in 36 hours.

I believe God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit were all faithful to the prayers of many to save my brother Matt's soul. God is just that loving, faithful, and good. His mercy and grace is far above what we can imagine. He is worthy of all praise and honor.

LET IT DROP

"And whenever you stand praying, if you have anything against anyone, forgive him and let it drop (leave it, let it go), in order that your Father Who is in heaven may also forgive you your [own] failings and shortcomings and let them drop." Mk 11:25 AMP

[The Lord used](#) a pastor's wife, to reveal to me the key to forgiving in the above verse: "**LET IT DROP** (leave it, let it go)". Therefore, as I forgive, I picture placing the hurt in the palm of my hand and turning my hand over letting it drop. Then I don't reach down and pick it up again...I leave it and let it go...I forgive and don't think or talk about it.



Myrna Brogdon
Los Fresnos, TX
and Bluffton, IN



Also, I learned to let go of anger and hurt by praying FOR the person by asking God to heal THEIR heart and to bless them in a great way.

DAY 20: GOD SENT SOMEONE TO HELP

William: "Love your wife as Christ loved the church." Ephesians 5:25



William & Clifford Wrench
South Padre Island, TX

WILLIAM'S STORY: My wife Clifford and I were stationed at Tripler Army Medical Center in Honolulu, Hawaii in 1966. We married January 1965, and were having problems adjusting to marriage. I had been radically saved April 1965, was on fire for the Lord, and attending a Bible college in Honolulu. I felt I was doing a pretty good job as a Christian husband. My wife didn't agree with my assessment, and felt something was missing in the marriage. We were immature Christians needing help.

The Lord spoke to me and said He was going to send someone to help spiritually. One day while sitting outside the church's Bible school, an elderly man carrying a briefcase approached me and started talking. He was a preacher from California that was in Honolulu to attend a church convocation. He stated his name M. L. Williams, and asked if he could stay at our home on the next visit. We spent time together after our first meeting, and I introduced him to my wife Clifford. He became my mentor and spiritual father, and stayed with us when coming to Hawaii to preach.

I looked forward to each visit, because of Pastor Williams' great Bible teachings, and life lessons. He taught by preaching and living it. He used to say "just love your wife." Now after 58 years of marriage, I understand clearly what it means in Ephesians 5:25 to love your wife as Christ loved the church.

Clifford: "Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you." Matthew 7:7

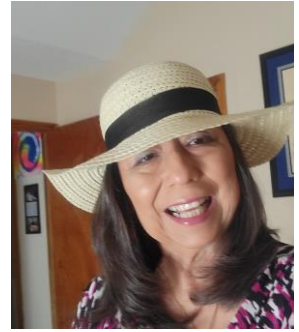
CLIFFORD'S STORY: I was a Christian attending church in Hawaii, but was having problems with infertility, and other issues. I needed an older Christian woman to talk with. There was an older woman in the church from Baytown, Texas visiting a friend in Hawaii. There was something about her that I couldn't explain drawing me to her. I asked if she would consider coming to stay with me and my husband after the visit with the friend ended. She said she would pray about it, and give an answer later. She was made aware that my husband and I were in agreement about asking her to come. Mary Matthews did come to live with us for several months. I had resigned from the Army, and we had time to spend with each other. She was

over seventy, and I was twenty-five years old at the time. God knew that I needed to learn the importance of prayer, and how to pray. Mary prayed more than anyone I knew. She taught me how to pray, which was done several times throughout the day on our knees. There were times when I was ready to get up, but she wanted to continue. I learned so much about waiting on God, being obedient to Him, spiritual warfare, and how to treat my husband. She was my mentor and spiritual mother. Even though I asked her to come stay with us, it was God who sent her.

DON'T LET THE DEVIL WIN

“Therefore, I say unto you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours.” Mark 11:24

I was born to a mother that was a missionary and a father who later became a preacher. At age 10 we lost our father. Therefore, my mom became mom and dad. Growing up in a Christian home was all we knew. We were very naive to the outside world. Therefore, my mother was extremely strict with us. We did not have permission to do very much or attend any activities that were not appropriate in my mother’s eyes. We attended church religiously. When we all married and had our families, we taught them how to pray and the importance of their salvation and being baptized. In our families there was always prayer before meals, prayer during travel, prayer to sleep, prayer for healing and scripture reading. Miracles were common in our families as well because we knew that with God all things were possible. We witnessed many miracles every day.



Liz Avitia
Brownsville, Texas

So here is my story: For twelve years I struggled with allergies. I would get a horrible cough, chest pain and gurgling and sinus congestion. I was seeing a general practice doctor who would prescribe antibiotics and steroids every two weeks. He would always say, “I know when you are here because I can hear your horrible cough all the way from the waiting area.” He would tell me to always wear a mask to protect me from what was floating in the air. After many visits and shots, antibiotics, steroids, and pumps, I remember having a very difficult night. I could not breathe and could hear gurgling in my chest. I sat down and called upon one of my sisters. I said, “Please pray for me because I can’t breathe.” She prayed and when she finished her prayer, she could still hear me having a very difficult time. Many times, I thought, this is the way I am going to die! But that night was different. She listened and said, “Do you want me to take you to the ER?” I responded, “and let the devil win, no!” From that day on I knew that God had healed me! I got all the pumps, and steroids and everything that I would use during my breathing struggles and dumped them in the trash. That was three years ago! Praise God for His healing!

DAY 21: OUR GOD STORY

*"Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying "whom shall I send and who will go for us?"
And I said "here am I; Send me." Isaiah 6:8*



Jimmy and Janie Perez
Brownsville, Texas

Isaiah 6:8 was my confession to God a few years after I surrendered my life to Christ. Many times, Jimmy and I are called to pray for the sick. One day we were asked to pray for a dying man who was on life support. His organs had completely shut down and his body looked like he had been inflated. According to the family his doctors said there was nothing they could do for him. The family requested that we pray before he was disconnected. Jimmy and I prayed and at the end of our prayer I sensed such a compassion which drew me to tears. His family said the ventilator would be removed the following day. To the doctor's and

everyone's amazement a whole week went by but the man continued to live. Instead of dying his organs began to come alive. He was sent to a rehab where he recovered fully. Needless to say, doctors and nurses were in total disbelief. To this day this man still lives. What a mighty God we serve! Psalm 118:17 says, *"I shall not die but live to proclaim the works of the Lord."*

HIDE THE WORD

"I have hidden your word in my heart that I might not sin against you." Psalm 119:11



Chris Edge
Los Fresnos, Texas

Shortly after we were married, my wife and I began building a country home. We built our home from "paycheck to paycheck", and we saved for each phase of construction.

We were saving up to buy lumber and pay carpenters to "frame out" the house, but because the price of wood was rumored to be rising, we bought the wood before we had the money to hire framers. There was no place to hide the wood as it sat exposed on our lot for months, so we were relieved when we could finally have the valuable material shaped and secured to the foundation. As the house took shape, I realized that the wood was now safe

because it was now immovable. It wasn't that a thief didn't know where the wood was---it was that the wood was now part of our home. Just like that wood, hiding God's word in your heart means making sure that His Word is a part of who we are--and ensuring that the enemy can never steal it.

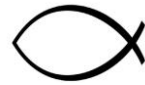
DAY 22: THOU ART WITH ME

*"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for You are with me." Psalm 23:4*

After a long courageous journey, my husband's appointed time for passing into the presence of his Savior was near. Our family had gathered at our home, had times of softly singing hymns around his bed. Two nights before his passing, our youngest adult son, who was a new believer, said "Come, I want you to see something!" Living in a rural area, our winter night was **very** dark. He led me out into the darkness, and stopped. There on the solid brick wall of our house, was projected a huge **lighted** outline of an Ichthys (the ancient Christian symbol). I stared in amazement! There being NO source of light anywhere, my son asked "do you think God is telling us that He is with us?" That symbol stayed and *many* people witnessed it. Sunday morning, while our church body was praying for him, my husband slipped peacefully into the presence of our Lord.



Betty Thompson
Plainview, Texas



MY IDENTITY

*"Yet to all who did receive him, to those who believed in his name,
he gave the right to become children of God." John 1:12*

Retired in May 2020, I struggled with my identity. I didn't want to be enmeshed in my past (literacy education professor), but instead in the present (a full-time visual artist). Even though I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior several years ago, I became a lukewarm Christian. Unfortunately, I put too much of a focus on art. I became addicted to my cell phone, especially to my Instagram artist account. I grew increasingly discouraged by the few "likes" or comments I received after posting my most recent piece or after receiving rejection emails for artist residencies and juried shows. I then began reflecting on my desire for personal gain versus Kingdom gain and I realized my foremost identity is with Jesus, that he will never abandon or forsake me, and that I can use this identity to bring people to Him. After consistent prayer, I felt liberated and now realize that my identity is being God's child, and that He loves me and accepts me for who I am, that I don't have to strive in art, that I can just be – His.



Dr. Kathy Bussert-Webb
Brownsville, Texas

DAY 23: GOD KNOWS OUR NEEDS

"I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me." Philippians 4:13



**Paris Feters
Ossian, Indiana**

It was around the summer of 1999 while backing out of the driveway that my husband glanced down in the rearview mirror to see our three children crammed into the backseat of our small car. Though they never complained, it was at that moment he realized we needed a larger vehicle. After looking over our finances he asked that we begin to pray for a larger vehicle but within the budget of \$3500.00. After a few weeks of praying, I told my husband that God had given me a sign that our "new" vehicle would be white in color, not a color that we would purposely choose. Though he chuckled, we continued to pray and not long

after we received a call from my father-in-law in Florida to tell us he found a conversion van that would fit our needs but wasn't sure we would be interested because it was WHITE in color! I couldn't help but smile at that moment as I knew this was God fulfilling our need. As my husband was making plans to fly to Florida to drive this



vehicle back, we received another phone call, this time from my mother, to let us know she had a WHITE station wagon for sell and wondered if we were interested. Now I was just stunned! God not only supplied our need but went over and above by blessing us with two vehicles for our budgeted amount of \$3500!

GOD KNOWS OUR HEART

But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Is 64:6

I did not grow up in a Godly home but no matter where we lived our parents encouraged me to visit our elderly neighbors, one of which was Mrs. Fisher, whose son was a Pastor which is how I was invited to attend church in 1973, at the age of 8. With my parents' permission, I boarded the church bus the following Sunday. I hadn't been attending long when one particular Sunday it was very hot so my mother allowed me to go to church in shorts. While standing in line waiting to enter the church building, a well-dressed member scolded me for not being appropriately dressed for church. Though I didn't yet know God's Word I somehow knew that God didn't care about our clothes as much as our desire to know Him and in my childish words proceeded to tell her so. All these years later, I still think back on that day and though I've grown to understand God's Word to dress modestly, I know no matter what I put on it is as filthy rags as it's my mindset and heart for God in having a personal relationship with Christ Jesus that will get me into the Kingdom of Heaven.

DAY 24: MY GIFT FROM GOD

"Delight yourself in the LORD, and he will give you the desires of your heart."

Psalm 37:4

After seven years of being a single mother of seven children, I began praying for the Lord to give me a husband. Someone who loved God, who would love me and love my children. I didn't have anyone in mind, but I put my trust in God.

People would tell me that the chances of finding a man who would want a wife with seven children was impossible. But I put my faith and trust in God. With support from my children and prayer group, we prayed.



**Mike & Dora Bernal and Joshua
Brownsville, Texas**

It was on our first date that I told him I had a sister with special needs that I loved dearly and who lived with me. I thought he would open the door and let me out, but he didn't. Four months later we were married. The Lord gave me the desire of my heart.

On our wedding day my son asked me, "Can I call him dad?"

"Yes, Josh you can." We have been married for 17 years and he is my gift from God.

FOR I KNOW

"FOR I KNOW the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." Jeremiah. 29:11

**"For I know the plans
I have for you,"
declares the LORD,
"plans to prosper you
and *not* to harm you,
plans to give you
hope and a future."**

~Jeremiah 29:11~

This scripture is a favorite of many and is often quoted. One day when reading Jeremiah 29:11 the first three words -- **FOR I KNOW** - almost leaped off the page of my Bible, thus bringing a rhema word of comfort during a devastating circumstance and I (Myrna Brogdon) also knew that God was preparing me for an upcoming unpleasant event. **GOD KNOWS**. He really knows exactly what is happening as well as what has happened and

what will happen. And He knows where you are. "**FOR I KNOW...**" declares the LORD!

DAY 25: THIS TOO SHALL PASS

"So, we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen; for the things which are visible are temporal [just brief and fleeting], but the things which are invisible are everlasting and imperishable."

2 Corinthians 4:18 (AMP)



**Ludi Snyder
Olmito, Texas**

2016 seemed to be a very promising year. We retired in 2015 to become full time missionaries, and our daughter decided to come home to teach after receiving her master's degree.

After a month and a half in Nicaragua, a desperate family call signaled me home; our daughter was sick. Diagnosed with severe anxiety, the independent girl could no longer sleep by herself. Her fear was intense and her body shook and moved uncontrollably. Yet, every time I prayed for her, or even looked at her, I was filled with peace. The words "This too shall pass" would continuously resonate within me. Specialist appointments were difficult to obtain and were only available after two or three months. Every night, she and I held hands and prayed. I kept on hearing "This too shall pass".

After much prayer, and pleading the blood of Jesus over her, the Lord opened doors within a couple of weeks. Doctors' conclusion: intense anxiety due to extreme pressure of perfection she placed on herself. She finished the school year with great support from all school staff. She went on to teach abroad and is now an Assistant Professor teaching and working on her Ph.D. at a major university in Texas.

DRAW CLOSER...DRAW CLOSER

"Draw near to Me and I will draw near to you." James 4:8



**Jack and Kristen Brogdon
Harlingen, Texas**

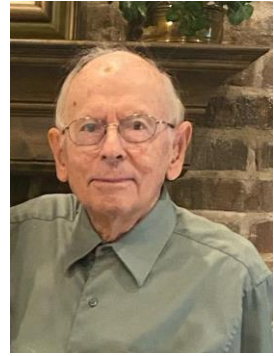
The words "**DRAW CLOSER . . . DRAW CLOSER**" woke me (Jack) up several nights in December 2021 and January 2022. Without any doubt, I knew the Lord was speaking to me.



DAY 26: HIS EYE IS ALWAYS UPON US

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning.” Psalm 30:5

In 1979 I was flying from L.A. to Oakland. I prefer aisles seats and was fortunate to get one. A stranger was in the middle seat, his wife by the window. Once airborne, I got out my Bible and was reading Psalm 30 when suddenly the stranger reached over and laid his hand across the whole page. Turning to me, he said, “I claimed the promise of that Psalm every night for a whole year. We lost two fine sons by a drunk driver. Those words, ‘*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning*’ carried us through our grief.” He introduced himself – Charles F. Bennett, a pastor of a church in Hayward, CA. That flight takes about 1½ hours, but as we soared through the air our hearts came together in Christ’s



**Dan Hooten
Plainview, TX**



sweet fellowship, and we lost all sense of time. It was like a bit of the Emmaus Road when the Lord warmed the hearts of two disciples as He spoke to them of the “*things concerning Himself.*” In the airport baggage area, his wife came up to me and said, “I would like you to know he prayed this morning that the Lord would put him in touch with another brother.”

God was working in Charles Bennett's life and mine to bring us together at a moment in time to glorify Him and show how His eye is always upon us and how He provides for His sons and daughters to encourage one another.

His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain:

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

DAY 27: A BIRD, BRANCH, BREEZE, AND BENCH

"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matthew 10:31



Virginia Rauch
Bluffton, Indiana

Back in the summer 2018 my husband fell and had some pretty bad injuries which put him in the Christian Care Nursing Facility. The following God story that I wrote back then was when I was trying to decide if I should keep him there or try to bring him back home, which is what I wanted to do. One day I went out on my garden bench just to pray and ask for God's guidance in this decision. My answer came in the form of a little bird, and a breeze. God answers prayers in all kinds of ways but this is the way He answered me. The elderly lady in the story is me.

High on a branch of an old dead tree along the edge of the wooded area sat one lone little bird. There were no others birds around or flying nearby, just this one little bird.

On an old bench in a nearby garden sat a lonely elderly woman. She sat out on the bench on this balmy autumn day thinking of the events of the past two months. She, too, was alone.

You see, her dear husband of 64 plus years and high school sweetheart fell and fractured his neck, had a severe head laceration and brain damage to his already somewhat confused mind. He had been diagnosed with mild Dementia about 2 years prior to this fall. Now he is in a Christian Nursing Facility in the Memory Unit and he wants to come home to be with his wife, the love of this life. He doesn't understand the seriousness of his illness and has to wear a cervical neck collar to protect and heal his neck that is so uncomfortable to wear. He has to wear it around the clock, and perhaps indefinitely.



As this elderly lady sat on the bench, she noticed the lonely bird sitting all by himself high in the tree. He didn't move or even sing but just sat there. Perhaps he, too, had lost his mate and is mourning the loss. All the while the woman sat on the bench the bird sat on the branch of the old dead tree.

This dear old lady was praying to God, asking for help to make the right decisions for her dear husband. Should she or should she not bring him home like he is requesting? He seems to be quite agitated at this time and her children advised her not to take him home as she may not be safe and it could be injurious to her and to him as well. The doctor says his mind won't get better but will only get worse as time goes on.

She asked God to please direct her path on this still, calm, fall day. Then suddenly it was as if God was there and had walked by her, brushing His garments against her as He went by. For she felt the most heavenly breeze brush against her face and body



as she sat on this old bench once owned by her father and now restored by her brother. The wind had not been blowing and the leaves on the trees were still but this gush of wind had to come from somewhere and it left as quickly as it came going from the north to the south. The elderly lady knew for sure that it was God letting her know that He had just walked by her as if

to tell her that He was there and is in control of her situation.

She looked up at the little bird and wondered if he, too, felt the breeze of God across his tiny feathers. He still hadn't moved but continued to just quietly sit there. She wondered how he could sit there so long without falling off.



The elderly woman thought that perhaps the little bird was sent by God Himself to remind her that just as God takes care of the little sparrows, how much more will He take care of His children. She found comfort in this. After she went inside and looked out at the tall dead tree, she noticed that the bird was gone. It had served its purpose by ministering to her in some small way and now hopefully is joined by other birds.

Yes, God put the bird on the branch and sent the breeze on the bench to comfort the woman and to let her know that He is ever present if we but look for Him for strength and guidance.

What lays ahead for this dear elderly couple with one in a nursing facility and one at home alone? Only God knows the answer to that but whatever happens they know that God is still on the throne and that He IS IN Control of all things. For are they not worth more than many sparrows? They are in God's hands regardless where they are. May His Will Be Done.

GOD KNOWS AND CARES!

DAY 28: REDISCOVERING YOUR LOST JOY...

“Restore to me the joy of Your salvation and sustain me with a willing spirit.” Psalm 51:12

“But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defend them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.” Ps.5:11

Do you remember the joy when you first came to know the Lord? That thrill of everything is new and everything is cool and God is blessing you in every area of your life? Why is it that so many Christians lose their joy? Even people who are serving in ministry. I’ve seen so many people start off in the Christian life with the bubbliness of this new journey, but as I watch them, after a while they get a slow leak. As time goes by, they start to lose their joy. Why is that?



Ron Corzine
Ft. Worth, Texas

It’s because there are killjoys in the Christian life. There are things that will intentionally rob you of your joy. If you don’t know what they are and if you don’t take the proper precautions, you’ll lose your happiness as a Christian. You will begin to despise the church and everything related to organized religion.

In the book of Philippians Paul speaks much about joy and how to maintain your joy while serving the Lord. But he also points out killjoys that try and rob you of your joy.

One of the Killjoys is Legalistic Attitudes.



Legalism is a killjoy. It destroys joy in the Christian life more than anything else I know. I’ve been a Christian now for most of my life and I’ve seen more believers ruined by legalism than anything else. It can ruin people; it can ruin families and it can ruin churches.

What is legalism? My definition: Legalism is substituting rules and rituals for my relationship with Christ. It’s a subtle trap because it subtly takes the focus off of what God has done for you and slowly puts your focus on what you must do for God. That is legalism. When you get the focus off, “What God has done for me!” – by grace – and you start focusing on “What I must do for God.” – my deeds --- legalism.

When you’re first saved, the reason you have so much joy is you just love the Lord. You don’t know all the rules. Augustine once said, “Love God with all your heart and do what you please.” Why? Because if you love God with all

your heart, you're not going to do something intentionally that displeases the Lord. You're not going to intentionally break His commandments. You get saved, you're full of joy and you start serving the Lord and you're excited, and along comes a legalist. A legalist says, "Now, to be a good Christian you've got to do...." They all have their list. The only problem is every legalist has a different list. So, you start adding this list to that list and pretty soon you've got 459 ways to be a Christian. And you can't do that. You can't keep up with it. You get overwhelmed and say, what's the use anyway.

A safeguard from legalism is this: If you want to keep your joy, stop listening to all the killjoys and live each day by **grace**. **Grace** is the key to joy and abundant living.

I'M SO BLESSED!

"My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness. Therefore, I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me." 2 Corinthians 12:9



Sandy Green
Harlingen, Texas

maybe it would be when I received news that my daughter was put in hospice care; the Peace that passes all understanding became my friend. I know it is only by God's grace that I can be at peace. Or when I received news that my grandchildren were getting divorced. Or when my own husband of 63 years went to meet his Jesus. All of these and more. Yes, His grace is sufficient!
I'M SO BLESSED!

For years I would ask my recently widowed friends to tell me if God's grace really was sufficient. Was it true? I NEEDED to know.

Well, fast forward...I recently became widowed and I can attest that HIS GRACE TRULY IS SUFFICIENT. The storms surround me and family situations are like a hurricane all around me, but I am at peace. God doesn't waste His grace. He gave it to me when I needed it. He keeps giving it, too! He doesn't run out of it. I sit in my prayer chair and count my blessings. He wraps me up in His mercy and His grace.

God's Grace has been manifested so many times throughout my life. If I had to pick one example where His Grace was exhibited,

HIS
grace
IS SUFFICIENT

DAY 29: RUTH, BREATHE!!!

"In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears." Psalm 18:6



Elaine Kipfer
Bluffton, Indiana

In December 2020 my sister Ruth, who is widowed, got Covid. At first it did not hit her very hard so she stayed home to rest and sleep. After about 3 days, she woke up in the middle of the night and knew she had to go to the hospital. She called her son who drove her and she was admitted. She stayed there for several days until she became so ill the hospital felt she needed more advanced care. She was intubated and put on the vent and then transported by EMS to Fort Wayne. The sirens were blaring and the lights were flashing but Ruth does not remember any of this. My friend Melanie saw the ambulance pass and said a prayer for the unknown patient. Little did she know at the time it was a friend of hers, also.

Ruth was admitted to intensive care at a hospital in Fort Wayne where she continued on the vent. Her outcome looked very bleak as the physicians and nurses cared for her, and often spoke to Ruth's 3 adult children that they could not promise she would make it thru this ordeal. Now, this was the time when vented Covid patients were dying. With no hope in sight, her children spoke to a lawyer and started to make plans for the future.

The nurses stated that Ruth was often combative with her care and told Ruth's daughter Tricia, that she even pulled her nasal feeding tube out. This upset Tricia as her mother is a very easy-going person. Ruth later stated she did not know what was going on but she knew she was confined and just wanted it all to stop.

The physician and nurses stated that it was time to take Ruth off the vent to see how she would survive. She had been on the vent the recommended time frame. In the meantime, prayers were being lifted up to our heavenly Father by many, many Christians. Sunday evening was the designated time to trial test her being taken off the vent. I, Elaine, Ruth's sister did not know that this was the designated day.

Night fell and off to bed we went in our own homes. At around 3 a.m. I woke up, sat up in my bed and thought of Ruth. I began praying for her and started crying out, "Ruth, breathe!" I sat there for a period of time and continued shouting out to God and pleading that she would continue to breathe. "Ruth, breathe!!" Finally, my spirit calmed down and I laid down to sleep.

The next day I found out that Ruth had been taken off the vent the night before, and had made it through the night. The hospital staff were amazed. Rejoicing

cautiously began as Ruth continued to improve and was soon discharged to a rehab hospital. Shortly after the rehab she was sent home. Although easily tired, she had no lingering effects of Covid.

Ruth and I talked and she told us about the night she had been taken off the vent and how she lay in bed and begged God for “Just one more breath”, “One more breath!!” Could it be???? The same night I woke up begging Ruth to breathe was the same night Ruth was begging for one more breath!! Yes, that night, God performed a miracle and gave Ruth the breath to continue living. We have never doubted God’s faithfulness in this. Praise be to God!!!

THE BEST SHEPHERD

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.” Psalm 23:1

On July 6, 2022, I found myself in one of the many waiting areas of MD Anderson in Houston. My wife was having what would eventually become a 17-hour surgery to remove cancer from her mouth. On a previous occasion when Rebecca had cancer surgery, she was released the same day.

This time the plastic surgeon made us aware the day before how extensive it would be and that we were in store for a long recovery. Many were praying and by God’s grace the surgery was successful.

Now, during that 17 hour wait, I also started to think about our financial situation. Rebecca would be out of work and we would now be a one income family though we still had two person bills and expenses. As I sat there praying (and worrying), I sensed the Lord ask me, “Do you not believe I will take care of you?” The Lord was impressing upon me that a good shepherd takes good care of his sheep, and He is the Best Shepherd.



**Ronnie and Rebecca
Rodriguez
Harlingen, Texas**



It was days later that a church friend set up a go fund me for us that far surpassed the goal they had set. That started what seems like a fountain of blessing that has not turned off. It has been 10 months and every bill and expense has been paid!

DAY 30: FORGIVENESS GREATER THAN ALL MY SIN

“The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some count slackness, but is longsuffering toward ^[a]us, not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance.” 2 Peter 3:9

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” 1 John 1:9



Rod Fetters
Ossian, Indiana

A few years after starting my personal relationship with the Lord, I unknowingly had focused my attention and respect on my pastor instead of my Savior. After several big disappointments in my church and my pastor, I ran ferociously away from the Lord thinking that He had let me down. I was so hurt that I literally became a self-titled anti-evangelist. I spent any free time that I had telling anyone that would listen why they never wanted to have anything to do with God or the church. Through this time though the Lord’s Holy Spirit did not allow me a moment of peace.

One dark rainy morning while driving to work in the dark, I rolled my car into a ditch full of water and was left hanging upside down by my seatbelt with my head under water. When I popped up into an air pocket in the back seat of the car, I was reciting the Lord’s Prayer. Just over a year later, I went to the ER where I was misdiagnosed with an ulcer. One week later I returned to the ER walking past the front desk into the patient rooms holding my stomach saying “someone please help me, I am dying”. I was! My gallbladder had rotted inside of me and my body cavity was filled with gangrene. My family was called in as the Dr did not believe that I would make it through the surgery. After each of these times, my dad told me very simply saying that the Lord would not allow me to continue the life that I was living and that He would “take me out” if I didn’t give my life back to Him. I listened but was not ready to respond.

Then, several months later, on a Tuesday evening after being at an all-weekend bachelor party, I was alone in my house. I literally felt the presence of the Holy Spirit and I was broken and ashamed. I remember praying and crying out loud to the Lord and telling Him that I knew that I did not deserve His forgiveness but if He would forgive me, that I would serve Him for the rest of my life regardless of what came my way.

He heard my earnest prayer for a walk with Him and He responded in a mighty way. Within 2 weeks, I had a new job in a town that I knew no one. The Lord gave me a new start in a new community and while I fail Him regularly, I press on. I serve a God who deeply desires a close personal relationship with me. Who forgives when I sincerely ask for forgiveness.

DO YOU WANT JESUS CHRIST TO BE YOUR SAVIOR AND LORD?

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.” John 3:16 ESV

Here is a simple prayer to pray with earnest from your heart if you have not yet given your life to Jesus Christ and want to invite Him into yours:

I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I believe that He died for my sins and that You, God raised Him to life. I repent of my sins and ask forgiveness. I choose now to turn from my sins and every part of my life that does not please You. I give myself to You. I want to trust Jesus Christ as my Savior and follow Him as Lord, from this day forward. Guide my life and help me to do Your will. Come reign in my heart, fill me with Your love and Your life, and help me to become a person who is truly loving—a person like You. Live in me and love through me. The Bible says if I confess with my mouth that “Jesus is Lord,” and believe in my heart that God raised Him from the dead, I will be saved (Rom. 10:9). I believe with my heart and I confess with my mouth that Jesus is the Lord and Savior of my life. Thank You, God. In Jesus name. Amen.

If you have prayed this prayer in earnest, you can also know that the angels in heaven are rejoicing because of your commitment to follow Christ. May God Bless You.

“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and this is not from you; it is the gift of God; it is not from works, so no one may boast.” Ephesians 2:8-9



THANK YOU!

*“As iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another.”
Proverbs 27:17*

Above all, words can never fully express our heart full of love and gratitude towards You, Jesus Christ, for Who You are, what You’ve done for and are doing in and through ordinary people **ALL** for Your Honor and Glory!

We thank each of the Christian brothers and sisters who shared in this second booklet of **GOD STORIES And More** encouraging messages and their personal story of what the Lord Jesus Christ did in, through and for them.

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With Christ’s love,

Gayle & Myrna

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