Dear Open Door Family,

I just read an email from Vic and Gwen Flaming, missionaries in Singapore. Over the past two years God has shown them that they can no longer live and minister in Singapore. They will be moving back to the USA and continue their ministry from there. However, having lived in Singapore for so many years this will be an incredibly difficult process for them, full of many bittersweet times. When Carol and I left Bolivia I went through some very hard and difficult times. It felt like we were in the midst of the darkest storm. Through the process of learning to see God in the storm I learned to trust Him even more. I know Vic and Gwen are trusting God and that they have taken this step after much prayer and counsel. Yet, there will be hard time during this transition period. Let's hold them up in prayer and ask God to make Himself very real to them.

Here are some thoughts related to Isaiah and a great old song.

Isaiah 41:13 (NIV) For I am the LORD, your God, who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, Do not fear; I will help you.

Thomas A. Dorsey grew up in Georgia as a "preacher's kid." As he began to be successful as a composer of jazz and blues songs, however, he drifted away from God. After he was miraculously spared in several close brushes with death, Dorsey came back to the Lord. As his life dramatically changed he began to write gospel songs and to sing in church services. It was during a revival meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, that he received a telegram telling the tragic news that his wife and infant son had tragically died. Stunned and grief-stricken, Dorsey cried, "God, you aren't worth a dime to me right now!" A few weeks later, however, out of the depths of his broken heart Thomas Dorsey cried to his Lord to lead him "through the storm, through the night." In doing so, he created lines that have since ministered to others in an unusual way.

Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, help me stand

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn; thro' the storm, thro' the night, lead me on to the light Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear, Precious Lord, linger near

when my life's almost gone. Hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall

Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

PRAYER: Lord thank You, that I can trust You when I'm hurting. Thank you that You always take my hand and You do not let go. Please Lord, keep me Trusting, no matter how dark the storm may get. Help me to Hold even tighter to Your Hand.

Pastor Mark Kieft
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