


VOLUME LXXV  
September 2017

## THE SHEPHERD'S STAFF



The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want." Psalm 23:1 ESV



*The*  
**INVITATION**  
*of Christ*

**Matthew 11:28-30**

*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."*



**YOU SAID IT!!!**

Submit your comments to our Editor, Jacquie Hinton, about "The Shepherd's Staff;" and, any other thoughts you might have about the publication that you feel will be constructive or interesting to our readers. You may do so by emailing us at:

[newsletter@pahrupcc.com](mailto:newsletter@pahrupcc.com)

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## Trendy? No. Just faithful

[This article was written by Village Missions Northwest District Representative Greg Petrie. I thought you would find it encouraging as you consider the ministry of our church in particular and Village Missions in general. —Pastor Keith]

Village Missions has remained committed to the same focus and approach to ministry for 69 years—“preach the Word and love the people”—to develop spiritually healthy churches in rural areas of the United States and Canada. I find it interesting, encouraging, and a touch humorous that what we have been doing all along is now new and trendy in some thoughts.

I recently finished reading an excellent book entitled *Church in Hard Places: How the Local Church Brings Life to the Poor and Needy* by Mez McConnell and Mike McKinley (Crossway, 2016). It is part of the *9Marks* series stemming from Mark Devers’s book *Nine Marks of a Healthy Church*.

There has been an emphasis within the evangelical church in recent years on the issues of social justice and ministry to the poor and needy of society. (I feel that at least in part this has been a corrective to the Church Growth infatuation with equating successful ministry with planting churches in affluent suburbs in recent decades.) McConnell and McKinley provide what I believe is a sound biblical evaluation of that emphasis proven by their own ministry experience in that realm. Although their experience and focus tend to be on urban areas, there are many parallels and similarities economically and culturally in rural areas today—more than most would probably expect.

There are two broad themes that I took away from their book. First, the essential centrality of the Gospel and the proclamation of God’s Word. That is what makes the church the church. As helpful as it may be to feed, clothe and house people, what they need most of all is regeneration to become spiritually alive for the first time, to be cleansed and delivered from the penalty and power of sin and to be reconciled with God by grace through faith in Jesus Christ.

Acts of kindness and mercy are great, but must preface the ultimate goal of the Gospel. The Gospel is what separates the church from other benevolence agencies. Poor people need to be made into disciples just like everyone else. It is an insult to their dignity to think that a hot meal and a blanket are enough for them, while we relegate the call and equipping for discipleship to those living in middle-class comfort.

Regarding the necessity of the preaching of the Bible they write, “So as we think through the ways that a church can reach poor communities with the gospel, we must remember that all of our strategies and plans cannot replace the faithful preaching of the Bible. In fact, this is the single most important thing we do.” (p. 108). I agree whole-heartedly. We must boldly, clearly, and winsomely preach the Word of God.

The second significant takeaway from *Church In Hard Places* is the vital necessity of the local church. “The local church is the way God intends to accomplish his mission in the world.” (p. 87). The authors are quite blunt in their assessment of the inadequacy of parachurch ministries to fulfill God’s mission for his kingdom apart from engagement with the local church.

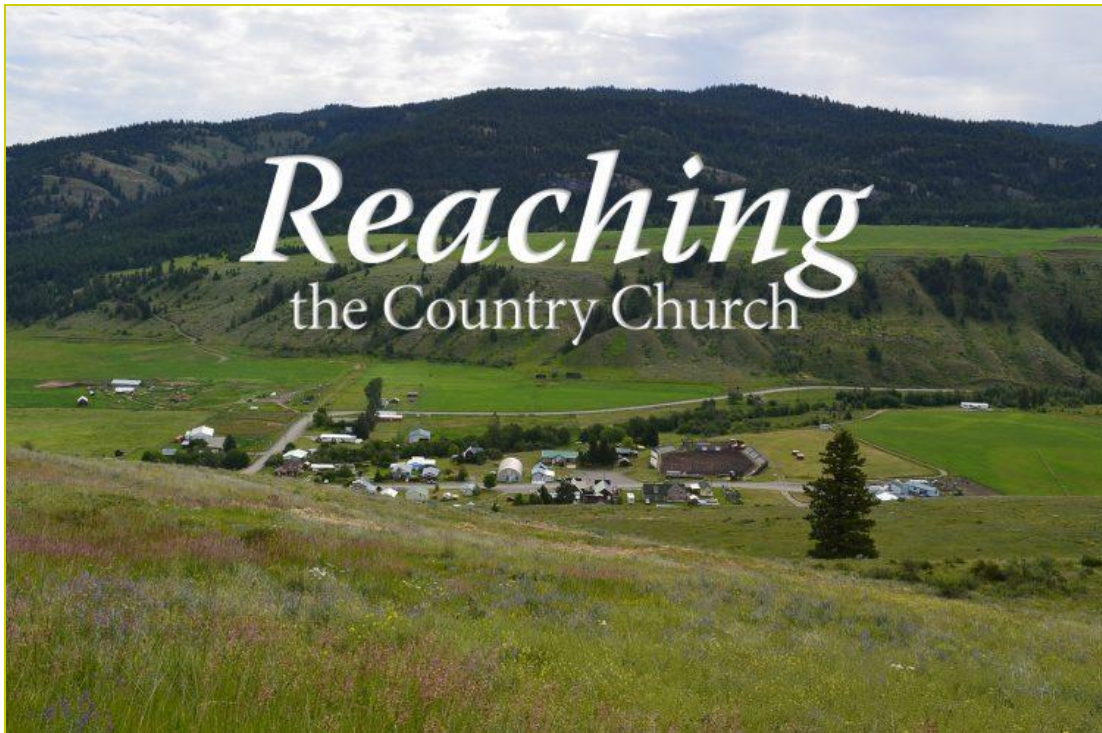
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It is in the local church that Christ-followers connect and grow and submit to authority, accountability and discipline. It is in the local church where they are equipped to serve—and serve. It is in and through the local church that neighbors see the change in lives of their neighbors. These are not people who come from the outside that for all they know have always been “good Christian people.” These are those they have seen and known, and now there is something very different about them.

Village Missions’ focus has always been on the equipping and supporting of the local church. One of the consequences of that has been that Village Missions tends to remain ‘in the background’ and many people in the communities (and even the churches) we serve might say “I’ve never heard of Village Missions.” You can be assured though that they know Pastor Charlie, or Pastor Chris, or Pastor Tony. What they see is the change in Sheldon’s life, or Bob’s life, or Tina’s.

Many of the places Village Missionaries serve may be called “hard places.” They are not only places where there is poverty, joblessness, inadequate housing, and even hunger, but the underlying issues of hopelessness, powerlessness, loneliness, loss of meaning and shame (p. 27). And yet, these are places that vitally need a church, an outpost of God’s kingdom to illustrate, demonstrate and proclaim his love, his Word, and the good news of Jesus Christ. Your support of Village Missions (and us) helps to establish and maintain the church in hard places.



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# MPH

September is upon us. Children and young adults have returned to school. Ministries are on the brink of kicking back off. The weather is changing. Wal-Mart has rolled out their autumn décor. Days are getting shorter. Schedules are rebuilding. People are getting pulled over.

Welcome back, September.

I'm going to do a little bit of griping today, so bear with me.

Perhaps you don't list "people getting pulled over" as a harbinger of fall. I'm in a unique position to observe this phenomenon. No, this isn't a theological position (though I'll talk about that here shortly); it's the positioning of my chair. The walls in the church office are already thin as it is, and I sit in the northeast corner with a clear view of Wilson Road. All of you should be aware of the Community Christian Academy and the PCCPreschool. Because of these academic institutions, the stretch of road in front of our campus is a 15 mph zone whenever children are present. There happens to be a big white sign with a blinky light up top that says "Speed *Limit* 15." Call me crazy, but I personally interpret this to mean that drivers are to go a maximum of 15 mph while driving on Wilson.

Why do I belabor this to the point of it being annoying? Those of you who have spent any substantial amount of time on PCC campus know that policemen utilize our parking lot to monitor the speed of motorists as they pass by the school. The officers don't hide. They don't pretend not to be there. They are obvious in their intention and sometimes there are two of them there at the same time! What boggles my mind is that there are times when (I don't believe I'm exaggerating) six or seven people get pulled over *in a single day*! Why do people continue to speed in a school zone despite the pathetically obvious reality that they're breaking the law and will likely get pulled over?

I think I've figured out the answer to this question. It's pretty groundbreaking, I know, but I decided I'd share it with you.


Why do people drive over the speed limit?

Sin nature. Plain and simple.

Before you get all defensive, please let me clarify what I'm saying. Do I agree with all of the speed limit laws put in place by our government? Not at all! I have yet to discern any purpose of the 55 zone between here and Baker other than California just wanting more money. Am I going to throw stones at you and label you a horrible Christian if you drive over the speed limit? I'm going to try not to since that's in no way my responsibility.

Every day I hear that police siren outside my window, I'm confronted with the reality of what theologians call "total depravity." This doesn't mean we have zero good within us; it means that there's no part of us that sin hasn't tainted. The black and white signs on the side of the road remind me that people aren't intrinsically good. People are intrinsically rebellious. No, they don't shoplift, that would be breaking the law. No, they don't litter, that would be breaking the law. (If you do litter, please stop – that's gross.) People don't speed, that would be breaking the... Wait...



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So much of the time, I get the argument that police won't pull you over unless you're doing \*\*\* over the speed limit. If you're only five over, you're safe. Seven over is pushing it. We know this. We know that it is the law that we follow road signs, and yet we willfully (and sometimes belligerently) violate these laws. (As a side note, yes, I am that driver who annoys most of my fellow motorists by going the speed limit when the "speed of traffic" suggests that I accelerate.) I know I'm whiny about this issue, but let's try to set aside our personal bents for the moment.

A rule is in place. The rule is clearly posted (most of the time) and the instructions aren't vague. I see the rule and I assume that it shouldn't have to apply to me. I begin explaining why the rule is unnecessary and poorly phrased/constructed/conceived. I wax poetical about no one else following said rule. I know the dangers of being "caught" and ignore them. I break the rule.

Do you see how this is essentially how we go about sinning? God's rules are clearly revealed and, though some of them are confusing, they're pretty clear. We see what the Bible says and then assume we know better than Scripture does about what's best for our lives. We decided that God didn't really know what He was talking about or that His instructions were only true two thousand years ago (in this part) and that a strict application of them isn't necessary. We look around at our world and see that no one else (even in the church) is following this rule. We know that God says that He punishes those who disobey, but we decide that the convenience or the pleasure or the whatever is superior to the rule. We sin.

My sin nature is so very deceptive. Were God not actively sanctifying us on a daily basis, our tricky hearts would continue to convince us of the littleness of any given sin. My sins are the sins of a legalist. I know this. Mine are equally damning to the sins of the licentious and often more deceptive. I don't ever want to excuse my sins as I point out the sins of others. That would be in direct violation to Matthew 7. I see the development of a sinful thought and I cry out for God's mercy.

Praise the Lord that we aren't told to fight our sin natures in our own strength. If you've tried that before, you know that it fails every time. God's grace saved us and God's grace continues to save us. Take advantage of His power to cut off the sinful "logic" before it clouds your thoughts. Develop eyes to see rebellion in yourself and others so you can see where God wants to make you more like Christ.

To return to the issue at hand, when God says we're to be subject to governing authorities, I tend to think He means to be subject to governing authorities. Are there grey areas to this principle? Absolutely. Is the micromanagement of our government insane and inane at times? Undoubtedly. Do we as Christians have a responsibility to set the example for others as good citizens regardless of the governmental ethos? Here, too, I would say certainly.

September is here. The police are waiting to give tickets and to slow drivers down. You call upon the name of the Lord, brothers and sisters. There's a law in place. As I read Scripture, I don't believe any Christian should ever have to get pulled over for going over the speed limit... especially in a school zone.

Do I stumble in this area, too? Sure. I sometimes stop paying attention and find that I'm going five over. I quickly slow down, but no one is totally immune to this temptation. We're all reliant upon the sustenance of our Savior.

Nearly every morning, I pray that God would help my attitude to be Christlike instead of selfish. Everything we do is either done in a Christlike fashion or in any other fashion. For the glory of the Lord, I would encourage you to drive like Christians.

By God's grace,  
Pastor Caleb



**Casa de Dios Christian Fellowship Avenal, CA**

**Baptisms:** We took our Sunday morning worship service all the way to Cambria, CA. We were joined by Pastor Alejandro Cervantes and his wife, who assists our daughter church in Armona. Both congregations came together in order to have a special baptism service, and it was a great turnout. I had the opportunity to share a brief message, while others had the opportunity to share some wonderful testimonies, and families that surrounded us in the area also had the opportunity to listen to God's word and join us in prayer. Between both congregations there were 15 people who made the decision to follow in obedience and become baptized.



**VBS**

We hosted our annual Vacation Bible School "Let's Build an Ark" for children four to ten years old, and there was a great turnout. We had the best attendance this year with a daily average attendance of about 80 children, praise God! It was a wonderful blessing to see so many children, many not from our own church, dancing and worshipping the Lord with their hands and feet, and participating in different activities in order to learn more about His word. All of our teachers and volunteers did a wonderful job of helping the children learn and have fun at the same time.



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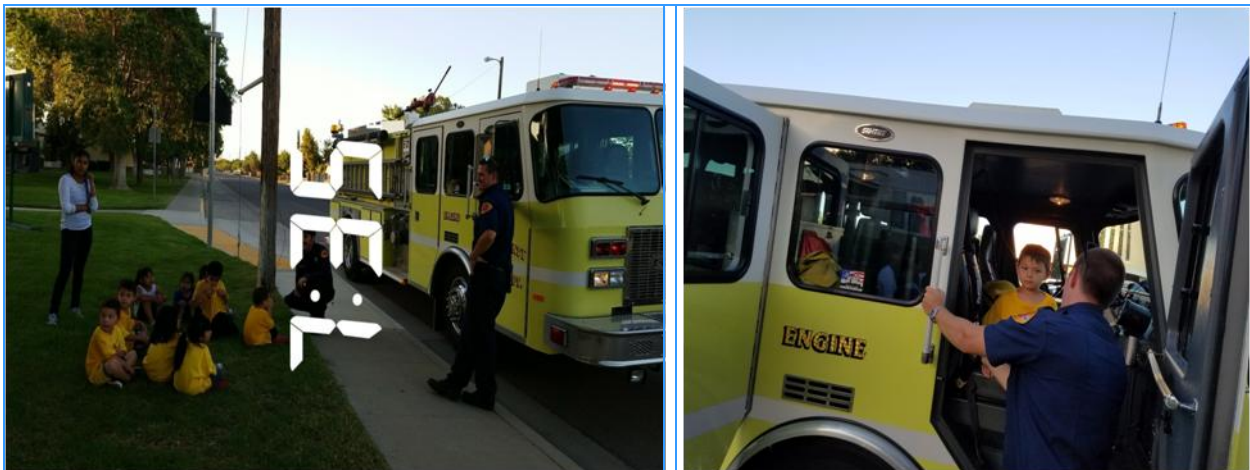




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We also had some very special guests visit our Vacation Bible School. Two of our local firemen brought their fire truck and equipment to share with the children. They were all very excited to hop on the truck and get a fireman view from the inside. After the firemen shared some information about fire safety and asked the children several questions about it, they let the fun begin. They turned on their water hose and soaked all of the children and some of the teachers as well. Everyone had a blast running all over the place and splashing around in the water. This was a real treat for our children!



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#### Construction

Several weeks ago, we also began installing the electricity in our new church building. We made an announcement during our Sunday Morning Worship Service inviting everyone who could come and volunteer their time in order to help out. I was expecting about ten men or so to be there on that day. However, when the work day finally arrived, I had about fifty men show up to lend a helping hand. I had several of my own church members show up, but I also had volunteers from our brothers in Christ from the Riverdale church, which is one of our neighboring towns. I was truly touched, and I felt very blessed to see all of the volunteers that came to help out with this project. God is good!



We pray that we may soon be able to use our church building, and so that we may continue to be a light amidst the darkness in our community. We are looking forward to all of these events and trusting God so that they are a great blessing, especially to those that do not yet know Christ as their Savior.

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**Open air outreach**

We thank God for all the support of La Movida, a group led by Pastor Jose Luis Saenz that with his trailer are impacting several towns in southern and central California with the Gospel message.

That challenge is to make a call to come closer to God in the city park. But God is in a hurry and the time is short. Thank God for people that are moved to do this, they are an example and worthy to imitate.



That night a total of 10 new people received Jesus as their savior and several made a commitment to do His will on praying and reaching the unsaved people of our community.

*Raoul and Teresa Corona are Village Missionaries in Avenal, Ca. that our Church Family supports.*



# CURRENT EVENTS

## AWANA

It's official! The first night of club is **September 6, 2017**. Tell your friends! Tell your neighbors! Join us at **6:00 pm** in the Multi-Purpose Building for Pre-Registration. Hope to see you there.

## WOMEN AT PRAYER

"Women at Prayer" will begin a new study on **September 13, 2017**. They meet **Wednesday morning in the MPB Room at 9:30 am**. All are invited.

## FALL FRIDAY WOMEN'S BIBLE STUDY

PCC will be offering a Fall Women's Bible Study beginning **September 15 through November 3, 2017**. All women are invited to come out on **Friday mornings from 9:30—11:00 am** to work through the study "Knowing God by Name: A Personal Encounter." To sign up for this study, contact the Church Office. For more information contact Vicky Hoffmann, 775-764-1901. Cost for materials is \$16.00

## MINISTRY LEADERS MEETING

All ministry leaders are requested to attend a meal and meeting on Friday, **September 22, 2017 from 6:00 pm to around 8:00 pm**. We want this gathering to be an encouragement to you in your ministries and to help clarify some administrative issues. Contact the church office (by phone or email [office@pahrupcc.com](mailto:office@pahrupcc.com)) to let us know whether or not you will be able to attend. We will plan on seeing you there!



*In  
Loving  
Memory  
of*

A BELOVED MEMBER OF OUR CHURCH  
FAMILY AND

LOVING  
WIFE  
OF  
DAVE  
HENSON



LOVING  
MOTHER  
OF  
SCOTT  
AND  
DAWN  
PURSER

Pat Henson (Purser) - 1943-2017



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## “A Rough Shaking” By Vicky Lee Hoffmann

George MacDonald was a Scottish preacher/poet/author who penned most of his work in the 1800's. His books have never ceased to challenge my earthly mindset and point me to a deeper understanding of the unfathomable depths of God. *A Rough Shaking*, a recently completed read, was no exception.

*A Rough Shaking* chronicles the story of Clare, a pure and selfless young hero. At first introduction, Clare is a toddler being pulled from the rubble of a church whose dome has collapsed during an earthquake. Taken by a loving couple from the body of his dead mother, he is immediately adopted into the lives of this poor country pastor and his barren wife. The adoptive parents rejoice and the young boy assumes his new life.

Just as this happy ending for all appears on the horizon, his new parents perish at the hand of a virulent disease. Now a boy in his formative years, Clare sets out on his own, as no family has a heart big enough to love him as their own. Hunger, poverty and a myriad of difficult and heart wrenching trials are his constant companion.

This book had me on a continual roller coaster of emotions. Time after time our young hero, pure and unflinching in his commitment to do right no matter what the cost, arrives at a juncture in his life which appears certain to end his suffering. And time after time the happy ending I am rooting for is merely a mirage that fades as quickly as it appears. More trials await. More suffering.

By the end of the novel I am thoroughly exhausted by all my rooting for the wrong happy endings. Turning the final pages of the book I cannot imagine how it is going to end satisfactorily. And then MacDonald totally surprises me by using one of the biggest wrongs, another undeserved blow, to lead Clare to a happy ending, the happiest possible ending that I never even imagined.

Sitting in my chair, breathing a sigh of relief that the book ends well, I wonder what God is trying to tell me through these pages. Too emotionally exhausted at that point, I decide to take up the matter at another time, which turns out to be now.

I am fairly certain I am not wise enough to know all that MacDonald was trying to purvey; there appears to be many threads to this garment. As I ponder the message, what appears clearly through the fog of my limited understanding is the unsettling fact that still, after all these years, I see suffering as an unwelcome intruder. Never once during the entire book did I ask

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myself, 'I wonder what good this trial will produce?' or 'What is God trying to teach Clare through this?'

Ouch. It is obvious to me yet again that the ways of the world have a strong hold in my mind. For God clearly states that the eternal happy ending He has in mind for each of His children will involve periods of suffering while we sojourn this earth with Him: *For it has been granted to you on behalf of Christ not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for him.* (Philippians 1:29 NIV)

And suffering is one of the tools He uses to shape and mold us into the image of Christ: *Not only so, but we also glory in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, hope.* (Romans 5:3-4 NIV)

I know these things. I really do. These verses are as familiar as any. And yet there is a great gulf between what I know to be true (God's Word) and what it seems I actually see this life on planet earth. The distance between the head and the heart must be bridged. It is the work only God can do and it must begin on my knees.

As I begin my prayer I am reminded of how Rev. MacDonald closes his classic book. It is a quote that speaks beautifully to the fruits of Clare's sufferings and, I pray, the fruits of ours:

*"He had had a rough shaking. The earthquake had come and gone, and come again and gone again many times. But the shaking earth was his nurse, and she taught him to dwell in a world that cannot be shaken."*

So let it be Lord Jesus. Let it be. Amen.



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## How Important Am I by Sharon Ankrum

I love my patio in the early summer mornings! Such interesting activities take place while I am enjoying my morning coffee and having a visit with Jesus.

There are rabbits scurrying around, and a roadrunner comes to visit. My old deaf cat begs for attention and very early, chickens are crowing everywhere. The world is pretty peaceful until the hummingbirds start squabbling over the feeder. They fuss and chase each other off, not willing to share. There is one little fat dude that thinks he owns the feeder. He either sits on it or my clothes line and just watches. He wants to be first.

This brings me to the scriptures in Luke 14:7-13, where Jesus spoke about the first being last. How often are we annoyed at the supermarket or Wal-Mart when we think the line is going too slow, or be in the express lane and someone in front of us has 50 items? We fume and probably say nasty things under our breath. Do we want to be the center of attention at the banquet and sit next to the speaker? How important are we really? Jesus says we must humble ourselves and let others come first. How do We know that the person in front of us with a huge order isn't in a hurry to get home to a sick family member? Be Patient, Sharon! When we are invited to sit in a place of honor let the host invite, don't just barge to the front like we do, thinking there may not be enough food. Proverbs 25:6 says: Do not put yourself forward in the king's presence, or stand in the place of the great but be told "come up here". Wait for the invitation.

The Pharisees were a good example of being so important they didn't even want Jesus associating with anyone below their CLASS. Do we sometimes walk in those shoes? I don't know how many times I have stood in a long line and invariably some one will cut in ahead. It drives me crazy to be driving down the highway, hit a construction area and for several miles is a warning that the lane will narrow to one lane and 50 cars rush right up to the narrowing and cut in, we all get to the pilot car at the same time. Then we have a good laugh and feel vindicated.

I think of James and John's mom who wanted her sons to sit on either side of Jesus, sometimes we want that privilege. Boy, did that ever cause a fuss!! The next time we start fussing or cussing while we wait in line, remember Galatians 5:22-23, Love, Joy, Peace, Patience (especially this one), Kindness Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness, and especially SELF-CONTROL. We may have to keep saying this over and over as we WAIT!!

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Ephesians 4:2 says "with all humility and gentleness, with patience bearing one another in love". Have we stepped out of our Christian shoes and walked like the rest of the world thinking only of ourselves? Let that greedy hummer be first, we don't have to follow his example. Someone else gave us a better example. Romans 12:16 tells us "to live in harmony with one another, do not be haughty". That little fat hummer is not the example to follow, Jesus showed us a better way. **KEEP YOUR EYES ON HIM!!!!**

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*Imagine God as the  
yellow stripes down  
the middle of the road  
and just keep your eyes  
on Him.*

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**Tonopah Historic Mining Park  
Tonopah, Nevada  
By Bob Jacobs**

This park is located in downtown Tonopah on the site of the original mining claims that started the rush to Tonopah making it "The Queen of the Silver Camps". It was Jim and Belle Butler's notorious strike in 1900 that brought the United States into the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, and many processing techniques developed during that time are still being used today.

This rich history is brought to life through preserved and restored equipment and buildings; historic exhibits; video presentations (in the on-site theater); and, a self-guided tour. However, you can call them at (775) 482-9274 to arrange a six-passenger ATV guided tour if you don't want to walk.

All of the buildings located on the property are open for you to enjoy. You can experience for yourself how it was to work in a turn-of-the-century mine. The park covers more than 100 acres and the grounds are constantly changing. New exhibits are added frequently and restoration of existing building is an ongoing activity.

The underground tunnel features a walk down a mine tunnel that intersects one of the original discovery stopes. Named the Burro Tunnel the "Underground Adventure" is not for the faint of heart. At the end of the tunnel, visitors are able to step into a steel viewing cage and look down the 500 foot deep stope. The Visitor Center has a bookstore, displays of historic mining equipment and a small movie theater. The black light mineral display has just been greatly expanded and now features short-wave ultraviolet lights which enhance the colors of the display.

**NOTE: The Tonopah Historic Mining Park is at an elevation of 6200 feet. So, please pace yourself when walking around the park. You will notice that you will get winded (out of breath) faster than usual. Also, even if you are not very interested in the mining industry this park is well worth a visit.**

The park is located at 110 Burro Street in Tonopah. It is right behind the famous and newly restored Mitzpah Hotel on Main Street where you can visit after the mining park to see what a 1900's Hotel looked like. Plus, they have two restaurants that serve great food and have that old time 1900's atmosphere.

The park is opened seven days a week from 9am to 5pm; and, closed on legal holidays. However, please call them before you go to make sure they will be opened. Their phone number is **(775) 482-9274**.

The Admission is as follows:

Visitors Center	Free
Walking Tours:	
Adults	\$5.00
Seniors	\$3.00
Students (8-17)	\$4.00
Children (7 & under)	Free

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### Tell Me a Story

I often hear, smell or feel things/incidents/events that cause me to reflect on my youth. For instance, when I read an article from CEF titled “Tell me a Story,” I immediately recalled how often I said that to my parents when I was a child.

My early childhood – before Kindergarten – consisted of a lot of illness. It was all due to my infected tonsils and adenoids. My parents were told I couldn’t have them removed before I was six years old. Therefore, my mother spent many winter days and nights attending to my need to gargle for my sore throat; and washing, draining and placing heating pads as soothing relief for my throbbing ears. This went on constantly from the time I was six months old until the June when I turned six.

This malady seemed to raise its ugly head especially during the Thanksgiving/Christmas seasons. I am sure my mother realized her “holiday season” included a “hollering season.” For anyone who has experienced an ear ache, I know they can relate to the endless throbbing of the pain associated with it.

I was extremely thin. My eating consisted of a minimum of whatever was served. I had NO favorite foods. I ate because I was mandated to do so. Later, my parents were told that I ate so little because of my infected tonsils. The infection caused my food NOT to taste good as it passed through the infected passage.

My mother’s stress level must have been enormously controlled because during those periods of my illnesses, I never once saw her get the least bit irritated with me or my whining. She waited for my Dad to come home so that I could sit in his lap and have him read and animate the comics in the daily newspaper.

It was when my father’s mother came to stay with us that the possible non-medical cure could relieve my mother’s burden. There was nothing my Grandmother liked better than to tell me stories about her life on the farm and the antics of her 15 children – ten boys and five girls. (My father was the seventh boy.) I add that

because being the seventh boy had some special significance to him. Oh, the funny stories she would tell me as I lay in her lap or later as I got older, at her feet. When I was extremely incapacitated because of my throat/ear problems, she would sit by my bed and talk.

Between the daily newspaper readings, my grandmother’s stories and my own ability to read when I was three, my mother was able to get some relief. However, when the pain was very bad, my mom would read to me. I would say to my mother, “Tell me a story.” My mom didn’t have the diverse family history that my grandmother had, so she would read me a story. She wasn’t as animated as my dad when he would read me a story; but, she did love to read to me. And, I loved being read to. This would always put me to sleep.

As I remember my childhood, “telling/reading me a story” was the balm that eased my pain. It also was the major reason – I think – for the impetus that led to my learning to read so early. If I could read it myself, I didn’t have to wait for someone else to read it to me.

My dad always read his Bible, daily, and I could be quite an annoyance when he was doing that. So, he decided to buy Bible story books for me to read. The books were colorful and animated, so I felt quite proud of myself in being able to sit beside my dad or in his lap and read my “bible.”

I will always be grateful to my parents for their solutions to my medical problems – medically, physically and mentally. How many parents read to their children today? Most of them leave it to “technology” to do that. But, I can assure you that NO technology can replace the intimacy of telling/reading a story to or with your child. Parents don’t abdicate your responsibilities to technology! Spend an intimate time with your child – read to them or let them read to you. It’s WONDERFUL!

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Jacquie Hinton – **Editor**

Pastor Caleb Walker and Karen Crispell– **Copy Editors**

Reporters and Contributors: **Our Missionaries and PCC family**



You may have tangible wealth untold;  
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.  
Richer than I you can never be--  
I had a Mother who read to me.





## Prison Ministry August 2017

In past letters we have mentioned several times about the traffic tie-ups we have been experiencing during the time the State is up-grading Route 160. On the way over to the Prison there is no problem except for a little lost time.

However, when the sun goes down, we return in the dark, and the only visible assistance we get is the markings on the road. At the turn from Route 95 to Route 160 the markings have been missing. Once we drove right past it and had to turn around in the dark before we reached Tonopah. All this being said – I want to tell you that NOW new markings have been put on the road and a flashing red light. It is really APPRECIATED! Our thanks to the State of Nevada for their good work and to the Lord for his wonderful blessings.

One of our ***“Boot Camp Nights”*** this month saw only Lois and me leading the service. Ron was ill and not able to join us. We all have parts of the service that are necessary; and, Ron is our director of music. We really miss him when he’s gone. However, that night several of the Trainees volunteered to help us with set-up, take down and directing the singing. It wasn’t quite the way we usually do it; but, we laughed at our mistakes and had a great time of sharing that night. In all of our ministries, the prisoners are ready and willing to help us whenever we need it.

Every week we have a “Sing-Along” at Inspirations Senior Living Center. For the past few months our number of team members was down. But last week, Linda came back with her guitar and has changed her working hours so that she can, once again, be a part of the team. Musically, we are growing, Linda on the guitar, Jon on the guitar, Lois on the Violin and me on the Omnichord. AND, more good news! Dorothy, one of the residents, may soon be well enough to join us once again on her Violin. She was recently hospitalized but

is now back, and feeling much better. It’s almost like a junior orchestra.

Each Sunday we are at the Pahrump Jail for at least three services; and, we experience the same great willingness to help us whenever they can. Last Sunday there were two former Boot Camp Trainees who were waiting for their visit to the Judge to receive a final sentence before they are released by the Court. This procedure is necessary so the Court may continue to observe their activities until they are finally clear of the System. These men knew all of our songs and sang out loud and clear to help us lead the singing in the service. We know that our help comes from the Lord, but He often uses unexpected ways to do it.

Every other week, Boot Camp has a graduation and we lose the Trainees as they leave the Camp. However, there are always new men coming in. Our Trainee on the Guitar has graduated and we are looking for someone to replace him playing our “extra” Guitar. Word has it that someone will step up next week. Keep this in your prayers. We thank you for your prayers and support. It’s good to know that we do not stand alone.

God bless you,  
Irene Hunt  
Chaplain



### STATISTICS FOR AUGUST MATERIALS GIVEN

Total Services—20  
Total Attendance— 282  
Total Team Hours — 112  
Total Ministry Miles— 524

Bibles—11    Our Daily Bread—22  
Books—19    Writing Materials—67