***BROKEN AND SHATTERED PROMISES MINISTRIES 2016 FALL HOLY DAYS E-NEWSLETTER***

Howdy and shalom alechem to ya'll from the West TX flatlands--THIS TIME from downtown Lubbock! In case you're scratching your head at that last statement--NO...I HAVE NOT moved permanently from Plainview and (as you'll notice later) all my current addresses are still FIRMLY based in Plainview as well. But recent events in my life (especially over the past few months and this summer in particular) have required me to spend more time away from home and, as a result, here instead in the Hub City of the Plains. (More on that later....)

I'm sure that some of you sometime in your past or even maybe recent educational experiences remember a famous Robert Frost poem "Two Roads Diverged in A Snowy Wood"...you know, it's the one that starts something like this..."

“Two roads diverged in a snowy wood...”

Winter hasn't necessarily come yet to the Hub City by any means--but due to my being forced to take more frequent trips here to LBK and then back home to PLV, I recently found for myself a number of interesting personal roads and experiences that in some fashion either started and/or ended at one particularly notable place in Lubbock that you wouldn't expect at first. But from this unique transportation crossroads, I've seen over recent weeks for myself how what might seem to be several unrelated personal stories eventually come together to not only teach us practical things about life--but more importantly, what He may feel is most important for all of us to learn about Him and His ways.

It just seems right to me to write a letter about these upcoming Fall pilgrimage festivals (as in Rosh HaShanah, Yom Kippur, and Sukkot) from one place here in town where for some all roads eventually lead. And along the way, we'll even learn a lot more not only about ourselves, but also about the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit who loves each of us...and a unique entity They have created that reminds us of the true essence of who They really are. Where is this special Divine crossroads at--and what can we learn from it? We'll find out more during this session’s MAIN STUDY after some important ministry and business announcements...

***MINISTRY ANNOUNCEMENTS:***

***(I.) SPECIAL UPDATE ON BSPOP BOOK PURCHASES***

Here’s yet another friendly reminder from your state department of highways to let you know that all of the books that my God has had me to write throughout the past 20 years are still AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE RIGHT NOW on Amazon.com as well as directly through Broken and Shattered Promises Online Publishing--”Walking From Lockney To Jerusalem: My Life In The Worldwide Church of God”; “A Message From Siberia”, “A’Wise And A’Foolish In Canaan’s Land: Detailed Bible Studies For The Believer”, and "Sowing In Tears". How can you do so? SIMPLE...

Just do one of the following things to get your copy of each of these books in your hot little hand--

1. ) Stop by the Broken and Shattered Promises Online Publishing website to see a brief description of each book, download FREE sample intro chapters to each book to get a little taste of what each of them is like for yourself, and then get details on how to order each of these books-- <http://coyrhseatcbspm.wix.com/walking> (no www. necessary on the URL) [FYI--You can also type in to any search engine “Broken and Shattered Promises Online Publishing” or my name to find the website in case the above link isn’t exactly right...] Then, click onto the top tool bar to find the appropriate part of the site you may specifically wish to access, click onto a specific link, and the necessary information will come up before you on how you can order any of the above books through BSPOP.
2. ) If you absolutely otherwise can’t wait to get them yourself, then by all means go directly to [http://www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com/) and type in the search engine “Coy Reece Holley” to get a listing of all books available. [Note: If you purchase directly via Amazon, the prices might be a little higher--but ALL books WILL be available in both print (paperback ONLY--sorry, campers) and also (except for “Sowing In Tears”) e-book form for those willing to subscribe to Amazon Kindle. And you WILL NOT be able to take advantage of the special book prices we’re offering here at BSPOP.]
3. ) (UPDATE:) For those that don’t have computers and/or Net access, they can also call, write, and/or email me to pre-order each of the books directly from myself/BSPOP (paperback version ONLY--which I will be more than willing to assist you in obtaining as needed) at the following addresses and/or phone numbers: (NOTE: Please note new changes in my phone numbers due to a recent additional phone number I have added AND NOW OUR BRAND-NEW business and ministry mailing address...)

Broken and Shattered Promises Online Publishing

P.O. Box 1501

Plainview, TX 79072

Email: [CoyRH\_SEATCBSPM@yahoo.com](mailto:CoyRH_SEATCBSPM@yahoo.com)

(806) 451-7475 (cell)

PLEASE by all means feel free to print and send copies of the enclosed order form and even this newsletter to those you know in your own circle of influence that wouldn’t otherwise have access to this information so that they can also have the opportunity to be blessed themselves by the information presented in each of these books.

[Special Note:] (A.) If you attempt to call me on my cell (especially for a book order), please leave a voicemail if I do not answer right away due to the fact that it is one of my methods of how I must currently screen my calls and make efficient use of my limited cellphone minutes. Also, (especially since I’m currently having to deal with some challenges with both my own hearing as well as cellphone clarity), please speak VERY slowly, LOUDLY, and DISTINCTLY as is possible to make sure that I am able to hear your information and then attempt to call you back.

(B.) Those who contact me directly to do your book purchase should note the following BSPOP price and rate structure:

Individual books can also be ordered directly from BSPOP for $20 each INCLUDING all applicable Texas state/local sales taxes and shipping/handling. Please see the attached book order form for more detailed instructions on how you can order any and/or all BSPOP books. Those who are either outside the U.S. OR who are inside the U.S. who desire faster PRIORITY SHIPPING should add another $20 (U.S. dollars) to the total price of the order to help defray our required costs for additional shipping and handling charges.

Whatever way you decide to order any and/or all of these books, I feel that you will be truly blessed as you join me in each of these unique literary journeys my God has taken me on over the years and gain new practical insights and concepts about the Word of God and on some current issues facing the universal Body of Christ that you may have not previously considered. And if you like some things of what you find in each book, please don’t keep the words to yourself--but instead encourage others to take the following advice I’ve recently suggested to others about these important books--”Do like they do in Chicago...buy early and buy often...buy for friends, buy for neighbors, buy for strangers if you must--BUT by all means, BUY, BUY, BUY, BUY, BUY!!!!” (I’ll end my obligatory commercial message this right there at this point...hah, hah, hah...)

(II.) ***BSPM/BSPOP UPDATE:***

If you haven’t checked out our website mentioned above [ <http://coyrhseatcbspm.wix.com/walking> ], check out how everything is now linked to the website so that we will not have to rely so much on cumbersome email to communicate business and ministry messages. If you haven’t already done so, please stop by the website from time to time for vital updates not only on book purchases, but also for the plans and direction the Lord may be taking this particular ministry.

And (as you will see later on) don’t forget our new Facebook page at [www.facebook.com/brokenandshatteredpromisesministries](http://www.facebook.com/brokenandshatteredpromisesministries) ! You can also use the search function on Facebook as well to look for either “Coy Holley” or “Broken and Shattered Promises Ministries”. Our Facebook page is now the QUICKEST way to keep an eye between Newsletter editions on what’s going on as far as BSPM and BSPOP. Those who are more social-media inclined are more than welcome to stop by, give us a like, post comments, questions, etc. about anything related to BSPM or BSPOP.

One of our primary emphases in recent months have been recent efforts to further increase book sales and obtain critical financial underwriting for both our business and ministry projects. This has been primarily been done through a couple of recent trips to Amarillo for the purpose of getting the word out about all of our BSPOP releases. We were privileged to be present earlier in the year for recent concerts at the Church at Quail Creek given by Sandi Patty and Veritas and another separate one the next month by Chonda Pierce as well as an appearance at another Amarillo church by internationally known speaker and apologist Dr. Ravi Zecharias. With that round of promotional efforts at the present time complete, we continue to await the final results of these recent efforts and believe God that these efforts will eventually yield productive fruit not only for ourselves, but also more importantly for His Kingdom.

As you will probably see in more detail throughout this edition's MAIN STUDY, work and other personal obligations have required us to go on more frequent extended trips to Lubbock for work and other purposes several times throughout this past summer. One of those most recent trips was especially helpful in achieving a MAJOR desired goal that we have wanted to fulfill for several years--obtain much needed training on Quickbooks accounting software to benefit our business and ministry endeavors. Texas A&M AgriLife Extension was extremely helpful to us in making an affordable and cost-effective way possible to attend a two-day hands-on based training session in Lubbock to allow what was a seemingly impossible objective to be accomplished.

A side benefit of having attended this training was being able to also receive some information about some important management tools and services that might be of particular benefit to farmers and ranchers to help guide them in making better and more-informed decisions in managing their agricultural operations. Once we at BSPM/BSPOP/CoyRH-SEATC Clerical have first had appropriate opportunity to get more acquainted with Quickbooks for our own endeavors, we then hope to make these services available to the general public at a later date for those who might need them.

At times recently on the technological front, it has seemed like we've first taken 3 steps forward, but then 2 3/4 steps back as we've lost cell phones and/or had things go wrong with our available technological devices. But even in the past week, our God has graciously not only allowed us to gain back some of the ground we've lost technologically, but are even in the process able to go further than we have been able to do recently. For instance, we can praise God RIGHT NOW for PAID-FOR and in our current possession DEBT-FREE a new laptop computer and also new smartphone to boot. By the time this edition officially goes to press, we hope to utilize that smartphone to not only make calls again via our current phone number, but to also do much more than that on top of it!

What the Adversary has tried to steal from us, our God is right now more than restoring! Now only a few things still remain on this particular front before we can finally declare that we are fully functional on the technology end (including getting two remaining pieces of software still needed for the desktop and being able to get our Internet service at home restored). As Joyce Meyer has said, "...I may not be where I want to be, but thank God I'm not where I used to be. I'm OK and I'm on my way."

On the CoyRH/SEATC Clerical front, we have throughout a good bit of this year attempted to also get the word out about our clerical and notary public services endeavors through a directory ad in the Plainview Herald. Due to more pressing recent financial obligations and a current lack of response to the ad, we were forced to call a temporary halt to the ad efforts. We do hope to resume them again closer to the upcoming holiday season as finances permit.

Work still continues on baby steps towards formal incorporation and other more pressing concerns of BSPM. There’s still a few more things that will remain before BSPM is incorporated as the 501(c)(3) that it will need to be--but the journey continues to proceed as finances permit and our God graciously permits and allows. We are still also hope to work with one source for the development of the necessary ministry/business logos that will be required to operate and pictorially represent the essence of what BSPM, BSPOP, etc. plans to become as soon as finances permit us to do so.

As for our past attempts to do initial organizational meetings, we have decided to shelve those plans for the present time until a more convienent and expeditious time that He might later let us know about comes up. BUT if you still have a desire, leading, and/or calling of the Lord to join us on the ground floor of this brand-new and exciting ministry endeavor, please keep an eye on our BSPM Facebook page for further updates and/or call or email us for more information on how YOU as a part of the Body of Christ can truly make an impact on those affected by the criminal justice system.

***(III.) RECENT FIJM PRISON CRUSADE EFFORTS***

After a little bit of an extended layoff from prison ministry involvement, it was good to once again get back in the swing of things at two recent Freedom In Jesus Ministries (FIJM) crusades at the Montford Unit in Lubbock and the Rudd Unit in Brownfield (which, ironically, dovetailed with my most recent frequent Lubbock trips) and also here in my ol' West TX home of Plainview at the Wheeler and Formby Units.

Even though the night before the combined Montford/Rudd crusades FIJM president and founder Don Castleberry was forced out of action due to a sudden illness, that didn't dampen the spirits of our ministry team or the offenders on both units. In fact, the Spirit still moved regardless on both Montford and Rudd even in Don's absence. It was a privilege for myself personally to literally myself be directly hands-on with all the efforts of the Montford crusade from start to finish (even as I beat the rest of the team Fri. afternoon in getting to Montford while "walking in faith" one more time getting from the extreme southwestern end of Lubbock to the east side heading towards Slaton where Montford is located).

As has been the custom with this particular crusade at Montford in years past, the offenders were treated to a special "watermelon bust" thanks to the generousity of various FIJM donors that to them is always a special treat. Pastor Jarrod Baker of Glad Tidings Church of Lubbock and Zebbe Hernandez of Road To Restoration Ministries were among the speakers whose messages dovetailed off the testimony of ex-offender Joe Narvais who one time actually served two life sentences in TDCJ, but was urged by the Lord to believe Him for an early release even to the point of being required to say in response to the question when he might get out of prison: "...any day now!"

That theme was reflected first in the things we saw as four of us took part Sat. morning in visitation of the men in the buildings on the unit. I was for instance personally privileged to pray with one of the men who was at the time on crutches for healing and a speedier recovery from recent ankle surgery. During the final service on Sun., the members of our ministry team also prayed for one of the men on the praise team from back and other injuries. Ironically, HE was one of those same men Joe was talking about--for this older man was LITERALLY on his own way to being out of Montford "...any day now...".

I was also privileged to speak briefly to the men at Montford during the closing service about the concept of the "kehillah kedoshah" (i.e.--Hebrew for "sacred community") from a Jewish perspective and how important, according to Hebrews chapter 10 that we not forsake it or neglect our participation within it--regardless of whether we are in or out of prison--and how important the concept of a "sacred community" should be in our lives as it is in the eyes of God.

It was in particular a very special treat for me personally to finally get back in touch with the man who's now the chaplain at Montford--Steve Claybrook. Since my recent forced layoff from ministry, I have been chomping at the bit to get back to Montford ever since I heard that Steve had become the chaplain there. I have known Steve personally since his days as pastor of New Covenant Church in Muleshoe (where I would see him from time to time at previous Deliverance Weekend conferences here in Plainview when Bro. Frank Hammond was still alive). It was truly good for me personally to see him for myself and also as well on behalf of my friends at Dare To Believe and New Covenant who had also known him in the past.

Joe's theme of "ANY DAY NOW" also continued about a couple of weeks later when our ministry team came calling on my own home units as well. For that weekend, I was primarily assigned to Formby--and overall, I'm glad I was. Fri. night, Joe gave his "ANY DAY NOW" testimony to the men at Formby...and from there, things took off again--so much so that Pastors Gary and Jan Delay of Transformation Church used that as a launch pad for their own message to encourage Formby offenders to believe God for their own early release from prison. The next day, Gilbert Gonzales at the end of his message said something else remarkable as he recounted counseling one offender who had asked for prayer for strength to deal with a broken marriage. Gilbert boldly declared that the men should NOT believe God for strength to deal with broken marriage--but instead encouraged them to go much further than that...to actually BELIEVE God to help KEEP their marriages.

The Spirit definitely moved BIG TIME once again on ALL of these units through both weekends in various ways---particularly in the area of salvations. According to FIJM Vice-President and Executive Director Stephen Canup, around 75 combined total salvations were recorded through the duration of the combined Montford/Rudd crusade and then around 100 more within the several days surrounding the Wheeler/Formby crusade.

Being a part of the Formby portion of the crusade was also a special treat in a couple of ways for myself personally. First was being able to personally set foot in the new chapel at Formby for the very first time that had just been finished by the Texas Baptist Men and others earlier in the year. I had been on the grounds of Formby many times through the years (remembering that one of those times at a similar crusade being held there in March/April in the middle of freezing cold weather outside)--but it seemed like a different place in a totally different world in comparison to various times spent there in the past. I very much credit those that diligently labored to build that particular chapel--because it is truly state-of-the-art for a prison chapel and nice-looking to boot. It has brand-new video screens with Powerpoint capability and to even where Christian music videos and films could be shown. And to think that of all places that this was built RIGHT HERE in MY OWN HOMETOWN definitely fills me with awe and reverence to Him who has graciously provided these offenders with this particular facility. (And strangely enough, it makes even the chapel at Wheeler across the road pale in comparison--and I have been in that chapel a number of times as well throughout the years.)

The second treat for me personally involved yet another familiar face in Mike McCreight who now serves as the Chaplain for Wheeler and Formby. I have known both Mike and Jeff McCreight since my college days at South Plains College in Levelland where they first were prominent members of the old road show group Country Caravan and later both became active members for a while of the Lubbock music scene. If you've seen TV commercials from the Cactus Theatre in the past, for example, you've for sure heard Jeff's name a time or two throughout the years. Jeff now serves as the pastor of Rock City Church on the west side of Lubbock. If you don't recognize both of the brothers right off, then maybe those of you in LBK might remember their dad's name--Dick McCreight. In LBK pastoral circles, Dick was a very prominent and well-respected name amongst LBK pastors until his death...and thankfully, both his sons are doing their parts to keep that unique Christian pastoral legacy alive. It was equally a blessing to get back in touch with Mike again throughout that crusade weekend. We hope to eventually have opportunity in the future to more fully utilize these unique connections to get the planned prison part of our ministry operations going at a future date as He might allow.

***(IV.) PRAYER REQUESTS AND A SPECIAL FACEBOOK ANNOUNCEMENT--***

We have decided in the latter part of October after yet another extended LBK trip to as He may allow go on an extended ministry/vacation trip--first to Huntsville, TX for the first part of the Feast of Tabernacles; then on to Branson, MO for the Autumn Assembly of Prayer with Billye Brim and special guests; then from there on to Atlanta for a Gary Keesee financial conference.

Speaking about our Facebook site, we want to invite you to also stop by a special forum there we've created to where those that may have appropriate and legitimate prayer requests they feel comfortable in allowing us to release details about can post those requests so that we can then not only believe with you for whatever you may need from Him, but also urge others as we have opportunity to do so to join their faith with yours as well in all of the places we will stop at along the way. Those not otherwise comfortable or able to post their requests via the BSPM Facebook site can also email or snail mail their requests to us to:

Broken and Shattered Promises Ministries

P.O. Box 1501

Plainview, TX 79072

Email: [CoyRH\_SEATCBSPM@yahoo.com](mailto:CoyRH_SEATCBSPM@yahoo.com)

(806) 451-7475 (cell)

We might also ask in turn that as you might be led to do so join with us in believing Him for the following prayer requests and needs via Psalm 20:1-5 and Ps. 126:

(1.) Lynda Holley (my mother), Billie Lam, Vera Jo Bybee

(2.) Montford Unit--Desperate need for volunteers for various ministry opportunities in the Psychiatric Unit (and if you're in the LBK area and have an interest yourself in getting involved there, please feel free to contact us and we'll be more than glad to help you get in touch with Chaplain Claybrook about those opportunties) [Also--Chaplain Claybrook has let us know that for the next fiscal year, TDCJ due to the recent state budget process has sadly once again decided to give the Chaplaincy Department a sum total of ZERO...a department where ironically the need is the greatest because at times it is the ONLY rehab program available to offenders on all units across the state. Please pray and believe God with us that this situation will be rectified and that the Texas Legislature and other state officials will change their minds about this madness and see that some sort of additional funding for the TDCJ Chaplaincy Dept. is appropriately provided so that the valuable work of chaplains statewide can be continued in some form.]

(3.) BSPM/BSPOP--(a.) URGENT MAJOR financial provision and open doors on our upcoming extended ministry/vacation trip both for things here at home [(Ex.) Rent and current expenses here] and also on the road [(Ex.) Bus tickets and other transportation expenses; hotel/motel rooms; and food and other necessary trip expenses [P.S.—If you might be one of those special people that He may be wanting to use and you respond quickly to that call in a significant fashion, we hope to see that a special appreciation gift be sent to you ASAP as a special thanks by us for standing with us at this very critical time.]

(b.) Continued Divine intervention on funding and other things needed to complete the transition of all ministry and business endeavors to fully financially functioning entities to where I (Coy RH) can eventually devote my full and primary attention and efforts towards these business and ministry efforts

(c.) I am also right now as I write this seriously contemplating the creation of a FIFTH book. Prayers for appropriate wisdom, discernment, and Divine revelation as needed to bring what will be some new challenging insights to both believers and non-believers alike as a result of this upcoming book to life on the printed page will especially be appreciated in this process.

(d.) In the meantime, we STILL are in DESPERATE need for people to contact us for book sales. We urge not just to pray about this--but as opportunity may permit for you, even consider contacting us about purchasing your own copies of any and/or all of our recent BSPOP releases. Then once you've made your purchase and received and read your books, help us spread the word to others if you like what you have read and encourage others to contact us as well to purchase their own copies. Doing this at present is the absolute best way to support our ministry and business efforts at present until such time where these ministry efforts can be supported by other means.

AND NOW ON TO OUR MAIN STUDY…

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***MAIN STUDY—THE MANY ROADS DIVERGED IN THE "KEHILLAH KEDOSHAH" OF THE LUBBOCK BUS STATION***

***"...Two roads diverged in a snowy wood..."***

***Albert Pike: "...What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us. What we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal."***

The Hub City has had a very colorful history throughout its over 100 years of existence here on the High Plains. A lot of things have come and gone through its brick-lined downtown streets. From the creation of Texas Tech just down the road on Broadway around the time of the Roaring '20s, its people and local flavor have made it a place that's still known the world over. Even in the midst of the aftermath of the 1970 tornado that severely did significant damage to the city and forever changed its character, Lubbock has been given many titles over the years (its latest one by one national entity of "...the friendliest city in the USA." Regardless of what you might think about it, the one thing you can't deny the most is the fact that in the harsh terrain that has been the Texas High Plains, the city of Lubbock has not only been a survivor...but has even by His grace thrived in spite of whatever has been thrown its way.

You can even see it now in the names of some of its very streets. Mac Davis Lane (which passes by the Civic Center) reminds us of the country star who ironically once sang about having LBK in his rear view mirror. The West Texas Walk of Fame is also present there at the Civic Center as well to memorialize the various artists that have graced its various streets and buildings. A reminder of the only national title so far that Texas Tech has ever won is still memorialized through the renaming of LBK's portion of US 62/82 after former Tech ladies' basketball coach Marsha Sharp brings us closer to the modern era. Prominent artist Glenna Goodacre also has her own street here as well (but I forgot exactly why).

If you'll go east about a mile or so on Broadway after first going underneath the railroad bridge and then afterwards Avenue A, across the street from the South Plains Fairgrounds you'll find a memorial to the man simply known around Lubbock and the world as "Stubbs" where his world-famous restaurant once stood and where another place that is one of LBK's few places of ministry to the homeless known as "Tent City" now stands in the former confines of an old cotton gin.

Going back to downtown, Buddy Holly (no personal relation here) Avenue (which connects downtown with the Depot District known for its bars and unique nightlife that attracts Tech students and other folks alike) reminds its people about the day in the late 1950s when "...the music died". His former band, the Crickets, even have their own street named after them next to their former bandleader, too.

It's interesting to particularly see some of the buildings that grace the very intersection of Broadway and Buddy Holly. From here, we see several places of the seat of government here especially in both the Lubbock County courthouse and old Lubbock County Jail and also the Federal Courthouse across the street. But at the southeast corner of this same intersection lies a transportation crossroads that some may not know about, but in which has been a vital transportation lifeline to me personally over recent weeks. Many personal roads and experiences may diverge from this spot--but surprisingly at times also converge and come back together here as well. What is this spot? It's a place called the Citibus Downtown Transit Center.

It might not seem like much at first--until you know some of the recent history that I'm aware of about this particular place. For a number of years, the bus line that used to be called TNM&O had its own separate bus depot a few blocks down on 13th Street. But when it officially merged with Greyhound, thanks to certain agreements with the City of Lubbock, Citibus eventually became the place that not only provided local bus service for the City of Lubbock, but also became the Lubbock home of Greyhound as well that insured access for even the lowest-income residents to other destinations both throughout the state and nation.

For someone who doesn't have a car at present and must rely on Greyhound to get out of cities outside of Plainview, this unique transportation setup in Lubbock has been very advantageous at times personally to me. Here in this one spot can I not only transact any necessary Greyhound business required here, but as needed can also even get a Citibus pass as needed to get to most places that I might need to get to locally as well. From this place, I can even catch a cab and/or other transportation necessary to get to where I might need to go here in the Hub City in one way or another.

But the Citibus depot hasn't been just of benefit to me personally in the practical sense. In recent weeks (either in waiting for another bus or in transit somewhere), I have been amazed how my God managed to use this unique transportation crossroads as either the starting and/or ending point of a number of my recent personal spiritual journeys as well. By no means am I going to break down everything I've learned (at most, due to what I might have forgotten about all of these things, I'll probably do good just to distill things in a way to where I can hit some of the highlights).

But maybe in writing what I might call a sort of Lubbock Citibus version of Mussorgsky's "Pictures At An Exhibition", we might find out a few deeper lessons from places we might not expect about the various ways our God loves us and takes care of us. Some of these lessons we probably already know--but it never hurts to not only be reminded of them, but also learn new ways of how to approach them. Others are probably fresh ones that we may not otherwise be aware of--and at the end find the truth about what Frost wrote about "...two roads diverged in a snowy wood...and I took the one less traveled on...and that has made all the difference."

First, let's establish the Scriptural basis for this particular main study through a couple of Scriptural passages that should be somewhat familiar to most of you who have studied the Word of God for a while...but in which it also wouldn't hurt to look at these two particular passages through fresh eyes:

**HEBREWS 10**

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| **KJV** |
| 19 Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, |
| 20 By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; |
| 21 And *having* an high priest over the house of God; |
| 22 Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. |
| 23 Let us hold fast the profession of *our* faith without wavering; (for he *is* faithful that promised;) |
| 24 And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: |
| 25 Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some *is;* but exhorting *one another:* and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching. |
| 26 For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, |
| 27 But a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. |
| 28 He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: |
| 29 Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? |
| 30 For we know him that hath said, Vengeance *belongeth* unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge his people. |
| 31 *It is* a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. |
| 32 But call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions; |
| 33 Partly, whilst ye were made a gazingstock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used. |
| 34 For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. |
| 35 Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward. |
| 36 For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. |
| 37 For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. |
| 38 Now the just shall live by faith: but if *any man* draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. |
| 39 But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul. |

**JAMES 1**

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| **KJV** |
| 1 James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, greeting. |
| 2 My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; |
| 3 Knowing *this,* that the trying of your faith worketh patience. |
| 4 But let patience have *her* perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. |
| 5 If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all *men* liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. |
| 6 But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. |
| 7 For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord. |
| 8 A double minded man *is* unstable in all his ways. |
| 9 Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted: |
| 10 But the rich, in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. |
| 11 For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways. |
| 12 Blessed *is* the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. |
| 13 Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: |
| 14 But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. |
| 15 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. |
| 16 Do not err, my beloved brethren. |
| 17 Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. |
| 18 Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures. |
| 19 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: |
| 20 For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. |
| 21 Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. |
| 22 But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. |
| 23 For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: |
| 24 For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. |
| 25 But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth *therein,* he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed. |
| 26 If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion *is* vain. |
| 27 Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, *and* to keep himself unspotted from the world. |

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ROAD PICTURE LESSON #1: THE PARABLE OF THE SHOPPING CART

(Setting at the Citibus Depot: Tues. night 10 P.M. shortly after arrival from Plainview..and not having enough money for a cab to get to my motel with luggage to carry)

“I came here into town tonight with just about enough money for the motel and maybe a drink or two—but that’s it otherwise. Let’s see—if I recall right, I need to have at least a good $10 or so to get a cab here. But the motel’s only about a eight to ten blocks from here…and I want to hang on to all the money I’ve got to do this trip. I might as well hoof it…”

That was my general frame of mind shortly after I claimed my checked garment bag upon arrival here. It’ll be slow going with this luggage (with one backpack on my back, another backpack that I’m dragging with a handle, and then with the garment bag strapped around my shoulder. So off I went west on Broadway while all along asking Him, “If you’ve got a ride to get me there, I’d sure appreciate it. Unfortunately, not too many vehicles stop in downtown Lubbock around this time of night. So every half-block to full block, I’d have to drop one or two pieces of my luggage at a certain spot, then come back and get the other remaining pieces of luggage and bring them to the point where I left the others and keep continuing on this fashion. Maybe at this rate, I’ll get to the motel by midnight (or so I thought)…

About a few blocks away from Citibus in the midst of the above routine, I was passing by one of the vacant buildings when a lady asked what I was doing. We talked for a couple of minutes—and despite appearances otherwise, she assumed that I was probably homeless. Whatever her reasons (even if she didn’t have a car), I found out tonight through her that the LORD sometimes if you ask for transportation may not necessarily give His answer in the way you normally would expect.

I literally came into town straight from working a VERY long day merchandising stores for one of my jobs, then managed to get to the Plainview bus station in sufficient time from Wal-Mart to catch my bus to here. Doing all of that and now getting myself and this luggage to my motel naturally makes for a very pooped pup. I never thought that the Lord decided that a shopping cart will do just as good as a ride from a stranger I don’t know.

But out of the blue, she offered a shopping cart. Knowing that I didn’t seem to have any other options at the time, I gratefully and thankfully took it. She also went ahead and let me know about a free meal that one of the Catholic churches did each day around 5 P.M. I was fine on food (because I was able to get a free breakfast at the motel I was staying at and could also use any other money not otherwise needed for Citibus fares to get some grub at either the 7-Eleven next door or at the Wal-Mart just a few blocks down the street.

After I was given that shopping cart by that lady, it proved to be quite handy the rest of the way to the motel. Instead of having to carry that luggage in a cumbersome fashion, I actually felt like a speed demon once I put the contents of my luggage in the cart and starting pushing everything instead. For the rest of my current stay here until I left early the next Tues. morning to catch the bus back home, the cart stayed in my room with the majority of the contents I carried with me into town. It was just as handy to use that same cart to take everything back to the Citibus depot to go home. I did have to ditch it across the street by the old Lubbock County jail at the request of Citibus personnel, but hey—it was there when I needed it, right?

ROAD PICTURE LESSON #2: WHAT TO DO WHEN THERE'S NO ROOM AT THE INN

(Setting at the Citibus Depot: 10 P.M. shortly after arrival in Lubbock about two weeks later on another Tues. night)

Hmmm…don’t see the shopping cart I left behind when I was here last…somebody else must have went and took it…ah well…Back to hoofing everything…at least my load’s a little lighter this time since I didn’t have to take as much…. I was just here a couple of days ago or so doing my Quickbooks training at the same motel I’ve stayed at while here in town for the past few weeks. While here, I had a major problem with the way the pass key didn’t go through—and the owner had problems like the dickens trying to fix it. I tried to pay the owners in advance for this stay—but they wouldn’t take the money. Did I hear them say it right? The next stay was free. I double-checked it with them last time—and I thought they said this stay was on the house. The hard part is that this older couple is from India—and it’s quite hard to understand or communicate anything from their broken English into terms this ol’ West Texan can understand….

(After attempting to check in to the motel with no success because only having about less than $10 in my pocket now…) I KNEW IT!! I thought they said that this stay was on them because of what happened with the key…I guess I misunderstood them….what am I going to do now? Hmmm… I guess there’s no choice tonight but to try to stay at “Hotel Denny’s”…at least I have enough for something to drink. I’ll have to really stretch this one out….

For the rest of this entire narrative, let me give you the game summary of what happened. First (despite what would have been temptation to call friends and expect them to bail me out), I spent the first night of this particular LBK trip downing lots of Dr. Pepper and managing to even get a couple of plates of the “all-you-can-eat” pancakes plate that I also went ahead and got in part so that I could have a legitimate excuse to stay for a while there.

Sometime around 5 A.M., I decided that I probably gave the wait staff enough trouble (despite their insistence that I wasn’t so and that throughout the whole time I was there only a very few people went through those doors) and decided to head to the nearest bus stop to await the next bus downtown. Let’s say this time I decided to take the longer/scenic route around the city to kill more time until it was time to get back downtown to take care of the particular business that I needed to do for that day.

After I had taken care of business downtown for the day, now I really had to do a little bit of fast thinking about my options since my return trip ticket home wasn’t until Fri. morning—and I was essentially stuck here until then. I then remembered the Salvation Army and decided to give it a go and see if they might be able to help. I went to the Social Services office first—who referred me to the shelter where they told me supper was served at 5 P.M. and the time to check-in for a possible bed for the night was right afterwards at 6. It was around 2 P.M. at the time after I talked to these folks…so I eventually found myself sitting at a nearby park with all of my stuff in another shopping cart I found back at the Citibus depot.

Then I remembered something that I had that was a possible “get-out-of-jail” (or in this case, Lubbock) as fast as I could—my SPARTAN prepaid ride card that I had on me. With my cell phone still in hand, I thankfully managed to call the main office in Levelland and found that the earliest I could get out of Lubbock was the next day around 11 A.M. So a ride was scheduled first originally for the Salvation Army to go back home at that time. I did have to call a little bit later, though, and ask that they change the location instead to the Citibus depot—but at least one immediate problem is solved for now. If I just get back to Citibus in reasonable time in the morning, I’m home free.

Now, though, for the OTHER major pressing problem—where do I spend this SECOND homeless night in Lubbock? At around 4:30 P.M., I leave the park and await outside the Salvation Army shelter for supper and see about a place to stay for the night. I did at least get supper—but once again, no room at this inn (and the situation why doesn’t involve a lack of money either).

After finding out from the men’s shelter manager that they’re all full for the night (due to the fact that they also have to house their recovering substance-abuse clients there as well), they eventually suggest that I instead go back down east on Broadway to a place called “Tent City”. After pushing my shopping cart and walking east towards the South Plains Fairgrounds (where I was told Tent City was a old cotton gin that was across the street from), I looked around for it and even tried to use my IPad to get directions. I wound up at first overshooting it by a few blocks—then finally went back west and then saw it to my left about a street or two south on what are dirt roads.

Thankfully, after explaining my dilemma to the two guys in the office, these folks at least welcomed me with open arms for the night. It may have not been a Hyatt hotel by any means (considering that you have to walk across the property to behind the main office to use the men’s room—and it as well as the main facility closes at 11 P.M.), but considering the previous night, it was better than nothing.

One guy really kept hanging around like a vulture (albeit a nice one—I wonder if he might have had something to do with why my cell phone that I had with me is now missing…but ah, well…bright side of it is that I needed to upgrade my phone to a smartphone anyway…so it’ll be obsolete soon anyway…). But at least I had a cot to sleep on…and SLEEP I did. Little did I know that they also locked the door to the main facility/old cotton gin at night to where I was locked IN…needless to say, when nature called around 5 AM, I definitely had ants in my pants and was mighty glad when one of the other residents/staff came around the area and I was able to try to attract his attention to open the door so that I could head to the bathroom.

Not much in the way of breakfast here (I was sure glad that I still had my large jug of tea that I’d brought with me…)—in fact, I wound up divesting myself of some stuff I didn’t need to carry back home to leave for anyone who needed it. But other than a lost functioning cell phone (which I later found out after I got back home from one of my bosses exactly WHERE it might have been and even possibly WHO might have taken it) that I could never find before I left, I was at least able to set out back towards downtown and the Citibus depot and await my ride back home. Even with what I might say about SPARTAN sometimes, I was never so glad than then after waiting outside in the rain for a couple of hours to finally hear the voice of one of the drivers I knew well. For that moment in time, he and that bus was definitely a much-needed sight and relief for tired and sore eyes that had went through a Lubbock trip that didn’t exactly go as originally planned. You know what they say about home, do you?

ROAD PICTURE LESSON #3: WHO IS MY "KEHILLAH KEDOSHAH" NOW?

(Setting at the Citibus Depot: Flashback to 2 P.M. about four weeks earlier while I'm in transit between different local Citibus routes)

I’ve been here in the Hub City this time on an extended business trip for several days that has required me to spend what few precious monetary resources I had to stay in a local motel just so I could get some retail merchandising-related work assignments done in several major retailers on behalf of one of my employers at the time. I was between buses here at the Citibus depot when I took a look at my cell phone that was displaying a new message that had just been left by someone on my voicemail.

The voicemail I received was in answer to a call I had made to someone in town about whether a certain Bible study I had attended a number of times throughout the years was going to be meeting that week. The response of that particular individual not only shocked me, but even went so far as to break my heart almost to the point of tears. Finding out about this group’s dissolution even saddened me and even made me feel that it directly violated the very essence of what is said in Hebrews 10:23-25 (KJV)—

|  |
| --- |
| 23 Let us hold fast the profession of *our* faith without wavering; (for he *is* faithful that promised;) |
| 24 And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: |
| 25 Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some *is;* but exhorting *one another:* and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching. |

They obviously had their reasons for disbanding the group—but still…WHY??? Was there something I could have done more on behalf of the members of this particular group to help save this group and keep it going in some fashion? And what about OTHERS each of us might be able to reach for Him through the continued existence of that small group?

My hearing of the disbanding of this particular study group is made all the more poignant due to my past experiences in what was once called the Worldwide Church of God (WCG) (now called Grace Communion International). This small group was the last remaining vestige of what was once a very thriving Lubbock congregation of around 150 to 200 people that was originally formed in the heyday of Herbert W. Armstrong’s ministry in the late 1960s/early 1970s. By the time I first set foot in this particular congregation over 30 years after its formation, it was a pretty strong congregation averaging 100 to 150 people in attendance every Saturday at a Rebekah Lodge hall near the intersection of 50th St. and Ave. Q. and in which also had a smaller sister satellite congregation in Roswell, NM that shared the same pastor we had at the time.

But after the revolutionary changes within WCG that occurred in late 1994 and the course of 1995, the Lubbock congregation went through two different splits that forever changed it for the worse. The second time resulted in a surprise disbanding of the entire congregation out of the blue (or so it seemed to some of us who didn’t know about it until too late after it happened). Afterwards, a smaller core group would eventually reconstitute itself for an unofficial biweekly Saturday morning Bible study that has continued until recently. Hearing about the disbanding of THIS particular core group now naturally in this day and age gives me MAJOR pause and cause for concern.

Why so? Because of a concept that the Jewish people would term a “kehillah kedoshah” (Hebrew for “sacred community”). In these trying days where the term “community” seems to be measured more in terms of Facebook friends and Twitter followers rather than good old-fashioned PHYSICAL presence and intimate contact that can only tangibly be done face-to-face, I still feel that we lose a lot when we neglect the admonition of the writer of Hebrews and fail to make the personal sacrifices and inconvienence necessary to actively gather and show up in person so that actual HUMAN faces can be used by our Savior to give vital encouragement and exhortation when we might need it most.

Just before I go too far off the deep end on this end, let me say to myself with my own accusing fingers pointed back at me that I probably also might have some blood on my own hands for helping cause this particular group’s demise. After all, with my continual financial and transportation problems, I will admit that I haven’t been able to be as active as I could have been in meeting with this particular group as I should have been. Over the years, I have now developed a much more consistent base of contacts here in Plainview that has become in a sense my “religious/church community”. Whether it’s been my more frequent attendance at the two Plainview churches that I have now grown to consider my primary church homes or the Emmaus Community that I attempt to stay active in, I will admit the fact that there’s now others I consider part of the “sacred community” that is now a part of my life with Him—good or bad.

But in reflecting over the demise of what was once a very special group of individuals to me, it’s still hard for me to wonder WHY…why did we as a group (ESPECIALLY after all of the things WE have went through in the past) have to basically call it quits? All of these special people I once knew…for years, we were what I considered a sort of what military people would term “…a band of brothers”. They helped me grow up spiritually into the man for Him that I am now (for better or worse, of course). We went through the roughest valleys together, cried tears of pain, and rejoiced when God blessed one of us with something. The only thing I can equate this sort of pain and sorrow with that could be even harder to bear would be the loss of one’s parents or close family members.

Later on at the FIJM Montford crusade I talked about earlier, I told the men at the Trusty Camp about this particular experience. It was as if my God wanted to tell me something similar to what the prophet Isaiah said:

Isaiah 40:6-8 (KJV)

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh *is* grass, and all the goodliness thereof *is* as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the LORD bloweth upon it: surely the people *is* grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

He reminded me about what IS a “sacred community” in the first place and to appreciate the ones you are currently a part of WHILE you’re in it—for they may NOT always be there in the way you used to know them maybe years down the road. Thank God for the lessons you’ve learned in the past from others—but don’t stay stuck in them or rely on them too much either at the expense of what you have now. He also reminded me that the universal Body that is His Church is a much larger and broader one than we tend to see or think—an uniquely formed group of folks of different races, physiques, backgrounds, talents, etc. diverse, yet truly one in Him. And He very much wants to see others come into that very same “sacred community” that you and I partake of now…and we can have a role in expanding it if we will just first yield to what He wants us to do and then do our individual parts in getting it done.

I’ll sure miss being a part of this particular former Lubbock “kehillah kedoshah”—for they were salt of the earth people that I knew I once could rely on. I hope they all know that the door’s at least still open on my end anytime they wish to get in touch with me and talk. And I’ll still always consider them fellow comrades in arms on the overall spiritual journey I’m undertaking for my Lord right now. But I also appreciate even more so now the many new friends in Him that I’ve been privileged to meet over the years since then and that I still see from time to time. I hope and pray that I will never take these new friends (as well as my old comrades) for granted…for they were stepping stones that helped me go further on my journey for Him than I could have ever done on my own. I hope that like one old rabbi I know of that we’ll ALWAYS STAY together in some form as fellow members and citizens of the spiritual commonwealth that is the Ultimate “kehillah kedoshah” of His Kingdom to come.

ROAD PICTURE LESSON #4: "NI MODO!"--THE ATTITUDE OF FAITH

(Setting at the Citibus Depot: Shortly after midnight upon arrival here at the Depot about another week later at the end of yet another extended LBK trip; the next bus home back home to PLV doesn't leave until after 6:30 AM)

“…I’m FINALLY glad this last assignment is done…I’m tired of gift card audits here in this city FOR SURE…too bad I didn’t have enough for one more night at the hotel and that I had to check out this morning (especially when I only had enough on my person for four days and this particular motel made me give a cash deposit…and I had to ask for help from some people for one more night there. Just as well that I had to come here straight from the place I was across town rather than spend another night in a motel. I’m sure glad I got that ride from someone from that McDonald’s where I was waiting to here…it would have been a long night carrying stuff across town again. Even if I have to wait out here all night at the depot, at least I won’t have to miss the bus back home…”

I could have taken an earlier midnight bus home, according to Citibus personnel—but my ticket said that the bus I was scheduled on wasn’t leaving until after 6:30 AM. So I settled in accordance with original plans to wait out the rest of the night here at the depot. At least initially--that was what I thought…before the Lord apparently let me know otherwise in no uncertain terms that He had other plans for me tonight before I headed back home.

This was done by the sudden appearance by a guy who said he did some sort of street ministry named “John”. What happened after that would be a unforgetable drama that for the two of us wound through the streets of downtown Lubbock for the remaining night I would spend here on this current trip.

“John” asked me what I was doing—and I let him know. I insisted at first that I was fine where I was waiting here for the next bus home. But he seemed so concerned about my safety that he wouldn’t hear none of that—so he offered to get something to drink for me at the convienence store nearby. I admit I was a little reluctant at first—but something in the Spirit about this very unique member of His universal “sacred community” compelled me to override any initial trepidations and go with him for the strangest of reasons that I would only find out about later. And so our midnight journey through these Hub City streets began.

“John” claimed that he had just been released from the Lubbock County Jail (why exactly I didn’t have much of a clue—and he didn’t really specify) and that the name of his “street ministry” was called JOY Ministries (standing for “Jesus, Others, and Yourself”—in that particular order) where he himself as a streetwise person attempts to help in whatever the ways our God may lead him those that are homeless and must for some reason be out on the streets of Lubbock at night.

“John” and I first wound our way through the Depot District. His upfront style of striking up conversations with total strangers as if they were long-lost best friends and boldness in talking about Jesus/Y’Shua to folks who were college students drinking and partying in a bar who probably wouldn’t have cared less normally for a thing he said was quite an interesting thing to witness indeed. (I personally wouldn’t have taken quite the approach at testifying to the goodness of God like “John” did—but that’s neither here nor there…)

As we got to the intersection of 19th & Buddy Holly, we kind of differed on which Stripes store to go to. I suggested that it would be better to go to the one several blocks west of that intersection because for certain that one would be open at this late time of night. But “John” took the notion that there was a closer one at 19th & Ave. A that we needed to go to instead. So we first started on our way to the Ave. A store to see if it was still open—only to find by the time we got there that it was closed (in which I had a gut feeling this was the case).

So we backtracked the other way on 19th and headed for the other store that I had originally suggested. When we got back to 19th & Buddy Holly, there was an older man in a pickup truck that “John” noticed—and from there, let’s say he gladly did all the talking to that guy from there in the same fashion as the college students at that bar. I don’t know if it was the Spirit moving there, “John”’s fast-talking, or what—but he managed to not only ask that gentleman for a ride for both of us on the back of the truck to that Stripes store, but even somehow was given $20 to boot by that same older gentleman after we arrived at the store. (“John” later said to me afterwards, “…You see what He did for us. Now I was going to do it out of the money (in which he kept in his socks) I had…But look how God provided. I take you out to get something…and what did it cost us? NOTHING…”

I could give you a further detailed account of everything else that happened that night between myself and John…but it’s too much to tell in the limited space provided here…and I frankly don’t remember everything that transpired that night anyway. But there were some personal impressions about “John” that night I remember most…

(1.) I can hear him addressing me this way as the night progressed—“Coy, by Roy, by Joy…” (He said it was a sort of word association thing to help him remember my name.)

(2.) It was interesting to note how much of a real servant “John” seemed to be. Two cases in point included: (a.) how he literally acted like a pack mule in carrying the garment bag that had all of my dirty clothes from this recent trip (he said to me that for him, he appreciated the opportunity to get a good workout…and that it was actually a way I was blessing him….how ironic…)

and (b.) when we finally got back to the Citibus depot that he actually gave me a pretty good massage after I sat back down on one of the posts…

(3.) He also seemed to elude that it was probably a Divine appointment that somehow brought us together that night…like he was actually supposed to be where I was that particular night. (He even kind of hinted that he thought I was his guardian angel keeping him from harm and building him up in the faith spiritually when he needed it most…and that he was in turn performing a similar function for me. I’m not for sure about going that far in describing it that way myself…I’ll let Him be the final judge of that part for sure.)

But the biggest thing I’ll remember about the many things he said to me that night was a phrase in Espanol that I had never heard before—but was like the thing I’ll take away the most from this particular experience. It was the way he would use this phrase in a sentence that would really strike a major chord with me spiritually. For example, when we tried to go to that first Stripes store, he might say something like, “…Coy, by Roy, by Joy…we’ll go see if that store is open and get something there. And if it’s not open…ni modo…” Understand that I’m really not that fluent in Spanish—so after I got back home, I naturally asked a couple of folks that are much more knowledgeable in the language what that phrase meant as well as similar phrases to it. They all wound up basically confirming “John”’’s definition: “…it doesn’t matter” OR “…it’s not important.”

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EXHIBITION FINALE/FINAL THOUGHTS:

Before I go further to finish that last story about “John” and also simultaneously use that same story to bring this newsletter edition to a close, I think that I want to bring the Apostle James back into this discussion one more time as an explanatory witness that might best capture the essence of some of the most recent things I not only learned from “John”, but throughout all of my recent Lubbock trips--

**Jas 1:1** James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, greeting.

Jas 1:2 My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;

Jas 1:3 Knowing *this,* that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

Jas 1:4 But let patience have *her* perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Jas 1:5 If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all *men* liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

Jas 1:6 But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

Jas 1:7 For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord.

Jas 1:8 A double minded man *is* unstable in all his ways.

Jas 1:9 Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted:

Jas 1:10 But the rich, in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away.

Jas 1:11 For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways.

Jas 1:12 Blessed *is* the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Jas 1:13 Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man:

Jas 1:14 But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.

Jas 1:15 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

Jas 1:16 Do not err, my beloved brethren.

Jas 1:17 Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Jas 1:18 Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Jas 1:19 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

Jas 1:20 For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

Jas 1:21 Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

Jas 1:22 But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

Jas 1:23 For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

Jas 1:24 For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

Jas 1:25 But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth *therein,* he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

Jas 1:26 If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion *is* vain.

Jas 1:27 Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, *and* to keep himself unspotted from the world.

This study on the surface has probably seemed to be random thoughts coming from practical experiences that have either started and/or ended in some fashion here at Citibus. But it seems best to me during what to me is the biggest time of the year for pilgrimage festivals such as Rosh Ha’Shanah, Yom Kippur, and Sukkot:

After I got back home and reflected about this unexpected midnight journey with “John” and especially about the meaning of the phrase “Ni modo…”, it was if the Lord shot this thought in my mind—“THAT’S the attitude of faith!” This really threw me for a loop at first…but now I realize that in that one Espanol phrase, it might also possibly mean something similar to how the Aussies would say about a situation, “No worries, mate!” How so? Consider the following about this “ni modo” thing—

1. It reminds us about what should truly be of FIRST importance to us—our God and the things of His Kingdom. Anything else is “…NI MODO!”—not that important to deal with anyway…
2. It encourages us to consider that wherever our God decides to guide us (even if it’s in places that aren’t always comfortable for each of us), He’s also more than able to provide. It’s in the trials and testing of our faith that shows us the mettle of who we truly are and where we might stand in His eyes. As our Savior Himself said to His disciples:

Mat\_6:28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

Luk\_12:24 Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

Luk\_12:27 Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

1. It doesn’t matter what you’ve lost from your past, etc.—for you always not only have Him to draw your strength from at all times, but that He has made available a vast “sacred community” of people and resources to rely upon in your greatest times of need.
2. “NI MODO!”---It doesn’t matter what disadvantages you had at the start…and it’s not important anyway what you do or do not have. What matters is what HE has ALREADY done on your behalf, HIS strength, HIS ability, HIS etc.—to get whatever He and you need to get done.

During these upcoming Feasts, I think my new friend “John” has an interesting idea to ponder and consider. You see—“ni modo…” isn’t just a phrase…but a lifestyle of faith…in short, what should be the general lifestyle of a believer in Jesus/Y’Shua. It’s a similar attitude to how He and His apostles carried out their lives. It’s an attitude of faith that should encourage our souls and spur on further down all of the roads we all must travel. It’s that same overall attitude that will help us endure the things we all must suffer until the end for His sake. It’s an attitude that folks like “John” must rely on to survive day in and day out through this current age we live in. And it’ll be that same attitude that we should hope He will find us in when it’s time for Him to tell us (as Rosh Ha’Shanah each year reminds us of most), “Son, it’s time to go home…it’s suppertime!” As He does that, let us in turn say to the things of this world—“NI MODO!” And in saying that, THIS above all else will make the difference in any situation that may come our way.

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And once again, my final thoughts before I leave you once again until the next edition....Remember that it’s folks like YOU who have joined in the area of prayer, financial provision, and other ways that have made these Divine connections and opportunities possible. My tip of the hat personally goes out to each one of you for playing YOUR part in helping these ministry efforts go a little further down the road than it has been. I only simply ask that you not only continue to do so even more and more, but that each of you out there reading these things that’s interested in keeping these efforts going and being of some assistance to myself and these particular ministry efforts consider doing the following:

1. ) AGAIN ONE MORE TIME--BUY, BUY, BUY any one and/or ALL of the books I now have available on Amazon! That’s an IMMEDIATE way you can be of some help to me not only in the area of my own personal finances, but in also even helping me begin to reach some of the goals I have for this future ministry including such things as:
2. ) Formal filing of all form necessary for eventual formal incorporation and granting of IRS 501(c)(3) status of what would be called “Broken and Shattered Promises Ministries”
3. ) I also already have plans in the works once more financial and/or other resources become available to me to see that special edition copies of all of my new books would be sent and made available FREE of charge to various prison ministries and prison chaplains, domestic violence and/or sexual assault facilities and/or organizations, correctional officers and other law enforcement officials, families of offenders and/or ex-offenders, and victims of violent crime.

For too long, most of the Church and universal Body of Christ has given short shrift to those who have been affected by the criminal justice system here in Texas (or worse--done absolutely NOTHING at all while Rome burns). Through personal experience, I have seen in many ways that in the eyes of those affected by crime, the Church has a TON more work to do than it realizes. I say that very soon, though--if I have anything to do with this thing (as He gives me the grace, ability, and resources to do so), this will NO longer be the case...at least as far as things here in the immediate Plainview/Hale County area might be eventually concerned! Even if it’s ONLY a teaspoon full amount that can be done on my end initially, it’ll at least in my eyes be better than doing nothing at all.

1. ) And that, my friends, is where you can come in and participate...FIRST, seek the Lord and see what He might have you to do in regards to these things. If He doesn’t say anything, don’t sweat it. I am confident as always that if He has kept me from stumbling as I’ve walked for Him up to this point...then He’s more than able to provide all that I may need to continue to go the rest of the way that He may need me to go. But if He does point something that He wants you to be obedient to do (whether through intercession and/or something else), then I simply ask that you do what He says for you to do...and let me know once you do find out as well so that I can help you plug in and find a way to get involved.

Have a great Fall Holy Day season as you go out on all of your upcoming travels and journeys...and may you do so in the very Name of our Savior Himself who leads and guides us--Yeshua Ha'Meshiach,

(And with a shout of "NI MODO!" from the streets of downtown Lubbock...thanks in part to my street ministry friend...),

Coy Reece Holley

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