

I hope you can understand this analogy. I was moved this AM by, I believe, the Holy Spirit to share this with you.

I have struggled greatly since my wife, Kay, succumbed to cancer. I've had more down days than up days. Many more. Very little brings me pleasure, and what I like to do, do not fill that void that was Her, Her voice, Her companionship, Her very presence, even in the thro's of dying, She was still there. Still smiling at me. I even cherish Her making me coffee and fixing me a meal because she wanted to. Which to her amusement was so fiery spicy hot that the sweat was pouring out of my forehead and she said, "ohh..is that too hot for you?" Laughing at me! It was truly funny for us both. Anyway....

I want you to look over to the right @ the hill beside the church. (If not from Newville there is a rather steep, abrupt hill on the east side of the church). Call it a "mountain" as Christ describes in Mt 17:20. That "mountain" is anything that is in our way, in our spiritual maturation. Dire illness is a mountain. Look around our little church. You know who here desires to move that mountain. Those who are ill. Those who are recovering, or at best, struggling valiantly.

Back to my analogy. Christ can take His hand and sweep Mt Everest into the sea. We can't do that. But..with the shovel of Faith, the pic axe of Faith and the wheelbarrow of Faith we can begin to move that mountain. One load at a time. I can tell you first hand you will soon see your hands bleeding. Your back will be unbelievably screaming. The pain is enormous. At some point during this process you will fall flat on your face. You get back up, start