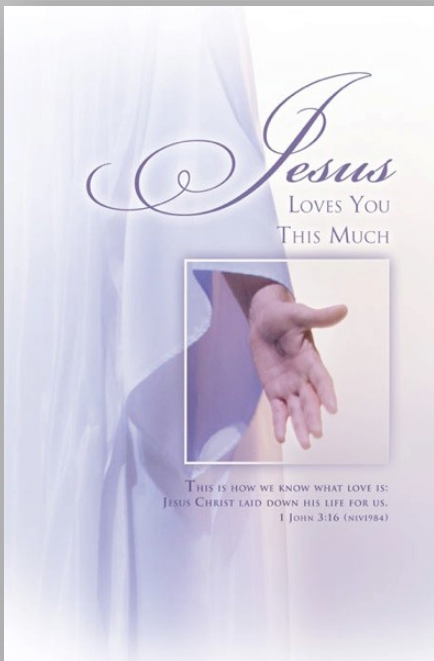


# newsletter



## CHILDREN OF PROMISE

*Change a life...Sponsor a child*

**Easter! Spring! Resurrection! Hope!** What a perfect time to change the life of a child. There are many good organizations that help us sponsor a child. I would like to recommend one: Children of Promise (**COP**). Children of Promise, Inc., was established to provide financial assistance for programs to aid needy children in ministries of the Church of God outside the United States. The ministry desires to have a program in every developing country where the Church of God has functioning congregations.

For eleven years now, Sherril and I have sponsored a child with **COP**. Her name is Natasha, and we met her when we were in Africa to help build a church. Her support is only \$32.00 a month. I can still vividly recall Sherril holding her in her lap there at the work site. Natasha (age 4) had come up to Sherril and put her little hand into Sherril's. Sherril told Colleen (missionary) to put us on the list for the next **COP** child. It was Natasha.

**COP** for several months now as emphasized sponsorship as a great deterrent to child trafficking. The following story was in **COP**'s February newsletter. A girl was sold into prostitution in India by her mother. The girl's pastor was traveling all over trying to find the girl. A call to prayer was given. Through God's help and the determination of the pastor, the girl was found, and the pastor helped her escape. She is now in a safe house recuperating. When she ready to return to a safe home situation, **COP** has a sponsor waiting for her.

Here is the information you need for the next step:

Children of Promise  
PO Box 2316  
Anderson, IN 46018  
765-648-2190

[cop@echildrenofpromise.org](mailto:cop@echildrenofpromise.org)

[www.echildrenofpromise.org](http://www.echildrenofpromise.org) The website will get you started.

Because He Lives,  
Pastor Tim



# “Transforming Power”

April 2018

*He is not here;  
He has risen, just as He said.  
Come and see the place  
where He lay.*

· MATTHEW 28:6 ·

*Randy Lind*

Have you ever tried to use your mind's eye and put yourself into the place of the disciples; especially during the time after the crucifixion of Jesus but prior to His resurrection? Can you imagine the despair and fear that must have resided in their hearts and minds. It is hard for most of us to have any kind of a sense for the emotions they must have been feeling. The Jews were ruled over by the Romans, at that time. The Romans had little regard for the lives of the Jews. I suspect the only reason the Romans let the Jews live is because of the taxes they could extract from them. I also suspect, by the time most Jews were adults; they had either witnessed, or had been victims of the cruelty of the Romans. You need only to hear a description of Roman crucifixion, to get a sense of their brutality.

I have never feared for my physical safety let alone for my life. I suspect many of you could join me in saying that. Never having that experience makes it difficult for me to understand what the disciples were feeling at that time. They were hiding for fear that the Romans would come drag them away, whip them mercilessly, and hang them on a cross to die an excruciating death. They had watched as the Romans did this to the one man that the disciples thought would free them from Roman oppression. How could they have been so wrong about this man, why did they trust him so and what were they supposed to do now? These are a few of the questions that were probably racing through their minds.

The disciples, and those with them, were not expecting

Jesus to rise from dead. That is evidenced by the fact that the women went to the grave, on that Sunday morning, to complete the preparation of the body for burial. Can you imagine what went through their mind, and the minds of the men they reported this to, when they found the grave empty? Can you then imagine the relief and pure joy that these people felt when Jesus appeared to them and convinced them that He had indeed raised from the grave? This experience, along with the gift of the Holy Spirit, changed these fearful cowards into fearless followers of Jesus Christ, proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, unapologetically; each one willing to die rather than turn their back on the true Savior of the world.

The amazing transformation that occurred in the disciples, and other believers of that time, is often pointed to as evidence that Jesus really did rise from the dead. The disciples were in a position to know whether or not Jesus truly was alive. Many people, throughout the ages, have been willing to die for what they think to be true, but I do not know of anyone who has been willing to die for what they know is a lie. The disciples knew what the truth was about the resurrection of Jesus and they were willing to die rather than denounce Him. Am I willing to do that? Are you?

Yours in Christ,  
*Randy*





# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

*Just A Thought*

By: *Cindy Hogan*

*April 2018*



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross...

It's scrawled on the table at the front of the church: "*Do This In Remembrance of Me.*" I've seen it so often—all my life, actually—that I don't really see the words at all, I just recognize it as the communion table. But I am reminded during my devotion time, that when I dissect the word "*remember*" and its prefix, it changes into something—something more like the original intention:

Re-member: Make whole. Heal. Fix the broken.

Hundreds of years ago, Christ took the cruel steel in his palms, his feet, his side, to bear our sins on a cross. A painful, horrible, awful way to be sacrificed for a people who had, over the ages, done nothing but disobey, disappoint, betray, forget. Oh, they'd repent after water was parted or fire was sent from heaven, or when God forced them to an hard, rock bottom, and then they'd fall on their faces and worship God again. But then, they'd fall away again.

Every. Single. Time.

I'm fairly sure God chose the Israelites because if He could love them, He could love anyone.

Even me.

So, despite their wretchedness, he gave them—me—His Son. So that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have ever-lasting life.

In return he asks us to simply give thanks. Remember.

*And He took bread, gave thanks, and broke it, and gave it to them saying, "This is my body given for you,; do this in remembrance of me." Luke 22:19 NIV*



When we give thanks, around the communion table, before a meal, on our knees, or in the midst of trauma and crisis, we remember Him. And in doing so, we *re-member*. The power of Christ's forgiveness of sins remains as strong today as it was that first Easter Sunday morning. It still heals, it still makes whole, it's still fixes the broken.

And we are so broken. For some of us it is obvious. We are addicts...we have murdered...we are locked behind bars. For the rest of us it goes much deeper. Like a festering infection. Maybe only God knows just how broken and in need of healing we are. But that doesn't even seem to matter to a Being who can't even be defined as a single entity, but a holy Trinity who has been redeeming souls for a living since forever.

It's Easter, and He has risen. He has risen indeed.

Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all!

Amen.







# There Is No Luck With God

Glenn Koster April 2018

## Walk to a Lifeline

For we **walk**  
by **Faith** and  
Not by **Sight**.

*11 Cor. 5:7*



As we were driving to Isney Sunday, we came across a church that we had somehow missed along the route down. Both of us simultaneously concluded that we needed to stop. Spring Bank was where God wanted us at that time. Little did we know how God would use us - and also bless us!

Once we entered the Spring Bank, we were immediately welcomed. We had the opportunity to share the story of my walk and our experiences in a fellowship time before Sunday School. For late arrivals, I had the chance to share again at the end of Sunday School. At the conclusion of the Sunday worship service I briefly shared the story of the walk, opening the door for those who were not in Sunday School. In that brief time, we learned of some who were adopted, some who had adopted, some who are working in the social services arena, and of some who were exploring (or beginning) the adoption process. We also learned that in Choctaw County, where Spring Bank is located, currently there is not one single licensed foster care home!

We stayed Sunday afternoon and helped with their annual Easter Egg Hunt for Awana, a light dinner, and evening worship. Our presence had been used by God already to encourage those affected by adoption and foster care.

But God wasn't done yet!

On Monday's walk, we stopped in MDI, a local gas retailer in Silas. The owners attend Spring Bank Baptist Church. While in their lot, I was interviewed by the Choctaw Sun-Times. After the interview, we stopped in to talk to James and Karen Williams (mostly Karen). They have an adopted daughter, now in her 30s, who has struggled at times.

Monday night, we dined with the Spring Bank Baptist Pastor, Justin Olvey, his wife, Brooke, and their family. We were joined by Tim and MaeLee Mathis and their family. Tim is a pastor of another small church in Silas. He and his wife are in the early stages of entering the adoption process.

So many connections to a single cause – all providing comfort and encouragement – out of one decision on a Sunday morning. As one of my friends has told me, it was not “coincidence” but “Godcidence”. I like that phrase.

Are you being used to offer comfort? Are you listening to His prodding?





# Faith Journey

## "Finding Comfort an Easter Message"



By: *Glennis Lamb*

*"With Lovingkindness Have I Drawn Thee"*

*April 2018*

*The Lord is my strength and shield. I trust him with all my heart. He helps me, and my heart is filled with joy. I burst out in songs of thanksgiving. Psalms 28:7*

It was one of "those" days! I had obligated myself to meeting with three people in Kansas City, had signed up to attend a Saturday gun class, and had plans to attend a couple of regular classes while I was there. The night before I was to leave I started feeling crummy. Believing that I would bounce back quickly I went on to my meetings. This time I didn't bounce back so quickly and had some pretty rough days while trying to keep a packed schedule.

**Friday:** I got up early to attend a class, read over some of the material for that day, and fixed myself a cup of hot peppermint tea. I got to class and had no desire to participate, I just wanted my blanket and pillow back. After class I made my way over to the Admin building and proceeded to my appointments. Adding to my misery was the fact I had scheduled lunch with one person and trip to the WWI Museum with another. My sweet friend that went to the Museum with me realized I was not feeling well and pampered me, I sure love college kids!

**Saturday:** I got up early to go see a couple of videos and then headed over to my kids house for lunch and a trip to a sporting store. In my misery I took some over the counter medicine and prepared to go to the shooting range which is kick back time for me. The secular song, "He's Not Heavy, He's My Brother.." comes to mind when I think back over that afternoon. I had a grand time to be sure but I was ready to collapse.

**I crashed...**Sunday morning came around and instead of getting up between 5-6 am., when I turned over to look at the clock it was 10:45 am!! I never do that. I don't have time for that!! I got up, showered, provided lunch for my kids who live in KC, held my newest grandchild, then you guessed it, came back to my room and went back to bed. That evening I was so out of it I pulled my computer in bed with me, listened to a couple of lectures and gave it up.

**Monday:** I attended one last class, with my favorite professor, and headed home. I walked in the door of my home, threw a firelog into the woodstove, made some hot tea, grabbed my favorite blanket and a couple of pillows then made my way to the couch. I was comforted. Comfort

comes in many forms and we each have our things that bring comfort to us. I love lying on the couch and watching a crackling fire in the woodstove. I also like quiet, no radios, no TV's, and no noise, just peace and quiet. We all have "comfort foods" and when I don't feel good I want Campbell's chicken noodle soup and 7-up, the off brands don't work for me. Other things that comfort me come in the form of friends. That special hug or touch that lets you know you matter, sometimes given when you least expect it or maybe a look that brings comfort.

With Easter upon us my thoughts drift off to Jesus. I find my greatest comfort in life comes from Christ. Sometimes things go haywire and I have to slow down and just trust Jesus. Sometimes things come into my life I don't understand but I know for certain the things that happen are not a mistake but are orchestrated by Christ. Often, the Lord has a plan I can not see in its entirety and I just have to trust that the path I'm being led in is for my good and in the end will bring honor to the Lord.

When Jesus left earth he didn't leave us comfortless. He left us "the comforter." There is an old hymn called "The Comforter Has Come." The words to the chorus are, "The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come, the Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Fathers promise giv'n. O spread the tidings round' where ever man is found, the Comforter has come." I have the Comforter, even when I feel lousy, even when things are up-side-down in my life, and even when I don't understand. The Comforter is in control, I am just coming along for the ride. The Comforter has this one, even though sometimes I think I do. The Comforter can see the end from the beginning while all I can see is today. The Comforter knows my heart when I put up my safe walls for others to see. The Comforter is there when my safe walls are cracked open. The Comforter is the Holy Ghost from Heaven, while I'm just an ordinary housewife. The Comforter has come...



*In Christ's Love,  
Glennis Joy*



# CHRIST IS RISEN

# April

# 2018



Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

1



2

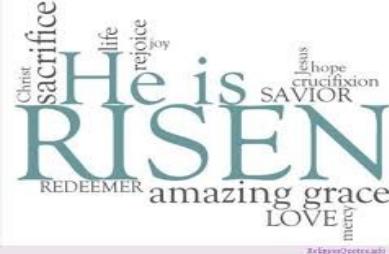


3



Prayer Group  
9:30 am.

4



5



6



8

Common Ground  
9:45 am.



9



10



Prayer Group  
9:30 am.

11



12

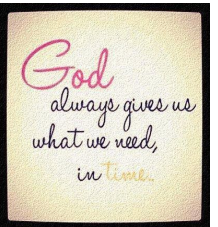


13

as I have loved YOU.  
LOVE one another  
John 13:34

Caiyra Heinlein

14



15

Common Ground  
9:45 am.



16



17



Prayer Group  
9:30 am.

18



19



20

Be still and know that I am God  
-PSALM 46:10

Andrew Smith

21



Carys Heinlein

22

Common Ground  
9:45 am.



23



24



Prayer Group  
9:30 am.  
Council Meeting  
6:30 pm.

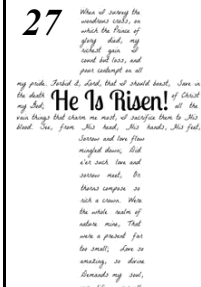
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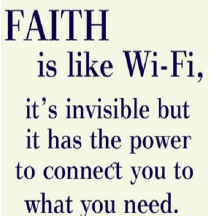
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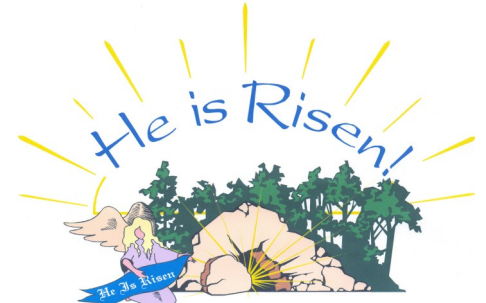
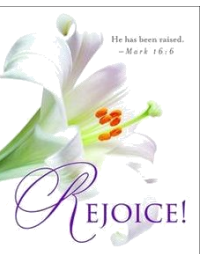


29

Common Ground  
9:45 am.



30







## Meet The Pastor's Wife "Sherril Kraft" April 2018

This month I had the opportunity to interview Sherril Kraft. She is one inspiring person with a "huge heart" for serving the Lord. I always look forwards to her visits when she drops in on me at work! She has a way of making me "laugh" on the gloomiest of days and when she leaves her encouraging words linger on. She definitely builds up the esteem of others. What a beautiful humble servant of the Lord and what a gift to the church here in Hutchinson. Sherril is a perfect balance for Pastor Tim.

When I asked Pastor Tim to share some thoughts with me about his wife I could tell he was overcome with emotion. He told me that Sherril has been extremely supportive, loyal, and faithful of his ministry. She has greatly impacted his character. He said, "I wouldn't be the man I am today if it wasn't for her. She's my lover and my best friend." He went on to talk about Sherril's love for her grandchildren telling me how she is a phenomenal grandmother that prays, supports, and loves her grandchildren. Sherril knows their likes and dislikes and will make special meals that include their favorite foods. She is not only interested in their lives, she invests in them.

Sherril has been at the church here for a year and a half as your Pastor's wife but was previously here from 1985-1992 when Tim was the Pastor here. The Krafts have two children, Ben & Rebecca; Ben and his wife Amy Kraft have three children, Eli (16), Zeke (14), and Marley (8). Rebecca and her husband Greg Miller also have three children, Annette (20), Kaitlin (17), and Jacob (15).

Sherril met Tim at a church Jr. High youth camp where she was a counselor and Tim was a lifeguard. Their first date was accompanying the youth on a midnight moonlight hike together. This June they have been married 51 years! Sherril said her passion is to support Tim. She has taught in public schools along with some time spent at Central Christian School, but found that by substituting she was freed up to make hospital calls with Tim and other supporting roles as a minister's wife. She has worked in children's ministries and women's ministries but prefers to be more of a support person rather than a leader.

One favorite vacation was when Sherril and Tim took the grandkids up to a cabin in Colorado for two days. It was like camping out only in a cabin and very rustic. They cooked on a wooden cook stove, slept outside with the wild animals in hammocks on the porch. There was no TV and no cell phone service! They played games with their grandkids and hiked, mostly just "hung out" together. Sherril remarked how much the kids loved it but I could tell by the excitement in her voice that she had a wonderful time too!

When Sherril was a little girl, at just five years old, her great grandfather gave her a Bible. He took her to an "old fashioned" camp meeting where the preacher asked anyone who wanted to accept Christ to come forward. At this young age she had the courage to march up to the front of the church and accept Christ into her heart and life. Junior High came around and it was time for the joy and thrill of going to youth camp. One night a Pastor talked to the Youth Group about baptism and asked if there was anyone who was saved but not yet baptized. He then said if they would like to be baptized to come and talk to him. It was during that time that Sherril was baptized.

Sherril loves the church here and when asked what she likes the most she said, "The thing I love most about FCOG is the fact that everyone in the church here is soooo friendly." She sees the people as genuine believers with a passion and love for Christ that extends to the community around them. They truly want others to know Christ and His free gift of salvation.

Her favorite verse is Ephesians 3:20-21 NIV

*"Now to Him who is able to do immeasurably more than we ask or imagine, according to the power that is at work within us, to Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever!"*



**First Church of God**  
**704 N Jefferson**  
**Hutchinson, KS 67501**  
**620.662.6689**

Tim Kraft, Pastor

Terry George, Administrator

Tim Yates, Young Adult Pastor

Laine Alex Moore, Administrative Assistant

Glennis Joy Lamb, Administrative Assistant

Tim Nisly, Custodian

### ***The Comforter***

- Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11:28
- He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. Psalms 147:3
- You will increase my honor and comfort me once more. Psalms 71:21
- My comfort in my suffering is this; Your promise preserves my life. Psalms 119:50
- God comforts the downcast. II Cor. 7:6
- Therefore encourage one another and build each other up. I Thess. 5:11
- Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, “who comforts us in troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.” II Cor. 1:3-4

THE PRESENCE  
THE *Promise*  
THE POWER