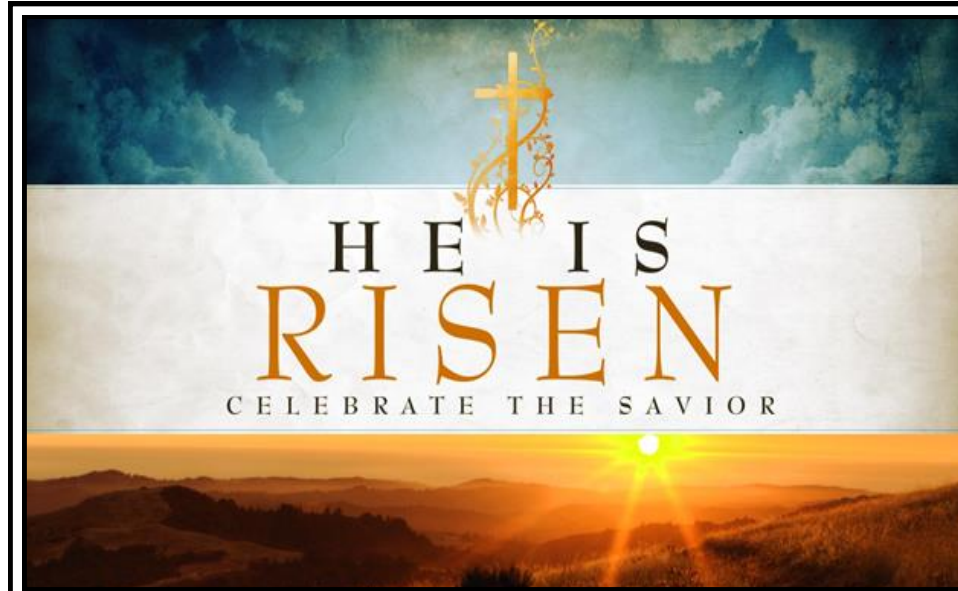


Love and Compassion Ministries

In the Name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit

March 1, 2016 In The Year of Our Lord

NEWSLETTER



The Easter season started on February tenth this year, on Ash Wednesday. Forty-six days from there the Lent season ends with Easter Sunday on March 27, 2016. The Lenten season itself is comprised of forty days, as the six Sundays in Lent are not actually a part of Lent. Sundays are considered a commemoration of Easter Sunday and have always been excluded from the Lenten fast. The Lenten season is a period of penitence in preparation for the highest festival of the church year, Easter.

The last week of Lent, called Holy Week, begins with the observance of Palm Sunday. Palm Sunday takes its name from Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem where the crowds laid palms at his feet. Holy Thursday commemorates the Last Supper, which was held the evening before the Crucifixion. Good Friday in Holy Week is the anniversary of the Crucifixion, the day that Christ was crucified and died on the cross. Holy week and the Lenten season ends with Easter Sunday, the day of resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Because God loved you and me, He sent His Son "Christ" to die for our sins so that we may have eternal life. Death could not hold Him. He was raised from the grave on the third day (Easter). Because He lives, we are promised that we will live again also. Our faith will be rewarded. Read for yourself how you may receive salvation. John 3:16 - John 17:3 - Romans 3:23 - Romans 6:23 - Romans 5:8 - I Corinthians 15:3-6 - John 14:6 - John 1:12 - Ephesians 2:8-9 and John 3:1-8.

Easter makes life worth living because we have confidence and hope for the future. Put your faith in the living Christ, to be your personal Savior and your Leader from this day on, for Jesus still lives!

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DO YOU BELIEVE IN EASTER?

Edith Burns was a wonderful Christian who lived in San Antonio, Texas. She was a patient of a doctor by the name of Will Phillips. Dr. Phillips was a gentle doctor who saw patients as people. His favorite patient was Edith Burns. One morning he went to his office with a heavy heart because of Edith Burns. When he walked into that waiting room, there sat Edith with her big black Bible in her lap, earnestly talking to a young mother sitting beside her. Edith Burns had a habit of introducing herself in this way:

“Hello, my name is Edith Burns. Do you believe in Easter?” Then she would explain the meaning of Easter, and many times people would be saved.

Dr. Phillips walked into the office and there he saw the head nurse, Beverly. Beverly had first met Edith when she was taking her blood pressure. Edith began by saying, “My name is Edith Burns. Do you believe in Easter?” Beverly said, “Why, yes, I do.” Edith said, “Well, what do you believe about Easter?” Beverly said, “Well, it’s all about egg hunts, going to church and dressing up.” Edith kept pressing her about the real meaning of Easter and finally led her to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

After being called back to the doctor’s office, Edith sat down and when she took a look at the doctor she said, “Dr. Will, why are you so sad? Are you reading your Bible? Are you praying?” Dr. Phillips, with a heavy heart, said your lab report came back and it says you have cancer, and Edith, you’re not going to live very long.”

Edith said, “Why Will Phillips, shame on you. Why are you so sad? Do you think God makes mistakes? You have just told me I’m going to see my precious Lord Jesus, my husband and my friends. You have just told me that I am going to celebrate Easter forever and here you are having difficulty giving me my ticket.”

Dr. Phillips thought to himself, “What a magnificent woman this Edith Burns is!”

Edith continued coming to Dr. Phillips. Christmas came and the office was closed through January 3rd. On the day the office opened, Edith did not show up. Later that afternoon, Edith called Dr. Phillips and said she would have to be moving her story to the hospital and said, “Will, I’m very near home, so would you make sure that they put women in here next to me, in my room, who need to know about Easter.” Well, they did just that and many women were saved. Everybody on that floor from staff to patients were so excited about Edith, that they started calling her *Edith Easter*, that is everyone except Phyllis Cross, the head nurse.

Phyllis made it plain that she wanted nothing to do with Edith, because she was a “religious nut.” She had been a nurse in an army hospital. She had seen it all and heard it all. She was the original G.I. Jane. She had been married three times, she was hard, cold and did everything by the book. One morning the two nurses who were to attend to Edith were sick.

Edith had the flu and Phyllis Cross had to go in and give her a shot. When she walked in, Edith had a big smile on her face and said, “Phyllis, God loves you and I love you and I have been praying for you.” Phyllis Cross said, “Well, you can quit praying for me, it won’t work. I’m not interested.”

Edith said, “Well, I will pray that God will not take me home until you come into the family.” Phyllis Cross said, “Then you will never die because that will never happen,” and curtly walked out of the room.

Every day Phyllis Cross would walk into the room and Edith would say, “God loves you Phyllis, and I love you and I’m praying for you.” One day Phyllis Cross said she was literally drawn to Edith’s room like a magnet would draw iron. She sat down on the bed and Edith said, “I’m so glad you have come, because God told me that today is your special day.”

Phyllis Cross said, “Edith, you have asked everybody here the question, “Do you believe in Easter, but you have never asked me.” Edith said, “Phyllis, I wanted to many times, but God told me to wait until you asked, and now that you have asked...” Edith Burns took her Bible and shared with Phyllis Cross the Easter Story of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

(Continued from page 2)

Edith said, "Phyllis, do you believe in Easter? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is alive and that He wants to live in your heart?" Phyllis Cross said, "Oh, I want to believe that with all of my heart and I do want Jesus in my life." Right there, Phyllis Cross prayed and invited Jesus Christ into her heart. For the first time Phyllis Cross did not walk out of a hospital room, she was carried out on the wings of angels. Two days later, Phyllis Cross came in and Edith said, "Do you know what day it is?" Phyllis Cross said, "Why Edith, its Good Friday." Edith said, "Oh, no, for you every day is Easter. Happy Easter Phyllis!"

Two days later, on Easter Sunday, Phyllis Cross came into work, did some of her duties and then went down to the flower shop and got some Easter lilies, because she wanted to go up to see Edith and give her some Easter lilies and wish her a Happy Easter. When she walked into Edith's room, Edith was in bed. That big black Bible was on her lap. Her hands were in that Bible. There was a sweet smile on her face. When Phyllis Cross went to pick up Edith's hand, she realized Edith was dead.

Her left hand was on John 14:2 "In my Fathers house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there you may be also." Her right hand was on Revelation 21:4, "And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes, there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying; and there shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Phyllis Cross took one look at that dead body, and then lifted her face toward heaven, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, said, "Happy Easter, Edith Happy Easter!" Phyllis Cross left Edith's body, walked out of the room and over to a table where two student nurses were sitting.

She said, "My name is Phyllis Cross. ***Do you believe in Easter?***"

Love And Compassion Ministries, Inc.

Where We Have Been, Where We're Going
Dinner at McGregor Baptist Church
On February 11, 2016 Was Such a Success.

Everyone enjoyed the dinner, the wonderful
dessert and the fellowship!

Our Guest Speaker Was

Pastor James Holbrook
Retired Senior Pastor at
McGregor Baptist Church
For 30 Years.



CHOICES ...

Michael is the kind of guy you love to hate. He is always in a good mood and always has something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!" He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Michael was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style really made me curious. One day I went up to Michael and asked him, "I don't get it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?" Michael replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood."

Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life. "Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested. "Yes, it is," Michael said. "Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line is, it's your choice how you live your life."

I reflected on what Michael said. Soon hereafter, I left the Tower Industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it. Several years later, I heard that Michael was involved in a serious accident, falling some 60 feet from a communications tower. After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Michael was released from the hospital with rods placed in his back.

I saw Michael about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any better, I'd be twins. Want to see my scars?" I declined to see his wounds, but I did ask him what had gone through his mind as the accident took place. "The first thing that went through my mind was the well-being of my soon-to-be born daughter," Michael replied. "Then, as I lay on the ground, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or I could choose to die. I chose to live."

"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked. Michael continued, "the paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine, but when they wheeled me into the ER I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I really got scared. In their eyes, I read 'he's a dead man'. I knew I needed to take action." "What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, there was a big burly nurse shouting questions at me," said Michael. She asked if I was allergic to anything. "Yes, I replied." The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and yelled, "Gravity." Over their laughter, I told them, "I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead."

Michael lived, thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully for Christ or not..

Attitude, after all, is everything!

Now you have a choice!

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matthew 6:34 KJV

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Philippians 4:8 KJV

JACK



One day a woman was walking down the street when she spied a beggar sitting on the corner. The man was elderly, unshaven, and ragged. As he sat there, pedestrians walked by him giving him dirty looks. They clearly wanted nothing to do with him because of who he was -- a dirty, homeless man. But when the woman saw him, she was moved to compassion.

It was very cold that day and the man had his tattered coat wrapped around him. She stopped and looked down. "Sir?" she asked. "Are you alright?"

The man slowly looked up. This was a woman clearly accustomed to the finer things of life. Her coat was new. She looked like she had never missed a meal in her life. His first thought was that she wanted to make fun of him, like so many others had done before. "Leave me alone," he growled.

To his amazement, the woman continued standing. She was smiling -- her even white teeth displayed in dazzling rows. "Are you hungry?" she asked. "No," he answered sarcastically. "I've just come from dining with the president. Now go away." The woman's smile became even broader. Suddenly the man felt a gentle hand under his arm. "What are you doing, lady?" the man asked angrily. "I said to leave me alone." Just then a policeman came up. "Is there any problem, ma'am?" he asked. "No problem here, officer," the woman answered. "I'm just trying to get this man to his feet. Will you help me?" The officer scratched his head. "That's old Jack. He's been a fixture around here for a couple of years. What do you want with him?"

See that cafeteria over there?" she asked. "I'm going to get him something to eat and get him out of the cold for awhile." "Are you crazy, lady?" The homeless man resisted. "I don't want to go in there!" Then he felt strong hands grab his other arm and lift him up. "Let me go, officer. I didn't do anything." "This is a good deal for you, Jack," the officer answered. "Don't blow it."

Finally, and with some difficulty, the woman and the police officer got Jack into the cafeteria and sat him at a table in a remote corner. It was the middle of the morning, so most of the breakfast crowd had already left and the lunch bunch had not yet arrived. The manager strode across the cafeteria and stood by the table. "What's going on here, officer?" he asked. "What is all this, is this man in trouble?" "This lady brought this man in here to be fed," the policeman answered. "Not in here!" the manager replied angrily. "Having a person like that here is bad for business."

Old Jack smiled a toothless grin. "See, lady. I told you so. Now if you'll let me go, I didn't want to come here in the first place." The woman turned to the cafeteria manager and smiled. "Sir, are you familiar with Eddy and Associates, the banking firm down the street?" "Of course I am," the manager answered impatiently. "They hold their weekly meetings in one of my banquet rooms." "And do you make a goodly amount of money providing food at these weekly meetings?" "What business is that of yours?" "I, sir, am Penelope Eddy, president and CEO of the company." "Oh."

The woman smiled again. "I thought that might make a difference." She glanced at the cop who was busy stifling a giggle. "Would you like to join us in a cup of coffee and a meal, officer?" "No thanks, ma'am," the officer replied. "I'm on duty." "Then, perhaps, a cup of coffee to go?" "Yes, ma'am. That would be very nice."

The cafeteria manager turned on his heel. "I'll get your coffee for you right away, officer." The officer watched him walk away. "You certainly put him in his place," he said. "That was not my intent. Believe it or not, I have a reason for all this." She sat down at the table across from her amazed dinner guest. She stared at him intently. "Jack, do you remember me?"

Old Jack searched her face with his old, rheumy eyes "I think so -- I mean you do look familiar."

"I'm a little older perhaps," she said. "Maybe I've even filled out more than in my younger days when you worked here, and I came through that very door, cold and hungry." "Ma'am?" the officer said questioningly. He couldn't believe that such a magnificently turned out woman could ever have been hungry. "I was just out of college," the woman began. "I had come to the city looking for a job, but I couldn't find anything. Finally I was down to my last few cents and had been kicked out of my apartment. I walked the streets for days. It was February and I was cold and

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

nearly starving. I saw this place and walked in on the off chance that I could get something to eat."

Jack lit up with a smile. "Now I remember," he said. "I was behind the serving counter. You came up and asked me if you could work for something to eat. I said that it was against company policy." "I know," the woman continued. "Then you made me the biggest roast beef sandwich that I had ever seen, gave me a cup of coffee, and told me to go over to a corner table and enjoy it. I was afraid that you would get into trouble. Then, when I looked over, I saw you put the price of my food in the cash register. I knew then that everything would be all right." "So you started your own business?" Old Jack said.

"I got a job that very afternoon. I worked my way up. I started my own business and with the help of God, prospered." She opened her purse and pulled out a business card. "When you are finished here, I want you to pay a visit to a Mr. Lyons. He's the personnel director of my company. I'll go talk to him now and I'm certain he'll find something for you to do around the office." She smiled. "I think he might even find the funds to give you a little advance so that you can buy some clothes and get a place to live until you get on your feet. And if you ever need anything, my door is always opened to you." "There were tears in the old man's eyes. "How can I ever thank you," he said.

"Don't thank me," the woman answered. "To God goes the glory. Thank Jesus! He led me to you." Outside the cafeteria, the officer and the woman paused at the entrance before going their separate ways. "Thank you for all your help, officer," she said. "On the contrary, Ms. Eddy," he answered. "Thank you. I saw a miracle today, something that I will never forget. And... And thank you for the coffee." She frowned. "I forgot to ask you whether you used cream or sugar. That's black." The officer looked at the steaming cup of coffee in his hand. "Yes, I do take cream and sugar -- perhaps more sugar than is good for me." He patted his ample stomach. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't need it now," he replied smiling.

"I've got the feeling that this coffee you bought me is going to taste as sweet as sugar."

If you have missed knowing me, you have missed nothing! If you have missed some of these newsletters, you may have missed a lesson in life. But, if you have missed knowing my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, you have missed everything in the world.

LOVE IN CHRIST

We need your help!

I get so discouraged sometimes. Even though I work more than 80 hours a week I can't seem to catch up with all the things that need to be done. We have been without any office help for several months now and I'm really not sure that we can afford one right now. Even though we have served more than 20,000 people in our 18 years helping people with car repairs, gasoline, bus tickets, utilities, medical needs, helping people find jobs, working with courts to get people into drug programs, transporting people to programs, doctor's appointments, job interviews and hospitals we are constantly having to do without in order to help others.

We never charge anything for our services, but if each person that we have helped sent one dollar a month to us we would never have a need to ask a chosen few to support us in order for us to keep the ministry going.

Please pray with me that our Lord will send a Godly lady that cares about people in need, a good typist, knowledgeable in computers, a good listener and a person that does not need a lot of money. Also please pray that our Lord will touch people's hearts to start giving.

Look, we battle against suicide, pornography, profanity, devil worshipping, divorce, anger, hate, abuse, drugs, alcohol, laziness, hunger, loss of hope, homelessness, prison overcrowding, along with physical, mental and emotional problems everyday, but the biggest battle is discouragement because of lack of funds.

Ron Willis, President LCM

Love
Compassion
Ministries

Dear Friends,

Times are different now than when I was growing up! We had fun riding our bikes, going to the movies on Saturday mornings, playing baseball, football and basketball with the neighbors. Our parents never had to worry about us getting hurt, kidnapped or molested. We watched The Red Skelton Show, The Danny Thomas Show, Sky King, The Rifleman, Alfred Hitchcock Show, Wagon Train, Father Knows Best, The Real McCoy's and of course Perry Mason without anyone worrying about what we were going to see.

A few weeks every year, Dad would load up the car and take the family to see different parts of this wonderful country we live in. It was always an awesome time in my life to see so many magnificent things, as we learned so much while having fun. It was so nice! I miss that time that we spent together.

My earliest remembrances of my dad was when my mom worked nights and my dad worked days. Dad would watch me at night after working all day. The two of us would sit together on the floor at night, in front of the TV, watching Hercules fight countless giant monsters. We would open a large jar of pickles and sit there with a loaf of bread and eat until Hercules had killed all the monsters and saved all the people. I still can make a meal eating nothing but pickles and bread!

My dad took the time to teach me about God, how to fish, hunt, how to bowl, drive a car and have lots of fun. I love him so much! The Lord cut short my mother's life many years ago. My father remarried. My dad is ninety-six years old now and lives a long way from me. I have hundreds of questions I want to ask him some day, about my first years, his childhood, my grandparents and so many other things, but when we do get together all those questions vanish. They just no longer seem to matter.

I believe one day I will stand before my Lord and Savior and even though I have many many questions to ask Him about the Bible, hurt, desires, love, death, pain and other people's attitudes about these things, I believe that they will no longer matter, once I am in His presence.

I admire my dad and pray that our Lord will give him a healthy, happy and comfortably life. I love him so much! I anticipate him living his life to the fullness and to the extent of what God intended for him, but he has cancer taking over his body.

I thank my Lord for my dad and for giving me such a wonderful life. Even though we were never rich, we had fun!

How about you? Is there someone in your life that needs to know that you love them? Think about it! Do you need to thank God for someone that is or was in your life? If they are still alive, call them and tell them that you love them!

In the Presence of our Lord,

Ron Willis

Ron Willis, President
Love and Compassion Ministries, Inc.



My father didn't tell me how to live; he lived his life as a Godly man and let me watch.

To God Be The Glory!

**Love And Compassion
Ministries**

**P.O. Box 152636
Cape Coral, Florida 33915**

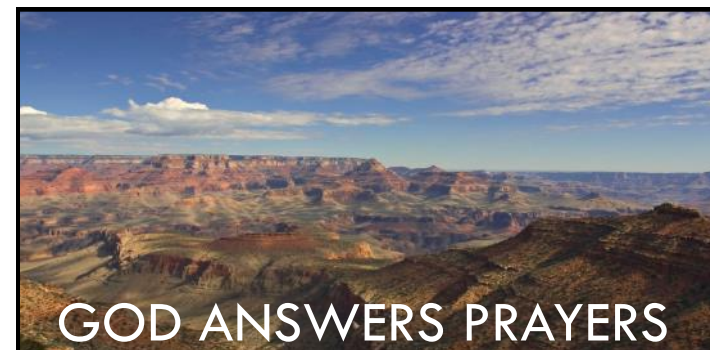
**Phone: 239-574-LOVE(5683)
Fax: 239-574-8183**

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GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS

Prayer requests are very important to us!
We always need people who are caring and willing
to personally pray for others' needs.

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is a
generous
spirit
inspired by the
heart of
God.