

Things To Know About Having A Relationship With God:

God loves you and has a great plan for your life:

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life"
John 3:16

Christ said"...I have come that they might have life, and how it to the full" John 10:10

Man is sinful and separated from God:

"For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Romans 3:23

Sin has a penalty which must be paid:

"For the wages of sin is Death..." Romans 6:23

"Just as a man is destined to die once, and after that to face judgment" Hebrews 9:27

Jesus Christ has paid the penalty for your sin:

"But God demonstrated His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us." Romans 5:8

Salvation is a free gift:

"For it is by grace you have been saved, though faith—and this is not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast" Ephesians 2:8-9

You must receive Jesus Christ into your life:

"Yet to all who receive Him, to those who believed in His name, He gave the right to become the children of God." John 1:12

Jesus answered, "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the father except through me" John 14:6



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Comforting Hearts Ministries:

The Heart Warmer Magazine

December 2011 Merry Christmas and Help!

What We Believe:

We Believe that God is real and personally involved in our lives. He hears and answers all our prayers.

We Believe that Jesus is a literal person that is alive today and coming back to earth. Also Jesus "The Christ" is God's Son and God Himself, 100% God and 100% man at the same time. Something only God can do or even understand.

We Believe that after Jesus ascended into Heaven He sent His Holy Spirit to be our comforter and lead us to a personal relationship with Himself.

We Believe that God is *One* in substance displayed in 3 distinct personalities: *The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit.*

We Believe that all sin is the same in the eyes of God. Additionally that the Bible makes no provision for levels of sin, it says that "...*All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.*"

We Believe that salvation is *only* achieved through truly believing that Jesus died on the cross to pay for the ultimate consequences of our sins. Literally Hell, total separation from the love and comfort of God. And that when you pray the prayer of salvation it is not a "*magical spell*" but a conformation to God of your belief and acceptance of His Son, i.e.: "believe and be saved."

We Believe in the doctrine of Comfort. That God comforts us in all our distress so that we are responsible to bring to other hearts the same comfort we ourselves have received from God.



This issue of the Heart Warmer and The Christmas Card enclosed are gifts from Penny and John C. Mac Iver. They wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

As a member of the Board of Directors of Comforting Hearts Ministries it is my sad duty to tell you that this may very well be your last issue. Over the past 6 years we have focused *solely* on meeting the needs of hundreds of prisoners across the country. That has left little time or resources for building a strong support base and we are in severe financial trouble. That's why I'm writing to ask you. We know the financial situation of men and women in prison and we know that those of you who can help are. But for those of you who can't contribute monetarily there is a way you can help. First of all PRAY! That's something we all can do. But also tell your friends and loved ones on the outside about what CHM has meant to you and please encourage them to visit our website @ www.comfortinghearts.org and donate as generously as they can for we are in need NOW!. Or you could mail them the bulletin insert on page 11 for them to give to their Pastors for inclusion in their weekly bulletin DON'T LET THIS BE YOUR LAST HEART WARMER MAGAZINE! But if it is, our prayer is that it will be the best one we've ever printed!

We thank you for all of your help and we pray that all of us can celebrate the New Year with full funding for Comforting Hearts Ministries, because we love you! And again Merry Christmas!!!!!!

Note Our New Address!

Forgiveness



I never thought that I would be so blessed by forgiveness. For me it was always very easy to forgive others, so naturally I thought everyone would be the same way. But many times there is a lot to forgive. Perhaps you find yourself on the other side, where someone refuses to have mercy and offer forgiveness to you. It hurts. A lot. As much as we profess our sorrow in what we did, they refuse to lend

and olive branch. They sometimes express themselves through harsh words and other hurtful things. But you must understand that it is, indeed hurt that causes them to continue to bear ill feelings against you. The best thing for you to do is to continue to love them and pray for them. God will bless your faithfulness if you trust solely in Him to bring healing to the hearts of those we have hurt. I have seen God bring about great change and have even seen Him restore relationships. Many of you write about families that have abandoned you and no longer wish to hear from you. It is hard to be in prison, feeling alone. CHM was conceived for this purpose, starting with just sending birthday cards to those who needed a birthday wish. We have been struggling, and many have written letters of disgust and think we have given up on them too, but we still love all of you. It is not that we are reluctant to answer your letters or acknowledge your struggles, but we stand with you in your time of incarceration with this newsletter full of stories and articles to bring you hope. We grieve with all of you that we are finding it a struggle to continue. So please forgive us if we have hurt you in any way. We have not intentionally done that. It was not our choice. Please pray that God will help you to love those that have abandoned you. And pray for God to provide for all their needs and that He will soften their hearts towards you. You have made a mistake, and you are a lovable person. Don't let anyone tell you that you are stupid, uncaring, unlovable, dumb, unworthy, ugly, good for nothing, never amount to anything, useless or any other name you've been called. It's not true, and never was. You have potential, and you my friend can do anything. God created you for good. You are His child, and maybe someone said these things to you, maybe a long time ago, maybe recently. But forgive them and realize, finally realize, that you are capable of success and ready for a new life. Work on preparing yourself for a new life when you are released. And if you are a lifer, ask God how he can use you in prison. God needs you also to work on the front lines. So my brothers and sister, if you come away with anything after reading this, know that you must look to God and ask for His forgiveness and you will be made new. God bless you all!

2 Penny



Do you know or care for someone who is incarcerated? Let us help!

We're Comforting Hearts Ministries and our Prison outreach is a correspondence based, Christ centered ministry, dedicated to setting the captive free with the Good News of salvation in Jesus. We do this in various ways as you will see when you visit www.ComfortingHearts.org . But we cannot complete the huge task of reaching hundreds of prisoners in over 135 prisons nationwide without your help. We are a respected 501 (c) (3) organization which means all donations are tax deductible! So please visit our *Will You Help Us* page and be as generous as you can! And may God richly bless you as you seek to bless us!

Attention Bible Lovers!

Heart Builders FREE Bible Correspondence
course list:

Choose from:

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Overcomers

Practical Christian Living in Spanish

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The Way To Heaven

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Each course will have a certificate
of completion at the end.

So if your interested in learning more about the Bible
just write us and sign-up today!



Unchaining Jesus' Hands Ministry

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hears my voice, and opens the door, I will come in...”(Revelation 3:20)

Just as the Lord was knocking at the door of the church of Laodicea, wanting to come in, so today He is wanting us to open the door for Him to come into all prisons. He wants to do more, much more, than heal a few sick people. He said unbelief stopped Him from doing more. Isaiah said (56:7), and Jesus quoted in Mark 11:17, “My house shall be called of ALL nations, THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.” Prayer, The House of Prayer, the open door to revival.

In this hour the Lord is wanting His church inside the prisons to network together worldwide in prayer and fasting for revival in prisons.

We have contacted with Brothers in Missouri prisons so far that the Lord was speaking the same thing to. At present I've sent out 60-70 letters to Ministries on the streets. The responses are coming in and they are partnering with us in prayer. The prisons will pray in unity.

If you would like to join us and be used of God to open the door and Unchain Jesus' Hands to work in the institutions you are in, write to me at the address below. There is more power in unity!

The Lord Bless You, In Jesus Name Amen,

Chris Walls

Kentucky State Reformatory

3001 West Highway 146

LaGrange, KY 40032



Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and petition with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and

My Son

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire the great works of art.

When the Vietnam conflict broke out, the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son. About a month later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands. He said, 'Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly... He often talked about you and your love of art.' The young man held out this package. 'I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this.' The father opened the package. He talked about you, and your love for it was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting. The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the picture. 'Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift.' The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected. The man died a few months later. There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase one for their collection. On the platform sat the painting of the son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel. 'We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?' There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the room shouted, 'We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one.' But the auctioneer persisted. 'Will somebody bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? \$100, \$200?' Another voice angrily. 'We didn't come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Gogh's, the Rembrandts. Get on with the Real bids!' But still the auctioneer continued. 'The son! The son! Who'll take the son?' Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the longtime gardener of the man and his son. 'I'll give \$10 for the painting...' Being a poor man, it was all he could afford. 'We have \$10, who will bid \$20?' 'Give it to him for \$10. Let's see the masters.' The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the picture of the son. They wanted the more worthy investments for their collections. The auctioneer pounded the gavel. 'Going once, twice, SOLD for \$10!' A man sitting on the second row shouted, 'Now let's get on with the collection!' The auctioneer laid down his gavel. 'I'm sorry, the auction is over.' 'What about the paintings?' 'I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets everything!' God gave His son over 2,000 years ago to die on the Cross. Much like the auctioneer, His message today is: 'The Son, the Son, who'll take the Son?' Because, you see, whoever takes the Son gets everything!



In a Charlie Brown Christmas, Charlie Brown laments, "Isn't there anyone who knows what Christmas is all about!?" Linus tells him, directly out of God's Word, the Holy Bible in Luke 2:8-14.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And that Charlie Brown is the true meaning of Christmas. Then, yesterday, today and forever!

Unto Us A Child Is Born, Unto Us A Son Is Given!



An Awesome Christmas Eve

by Katherine Kehler

"All who are oppressed may come to Him. He is a refuge for them in their times of trouble" (Psalm 9:9)

My father was born and spent his first 15 years in the Ukraine. One Christmas his two older brothers bought their parents a German-made Christmas musical wind-up tree stand. It was mechanical and played *Silent Night*. It brought great joy to this family of ten.



Not long after, the country experienced World War I and then the Russian revolution. Many people endured tremendous persecution - women were raped and fathers were kidnapped and murdered. Thieves arrived at the homes, demanded food and stole whatever they wanted, including the horses.

It was during one of those raids that God used this Christmas tree stand to perform a miracle and save their lives. It was Christmas Eve and the tree was in the stand playing *Silent Night*. The door burst open and a gang of ruffians stormed in, all holding guns. Fear spread through each family member as they wondered what would happen next. They were astounded as they watched these uninvited guests stop and become totally still. Then, without saying a word, they backed out of the house and closed the door. God used the tree and *Silent Night* to save their lives. A miracle on Christmas Eve!

Father, thank You for using the Christmas tree stand to save my father's family. Thank You for being strong and an ever-ready help in trouble.



It was a Silent Night, it was a Holy Night!



Corner Blog

By Rev. John C. Mac Iver



Dear Hearts,

My post is simple. On Christmas day we celebrate the birth of the Savior of the world Jesus. But sometimes we stay too long in the manger and forget that Jesus grew up and gave us the ultimate gift, a love relationship with the Father and eternal life to enjoy that relationship. Christmas is wonderful and I pray that yours is especially great. But remember without Easter, *Resurrection Day*, Christmas holds no meaning. This year give yourself the greatest gift, accept Jesus as your Lord and Savior!

God Bless You

And Merry Christmas!



CHRISTMAS AT THE BIG WHEEL TRUCK

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone. The boys ranged from three months to seven years and their sister was two. Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed, crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whomever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called The Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour and I could start that night. I raced home and called the teenager down the street who baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal.

That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers we all thanked God for finding Mummy a job. And so I started at The Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money: fully half of what I averaged every night. As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home. One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered.

I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires. I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair. On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in The Big Wheel. These were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree. We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump. It was still dark and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car, or was that just a trick of the night? Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell what. When I reached the car I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement.

My old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10. I looked inside another box, it was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes: There were candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll. As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning. Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at The Big Wheel truck stop.