

ON THE ROAD WITH PASTOR RICK...

In months past I have traveled many a mile. Looking back I find months with multiple trips to New York within weeks. Many a month I've traveled to far off states like Minnesota and Iowa. Any state where the weather is below zero seems especially far off for a Southern boy like me. "Far off" could probably be my normal Facebook status. In the past 30 years of my life, "the ministry years", I've spent countless hours just getting to my destination. Jack Kerouac is the one who wrote, "On The Road." I'm the one who's lived it.

This summer I have not been on the road as much. In fact, during the month of June I never traveled further than Montgomery, 60 miles away. I finally made it to Leeds, Pell City and even all the way to Sand Mountain in July, another hundred miles. Normally I travel more than that on any given day. Christ LeDoux used to sing, "Life is a highway, I want to ride it all night long." I've done that. I've listened to the entire 5 cd set of Chris LeDoux on one drive, on repeat.

While I haven't traveled near the miles these past few months, I've never been further. It's been a journey of the soul. How far is it between faith and despair? I've done that round trip. What's the distance from unhindered joy to unbridled pain? I've made that journey once, twice, three, four times within weeks. Physically the track of a tear runs what? One, two, three inches. But the joy or anguish that birthed the tear runs deeper, longer, a route from heaven or hell, to earth, through us. It is a laborious journey.

The truth is, we don't always map our journeys. Some cut as to map us. No doubt my heart has become a Rand-McNally atlas of emotion and experience these days. And despite the pain, I've enjoyed the ride. On previous trips here on terra firma, I discovered there are flowers that bloom in the desert as well as in the richest gardens. I know now the sun sets all beautifully blue and orange in New Mexico's nothingness just like it does in the familiarity of my own back yard. I've found the same smile in India's godforsaken salt fields as I find in McDonald playgrounds. I've found peace in a storming hurricane and a still chapel. I have found love not just in my family, but in fields as far from home as you can get.

In my journeys of late within my journeying I've come to KNOW the words of David and of Paul as more than words. I've come to know them as truth.

"Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast. If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me and the light become night around me," even the darkness will not be dark to you; the night will shine like the day, for darkness is as light to you." Psalm 139:7-12

"For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, will be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8:38-39

I didn't change. My situation didn't change. What changed was my perception. And that changes everything.

More than ever before it is my heart's desire to share what I'm learning. Especially to share it with friends, with you. What I have come upon in my wanderings is no mystery. It is no "new truth" (how can "truth", which is eternal, ever be "new"?), it is simply Christ, crucified, risen and Rising.

I only hope you can see such in my writing and in my life. Anything less is loss.

This month's message, "In God's Eyes"

is a recent revelation to me of how we find truth. Truth is there all along, but we miss it in how we see or refuse to see it. God gives us the sun and we only see shadows, and grow frightened of those. Likewise, God gives us His Son and we only see ritual, making temples and rules for that which no edifice will suffice, no law limit.

This message is about what we see. And how God sees us.

Fanny Crosby, prolific writer of hymns, including classics such as "Blessed Assurance", "He Hideth My Soul", and "I Am Thine Oh Lord" was blind. Seemingly a tale of epic tragedy Fanny wasn't born blind but rather brought to blindness by the harsh, rushed actions of a harried physician while she was yet a babe. Eye drops meant to cure a minor malady were mixed wrongly and once applied left Miss Crosby completely blind for life.

**"We're all in
the gutter, but
some of us are
looking up at
the stars."
Oscar Wilde**





Her family left no lasting blame nor allowed any further crippling excuses. Fanny was reared in love and challenged by love. She was given an outstanding education, unheard of in it's time for a blind girl. She learned to read and write using braille. She was tutored at the piano and became an accomplished pianist. While a teenager she wrote a poem for then President Martin Van Buren and was afforded the opportunity to read it to him. She was raised in faith and early on came to a solid, unshakable faith herself. She was educated, accomplished, confident and determined to succeed. But she couldn't see a thing and could remember only vague shapes of what she'd once seen as a little girl. Darkness was a prison for her.

After years of blindness, a life of blindness, one preacher asked Fanny Crosby what he thought was a rhetorical question, but she didn't see it that way. "Fanny, if you could have but one prayer answered, what would it be?" Surely he thought her prayer would be for sight, to see.

Fanny answered him immediately, emphatically though quite unexpectedly. She told him, "If I could have but one prayer answered it would be...it would be to remain blind for the rest of my life."

That is not what he expected and his gulp or gasp must have betrayed his bewilderment for Fanny further explained. "You see sir I'm an old woman now. I've never seen anyone's face that I can remember. So the first face I'll ever see will be that of my Lord Jesus, when I cross to that land where blindness is banished."

To see Jesus was all Fanny Crosby wanted to see and all we need to see. But do we see Him? Do we even know where to look? Are you like me and lose your focus of the Christ in the clutter of the world He made? Do you gaze at the stars and miss The Star maker? Have we all gone blind and refuse to admit it? Was the Greek philosopher Plato right when he said we spend our lives groping at shadows in a cave while never realizing or perhaps never becoming willing to deal with the real shapes that cast the shadows, just beyond the cave, on the outside, in the light?

I think we're such posers, liars by nature and convenience. We don't want to know what's real because it might undo our shadow land. Maybe we're a king in the shadows or a princess or a bad guy that gets away with it because no one can really see you for who you are. We lurk in the shadows like Gollum. Craving a precious that is in reality, poison.

Maybe we like a dark stage because on it a lame man makes a good dancer, and you're so freaking lame. Dirt and dents and dimwits don't have a problem with ambient light somewhere between foggy morning and a dark rainy afternoon. If it's really dark, like at night or during eclipses, the misshapen and misspoken vie for lead roles, maybe Grammy roles.

The problem with living in the shadows is we were created by light. Like creatures that dwell deep within caves, we too lose color and sight without light. He is our Light. Christ calls us to open our eyes and see what He has set before us. Even when what's before us seems frightful or sad or just totally understandable, He wants us to see. Scripture says one of the primary things the Redeemer will do when He comes is "open the eyes of the blind. Jesus began His own public ministry referring to those verses.

"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." Luke 4:17-21

"To open the eyes of the blind," and all their eyes were fixed on Him. You bet they were.

How's your spiritual eyesight? When you look around you and within you, what do you see? Perhaps we should all sing a new familiar chorus as our prayer, "Open the eyes of my heart Lord. Open the eyes of my heart. I want to see You. I want to see You."

Now, close your eyes, (your physical eyes) and tell me what you see...

If you're the one who always sees the glass half empty, how do you change? People have probably told you all your life that you need to look at things differently. Preachers have probably been the worst. By now you know it's not that simple. There are no rose colored glasses that wash away the drabness of a monochrome life. Sometimes life is drab. Sometimes the glass IS half empty, draining by the minute.

God doesn't want you to pretend things are better than they really are, He wants you to perceive things as He's meant them to be. You can't will this change. You can't squint your eyes and wish the bad to go away. It's all about how you perceive things. You can't help what images come into your senses. You can help how you choose to perceive those images. Your perception becomes the stage your life is acted out upon.

The beauty of changing your perception is that it's all about God's hands, not your eyes. It's beyond yourself to change how you see things. Sometimes the reality is dim, dark and desperate. When you're broke, without a job, suffering depression and have no friends; to see your situation as dismal isn't negativity or a lack of faith, it's

**"Two men looked out through prison bars, one saw mud, the other stars."
James Allen**





actually pretty perceptive, honest 20-20 emotional insight. This isn't about changing what you say about things. It's about how you perceive things. Therein is a wonderful, transformational change. Your reality really does change when you change how you perceive it.

What God wants to do is more than avert your gaze, He wants to change your life. He often begins that change with an alteration in your perception.

Take heart, give yourself a break and realize you can't do this on your own. Admit your stubborn tendency of near-sightedness, never seeing what lies beyond, focusing ever on your need, never on His supply. Confess the fallacy of your spiritual farsightedness, putting off the necessity of the moment in the hazy pipedream of what's always off in the distance. Ask God to remove the stigmatism of your own eye, that selfish, sinful view that focuses on what you want, what you need, on the world as you see it. Cry out like Bartimaeus, Blind Bartimaeus who met the Master in dark honesty, crying only, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." (Mark 10:47) Many told him to be quiet. Just like many will tell you, "This is how it is, deal with it." Bartimaeus pressed on to a new perception. He made it to Jesus and Jesus gave him sight. A pure perception always begins with a clear picture of Jesus. The first thing Bartimaeus ever saw was Christ. Seeing Him opened his eyes to all things.

Perhaps no story better portrays the difference between "perception" and sight than an encounter between the army of God and a contemporary enemy to them at the time, the King of Aram. God always has an army. That army always has a foe.

Take Elisha for example:

In II Kings 6, beginning in verse 8 the King of Aram rises up against Israel. Elisha was a prophet of God at the time and hearing from God he was warned that the armies of Aram were rising up once again to fight Israel. Elisha sends word to the King of Israel that they were about to be attacked. God had gone so far as to let Elisha know the exact route the marauding army of Aram was coming so that Israel wouldn't be taken by surprise. Nothing ever surprises God. You may be shocked by something; the doctor says, "Cancer", or your husband says, "Goodbye", unexpected news out of the blue may blindsides you, but not God. Nothing ever surprises God. Take heart in this truth, exemplified in this story, God knows! And in His knowing He has everything under control. The first step to victory is being able to see such, to see that God is in control. In this instance, seeing is believing. It's just that we need to see things through God's perspective. Not just to see, but to perceive.

**Seldom does
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funeral.**

Look with me at what happens here in II Kings. Pay special attention to how "perception" is everything. The king of Aram is upset because no matter what he does Israel always seems to know ahead of time, and thus is prepared to defend Himself.

II Kings 6:11 says the King of Aram was, "so enraged over this thing; and he called his servants and said to them, "Will you tell me which of us is for the King of Israel?" In other words, he has asking, "Who's ratting us out?" He figured there had to be a double agent among them, a spy that was letting Israel know what he was planning. One of the King's advisors told him, "No, my lord, O king; but Elisha, the prophet who is in Israel, tells the King of Israel the words that you speak in your bedroom." II Kings 6:12

James Bond couldn't have done better.

Understandably this information infuriates the king of Aram. Kings don't appreciate prophets. So he, "sent horses and chariots and a great army there and they came by night and surround the city." II Kings 6:14 The big bully. He sends a cavalry complete with chariots, along with a massive infantry to capture one man. Isn't that just like our enemy?

Perhaps all the zeros in your bank account appear on the right hand side of the ledger. By all accounts you're broke. Worse yet, you're in debt. To say you're "in a hole" would seem accurate which may not be bad, Joseph was in a hole and ended up in a palace. Look around you and it seems there's no way out. Look again! Let your focus fade from what you "see" and shift to what there is to see. -You see an empty account. God sees something different.

Maybe, just maybe God wants you to see a life freed from deadlines and past dues. Perhaps a new perception of loss is really learning to see a new gain. So what if you can't pay your dues to the country club, maybe God wants you to start hanging out at the homeless shelter or visiting someone at the old folks' home. There's not much stress in keeping up with the Jones's when the Jones's are hanging out at the cancer center. For some folks a styrofoam cup of coffee and another day alive is victory. Some people don't care if you shoot par, they're just glad you won't shoot them. Take another look around, things aren't always what they seem. Even when things seem bad. Sometimes when things seem bad, it's for a reason.

Get one grandma praying in church and all the imps of hell get in a tizzy. If all at once it seems like the gates of hell are against you...they probably are, so what. Cheer up, if you're under attack you've accomplished more than most churches that sit secure because they're no threat. The devil ignores them lest he stir their slumber. Seldom does revival or revolution break out in a funeral. But, once you start believing God, praying, becoming a witness for Him and generally acting like a real Christian...trouble starts brewing. Hell takes notice when one saint steps up. If that one saint is you,





congratulations, but hold the cake and confetti until you get the whole picture. Perception precedes party.

Back in our story Elisha's servant arises early, goes outside and sees an army surrounding his neighborhood. A mean, angry, aggravated army. No blue peace keeping helmets here. These guys were armed for bear and his leader might as well be named Yogi. They're after Elisha, and by all appearances they've got him. Pay attention though—things are not always as they seem. Focus...perceive.

Elisha's servant comes back in from his worst nightmare come to life, they're surrounded, outnumbered. He has to tell the prophet, "It doesn't look good."

This is it. Or is it?

He tells Elisha what he's seen and then frantically asks, "Alas, my master! What shall we do?" *II Kings 6:15*

The enemy is here to attack and he's having a panic attack. The question was a plea, "What shall we do?" Their reality was there was nothing they could do. His master is a prophet, not a jedi-warrior. They were out manned, out gunned, out maneuvered and thus, without hope...Hold on. When hope seems to fail, hold on.

Then the prophet spoke, "Do not fear, for those who are with us are more than those who are against us." Say what??

By all accounts it's just Elisha and the servant. Maybe a few more prophets in training. Certainly no army was hidden away in the temple. They were done for except for one thing, God wasn't done! It ain't over until Omega says it's over.

"Elisha prayed and said, 'O Lord, I pray, open his eyes that he may see.' And the Lord opened the servant's eyes and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire all around Elisha."

Maybe they had been there all along. Maybe God sent them all at once. Who cares, all that mattered now to the servant is that the odds just changed dramatically. The mountains were FULL of chariots and horses, and his were on fire! Not all angels play with harps. These angels were sent to fight!

That servant's attitude changed when his perception changed. There were more with him than against him. That will lift your head and swell your chest everytime. I bet his next words weren't "Alas..." but rather, "ALRIGHT!" Certain defeat was swallowed up in victory, all with a different perception.

We mentioned how God changed Elisha's situation. The Lord delivered him from an enemy intent on destroying him. God didn't whitewash Elisha's dilemma. He delivered him. At the end of the story those who sought to kill him supped with him and served him. The entire scenario switched, but not before Elisha's servant had his eyes opened to what was going on before him the whole time. The reality was there was an enemy's army surrounding them, he saw it with his own eyes. But there was a greater Reality. There always is! When God opened his eyes his perception changed. He realized He who supported him was greater than those who surrounded him. "If God be for us who can be against us?" (and who cares?).

Look at your circumstances then look beyond them. That's changing perception

What about you? How do you see things? Perhaps a job change moved you from the site you'd dreamed of to a less desirable venue. Maybe this nation's economy has cost you the house at the lake. You can see things as they are or you can change your perception and thereby your perspective. Learn to look with eyes of faith. Trust God. If He's changed your life's situation I bet it's for the best.

There's another Biblical example of how our perception propels our destiny. Abraham, the old patriarch himself.

In Genesis 13 Abram (not yet Abraham) and his kinfolk are traveling together. This is not good. Remember that vacation with your brother-in-law? Think "Chevy Chase" on vacation with his uncle. Those movies never end and Abram's family trip follows script.

Lot and his kin start complaining that Abram's sheep were getting the best grass and Abram's goats were muddying the water. Really, it's all there in Genesis 13:1-7. I did take some liberty and read between the lines, but after taking dozens, upon dozens, maybe a hundred group trips, I'm qualified. I'm honest too.

You know how your _____ (fill in the blank with your own family's "pain in the astro van") acts when your family goes anywhere together. Abram's family was no different. "Are we there yet?" "Uncle Ab, your herdsman pinched my herdsman." "I've got to go..." Finally Abram had enough.

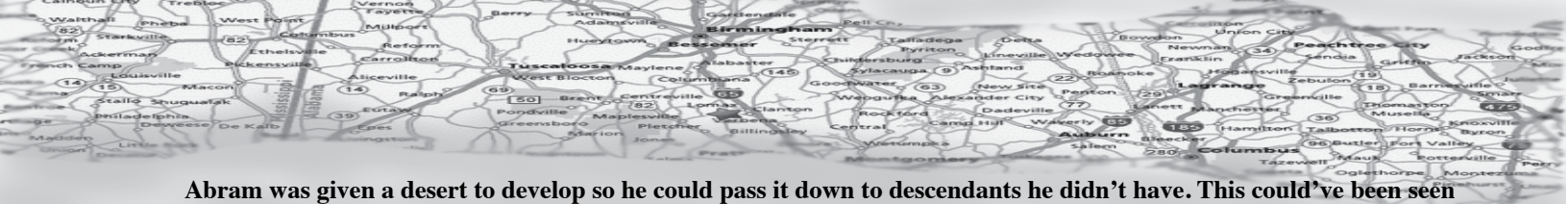
Genesis 13:8-9, "So Abram said to Lot, "Please let there be no strife between you and me, nor between my herdsmen and your herdsmen, for we are brothers. Is not the whole land before you? Please separate from me (talk about your polite way of saying, I don't want to travel with you anymore); if it be to the left, then I will go to the right; or if to the right; then I will go to the left."

You know the story. Lot chooses the green, well-watered, fruitful plains to the East, "like the garden of the Lord." *Genesis 13:10* says.

Abram was left with the rocky, barren, unwatered plains before him. In this part of the world water is everything, and by choosing first Lot took the Jordan River, the only river. Abram was left with a desert. It would be today like Lot getting Manhattan and Abram being left with Newark. It would be worse....

Then God does something seemingly strange. It would even seem like the Almighty is mocking Old Abe here because after Lot gets the pick of the litter, first choice with waterfront property God tells Abram, "Now lift up your eyes and look from the place where you are, northward and southward and eastward and westward; for all the land which you see, I will give it to you and your descendants forever." *Genesis 13:14-15*





Abram was given a desert to develop so he could pass it down to descendants he didn't have. This could've been seen as a pretty raw deal. Abram saw it different. Abram was given barrenness. He was also given the perception to see the desert bloom and a son born. Turns out there was no water there because the entire place was full of oil.

Later, in the New Testament the writer of Hebrews says of Abram (now finally Abraham), *“he was looking for the city which has foundations, whose architect and builder is God.”* (Hebrews 11:10)

Talk about a difference in perception. His eyes see barren rock and desert. His memory sees his kinfolk grazing their herds on Jordan's fertile plains, land that could've been his, should've been his. But Abram's perception sees with different kind of eyes, eyes of faith. Amongst desert rocks, in the midst of swirling sandstorms that old rascal is looking for the “city of God.”

Gauging by history, I'd say he found it.

The New Testament has another scene and scenario equally as interesting to Abraham's encounter with God when he's promised fruitful lands as far as he can see. The trouble was all he could see was desert, barren rocks and waterless sand dunes. Until his perception changed. Somehow Abraham knew his fields would be fertile. He saw it.

In the New Testament, there in the midst of a familiar landscape, hard scabble dust and desert Jesus tells His disciples a tale reminiscent of God promising Abraham fertile fields in a land likened to a moonscape. Jesus tells His friends, *“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white unto harvest.”* (John 4:35)

“Lift up your eyes,” look around you Jesus said. When they did, all they could see were rocks, dust storms, more rocks, thorny plants, rocks, maybe a lizard or a snake (hiding in the shade of a rock). It's the Middle East prior to irrigation. It's a crummy desert. Just two verses before this weird desert mystic sort of encrypted message about luxurious fields full of harvest the same disciples were musing midst themselves, *“No one brought anything to eat, did he?”* (John 4:33) The place is so totally barren there aren't even any fields to glean for a bite to eat. There's nothing, yet Jesus sees something. The disciples are perplexed.

Jesus is perceptive.

The hidden truth of John 4 was there were fields, *“white unto harvest.”* It was just that Jesus was the only one who could perceive it at the time. Later on in the same chapter God gives us their GPS site at the time, *“From that city (they're near a city) many of the Samaritans believed on Him, because of the word of the woman who testified (the “woman at the well”).* So they're just outside the city of Samaria when Jesus tells them, *“Look around you,”* pay attention, focus, don't just peep—PERCEIVE! See with more than just your eyes, see with your heart. There are fields here and there's a harvest in them. And you know what? There was a harvest in that barren place, the afore mentioned “woman at the well”, the soon to become famous as the face of true charity, “Good Samaritan,” and even as the Bible quantifies, *“many Samaritans who believed in Him...”* Our faith grew and grows from those same fields. Everytime we read these stories, our own eyes are opened. A harvest, and no one knew it until they lifted up their eyes and raised their perception. What else might we be missing because our aim is too low and our perceptions based only on our own senses?

I remember an instance when someone else's perception of me changed my life. I'm not talking about Miss Kim perceiving me as more than just another guy at Bible School, although that's a cool example of what I'm talking about. If you've got someone who really loves you, no doubt they perceive you as different than everyone else. Because I hate to burst your bubble, not everyone does love you. And if there's someone you really love, your perception of them is no doubt different, deeper than others around you. It'd better be if you expect to keep being loved. How you perceive has a lot to do with what you receive. It has everything to do with it. But I digress.....

The instance I was thinking of, when thinking of Kim distracted me, was much more abrupt and therefore distinct in my memories. I used to drink my coffee most mornings at a Burger King near our old house (the big blue house by the library). I never liked Burger King coffee, but I loved the men who gathered there. I especially came to love one tall redheaded Presbyterian pastor named Jim Bankhead.

Jim did his devotion and journal every morning at Burger King. He could carry on a conversation as he wrote, which was good if you wanted to talk because he seldom looked up from his notebook. Over years, in and out of Burger King, we became good friends. He was the first Presbyterian to let me preach at his church. He was such a true friend he invited me back and even after I led his congregation in singing what I referred to as the “Presbyterian's favorite song”, *“Que Sera, Que Sera”* (whatever will be, will be). Jim was one of the first, and to this day, greatest mentors in my life.

It was to Jim as my mentor I poured out all the gripes and complaints about my “terrible life and ministry” one morning. *“Folks didn't love me; no one appreciated me, I was a much greater preacher than our community realized,”* and on and on and on I droned. Jim never looked up. I never let up. I grumbled and complained, whined (and I hate whiners). In my mind that day I was convinced I must've been one of God's least understood and underappreciated servants in our town, maybe even in Alabama. I was lobbying Jim hard for sympathy, maybe he'd give me the Presbyterian equivalent of a Purple Heart. I wouldn't have turned down a medal of honor. I was so full of myself. And as Jim perceived, that wasn't all I was “full of”.

I poured out my pitiful heart and waited for my mentor to speak. And he did. I remember it distinctly, exactly to this day, although it must've been 19-20 years ago.





The wise old sage never put his pen down, but he spoke with absolute certainty. “Rick”, he said, “I have a word for you....” Did I mention I’m charismatic? I love “words”, especially when they’re about me. The ‘word’ came forth. “Rick...I perceive that thou art full of “bull crap”.” (being Presbyterian he actually used a more descriptive term, but I’ve edited this part for all my Baptist and A/G friends).

He said that he “perceived” I was “full of crap”. And when I heard his words...I knew that it was true. All my belly-aching was nothing more than a bunch of manure. Being “full of crap” can give you a bellyache.

He saw me as I really was and answered me accordingly. I guess, because it was true, and totally unexpected it hit me like a ton of bubbles. I don’t know how else to describe it. I was confronted by truth, and the truth set me free. In an instant I was delivered from chains of my own binding. His perception became the prescription that healed me. Jim went on to say some wonderfully kind and encouraging words to me that day, but I don’t remember them.

I don’t know you all well enough to perceive that you are full of anything. But I do know all of us tend to have a limited view of everything going on around us. Our perception is distorted and thus we are disturbed.

Your situation may be bleak. Your reality may be dim and dreary.

I can’t promise that God will change it. What I can promise is that God can open your eyes to a new perception of an old reality.

You see debt ---- God sees a chance to meet your needs through His riches or maybe the chance to get your attention with more than a Rolex.

You see fear --- God sees you safe in His lap.

You see your children wandering in sin...God sees the prodigal coming home. He has the ring and the robe ready.

You see your life as worthless...God sees a cross and says, “Yep, you are worth it.”

You see your church dying...God sees a resurrection.

You see all you’ve given your life for crumbling...God sees a lot of good used stones and a reason to build.

You see nothing...God sees your future, blessed and secure.

If things look dark, look again. Noah’s dark rain clouds flooded his ship. If everyone seems to be leaving you, do the math. Gideon couldn’t win the battle until his numbers were whittled down. Remember, Jacob had to date the ugly sister before he got to dance with the pretty one. Play the cards God deals you. Wounded hands are winning hands.

My prayer is like that of Elisha, though I’m no prophet.

“Open my friends’ eyes Lord. That they may PERCIEVE You more fully. Help us all to PERCIEVE that those with us are always more than those against us. Because Lord, if YOU are for us, who can be against us (and who cares!).”

Rick

Out on the road (perceiving the journey...)

This month’s message is longer than I usually write for the newsletter. The last two months’ messages have been more journaling than preaching. I hope this message makes up for the lack in the others.

I want to thank all of you who take the time to read these messages and respond. The last two months’ messages have been a tale about my own pain and struggle. Yet it is from these past two months’ messages I’ve received the most comments. God bless you! It has been such a blessing to hear from you.

It always encourages me to know someone gets something from what I’ve written.

Please drop me a line (PO Box 2888, Opelika, AL 36803) or online at rickhagans@harvestevangelism.org or Rick Hagans (facebook).

I’d love to hear from you. We’re in this together.

You can listen to some of Pastor Rick’s sermons online at www.harvestevangelism.org.

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