

The Journal

The following pages contain the text, art work, and instruction for creating a journal which allows the writer to place their thoughts/heartaches/confessions, and questions into the **Hands of Jesus**. Two chaplains have adopted the idea and created a pilot run of 110 journals into which they have incorporated the below text. The **Hands of Jesus** are screened into the background of each page with help lines (not shown). The idea of doing this was first conceived when someone found our web site: www.stretcherbearers.com and discovered the painting by Joann Reed on the site map.

We believe that there will be others who will want to incorporate this idea into their ministry. It will be our privilege to help them do so. You are welcome to use this information and these specifications to create your own journals. If, however, you would like to make the publication of the journal a cooperative effort, we ask you to tell us how many you would like to have. The cost will depend upon how many we can print at one time, whether or not you wish to collate and assemble the journals yourself, and what the shipping costs will be. One assembled journal weighs a little under a pound. The dimensions are 8.5" by 5.5". We will only know the actual cost after we receive all the responses to this letter and get a quote from our printer. We have access to a very reliable printing company in Durango, Colorado. We have done business with them for six years and have received the very best and prompt service.

The Holy Spirit has showered His presence upon the first printing of the journals. We invite you to request a sample copy; but please include a gift to help with expenses. It appears that there will be many subsequent printings. In fact, a family in Wichita, Kansas is adopting the printing and distribution of the journals as a part of their ministry. We invite you to launch your own journal ministry or add this idea to what you are already doing. Whether a person gives the journals away, sells them at cost or adds something to compensate themselves for their own labors is up to each individual. We invite your correspondence if you have questions.

We would be happy to have front and back covers printed by Colorquest of Durango; while your local printer prints the journal pages and individuals can collate and assemble the journals. That way a number of people can have a "hands on" experience and have a personal stake in making "it" happen. Colorquest can do the entire printing job if you like; but it must be remembered that there may be a substantial shipping expense. The following response to the journals will fan your enthusiasm:

December 1, 2003

Dear Peter and Rebekah,

The Holy Spirit poured over me when I opened the package from you both today. I could literally feel light shining up from the journals with His hands on the cover. I am glad that I was alone... Lucaas, my little baby, was in bed and my parents were gone; and I could feel His presence – especially reading the message from our Father on the back.

Real physical healing was taking place. Energy traveled down all the way to the base of my spine as I was prompted to lay my head on the cover of the journal in His hands. What you and Rebekah have done is truly such a holy happening. I never fully comprehended (intellectually I did, but not fully in my soul and spirit) the vastness of this project until I physically beheld these journals. It was awesome. I can't describe it....it was like white light just shining off the cover of those books.

Thank you Peter and Rebekah for making Jesus so easily accessible in a world where there are forces which struggle to hide Him---but the victory is already His. As always, He is so timely as recently I have been wrestling mightily with very old demons. These journals are a gift from God. I just had to share this with you and I could not hold myself back - I had to tell you right away.

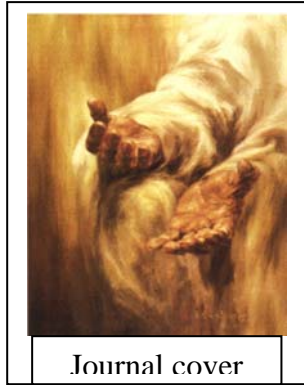
Thank you for being my friends.

In His Presence,

Tania

The cover of the journal will be the **Hands of Jesus** in color as shown. We will use a plastic spiral method of binding the journals that are acceptable in prisons. We would be happy to send a copy directly to a loved one in prison, hospital or care home if you furnish the name and address.

We humbly submit this journal project for your consideration and involvement. We believe that **Jesus** will reach into many lives through this journal notebook. It is our way of giving **Jesus** something special for His birthday. As an afterthought, the journal can also serve as a guest book.



Inside front cover

“THE SEEDS OF SUCCESS”

Continued on inside of back cover

See pages 4 & 5

First page of Journal –

“FOREWORD”

See page 3



For the last page of the journal:

“The Fencepost”

See pages 6 & 7

The inside back cover contains the overflow of:

“THE SEEDS OF SUCCESS”

See pages 4 & 5

The back cover: (Words from our Heavenly Father)

“My Precious Sons and Daughters”

See page 8

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FOREWORD

(First page of journal)

The inspiration for this journal notebook came from a painting by Joann Reed entitled “**Come Unto Me**” and a story by Og Mandino. How much of the story is fiction and how much is fact is not known. **Mission: Success!** is one of 14 books written by the author. His books have been published in 18 different languages. Each of his books is a treasure chest filled with life-lessons delicately embroidered into every story. Most of his books can be read in two or three hours.

The main character in this story may be the author himself as a 20 year old bombardier who served during World War II and later in life became a successful entrepreneur. He flew many dangerous missions over Germany and returned safely to his home base after each mission.

When he and his crew received their 48 hour passes, he would stay at an elegant manor, while others in his crew visited the infamous Piccadilly Circus area in London. The hostess of the manor, old enough to be his mother, took a strong liking to the bombardier. He reminded her of her only son whose plane had been shot down shortly after the war began.

The hostess catered primarily to airmen, and officers in particular. In her elegant library was a magnificent painting of the hands of God. She invited each guest to write their name into **His Hands**. And as the story goes, each person who did, safely returned from their bombing missions. The notebook has been created in such a way, that as you use each page, you are placing your name and life into the hands of **JESUS** for safekeeping.

On his last 48 hour pass and visit to the manor, Luke Gardiner, the bombardier, was given a beautifully wrapped present with instructions to open it only after his discharge from the service. The present contained a personal letter from Winnie, the name of his hostess, and a book written in her own hand on fine parchment. The last paragraph in her letter reads as follows:

Later in your life, much later, after you have proved to yourself that using “The Seeds of Success” has borne good fruit, you are free to share them with the world, if you wish, provided that you are willing to offer yourself as a living example of their value. When and if you do, just tell them that it was your legacy from an old lady who loved you very much.

The book, **The Seeds of Success**, is incorporated in this journal. It can be read in a few minutes, but it will take a lifetime for its instructions to permeate every fiber of a person’s life. Winnie urged Luke Gardiner to read the book every morning prior to embracing the new day. And he faithfully did. Here are Luke Gardiner’s own words:

*Except for two days in 1974, when I was recovering from surgery, there has not been a day in the past forty years when I have faced the world without first reading **The Seeds of Success**.*

As you use this journal or write your name into this guest book, know that God has already engraved your name into the palms of **His Hands**. **The Seeds of Success** has also been written for you. It has been placed into your hands by someone who loves you. The fact that this book has found its way into your life is God’s way of saying, “I know your name. I love you very much. Your heart and heartaches are safe with Me.”

“Behold, I have engraved your name upon the palms of my hands.” Isaiah 49:16
“Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heaven laden and I will give you rest.” Matthew 11:28



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THE SEEDS OF SUCCESS

(Inside page of front cover and continued on inside page of back cover)

God, I thank You for this day.

I know I have not accomplished as yet all You expect of me, and if that is your reason for bathing me in the fresh dew of another dawn, I am most grateful.

I am prepared, at last, to make You proud of me.

I will forget yesterday, with all its trials and tribulations, aggravations and setbacks, anger and frustrations. The past is already a dream from which I can neither retrieve a single word nor erase any foolish deeds.

I will resolve, however, that if I have injured anyone yesterday through my thoughtlessness, I will not let this day's sun set before I make amends, and nothing I do today will be of greater importance.

I will not fret the future. My success and happiness does not depend on straining to see what lurks dimly on the horizon but to do, this day, what lies clearly at hand.

I will treasure this day, for it is all I have. I know that its rushing hours cannot be accumulated or stored, like precious grain, for future use.

I will live as all good actors do when they are onstage – only in the moment. I cannot perform at my best today by regretting my previous act's mistakes or worrying about the scene to come.

I will embrace today's difficult tasks, take off my coat, and make dust in the world. I will remember that the busier I am, the less harm I am apt to suffer, the tastier will be my food, the sweeter my sleep, and the better satisfied I will be with my place in the world.

I will free myself today from slavery to the clock and calendar. Although I will plan this day in order to conserve my steps and energy, I will begin to measure my life in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not seasons; in feelings, not figures on a dial.

I will remain aware of how little it takes to make this a happy day. Never will I pursue happiness, because it is not a goal, just a by-product, and there is no happiness in having or in getting, only in giving.

I will run from no danger I might encounter today, because I am certain that nothing will happen to me that I am not equipped to handle with your help. Just as any gem is polished by friction, I am certain to become more valuable through this day's adversities, and if you close one door, you always open another for me.

I will live this day as if it were Christmas. I will be a giver of gifts and deliver to my enemies the gift of forgiveness; my opponents, tolerance; my friends, a smile; my children, a good example, and every gift will be wrapped with unconditional love.

I will waste not even a precious second today in anger or hate or jealousy or selfishness. I know that the seeds I sow I will harvest, because every action, good or bad, is always followed by an equal reaction. I will plant only good seeds this day.

I will treat today as a priceless violin. One may draw harmony from it and another, discord, yet no one will blame the instrument. Life is the same, and if I play it correctly, it will give forth beauty, but if I play it ignorantly, it will produce ugliness.

I will condition myself to look on every problem I encounter today as no more than a pebble in my shoe. I remember the pain, so harsh I could hardly walk, and recall my surprise when I removed my shoe and found only a grain of sand. I will work convinced that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. To do anything today that is truly worth doing, I must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in with gusto and scramble through as well as I can.

I will face the world with goals set for this day, but they will be attainable ones, not the vague, impossible variety declared by those who make a career of failure. I realize that You always try me with a little, first, to see what I would do with a lot.

I will never hide my talents. If I am silent, I will fall back. If I walk away from any challenge today, my self-esteem will be forever scarred, and if I cease to grow, even a little, I will become smaller. I reject the stationary position because it is always the beginning of the end. (continued on inside back cover)

THE SEEDS OF SUCCESS

(Continued from inside front cover)

I will keep a smile on my face and in my heart even when it hurts today. I know that the world is a looking glass and gives back to me the reflection of my own soul. Now I understand the secret of correcting the attitude of others and that is to correct my own.

I will turn away from any temptation today that might cause me to break my word or lose my self-respect. I am positive that the only thing I possess more valuable than my life is my honor.

I will work this day with all my strength, content in the knowledge that life does not consist of wallowing in the past or peering anxiously at the future. It is appalling to contemplate the great number of painful steps by which one arrives at a truth so old, so obvious, and so frequently expressed. Whatever it offers, little or much, my life is now.

I will pause whenever I am feeling sorry for myself today, and remember that this is the only day I have and I must play it to the fullest. What my part may signify in the great whole, I may not recognize, but I am here to play it and now is the time.

I will count this day a separate life.

I will remember that those who have fewest regrets are those who take each moment as it comes for all that it is worth.

This is my day!

These are my seeds.

Thank You, God, for this precious garden of time.

THE FENCEPOST

(Last page of journal)

*Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.
2 Corinthians 5:17*

One balmy spring evening Peter and Rebekah took a leisurely stroll down the road and across the meadow near their home. With them was Suzie, their son's golden retriever, heavily laden with pups due to be born the next week. Their destination was a small hill with a fence running across it; and as it came into view Peter started to get very excited. It was a very old fence line, made of cedar posts that were gray with age and leaning in every direction. A portion was torn down to make way for a dirt road, with a small pile of posts lying beside it. With a gleam in his eye, Peter made his way to the pile. He examined each piece carefully with the practiced eye of a man familiar with wood and the inherent qualities that are often lost to the casual observer. "This one is good, and this one too", he murmured, picking up several pieces and laying them down again. He shouldered one, decided it was too heavy, and exchanged it for another, lighter piece. Happily he set off for home, carrying his treasure with joy and pride. Suzie ambled contentedly along, slowly trotting after birds and smelling all the good scents of spring in the carpet of new grass.

As they walked along Peter started to reminisce as to the life and times of the post he was carrying, wondering what tree it had come from, who had cut it down and when, and what sights it had seen and experienced during its long life. He pondered its feelings as it was cut to size and placed in the ground, wire being strung between it and its brothers to fence in the cattle that were brought to the meadow every summer to graze. He thought of the beautiful sunrises it had enjoyed as it faced east to the Rocky Mountains and also of the sunsets as they played across the face of the mountains, setting them afire with gold and rose and mauve. He knew it could relate times of being buried under many feet of snow by winter storms as they swept across the sky from the mountains and of watching lightning play around the meadow during summer thunderstorms. And still it stood strong.

He wondered how it felt when workmen came again, this time with huge bulldozers, crudely pulling up the post and many of its brothers to make way for the road that was to bring homes to the secluded meadow. As it lay there, tossed aside, did it wonder if this was the end of its usefulness? Would it just stay there indefinitely to sink slowly back into the ground from whence it came, or would it be gathered for firewood to heat one of the homes soon to be built? What would it say as it was riding along on Peter's shoulder, then stacked in the garage? Did it have any inkling of the new life that would soon be coming?

Under the contemplative gaze of Peter over the next few days it felt that something new was happening. When it was gathered up along with several of its brothers and taken to a woodshop, fear came as it saw the pieces of electrical equipment and then felt the sharp edge of the saw as it was cut in different lengths, then trimmed on two sides. It knew that this, indeed, was the end; it was dying and soon would be no more. After the big cuts the sanding came; over and over again the abrasive surface of the sander was run across the cut sides, wearing them down until they resembled satin as smooth as any queen's gown.

Now the beauty of its colors, the pattern of its grain, and the sweet aroma that had been hidden for so long was revealed. It wondered what would happen next as Peter ran his fingers over the smooth surface, admiring its beauty, holding up first one pattern with God's Word on it, then another, to the side with the largest cut, contemplating what words would best fit its personality. It heard the prayer of Peter's heart as he talked to Jesus, asking Him the purpose for which He had made that particular piece of wood, and marveled at the possibility of new life.

The decision made, Peter gently applied some sandblast stencil tape to one side of the wood. He transferred the Scripture pattern to the tape and started the cutting process with a sharp X-Acto knife, going around the outside of the letters. Although the knife bit very little into the wood, it felt as if it were being crucified and torn into shreds, crying out in pain. After a few minutes the excess tape was pulled away, leaving only the tape that formed the precious Words that were to be its new purpose for being.

Again it was stacked in the garage along with its kindred, who also were covered with tape that proclaimed the Word of God. After a while they were gathered up, put in the car, and carried across the mountain to another workshop. One by one the pieces were taken into the shop where great noises and clouds of dust were issuing forth. The post was finally taken in, set on a rack and a huge hose was pointed at it. The roaring began and as the sand hit it and began to eat away at its surface it groaned in agony. “The pain is too much to bear, I will surely be completely done away with”, it cried as it felt the sand biting deeper and deeper into its innermost being. Suddenly the noise stopped and all was still. Peter gently blew the dust away and saw deeply into the heart of the post where the beautiful sunset colors of gold, lavender and burgundy were now revealed in three dimensions instead of one.

The post was again placed in the car, taken back across the mountains, laid out on the worktable in the garage, and the tape was removed, revealing the letters that now stood out in bold relief. Again it was sanded, then covered with a soothing stain and a clear lacquer, listening to the music in the background praising God and glorifying the One who does all things well. It heard, as it was being clothed with the beautiful shades of stain, blessings being offered up to the Lord for making such beauty as was being observed in it, and praises for the Word that it was now proclaiming—”LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS”. In the polished surface He Who has loved us from the beginning looked down and saw, not only His Word, but also His glorious reflection. As the post rested, exhausted but happy, it seemed that it heard, in the quiet recesses of its being, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant”.

Rebekah

(Epilogue from: “The Wood Blossom” by Peter & Rebekah Laue)

(Outside back cover of journal)

My Precious Sons and Daughters

**The world and its ways have attempted to kill you from
the beginning of your life.**

**Satan has tried to destroy you and eliminate the work
that I have intended for you to do.**

**I have called you to be My testimony to the world.
I have called you to be an example of My Saving Grace
I love you.**

**You need to know that those who have harmed you were helpless pawns and under Satan's
dominion.**

They were agents to hinder your real calling in life.

Now, I will use what was intended for evil, to destroy that same evil.

**You need to know that your or their actions have not made you
or them unclean in My sight.**

**As you turn your heart and affections completely
to Me, I see you as holy and blameless.**

I see you as My virgin bride, spotless and pure.

**I desire you to be with Me forever,
which is possible because of the cleansing work of My Son Jesus,
"The Carpenter from Nazareth"**

You are beautiful and valuable to Me.

I love you.

Your Heavenly Father

