

Crimson & White Connection

A ministry of prayer and encouragement to "High School, College, & Singles" (& others, too)

Values & Character + Spiritual Life + Relationships + Fun stuff

more resources at www.CrimsonWhite.org

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100% of our funding is directly or indirectly spent on encouraging spiritual growth, holiness, and abstinence from drugs, sex outside of marriage, and alcohol among young people.

For a free subscription, update your address, feedback, comments or to submit an article, contact us at:
4401 Wild Oak Lane, Greensboro, NC 27406
Ph.: 336-674-7564;
e-mail: RDymmel@AOL.com
Editor: Dr. Rich Dymmel

Crisis, emergency, or to "just talk about something",
call: Your Mom; Your Dad; Your Pastor, or
Rich or Marie Dymmel
(336/674-7564 or 336/908-3652)

Crimson & White? What's this?

... This letter is part of a ministry primarily to students and singles. It started with college students. Now about 50% of the mailing list is students, middle and high school and college, and 25% are age 22 to 30, and we'll just leave ages unsaid for the last 25% since, well, they're old. Articles are on character, values, spiritual life, relationships and more ... and some fun.

The theology position is "conservative," i.e. Jesus is God's Son, eternal, part of the single triune God, born of a virgin, sinless, crucified and risen, and is the *only* way to eternal life. We are free to choose Him. He has told us to be holy and that includes behaviors such as: sex outside of marriage is wrong.

Our goal is mail in your mail box about 15 times a year. We're trying to say that you are important enough for us to put this in your mailbox. We care about you and want to encourage your character growth and your spiritual walk. We also distribute a daily email devotional.

Another part of the ministry is prayer. We pray for those on our mailing list as the mail is prepared. When you get mail from us, you know someone prayed for you.

A college student reader chose the name **Crimson and White Connection** based on Isaiah 1:18 in the Bible "Come now, let us reason together," says the LORD. "Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red as crimson, they shall be like wool." The cleansing of our nature and our sins is a universal need. If you base your trust for entrance into Heaven in Jesus, God's Son, and His death and resurrection on your behalf, then your crimson stains are made white as wool. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. There is no other way. If you admit that you can not reach God's standard, are repentant and sorry for your short fall (sin) and have asked Him to forgive you, then He has forgiven you. If you are truly repentant, then there will be evidence of that in your actions, your life. - - If the "religion police" were to arrest you, would you be turned loose for "lack of evidence"? Or would the evidence of your actions convict you of being a Christian?

If you have chosen to accept Jesus as Lord of your life, either the first time or again, we would like to know so that we can pray for you and encourage you. Write or call us.

You WILL BE and ARE a slave! But you can CHOOSE your master! CHOOSE God today. John 3:16 is true. Accept no substitute!

Sep 26, 2009

God is my co-pilot

(c) Richard R. Dymmel, Ed.D., 9/2009 RDymmel@AOL.com

In the last few days I have returned to be among some situations that some might see as difficult. - I have decided that it's in the attitude.

Now these were not people who had robbed me... been there several years ago. The bitterness I held for that individual ate away at me for a couple years. Bitter. Angry. - Know something? He didn't have a clue. It didn't bother him at ALL. All it did was eat away at *me* and made *me* miserable.

When I finally decided to "let it go," WOW!

Whether you want to call it forgiveness, or just letting it go, it's what God prescribes.

Two aspects here... (1) Forgiveness... Jesus said, (Matt 18:21-22) that we are to forgive 490 times. NO! That's not what He said. He said 'Not seven times, but seventy times seven times.' - "Well, hey, unless my calculator is messing up, isn't that 490 times?" you say. - Read the next story and at the end I've explained that 70 x 7 does not mean 490. (Don't you just *love* all the "math" in the Bible?)

(2) The second area here that is involved in my visits recently is "Who's in charge?" You see, I think... know... that God is sovereign and I am submitting to His will, direction, and control... or at least I try to... That means when I lose my job, it's because He either has someplace else He wants to use me, or He knows what's coming up. Whatever it is, I'm committed, or should I say submitted. - It's like the bumper sticker that reads, "If God is your co-pilot, you should change seats." Well, God used to be my "co-pilot." Now I'm the co-pilot, and once in a while He lets me steer and be in control, after He's pointed us in the direction He wants to go.

In Christ,
Rich

Do you have a relationship with God where you know He has accepted you just as you are? A relationship like with a loving father? If not, call me at 336-674-7564. Or call 1-888-NEED-HIM. - With God, you have never gone too far to return. -

Subj: Forgive491 Date: 8/4/99 8:35:32 AM EST To: RDymmel

This is kinda long, but it is a good story. Maybe you can send it out e-mail instead of in your letters because it might just take up the whole newsletter!! :) Enjoy!! *~*Amy _____*~*

Forgiven Forever

Author unknown

Lisa sat on the floor of her old room, staring at the box that lay in front of her. It was an old shoe box that she had decorated to become a memory box many years before. Stickers and penciled flowers covered the top and sides. Its edges were worn, the corners of the lid taped so as to keep their shape.

It had been three years since Lisa last opened the box. A sudden move to Boston

had kept her from packing it. But now that she was back home, she took the time to look again at the memories.

Fingering the corners of the box and stroking its cover, Lisa pictured in her mind what was inside.

There was a photo of the family trip to the Grand Canyon, a note from her friend telling her that Nick Bicotti liked her, and the Indian arrowhead she had found while on her senior class trip.

One by one, she remembered the items in the box, lingering over the sweetest, until she came to the last and only painful memory. She knew what it looked like--a single sheet of paper upon which lines had been drawn to form boxes, 490 of them to be exact. And each box contained a check mark, one for each time.

The story behind it.....

"How many times must I forgive my brother?" the disciple Peter had asked Jesus. "Seven times?" Lisa's Sunday school teacher had read Jesus' surprise answer to the class. "Seventy times seven."

Lisa had leaned over to her brother Brent as the teacher continued reading. "How many times is that?" she whispered. Brent, though two years younger, was smarter than she was.

"Four hundred and ninety," Brent wrote on the corner of his Sunday school paper. Lisa saw the message, nodded, and sat back in her chair. She watched her brother as the lesson continued. He was small for his age, with narrow shoulders and short arms. His glasses were too large for his face, and his hair always matted in swirls. He bordered on being a nerd, but his incredible skills at everything, especially music, made him popular with his classmates.

Brent had learned to play the piano at age four, the clarinet at age seven, and had just begun to play oboe. His music teachers said he'd be a famous musician someday. There was only one thing at which Lisa was better than Brent--basketball. They played it almost every afternoon after school. Brent could have refused to play, but he knew that it was Lisa's only joy in the midst of her struggles to get C's and D's at school.

Lisa's attention came back to her Sunday school teacher as the woman finished the lesson and closed with prayer. That same Sunday afternoon found brother and sister playing basketball in the driveway. It was then that the counting had begun. Brent was guarding Lisa as she dribbled toward the basket. He had tried to bat the ball away, got his face near her elbow, and took a shot on the chin. "Ow!", he cried out and turned away.

Lisa saw her opening and drove to the basket, making an easy lay-up. She gloated over her success but stopped when she saw Brent. "You okay?" she asked. Brent shrugged his shoulders.

"Sorry," Lisa said. "Really. It was a cheap shot."

"It's all right. I forgive you," he said. A thin smile then formed on his face. "Just 489 more times though."

"Whaddaya mean?" Lisa asked.

"You know...what we learned in Sunday school today. You're supposed to forgive someone 490 times. I just forgave you, so now you have 489 left," he kidded. The two of them laughed at the thought of keeping track of every time Lisa had done something to Brent. They were sure she had gone past 490 long ago.

The rain interrupted their game, and the two moved indoors.

"Wanna play Battleship?" Lisa asked. Brent agreed, and they were soon on the floor of the living room with their game boards in front of them. Each took turns calling out a letter and number combination, hoping to hit each other's ships.

Lisa knew she was in trouble as the game went on. Brent had only lost one ship out of five. Lisa had lost three. Desperate to win, she found herself leaning over the edge of Brent's barrier ever so slightly. She was thus able to see where Brent had placed two of his ships. She quickly evened the score.

Pleased, Lisa searched once more for the location of the last two ships. She peered over the barrier again, but this time Brent caught her in the act. "Hey, you're cheating!" He stared at her in disbelief.

Lisa's face turned red. Her lips quivered. "I'm sorry," she said, staring at the carpet. There was not much Brent could say. He knew Lisa sometimes did things like this. He felt sorry that Lisa found so few things she could do well. It was wrong for her to cheat, but he knew the temptation was hard for her.

"Okay, I forgive you," Brent said. Then he added with a small laugh, "I guess it's down to 488 now, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess so." She returned his kindness with a weak smile and added, "Thanks for being my brother, Brent."

Brent's forgiving spirit gripped Lisa, and she wanted him to know how sorry she was. It was that evening that she had made the chart with the 490 boxes. She showed it to him before he went to bed.

"We can keep track of every time I mess up and you forgive me," she said. "See, I'll put a check in each box--like this." She placed two marks in the upper left-hand boxes.

"These are for today." Brent raised his hands to protest. "You don't need to keep--"

"Yes I do!" Lisa interrupted. "You're always forgiving me, and I want to keep track. Just let me do this!" She went back to her room and tacked the chart to her bulletin board.

There were many opportunities to fill in the chart in the years that followed. She once told the kids at school that Brent talked in his sleep and called out Rhonda Hill's name, even though it wasn't true. The teasing caused Brent days and days of misery. When she realized how cruel she had been, Lisa apologized sincerely. That night she marked box number 96. Forgiveness number 211 came in the tenth grade when Lisa failed to bring home his English book. Brent had stayed home sick that day and had asked her to bring it so he could study for a quiz. She forgot and he got a C.

Number 393 was for lost keys...418 for the extra bleach she put in the washer, which ruined his favorite polo shirt...449, the dent she had put in his car when she had borrowed it.

There was a small ceremony when Lisa checked number 490. She used a gold pen for the check mark, had Brent sign the chart, and then placed it in her memory box.

"I guess that's the end," Lisa said. "No more screw-ups from me anymore!"

Brent just laughed. "Yeah, right."

Number 491 was just another one of Lisa's careless mistakes, but its hurt lasted a lifetime. Brent had become all that his music teachers said he would. Few could play the oboe better than he. In his fourth year at the best music school in the United States, he received the opportunity of a lifetime--a chance to try out for

New York City's great orchestra.

The tryout would be held sometime during the following two weeks. It would be the fulfillment of his young dreams. But he never got the chance. Brent had been out when the call about the tryout came to the house. Lisa was the only one home and on her way out the door, eager to get to work on time.

"Two-thirty on the tenth," the secretary said on the phone. Lisa did not have a pen, but she told herself that she could remember it.

"Got it. Thanks." I can remember that, she thought. But she did not. It was a week later around the dinner table that Lisa realized her mistake.

"So, Brent," his mom asked him, "When do you try out?"

"Don't know yet. They're supposed to call." Lisa froze in her seat.

"Oh, no!" she blurted out loud. "What's today's date? Quick!"

"It's the twelfth," her dad answered. "Why?"

A terrible pain ripped through Lisa's heart. She buried her face in her hands, crying. "Lisa, what's the matter?" her mother asked.

Through sobs Lisa explained what had happened. "It was two days ago...the tryout...two-thirty...the call came...last week." Brent sat back in his chair, not believing Lisa.

"Is this one of your jokes, Sis?" he asked, though he could tell her misery was real. She shook her head, still unable to look at him.

"Then I really missed it?" She nodded.

Brent ran out of the kitchen without a word. He did not come out of his room the rest of the evening. Lisa tried once to knock on the door, but she could not face him. She went to her room where she cried bitterly.

Suddenly she knew that she had to do. She had ruined Brent's life. He could never forgive her for that. She had failed her family, and there was nothing to do but to leave home. Lisa packed her pickup truck in the middle of the night and left a note behind, telling her folks she'd be all right. She began writing a note to Brent, but her words sounded empty to her. Nothing I say could make a difference anyway, she thought.

Two days later she got a job as a waitress in Boston. She found an apartment not too far from the restaurant. Her parents tried many times to reach her, but Lisa ignored their letters.

"It's too late," she wrote them once. "I've ruined Brent's life, and I'm not coming back."

Lisa did not think she would ever see home again. But one day in the restaurant where she worked she saw a face she knew. "Lisa!" said Mrs. Nelson, looking up from her plate. "What a surprise."

The woman was a friend of Lisa's family from back home.

"I was so sorry to hear about your brother," Mrs. Nelson said softly. "Such a terrible accident. But we can be thankful that he died quickly. He didn't suffer." Lisa stared at the woman in shock.

"Wh-hat," she finally stammered.

It couldn't be! Her brother? Dead? The woman quickly saw that Lisa did not know about the accident. She told the girl the sad story of the speeding car, the rush to the hospital, the doctors working over Brent. But all they could do was not enough to save him.

Lisa returned home that afternoon.

Now she found herself in her room thinking about her brother as she held the small box that held some of her memories of him. Sadly, she opened the box and peered inside. It was as she remembered, except for one item--Brent's chart. It was not there. In its place, at the bottom of the box, was an envelope. Her hands shook as she tore it open and removed a letter.

The first page read:

Dear Lisa,

It was you who kept count, not me. But if you're stubborn enough to keep count, use the new chart I've made for you.

Love,

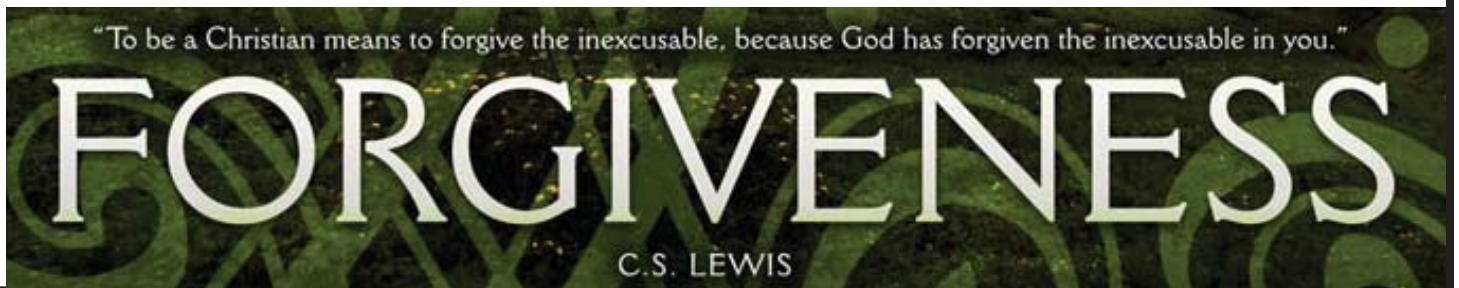
Brent

Lisa turned to the second page where she found a chart just like the one she had made as a child, but on this one the lines were drawn in perfect precision. And unlike the chart she had kept, there was but one check mark in the upper left-hand corner.

Written in red felt tip pen over the entire page were the words: "Number 491. Forgiven, forever.

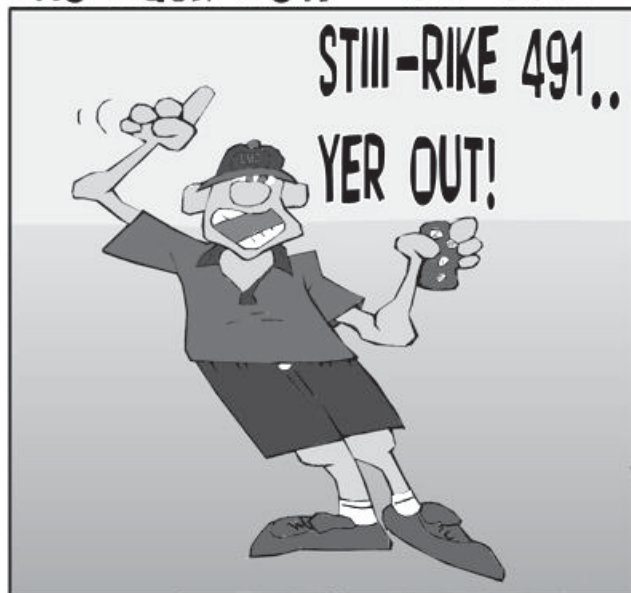
* * * * *

When Jesus said to forgive, not 7 times but 70 times 7 times, he wasn't saying to keep track and count 490 times. Part of understanding the Bible is their attaching meanings with certain numbers. In Biblical terms, the number 7 refers to something that is complete. Like creation was completed in 7 days. Seventy is 7 (complete) times 10 (perfection), and then multiply that times 7 (completeness) again. You might say fully, completely, perfectly forgive people... like God does. - That's awfully hard some times, being the flawed people that we are (I don't know how you consider yourself, but I *know* I'm flawed). Just remember, God has forgiven you, and has given you eternal life and he says we are to forgive others.



A mis-application of scripture. ↓ Some like to twist to apply the way *they* want it to apply.
 (But it's okay (1) to smile and (2) understand the illustration.)

The Back Pew - Jeff Larson



Establishing a 'FULL GOSPEL' church softball league in Boogstown, Mn allowed for 491 strikes before a batter was called out in accordance with rule statute Mt. 18:21-22.

Hating people is like burning down your own house to get rid of a rat.

Galatians 5:15 NCV

If you go on hurting each other and tearing each other apart, be careful, or you will completely destroy each other.



Kartoon Knuggets

www.christiancartoons.com/kartoons



knechtoons@sidestream.com

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Pam has given permission to reprint her stuff in the past. And as usual, I always give credit, cite the websites, author, etc. This is the latest that Pam sent me.

Subject: Story submission "Riding Tandem"
 Date: 9/21/2009 8:00:28 A.M. Eastern Daylight Time
 From: pamyblaine@marktwain.net

Riding Tandem
 By Pamela Perry Blaine

Teaching a child to ride a bike can be difficult. I watched as my daughter worked with her son as they went back and forth on the street in front of the house where we were all staying on vacation. I sighed wistfully as I watched because it didn't seem that long ago that I was doing that very thing with her.

We were on Hilton Head Island and there are bike trails everywhere but Ben hadn't yet gotten the hang of riding a bike on his own. I guess we could have found some training wheels somewhere but Ben was getting old enough that he wanted to ride without them.

Since we were in a strange place, we decided that Ben just wasn't ready to go on the bike trails alone yet. There are lots of hazards out there with other bikers on the paths, streets to cross, and animals we might run across (hopefully, not literally).

There were all kinds of places to go on the bike trails but it was also another challenge to figure out how to get where we wanted to go from where we were. There were lots of choices such as the beach, the petting zoo, shops, and points of interest.

We decided the best way for Ben to go would be for him to ride tandem. There was one bike in the garage that had an attachment of another bicycle where the person in the back could just sit and peddle without worrying about anything else...or so we thought.

I never knew it could be such a big deal to just get everyone on the bikes and off down the trail but we had to get the little ones all helmeted up and in the child carts that pulled behind two of the bicycles. We got lined up to go with Ben wobbling about on the tandem bike with his Mom riding in the front, and then there was me who hadn't been on a bike in 15 years who had to find a bike that "felt just right". Thirty minutes later we were off down the trail with my son

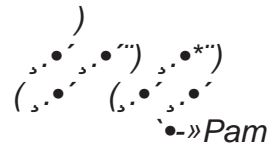
behind me laughing and commenting that I rode like a drunk and a daughter who cheered, "Go Mom, You can do it!" every time I slowed down on a hill. Well, okay, it was only a slope.

The tandem situation was not doing so well either. In order to ride tandem, you must look straight ahead and not lean or the person in front can't guide the bike properly. I kept hearing the same words repeated from Ben's Mother, "Ben, look at me...Ben look at me...Ben look at me!" Then, "Keep your eyes on me. Don't look around at other things or try to see around me, just look at me or we'll have to stop and it's late in the day, so if you don't quit looking around and look at me, we won't get to the petting zoo today. Ben, look at me. Keep your eyes on me." Variations of these same words were spoken over and over for a long time until somewhere along the way I began to notice the words were not being said as frequently. Ben was catching on! He still needed to hear his mother's voice from time to time but he was doing better. His mother didn't have to shout so much now because Ben began to sense when his mother was going to stop or turn because he had gotten used to following her lead instead of fighting against what she was doing.

As I thought about it, my life is a lot like riding a tandem bicycle. If I allow God to be on the front seat and me on the back, He will take me on a great adventure to exciting places I have never known. I have to learn not to try to look around Him to see where the bike is going, or He will have to stop and it will just take longer to get there. I sometimes wobble about and I become distracted by the things in the world around me. Sometimes He has to shout, "Look at Me, keep your eyes on Me!" However, if I listen, learn to pay attention, and keep my eyes on Him, I'll make the trip just fine. Maybe, like Ben, I'm catching on a little bit too!

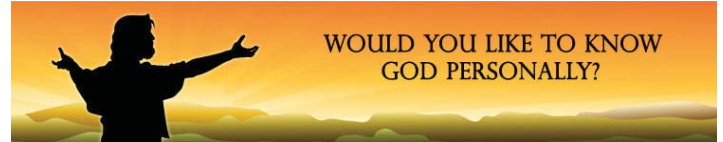
By Pamela Perry Blaine
©September 20, 2009

When a train goes through a tunnel and it gets dark, you don't throw away the ticket and jump off. You sit still and trust the engineer. -Corrie Ten Boom



My Website: www.blaines.us/PamyPlace.htm
e-mail: pamyblaine@blaines.us

"What the caterpillar calls the end of the world,
the Master calls a butterfly."



WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
GOD PERSONALLY?

www.greatcom.org/laws/englishkgrp/default.htm

"Prayer without faith is nothing more than useless words that have no meaning; prayer with faith, on the other hand, are words that touch God's Heart and can move mountains." - Myself [I asked a student to give me a quote I could use to fill this space.]



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I used to have to really pull hard on the reins, but now it's almost like he knows just where I want him to go!
Teach me to do Your will, for You are my God...lead me Ps 143:10

knechtoons@sidestream.com

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**"God's Undeserved Favor."
Not Because We've Been Good**

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life." –John 3:16

I hear the following:

If you are good enough, God will come into your life.

Jesus will come again, when we all get it right. (Is that like the movies "Groundhog Day" and "Christmas Every Day"?)

God is punishing me for something.

God can't forgive me, because my sin is too great.

None of that is biblical. Only Satan wants you to believe those things. The witness of the Scriptures is completely different.

1. God saved the Israelites, who were in bondage to sin in Egypt, not because they were good. They were sinners like you and me. They worshipped other gods! God came and freed the Israelites from their bondage because of his great love and compassion for them, not because they were good.
2. God brought the people who were in exile in Babylon, back to Jerusalem, not because they had finally started to be faithful to God. Now instead of worshipping Egyptian gods, some were worshipping Babylonian gods! God came, and brought them back home and restored them, not because they were faithful, but because God loved them that much.
3. Jesus came and died on the cross to restore our relationship with God, not because we have been faithful and free from sin, but because Jesus loves us that much!

Bringing It Home:

1. Not sure of your salvation, because you continue to sin? Write down on a card: John 3:16. Put it up in a place that you will see it often. Underneath the passage write: Jesus Loves Me That Much – Sins and All!
2. The next time someone gives you one of the lines above that equates our virtue with God's love, take the opportunity to tell them that Jesus loves them anyway, all the time, no matter what!

Prayer:

Jesus, you are so kind, gracious, and loving to me. I don't fully understand the size of your love. Open my heart. Rid my soul of doubt, and fill me with your love. Amen.

Faith@Work January 27, 2003

John A. Holm

Shepherd of the Lakes Church, Grayslake, IL

Please feel free to share this devotion with others.

Dick Innes; www.ncfliving.org; www.gospelcom.net/narramore/

"Love's Most Amazing Story"
God's love for us is never based
on what we do – good or bad.
God is against
whatever is destructive to us.

Relentless Love

" . . . I will never leave you nor forsake you." Joshua 1:5

Some time ago I headed back to Iowa to my college alma mater's homecoming. The weekend was a lot of fun as I saw people I hadn't seen in years, and also had time to spend with some family. But as I was there, I realized a couple of things.

First, it became painfully clear to me that I am not one of the "young graduates" anymore! (It's hard to face reality some days!) But the second thing was a little more profound. As I thought back on my college years, I faced the facts, that I spent a lot of my effort during those times to be with whomever I thought would be the "most fun" and the "most in" within the groups I was a part of. I spent a lot of time always trying to fit in, and never seeming to be able to really feel that I truly belonged anywhere. And since those days, I have been less than stellar at keeping up with almost everyone.

Finally, I also realized that the people who I am still in contact with are some of the friends that (1) have been relentless in their keeping in touch with me, and (2) are friends that were a part of campus ministry with me, the friends that share a faith in Jesus. These were not the people I spent the most time with, nor were they always my first choice of people to be with, but the years have shown them to be true friends.

I have discovered the same is true with Jesus. Even if we wander away to find something "more fun," even if we don't want to spend time with him right now, he is relentless in his love for us and his pursuit of us. He will not leave us nor forsake us. He will be with us wherever we go. Years and wandering ways cannot separate us. Bad choices or busy lives, it doesn't matter. Amazing grace! Praise God!

Bringing It Home:

1. Has there been anyone in your life who has been an gracious example of relentless love to you? If so, have you ever told them how thankful you are for them? If not, why not try doing it today?
2. Look back over your life. See if you can identify places and times where God's relentless love and pursuit of you are evidenced. Take the time to thank him today for all those times!

Prayer:

Today, Lord, I am thankful for your relentless love of me. What have I done to deserve this? Dear Jesus, thank you for being there through all the times I have wandered and looked away from you and your love. Today, I pray that you will open my heart up to the people you have placed in my life as signs of your love. Make me aware and thankful for your grace today. In your love I pray. Amen.

Faith@Work January 29, 2003

Jane Jebesen, Youth and Family Minister

Joy! Lutheran Church / Gurnee, Illinois

Please feel free to forward this devotion to others.

Sometimes we falsely see sin only as specific acts that God happens to oppose. But sin is much more than this. We tend to see only the external acts, but God sees the heart, too. He is just as concerned with sins of the spirit – pride, jealousy, lust, greed, envy, hatred, false motives, emotional dishonesty, resentment and other super-charged negative emotions (including the ones we have repressed and consequently denied).

Just for the fun of it...

From: Crosswalk@crosswalkmail.com
Tuesday, August 18, 2009 Forward to a Friend

Eye Laugh "Japanese Proverb"
<http://www.cybersalt.org/go.php?id=cw8>
<http://www.cybersalt.org/cleanlaugh/images/02/japaneseproverb.htm>

Ancient Japanese Proverb



If you cannot understand Japanese,
tilt your head to the right.

"The radio craze ... will soon fade." --- Thomas Edison, 1922

Children's Grace

My friend Bob was trying to teach his daughter, Jenny, how to say grace before meals. After a few weeks of coaching, Bob decided Jenny was ready to say grace all by herself.

Jenny started out fine, thanking God for her mommy and daddy and brother and sister and for the rolls and the salad, etc. She ended with a big, "Thank you, God, for the spaghetti!" and lifted her head.

The tradition in Bob's house, though, was to end each prayer with "In Jesus' name, Amen." So Bob prompted Jenny, "In ... "

At first, Jenny seemed confused. Then she proudly exclaimed, "In tomato sauce. Amen."

—Barbara J. Doll, Upper Saddle River, N.J. "Kids of the Kingdom," Christian Reader

Praying Before Meals

Our three-year-old grandson, Daniel, stayed with us while his parents went on a weekend trip. As usual, we bowed our heads as my husband prayed out loud before all our meals. Daniel watched curiously each time his grandpa prayed.

On the day his parents came to pick him up, we all sat down at the table to have lunch. Just as his daddy started to pick up his sandwich, Daniel shouted, "Wait, Daddy, we can't eat 'til Grandpa reads his plate!"

—Diana L. James, Laguna Hills, CA. "Heart to Heart," Today's Christian Woman

Share with someone

Giving a friend a copy of this letter and asking them if they would like to get it too, is an easy way of witnessing and starting a conversation about God.

If you'd like to be on our mail/prayer list, and have the Crimson & White Connection mailed free to you, fill this out and mail it to:

4401 Wild Oak Lane, Greensboro, NC 27406-8306

*** or e-mail to RDymmel@AOL.com ***

Under 18 requires a parental approval SIGNATURE please.

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- Please send TWO sample issues to evaluate (or check www.CrimsonWhite.org to view several back issues)

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- Check here to get the C&WC by e-mail attachment and not by snail-mail.
- Check here to try the e-mail daily devotionals * for 2 weeks

Under 18? Parental permission : _____

I've read the _____ issue, send the next one, please.

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8 9 10 11 12 HSgrad. F S J S Col.grad. GrdSch PGR

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Becoming a Christian: A-B-C's

A – Admit that you're a sinner. You just can't meet God's standard. The Bible says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Romans 3:23 (also see 1 John 1:8).

B – Believe that Jesus was the Son of God and died in your place, took the punishment for you. The Bible says, "For God so loved the world (that includes you) that he gave His only begotten son (that's Jesus) that whosoever (that's you again) believes in Him should not perish (that's saved from eternal death, Hell) but have eternal life (given eternal life with God, that's "salvation" or to "be saved")." John 3:16

C – Confess your sin to God. – The Bible says, "If we confess (own up to) our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleans us..." 1John 1:9.

S – Submit yourself to His commands and control.

Want Jesus in your life? Pray this prayer: "Lord Jesus, I confess to You my sin and need to be saved. I turn away from my old sin and place my trust and faith in You as the only way to be saved." Now contact your pastor, or contact us at 1-336-674-7564, or call 1-888-NEED-HIM, and say, "I just asked Jesus to be my Lord."

Crimson & White Connection

Dr. Rich Dymmel, Editor
4401 Wild Oak Lane
Greensboro, NC 27406-8306

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Sep 26, 2009

- Forgiveness -

God is my co-pilot
Forgiven Forever 491
Riding Tandem

You can't be good enough to deserve heaven. And you can't be bad enough to be beyond God's forgiveness.

Someone PRAYED for YOU and mentioned YOU before God's throne as this was prepared for mailing. God bless and watch over you today.

www.CrimsonWhite.org for back issues and other stuff

A publication so dangerous it now comes with a warning label.

Yes! This is a subversive, challenging, counter-culture publication. That's what Christianity is - a counter-culture. This should have a warning label.

WARNING

Do not read the Crimson & White Connection unless you want your HEART ENCOURAGED and your MIND CHALLENGED and your SPIRIT PRODDED

~ Your behavior is what you believe; all the rest is just talk.

"To be a Christian means to forgive the inexcusable, because God has forgiven the inexcusable in you."

- C. S. Lewis