InterVarsity
Summer Devotional
2013
Dear friend,

Thank you. Thank you for opening this book, for reading these words, for giving us a chance to be a part of your life this summer. As prayer team, we desire for you to realize the power of prayer, of your personal, regular, and committed prayer in connecting you to God. He has shown us this year that we must return our hearts and minds to the Source often in order to have a faith and a life that is pleasing to God, and that God will respond so generously to faithful words. We ask and hope that you can forgive us for not being as present or as vocal as we should have been to remind and inspire you to pray and to give precious prayer the pedestal it deserves in pulling our hearts towards God. We did you a disservice in this.

As you go through your summer, we hope that the words here said in faith will encourage, entertain, and challenge you, and most of all bring you closer to God and to our brothers and sisters in Christ. We challenge you to pray **every day**.

As we disperse for the summer, or longer, this is our prayer for you:

“And so, from the day we heard, we have not ceased to pray for you, asking that you may be filled with the knowledge of his will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding, so as to walk in a manner worthy of the Lord, fully pleasing to him, bearing fruit in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God. May you be strengthened with all power, according to his glorious might, for all endurance and patience with joy, giving thanks to the Father, who has qualified you to share in the inheritance of the saints in light.”  
*(Colossians 1:9-12)*

With peace, love, and joy

*IV Prayer Team 2012-2013*

Daisy Grijalva  
Vivian Tsang  
Andre Aganbi  
Crystal Owens
What has God taught you this year?
Day 2

Pray for those who are traveling this summer.

Day 3

Oceans (Where Feet May Fail)

You call me out upon the waters
The great unknown where feet may fail
And there I find You in the mystery
In oceans deep
My faith will stand

And I will call upon Your name
And keep my eyes above the waves
When oceans rise
My soul will rest in Your embrace
For I am Yours and You are mine

Your grace abounds in deepest waters
Your sovereign hand
Will be my guide
Where feet may fail and fear surrounds me
You've never failed and You won't start now

So I will call upon Your name
And keep my eyes above the waves
When oceans rise
My soul will rest in Your embrace
For I am Yours and You are mine

Spirit lead me where my trust is without borders
Let me walk upon the waters
Wherever You would call me
Take me deeper than my feet could ever wander
And my faith will be made stronger
In the presence of my Savior

I will call upon Your Name
Keep my eyes above the waves
My soul will rest in Your embrace
I am Yours and You are mine

~Hillsong United

This semester there was a Chronicle article that was very well received (http://www.dukechronicle.com/articles/2013/04/18/knowing-when-dukes-not-normal) that challenged us to think of how much Duke has changed us since coming onto campus. What is "normal" to me now probably wasn't normal during my sophomore year of high school, nor was what was normal to me then the same as my perception of normal during my middle school years. I think the article points to a practice that we need to engage ourselves in more often, the habit of reflecting on how we have grown, either spiritually, academically, mentally, or physically. During the school year, it is far too easy to get caught up in how things are going wrong and how many things we have to do, when we are actually doing so much everyday that is changing ourselves for better or worse. When we take the time to think about how we have changed, and more importantly to realize how we have changed, we are able to understand ourselves better and can sometimes find direction in where we want to spend our focus on for the future instead of just wandering aimlessly in life. For me, I have found pleasantly surprising encouragement when I realize I have grown in areas I once vowed to changed, while also have found disappointment when I realized I haven't changed a certain habit at all, even when I told myself I had. This is not a call to get stuck in the past, but I think we need to learn to use our past to guide us into the future. Take some time to reflect and see how you have changed this past year, cause you have!

~Philip Me, 2014
How do you envision this summer? Is God in that vision?

Day 5
Day 6

For whose salvation will you pray most fervently for this summer? Pray for that person!

Day 7

"He said to them, 'Pick me up and hurl me into the sea; then the sea will quiet down for you, for I know it is because of me that this great tempest has come upon you.' Nevertheless, the men rowed hard to get back to dry land, but they could not, for the sea grew more and more tempestuous against them." (Jonah 1:12-13)

Just as Jonah was hurled was into the sea, it was the Father's will for Jesus Christ to be thrown into the tempest. And just as the men rowed hard to get back to dry land, to get back to safety, they could not. They believed they could save themselves through their own efforts. And there are many of us who still believe that we can get to rest and safety by our own efforts. When Christ offers grace and says, "Let me take your place," we spit in his face and reject him. We try to work harder and harder when we fail to realize that the proper response should be to realize that Christ has already been thrown into the tempest and raised from the dead.

The passage goes on to tell us, "So they picked up Jonah and hurled him into the sea, and the sea ceased from its raging. Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and they offered a sacrifice to the Lord and made vows." (Jonah 1:15-16)

When they see the power of the sacrifice that was made, they realize the only response to the Gospel is worship and discipleship. No longer do they live their lives in the same fashion because they see that a sacrifice has been made for them and God has chosen to show grace to them! Jesus is the better Jonah. He takes your place in the tempest even though you deserve to be cast into the sea. The love between the son and the Father was infinite and timeless, and it was for your sake that the love was separated. When the Lord Jesus was hung on a cross, we saw the greatness of his love in the
words, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" He did not cry, "My head, my head!" or "My hands, my hands!" because the thing that hurt him the most was to lose the love of the Father. Christ died for you. The only proper response to love is love.

~David Chou, 2015

Day 8

How have your quiet times been?

Every time I shared my thoughts with friends when things weren't going so great, this was the first question that would come up. In the most difficult times, He always drew me back to the secret place, to where it all begins.

“Now in the morning, having risen a long while before daylight, He went out and departed to a solitary place; and there He prayed.” (Mark 1:35, NKJV)

Even Jesus needed to spend time seeking after the presence of God. Nothing can replace the time that we spend in stillness before Him: that is where we lay everything down before Him and soak in His presence, letting Him do the talking. Bill Johnson says that the most intimate connection we have with God is the fact that He talks. And how can we hear His voice if we don't give Him a chance to speak?

“But He answered and said, “It is written, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.’” (Matthew 4:4, NKJV)

Sometimes we are so caught up in what we can do for Him that we forget all He has done. In the business of all that surrounds us, spend time cultivating a personal history with Him, and let Him fill you up.

Give this song a listen: A Little Longer by Jenn Johnson.
What can I do for You?
What can I bring to You?
What kind of song would you like me to sing?

'Cause I'll dance a dance for You
Pour out my love to You
What can I do for You beautiful king?

'Cause I... can't thank You enough.
I can't thank You enough
What can I do for You?
What can I bring to You?
What kind of song would you like me to sing?

'Cause I'll dance a dance for You
Pour out my love to You
What can I do for You beautiful king?

'Cause I... can't thank You enough.
I can't thank You enough
All of the words that I find... and I can't thank You enough.
No matter I try... I can't thank You enough.
Then I hear You sing to me

"you... don't have to do a thing
Just simply be with me and let those things go
'Cause they can wait another minute

Wait... this moment is too sweet
Would you please stay here with Me
And love on Me a little longer"

I hear You say...
"You... don't have to do a thing
Just simply be with me and let those things go
'Cause they can wait another minute

Wait... this moment is too sweet
Would you please stay here with Me
And love on Me a little longer
I'd love to be with you a little longer
'Cause I'm in love with you

~Grace Han, 2015

Day 9

What does your heart look like? What are some areas where it is broken? Where is it whole? (Journal)
Times

I know I need You
I need to love You
I'd love to see You but it's been so long

I long to feel You
I feel this need for You
I need to hear You
Is that so wrong

Now You pull me near You
When we're close I fear You
Still I'm afraid to tell you all that I've done

Are You done forgiving
Or can You look past my pretending, Lord
I'm so tired of defending what I've become
What have I become

I hear You say
My love is over
It's underneath
It's inside
It's in between

The times that you doubt me
When you can't feel
The times that you question
Is this for real

The times you're broken
The times that you mend
The times you hate me
And the times that you bend

Well my love is over
It's underneath
It's inside
It's in between

The times that you're healing
And when your heart breaks
The times that you feel like you've fallen from grace

The times you're hurting
The times that you heal
The times you go hungry and are tempted to steal

In times of confusion
In chaos and pain
I'm there in your sorrow under the weight of your shame

I'm there through your heart-ache
I'm there in the storm
My love I will keep you by my power alone

I don't care where you've fallen or where you have been
I'll never forsake you
My love never ends
It never ends

~Tenth Avenue North

Day 11

Ask someone today how you can serve them and do it.
Psalm 1

“Blessed is the one
who does not walk in step with the wicked
or stand in the way that sinners take
or sit in the company of mockers,
but whose delight is in the law of the LORD,
and who meditates on his law day and night.
That person is like a tree planted by streams of water,
which yields its fruit in season
and whose leaf does not wither—
whatever they do prospers.
Not so the wicked!
They are like chaff
that the wind blows away.
Therefore the wicked will not stand in the judgment,
nor sinners in the assembly of the righteous.
For the LORD watches over the way of the righteous,
but the way of the wicked leads to destruction.”

Meditate on these verses.

Do you delight in the Lord, or do you delight in the world?

What does it mean to be blessed?

I am reading this passage now as a graduating senior—unsure of my future steps. I am fearful of how I will change. I like who I have become after four years at Duke and in IV. However, I fear that in my new workplace and setting, I will turn to worldly advice rather than to God--that I am not a tree planted by streams of water--that I will not prosper in my growth.

However, God assures us that these challenging times are what give us stronger roots, and He assures us that He is with us wherever we go. The
work has been completed for us on the cross, and we have every reason to trust God's guidance alone and to delight in Him.

Pray for the recent graduates especially, as they leave this community, that they will grow deeper in their relationship with Christ and be protected amidst tests and trials that may come their way.

~Anonymous

________________________________________________________

Day 13

**Surrender to God’s great LOVE!**

I can’t understand it, this love he has for me.  
I can’t reason out why He wants to set *me* free…  
My reflection only frowns at me; my heart is made of stone.  
Surely *God* knows there are better hopes around.

I’m not enslaved by sickness, poorness, hunger, or real chains that His hand might take away, and only love remains.  
But I enslave myself for my stained and lifeless heart.  
If Jesus frees me from myself, he just pulls me apart.

What would he see fit to save? What good is left in me?  
While he holds my hand I push away, “Please, leave!”  
I sit alone at night and cry a death-song for myself, stricken by the grief that I’m too far far-gone for health.

He says he comes down for the lost to bring them to His side.  
So I make my ears reject what surely only are His lies.  
Love me? Impossible! I say. I hate his grave, the cross.  
And feel satisfied I’m saving him from my burdens and my cost.

One vessel of wrath, made for the fire. Your kingdom has no room.  
Your Father knows not my name. I am made for hell, for doom.  
Even with Jesus in my life (though he really stands afar), I have no hope. A flightless bird, mistake. A fallen star.

God loves me, holds me gently while I cry myself to sleep. and simply says, “I care. I love. You are my loved sheep.
I care for you, your life, your pain. I’ve come to earth for you. Know this and be satisfied, for what I say is true.

I grieve your suffering and love you when you’re in your sin. And I’m looking forward to the day when at last you’ll let me in. I’m counting down the hours ’til from yourself you’re free. I’m storming your defenses and you’re not a match for me.

You’ll yet give into what I will, submit to my attack. Then I’ll take my daughter in my arms and her joy will make us laugh. Right now the foe has tricked you. But one day near you’ll see it’s not about your sin, it’s all about me.

I made you, I chose you, I saved you. I win. I healed you, remade you. I’m stronger than sin. Whatever your weakness, never forget. I’m God and I’m stronger. I’m not done with you yet.

Your vision is short; you can’t see what I see. Your future holds healing, renewal and beauty. Just trust me and follow, I promise you life. Lay down your burdens and be joined to Christ.

Know this, my daughter, and come to find rest. This is my work, not your work. And my work be blessed.”

~Anonymous

Ephesians 4:1-16

I therefore, a prisoner for the Lord, urge you to walk in a manner worthy of the calling to which you have been called, with all humility and gentleness, with patience, bearing with one another in love, eager to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit—just as you were called to the one hope that belongs to your call— one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all. But grace was given to each one of us according to the measure of Christ’s gift. Therefore it says, “When he ascended on high he led a host of captives,
and he gave gifts to men.”
(In saying, “He ascended,” what does it mean but that he had also descended into the lower regions, the earth? He who descended is the one who also ascended far above all the heavens, that he might fill all things.) And he gave the apostles, the prophets, the evangelists, the shepherds and teachers, to equip the saints for the work of ministry, for building up the body of Christ, until we all attain to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to mature manhood, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, so that we may no longer be children, tossed to and fro by the waves and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by human cunning, by craftiness in deceitful schemes. Rather, speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and held together by every joint with which it is equipped, when each part is working properly, makes the body grow so that it builds itself up in love.”

This passage of Ephesians makes it very clear that the way we are to mature and grow as a body is through unity, oneness with each other, despite disagreements. The phrase "bearing with one another" seems to imply the presence of people who, well, we must put up with. But because we are bearing with them "in love," the whole nature of the situation changes. Instead of desiring to walk out, the Holy Spirit transforms us at our inmost being so that even deeper than our annoyance, frustration, or even hatred is a desire to stay. The "bond of peace" that holds us together is only through the Spirit.

But while there is unity, there is also God-given dissimilarity God appoints to everyone different gifts, and it is by using our complementary gifts that we build one another up--as individuals and as a corporate body--into maturity. We can speak truth in love to one another because we see and feel different things. And when we can speak the truth in love to one another, we stand stronger as a body against the winds of outside influence, which might lead the Church astray. (Of course this must be done carefully, lest the church become impermeable to positive change.)

So it is Christ who facilitates unity in His body, unity, which matures the body of Christ, and maturity, which enables the body to do the work of Christ.

~Ivy Zhou, 2013, with some ideas from Lukang Xiao, 2013
Pray for your family and loved ones.

Daily Bread

"Give us this day our daily bread . . . " (Matthew 6:11)

This wasn't really something that I expected to learn about while at Duke -- daily bread surely wasn't something that I would ever need. I had a dining plan, after all. And wasn't that just a part of some archaic ritual prayer that we were supposed to pray, but that didn't really have much relevance, anyways?

But then it was Lent. And for Lent this year, I decided to do a Daniel fast of sorts (campus food options kept into consideration)—no processed wheat (pasta, bread, etc.), no sweets, and, when possible, no meat or dairy.

I hadn't really considered how much I depended on bread in my diet before then—bagels for breakfast, a baguette every now and then for lunch and dinner, sandwiches on a regular basis, even my strange affection for noodled soups. And so, being my normal, impulsive self, when I considered the Daniel fast, and found the idea appealing, I jumped in, both feet first, and then found myself confused why I was sinking. Suddenly, I could only eat, what—like rice and vegetables? But that should be okay, right? Except that those things were surprisingly difficult to locate, and expensive to boot. But, thankfully, despite my rashness, my food plan continued to be of sufficient quantities to sustain me...for a while anyways.

And then it was Spring Break, and I was headed off to my Aunt's house in South Carolina.

Now, my family has never really been well off, especially my aunt and her husband, who is a pastor of a small church. And so, as I was preparing to head down, I found myself in a dilemma—should I impose my newfound
dietary restrictions on my aunt and her family's budget, all for the sake of maintaining some sort of legalistic righteousness? Admittedly, I was also wearying of this fast—couldn't this be the perfect excuse to give up on it? And also, what to do about the privilege there? Because, really, being able to pick and choose what to eat, instead of simply considering the economic was a privilege.

In the end, I ended up giving in—how could I not? Attending an institution like Duke already made me conscious enough of my privilege when visiting my relatives. And besides, my aunt's food was amazing—and I didn't want to make her feel bad if I didn't eat it. And so, that week, literally everything I ate consisted of processed grains, dairy, meat, and sweets.

Then, I returned to Duke—and I ought to have resumed the fast immediately. Except I was lazy, in actuality, really running out of food points. There was a week and a half left.

I had been wanting to do a juice fast for a while. And the last week of Lent was pretty doable academically—so why not? My last meal for the week was a potluck at church, after which I went to Kroger and bought a massive amount of juice—eight, ten bottles (the big ones) of juices of different kinds. Heaven forbid I have to live without variety!

The first day of the fast, literally all I wanted was bread. Literally. Textured, chewy, warm, baked bread. And so, all day, I found myself just praying, "Jesus you are my bread, Jesus you are my bread," over and over and over again.

I still wanted bread.

By Tuesday, I strangely stopped being hungry, as my body adjusted to this new source of nutrients. By Thursday, my teeth were sticky from all the sugar I was ingesting. By Friday I was starting to get short with people.

How on earth did Jesus last forty days?!
Now, thankfully, during this last week, I had companions—two juniors who had opted to do fasts of their own. Throughout the week, we shot emails to one another, of encouragement, requests for prayer; the whole bit. Then, there was a bit of confusion as to when we would break the fast—I thought later, they thought sooner—and so we ended up picking Saturday morning. Admittedly, I felt a bit guilty—wasn't this just me compromising, again? Or was this just Jesus breaking down my legalism, yet again?

I never really resolved that one, but that Saturday I found myself at Pitchfork Provisions with my two friends. We ordered everything we had been craving that week—I got eggs and toast—and patiently awaited their arrival.

But then, after saying grace and taking our first bites, each of us paused.

"It wasn't as good as I was expecting, you know?"
"Part of me is still like . . . am I allowed to do this?"
"I forgot what it was like to need to chew so much. Hah."

It was like we got exactly what we had wanted—but it didn't satisfy. It was strange. Shouldn't we have been starving? I know the night before we had been. But when you looked at the trade-off—dependence on Jesus for strength to overcome ourselves, and indulgence in a pretty standard method of substance—I, at least, couldn't help but feel a bit cheated.

That's not to say we shouldn't have broken our fast—there is definitely a time and a place for feasting, as well, and for responsible, bodily care—but I was just surprised the let down of the return to "the normal." Maybe it's because I'm some sort of hipster masochist, and I just enjoy doing strange and difficult things, but I can't help but wonder if, again, there’s something more there.

I mean, weren't we again just being reminded of the truth of God's love—nothing, literally nothing, will satisfy more than Jesus.
Looking back now, I’m not sure if daily bread is meant to be a lesson on laying down our selfishness and preferences, in order to be considerate of others, but if I look at the way that God provided manna, daily bread, for the Israelites in the desert in the exodus, I can’t help but think that it might be.

Then the Lord said to Moses, “Behold, I am about to rain bread from heaven for you, and the people shall go out and gather a day’s portion every day, that I may test them, whether they will walk in my law or not.”

This is what the Lord has commanded: ‘Gather of it, each one of you, as much as he can eat. You shall each take an omer, according to the number of the persons that each of you has in his tent.’” And the people of Israel did so. They gathered, some more, some less. But when they measured it with an omer, whoever gathered much had nothing left over, and whoever gathered little had no lack. Each of them gathered as much as he could eat. (Exodus 16:4-5; 16:18)

Every day. Daily bread. That's what's so tough about this, you know. It's not a month in advance. It's not even a week in advance—it's every. single. day. asking, "Lord, will you provide?"

But isn't that just poor economic strategy—a sort of take-it-as-it-comes mentality? Or is it an exercise in dependence and community? I'm not sure.

And Moses said to them, “Let no one leave any of it over till the morning.” But they did not listen to Moses. Some left part of it till the morning, and it bred worms and stank. And Moses was angry with them. Morning by morning they gathered it, each as much as he could eat; but when the sun grew hot, it melted. (v. 16-21)

That's crazy—the leftovers rotted? What?

But, now, it's the end of the semester, and I really am out of food points. Like, $0.10 in food points, out. And I can't refill them, because I am actually broke, as well. Like, $30 in my bank account until I go home, broke. I guess
I could always ask my parents, but the chances are that they really won't have a ton to give me either. Well, they miiiiight. But, I would feel guilty asking them again. Aren't I supposed to be independent by this point in my life? Sigh.

I know this won't last forever—once I'm home again, I'll have a job, but it is where I find myself at the present. But then, again, I wonder—once I'm self-sufficient again, will I be satisfied? Won't it be like that morning, eating breakfast?

I'm not saying that I don't want to be, or that I won't. In truth, I cringe every time I have to ask someone with extra food points to buy me a meal.

And, then, this prayer, all over again:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

It's like a mantra, echoing in my head—as though Jesus is asking me, daily, now that you cannot provide for yourself, do you trust that I will?

I wish I could say that I was some sort of faith giant (whatever that means) who always took God at God's word. Except, well…I'm not.

He still continues to provide.

Through friends. Free food events (but, actually—do you even realize how great these are?!). Through random encounters and humbling moments of grace (hello, neighbor's rice; free coffee).

And really, the reality here is that no one here would let me starve. There are enough people here that care about me, a sufficient number of social safety nets in place that I, unlike someone in a much less fortunate situation, do not really have to come to terms with.

And yet, I read this verse again, I realize I still have so much to learn. "Give us this day our daily bread."

This verse says give us. And, haven't you noticed, this story has been all about me? That's the danger, right—taking God's promises, or our prayers, and making them fundamentally about us—about me. Turning the corporate into the personal.

But that's how I've experienced it, right? In God providing me with daily bread, daily strength, daily joy and peace. But that vision is so small.

This isn't a story about me getting exactly what I need, in some sort of transactional way, as if God were a gum ball machine that you insert prayer into, and with the flick of a wrist, and a turn of the crank get out your desires. No.

This is a story of Jesus being sufficient. Of him providing all things -- our daily bread via food points or friends, even when we forget to ask for it; our peace and strength and salvation and joy when we didn't, don't deserve it; sustenance for us all.

It sounds a bit trite to compare my story to these verses -- but to do any less seems even more so.

Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.’ Then the righteous will answer him, saying, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? And when did we see you a stranger and welcome you, or naked and clothe you? And when did we see you sick or in prison and visit you?’ And the King will answer them, ‘Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers or sisters, you did it to me.’ (Matthew 25:34-40)
Again, I hesitate to say that I'm a "least of these," …unless. Well. Aren't we all, sometimes? Aren't we all hungry for something, lonely, in need of kindness or a smile or encouragement? And, at some time or another, don't we also provide those things for others?

Looking back on this semester, I'm really not sure what was good, except Jesus. And I mean that. Academics were just okay, as I struggled to care enough to complete my work; relationships started off great, and have since dipped and peaked and wavered; my attempts to cultivate spiritual disciplines was more or less unsuccessful; and, even in trying to be faithful of some sort, my motives were always mixed—I could never parse out if what I was doing was for God, or if it was my own selfish ambition twisted in a way to look like holiness.

I am so weak. If there's nothing else I've realized, it's that.

But our Jesus—he is so, so, so, so, so good. He is faithful. He provides, if only we ask. And even, most often, when we forget to.

I don't know if I'll ever truly comprehend the extent of His grace.

Ahhhhhhh <3

Well, I guess I've sufficiently rambled for the time being.

So, from one failing-without-Jesus sister to another: Keep it up.

Our Jesus is with us wherever we go.

May His peace and grace be abundant upon you and through you, and His Spirit abounding within you.

~Rachel White, 2014
Examine your heart. Where are you struggling? In what areas of your life do you most need growth? Offer that up to God.
Nothing more than Nothing

Tell me the weight of a snowflake", a coal-mouse asked a wild dove.

"Nothing more than nothing", came the answer.

"In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story," the coal-mouse said.

"I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow -- not heavily, not in a raging blizzard -- no, just like in a dream, without a wind and without any violence. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952. When the 3,741,953rd dropped onto the branch -- nothing more than nothing, as you say -- the branch broke off."

Having said that, the coal-mouse flew away.

The dove, an authority on this since the time of Noah, thought about the story for awhile, and finally said to herself, "Perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come to the world."

~Author unknown

Pray for someone you really dislike.

Oh The Deep, Deep Love

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me
Underneath me, all around me
Is the current of Your love
Leading onward, leading homeward
To Your glorious rest above

Oh the deep, deep love
All I need and trust
Is the deep, deep love of Jesus

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Spread His praise from shore to shore
How He came to pay our ransom
Through the saving cross He bore
How He watches o’er His loved ones
Those He died to make His own
How for them He’s interceding
Pleading now before the throne

Oh the deep, deep love
All I need and trust
Is the deep, deep love of Jesus

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Far surpassing all the rest
It’s an ocean full of blessing
In the midst of every test
Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Mighty Savior, precious Friend
You will bring us home to glory
Where Your love will never end

Oh the deep, deep love
All I need and trust
Is the deep, deep love of Jesus

~Sovereign Grace
"For God did not give us a spirit of timidity, but a spirit of power, of love and of self-discipline." (2 Timothy 1:7) Is there anything that God has called you to do that you are resisting? How can you step out of your comfort zone today and respond to his call?
The Jesus Creed

We have confidence in Jesus
Who healed the sick, the blind, and the paralyzed.
And even raised the dead.

He cast out evil powers and
Confronted corrupt leaders.
He cleansed the temple.
He favored the poor.
He turned water into wine,
Walked on water, calmed storms.

He died for the sins of the world,
Rose from the dead, and ascended to the Father,
Sent the Holy Spirit.

We have confidence in Jesus
Who taught in word and example,
Sign and wonder.
He preached parables of the kingdom of God
On hillsides, from boats, in the temple, in homes,
At banquets and parties, along the road, on beaches, in towns,
By day and by night.

He taught the way of love for God and neighbor,
For stranger and enemy, for outcast and alien.

We have confidence in Jesus,
Who called disciples, led them,
Gave them new names and new purpose
And sent them out to preach good news.
He washed their feet as a servant.
He walked with them, ate with them,
Called them friends,
Rebuked them, encouraged them,
Promised to leave and then return,
And promised to be with them always.

He taught them to pray.
He rose early to pray, stole away to desolate places,
Fasted and faced agonizing temptations,
Wept in a garden,
And prayed, “Not my will but Your will be done.”
He rejoiced, he sang, he feasted, he wept.
We have confidence in Jesus,
So we follow him, learn his ways,
Seek to obey his teaching and live by his example.
We walk with him, walk in him, abide in him,
As a branch in a vine.

We have not seen him, but we love him.
His words are to us words of life eternal,
And to know him is to know the true and living God.
We do not see him now, but we have confidence in Jesus.

Amen.


Day 23

“For where two or three come together in my name, there I am with them.”
(Matthew 18:20) Pray with a friend.

Day 24

Neither incompetent nor wicked, but called beloved and friend of God.

How great it is, when I am overcome by the depths of my wickedness and failure and general incapacity to do anything right, that I remember that the one who designed us all crafted me uniquely to be who I am, and that he is my friend and he loves me. Praise him!

The voice that says “you worthless, incompetent fool!” is not the voice of God. He says, “My good and faithful servant.” (Matthew 25:21) The world says, “You should achieve more. You should be better. You should be nicer, friendlier, happier, smarter. If you do not measure up to perfection then you are nothing.” God’s word says, “Have faith in the Lord your God and you will be upheld; have faith in his prophets and you will be successful” (2
Chronicles 20:20) and “The Lord does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart” (1 Samuel 16:7).

The more you are like Jesus, the more the world will try to destroy you. We don’t want someone who will care for the poor. We don’t want someone who will give himself up to die a shameful public execution when his people were willing and able to make him king and rebel against the Roman oppression. We can’t understand him. And so we are compelled to fix the deep-soul discomfort that he gives us. We must either kill our hate, or kill him. Rich and powerful people have a very hard time letting themselves die, perhaps because of the suffering that comes with that, to which they are less accustomed than people routinely passed over by general society. So we often see the poor and poor in spirit gladly follow Jesus, while the Pharisees with authority want him to die. So much as you are like Jesus, they will want to get rid of you, too. “Pray for those who persecute you,” because it means that God has spoken through you in a way that unsettles them deep inside themselves. It is God offering them a chance at salvation, through your words and works. Do not relent when you are persecuted, but keep pushing, and pray all the more for your persecutors to turn to God.

“Be strong and let us fight bravely for our people and the cities of our God.” (2 Sam 10:12)

Like the Israelites fought (with struggle and casualty) to win every city of their God-promised land, so we fight to win every inch of the kingdom of God and, for the sake of the elect endure all things.

“Do not be afraid or discouraged because of this vast army. For the battle is not yours, but God’s.” (2 Chronicles 20:15)

When you hear someone tell you, or that silly little voice in your head says, “you are stupid, worthless, unworthy, incompetent”, know that you have more and are more than these lying criticisms can comprehend. You are God’s beloved and, through him, you have all wisdom, great riches, a seat in heaven, and God’s call to live the life you were designed for.

I pray that you would always know God’s love for you. I pray that his beauty would inflame your passion anew each day and inspire you to life. I pray for your courage in his battles. Praise be to God. Amen.

~Anonymous
Day 25

What is the one thing you most tightly hold on to? What are you most afraid of losing? If God asked you to give that up to Him, would you surrender?
Day 26

Ask someone today how you can pray for them, and pray for them.

Day 27

Between (Excerpts)

As I read and wrote and prayed, I asked God to bring me joy. I asked Him to show me that He is still Emmanuel, that He is still with me. I thumbed through the Psalms, landing on my favorite joy passages:

“Thou wilt make known to me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy.” (Psalm 16:11)

Yes, it is only in His presence that I can fully experience joy.

And David’s cry, which resonated with my spirit,

“Why are you in despair, O my soul? And why have you become disturbed within me? Hope in God, for I shall again praise Him for the help of His presence.” (Psalm 42:5)

Hope. His presence. God with us. God with me. We have it all!

And finally, the linchpin that seems upside-down,

“Offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving.” (Psalm 50:14)

A sacrifice. That means to give thanks . . . even when it’s hard. Especially when it’s hard. Even when it doesn't look like a blessing. Because He is present. He is Emmanuel. And that is where the joy is.

I pulled out my neglected gratitude journal and scratched out a few lines. I had forgotten to give thanks. I had forgotten that my thank you is a hallelujah to Him that in turn brings joy and blessing.

My spirit found peace, and I thanked the Lord for leading me through the valley once again.

*   *   *   *   *
If you find yourself in a similar frame of mind today, dear friend, may I encourage you? I know how you feel. I also know that there's a way to rise joyfully beyond the despondency.

1. Seek Him. Ask the Lord to renew a spirit of joy in your heart. It comes from Him! And He is extravagant in His gifts. He longs not only to give you joy, but to give you the fullness of joy!

2. Give thanks. A spirit of gratitude leads to joy. Look at the gifts around you -- thank Him for even the very simplest things if need be. A new day. A new hope. A new joy.

3. Begin small. Don't try to tackle the day. Just do the next thing. Take baby steps. Find the nearest duty and fulfill it. It can be daunting to say, "I'm going to clean the entire house today!" when coming off of an exhausting week. Try instead to give yourself small goals and see if they don't spur you on to do just a little bit more. "Hope and keep busy, dear daughter!"


When I Needed Him Most

This year has definitely been one of highs and lows. About a month ago, I hit a serious low. It was on a Monday afternoon at 3:20pm. I received a call from my mom that my dad’s anxiety-disorder had gotten a lot worse while he was in China. Twenty minutes later, my brother called and opened up to me about his conflicts with my mom and how they were hitting a tipping point. Normally, I would go discuss anything particularly distressing with my mom, but this time, I couldn’t. I felt lost and helpless—as if I were trapped in a corner. I needed something to lift me up. About half an hour later, I decided to exit the lab and go for a walk. Right when I walked out the door, the thought of God popped into my mind. I can’t explain why or how. All I can say is that it was amazing. I thought of God—His grace and mercy—and for the first time, I knew what it meant to be “saved”. The warmth of His love flowed through me. It washed away my fears. I could feel Him standing next to me, lending me his hand. His love touched me—deeply. He was there for me when I needed it the most. I
felt so grateful. I just wanted to praise His name and thank him forever and ever.

The thought of knowing He was there for me helped me get through that rough patch. I had midterms that week I was ready to fail. He helped me through them and gave me the energy to try my best. He gave me the courage to call my dad and talk to him about his situation. He assured me that he would watch out for my dad and my brother when I was helpless to do so.

Without a doubt, this has been my most powerful experience these past 3 years at Duke. I came to Duke as a non-Christian. I am now certain that I will become Christian. I want to go to church. I want to learn more about Him. I want to see my relationship with Him grow. And, honestly, I can’t wait.

~Eric Huang, 2014

Day 29

Ask God what areas in your life He desires you to change. What will you do to enjoy His presence more fully?
Morning Glory, Starlit Sky

Morning glory, starlit sky, 
soaring music, scholar’s truth, 
flight of swallows, autumn leaves, 
memory’s treasure, grace of youth:

Open are the gifts of God, 
gifts of love to mind and sense; 
hidden is love’s agony, 
love’s endeavor, love’s expense.

Love that gives, gives ever more, 
gives with zeal, with eager hands, 
spares not, keeps not, all outpours, 
ventures all its all expends.

Drained is love in making full, 
bound in setting others free, 
poor in making many rich, 
weak in giving power to be.
Therefore he who shows us God helpless hangs upon the tree; and the nails and crown of thorns tell of what God’s love must be.

Here is God: no monarch he, throned in easy state to reign; here is God, whose arms of love aching, spent, the world sustain.

~W.H. Vanstone & Dorothy Howell Sheets

This summer, we will embark on new adventures. We will meet new people, see different things, and do things we’ve never done before. Yes, even you who is staying in Durham or at home, you will experience something novel. Our identities will be challenged and affirmed. We will create new goals, strive for different heights, and fall into crazy depths.

In the past few months, I’ve fallen in love with Exodus. I find Moses’ struggles with his adoption, his estranged identity, his loneliness, and the way he responds to the tasks God asks of him enthralling. And I am super excited about the way God, specifically in Exodus, has shown to us who, how, and where we can (and should!) find support as we hang out with real people and in the real world. As we read these passages, we’ll see the people God puts in Moses’ life to give him the different yet equally important kinds of support.

* * * * *

Moses Flees to Midian (Exodus 2:11-21)

One day, after Moses had grown up, he went out to where his own people were and watched them at their hard labor. He saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew, one of his own people. Looking this way and that and seeing no one, he killed the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. The next day he went out and saw two Hebrews fighting. He asked the one in the wrong, “Why are you hitting your fellow Hebrew?”

The man said, “Who made you ruler and judge over us? Are you thinking of killing me as you killed the Egyptian?” Then Moses was afraid and thought, “What I did must have become known.”
When Pharaoh heard of this, he tried to kill Moses, but Moses fled from Pharaoh and went to live in Midian, where he sat down by a well. Now a priest of Midian had seven daughters, and they came to draw water and fill the troughs to water their father’s flock. Some shepherds came along and drove them away, but Moses got up and came to their rescue and watered their flock.

When the girls returned to Reuel their father, he asked them, “Why have you returned so early today?”

They answered, “An Egyptian rescued us from the shepherds. He even drew water for us and watered the flock.”

“And where is he?” Reuel asked his daughters. “Why did you leave him? Invite him to have something to eat.”

Moses agreed to stay with the man, who gave his daughter Zipporah to Moses in marriage.

Moses Returns to Egypt (Exodus 4:18)

Then Moses went back to Jethro his father-in-law and said to him, “Let me return to my own people in Egypt to see if any of them are still alive.”

Jethro said, “Go, and I wish you well.”

(Exodus 4:24-30)

At a lodging place on the way, the Lord met Moses and was about to kill him. But Zipporah took a flint knife, cut off her son’s foreskin and touched Moses’ feet with it. “Surely you are a bridegroom of blood to me,” she said. So the Lord let him alone. (At that time she said “bridegroom of blood,” referring to circumcision.)

The Lord said to Aaron, “Go into the wilderness to meet Moses.” So he met Moses at the mountain of God and kissed him. Then Moses told Aaron everything the Lord had sent him to say, and also about all the signs he had commanded him to perform.

Moses and Aaron brought together all the elders of the Israelites, and Aaron told them everything the Lord had said to Moses.

* * * *
We all need these three types of people to support us and be with us in friendship, leadership, and community. JAZ: Jethro, Aaron, and Zipporah. Here's my brief take on what all these people mean to Moses, and how they have significance in our lives!

Jethro: Moses' father-in-law is an awesome (older) mentor who gives great advice. He hospitably brings Moses into his family, gives him a steady job, gives him PERMISSION to pursue what God asks of him, and then later in Exodus 18, even gives Moses advice to free himself in order to empower and mentor others to arbitrate matters.

Aaron: Moses’s older brother is that right-hand man/woman who will wander the wilderness to meet you in the scary dark places and listen as you tell him/her about your craziest ideas and thoughts. This individual will support you always as he/she will walk alongside you [literally and figuratively], believe in you, and even speak or advocate on your behalf when you’re feeling insecure.

Zipporah: Moses' wife was this incredible spiritual accountability buddy [buddy = spouse y'know...] for Moses. This person will call you out, even drawing blood if needed, to make sure you're faithful! He/she may understand your walk sometimes better than you do, and they're willing to sacrifice and go above and beyond to make sure the Lord is smiling on your beliefs and actions.

Jethro empowers you and gives you perspective because of his age and wisdom. Aaron helps you accomplish the things you're called to do as a partner in your work. Zipporah meets you where you are and encourages you to grow personally in the internal ways others may not see.

~Ting-Ting Zhou, 2013

"We need to know God better. When it comes to knowing God, we are a culture of the spiritually stunted. So much of our religion is packaged to address our felt needs--and these are almost uniformly anchored in our pursuit of our own happiness and fulfillment. God simply becomes the Great Being who, potentially at least, meets our needs and fulfills our aspirations. We think rather little of what he is
like, what he expects of us, what he seeks in us. We are not captured by his holiness and love; his thoughts and words capture too little of our imagination, too little of our discourse, too few of our priorities.

In the biblical view of things, a deeper knowledge of God brings with it massive improvement in the other areas mentioned: purity, integrity, evangelistic effectiveness, better study of Scripture, improved private and corporate worship, and much more. But if we seek these things without passionately desiring a deeper knowledge of God, we are selfishly running after God's blessings without running after him. We are even worse than the man who wants his wife's services--someone to come home to, someone to cook and clean, someone to sleep with--without ever making the effort to really know and love his wife and discover what she wants and needs; we are worse than such a man, I say, because a God is more than any wife, more than the best of wives: he is perfect in his love, he has made us for himself, and we are answerable to him."

-- D.A. Carson, A Call to Spiritual Reformation, p. 15-16

The critical question for our generation--and for every generation--is this: If you could have heaven, with no sickness, and with all the friends you ever had on earth, and all the food you ever liked, and all the leisure activities you ever enjoyed, and all the natural beauties you ever saw, all the physical pleasures you ever tasted, and no human conflict or any natural disasters, could you be satisfied with heaven, if Christ were not there?

-- John Piper, God is the Gospel, p. 15

These are tough words to hear; they merit several moments of quiet reflection and self-examination. I don't know that I can honestly answer "yes" to Piper's question. Carson rebukes me directly and exposes my skewed priorities.
My prayers reflect those priorities. In prayer, I thank the Lord for the blessings He's given me and my community--and there have been many. I ask Him for blessings, healing, intercession--for me, for other people, for the world. Make no mistake--these are good things, and a healthy, sustained prayer will probably include them.

But it is much less often that I confess my sins, that I worship and praise Him simply for who He is, that I seek to align my requests with His purposes as revealed in Scripture, that I humble and submit myself to His will. And how often do I want nothing more than to know Him better, with no petitionary strings attached?

Take the time today to pray, to seek Him and Him alone.

“Thus says the LORD: “Let not the wise man boast in his wisdom, let not the mighty man boast in his might, let not the rich man boast in his riches, but let him who boasts boast in this, that he understands and knows me, that I am the LORD who practices steadfast love, justice, and righteousness in the earth. For in these things I delight, declares the LORD.”

Jeremiah 9:23-24 (ESV; emphasis added)

~Anonymous

Day 33

List some of the blessings you encountered this week.
Matthew 22:36-40 (NIV, New International Version)

“Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?”
Jesus replied: “‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.’
This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: ‘Love your neighbor as yourself.’
All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.”

Part 1:
I must confess that many times I take the second before the greatest. I try my hardest to love my neighbor, but I don't give God even a sprinkle of the love that He deserves. My greatest love language is quality time. I enjoy spending time with friends and appreciate it immensely when people take time to hang out with me. And yet, when it comes to the greatest Friend of all, I neglect Him. Today, think and pray about how great of a Friend, Father, and Lover God has been to you and will be forever. Take time to have a date with Him. Take a walk with Him, chat with Him, laugh with Him, and dwell in His love for you.
Part 2:
For those of you who are always busy and never have enough time, don't forget your neighbors! They may feel lonely, but you'll never know unless you take the time to talk to them. We're a missional fellowship, but sometimes we neglect to see the hurt in our brothers and sisters next to us when we're always facing forward. Today, take the time to write a letter to someone around you, whether it be your besteresterest friend forever or that friend you haven't talked to in many years.

~Cathay Wu, 2014

Expectations in Relationships

× Relationships exist to persevere one with another.

“Take care, brothers, lest there be in any of you an evil, unbelieving heart, leading you to fall away from the living God. But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called “today,” that none of you may be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. For we have come to share in Christ, if indeed we hold our original confidence firm to the end.” (Hebrews 3:12-14, ESV)

There’s a problem that the writer is warning the Hebrew church about: “an evil, unbelieving heart” that leads them “to fall away from the living God.”

“But” or ‘instead’ of letting that happen, they should do something that will keep them from that: “exhort one another every day, as long as it is called “today,” that none of you may be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.”

In other words: if you belong to God, then He has ordained the means of your perseverance: community that ‘exhorts’ you or speaks truth in love to you – helping you not be led astray by your unbelief.

Community does exist for you in one sense. But not just to make you feel good. To challenge you and push on you and teach you to see sin in your heart so that you aren’t deceived.
× Relationships exists to move the kingdom of God forward.

“I do not ask for these only, but also for those who will believe in me through their word, that they may all be one, just as you, Father, are in me, and I in you, that they also may be in us, so that the world may believe that you have sent me.” (John 17:20-21, ESV)

Jesus’ prayer: that we would be one. We would be unified. Why?

So that the world may believe in Jesus.

That’s crazy. Jesus thinks that seeing you and me love each other will lead people to believe in Him. Crazy.

× Relationships are NOT about finding bffs.

I know that you want to like the people you do life with. I get it. Me too. I want them to have personalities and a sense of humor that mesh with mine.

But every now and then it’s helpful to get a little splash of perspective.

I get that perspective when I think about the Turkish Church. In the whole country of Turkey there are about 5000 believers. That means that more people come to my church on a Sunday then there are believers in all of Turkey.

When you talk to Christians in Turkey, they want community in a desperate way. And you know what their standard is? Someone else who loves Jesus. They are searching and praying for God to bring them one single person who knows about God and who will help them live out this mission and fight for faith.

We don’t get to pick our family.

God picked His family. He adopted you and me and the men and women in our churches are our brothers and sisters. We don’t get to send them back. We don’t get to ignore them if we don’t mesh well. They’re our family.
We don’t shop for community. We trust God. We link arms with people who love Jesus no matter how different and no matter how annoying because there are bigger things happening here in this world then finding a pal who will be a fun coffee date on a Saturday afternoon.

× Relationships are NOT Jesus.

You cannot expect community to satisfy your soul. Relationships are desperately important and an immense gift, but they are not supposed to save you: not from loneliness, not from pain, not from fear, not from death, not from insecurity. We only have one Savior.

Here are a couple of questions to get your wheels turning:

- Do you often feel let down by people? Or do you try to expect nothing from people?
- What does it look like to have healthy expectations without putting your hope in people?


What has God been teaching you this summer?
While I was reading through Samuel’s farewell address to Israel, the first thing I thought was, Wow, Samuel is a leader.

Samuel begins by asking the people to recount any incidences where he may have sinned against God and against the people: "Testify against me and I will restore it to you." Speaking personally as someone who hates being wrong, especially in front of other people, this takes a lot of humility! And this isn’t just Samuel patting himself on the back, "Tell me how I’ve sinned. Oh, I haven't? Yeah, that’s what I thought." No, after the people tell him, "You have not defeated us or oppressed us or taken anything from any man's hand," Samuel says, Okay... "The Lord is witness against you, and his anointed is witness this day, that you have not found anything in my hand." Samuel holds himself accountable to the people, and he reminds the people that the Lord is holding them accountable to their accountability to Samuel.
He then goes on to give an account of what the Lord has done, reminding them of God’s deliverance, Israel’s rebellion, God’s deliverance, Israel’s rebellion… At this point in time, Israel has just demanded a king, and this was sin in God’s eyes because the Israelites were not putting their trust in God as king. However, God gives them a king anyway, and Samuel says that even though they have sinned, this can also be used for good. He reminds them that they are going to be held accountable for their king: “If you will fear the Lord and serve him and obey his voice and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, and if both you and the king who reigns over you will follow the Lord your God, it will be well. But if you do not obey... then the hand of the Lord will be against you and your king.” Even though the king is reigning over them, Samuel directs this commandment to the people first, and then to the king. The Israelites’ obedience or disobedience to God will affect how the kingdom is run; Samuel makes it clear that their allegiance is still first and foremost to God.

The Israelites must still not understand the extent of their sin, because Samuel asks the Lord to send down thunder and rain so that they “shall know and see that [their] wickedness is great, which [they] have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking for [themselves] a king.” When the thunder and rain come, however, they ask Samuel to pray that they might not die… not for perseverance in obedience or love for God. Hmm how often do our prayers follow this pattern of not asking for what we actually need?

But Samuel redirects their attention toward God and says, “Do not afraid... do not turn aside from following the Lord... Do not turn aside after empty things that cannot profit and deliver, for they are empty. For the Lord will not forsake his people, for his great name’s sake, because it has pleased the Lord to make you a people for himself.” Wow. Even though you’ve sinned and rejected me and you still don’t really get it, it still pleases me to make you my people? Samuel in this moment reminds the people of God’s great compassion and grace.

And then he closes: “As for me, far be it from me that I should sin against the Lord by ceasing to pray for you.” Samuel considers it sin to cease praying for the people. May that be a reminder that one of the most important things leaders can do for the people they’re leading is to pray for them.

As we think about the new school year and step into new leadership positions, how can we learn from Samuel’s example? In being held accountable to the people? In rebuking sin? In pointing people towards God? In praying for people? How can we also keep our leaders accountable? What are our responsibilities as those who are being led?

~Lucy Yang, 2014
Pray for the incoming freshmen class.

You Are Love

A mind full of questions
And a heart full of pain
Can't understand why we are here again

But there's grace in this season
Not just to see us through
But to renew us

You are love Lord
And Your ways testify
You are love Lord
Perfectly defined
Through the suffering or joy
We will confide in Your perfect love

A mind full of questions
And a future unclear
But Your perfect love scatters fear

‘Cos Your will is to build up
And not to harm
But to complete us

It's time to stretch these legs of faith
And run into this unknown width
With truth of Your love for us

~Rend Collective Experiment
What do you envision for the new school year? Where do you see God moving, and how do you see yourself in that picture?
Dear friend,

Thank you. Thank you for coming with us on this journey through our summer sharing time on prayer, reflection, growth, love, time with God and need for God, service, blessing, unity of the body, God’s care for us, struggle, relationship, humility, sacrifice, praise, seeking God, fellowship and support, leadership, trusting God, loving Jesus and everything else. We urge you to keep pursuing God on a regular basis, to “rejoice always, pray continually, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is God’s will for you in Christ Jesus.” (1 Thessalonians 5:16-18)

As we come to the end of our summers and prepare to return to Duke, or to go on to something greater, know and find peace that we are now and forever united in Christ, and to Christ.

“For I am sure that neither death nor life nor angels, nor rulers nor powers, nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus.” (Romans 8:38-39)

Thank you for letting us serve you.
With peace, love, and joy
IV Prayer Team 2012-2013

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