

Dear Hope Partners and friends;

March – “in like a lion and out like a lamb”. Time has been going so quickly! I continue to be busy taking care of Audrey, cooking, doing the housework as well as going into the prisons (Estelle, Duncan, Diboll and Cleveland). Please mark your calendars for Saturday, April 27 at 6:00 PM for our next ministry meeting. It will be held at Bro. Robert’s house. The menu is our favorite - potluck. Please make plans to attend. As we are preparing to get this newsletter into the mail this next week, Ms. Audrey had to go back into the hospital. After doing some tests it has been determined that she has another hole in her heart and an infection. Please ask the Lord to give us wisdom in regards to what to do next. She is in Kingwood Hospital, room #503. Don’t forget to have your pastor contact us at (281) 354-6232 if you would like for us to visit your church to share about the prison ministry. And for our precious supporters, “I thank my God upon every remembrance of you”, we thank you for being faithful as we continue to pray that the Lord will rain down His blessings on each of you. As always, we are looking for more folks to feel the Lord leading them to support us in a financial way as well as in prayer, serving on the Board and going into prisons with us.

From the desk of Shelia: I would like to take this time to thank each and every one of you that has partnered with this ministry both financially and/or going in the prisons with us. I pray that you continue to support this ministry as it enables us to go into the prisons to minister. There are so many souls that are waiting in the jails and prisons that need to hear the truth from God’s Holy Word. I believe God has allowed this ministry to continue because true men and women of God work with us. Please help us we if you can. We need volunteers to help out in several positions. If you feel that the Lord is leading you to participate or if you know of anyone that would like to be a part of this ministry, please contact me at: schristianjs@gmail.com, or by phone at 832-216-8532 and leave a message. Thank you again and may the Lord continue to bless all of you.

Robert and Audrey Dubois
Founders/ Sr. Directors

Shelia Johnson
Director

P.S. Just in case you forgot, Bro. Robert’s Birthday was Saturday, April 6th. Let’s be a blessing to him and take the time to send him a card or call him on the telephone and wish him a.....

Happy Birthday!

Don't Worry

A pastor had been on a long flight from one place to another. The first warning of the approaching problems came when the sign on the airplane flashed on: Fasten your seat belts. Then, after a while, a calm voice said, "We shall not be serving the beverages at this time as we are expecting a little turbulence. Please be sure your seat belt is fastened."

As he looked around the aircraft, it became obvious that many of the passengers were becoming apprehensive. Later, the voice of the announcer said, "We are so sorry that we are unable to serve the meal at this time. The turbulence is still ahead of us."

And then the storm broke. The ominous cracks of thunder could be heard even above the roar of the engines. Lightning lit up the darkening skies, and within moments that great plane was like a cork tossed around on a celestial ocean. One moment the airplane was lifted on terrific currents of air; the next, it dropped as if it were about to crash.

The pastor confessed that he shared the discomfort and fear of those around him. He said, "As I looked around the plane, I could see that nearly all the passengers were upset and alarmed. Some were praying. The future seemed ominous and many were wondering if they would make it through the storm."

"Then, I suddenly saw a little girl. Apparently the storm meant nothing to her. She had tucked her feet beneath her as she sat on her seat; she was reading a book and everything within her small world was calm and orderly.

"Sometimes she closed her eyes, then she would read again; then she would straighten her legs, but worry and fear were not in her world. When the plane was being buffeted by the terrible storm, when it lurched this way and that, as it rose and fell with frightening severity, when all the adults were scared half to death, that marvelous child was completely composed and unafraid." The minister could hardly believe his eyes.

It was not surprising therefore, that when the plane finally reached its destination and all the passengers were hurrying to disembark, our pastor lingered to speak to the girl whom he had watched for such a long time. Having commented about the storm and behavior of the plane, he asked why she had not been afraid.

The child replied, "Cause my Daddy's the pilot, and he's taking me home."

There are many kinds of storms that buffet us.

Physical, mental, financial, domestic, and many other storms can easily and quickly darken our skies and throw our plane into apparently uncontrollable movement. We have all known such times, and let us be honest and confess, it is much easier to be at rest when our feet are on the ground than when we are being tossed about a darkened sky.

Let us remember: Our Father is the Pilot.

He is in control and taking us home.

Don't worry.

~Author Unknown~

