



Well, here we are once again, waiting for more winter weather. Perhaps I've been a bit too gleeful in the snow and should adopt more taciturn ways?

In a moment, I want to tell you a “snowy” story . . . but first, here are two “promotional” blurbs:

#1 *The Daniel Plan.*

For those participating in *The Daniel Plan*, the organizational meeting will follow worship on Sunday. Donna Townsend is preparing samples of a couple of foods on the “detox” menu for that meeting, and she will kindly prepare at least one main dish each week that is a “Daniel recipe.” Thanks, Donna!



#2 *The Locust Effect.*

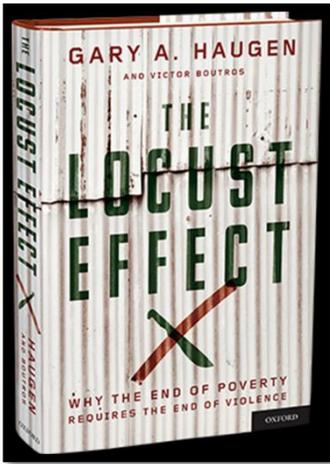
In last Sunday's message about modern-day slavery I mentioned the **International Justice Mission** (IJM) several times (www.ijm.org). I have been impressed with their work related to persons captive to labor or sexual slavery, and Jill and I make regular contributions to their work.¹

IJM President Gary Haugen was the UN's Investigator in Charge in the aftermath of the Rwandan genocide, and his heart was so touched by the needs of victims of abuse and oppression who urgently need the protection of the law that he established IJM as a Christian response to those needs. IJM investigators, lawyers, and social workers intervene in individual cases of abuse in partnership with local authorities, seeking to accomplish four goals:

1. VICTIM RELIEF: IJM's first priority is immediate relief for the victim of the abuse.

¹ IJM meets all of the Better Business Bureau criteria for non-profits & charities.

2. PERPETRATOR ACCOUNTABILITY: Perpetrator accountability and prosecution changes the fear equation and protects the vulnerable in both the present and future.
3. SURVIVOR AFTERCARE: IJM aftercare staff help to ensure that victims of oppression are equipped to rebuild their lives and to respond to the complex emotional and physical needs that result from abuse.
4. STRUCTURAL TRANSFORMATION: IJM continues to work to prevent abuse by strengthening community resources and judicial systems that will deter oppressors.



The current issue of *Christianity Today* highlights Gary's new book, *The Locust Effect: Why the End of Poverty Requires the End of Violence*,² and all of the royalties from the sale of this book go to IJM's interventions on behalf of the poor around the world. In addition to the royalties that your purchase will contribute to this work, for every copy of the book sold this week (up through Saturday, the 8th), a donor will contribute another \$20 to IJM. The hardcover book sells for about that amount, so in effect you'll get the book "for free" and make a \$20 donation to IJM (the book is also available as a Kindle book). I've already ordered mine

THE SNOW STORY

Okay, so here's the "snow story." This is the lead story in Martin Bell's delightful book, *The Way of the Wolf: The Gospel in New Images*. I'm indebted to Ben Davis for introducing me to this little book, and I invite you to consider adding it to your library as well (I get no kickbacks from all these book promotions . . . honest!).

Once upon a time in a large forest there lived a very furry bunny. He had one lop ear, a tiny black nose, and unusually shiny eyes. His name was Barrington.

Barrington was not really a very handsome bunny. He was brown and speckled and his ears didn't stand up right. But he could hop, and he was, as I have said, very furry.

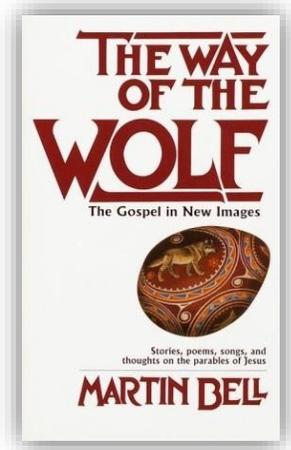
In a way, winter is fun for bunnies. After all, it gives them an opportunity to hop in the snow and then turn around to see where they have hopped. So, in a way, winter was fun for Barrington.

But in another way winter made Barrington sad. For, you see, winter marked the time when all of the animal families got together in their cozy homes to celebrate Christmas. He could hop, and he was very furry. But as far as Barrington knew, he was the only bunny in the forest.

Hop. Hop. Hippy-hop. Barrington made tracks in the fresh snow.

Hop. Hop. Hippy-hop. Then he cocked his head and looked back at the wonderful designs he had made.

"Bunnies," he thought to himself, "can hop. And they are very warm, too, because of how furry they are."



² www.christianitytoday.com/ct/2014/january-february/why-were-losing-war-on-poverty.html; www.thelocusteffect.com/the-problem

(But Barrington didn't really know whether or not this was true of all bunnies, since he had never met another bunny.)

When it got too dark to see the tracks he was making, Barrington made up his mind to go home.

On his way, however, he passed a large oak tree. High in the branches there was a great deal of excited chattering going on. Barrington looked up. It was a squirrel family! What a marvelous time they seemed to be having.

"Hello, up there," called Barrington.

"Hello, down there," came the reply.

"Having a Christmas party?" asked Barrington.

"Oh, yes!" answered the squirrels. "It's Christmas Eve. Everybody is having a Christmas party!"

"May I come to your party?" said Barrington softly.

"Are you a squirrel?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A bunny."

"A bunny?"

"Yes."

"Well, how can you come to the party if you're a bunny? Bunnies can't climb trees."

"That's true," said Barrington thoughtfully. "But I can hop and I'm very furry and warm."

"We're sorry," called the squirrels. "We don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but we do know that in order to come to our house you have to be able to climb trees."

"Oh, well," said Barrington. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," chattered the squirrels.

And the unfortunate bunny hopped off toward his tiny house.

It was beginning to snow when Barrington reached the river. Near the river bank was a wonderfully constructed house of sticks and mud. Inside there was singing.

"It's the beavers," thought Barrington. "Maybe they will let me come to their party."

And so he knocked on the door.

"Who's out there?" called a voice.

"Barrington Bunny," he replied.

There was a long pause and then a shiny beaver head broke the water.

"Hello, Barrington," said the beaver.

"May I come to your Christmas party?" asked Barrington.

The beaver thought for awhile and then he said, "I suppose so. Do you know how to swim?"

"No," said Barrington, "but I can hop and I am very furry and warm."



“Sorry,” said the beaver. I don’t know anything about hopping and being furry, but I do know that in order to come to our house you have to be able to swim.”

“Oh, well,” Barrington muttered, his eyes filling with tears. “I suppose that’s true—Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas,” called the beaver. And he disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Even being as furry as he was, Barrington was beginning to get cold. And the snow was falling so hard that his tiny, bunny eyes could scarcely see what was ahead of him.

He was almost home, however, when he heard the excited squeaking of field mice beneath the ground.

“It’s a party,” thought Barrington. And suddenly he blurted out through his tears, “Hello, field mice. This is Barrington Bunny. May I come to your party?”

But the wind was howling so loudly and Barrington was sobbing so much that no one heard him.

And when there was no response at all, Barrington just sat down in the snow and began to cry with all his might.

“Bunnies,” he thought, “aren’t any good to anyone. What good is it to be furry and to be able to hop if you don’t have any family on Christmas Eve?”

Barrington cried and cried. When he stopped crying he began to bite on his bunny’s foot, but he did not move from where he was sitting in the snow.

Suddenly, Barrington was aware that he was not alone. He looked up and strained his shiny eyes to see who was there.

To his surprise he saw a great silver wolf. The wolf was large and strong and his eyes flashed fire. He was the most beautiful animal Barrington had ever seen.

For a long time the silver wolf didn’t say anything at all. He just stood there and looked at Barrington with those terrible eyes.

Then slowly and deliberately the wolf spoke. “Barrington,” he asked in a gentle voice, “why are you sitting in the snow?”

“Because it’s Christmas Eve,” said Barrington, and I don’t have any family, and bunnies aren’t any good to anyone.”

“Bunnies are, too, good,” said the wolf. “Bunnies can hop and they are very warm.”

“What good is that?” Barrington sniffed.

“It is very good indeed,” the wolf went on, “because it is a gift that bunnies are given, a free gift with no strings attached. And every gift that is given to anyone is given for a reason. Someday you will see why it is good to hop and to be warm and furry.”

“But it’s Christmas,” moaned Barrington, “and I’m all alone. I don’t have any family at all.”

“Of course you do,” replied the great silver wolf. “All of the animals in the forest are your family.”

And then the wolf disappeared. He simply wasn’t there. Barrington had only blinked his eyes, and when he looked—the wolf was gone.

“All of the animals in the forest are my family,” thought Barrington. “It’s good to be a bunny. Bunnies can hop. That’s a gift.” And then he said it again. “A gift. A free gift.”

On into the night Barrington worked. First he found the best stick that he could. (And that was difficult because of the snow.).

Then hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. To beaver's house. He left the stick just outside the door. With a note on it that read: "Here is a good stick for your house. It is a gift. A free gift. No strings attached. Signed, a member of your family."

"It is a good thing that I can hop," he thought, "because the snow is very deep."

Then Barrington dug and dug. Soon he had gathered together enough dead leaves and grass to make the squirrels' nest warmer. Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop.

He laid the grass and leaves just under the large oak tree and attached this message: "A gift. A free gift. From a member of your family."

It was late when Barrington finally started home. And what made things worse was that he knew a blizzard was beginning.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop.

Soon poor Barrington was lost. The wind howled furiously, and it was very, very cold. "It certainly is cold," he said out loud. "It's a good thing I'm so furry. But if I don't find my way home pretty soon even I might freeze!"

Squeak. Squeak

And then he saw it—a baby field mouse lost in the snow. And the little mouse was crying.

"Hello, little mouse," Barrington called.

"Don't cry. I'll be right there." Hippity-hop, and Barrington was beside the tiny mouse.

"I'm lost," sobbed the little fellow. "I'll never find my way home, and I know I'm going to freeze."

"You won't freeze," said Barrington. "I'm a bunny and bunnies are very furry and warm. You stay right where you are and I'll cover you up."

Barrington lay on top of the little mouse and hugged him tight. The tiny fellow felt himself surrounded by warm fur. He cried for awhile but soon, snug and warm, he fell asleep.

Barrington had only two thoughts that long, cold night. First he thought, "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies are very furry and warm." And then, when he felt the heart of the tiny mouse beneath him beating regularly, he thought, "All of the animals in the forest are my family."

Next morning, the field mice found their little boy, asleep in the snow, warm and snug beneath the furry carcass of a dead bunny. Their relief and excitement was so great that they didn't even think to question where the bunny had come from.

And as for the beavers and the squirrels, they still wonder which member of their family left the little gifts for them that Christmas Eve.

After the field mice had left, Barrington's frozen body simply lay in the snow. There was no sound except that of the howling wind. And no one anywhere in the forest noticed the great silver wolf who came to stand beside that brown, lop-eared carcass.

But the wolf did come.

And he stood there.

Without moving or saying a word.

All Christmas Day.

Until it was night.
And then he disappeared into the forest.



The Joshua Code: Fifty-Two Verses Every Believer Should Know **O.S. Hawkins (Thomas Nelson, 2012)**

Week Five: The Family Secret

*And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him,
who have been called according to his purpose (Romans 8:28).*

“Anyone who has been raised in a family environment has his or her own share of family secrets. These little tidbits of reality are usually best kept within the small circle of family. For some, these family secrets are dark and hidden in the recesses of the mind. For most of us, these secrets are light, spontaneous, perhaps a bit embarrassing, and often downright funny.

“Did you know that those of us who have been born into God’s family also have a family secret? There is something that we know that those who are not part of God’s forever family do not know. Our family secret is found in our verse for this week, Romans 8:28. On numerous occasions along my own Christian pilgrimage, I have climbed up on top of this verse and found refuge and hope in times of confusion or need. There are four factors related to ‘the family secret’ that every believer should know:

The Family Secret is Confidential: *And WE know*

The Family Secret is Constructive: *God WORKS FOR THE GOOD of those who love him*

The Family Secret is Comprehensive: *in ALL things*

The Family Secret is Conditional:
those WHO LOVE HIM, WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED according to his purpose”

The point of Romans 8:28 is certainly NOT that all things are good, but that IN all things God’s Love is at work, redeeming our brokenness, bringing good out of evil, and giving us strength, courage, and Hope. The point of Romans 8:28 is that **GOD IS WORTHY OF OUR TRUST.**

