

PARABLES OF CHARITY

Charity

THE HEART OF JESUS

CHARITY

suffereth long and is kind
envieth not
vaunteth not itself
is not puffed up
doth not behave itself unseemly
seeketh not her own
not easily provoked
thinketh no evil
rejoiceth not in iniquity
but rejoiceth in the truth
beareth all things
believeth all things
hopeth all things
endureth all things
charity never faileth
there abideth faith, hope, charity
these three
but the greatest of these is charity





CHARITY

Suffereth Long	Is like a Lighthouse in a Storm
Is Kind	Is like a Bamboo Grove
Envieth Not	Is like a Bird in Flight
Vaunteth Not Itself	Is like a Babe in a Manger
Is Not Puffed Up	Is like Lightening & Thunder
Doth Not Behave Itself Unseemly	Is like Sailing a Wa'a Kaulua
Seeketh Not Her Own	is like a Marriage
Not Easily Provoked	Is like Water off a Duck's Back
Thinketh No Evil	Is like Pure Water
Rejoiceth Not in Iniquity	Is like a Wildfire
Rejoiceth In Truth	Is like a Parade
Beareth All Things	Is like a Ship
Believeth All Things	Is like a Valley in the Mist
Hopeth All Things	Is like a Sunrise
Endureth All Things	Is like a Great Oak Tree
Charity Never Faileth	Is like a Trailboss

SUFFERETH LONG

THE KEEPER & THE JAILOR

The KEEPER, whipped and drenched by the stormy winds and sea, **keeps watch**.

Night after night, holding **steady the light**,
in the distance he sees the ship's faint light.

As he combs the shore,
he finds a man, **broken and torn**.

Helping him, he finds a soul akin to his own.
One who has held steady in the fight; **he is a jailor**.

He has escaped his mutinous ship, but the authorities are soon to follow.
Falsely accused of mistreating his prisoners; so false! So hollow!

They sit and talk of his tumultuous, **long journey**;
Which has led him to this **lighthouse**, to this shore, to this **keeper**.

His story fills the **keeper's** heart as he listens to his suffering.
Though battered and bruised, yet there is **forgiveness** in this jailor's eyes.

The **jailor** continues...





I was imprisoned in shackles and shame.
I **endured** the rough waters; I kept my **temper** cool.

It was hard to not fight back; I **persevered**.
I worked and I **fought my anger**; it burned within me; I **endured**.

Through the lashings and beatings, through the hot desperate days, the long hungry nights,
I waited **in suffered silence** for my freedom to ignite.

In an instant... in the distance... I saw it..., can it be?
I saw it, I **saw the light!** Promising warmth and safety.
A shining beacon of hope and **strength**.

As the jailor recalls his journey of **suffering**; suddenly a knock at the door.
The authorities have come to take him, he's not looking to even the score.

Two men's hearts joined now as one; the **Keeper** loves the **Jailor** even as a son.
The **Keeper** holds the hand tightly; his life he would **freely give**
For this **Jailor**, no longer a **stranger** who would **suffer** so, yet **forgive**.

I'll stay with you through the ending; nothing can prevent me;
To stand by one so **long suffering**, who forgives in **all of Charity**.

IS KIND



Who is crying?

On a rugged path in a tall bamboo forest, a brother and sister are hiking. He is a well-known business leader, she is a struggling mother, whose husband has left her. She is crying. Suddenly she stops, "Did you hear that?" "Hear what?" asks the distracted brother. "Over there, a cry," she points, listening intently. "It was the wind, Sis." She pushes back the bamboo, and in a small clearing she sees rustling under the fallen leaves. Then two cries. "Brother, over here," she whispers. As she scrapes the final layer, her mouth gasps, "There are two babies here!" Then she stutters, "Thhhree. There are three." The babies are wrapped in dirty, white blankets. She checks them: three girls. Triplets.

"We've got to take them. I'll talk to the authorities, I'll raise them," she exclaims.

"Susan, you're barely making it with your two still at home."

"What? And separate them...no! I need this. And they will have a home. God will help me!"

"Listen, Sis. You just mortgaged the family home. Your husband's gone.

You don't have it to add three. Don't do this."

"I'll make it."

"Take one. Someone else will hear the other two! Think about the ones you have."

WHICH HAD CHARITY?

K
I
N
D

TAIWAN, 03:16

In the quiet night, I awake, hearing the cries of my three new daughters.
I smile from deep within: "You are mine, forever my arms shall hold you; cry not, I am yours."
"Héping, my darlings, peace"

In this, my heart rejoiceth: that the Lord hath enlarged my humble home.
Abandoned twice, yet now I see: the kindness of Yēhéhuá (Jehovah).
Forever, I am blessed by his réncí de shànláng (benevolent goodness)

I magnify Your name, Zhǔ (Lord) and Shàngǎi (God), for my reproach has vanished, my heart is restored.
Where once there was want, císhàn shìyè (charity) now reigns, my soul is filled.
Thank you, Zhǔ, for each sweet face, In their smiles, I've found my place.

Blessed are the Children who cry out to You.

ENVIETH NOT

To be *free from envy* is like *breaking forth*
into *the heavens*



A MAJESTIC EAGLE WAS KEPT IN A CAGE, bound with other birds of prey.
His master raised him to scavenge for food, fighting for the biggest scrap.
He hated those who had more. Each night he fell asleep a prisoner.

One morning the cage was left open, and the eagle felt the breeze.
He left the cage, following the currents of the wind, lifting higher and higher.
He was no longer enslaved by his master's ways – **FREEDOM!**

Below him, in waters crisp and clear, he saw fish swimming in abundance.
He would no longer have to worry; God had provided.
The eagle would never go back to living in a cage of hate and envy.
He was made for the freedom and joy of the wind.

Those shackled with envy are as Cain, enveloped with a
hatred for his brother that brought him to the point of murder.

As it is written, whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer,
and there is no eternal life abiding in him.

JESUS CAME so that we could be free from that burden.

To be free as the eagle, which taketh flight, free from all
worry; finally able to be content, happy and at peace.

ENVIETH NOT IS TO HAVE SURETY OF PURPOSE, COURAGE, TO BE GENTLE BUT STRONG.

FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE
COMMANDER ABIGAIL "ABBEY" CONNER
UNDISCLOSED AIR BASE, USA

DECLARATION DAY: At the secret air base
of S-Force Squadron 8. Cmdr. Abigail "Abbey" Conner, is speaking:

We hold in our hands the destiny of our Land, freedom or tyranny and oppression, and whether your children serve evil and hate or liberty and truth. The enemy is engaged, and our satellite intel has a reading of unidentified aircraft approaching our Northern border. They are armed and dangerous - Force 8 has been preparing for counter engagement, and we are ready. We have 4 minutes and no more.

We know our hearts. We know our purpose. We place ourselves and our aircraft in the hands of the Almighty. As the Psalmist writes, "He has trained our fingers to war." Strike Force 9 from Air Base Bradley is already airborne.

At 16,000 ft. 0200 hrs. all transmission will cease among us, our 16 Eagles.

We will switch to stealth
mode 10-3. Repeat 10-3.
The enemy will not see us.
They do not - DO NOT - know about us.

We will fly formation H2, but you're on your own,
Repeat: On your own! Every ounce of your training
is here - and NOW! There is no such thing as Tomorrow!
We will be firing at their missiles, and ultimately - AT THEM.

For our People, for our Liberties, *WE MOUNT UP ON WINGS OF EAGLES! We fly and are not weary; we press on and do not faint.* INTO Thy Hands, WE COMMIT OURSELVES, O Lord. We face four to one odds: WE GO IN THE FEAR OF A LIVING GOD, our lives made for this hour.

Squadron 8, set your C3 readings at .193. Leader Y, you are set to GO! God, be with you.

TOWER: Eagle 1. You are cleared.

Commander Conner and 15 Eagles lifted into the night.

HAVING COMPLETED THEIR MISSION THE EAGLES RETURN SINGING THIS SONG.

VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF

Charity vaunteth not itself;
is like unto

*In a world where Pagan darkness grips ever tight,
Israel is about to witness **eternal light**.
Imperial Rome rules every province, land and sea,
While oppressed Judah is crying out in desperate,
silent need: "**Jehovah-jireh, our God will provide.**"*

*Isaiah fulfilled. A Saviour, a **newborn son**:
Messiah, Redeemer, King of all kings, this little one.
A **Light** to brighten night's heavenly dome;
Angels sing, the mother whispers: **Jehovah-shalom.***



*This is the night, that sacred **Light!** Glistening starbeams dance on the walls of the stable. Though Jerusalem will shake in an earthquake under dark skies on that dreadful day, nailed and dead, tonight **peace comes wrapped in swaddling clothes.** The humblest start to a life so supreme that His words, penned in red, will be the greatest words ever spoken. **The Son of God, One yet Three,** yet even greater - he becomes a man like you and me. This babe, full grown, will have a voice strong, but **humble and meek.** He will make himself of **no reputation, never vaunting, never wavering.** When temptation comes, offering kingdoms and wealth, he will **speak not in pride** and instead state, "**It is written.**" This babe, on the night that he is betrayed, will **open not his mouth** when falsely accused; and, after an unjust trial and bloody flogging, go to the slaughter as a **pure lamb:** to be lifted up in naked shame and die - for you and me. This Nazarene's death will tear the tightly woven temple veil, and with his promised resurrection, shatter forever the curse of corrupt Adam: death! This **swaddled infant** will bring life more abundant for all men and every woman and child. All life. No death. **Blameless. Perfected. Pure as He is pure!** He comes to put on display the heart of **charity** for all mankind to behold. O the beautiful life of **Immanuel.** He will be history's changer, but for tonight sleep sweetly precious...*

Babe in a manger



NOT PUFFED UP



IS NOT PUFFED UP

*He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*

For he that ruleth a city but not his spirit is **PUFFED UP**.
He is as the **THUNDER**: proud and inflated,
thinking that he is above other men.

But one that ruleth his spirit is **NOT PUFFED UP**.
He is as the **LIGHTNING**: quiet & lowly but strong & merciful.
God is in him.

True strength and authority is not in **dominion over other men**,
but in **ruling over one's own thoughts, words, and actions.**

This **light**, this **strength**, this **might** is found in

Charity.



God

*gives us favor
with man*

that we might be a testimony of HIM
Not because we are something special,
but because he wants us for
some special purpose
to do some **special thing.**

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The Life of Daniel
Rev. Rose M. Aluli

DO TH NOT BEHAVE UNSEEMLY

DOTH NOT BEHAVE ITSELF UNSEEMLY IS LIKE SAILING A WA'A KAULUA

Long is the journey of the Wa'a Kaulua,
Under glistening stars and over windswept seas.

Mighty is the crew of the Wa'a Kaulua;
Sixteen paddles cut through steaming white foam.

Seemly are the men of the mighty canoe,
Handling every wave with a voyager's precision.

Loud is the cry of the steersman calling HUT!
As the paddles switch sides the men reply with a HO!

We of the Wa'a move in the rhythmic sea,
As brothers answering to the challenge of the deep.

Sure are the ropes tied to the sails of our hearts,
Binding us together against every harsh tide and
current.

Strong are we of the Wa'a Kaulua;
The strength of our God is our steering paddle.

**BY DAY AND BY NIGHT, THROUGH CALM AND BURNING HEAT,
THE GREATEST OF ALL JOURNEYS IS THE BINDING OF CHARITY.**



The Royalty of Charity

1. Beareth all things
2. Believeth all things
3. Rejoiceth in the truth
4. Endureth all things
5. Charity never fails
6. Suffereth long
7. Thinketh no evil
8. Hopeth all things
9. Rejoiceth not in iniquity
10. Seeketh not her own
11. Doth not behave itself unseemly
12. Not easily provoked (boom)
13. Kind (ropes)
14. Is not puffed up (bulk head)
15. Envieth not (sheet lines)
16. Vaunteth not itself (front spash guard)



The Wa'a

SEEKETH NOT HER OWN

Seeking Not My Own

I, the Bride, a beautiful tune rendered, hums a wedding eve's soft song,
Twelve months have passed since last we touched, a separation long.
My loving groom has fashioned our home, a future bright, across the miles he toiled,
While **Seeking Not My Own**, I have prepared our evening, my heart with love unspoiled.

A peacock vase, iridescent gleam, a family's whispered tale,
Holds lilies pure, a fragile grace, a story to unveil.

The Rose of Sharon bloomed and bold, a strength that knows no fear,
Its flowering a testament to faith, reflecting what is dear.
The one red Rose, perfect allure, a velvet, fragrant sigh,
Its crimson depths, a love untold, beneath a starlit sky.

This evening bouquet, my bridal gift, a symbol of my heart,
Seeking Not My Own, I whisper low, as tears begin to start.
For in this love, divinely sent, a sacred bond we share,
Tomorrow, a union blessed, a promise kept, beyond all earthly care.

His soft flow of steps beckon me, his whispered voice I know,
And as the door reveals his love, my smile begins to glow.
His face, a vision long awaited, my soul finds sudden rest,
Our hearts sing our secret melody, our harmony - love's embrace attests.

I see beyond my **Seeking Not My Own**, the wonder of his soul's pure light,
A love like Christ's, unselfish, deep: a beacon burning bright.
He cherishes my walk with God, my faith, my quiet grace,
He honors it, he understands, love's sacred holy place.

This love, so vast, beyond compare, no words can e'er define,
A priceless pearl and diamond so rare, two gems forever entwined.

We are a boundless ocean filled with light,
Seeking Not Our Own, reflecting endless, moonlit nights:
Our quest the Great Unknown

With my Bridal song of finishing, our marriage to be completely one,
Joined in pure heart and love like Our Father and his glorious Son.



My love,

my love,

My love.

Charity is like a Marriage
seeketh not
her own



Giving of oneself **without looking to see what you can get out of it** - always favoring your loved one **without looking for a reward.**
Marriage is a **constant giving** of one to another; **giving and giving and giving.**

~Rose Auli

NOT EASILY PROVOKED

DID YOU KNOW?

A DUCK has three layers of feathers that stack on top of each other with barbs that connect together to close all gaps.

The DUCK also has glands that produce oil that it distributes to all the feathers by rubbing them together.

These elements create a waterproof sealant, which prevents the water from penetrating the feathers, and the water is easily repelled.

THAT'S WHY NOT EASILY PROVOKED IS LIKE WATER OFF A DUCK'S BACK

When words of criticism, accusation, or rumor are spoken, Charity holds steady, is not easily provoked. Charity is slow to anger, endures peaceably and responds in the Spirit.

And so do we!



Life can be like water off a duck's back that provides the feathering to the fulness of Charity.

Charity, which is "Not Easily Provoked, is like Water Off a Duck's Back" can also be explained through the book of Proverbs.



3 Feather Layers
Instruction, Knowledge, Understanding

Instruction: Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life. *Pro 4:13*
He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. *Pro 16:32*

Knowledge: An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered. *Pro 11:9*
Then shalt thou understand the fear of the LORD, and find the knowledge of God. *Pro 2:5*

Understanding: He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. *Pro 14:29*



The Barbs that Lock Together
Wisdom

He that is void of **wisdom** despiseth his neighbour: but a man of understanding holdeth his peace. *Pro 11:12*

But the **wisdom** that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. *Jam 3:17*



Oil Glands that Seal
Fear of the Lord, No Sin - All Life

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. *Pro 3:5*

The fear of the LORD is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate. *Pro 8:13*

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: **For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.** *Pro 3:2*

In the way of righteousness **is life:** and in the pathway thereof **there is no death.** *Pro 12:28*

THINKETH NO EVIL

And Jesus knowing their *thoughts* said,
"Wherefore THINK ye evil IN YOUR HEARTS?"

The Heart - THINKS; issuing forth waters, either *RIGHTEOUS* or *WICKED*.

There are only 2 kinds of heart in man:

GOOD Heart = Rivers of Living Water, Clear as Crystal – *PURE*

EVIL Heart = Murky, Tainted, Malignant waters - *VILE*

ONLY THE
Pure in Heart SHALL SEE GOD.



THINKETH NO EVIL

Like pure water, pure intentions
of the heart, pure



Charity

THINKETH NO EVIL

A traveler came upon a **spring**,
its waters pure; so sweet.
He cupped his hands and drank,
refreshed by its gift complete.

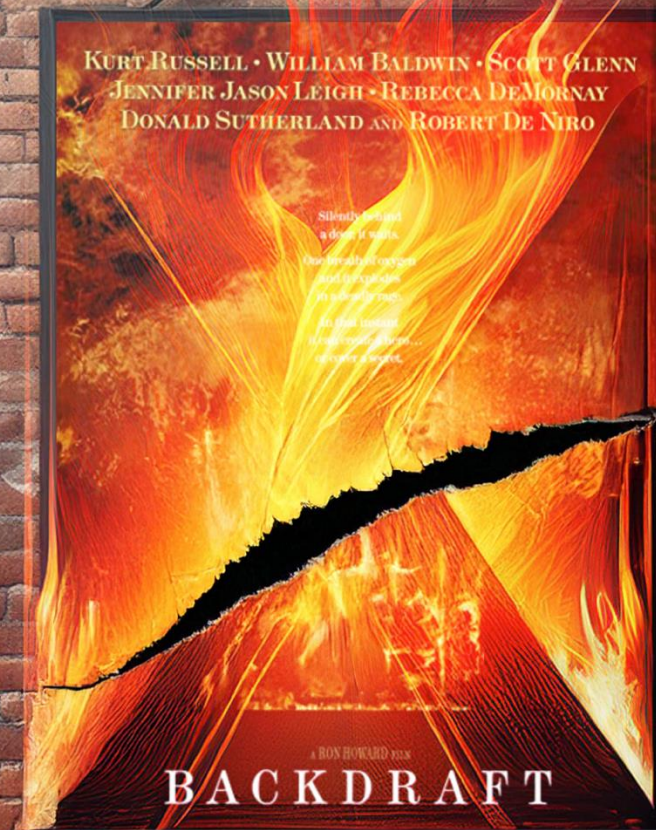
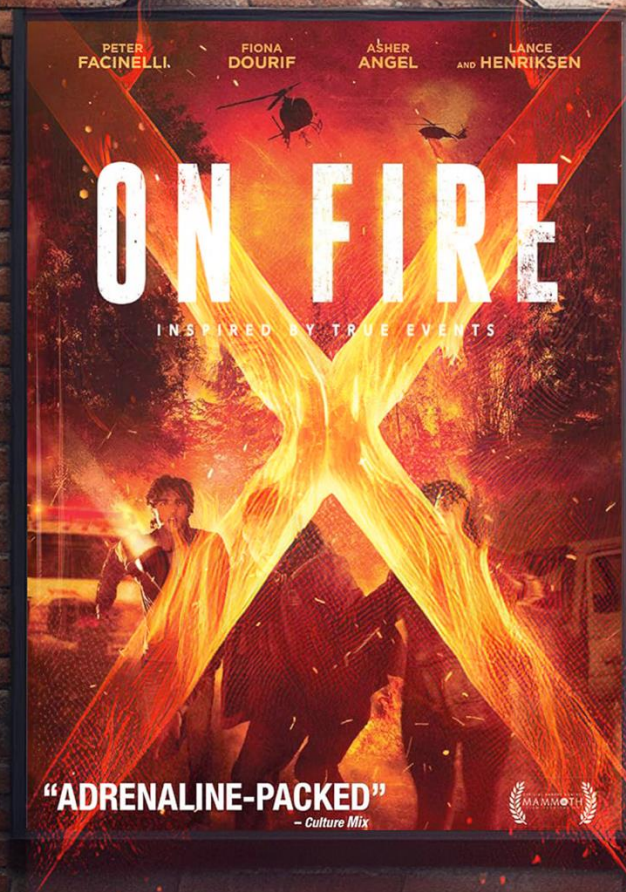
Another man approached, his heart clouded with doubt;
He cast a stone to stir the depths, to see what lay about.

But the spring remained **untainted**,
its waters **clear and bright**;
for **purity** fears no shadow,
nor bends to wicked light.

A third man came with the Spirit, **his heart** as light as air;
He knelt and drank the water, with love both true and fair.

The spring gave freely, **unshaken**;
unchanged in all its ways;
for **love and truth** run deepest
where **evil dare not stay**.

REJOICETH NOT IN INIQUITY



**REJOICETH NOT IN INIQUITY
IS LIKE A WILDFIRE**

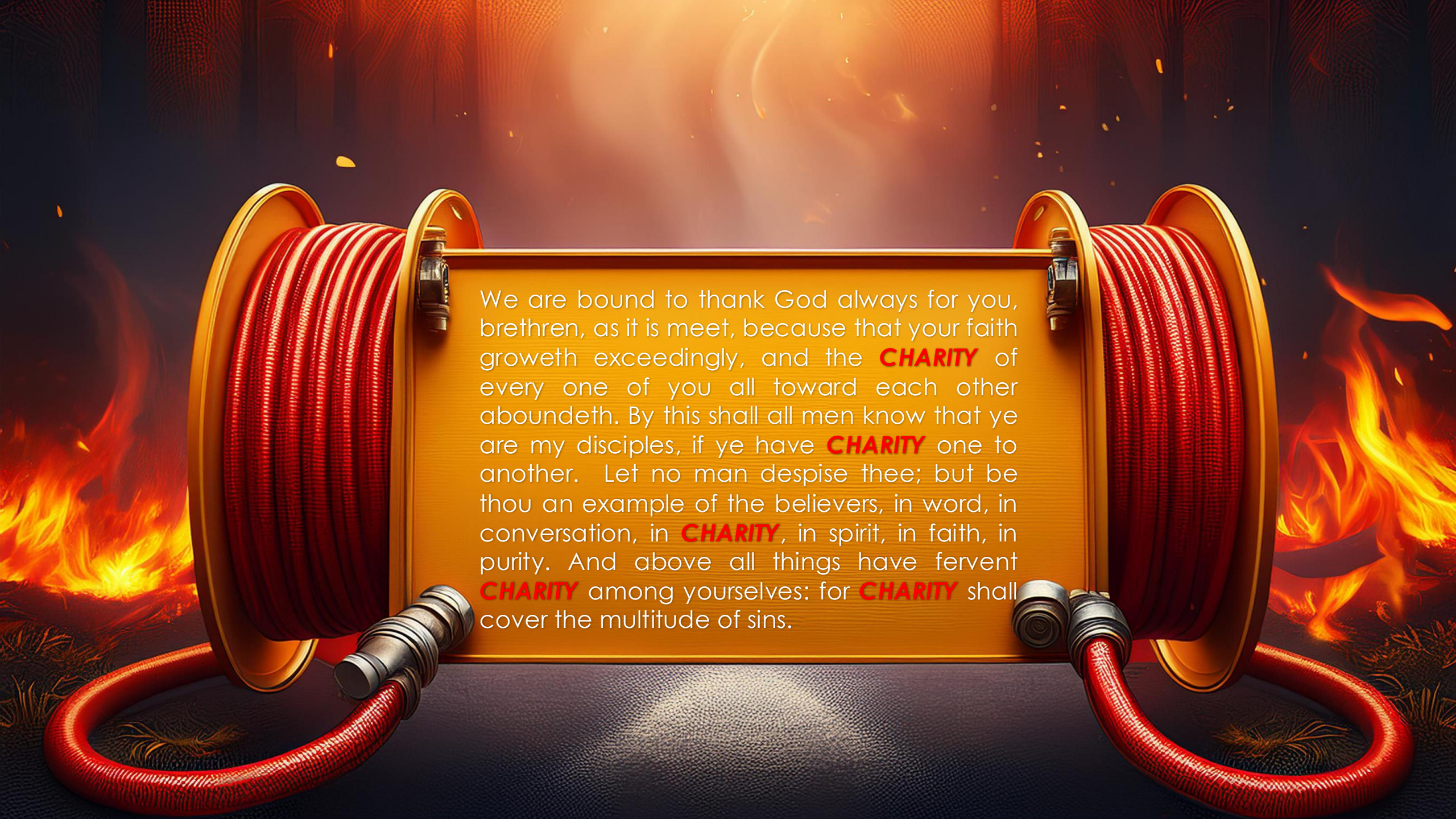
WHEN WILL ENOUGH BE ENOUGH?



REPENT!

Extinguish Iniquity with the Fire Hose of *CHARITY*!

Let **CHARITY** be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Let all your things be done with **CHARITY**. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of **CHARITY**, and of a sound mind.



We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the **CHARITY** of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have **CHARITY** one to another. Let no man despise thee; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in **CHARITY**, in spirit, in faith, in purity. And above all things have fervent **CHARITY** among yourselves: for **CHARITY** shall cover the multitude of sins.

A dramatic night scene showing a fire hose spraying a powerful stream of water onto a large, intense fire burning in a field of dry grass and brush. The fire is bright orange and yellow, with thick black smoke rising into the dark sky. The water spray is a wide, misty fan that catches the light from the fire. In the background, the silhouettes of trees are visible against the night sky.

Now the end of the commandment is **CHARITY** out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned. But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, longsuffering, **CHARITY**, patience. That the aged be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in **CHARITY**, in patience. And above all these things put on **CHARITY**, which is the bond of perfectness. Greet ye one another with a kiss of **CHARITY**. Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus. Amen.

REJOICETH IN THE TRUTH



Charity
Rejoiceth in the Truth - like a Parade!





OUR *God* IS MARCHING ON!

BEARETH ALL THINGS

The Glory of Carrying

Charity is as a steadfast cargo ship, sailing through storms bearing all.
The ship carries burdens of all weight, guiding the weary to safe harbor.
Look to her sacred manifest, for it reads all that it carries.

From her bridge of unwavering love, the Captain of our
Salvation directs. Through trouble and pain her bow lifts high, as
each tempest shifts not her course. Charity's rudder keeps
the mighty hull straight, even as waves crash against
her deck. The containers stay aligned and
straight; so sure is the hand of the Captain.

Within her steel walls is held the greatest
treasure, and all the promises of those
who receive *The Everlasting Gospel*.



*This is
the mighty ship,
Charity*



On its deck and in its hull is *The Everlasting Gospel*:

- The **LOVE** of the Father
- The **HEART** of Jesus
- The **FIRE** of the Holy Ghost
- The **COMPASSION** of Rose
- The **STRENGTH** of Kale
- The **SUBSTANTIAL LOVE** of the Body

The Ship of

Charity



BEARETH ALL THINGS

BELIEVETH ALL THINGS



Believeth All Things
IS LIKE A VALLEY IN THE MIST

Consecrate this valley, *Ola*

The golden light thru every leaf whispers, as the wind drops the early morning dew. White billowy clouds and the mist hover above this “**Valley of Love**”.

Your Spirit, Your Creation, Your Valley of Life
I believed, therefore, have I spoken. I believe, therefore, I speak, “**Life, come into this Valley.**”

We believe, Father. We await, Father. We believe.

Your guitar awaits your touch and loving hand.

Play, **Father**, play. Let your **guitar** sing. Let **creation** sing.

Ride in, **lesu**, on your wave and **dwell** with us forever.

Father, let the mighty sound of your guitar echo throughout the land, **our aina**, that we may **sing** and **magnify** thy song in praise.

Play, *Father*, Play



Believe in All Things

Father told us
Believe in all things
Your words are comfort
Got the world in your hands

Jesus saved us
From a thief full of lies
Keys to the Kingdom
No end to our lives

We believe
We believe
In all things

Spirit guide us
It's true and alive
Strength and courage
White light in the night

Kingdom living
Is easy to do
We are Your chosen
We glorify You

We believe
We believe
In all things

We believe in all things
We believe in all things
We believe in all things
We believe in all things!



The background of the entire page is a photograph of a deep, verdant valley. A narrow waterfall cascades down a mossy cliff on the left side of the valley. In the middle ground, a dark-colored cow is visible grazing on the grassy slope. The valley floor is covered in dense green vegetation. The sky is overcast and hazy. On the right side of the image, there are several diagonal green and teal graphic overlays.

BLESS THIS HIDDEN VALLEY, O IESU;

On a wave you come to me,
Ever faithful and true;
Let your light shine, upon the sea,
Ride, Iesu, ride

Father, all creation waits, to hear your guitar;

Let it echo through our land, from your loving hand:
Come, Father, come, and play your song
Come, Father, come

CHORUS

Mana'o 'i'o, I believe,
In this valley, I see
And of your breath, I breathe

Mana'o'i'o, *I Believe!*
In this valley, I see

Of your breath, aheahe,
Of your breath, aheahe, I breathe

Mana o' i'o'
I Believe!

HOPETH ALL THINGS

Hope All Things

is like the Sun Rising.

Thy Charity is brighter than the morning sunrise;
all Thy Light begins the day.
As sure as the sun will rise,
Thy Promises shall come to pass.
HOPING ALL THINGS,

We shall eat of the TREE OF LIFE

We shall not be hurt of the SECOND DEATH

We shall eat of the HIDDEN MANNA and shall be given a WHITE
STONE with a NEW NAME

We shall RULE over the nations and be given the MORNING STAR

We shall be clothed in WHITE RAIMENT, and
Our names not blotted out of the BOOK OF LIFE

We shall be a PILLAR IN YOUR TEMPLE, going no more out. We
shall have your NEW NAME

We shall sit with you in Your THRONE



Abba
FATHER, JESUS & HOLY SPIRIT,
Thou hast given us ALL HOPE,
and the adoption is near:
We shall inherit ALL THINGS,
and we shall be THY SONS;
By Thee and by
The Alpha and Omega,
We RULE AND REIGN.



OH LORD, OUR HEART IS STAYED ON THEE AS WE WAIT PATIENTLY IN COMPLETE FAITH FULL OF HOPE:

Knowing that thy words are true, and that they will not fall to the ground void.

For thou hast sent your Son and He made the way so that we can overcome all things.

We stand in the hope of all these thy promises. That we shall have the same mind, That we shall have the same nature, completely destroying the last enemy.

O death I will be thy plague. O dragon we shall be thy end.

Our heart beats with full anticipation knowing that the earth shall be restored back to the beauty it once had, where the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the lion will eat straw like the ox and a child shall lead them.

O Lord that there will be no more tears but instead, the blissfulness of the light of life.

We stand sure in full expectation, knowing that we shall be clothed upon anew.

We stand sure in thy Words knowing that we are kings and priests and carry thy name: Melchizedek.

For thou hast said, glorify thou them with the same glory which I have.

For thou hast said, the righteous shall inherit all things. For thy words are sure

Because of Thy Words O Lord we walk in the newness of life knowing that we are Thy bride.

Because of Thy Words O Lord we walk in newness of life knowing that we are that New Jerusalem.

O Lord we shall fulfill thy hope, We shall become thy Holy people that you have always wanted. We shall be one with you in complete Charity.

We stand in the hope of all these thy promises: For thou alone, O Lord art our hope.

Heart of Charity

In a little white church on a Sunday morn',
I heard it whispered, soft and torn.
"The heart of Jesus, it's a giving flame,
In His hands, we're never the same."

The nature of the Father, oh, rich and kind,
A love so pure, it can change the blind.
Flesh and bone, yet Heaven's throne,
We're called to share what He's made our own.

Charity, it's the river that flows,
Through wildest storms, through highs and lows.
With open hands, and hearts full-grown,
We're Jesus' love in flesh and bone.

I saw a man give his coat away,
To someone cold at the break of day.
And I swear I saw the Father's face,
In his gift of grace, in his warm embrace.

Hearts are stones 'til love sets them free,
When His nature takes root in you and me.
It's a seed of hope, a song of care,
In every act, He's standing there.

Charity, it's the river that flows,
Through wildest storms, through highs and lows.
With open hands, and hearts full-grown,
We're Jesus' love in flesh and bone.



ENDURETH ALL THINGS



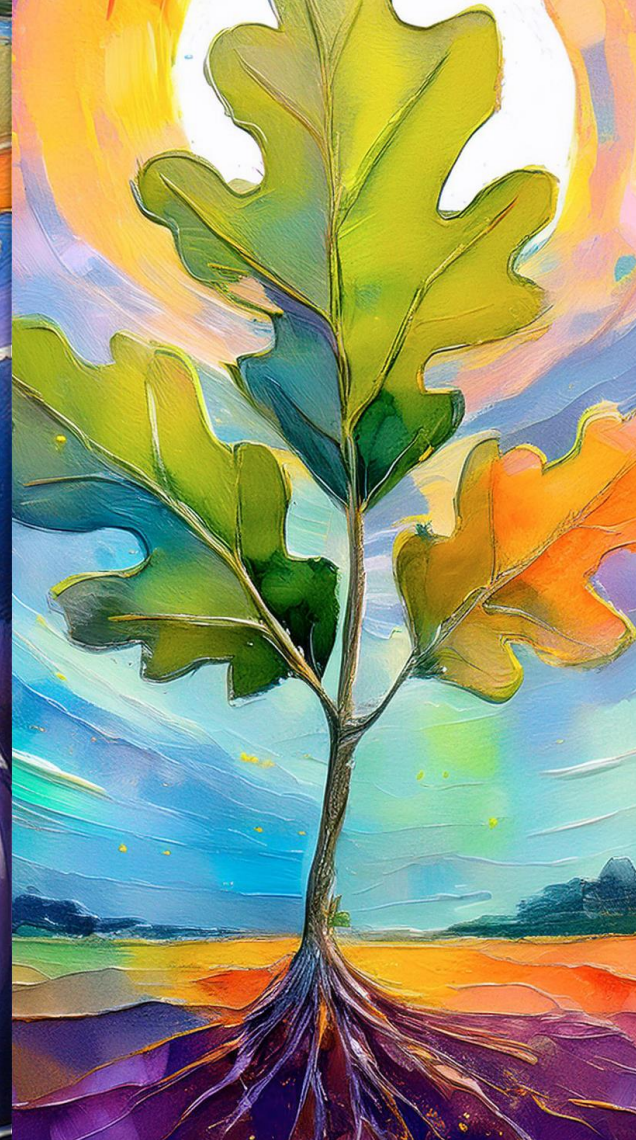
AN ACORN

Oak seeds germinate in moderate temperatures; some need light; others thrive in the dark.



A SPROUT

The seed germinates and a stem and leaves emerge.



A SEEDLING

The roots provide water & nutrients from the soil; the leaves get warmth and energy from the sun.



A SAPLING

The shoot grows slowly into a young tree - a sapling - then into a mature tree producing acorns.

Oak-ay! As one grows in Christ, Charity has a good, clean sense of humor.

12 OAK JOKES

1. What is the oak's national anthem?
2. What does an oak eat for breakfast?
3. What about lunch?
4. What is an oak's favorite subject?
5. What is an oak's favorite month?
6. What do they say about the angry oak?
7. Why don't oaks have teeth?
8. Why did the oak go to the ice cream parlor?
9. What do you get when you marry an oak and a banana?
10. What is the oak's favorite drink?
11. Why didn't Da Vinci hang the MONA Lisa on an oak tree?
12. Why did the RUTH-less oak color her hair?

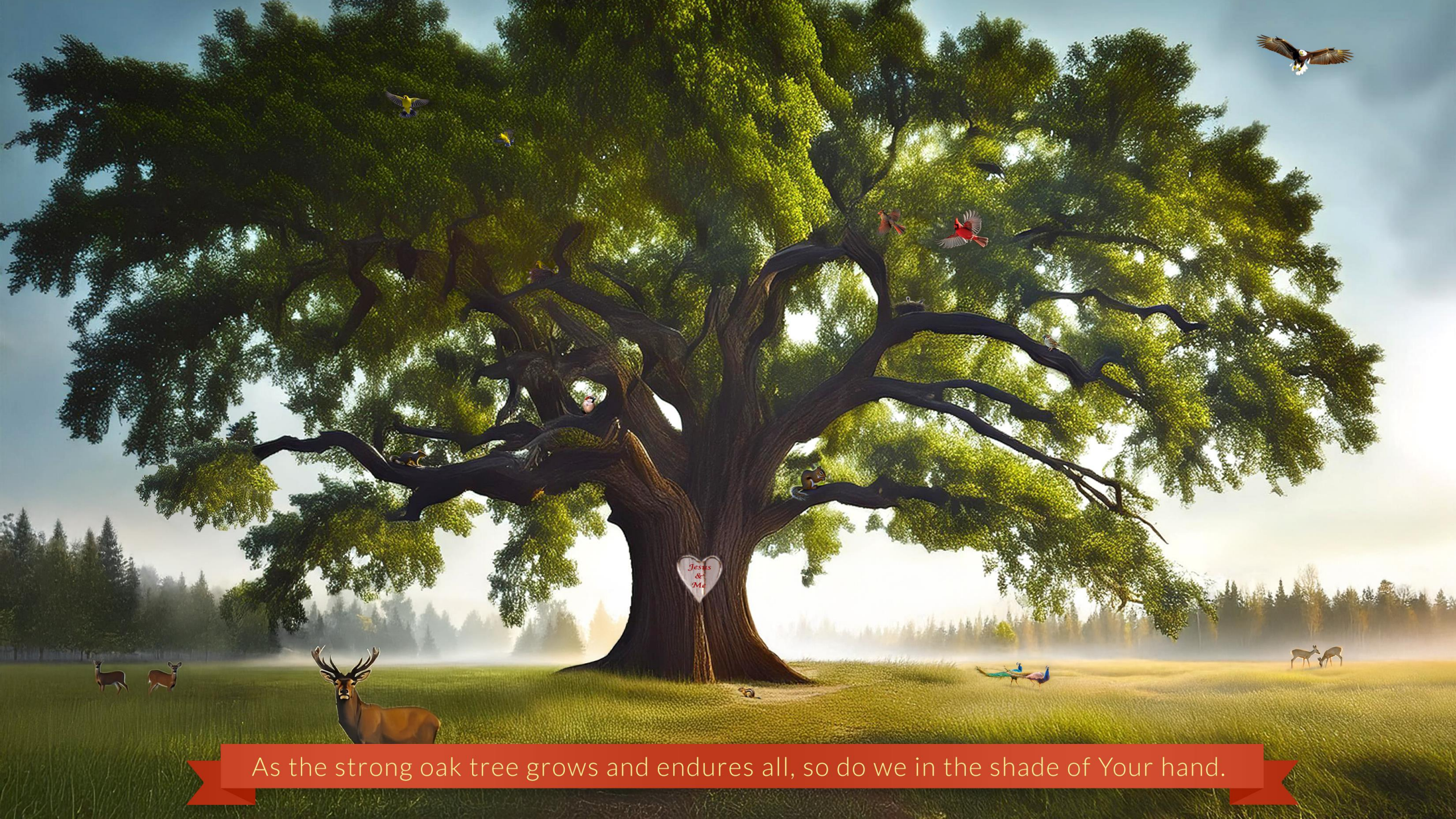
BONUS

Where do oaks go for vacation?

1)Oak say can you see 2)Oak-meal 3)A-Corn Dog 4) Chemis-tree 5)Sep-timber 6)His bark is worse than his height 7)The CAND-A-Corn was too sweet 8)To try a Pinecone 9)A Choccol-Oak Sundae 10)Oak-a-Cola 11)It's obvious, he Louved it too much 12)Because her roots had grown out B)OAK-INAWA

Do you
have an
Oak Joke?

IF YOU ENDURED THIS, YOU HAVE CHARITY.



As the strong oak tree grows and endures all, so do we in the shade of Your hand.

NEVER FAILETH

NEVER FAILETH IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS

A man in a cowboy hat is kneeling in a grassy field at night, looking down at a campfire. The sky is dark with stars and a faint nebula. The campfire is made of logs and is burning brightly. The man is wearing a dark shirt, jeans, and a cowboy hat. The background shows rolling hills and a small building in the distance.

"Father, it's going to be a long,
hard ride.

Got twelve men, 600 head.

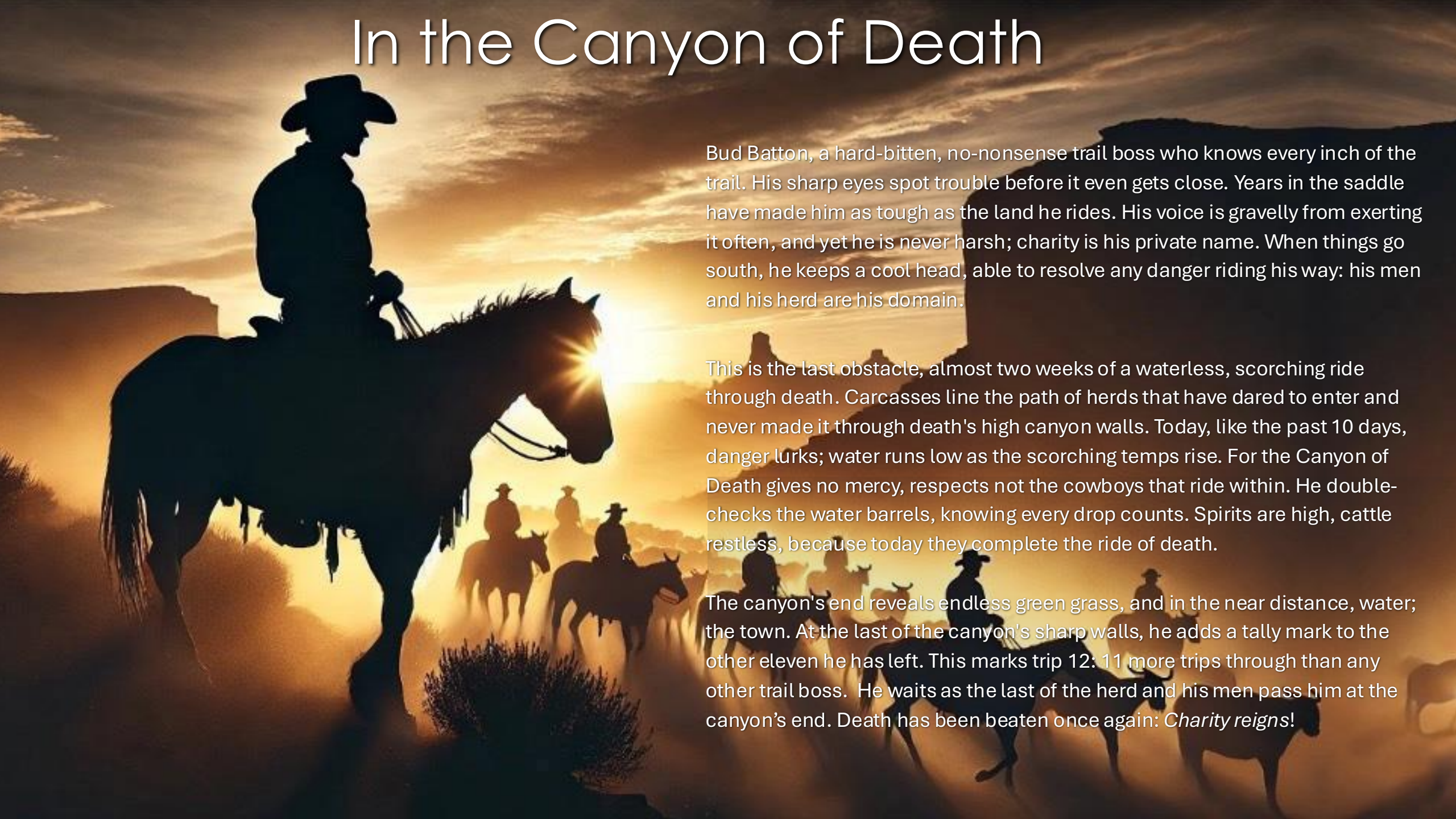
Going to need all of you, Father.

And you, Brother!

Lead me, Holy Ghost. At dawn
we ride. Amen!"

Early morning prayer from Bud "Trail boss" Batton.

In the Canyon of Death

A dramatic silhouette of a cowboy on a horse, facing right, against a bright sunset sky. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong backlight effect. In the background, several other riders on horseback are visible, also silhouetted, moving along a path. The overall scene is set in a desert canyon with rocky walls visible in the distance.

Bud Batton, a hard-bitten, no-nonsense trail boss who knows every inch of the trail. His sharp eyes spot trouble before it even gets close. Years in the saddle have made him as tough as the land he rides. His voice is gravelly from exerting it often, and yet he is never harsh; charity is his private name. When things go south, he keeps a cool head, able to resolve any danger riding his way: his men and his herd are his domain.

This is the last obstacle, almost two weeks of a waterless, scorching ride through death. Carcasses line the path of herds that have dared to enter and never made it through death's high canyon walls. Today, like the past 10 days, danger lurks; water runs low as the scorching temps rise. For the Canyon of Death gives no mercy, respects not the cowboys that ride within. He double-checks the water barrels, knowing every drop counts. Spirits are high, cattle restless, because today they complete the ride of death.

The canyon's end reveals endless green grass, and in the near distance, water; the town. At the last of the canyon's sharp walls, he adds a tally mark to the other eleven he has left. This marks trip 12: 11 more trips through than any other trail boss. He waits as the last of the herd and his men pass him at the canyon's end. Death has been beaten once again: *Charity reigns!*



Charity

IS LIKE A TRAIL BOSS



With the Canyon of Death now behind us, not one is lost; ranch hands and herd all safe! They know my voice; they hear my commands. "Victory over the canyon," they shout!

As we move into the stock yard, the town's sheriff, with his wife, ask for THE Bud Batton. "Our son is deathly ill; please Bud, come," the sheriff pleads. "I will come and heal him", says Bud.

Walking into the sunbaked, hot room, Bud and his men see the boy. He is gasping for his next breath, his chest heaving. Bud Batton steps forward. Then kneeling at the dying boy's bed, in the power of the Spirit, Bud speaks, "Young man, arise and be healed in the name of JESUS, the Alpha and Omega: the beginning and the end." Immediately, the boy looks up, looks at his hands, feels his chest, and says, "Mom, Dad...I..,I'm healed!"

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH



Charity
IS LOVE IN ACTION