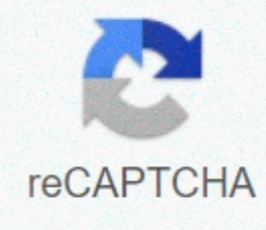




I'm not robot



**Continue**



That night, I was given the opportunity to tell the children about the cross in Young Lives. The week before temporarily talked to them about sin, a rough but very necessary topic. He promised at the end of his speech that I would be great news for them this week. I first wondered if everyone could hear new stories this time. Many times, with friends or family, if we hear the same story twice we quickly tune out. I assure them that the cross is the most amazing love story and it is the reason for so many changing lives. Before I talked we got kids to turn around (face the television) so now the normal kids sit at the back and usually not as committed to being sitting at my feet. Eyes wide look as me as I told the children the amazing story about how Jesus was a will, not a victim. I was very descriptive, and times I'd seen young and heard lousy sounds. But it was exactly what they needed to hear. Almost at the end of my talk I told them that in my 10 years of Youth Life, I saw hundreds of lives and hearts changed because of this very message. They get to see 8 weekly ideas that in their lives have changed but I thought it would be cool to give them an apermps of how God worked throughout our community. My room and I put together a video, with the help of some awesome friends, who are a pronounce of kadbord testimony and other Orlando YL ideas. To be honest, it's hard to stand in front looking at myself on a screen sign holding that so ashamed to describe my past: hypocrisy, depression, drinking... your name. But then my mindset changed quickly that I see how my life changed for the better. Children were given the opportunity to see ideas keep signs up in anoreksia, sex, and no self worth turning into amazing stories. God can take anything and make it beautiful. In the midst of hard times it seems almost impossible to see how God works, but what an incredible treasure is it to look backward and see how it changes so much life for the better. I suspect many of you are going to make talks in the next few weeks. I want to pass on you one of my best resources for cross speech. The documentary below is a harmonious to the cross history that I created several years ago. The cross [...] I love giving club talk, and I love planned science campaigns. Here are some resources to share with other ideas looking for content. Club Palace Clubs are very individual and should be based on our own stories, and the people and the events that fill us with passion. There is never any reason to simply use someone else's club, but rather, my hope is that these talks would give you ideas, inspiration, or encouragement when necessary. Intro to Young Life, Spring 2014: Youth life is not about an organization, it's about relationships. I didn't come back to Young Life every week because I loved I come back because of my friendship with my mind. People of Christ, Fall 2014: John 4:1-30, the woman of good. This Samarital woman was with 6 men, and none of them performed it. I was dating so many boys in high school, but they never reached my true hands. Jesus offers us living water, true life. Jesus is the only one who can ever truly accomplish us. It gives us real life. \*\*Note: As I gave more club speech, I became more and more comfortable with the bars, and my scores have become less extensive. This speech is not as well written as the other sermons given to him. Cross To Speak, Fall 2013: God made the ultimate sacrifice for us when He sent His Son to the cross to die for our sins. I illustrated this story with the story of a girl I use in nanny for, a girl named Maris, who I would do anything for. The idea of sending him to die is incompreensible. I can't fathom that sending my child to death for a people of sin. Resurrection/Appropriate, Spring 2013: When Christ is resurrected, three days after His crucifixion, He fulfilled the last prophecies made, proving His divinity and ultimate authority. Heaven's promises are confirmed, and we will spend eternity with Him because His promises are true. I show this story with the death of my grandfather, and the difference between a great and incredible man who remains dead, and the Son of God, who was beaten to death. Wild study campaign Grace, not Max Lucado. McCallum did a 4-week school campaign wide in this book, and he's one of my absolute favorites. Lucado dives into the idea in radical favor, and what that means for our lives. He fears the discussion of Jesus and the biblical favor He offers us, and real life stories of those who have experienced incredible grace in their lives. I sat down to read this book, and devout the whole thing in a day. It's an easy, addiction, transform it. I would recommend it to any young life leader, or any believer, for that question. An eyewitness on this. A white water, torn, turn-you-upside-downness on it. Thanks come after you. - Max Lucado Here is a basic BEVISION of the 4 week study we did, with the lesson for one week. Fascinating, by Jan & Stasi Eldridge A few of my girls and I did a study in this book Spring in their freshman year of high school. This isn't a high-school freckle book should be ready for, but those few have been, and they loved it. Fascinating exploring the heart of a woman – what makes us women, and how God created us, and the beauty of his desires to give us. Stasi shows the image of how beautiful and loving we are by Christ- He is passionate in love with us, and he runs us like no one else at all times. We perfectly love our own This book can be a game change for women at any age. I read it in high school and loved it again with my girl, and they will go back to it time and time again. I would recommend it for any woman, and for any small group / campaigning ready and willing to root their identity in Christ. A Peter's study and his relationship with Jesus two other ideas and I went through this study with all of our girls falling into sophomore years. I received the basic description for this study from Todd Pinkston, and added more questions and adapted it to our schedule/needs of our girl. I've used bits and pieces of it a few other times on Wilderness's journey. What I love about this study is that he makes the character of Peter coming, and in him, we can learn a lot about Jesus. Jesus called Peter his best friend, and you can learn a lot about someone the way He treats his best friends. This study was a success, and at the end of the semester, the girls said things like my gosh oh, so something Peter would do. I loved it. Rich, Thirsty, Hungry by Jamie Lisea I picked up this book at the camping shop at Crooked Creek this summer. I haven't gone through it with high school students yet, but I think it would be a valid and successful study. Lisea takes three encounters with Jesus from the Bible- the old rich, the woman of good, and the prodigal child, and writes them in daily places and tongues. The setting and characters are changing, but the story line is the same, and readers are left in one of those encounters people had with Jesus. Jesus King, by Timothy Keller's book This is one of my absolute favorites. Timothy Keller takes you through the book of Mark, expanding on certain stories. The character of Jesus comes alive, practically jumping out of the pages. I love the way Keller has beautifully crafted this book; every word makes me fall more in love with Jesus. I haven't gotten to do a campaign to study with this book yet, but my dream is to walk through this with my girls for senior years in high school. Keller is releasing a study guide for Jesus King on February 23rd, and I can't wait to get my hands on it. You can pre-order the study here. Reading Plan Bible Reading Chart, by Kit Sublett This chart is a great starting point for kids ready to start reading the Bible. Just crossed out the chapter after reading it! The Wilderness Ministry Resources Ministry of wilderness guides this booklet page 18 is really just a compilation of my note. After my first summer guide to the Wilderness, I realized that I wasn't quite aware of scripture as I wanted to be. I spent the spring 2014 semester going to the New Testament and recording all my notes, thoughts, and inspirations, in the hope that it would make me gospel ministry. No finishing touches have been placed in this little book— it's an organized wilderness in my notes, which I printed and brought with me all summer. More useful than the current book, though, was the action in doing it. My hope is that this book would help other guides and youth life ideas like, but I also encourage any leaders and guides to go through this process of reading and compile notes for themselves, as that was the most powerful tool for me. YoungLife Lacroix Palace 4.4 There I sat in an interrogation room. It was every bit as the same in how the spotlight moves on television. A concrete room, a metal table, metal chairs, a single door, and a two-way mirror. Through from me I saved my interrogator. He looked older, maybe old enough to have grandson. Before it, a stack of folders that look there are thousands of pages and folders. I thought: Why am I here? What have I ever done to be in a place like this? My interrogator initiated the conversation strongly: Do you know why you are here? No. He soupled and opened the file first, and began explaining. More than the course of your life, you have committed a number of crimes that... Wait what? I said: I didn't make crap. I'm not part of here. Do you.... Isn't it yours? It's cut, swipe a sheet across the table – a profile with picture. I examined it and realized that every detail of this sheet concerned me – names, birthdays, addresses, social security numbers, my mother and father's name – the information they unmistakably pointed to me. I got mad at that point. I replied, It is my information, but I am not guilty of any crimes. Are you my child? I'm a freaking model citizen. You have no tea. Well let's go on the charges, and you can see for yourself. Do you want to start at the beginning or with the most recent way and work our way back? I passed back, fine, but I didn't make the crap to be in here. Starting from the beginning He has pulled the file from his giant pile. Age two. Your mother asked you if you ate all of your chicken people. You answered, 'Yes' even if you pushed all your food on the ground for the dog to eat. Is it a freaking joke? That's why I'm here – for crap like this? I didn't eat my nuggets, call me. I'm sure this is not a joke – and it was the lie that you said that you are being charged for. And yes, you are here to answer 'crap like this.' Let us skip a bit. He has pulled another file. Age 10, your mother told you that you had to wait for your birthday to receive a Gameboy Color, but you couldn't wait. You saw your friend, Drew's, the Gameboy in his bedroom when he invited you on. Do you remember that? Vaguely. You put the Game inside the pocket of you and told yourself that you would give it back. You take it home and you hide it under your pillow. Later, as you played in your bedroom, your dad's steps walked in and asked where you had gotten the Gameboy. You responded with a lie that explained that Drew had two and left you borrowed one. You got away with it, and you even managed to sneak the Gameboy back to his house and hide it between his cousin for him to get later. Two counts of carrying fake witnesses, one count of stealing. The anger was composed. Who was this guy, and how the hell did he manage to dig all this crap? I thought to myself. Shouldn't you be interestingly associated with drug addicts? Isn't that what I'm doing? It pulls a sheet of paper closer to the top of the giant stack. Didn't Chad Blosser give you an Adderall to study for your final Accounting Manager and Dr Floress on May 16th, 2012 at 7:49pm? hey! Who the hell are you!? Who were you talking to? I am the law, declared calmly and emotional. Thank you for your bullshit Hollywood response, Clint Eastwood. I bet you practice that in the mirror every morning. Are we going to continue? Or do you want to enter your prayers now? Innocent or guilty? I'm obviously innocent. Haven't you listened? I don't know what kind of personal vendetta you have against me, but this is idiotic. I want my avoy. In that exact moment there was a knock on the door. My interrogator hollered for people to come. The door was open and my avoy was to rack in. I don't know how to describe it, except that it looks very ordinary – medium height, not good looking, not bad looking, maybe a few years older than me. His lawsuit didn't fit right, which made me think he's not a good lawyer enough to pay a tailor. He sat next to me, smiling like a sort of ear to touch. Who is this asshole? I said away from my interrogator. I am your advocate. You asked an advocate wasn't you? He was always smiling, which just pissed me off that much more. I said I want my abortions. My interrogation spoke: It's in the interrogation room next to us. This man is the benefit of the court you appoint. It's already familiar with your case. Now let's continue with the charges. For hours, my interrogator continued it to record it following so-called charges. After a while, I just stopped talking, there was no point at this time. I would deal with this in court. It covers all details, nothing left out, times, dates, names, that just extended the interrogation. I've been dozen for a bit, only to wake up to realize that we haven't even held a dent to the stack of towers it's in charge. Finally, I couldn't take the monotony anymore. I turned to my attorney general, why don't you do something instead of just sitting there. You assume my avoy. I am your lawyer! he said, toasted. Think of me as your defender, I'm going to do everything in my power to help you – just as soon as I hear a load that I think I can refute, I'm going to speak up. What? Are you freaking out kidding me? Thanks because you advise my oh wonders. You are supposed to fight every load brought against me! Is that really the freaking justice system at work? What – did they pay you? Give you a little bit of the books? Give me freaking goats or a sheep for whatever I care, the baby creature in the animal kingdom could do a better job. Get the hell out of here! I was heavy I was so upset. But calmly, he spoke, You are completely within your right to refuse my service, but I will be outside if you need me. Although I highly suggest that you use my services. Screaming, I once again asked him to leave. With her smile replaced by sadness, she slowly rose from the chair and pondered outside the door, locked her behind her. I was taken ashore by the sadness that it's exposed. I've never met this man, why would he be devastated not to dismiss me? Get on with the charges. I said rolling my eyes and leaning back into my interrogate chair, who was quiet during the exchange with my lawyer, picked up exactly where he left off, but he wasn't in a full sentence when I heard falling knocked on the door. I knew it was my avoy. I thought to myself, screwed this guy. He's not going to help me. It probably just left a pen in here or some crap. But the hits just remain constant and very falling. It reminds me of a sad puppy at the front door. Stupid. I thought to myself. I did not realize that my interrogator had not stopped speaking. Maybe he didn't hear it. I don't know, anyway, this man was a reading machine of things in my past. February 14th, 2010, age 18, your parents had a strict policy of not having girlfriend on when they aren't home. Luckily for you, you have trusted them, and have left for A Valentine's Day so far. They even remind you not to bring your girlfriend over. You agreed and waited until they left... I knew the story, so once again, I turned it out. I got up from my chair and started passing behind him. It was at that time that I understood up. I pulled over the situation in my mind. I came to the thought: These are minor charges like that. Honestly, how long will I have to be in jail – three days? Maybe I'll just plead guilty and avoid court fees. I sat back down and leaned in arrogantly. Mockingly, I said, 'Well, John McClain, you've got all these charges against me. Say I'm convicted, what does my sentence look like 2-3 hours in prison counts? Death, he said, is rock-faced. Piss off! My name is. My rage somehow continues to grow. You've had me in here for hours. At least that's seriously, seriously. what am I watching? 293.568 death sentences. Tears started well up in my eyes from anger. I could still hear the knock on the door. He seemed more desperate but still weakened. You can't do that! I lived a perfectly good life. Ask my teachers, ask my friends! I'm right! You're unfair and cruel! This is justice! he roared back at me. This was the first time he broke his stoic state. I was suddenly aware of his authority, but I didn't care. I was bellied at that point. I shot up, kicked my chair back and reversed the table, throwing the records around the room. With a wide position and a posticant who told him that I could be hit with, I'm just happy at him. His face didn't change, still without moving and emotion. The room was silent except to knock knock on the door. I listened to him for what seemed like hours, to make him talk, the hit never stops, but you lost most. Finally, he spoke. Returning to his calm voice and anxiety, he said: I suggest you use your advice. I was crushed for tilt at that point. I was always infriacted and called: Fine! Then I headed my voice to the door. Back in. Let's see if you have any values. The door slowly opened, and there are lawyers I stood up, no longer with this goofy smile that I was hoping to see. It seemed to be my interrogator, curves-dealing. Finally! I thought: It means business. Without even acknowledging me, he said, I would like a word with my client. By all means, responded my interrogator while standing ready to leave the room. The door was closed, and I was left with my counselor who was enthusiastic by evidence of my crimes being dispersed all over the room. Waters still streaming down my face, I found myself screaming to my advantage, will they kill me? I'm innocent. 'No you don't,' he said calmly. Oh the arrogance of this guy, I thought. From rage, I breeds back and everything I dropped a straight cross that landed on his jaw bone. He fell to the ground, and I stood on him to continue. Finally, a dash for me leaned anger, which pudgy felt good. A gas was opened under his eyes, and blood began to pour his face. He stood up and said in a calm voice. You are guilty of everything. I was blinded by rage, but instead of hitting him again, I broke into his face, and in a low focus voice I said: You don't know me. I know everything about you. Mitch. Age 24 Born Kari and Superman. Your parents have been divorced and noticed by the time you were old enough to remember. You received your first C of Statistics. You don't know what you want to do with your life. We go through depression and use this to justify our company. It's during those times that you fear your own thoughts – afraid to be alone. He kept talking, my inner thoughts and my inner desires. How does someone I've never met, know all these details of my life? Why would he even care to know this? He ended his comments in my life with these words: ... I know you know you've done all that stuff. I took over. Those words did it. My rage turned to the grave. My position is troubled under my sudden knee weakness, and the tears of the eyes flow harder. I knew it was right. I can help you, but you have to do two things. what do I have to do? I don't have the money to pay you. I don't want that. I need you to tell me you need my help and admit your guilt. That's all, and I can help you. I didn't know what he would be able to do. Pleading guilty seemed like a literal death sentence and contradictive. But at that point, I realized I had no way shot either. Through the waters, I was wrong: I did it, all things. Help me. For the first time, I saw him leave it, a little warm smile came across his face. He wiped out the blood and spit that I caused, stood up and embraced me as I fell into his arms. He sat on the ground while I looked unprecedented. Once I calmed down and dropped me and stood up, walked over the door and opened it. A shot of horror running back me as I saw my interrogator in tears. My counselor welcomed it, and they exchanged that I wasn't close enough to hear. Then I saw them both turned to me, obviously to hear me give my prayer. I plead guilty. It's all true. Once again they come back with each other and exchange inaudible words. And they were then shaking their hands. Without warning, my interrogator had resigned on location. Two guards ran in and they suffered my lawyer to the ground. His head blamed down on the cold concrete. They were not relent. They kept beating him you lost without end. Chocked and scared, thinking I was next, I scooted my head back against the wall. They kept beating her until her face made my stomach turn. They picked up his body and drugs him out of the room. It was at this point that I noticed that thousands of paper covering the floor were gone. They disappeared unexplainably. I was cumbfounded, but I was brought back to attention when I realized that I was left alone with my interrogator once again. And in the room he looked at me, and the first time I saw darkness in his face. He said: You are free to go. Why? I managed to whimper. Your insurance requires that it receive the punishment for you. I agreed. But did not do anything? Isn't he innocent? Yes, it is. But now it is on its way to be killed – the death that you deserve. The law is satisfied that someone takes the punishment. I was sermon. The thoughts whirl around myself are in a hurry. He spoke again – Don't let this go out of the waste. We both know that you deserve any of that. Up to this point, was on break. From the day you were born, you left a trail of destruction behind you.. But now live your life in a way that honors His sacrifice. Even if you've never been able to, work to pay back what you must – not because it is due, but because you're a changed man. In that, he appeared on the side of the door. I picked myself up on the floor and continued towards the exit. I started to know what was recent, Lord? I asked. Who was he? I didn't even get his name? Your lawyer, your wonderful counselor. It was my son. He replied. Follow Romans 6:23 For the salaries of sins death, but God's gift is eternal life in our Lord Jesus Christ. • We deserve to die (explain). Romans 3:23 For all have sin and fall short of the glory of God, 24and they are justified by his grace as a gift, through the redemption of Jesus Christ • All have sins questioned: How many of us want the best sons or daughters you can? You want to make your parents more proud of you they can be. (Everyone raising hands) Hearing question: How many people have ever done something that wouldn't make your parents proud? (yet everyone escalates but why? Did you not want to be proud of you at that time? Do you not want to make your parents proud all the time? Paul says this in Romans 7 Because I know that his good head does not dwell in me, that is, in the nature of my sins. To have the desire to do what is right, but I can't bring it out. Because I don't do well I want to do, but evil I don't want to do---that I continue to do. To be human is sin. It's inescapable. You have sinned, and you shall sin. I deserve to die. You deserve to die. But while God requires justice, he also offers mercy. By human standards, this is an impossible task, it's either one or the other. But God has made it to the location of both his nature just and his merciful nature to satisfy. All this takes is to admit your guilt, it allows Jesus to take the punishment for you. It does voluntarily, but you must accept the offer. Offer.

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