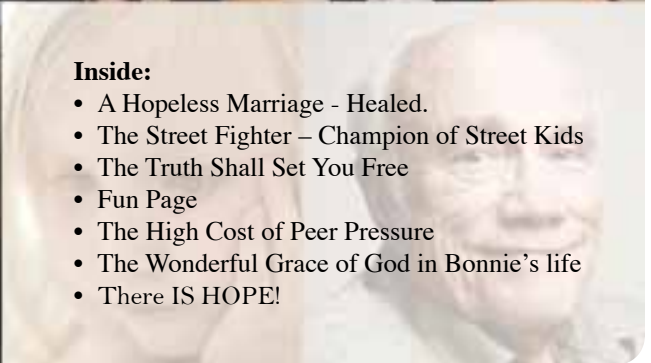




*There is*  
**HOPE**



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## A Hopeless Marriage - Healed

Her husband Jay's announcement was like a violent kick in Glenda's stomach. She lay face-down on the floor sobbing and crying all that night. She could not imagine life without Jay. Glenda considered suicide, but thought of her girls, and decided she couldn't do that to them. Still, all hope was gone.

She grew up in an unhappy, dysfunctional home, so it wasn't long until Glenda had a partner and two young girls. A while after her partner left her, she met Jay in a bar in 1991. Jay was six years younger, but that did not hinder their physical passion for one another. Their goal was simply sexual gratification.

They lived together for three years, when suddenly the father of her girls, then aged eleven and fourteen, was killed in a cycling accident. This was a profound shock to the girls, and to Glenda. They leaned on Jay more than ever, and the girls began to see him as their father figure.

Glenda and Jay decided to marry in 1994. They were married in the Station Place Restaurant. They continued substance and drug abuse, their drinking and smoking. What other way of living was there? They knew none. Both had good jobs, Glenda in maintenance at a school board office, and Jay as a pizza restaurant manager.

Without moral moorings or standards to restrain him, Jay began to drift away from Glenda about five years later. One day Jay announced to his wife that he was leaving. His job offered him a transfer to North Battleford, where he gave full rein to his passions and lust for women.

Towards sunrise, after that long bitter night, Glenda felt impressed to call her sister Frieda. Her sister had become a Christian, and Glenda had avoided contact with her since then, but now she was desperate. Frieda cried with her over the phone at this devastation of Glenda's marriage.

In February of 1998 Glenda's sister Frieda and her husband started teaching Glenda about the Lord Jesus, and what He could do for her. On March 22 she decided to start going to church and to pray. However, it was a few years before she truly repented of her past and sought to please and glorify God.

Glenda remembers that when she did that a new change came over her. Her deep, tremendous grief left. She had wonderful thoughts of Jesus and love welled up towards Him. She read the Bible with great respect and learned eagerly from it.

She discovered God hates divorce. Some of her new Christian friends advised divorcing Jay, but Glenda decided to pray for him instead. She wanted Jay to return and be a Christian too. For the next seven years she prayed harder, more earnestly and more intelligently for Jay.

While she prayed, God worked in Glenda to transform her into a more caring and loving wife. Eventually, she became discouraged and wondered if she ought to just let Jay go. The years were passing; maybe it was not to be?

Glenda decided what she wanted most was for Jay to be saved from his life of sin, then for them to be reconciled, and their marriage healed and restored. If the latter was not to be, she begged

God to at least bring the joy of salvation to Jay's heart.

Meanwhile, Jay had kept in touch with her daughters and they with him. He began to hate North Battleford and his job. Jay decided to move back to Saskatoon. He had willfully left his job and found another one, but the owner of the pizza chain invited him back and offered him a chance to manage any location.

Jay moved back to Saskatoon in 2001, but continued to live for his own passions. His intense job duties burned him out and he lost that job. He decided to go to school for upgrading on a Provincial Training Allowance, but then his car broke down, so he couldn't get to his classes in Warman at the regional college.

Glenda's campaign to pray for Jay and bless him only increased. So she volunteered to drive him to school each day. It gave her the perfect opportunity to tell Jay what God had been doing in her life. His conscience gradually came to life, and Jay began to realize that he had some spiritual needs too.

Glenda continued to talk of the Lord and invited Jay to come to church. Finally he agreed, thinking this would put an end to her request. Towards Christmas he finally went, and by the second or third visit, he was deeply convicted by the pastor's sermon. It was on Philippians 2:10-11, which talks of how one day every knee will bow to Jesus as Lord of all. We can do so now willingly, or one day we will be forced to do so as His conquered enemies.



A great fear of God came upon Jay. The Lord showed him how to fear Him with trembling awe. The next morning in the shower he repented, trusting in Christ as his only hope of standing before God.

Jay didn't at first understand that he should return to his wife, but he had a profound joy in the Lord and he was hungry and ready to learn what he should do.

Glenda was ecstatic. It was one week short of eight years that they had been separated; God had answered her prayers in the seventh year.

Jay was converted by Christ, in February, baptized on April 9, and they were reconciled and their marriage restored on May 31, 2006. After this the Lord started to bless Jay and Glenda.

Christ is now part of their marriage. They pray together, go to church together, and have new godly friends. Both Glenda and Jay know they are brand new creatures in Christ, and are in love with Him and each other. They deal with each other differently – with loving respect. In fact their roles – now corrected – are reversed from before. Glenda, who liked to be in charge, now lets Jay lead in the

marriage, after letting the Lord be her Husband for seven years,.

Jay had to let the Lord empty him of his old selfish ways and his need to build his own body image. But now he has an ability to spot inconsistencies in other more mature Christians, and he has a desire to study the Bible

now. Presently, they are looking to the future and how God might want them to reach out to others who realize they are in a hopeless rut and need God's Son to shine hope and new life into their lives. They know it is not too much to ask of God.

## The Street Fighter - Champion of Street Kids

Rick returned to Saskatoon. His business friend was leaving on a trip and invited Rick to use his condo. Rick was depressed and tired of living. He was stocked up with drugs and booze; he would consume them and then kill himself.

Below the balcony was the parking lot of a church. Rick watched in amazement all day Saturday at all the happy people coming and going because of a wedding. "That many happy people in one place at one time?" He kept basing cocaine, and mocking those happy people. "When the janitor comes to clean up," he figured, "I'll ask him about it. Some party!"

The next day was Sunday, and again the parking lot filled with happy people. Rick could not figure this out! He burned with curiosity; "What were those people doing in that building?" It happened all over again in the evening. He couldn't believe it. "I want to die in peace, and those happy people keep comin'!"

Monday morning, when he was running low on his own chemicals for

his private party, he finally spotted someone coming to the parking lot alone. It had to be the janitor, so Rick called out from the balcony, "Hey you, com'ere!" and beckoned the man closer. "What do you do in there?"

Rick was born in Kenora, Ontario, one of nine children, but family dynamics changed often, the parents divorced and remarried a number of times. The children sometimes numbered as high as nine for most of what scrappy, fightin' Rick remembers of his childhood. They moved many, many times, often across several provinces. His mother once told him he had native blood on both paternal and maternal lines, but he has nothing to prove his Metis status, and it is not important to him. After many beatings, and being shunted in and out of foster homes, he decided at thirteen and a half, he would be safer on the streets.

He learned to sleep in alleys, to hustle, and to fight so people learned to respect him. He learned to steal, deal drugs, and solve problems for people. He became so proficient at this, he

*One more thing I want to tell you is, I'm so glad that my friend brought me into that club. I just love it. It got me closer to the Lord than before.*

- Melissa W., Killarney, MB

became quite wealthy.

“I lived in hotels then,” Rick says, “and sent all my laundry out to be dry-cleaned. My money was in cars and things I could quickly sell to liquidate my assets.” Every night he was in night clubs or hustled in pool halls. He won some trophies and money.

A business man taught Rick to sell contracts for siding on houses. He got quite good at it. When he met a black man from Detroit with a white Cadillac who was also in the business, they decided to go to Meadow Lake together to do a joint canvas. As they were taking their luggage out of the caddy, they spied a bar and headed there first.

Some people singled Rick out and pressured him to buy them drinks. He refused and offered to go outside and solve the problem. Being wiry and experienced, he nearly killed two of the five. So much for Meadow Lake.

As Rick looked back on his life he decided he'd better put a stop to it as it had definitely spiraled out of control. Fueled by drugs and alcohol and always more violence, it was time to take himself out. It had to stop.

This was when he returned to Saskatoon and stayed in his friend's condo, having his own private pre-suicide party.

The man he thought was the janitor came up to the apartment and saw the mess of empties, and drug paraphernalia, but when Rick asked again, “What do you do in that building?” he replied, “Come and see.” Rick followed the man with his bottle of Kahlua in one hand.

When the man entered the pastor's office with a key, Rick caught on, “Hey! You're not the janitor!”

The man agreed he was not. He in-



roduced himself as Pastor Ralph. He asked Rick, “Why are you contemplating suicide?”

Rick went on about all the problems in his life, and what he'd done. Pastor Ralph said, “Jesus loves you.”

“I've beaten people until they lay in pools of blood.”

“Jesus loves you.” Pastor Ralph repeated after each confession.

Rick admits now that he was very low and depressed, and someone who comes from his kind of background is sure he doesn't deserve anything, especially not love. Pastor Ralph assured him there was a guy just like him in the Bible. For the first time he was hearing that he could stop, turn around and start up from the bottom. “I've often looked death in the face, but nothing woke me up until I hit bottom that day.” Rick despised what he had become. He ended up on his knees praying to confess his sins to God, and receive the forgiveness accomplished by Jesus on the cross. It was for his personal salvation.

Getting off his knees, his first thought was, "Others need to hear this!"

The problem was, he had a lot of past to clean up. He decided to go to rehabilitation to get off his addictions. Later, he went a second time.

He also had to go to jail for some crimes. It was there he got the idea he should learn more about the Bible and Christianity.

Out of jail, he hot-wired a car and drove himself to Bethany Bible Institute in Hepburn, Saskatchewan. When the car theft was discovered he had to go back to jail for a couple more days, before he could continue his education. He had a lot to learn, and learn he did!

A year later, in 1992, he started the Hands On ministry in Saskatoon. It took off fast, and grew quickly, but he had little skill in bookkeeping, or fund raising and soon he was deep in debt. The stress undid him.

Burned out, Rick quit, and in 2001-2003 went to work on oil rigs in Northern Alberta. The work was tremendously hard, yet the perfect place to work out his anger and frustration. Mostly he felt he had lost the ministry and some kids' lives were ruined because he was not standing with them. The demanding physical labor burned off his negative energy, and he was able to talk to God about it, facing the stars.

He worked night shifts, five weeks on and one week off. (Most people

did two weeks on and one off), but he loved that he could look up at the stars at night, and have honest conversations about himself with God.

Eventually, Rick made a deal with God, - that he would go back and trust Him for everything. Even if he had to start over with a hole in the wall, he would not try to run ahead or let it grow too big.

He enjoyed the demanding work, but even his boss who liked to drive him to the nth degree, and who had helped him climb up the ladder of positions by driving him on, finally said, "Rick, you go back to those kids. You're the best worker I've ever had, but your heart is with those street kids in Saskatoon. Go back!"

In March 2005 Rick arrived back in Saskatoon and started up Hands On again. It's a small place on 20th Street and Ave. B., but now the kids who used to come in the 90's are parents bringing their kids to him. He would give them the shirt off his back if they needed it, and the people on the street know that if you're in trouble you want Rick Langlais on your side, rather than any other gangs up and down town. He complains of trouble with his temper but love oozes out of him at the very mention of or thought of *his kids*. He'll do whatever he can to keep them from going down the bad paths he took.

*I have always known there was a God, but last year I invited Him into my heart. I don't want to live without Him. I can't wait until I see Him face to face.*

Sara Rose W., Nanton, AB.

## The Truth Shall Set You Free

A man was walking one day when he came across a young boy swinging an old, rusty bird cage. In the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright.

The man stopped the boy and asked, “What are you going to do with the little birds, son?”

“I’m going to take them home and have some fun with them. I’m going to tease them and pull out their feathers to make them fight. It’s gonna be awesome!”

“But you’ll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What are you going to do with them then?”

“Well, I’ve got some cats that like birds. I’ll give them to my cats.”

The man was silent for a moment. Then . . . “How much do you want for those birds?”

“What! You don’t want those birds, they’re not worth anything, they’re just common sparrows! They don’t sing, they’re not even pretty!”

“How much?”

The boy looked at the man as if he had lost his mind, then said, “\$10.00?”

The man reached into his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill and gave it to the boy, who promptly vanished before he could change his mind.



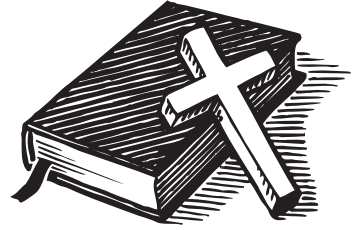
The man then gently picked up the cage and carried it to a grassy area under a tree. Setting it down, he opened the door and, by softly tapping on the bars, persuaded the birds to hop out, setting them free.

Consider this a modern day parable. Satan could boast that he has the whole human race tricked and trapped. He delights in tormenting people. But Jesus has paid the price in full. He picked up our cage, so to speak, and opened the door so we can live in hope. It is up to us to choose to walk out of that cage and into freedom. God’s Word says, “*You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.*” (John 8:32) And in John 14:6 Jesus says, “*I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.*”

*Yes, the Lord really has come in my heart. I used to think I was the best Christian, but on July 16th 2003, when I was reading Mailbox Club, then I realized I wasn’t a true Believer. I am so glad that I am doing these lessons. It has helped me a lot.*

Rosella G., AB.

# Fun Page



- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Alertness     | Hospitality    |
| Availability  | Initiative     |
| Courage       | Integrity      |
| Determination | Joyfulness     |
| Endurance     | kindness       |
| Flexibility   | knowledge      |
| Forgiveness   | Love           |
| Generosity    | Loyalty        |
| Honesty       | Purity         |
| Honorable     | Responsibility |

**Hidden Message:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

**The answer to the hidden message will be on page 16**

# Christian Character

Figure out what words the clues represent. Then find the words in the grid. When you are done, the unused letters in the grid will spell out a hidden message. Pick them out from left to right, top line to bottom line. Words can go horizontally, vertically and diagonally in all eight directions.

P R A C T I Y T I L A T I P S O H C I  
N G E C D H R F O R G I V E N E S S I  
S T I C A E N C H A R A C T E R W E I  
L L G I N V T E Y O U H O P E K L L Y  
W C O U R A G E W T Y F K T Y N N B S  
C R L L G P R T R T Q N R T B O L A S  
P H T O X C G U I M K K I B F W T R E  
R Y D N V K L S D L I L W L I L N O N  
K P V J W E O W M N I N E M N E R N L  
S S E N T R E L A B E X A Y I D R O U  
X T Y F E N K H I R I Q M T T G K H F  
C N G N C N Y S K B M P L I I E R Y Y  
T R E D P T N I I Y J F K R A O X T O  
T G P K I O N L F B T H T G T M N L J  
H L N R P D I L M Q D S B E I W N A G  
D B U S N T K Z G M T L E T V W F Y Q  
F P E E Y G B X L G K Y G N E N T O V  
N R S L K H F N G N T N M I O L K L P  
G S T A V A I L A B I L I T Y H H K P

## The High Cost of Peer Pressure, Can You Afford the Price?

by Barb Jenkins

Every one of us wants to fit in somewhere. We all want to be accepted, loved and have the approval of those around us. Peer pressure is a driving force that makes us do things. This pressure can come from within us or from others. It can come at the workplace, home, the classroom, or from our friends. If the pressure to belong or succeed is positive, it will have a positive effect on us. But if the peer pressure isn't good and it causes us to do things we know we shouldn't, it can have a very high cost.

I would like to share with you the ultimate price that peer pressure cost our son, his family, and his friends. Our son, Mark, was a typical teenager. In his need to find his place of belonging, Mark used humor as his way of fitting in. From an early age, he discovered that if he could make his peers laugh they would accept him better. So to fit in he used humor. He worked hard at being funny.

*"I just want to be accepted by my friends. I don't want to hurt anyone. I just want to fit in. Is there anything wrong with that?..."*

In grade school it was easy to make his friends laugh. But when Mark entered high school it wasn't so easy anymore. So he worked harder and put a lot of pressure on himself to be the funny guy. Some of his teachers and adults didn't understand his dry humor at first. But he was willing to get into some trouble to stand out and be different and make his peers laugh. It was important to him that adults liked him also. He hoped they would come to enjoy his weird sense of humor. Some did.

In our home Mark was the youngest of five boys. He wanted to stand out for being himself. He liked to be unusual with his low pants and hat on sideways. He liked to begin a trend with clothes, hair, shoes, and hats, but when others followed he would change his style again. As with most teenagers he just wanted to stand out, be noticed, and be accepted. Some of Mark's feelings of peer pressure were self-imposed and some were put on him by others. The need and pressure to belong is strong.

On July 15, 2000 peer pressure cost him his life. He died in a car accident. Mark and his friends left a hip-hop (dance). Mark was alone in his car. Two other cars, with some of his friends in them, left at the same time. They began passing each other and a race began. I know Mark wouldn't want to look like a chicken. He allowed peer pressure to push him to drive too fast. At a turn in the road, he lost control and he lost his life.

Mark had one year left in high school. That one wrong decision changed his and our lives forever. You may not be tempted to speed or race. But you might be tempted to do things that you know are wrong, just to fit in. Things like taking drugs, getting drunk, driving under the influence, sex outside of marriage, abortion, theft, etc. Mark never thought anything bad could happen to him. How wrong he was. He never came home that night, and he won't be coming home ever again.

As I look back I wish I could have helped him to develop a true sense of self worth; based on who God said Mark was and not based on what he

did, what he looked like, and what he owned. I wish I could tell him, but I will tell you instead. You don't have to be anything other than who you are. God says, in His Word, that you are fearfully and wonderfully made. Read Psalm 139. It's not important what others say about you. Your friends will come and go. It's only important to believe what God says about you. So be true to yourself and God.

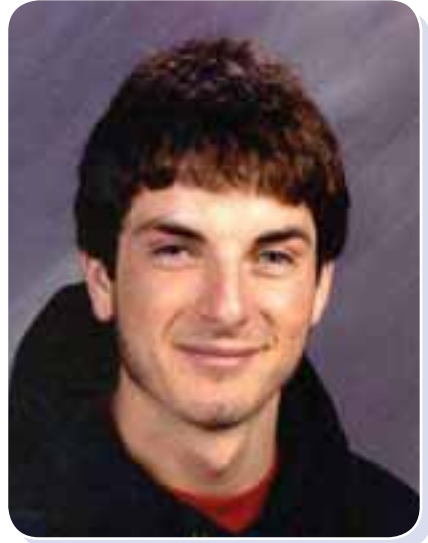
Before Mark died he told me he was tired of being the funny person at school. He was putting a lot of pressure on himself so he could feel he fit in. I tried to get through to him that he could just be himself. But for some reason I didn't get him to understand. So my hope and prayer is that God will use this message to save the lives of others who may be letting negative peer pressure influence their lives. Giving in to negative peer pressure always has a cost for us. It could also have an ultimate cost for you and those you love.

Yet, above all else, I am eternally grateful that Mark did make the most important decision of his earthly life.

He asked Jesus Christ to come into his life, and because of that one good decision, he is now in heaven for all eternity, and we will see him again.

If you have never asked Jesus Christ to come into your life, you need to do that. Will you let Him come in? He loves you more than you know, even enough to die in your place to prove it. (John 3:16 & Matthew 10:30-31).

You are very special to Him, and He



has a plan and a purpose for your life. (Jeremiah 29:11) Won't you give Him a try? It will be the most important decision you will ever make.

If you repent and pray that prayer, Jesus will come into your life according to John 1:12 & John 5:24. Don't rely on your feelings but on God's Word. It's important to tell someone of your decision. Surround yourself with Christian people and friends who will help you grow in your faith. Going to church is also important in this growth process, as is reading your Bible and other Christian books. With God's help you will have courage to stand up against peer pressure. God bless you in your walk with God.

*Thank you so much for the letters you are writing me! They really pull me together. When I finished this lesson I looked back to the day when I invited Christ into my heart. It felt like my head was about to explode. I felt like crying, that's how happy my heart was. It was an overwhelming experience....*

Tamera H., Morden, MB.

## The Wonderful Grace of God in Bonnie's Life

I was born in a small town in Manitoba, the oldest of six children. Mom and Dad cleverly named us Bonnie, Connie, Donnie, Ronnie, Shanie and Lonnie. Growing up is a tough enough process, but somehow I found it harder than most, always craving attention. I remember people always asking, "Which Onnie are you?" I found that hard because I didn't feel unique and special like God made me. That is, until I started school, where I got in trouble often. I remember how awesome it felt hearing my name over the PA system and my trips to the principal's office were frequent, as I looked for attention in all the wrong ways.

The summer before I started school, my life changed when I was sexually molested by a family friend. I became angry with my parents when I didn't feel like they cared. I had a huge chip on my shoulder and had lost trust in adults. I started hanging around with "hippies" who accepted me and helped fill the huge hole that was growing inside me. All I had to do to fit in was to dress cool, act crazy and get stoned with them. Talk about attention!

At 14, I took my first drug, LSD, and was almost immediately hooked. Being stoned filled that hole and made me feel very special. Before long, I was stealing and dealing at school to get my drug supply. I knew I had crossed a line but didn't know how to stop the cyclone my life was becoming; my parents watched helplessly.

A boy I liked invited me to a wedding, where I had my first alcohol-induced blackout, during which we had sex for the first time. My pregnancy was rather shocking, but we got married

because it seemed like the thing to do. My husband introduced me to the needle, which was the next step in my addiction, growing stronger over the years. I was willing to do anything for the feeling drugs gave me. Our marriage was doomed and I soon found myself a single mom on welfare with low self-esteem, addicted and angry. A perfect target.

A man named "Frankie" entered my life and I fell hard. He romanced me, showered me with gifts, took me fancy places, told me he loved me and shot me up with as much heroine as I wanted. I felt wonderful, special and so loved I couldn't believe my luck until one day he didn't show up. I didn't see him for several days and experienced the worst withdrawal imaginable. Unknown to me, this was part of his evil trap and I fell hard. As he teased me with a fix of heroine, he devastated me with his news. He was a pimp, definitely not in love with me (a lousy junkie), and I was going to be a part of his "stable." I knew then I would do anything for heroine and found myself "working" with several other girls like me in clubs, hotels, even the streets. Thus, I lived in his violent world until one day, in a drug-induced rage, he stabbed me! As I was bleeding to death, I had a "near death experience" where I felt my body go into a euphoric state as I imagined myself camping with my family. The feeling of peace and well being was incredible and started my cycle of several suicide attempts over the next few years. I was looking for that peaceful place again.

My parents came to take my son and me to live with them and give us a

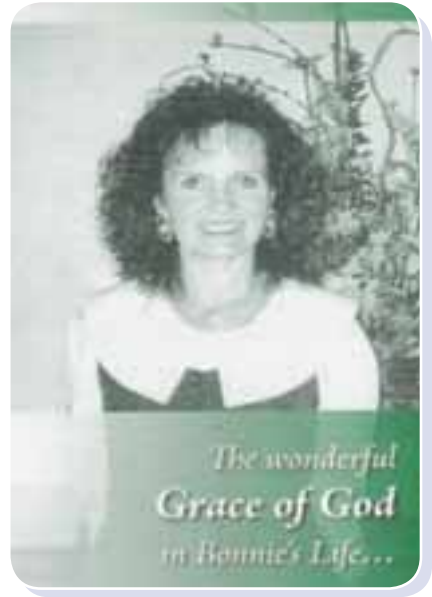
new chance at a better life. There I met the doctor who cared for my wounds and, sensing my vulnerability, gave me an offer I couldn't refuse. He would supply me with all the drugs I wanted if I would just "be nice to him." I felt like I was in junkie heaven; no more street life for me. In fact the next six years were fairly "normal," with the doctor's visits frequent. I even managed another marriage and the birth of my second son.

A late night phone call from the doctor rocked my world when he broke off our deal, and said he would deny anything I ever said about the arrangement we had. I panicked, knowing no one would believe my word over his and decided this suicide attempt would be my last. I washed down a whole bottle of sleeping pills with a bottle of Southern Comfort and laid down waiting for that peaceful place to take me once and for all.

A few weeks earlier, a man had come to my door to ask if he could take my boys to Sunday School on his bus. *Perfect*, I thought, *I can sleep off my Sunday morning hangovers.*

Unfortunately for him, it was he who found my nearly lifeless body, and rushed me to the hospital where I was comatose. When I finally (and miraculously) woke up and they told me of his intervention, I was so angry. All I wanted was for the pain to end.

I came out of the hospital, holding my rescuer responsible for my future turmoil and hating Christians in general. In my attempt to be left alone by them, I found a whole new life as I began to hang around an outlaw bike club called "Satan's Choice" (how appropriate). My life of violence, drugs, jail and hospital wards continued for several more years, as did my hatred of Christians, and one in particular.



Waking up in a hospital room was a regular occurrence for me but this one time was different. The doctor informed me that my liver and kidneys were failing and if I continued using drugs or alcohol, I would die. After my suicide attempts, you would think this was good news, but strangely I began to feel a new thing. The will to live suddenly started to rise up within me and I knew I would do anything to stay alive.

The only option was a drug rehab centre. There it didn't take them very long to push me hard enough to quit! As I packed to leave, I opened the drawer beside my bed where I saw a book some "dude" named Gideon had left (a Bible). This book had been a good luck charm to me as I always searched for it as I awaited 'tricks' in hotel rooms. It had been a book my grandma read and somehow gave me comfort. I remember falling to my knees, suddenly feeling like I needed to open the book. The pages fell to Jeremiah 29:11 where I read, "*I know*

*the plans I have for you says the Lord, plans for good and not for evil and if you look for me with your whole heart, you will find me.”* Find God?? I cried out, “God help me!” and the most incredible thing happened. In an instant I felt love, peace, warmth and I knew God was real. He instantly filled the hole in me and gave me strength to finish the treatment program.

I left there with a list of people I needed to make amends to, one being that poor bus driver I had blamed and hated for so long. I found him, told him of my conversion and apologized for my hatred. Amazingly, he had become a jail Chaplain in the city where I lived and started to visit me.

He helped me study the Bible, find a church and pray, becoming my best friend. After a few months, he asked me to marry him and I said yes! I have been married to my best friend for 19 years and we serve the Lord together. I feel like a princess!

God has a plan for your life too, all you have to do is ask Him to come into your heart, forgive you and help you find a new life. Then go to a Christian church, find some Christian friends, and they will be happy to help you grow and find that peace we all long for. You too, can feel unique and special.

*I love you, Bonnie*



*“‘For I know the plans I have for you,’ declares the Lord, ‘plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. I will be found by you,’ declares the Lord,”*

- Jeremiah 29:11-14

*I do these lessons together with my 93 yr. old mom. We both went through years of lacking assurance of salvation - feeling we were “too bad..” Separately, each on our own journey, there came a time where we took Jesus at His Word - believing and trusting He saves sinners and He paid it ALL. He is our Lord and Saviour....These lessons have been a great review and mostly it’s great to discover such good lessons that we can recommend to others. We look forward to the next course.*

- Hertha N., Saskatoon. SK

## Yes, there IS HOPE!

If your marriage or family seems hopelessly broken into pieces like Glenda and Jay's, or if you, like Rick Langlais, have experienced a rough childhood, even street life, or you know you have done a lot to be ashamed of – still, you can be transformed. Like the birds that were set free from that boy's cage, you can be set free from your spiritual traps.

To walk into that freedom simply tell Jesus in your heart that you accept the payment that he made on your behalf and that you choose to repent and accept the freedom he offers you.

We have told you of Mark Jenkins, who felt pressure from other teens to be what he didn't want to be, and of Bonnie who, despite all she had been through, only wanted to be loved and accepted, because their stories show there **IS HOPE** for you too!

The first step is to repent - that means being sorry enough to turn from your old life - and to accept the change held out to you by Jesus Christ. We can't guarantee your life will swing around 180 degrees immediately, even if it does for some. If you look for them, other Christians will gather round you, and the more you read and believe God's Word, the more you will understand His will and be able to do it.

Call (306)244-0446 or email [hope@westerntractmission.org](mailto:hope@westerntractmission.org)

We have a Mailbox Club with free Bible lessons (for all ages, from 5 to adult) to help you grow in your knowledge of God and His will for you.

### *clip and mail*

- Please enroll me in the free home Bible study course.
- Please send a Christian to visit and pray with/for me.
- Refer me to a Bible-believing church, where I can learn to worship and walk with God.

The area I feel the most hopeless about is \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Province: \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

My age group is:  Adult  Teen  Elementary (Grade \_\_\_\_\_)

My email: \_\_\_\_\_

My phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Comments:

Answer to Character puzzle on pages 8-9:  
When you have found all the character traits, the letters you have left should spell out:  
"Practicing Christian character will give you hope."

**There IS HOPE**  
**Western Tract Mission, Inc.**  
401 – 33<sup>rd</sup> Street West  
Saskatoon, SK. S7L 0V5  
306-244-0446 or [Hope@westerntractmission.org](mailto:Hope@westerntractmission.org)

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stamp  
here

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