I thank my God every time I remember you. —PHILIPPIANS 1:3 (NIV)

TURNING POINTS

Turning toward Compassion

When I arrived at my desk at work that third Friday in June, there was a large envelope addressed to me in bold calligraphy. It’s not my birthday and I’m not sick, I thought.

I opened the envelope to find a periwinkle blue card with a picture of a bouquet of forget-me-nots tied with a dainty blue ribbon. The front of the card read: “Father’s Day is now a day for remembering. A day for smiles and tears. A day to honor what can never be forgotten.” Of course! Father’s Day is this coming Sunday.

The inside of the card continued: “May this Father’s Day be special to you for the memories you hold dear in your heart. Thinking of you, Joyce.”

It was my first Father’s Day without my dad, and someone had remembered. Joyce Boggs, a secretary in the department across the hall, had made the card especially for me on her home computer. A card that communicated some of the most powerful words of friendship: “When you hurt, I notice.”

—Roberta Messner

A PRAYER FOR JUNE

This day is new and clean, dear Lord.
I have not talked to anyone,
Spoken any careless word,
Made a mistake,
Yet!
This day is new and unused, Lord.
I have not said a loving word,
Or helped someone in need,
Or tried to be a friend,
Yet!
This day is new. Help me, dear Lord,
Not only to avoid the wrong,
But to seek to do some good,
And make this world a better place,
Now!

ASTRID SIRLES

JUNE 2022
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**NOTES**

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See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are! —1 John 3:1 (NIV)

The name of the Lord is a fortified tower; the righteous run to it and are safe. —Proverbs 18:10 (NIV)

O how abundant is your goodness that you have laid up for those who fear you, and accomplished for those who take refuge in you, in the sight of everyone! —Psalm 31:19 (NRSV)

A joyful heart is good medicine, But a broken spirit dries up the bones. —Proverbs 17:22 (NASB)

It reminded me that Memorial Day means more than a day at the beach. It is a day to give thanks that we live in a land of freedom, peace, and prosperity, and it is a day to cherish the memory of those who died defending it.

—Stephanie Oda
OUR PRAYER

Show me how to keep a loving heart and open arms to comfort, Lord Jesus.

Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise; his greatness no one can fathom.
—Psalm 145:3 (NIV)

Lord, what are human beings that you care for them, mere mortals that you think of them? They are like a breath; their days are like a fleeting shadow.
—Psalm 144:3–4 (NIV)

“What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he loses one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine . . . and go after the one which is lost?” —Luke 15:4 (NKJV)

One evening many years ago, my youngest son’s best friend huddled miserably at my kitchen table. He had just broken up with his first girlfriend, and I listened as he poured out his unhappiness.

My heart ached for him. When at last he finished, I offered what I felt was wise counsel and then I hugged him tight. He seemed comforted.

Later, I asked my son Gary how his friend was doing. Gary told me that his friend was feeling much better.

“Did he take my advice?” I asked, pleased.

“No, Mom,” Gary answered. “But you loved him enough to listen. I think that’s what did it.”

For a moment I felt hurt, until I remembered Granny. Many times as a child, I ran to her with an aching heart. And many times she listened and counseled wisely. But the thing I will never forget
8
WEDNESDAY

And of His fullness we have all received, and grace for grace. —John 1:16 (NKJV)

9
THURSDAY

She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. —Proverbs 31:25 (NIV)

10
FRIDAY

Do nothing from selfish ambition or conceit, but in humility count others more significant than yourselves. —Philippians 2:3 (ESV)

11
SATURDAY

Love each other as I have loved you. —John 15:12 (NIV)

is the healing power of her arms holding me tight in warm and loving hugs.

“Yes, Gary,” I agreed, looking into his wise, youthful face, “I think maybe you’re right.”

—Doris Haase
12 SUNDAY

You will show me the path of life; in Your presence is fulness of joy; at Your right hand are pleasures forevermore. —Psalm 16:11 (NKJV)

13 MONDAY

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. —Matthew 6:21 (KJV)

14 TUESDAY

FLAG DAY

“I am the way, and the truth, and the life.” —John 14:6 (ESV)

A friend of ours vacationing in the mountains of North Carolina offered one day to help his wife, who had a bad cold, by taking the family laundry down to the village.

“But you’ve never set foot in a laundromat,” Martha objected between sniffles.

“Oh, there must be directions on the machines,” said Robert. “You just take it easy. I’ll be right back.”

But soon Robert ran into trouble. He had brought no soap. Thinking that management provided it, he helped himself to a large cupful from a box standing on a shelf.

“Young man,” said a gimlet-eyed old mountain lady, “that’s my soap, not yours. What’s more, you’ve taken far too much. If you put that in your machine, we’ll have suds up to the ceiling!”

“Oh,” said Robert, abashed, “I didn’t know. This is the first time I’ve ever been to a laundromat. I’m sorry to be so green.”

The shadow of a twinkle came into the old lady’s eyes. “Well,” she said, “if you’re green, you’re growing. Here, give me that cup of soap. Now, which is your machine?”

Robert says the encounter taught him that little
“I am with you always.” —Matthew 28:20 (ESV)

“When you are praying, do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do; for they think that they will be heard because of their many words.” —Matthew 6:7 (NRSV)

Therefore, as God’s chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience. —Colossians 3:12 (NIV)

Bear with each other and forgive one another if any of you has a grievance against someone. Forgive as the Lord forgave you. —Colossians 3:13 (NIV)

mistakes caused by inexperience aren’t to be regretted. They’re something to learn from. They’re a sign of life.

If they’re green, they’re growing. The good Lord made plants like that. He made human beings like that too. Comforting thought, isn’t it?

—Arthur Gordon
OUR PRAYER

God, on this Father’s Day, we thank You for fathers everywhere. And in observing them, may we learn to be doers of Your Word and not speakers only.

In Christ Jesus you are all children of God through faith. —Galatians 3:26 (NIV)

“But ask the beasts, and they will teach you; the birds of the heavens, and they will tell you.” —Job 12:7 (ESV)

“So they are no longer two, but one flesh. Therefore what God has joined together, let no one separate.” —Matthew 19:6 (NIV)

My father doesn’t talk much.

My mother and I, however, spill over with words. We are never at a loss to describe our feelings, to tell stories, to offer advice. I often felt sorry for my father for not having the natural eloquence that we women did.

My last visit home to Hawaii, my birthplace, showed me how wrong I was about him. I was sitting and talking with my mother in my grandfather’s living room one afternoon. From where we sat, I could see into the bedroom where my grandfather, who is ninety-five, spends his days.

My eyes fell on my father, who was rubbing lotion onto my grandfather’s arms. My grandfather lay on the bed, looking up at his eldest son. I had seen my father do this scores of times, but this time I saw the care with which he touched his father’s gnarled fingers. I marveled at the tenderness with which he laid his hands on the age-spotted shoulders. Finally, I noticed the light shining in the
Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her.
—Ephesians 5:25 (NRSV)

When the cares of my heart are many, your consolations cheer my soul.
—Psalm 94:19 (NRSV)

And my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.
—Philippians 4:19 (NKJV)

Then you can tell the next generation detail by detail the story of God, Our God forever, who guides us till the end of time.
—Psalm 48:14 (MSG)

old man's face as he drew strength from his son's fierce, protective love.

My father inarticulate? Not at all. Neither my mother nor I could convey so well in words what my father did through the touch of his hands.

—Linda Ching Sledge

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**PRAYER REQUESTS**

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**JUNE**

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