

Kingdom News

Yours is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever... (Matt. 6:13)

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“Thy Kingdom Come....”

What does it mean?

When we quote the Lord’s Prayer, do we really know what we are saying? (No disrespect intended) Sometimes we become so accustomed to reciting or quoting things that the actual message is lost on us. We forget that these words have meaning, they imply something. Like the Pledge of Allegiance, most of us can recite it by rote memorization.

Rote memorization may be okay for the Pledge of Allegiance. But, it is not okay for the Lord’s Prayer (Matt. 6:9-13 KJV by reference). When it comes to the things of God and of the Kingdom, we are to be alive to; and aware of what we are saying. In the Kingdom, our words are an expression of our commitment. The scripture teaches that we are not to be hasty to utter anything (indiscriminately) in the presence of God. (Eccl. 5:2 KJV by reference) It is a sign of disrespect and comes with a great price.

That being said, what does it mean when we say “thy kingdom come?” What does God expect that we mean by it? Before we explore the meaning let’s talk about what it doesn’t mean.

It does not mean that we agree it should come; but it’s

What does God want ...

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The Leadership Corner

Leadership Living, Inc.

Using “Time-Out” To Improve Our Effectiveness

I’ll start this article by admitting that I am not a sports fan. Truth be told, I’d rather drink a 16 oz. bottle of cod liver oil than have to watch an entire game of football, baseball, basketball, hockey, or golf; ...you get my point. Still, on occasion I have had the good fortune (or misfortune, depending on how you look at it) to catch a glimpse here and there of TV sports. And one thing I noticed about these games is that periodically throughout the game, the coaches of each team would call for a time-out. This is when the teams have an opportunity to take a moment to regroup.

With this I am reminded of when my daughter was in elementary school. There were times when she would bend the rules. When these incidents occurred, I’d usually talk with her about what she’d done and place her in time-out. It was my expectation that she would use this as an opportunity to reflect on the events that had taken place. Now, whether she was thinking about those events, or planning her next shopping trip to the mall, no one knows. At any rate, long story made short, her behavior improved over time as she began to make better choices.

I used these examples to illustrate a wonderful, potential leadership tool for you and me; “time-outs.” Think about it. How often do you feel that your day, week, or month has run you over? I know personally there have been times when I was barely a couple of hours into my day, and I felt like an 18-wheeler had backed over me. Can I see a show of hands if anyone else has experienced this type of day? Thank you. I knew I was not alone.

That being said, I will also share that I’ve discovered

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the value of implementing routine time-out sessions throughout my day. This practice began for me maybe two or three years ago. Literally, in the middle of my work day, I'll stop working, and walk away from my office for a few moments. Just a three to five minute time-out can work wonders. On a Saturday when I'm running errands, I may sit on the parking lot at Wal-Mart and take a moment to eat some pretzels. I take the time-out whether I'm having a positive or troubling day because either way, my brain, emotions and body need a break.

I must tell you that these time-outs (I believe) have helped to save my sanity. I probably have a few witnesses on this, as well. Time-outs allow our minds to take a break. They replenish us in ways we really aren't fully aware of. It's like taking a power nap, except you are wide awake.

As leaders, I encourage each person that reads this article to make a commitment, effective immediately (if you are not already doing this) to initiate time-outs throughout your day, no matter what!

Then, watch as your effectiveness increases, in every area of your life. Why, because when we allow ourselves time to regroup daily, it not only benefits us; but it also benefits everyone that interacts with us.

So, go ahead and start today!



Leadership Living, Inc.
 Joyce M. White, MSW – CEO

For additional information you may contact us at leadershiplivinginc@yahoo.com

Bite-Sized Wisdom



As long as we “fight” against sin, we will lose. When we focus our attention on the fact that Jesus Christ died that we might be free from sin; and commit our ways to him, sin shall not have dominion over us. – Charles G. Finney (by reference)

strictly God’s responsibility to make it so.

What it does mean is that we are in agreement with God, and that the principles of the kingdom of God should govern; first our lives, then our worlds. And...that we are committed to ensuring this. To have the “kingdom come” is to ensure that kingdom principles are adhered to, and realized.

How does this happen?

The manifestations of kingdom principles are realized; and the government of God is in place when our choices, decisions, passions and appetites are aligned in compliance with these governing principles.

As you have no doubt heard before, the two primary foundational principles of the Kingdom are that we are to love the Lord our God with all of our heart, soul, mind and strength. And that we are to love our neighbor as ourselves. When our decisions and choices are made with these two objectives in sight, we are bringing the kingdom to bear on our situations and in our lives.

As is true of the faithfulness of God; we reap what we sow. When we live in accordance with kingdom principles, we receive kingdom benefits. It’s that simple.

The authority of a King is known, and expanded when the citizens of the kingdom live out its principles. When we bring our lives in obedient compliance with what God requires of us, we honor Him before the world. He is then pleased to bless us primarily for the honor of the Kingdom and His throne, and secondarily for our benefit. An additional benefit is that His government is known and respected by those who are not citizens of His kingdom.

In business, your leader (or business partner) may establish processes and procedures for certain functions/tasks; or may share visions or strategies. The expectation is that the team agrees to support these efforts. During the course of business, you no doubt make many decisions about how you perform certain tasks, or resolve various issues. When you make decisions that support your leader’s or partner’s vision or promote mutual strategies it is a show of respect or honor. This principle holds true in personal relationships, too. When children obey their parents, they are showing respect for their parent’s authority.

Husbands and wives make decisions that respect their spouses. The principle holds true in all of our relationships; it is universal. On the other hand, when we govern our lives and affairs with reckless disregard for those with whom we are in partnership, we are showing dishonor or disrespect.

We, as individuals, choose our King. We determine whether we will be governed by God, through Jesus Christ; or if we will be self-governed. We also choose whether we'll be governed by another god. The choice is certainly ours. Whichever governor we choose, we are then obliged to align our goals, and our lives with their code of conduct. For those of us who have chosen Jesus Christ as our governor, we are obliged to bring ourselves under the rule of His kingdom.

For the Body of Believers, it is imperative that we recognize our responsibility and contribution to ensuring that the "kingdom comes." Are the decisions that we make daily (or the words we speak), supportive of the principles of the Kingdom? Do they cause the government of God to be manifested, in the earth? We should.



Liar ... Liar

“These six things do the Lord hate; moreover, seven are an abomination to Him:a lying tongue...” (Prov. 6:16-17 KJV paraphrased)

Caveat

This discourse, is specifically for the Body of Believers; those who pledge their allegiance to God.

We've all been here: “we didn't want to hurt their feelings....” “We needed to win their approval....” “We wanted to accomplish a certain goal....” “We wanted to persuade someone ... so we lied” (or otherwise misrepresented the truth). Our personal justification for such behavior is that ... “no one got hurt.” No harm; no foul, right? Wrong!!

Battles are won or lost, by our words. Battles in our very own lives; are won or lost by our words. We are instructed to know the truth; because it is truth that ensures freedom. (John 8 32 KJV by reference)

I think we all agree that telling a lie is wrong; but we

somehow see it as considerably less offensive than something like ... say ... murder or treason. What we don't seem to recognize is that a lie is just as offensive as murder or treason. It is even worse; because the object of our betrayal is the Creator of the Universe; our Governor.

When we embrace a lie in our heart and/or speak it from our lips; we dishonor the throne of God. We crucify our Lord all over again (murder, she wrote). We say that the Lord is not our God; that we do not honor Him. We show that we do not need him; that we can handle our own affairs.

Impact Analysis

If we lie, we show that what we want is more important than what God wants. A lie says to God that we do not trust Him to handle this situation; the way we would like it to be handled; or according to our timeline. We tell Him that we'll do it ourselves. Our allegiance to the King and His government is compromised; we give way to the enemy to wreak havoc of our situation. If we lie, we take sides with the adversary of our King (treason). A lie ties the hands of God; he cannot save us from the destruction of a lie. The scriptures teach us that Satan fills the heart that lies. (Acts 5:3 KJV by reference) Now you see why it is such an offense to our King.

As a believer and a citizen of the Kingdom of God, it is vital that we regard truth in our hearts. (Ps. 51: 6 KJV by reference) It is of eternal importance that we do not embrace, participate in or tolerate lies; as they are an offense to our King; death to our allegiance; and an affront to the cross of Christ.

“A faithful witness will not lie;” (Prov. 14:5 KJV) 

We are for You



Father, may the words of our mouth and the meditation of our heart be acceptable in Your sight.
Our Lord, our Strength, our Redeemer.

We are for You, as You are for us.
Amen



Special Feature
The Chocolate Cake
By Renee (Toni) Taylor

It is Thanksgiving morning the year of 2005. Once again I have awakened in a cold sweat, feeling as though I am about to have a nervous breakdown. I have dreaded this day for the past fourteen years, thanks to my father. For the past ten years, I have isolated myself from my family and friends around Thanksgiving. Usually I turn off the ringer on my phone a week before the Holiday.

As I glance over at the phone sitting on my night stand, I notice I have received fifteen messages. I usually listen to all of them the day after, but I never return phone calls until after the first of the year. As I lay in my bed with the television remote in my hand and the volume on zero, tears stream down both sides of my face and I stare at the ceiling fan. The fan is turning slowly and I intensely watch each blade as it turns round and round. I feel as though the ceiling fan represents my life. I'm stuck in one place, going nowhere. I slowly close my eyes, and again I relive that horrible Thanksgiving Day, November 23, 1978. That day changed my life forever.

I remember waking up earlier that morning and running into the kitchen. I reached in the cabinet above the sink for a mixing bowl. I grabbed a knife out of the drawer, opened the box, began cutting the plastic bag, and then I poured the chocolate cake mix into the bowl. Seconds later I was startled by my father's stern voice. He yelled my name from across the hall. "Leslie, go to the gas station and get me a pack of cigarettes." As I walked down the hallway to my parent's bedroom with a serious frown on my face, I thought to myself; why can't he get his lazy butt up and get his own cigarettes. Just before I entered my parent's bedroom I immediately changed the expression on my face.

My mother was lying across the bed with her head in my fathers lap watching television. Instead of handing me the money for the cigarettes, he pointed to the nightstand beside the bed. I walked over to get the money and as I reached for it I saw a syringe and a belt lying on the floor between the bed and the nightstand. I was only fourteen but I was no fool. I knew my father had a drug addiction. What I couldn't understand is why my mother stayed with him for so many years.

As I walked down the street on my way to the gas station I remember talking to God as though He were walking beside me. I told God that I didn't love my father and I wished he would leave. I felt as though my father was a hindrance to my mother and I always felt she could do better. My three siblings Kenny, Rodney and Kelli weren't too fond of him either, but they didn't let it show. Me on the other hand, I've always had a problem hiding my true feelings. I always felt as though my father treated me very differently than he treated my siblings and my mother would never come to my defensive or address that issue.

When I got back to the house my father was sleeping, so I put his cigarettes on the nightstand and went into the kitchen to finish baking my cake. My father had slept half the day away and I was glad. I hoped we'd get out of the house before he woke up. Every year I would bake a cake and we would go over to my grandmother's house for thanksgiving dinner. My grandmother would always make a big deal over my chocolate cake and I loved the attention. As we were about to walk out the door my father yelled for me. "Leslie, what in the hell is wrong with you?" "You know I don't smoke Kool lights, I smoke Kool filter kings". "That was all they had," I replied. He stared at me with a very angry look on his face.

He glanced in the kitchen and began yelling, "Who left that dirty cake pan in the sink?" My sister and brothers pointed to me. My father looked at me and said, "Take your butt in the kitchen now and clean up your mess." "Otis, leave

the girl alone, we are on our way out the door,” my mother said. I couldn’t believe it; she spoke up on my behalf for the first time. Needless to say, it didn’t do any good. My father looked at my mother and she turned away with a frightened look on her face. He then turned to me and said, “You can go to your grandmother’s house later, get your butt in the kitchen and clean up your mess.” I stood in the hallway and watched as my mother and siblings left the house.

It took everything in me not to cry. I went into the kitchen and began washing the cake pan. As I was cleaning up all I could think about was how much I hated my father. After I finished washing dishes I reached for my cake, but my father kept finding other things for me to do. I wanted to cry and scream at the same time, but I kept my cool and I did what he asked.

Afterwards, I went into my parent’s bedroom and I asked my father if I could call my mother now to pick me up. He nodded yes. I hurried to the kitchen to call my mother, and I was startled by a loud noise behind me, which caused me to drop the phone. Two men had kicked in our back door and entered the house. I screamed for my mother and seconds later, my father came running. One of the men pulled a gun on my father while the other man stabbed my father several times in the stomach and shoulder. I was paralyzed with fear as I balled up in the corner near the refrigerator.

The man with the gun began yelling, demanding the two hundred dollars my father owed. There my father was, lying on the floor, bleeding and gasping for air, and he began yelling and cussing at the man. That only made the man with the gun angrier. The man holding the knife looked over at me and began walking towards me with blood dripping from the knife. He pulled me out of the corner by my left leg, dragging me down the hall into my parent’s bedroom. My father began shouting, “Let her go.” Seconds later I heard a gunshot and I heard my father yell “Oh God, my leg.” I began screaming, pleading for my life, and the man still continued to drag me. As I lay in the middle of the floor he stood over me with the knife and said, “If your daddy won’t pay, you will.”

He started ripping my clothes off and I tried my best to fight him off. I felt the knife penetrate my right cheek and then he put the knife to my throat. I gave up the fight hoping that he would hurry up, do whatever, and let me live. His body hovered over me like a dark cloud. Suddenly a loud noise came from the kitchen, and I could hear a faint voice from a distance saying, “call the police.” I kept my eyes closed tight. The man with the knife yelled asking the man with the gun what the noise was. There was total silent and I could hear someone running down the hall and out the front door. Two seconds later the man on top of me fled also. Several minutes later, still lying on the floor with tears streaming down my face and my eyes closed tight, I heard voices in the other room. Someone said, “Otis can you hear me?”

All of the sudden, I could feel the presence of someone standing over me. I opened my eyes and there stood our next-door neighbor Mr. Johnson. He kneeled down to comfort me and began praying. He rubbed my forehead and said, “Help is on the way.” A little while later I was taken out on the stretcher and I glanced in the kitchen and saw that my cake had fallen on the floor and three feet away from the cake laid my father. The paramedics were trying to resuscitate him. For a moment I didn’t think he would survive, but he did.

The painful memories still linger in my mind and the scar on my right cheek is a constant reminder of what happened to me that Thanksgiving Day. I blame my father for what happened to me, and I feel as though I can never forgive him. He has scarred me for life. Over the years family and friends have tried to help me through my ordeal with words of encouragement and numerous invites to church. I have gone to church several times and I know that God was speaking to me through the minister, but at that time I refused to open my heart to receive deliverance.

Once again, I'm trying to shake the horrible thoughts, so I sat up on the side of my bed with my head hung low. Somehow, the volume on the television was turned up and the channel had changed too. I could hear the voice of a minister saying, "There is someone listening who has been harboring un-forgiveness in their heart for fourteen years and God wants to set you free." My eyes were glued to the television. Then the minister said, "The scar on your face has healed, but God wants to heal your heart as well." What the devil meant for bad, God is going to turn it around for your good." I fell to my knees crying like a baby asking God why He didn't rescue me that Thanksgiving Day. Suddenly I heard a small still voice say, "I did, I caused the cake to fall on the floor which shattered the plate and scared the men away." I was speechless and at that precise moment I finally realized how real God is. Shortly thereafter I decided to take the road to recovery. I surrendered my life to Jesus and the healing process began.

It is now a year later and its Thanksgiving Day. I'm standing outside my grandmother's house shaking, holding a chocolate cake. The door was unlocked so I walked in. When I entered the dining room there was total silence. For a moment I only made eye contact with my grandmother and I saw tears running down her face. My mother tried to get up and greet me, but my father gently pulled her back. He stood up with tears in his eyes and began to walk towards me. He looked at the cake in my hand and began to cry uncontrollably. He took the cake from me and placed it on the table.

Then he gently wrapped his arms around me. He whispered in my ear, asking for my forgiveness. After he softly uttered those words I felt a spirit of peace come over me, and I rested my head in his chest. He then whispered, "Thank you for baking the cake, it saved my life." With a baffled look on my face I remember what God spoke to me concerning the cake, but I didn't quite understand what my father meant. He began to explain, "After the intruder shot me in the leg he put the gun to my head and suddenly a loud noise came from the kitchen." "The cake fell on the floor and scared him away." I cried and rested my head in my father's chest again and I thought to myself, "***God can use anything to save you, even a chocolate cake.***"

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<*> SUMMARY <*>

We are responsible for the coming of the Kingdom of God; first in our hearts, then in their hearts.

Time-outs are not just for children anymore. Schedule them for yourself; you'll be glad you did.

No liar shall stand in the presence of God. Honor God, speak the truth in love.

God can use anything to save you, even a chocolate cake.

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Editor: JoAnn C. White

KingdomNewsletter@yahoo.com