

The GoodNews Letter

Spreading the Word of Christ

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Let it begin...

By Marge LaCour

We all know what world peace should look like - a world without any war or conflict. Wouldn't that be amazing... governments actually putting aside their need for power to interact peacefully and helpfully with their neighbors. Think of the tsunami of several years ago - all the nations of the world reached out to help those victims... if only that kind of compassion was the rule instead of the exception.

We can pray for world peace - and hope that our leaders and other leaders will work in that direction, but there is little we can actually do to make it happen. Right?

Not necessarily. What about the peace in your neighborhood? What about peace in your grocery store? What about peace in your church?

Every week at Mass, we offer a 'sign of peace' to those around us. What does it mean to offer peace if we then get into our cars and let annoyance (road rage?) overwhelm us? I remember a priest at Mass a long time ago suggesting that people stop and stay calm when exiting the parking lot (that church had very crowded and limited parking). He was

concerned about the fender benders and near misses in the parking lot every week.

So, what can we, individually, do to change the way the world works - to bring about Peace on Earth? I've asked myself that, when I look at the news, or hear people being downright rude in the stores. What can I do?

I think of the song we often sing -- "Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me". It has to start with me - I have to be at peace inside, and spread that peace to others by my attitude and my smile. When faced with someone who is having a bad day and rushing rudely through the store - I can smile, offer assistance if possible, or just get out of the way. I can, through the peace inside me, be a peaceful influence on people around me. If I am smiling and genuinely pleasant - it is hard for others to stay mad.

How do I find that peace? Well, I have found a great deal of peace as I have grown closer to God. I've done that by reading the Bible every day, talking to God throughout my day, and trying to listen to his message whether at Mass, in the things I read, or the people I meet. God is always reaching out to us -

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In The Midst

By Susan Chronowski

We are still in the midst of tough economic times. Everyone would agree with that. If we haven't been affected much ourselves, we know others who have experienced many difficulties and hardships. But, also in the midst, are moments and events and pockets of grace. As I am writing this, the earthquake in Haiti has just occurred, and we are all witness to the horrible and unfathomable terror, destruction, and death there. But out of that tragedy we also see caring, sacrifice, selflessness and love in the thousands of people who have reached out to bring food, water, and medicine to the many, many victims.

People world wide have dug deep into their hearts and wallets to help provide financial aid for those suffering. At Nativity, we collected in one weekend almost \$12,000 for the Disaster Recovery in Haiti.

This past holiday season in spite of the tough economy, our own parish gave an overwhelming response to both our Thanksgiving food drive and our Christmas Angel Tree project. Through the generosity of our parishioners, we were able to touch the lives of roughly 50 families within our own community by providing turkeys, food baskets and gifts. In addition, we contributed \$500 of Payless Shoes gift cards to

(Continued on page 2)

The Peace Within

By Adrienne "Sam" Scarfo

"With age comes wisdom," was one of my mother's favorite sayings. I was fortunate that my mom lived with my husband and me for 17 years prior to her death. She was hale and hearty and we were always together whether it was a trip to the grocery store, a cruise, or a special vacation. Believe me, we had some ups and downs (I used to say "familiarity breeds contempt" especially when we weren't seeing eye to eye!) However, mostly my mom was my teacher, helpmate and, most importantly, my friend.

When we were children, my brother and I used to call Mom, "Mrs. Clean." She was constantly in motion, cleaning, washing windows and clothes. Her relaxation time came at about 9 PM when she'd start ironing, usually stopping when the 11 o'clock news came on.

When Mom came to live with my husband and me, she announced that she "retired" from cooking, one chore she always hated. This didn't mean that she sat still, though. She helped me clean, was my sous chef, and did laundry, and ironing. Most days, Mom ran circles around me, as well as very much spoiling my husband!

During those infrequent times that Mom did sit quietly, she would have a small smile on her face and she'd seem so very serene. She'd often say, "All is right with the world"

A true life lesson from Mom came to me one day at Christmas time when I complained of not understanding why I got so tired. I said, "There was a day when I'd work all day, pull all-nighters to get my Christmas baking done and still have plenty of energy in reserve! She grabbed my hand and simply said, "And, you're no longer 25 anymore!"

Another time, I was obsessing about DUST. Company was due to arrive shortly. I was scurrying around attempting to get last minute preparations done and still have time to swipe all the tops of the glass topped tables. Mom said, "calm down ... you know that dust will be around long after you're gone... take a break before the company comes."

The times I truly treasured were when extended-stay



company left. I would immediately want to start changing beds and cleaning up. Mom would say, "STOP, let's have a cup of coffee first." We'd sit for an hour or so and re-hash the visit, enjoying talking about the happenings with our friends or relatives who had just spent time with us.

Through the years, I did learn and observe that "with age comes wisdom." This kind of wisdom isn't simply being a smarter person. This is the wisdom of acceptance, of knowing who you are, where you are in your life, and accepting yourself for the person you are today. Most importantly, it is about being at peace with you and your surroundings.

That tranquil look that I often saw on my mother's face was a lesson all to itself. Until her death, Mom accepted her life and delighted in it, savoring each day with its surprises, and shrugging off the bad things that came her way.

Today, I find it so heartwarming that people not only remember my mom but tell me how much they miss her. As friends speak of their memories of her, they always mention her smile and her delight with life. Mom was at peace within herself. As she aged, she truly became a wise woman and a wonderful role model.



In the Midst (continued from page 1)

The Christian Sharing Center along with new socks and underwear. The gift of new clothing was also sent over to Pathways to Care in Casselberry who serves the homeless recovering from medical issues. In my experience, we have always been a generous parish when the cry for help has gone out. That generosity still exists even in these tough times. In the gospel of John, Jesus proclaimed, "I give you a new commandment: love one another. As I have loved you, so you also should love one another. This is how all will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." Right here, in the midst at Nativity, I think we try to live that commandment.

Let it begin... (continued from page 1)

we have only to reach out to Him.

So, keep smiling (even when frustrated) and keep offering a peaceful continence to the world and you will find that people around you will soften.. slow down... and maybe get a little more peaceful themselves.

Let there be peace on earth.... And let it begin with US.



THROUGH TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

traveled to Central Florida where we decided to take root.

We decided to make Central Florida our home several years before when we were stationed in Jacksonville, FL and drove to Miami for a long weekend vacation. Passing through the beautiful city of lakes and orange groves on 17-92, which was the best highway (perhaps the only one) at that time. Orlando was a delightful small city in 1962, with a picturesque downtown area with just a few tall buildings, (at max. six stories) many churches, Catholic schools and job opportunities with the nearby space industry.

What we didn't realize was that the space industry was in a slump at the time we decided to retire and good employment was just not readily available. So, my husband got a job delivering milk and did well, increasing his sales in short order. I took a part-time sales job in a department store several evenings a week to help out.

It was at this time I remember praying for help, praying for a better job for my husband so we could find a home to accommodate our growing family, and that we could afford to send them to Catholic school and just have a more stable life for our children. I bargained with God. I even bargained I would have another baby if He would help us to provide these things to raise our family.

Well, things began to look up. While on his milk route, my husband found a large piece of property we could afford to buy, he was hired by the U.S. Postal Service where he worked his way up to Assistant Supervisor. After all the children were in school, I took a full time job. I was hired on with the construction of Walt Disney World. I worked so we could help our older children get a higher education, which they all did in time. Now, our children are living well, with their own share of trials, tribulations and raising their families—all except for our oldest son who died unexpectedly. We cried with them through their disappointments and mistakes, laughed with them in their joys and happiness, and were proud of them in their accomplishments. They all are healthy, productive, law-abiding citizens. As a parent, can you ask for more than that?

And my bargain with God? To be honest, it passed from my mind during those busy years, but yes, when my youngest child at the time was five years old, I did have yet another bouncing baby boy. I remembered then my bargain and decided God had answered my prayer. We were having a successful life and He had sent me another baby—another beautiful child to be proud of.

So be careful what you pray for.

By Anna M. McDeed

Have you ever looked back on your life, the highlights, the summits, the happy times and the worrisome occurrences? Have you ever wondered how you survived the trials and tribulations that come along in life—like traveling around the country with a military husband the first sixteen years of your marriage, raising an increasingly large family, searching for living quarters, schools, all the time praying your vehicle towing a luggage trailer makes it to the next assignment across the country.

Sounds interesting, challenging, yes, yet fraught with concerns and worries, working and praying as the days go by. Now that I'm in my dotage, I can look back and relive, reconsider and re-evaluate the highs and lows of that period when we put the military life behind us and

Expressing Gratitude

Gracious God, in the busyness of my day, I sometimes forget to stop to thank You for all that is good in my life. My blessings are many and my heart is filled with gratefulness for the gift of living, for the ability to love and be loved, for the opportunity to see the everyday wonders of creation, for sleep and water, for a mind that thinks and a body that feels. I thank you, too, for those things in my life that are less than I would hope them to be. Things that seem challenging, unfair, or difficult. When my heart feels stretched and empty and pools of tears form in my weary eyes, still I rejoice that you are as near to me as my next breath and that in the midst of turbulence, I am growing and learning. In the silence of my soul, I thank you most of all for your unconditional and eternal love.



Generation of expectation: *Will we learn to sacrifice?*

Growing up, whenever my sister or I would have an ungrateful moment, my father would always remind us of how much more we have today than he did at our age. He was the third of seven children in a one-worker family. Often, he would tell us how he, at the age of 12 or 13, started working in a grain mill for a little more than a dollar a day to help buy groceries. There were times, after my grandfather lost his job, and subsequently his house, when food was hard to come by. His family wasted nothing, because tomorrow was uncertain.

Time passed and my father, at the ripe old age of 17, enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was sent to Vietnam, where again, the only certainty about tomorrow was that it would be shrouded in uncertainty. His life, like many who lived and served in his generation, and virtually every generation before, was too tough to be taken for granted. He would always tell my sister and me (in fact, whenever we need something today, he still reminds us) that because he knows what it is like to go without, he wants to make sure that we don't have to. For that, I am grateful.

I believe that those of my father's generation and the generation before held that attitude, that they would go without, so that their children had plenty. I believe they succeeded. My generation has grown up with the highest, most-comfortable standard of living in human history. I sit here now in my bedroom with a TV, a satellite connection and a laptop connected to the Internet through a Wifi signal. The richest man alive could not have had these luxuries when my father was my age. That said, I am concerned with my generation: the generation of plenty. My parents' generation has provided us with a country

in which we have grown up without knowing sacrifices.

The food is always at the supermarket, and the gas is always in the pump-even if it is expensive. When I compare the people of my generation against those of my parents' and grandparents' I do not see that hardened look of a generation ready to continue building a country on its own. I see people who expect the good life to be available every step of the way. And why not? So far that's just what we've had. My fear is that because we haven't had to work and sacrifice the way our parents did, we will squander the wealth and greatness of the country in the same style of so many lottery winners.

When wealth is not earned or appreciated, it is rarely maintained. Is it happening already? Maybe. The housing collapse seems to be one example of a generation

trying to live far beyond it's means. My hope is that this current economic downturn will wake up my generation enough to understand that the greatness of this country, and our livelihoods, will depend on the way we choose to live and

"I believe that those of my father's generation and the generation before held that attitude, that they would go without, so that their children had plenty."

spend our lives. Will we sacrifice and build a better place for tomorrow, or spend everything we've got today?

Written by Bryan Totten, 23, of Eustis. He is a student studying public administration and psychology at the University of Central Florida. (This article was originally published in the Orlando Sentinel on May 2, 2009.)

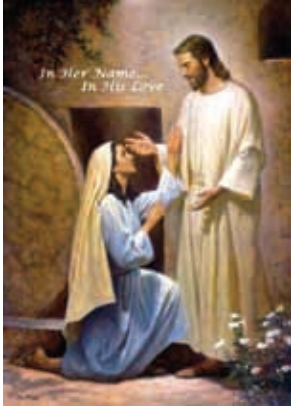


KID'S CORNER

What Saint is This?

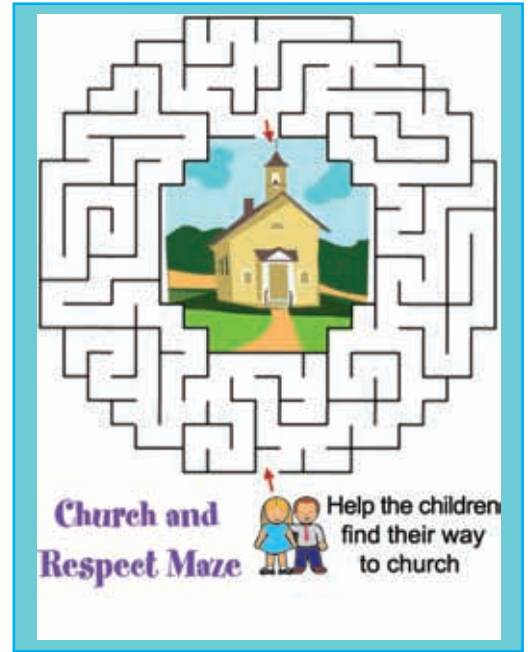
Maze

By Marge LaCour



She was one of Christ's disciples. She has been identified with several individuals in the Gospel; but today scholars believe that she was not the sinful woman in Scripture although she has been confused with this unnamed woman for centuries. Matthew, Mark, and John record that she was present at the crucifixion of Jesus and that she was among the women who visited the tomb on Easter morning. Luke mentions her presence only at the tomb on Easter. According to John, she was specially privileged to see and speak to the risen Lord on Easter morning. She thought he was the gardener until he said her name. So this woman was near Jesus in his

darkest hour and again in his most glorious hour. Moreover, she was an outstanding disciple of Jesus. Because she was the one who brought the news of Jesus' resurrection to the apostles, she is called the Apostle to the Apostles. For centuries this Saint has been considered a model of complete generosity and of sincere sorrow for sin.
(See answer on page 8)



Who Am I?

Can you guess who each of these people from the Bible are? Do you know their story? See how many you can get.....

1 I loved God.
I worshipped him daily.
God was good to me.
He gave me riches.
He gave me a loving family.
Satan told God one day that if all my blessings were taken away, I wouldn't love him anymore.
God told Satan to try and see for himself.
Satan did awful things to me.
He gave me painful boils.
He caused my land to wither away.
He caused my livestock to die.
I lost everything including my children.
I still loved God.
I still worshipped God.
God removed all my plagues and restored my riches.
God loved me too.

Who am I?

2 I had no mother
I was not born
I gave names to all the animals
I lived in the Garden Of Eden
I was the first man

Who Am I?

3 God told me to go to Ninevah.
I disobeyed God.
I didn't want to go to Ninevah.
I chose to try and hide from God.
I was trying to escape
I got on a ship.
I was in the bottom of the ship trying to hide from God.
There was a horrible storm.
I knew the storm was because I had disobeyed God.
I told the men on the ship to throw me overboard.
They did throw me over the side of the ship.
The seas became quiet the moment they did.

Who am I?

answers on page 8

Truly, Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward All!!

Contributed by Mary Nielsen

Here is a true story from the Sanford Crisis Pregnancy Center of how one precious child was allowed to be born and was immediately adopted into a loving family. . .and how this was able to happen because Andrea Krazeise, the director and founder of the center, was able to open her heart and mind to love a crack addicted prostitute. We all must be open to where God guides us – He WILL give us the strength and wisdom and love.

I am on the Board of Trustees of the Sanford Crisis Pregnancy Center and was so excited to receive these 2 e-mails just after Christmas.

December 27, 2009

Greetings Staff, Volunteers and Board Members!

Merry Christmas! You're not going to believe what God has done in the last few days! If you haven't already heard, Susan (our crack addicted/prostitute mom) delivered a healthy baby girl "Annalise" on Christmas Day at 4:17 p.m. Annalise weighed 7 lbs 8 oz and was 19 inches long. She is beautiful and a glimpse of God's glory!

Annalise is truly our miracle baby! Her mother, Susan, was bailed out of jail on Wednesday by one of her thug(friends) (that is the nicest word I could come up with!)....anyway this Mac guy bails her out, takes her to Denny's and within an hour, he gets her some crack. She went on a 12-hour crack fest and goes into premature labor (3-4 weeks early)...with a possible placenta abruption. She arrived to the hospital around 4:00 am Christmas morning, contractions every three minutes. The hospital called me around 1:00 pm to inform me. When I got to the hospital she was ready to deliver within the next hour or so.

Susan was already saying she was going home that very night if she delivered her baby. It was crazy...trying to convince her that she needed to stay and get proper medical care. All she cared about was getting out and getting a "hit" ...she is hardcore addicted. We

all feared she wouldn't be around for the 48-hour waiting period following the birth to sign the adoption papers. How I wanted her to have a c-section (for many reasons, including not having any possible diseases transmitted), and I thought it would keep her in the hospital.

The doctor hadn't arrived yet, but the nurses and I were very nervous with the baby's heart rate...going down



And on behalf of the Board, many thanks to all of you who are pro-life and, in particular, those of you who support the SCPC. Here's a picture of "our girl."

fast...very scary. The doctor arrived at 3:00 and looked at the scan report and ordered an emergency c-section. By this time, the adoptive parents (Luke and Martha) had arrived. Susan allowed Martha to be in the operating room with her, and instructed the nurses to hand the baby directly to Martha. Susan did not want to see the baby. The baby was born blue and with no heart beat. The nurses had to perform CPR and heart massages to get her back.....miracle... miracle!!

After the surgery, Susan was in really bad shape...a lot of pain. Doctors gave her a stern talking to about the importance of staying in the hospital for three days. I left the hospital, after seeing the baby being measured, weighed, blood drawn, fed, bathed, etc., praising God the whole time!

The next morning (Friday), I went to see Susan. Arrived around 11:00

and she was antsy and ready to leave the hospital. The doctor, nurses and I were all upset with her. They tried to explain the catastrophic complications that could occur if she left the hospital against doctor's orders. Luke and Martha were upset as well, as the paper work wasn't and couldn't be signed until Sunday at 4:17 p.m. The doctor wanted to "Baker act" Susan, but, legally was not allowed. We were all frustrated. I asked the adoption agent if we could offer her some money to keep her there.

So, where does that leaves us today? The baby is happy and healthy at the hospital with her new mom and dad. Plans are for the adoption agent and I to meet (or chase down) Susan at 4:30 today to get her to sign the adoptive paper work that relinquishes her parental rights and gives Luke and Martha custody of the baby

I know God is working and have full confidence everything is going to work out...look what He has done so far!! He is AWESOME!!

It has been an incredible roller coaster ride with Susan...but I tell you, when you look into the face of this little angel, it has all been worth it!!!

Andrea

P.S. Luke and Martha surprised me yesterday with telling me her full name will be Annalise Andrea. What an honor!

December 31, 2009

Hello dear friends – Well, we have an official and complete adoption! Susan showed up for the signing! Funny thing, she actually called me 3 hours prior to the meeting to make sure we were coming, when in fact we were worried she wasn't going to be there. The adoption signing went smoothly without a hitch. So much to share....I learned so much about Susan and her addiction that just deepens my understanding of what these women around the center are thinking and their motivation.

I tell you, our encounter with

(Continued on page 7)

I Am Sorry

By Marge LaCour



We are called to reconcile ourselves with God the Father. Jesus gave us the way - through the sacrament of penance we can be absolved of our sins and move towards a closer relationship with God.

Lent is upon us - a time set aside for reflection on our sinful nature and the path towards Heaven. For me, it was once a time of "giving up" something for 40 days, and that was about all. Then one year I thought, instead of giving up something, I would DO something for the 40 days of Lent. I thought, okay, I will read the Bible every day, and go to Mass during the week... that way I am making a conscience move towards God. It is amazing how much that move changed my life.

Jesus was born into human flesh, a human family, a small town with all kinds of people, with all the feelings and temptations of a human being. Of course, Jesus was also God, so he probably had a bit more strength of character than most of us... but we can reach for that perfection. We can strive towards the perfect human nature of Jesus.

Do you remember the story of Jesus Baptism? He was baptized by John, and then the Dove came down and the voice of God said "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am most proud." After all that, Jesus felt the need to go into the desert and fast and pray for 40 days. Why? Because he wanted to empty himself of all the worldly things and get completely connected to God so that he would be prepared to do the work he knew was ahead of him.

Even in that time of prayer and fasting Jesus was tempted by the devil himself. The devil tried to get Jesus to turn stone into bread (since he was extremely hungry, due to fasting). The devil tried to get Jesus to accept kingship - ruling over the entire world. Now that is some serious temptation - most of us don't have that to try and reject that kind of stuff.

But the devil tempts us every day too, and he has a

sneaky way of tempting us away from God in ways that sound like they are a good and right choice. The devil will fill our heads with all the choices in life that seem like they are good - but in reality they are moving away from God. The only way to guard against that kind of temptation is to stay close to God in the Word and in the Mass. We need to cover ourselves with the armor of God - His Word.

If we do something this Lent, maybe taking the time to read the daily Mass readings and praying... God will help us to discern those temptations for what they are and to stay on the path that He intends for us. God does have a plan for us... all we need to do is let it unfold and follow it.

So we start with reconciliation. We tell God we are sorry for not listening and for being self centered! Then we work towards learning and following the example of Jesus. Make this Lent the time when you change your focus from "what's in it for me" to "where does God want me to be." You can do it... a little bit at a time. Just talk to Him all day long. Thank Him for the sunshine, the parking space, the green light when you need it. He is there - listening and waiting for you.

Act Of Contrition

My God,
I am sorry for my sins with all my heart.
In choosing to do wrong,
And failing to do good,
I have sinned against you
Whom I should love above all things.
I firmly intend, with your help,
To do penance,
To sin no more,
And to avoid whatever leads me to sin.
Our savior Jesus Christ
Suffered and died for us.
In His name, my God, have mercy.

Truly, Peace On Earth (continued from page 6)

Susan was a lesson we could never have learned from a counseling course. I saw firsthand the darkness and strangling hold that drugs have on these women and how it becomes their ONLY purpose for living.

About Annalise! She is precious and is truly a miracle from God. Think about it: her mother was a hard core user of crack 7 out of the 8 months she was pregnant with her. Annalise's saving grace was the one month her mother was in jail getting food, rest, medical care and was not on drugs. Her birth weight (7.8oz) and healthy status tells us she is a fighter and is favored by God!

Annalise went home with her parents Monday night. Since Luke had to work that night and Martha's mother couldn't be there, they asked me if I would stay overnight and help. They both hadn't gotten much sleep in the past 4 days

because of staying at the hospital. I was thrilled to help and took over the night shift feedings. I LOVED every minute. Annalise and I snuggled all night; I couldn't believe she was finally here! I told her all about Jesus and how much God loves her! She is a good little baby, and looking into her eyes just melts me. Most of the night I was in tears of joy....

Blessings to you all,
Andrea

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Catholics – Why We Do What We Do?

By Kim Fratrik

Is praying to a Saint the same as worshipping the Saint?

No, Catholics don't worship the saints, we honor them the same way we honor and respect our parents, as obligated by the Fourth Commandment. Worship can only be given to God. Our saints, all holy men and women, are in heaven and we honor their memory and try to emulate their holiness.

What Saint is This?

Answer: St. Mary Magdalene

Who Am I?

Answer #1: Job
Answer #2: Adam
Answer #3: Jonah

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“No Regrets”

By Susan Chronowski

Over the past few months, due to some extended family dynamics, I was once again pushed to reflect on what the important things in my life are. Sometimes when unsuspected and difficult situations arise, we are forced to “take a look at our lives,” again. This time, because of certain circumstances that presented themselves to me, I have made the decision to try to live my life with “no regrets.” For me that means like the State Farm slogan, “Nothing is more important than being there.” I want to live my life without the regret of not doing the things I should have done. I don't want to miss the little moments we sometimes let slip away. Moments with a loved one or a friend we should have been there for, but we let some mundane thing get in the way.

Oh, sure, I know I will still have the other regrets. I am not perfect and I will still say or do something that hurts someone and I will regret that. But, I don't want to have the regret of not living my life fully the way God wants me to. God wants me to be fully alive, fully human, foibles and all. I have never been the kind of person you would describe as a couch potato. I know I want to be even less so. Turning 50 has actually done

great things for me. It has propelled me to think and consider and choose how I want live, how I want to spend (best case scenario) the next 50 years of my life. I might live to be 100, so I can pick and choose how I want to spend my time and who I want to spend it with. We hear it said all the time, “life is short”. It is. The first 50 years of my life have zipped on by, especially since I have had my children. So, I am making the promise to myself to be there as much as humanly possible for “the moments” small and big.

This past year and a half has brought more blessings and love to our family with the births of two grand daughters who join our four year old grandson. We are excited and joyful to have them all in our lives. And when I don't see them, even for a week, my heart hurts. We feel fortunate our children live close by and we can see our grandchildren often and be a part of their lives and memories.

I have learned because of difficult and trying situations that I cannot tell others how to live, but I can learn from their mistakes and choose to live differently. Sometimes, the best I can do is learn from the mistakes of another.

How to Find Peace During Foreclosure

Foreclosure is devastating especially during the months leading up to the impending sale of your home. While you are in the storm of fighting to prevent foreclosure it may seem impossible to find peace. You can find peace by seeking the love and word of God during your foreclosure crisis.

1. Find peace in the word of God. I Chronicles 16:11 says “Seek the Lord and the strength he gives! Seek his presence continually!” Only the love of God will give you the comfort and strength you need to get through foreclosure. Pray and read God's word daily for inspiration, direction, and peace.

2. Stay positive and focus on the end results. Whatever you want to happen in the end is what you should focus on. Regardless of whether you want to short sale your



I pray that the recession ends, but not too soon, not before people take time to reacquaint themselves with what's really important.

home or get a loan modification and save your home keep the end result in your mind. Pray and ask God for what you want in the name of Jesus believing that you will receive it. The scripture says in John 14:14 “If you ask me anything in my name, I will do it.”

3. Be grateful for what you have. You can find peace by simply being grateful for today. In reality, the only

guarantee in life is this moment right now that you are reading this article. Nobody knows what is going to happen from one moment to the next. I find peace in knowing that at this moment I have a place to live, food to eat, good health and many other blessings. Find something to be grateful for today. God has a purpose for all things that happen in our lives even the pain of foreclosure. God uses crisis to develop our relationship with Him. Find peace in knowing that foreclosure doesn't last forever, but God's love does. “And he said to her, daughter, your faith has made you well. Go in peace. Your suffering is over.” Mark 5:34

Article written by D.G. Thomas ©2009
Follow my foreclosure journey at
<http://www.journeytostopforeclosure.com>
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