

Joy For The Journey



Written By:
Blonnie Marie Gregory
2004

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used in any form without written permission.

This book is dedicated to my son,
Orville Nathaniel Gregory, Jr.
Never forget the "Joy" of the journey!



Trucking for Jesus

Is a Mobile Chapel Ministry for truck drivers. The chapel is taken to truck stops across the U.S. We have been Trucking for Jesus since April 1975. Our mission is to reach the truckers with the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring hope to the hurting, and joy to their journey.

Chaplains Bunny & Blonnie Gregory

2305 Shell Road

It was late one night; everyone should have been in his pajamas getting ready for bed. But at 2305 Shell Road the young couple and their nine-month son were still up, just one more program on TV. However, all was interrupted with a knock on the door. The husband of the house thinking it was just one of them door-to-door salesmen threw the door open and yelled out, "What do you want?" An elderly man standing at the foot of the steps at 2305 Shell Road was not shaken by the rough question, and with a voice of an angel he replied, "I come to tell you about Jesus."

The wife knew when her husband heard the visitors answer he would be immediately run off, you see the husband was not a religious man and didn't take to folks trying to "convert" him. But to her surprise her husband said, "Come on in I want to hear what you have to say." She stood in amazement as the gentleman explained the gospel of the Lord Jesus and even quoted John 3:16. He also explained to this family that Jesus didn't come to condemn them but to save them. Conviction seized upon their souls as this late night caller gave the redemption plan.

Then came the question that would change time and eternity for this family at 2305 Shell Road. Would you like to receive Jesus as your Lord and Savior? Without hesitation the family fell to their knees and made an altar beside their sofa as they prayed the sinners prayer.

The late night caller promised to pray for this couple, and as quickly as he came he was gone in the evening shadows. In all the clamor of the night the family didn't get the soul winners name, he only spoke of Jesus.

When the morning came the couple knew that something was different, the weight that a sinful life carried had been lifted, and there was a joy that filled their hearts that had never been present before. Even their conversation was different, instead of making their daily plans of work, they spoke of the small church at the end of the road that they had passed many times.

Come Sunday a new family was in the small church! That Sunday was just the beginning of changes for this family, a new love had been planted deep into their hearts, a love that would grow and sweeten, as the years would pass.

Since that night some thirty nine years ago the family that lived at 2305 Shell Road, has gone on to pastor churches, minister in prisons, nursing homes, and of the last twenty nine years gone coast to coast with their Mobile Chapel as missionaries to the Truck Drivers. They have also been privileged to minister in over six hundred churches. The small baby that was in his mother's arms that night grew to be a strong young man, who now ministers the gospel with his son by his side.

This family I write about is my own. I shall never forget that night God extended His saving grace to 2305 Shell Road. My heart ponders upon the man who one night went door-to-door telling the story of Jesus. We never saw him again. I have so wanted to get word to him to thank him for coming to our house, and to thank him for telling us of God's love, and inviting us to receive Jesus into our hearts. On earth we may never meet again, but when we reach Heaven's shore I shall thank the soul winner that came to 2305 Shell Road.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16

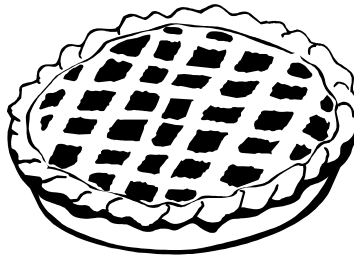


Berry Picking For Jesus

In the early years of our ministry we met a “mountain preacher”, one of them that hunted down the moon-shiners, and their customers, and anyone else who ventured by the preacher’s way. Now I know most would describe a mountain preacher as a six-foot three-hell fire brimstone bellowing John the Baptist. But the mountain preacher we met was a five-foot Church of Nazarene minister named Florence Walling. Florence and her husband Jess preached in the mountains of Davis Creek, West Virginia for many successful years.

Florence said when she first went to Davis Creek not many took a likening to her. Being a woman, a minister, and small of stature was not to her favor. She wasn’t having good success adding to her congregation, until one day God spoke to her and changed her way of searching for the “new converts” that had she prayed for. Florence said late one evening she went out to her favorite berry patch to pick berries for some pies, but when she saw the patch she was disappointed. Others had been in before her and scarcely left enough for one pie. She picked all she could find, and then went back home. She said as she entered the kitchen and set her berries down, God spoke to her and told her to do a strange thing, to go back and pick the rest of the berries. Florence marched back to the patch, like the faithful soldier she was, and gave another try. When she arrived it was just as before, but that didn’t stop her, she began to get into the briars and the thistles and to lift up the berry bushes. When she did, she found the largest and the sweetest berries she had ever seen. As Florence began to pick the hidden berries God spoke to her and said, “These are the ones I am sending you to, the ones others have over-looked.” The years passed and a great revival took place in Davis Creek, West Virginia many came, many that others had over-looked!

We were privileged to attend Florence’s last revival. She was asked to return to Davis Creek to minister. As we came into the church a tall man with a pressed pair of bibbed-overalls walked down the aisle He had been made a deacon in the church when Florence was the pastor, still there, still a deacon, and still faithful, he was one that others had over-looked, you see he was one of the moon shiners Florence ask to come to church, no one else had ever ask him, they thought it would have been useless, but the “Berry Picker” for Jesus had not passed him by. Soon after the revival meeting in Davis Creek, West Virginia Sister Florence went home to be with Jesus. I can just imagine Florence going into her mansion with a beautiful berry pie on the table with a “thank you” note written by the Master’s hand beside it.



Just On Time

Nothing seemed to go right for my husband and I one morning at a TSA truck stop as we were getting our Mobile Chapel; our church on wheels; ready to travel to our next scheduled stop. He blamed me and I blamed him for the delays, have you ever been there?

Finally we were ready to leave, we pulled out onto the freeway with our semi-tractor and trailer. As we pulled onto the freeway another big rig blended along beside us at the exact same time. We traveled down the freeway a few miles side by side for several miles. The trucker in the other rig called to us on the CB. He asks if there was a preacher on that Jesus truck. My husband called back to him with a big 10-4. The driver then asks would we pull over immediately. When we got to the first wide spot in the road we pulled over with the other driver. As we parked he was already running back to our Mobile Chapel. He then proceeded to tell us what had just happened to him. He said that he had just laid his pistol on the dash of his truck and was getting ready to take his life, as he reached for the pistol he prayed a prayer and ask God was any help for him. He said that no sooner than he said those words he looked up and saw the name of Jesus on side of our chapel. He fell to his knees and made an altar of our fuel tank and asks Jesus to come into his heart and life. When he came up he came up rejoicing in Jesus, and thanking Him for the answer that came just in time.

When I stop to remember how “on time” our God was and always is it always amazes me. That how precise that day the timing had to be, and how that even before that dear trucker cried out in desperation the answer was already on the way!

“Then you shall call, and the Lord will answer; you shall cry, and He will say, Here I am.”

Isaiah 58:9



*Never too early, never too late,
God is always ,
Just on Time!*

The Trucker & The Church Bus

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and a trucker was on his way to deliver a load of gravel with his dump truck. The trucker came upon a hill and he had to stop, anyone that knows anything about trucking knows it is hard to start and to stop a loaded diesel truck on a steep hill. This driver was none to pleased to have to make such an abrupt stop, especially when he saw what had stopped in front of him, a church bus! He recognized the bus and knew of the church the bus was from. He then cursed the bus and the church's pastor! Then fuel was added to his fury when he saw a little girl with a Mc Donald's Happy Meal in her hand get off the bus. He cursed again and accused the pastor of using any gimmick to get kids to come to his Sunday school. As he watched the little girl walk up the path to a run down house he recognized the child, he knew her parents. But that made no difference; he had to keep on trucking! He then put his truck in gear, and passed the Church bus cursing again because he had been delayed.

But the rest of his day was a good trucking day, no more delays, and no more church buses. At last, the trucker made it home, walked into his house sat in his easy chair, and turned on the television to watch the local news. While he listened he felt like his heart would burst at the words he was hearing. Nearby there had been a house fire, a little girl and her family had died in the flames. He knew exactly where it was! It was the house where he had earlier been delayed. He wept uncontrollably!

That day of trucking changed the driver's life forever. The following Sunday he went to the church that he had cursed the week before, and there went to the altar and gave his life to Jesus. From that day until the day he died he supported the bus ministry, and gave his all to see that no child that wanted to go to Sunday school was ever denied, and yes, he helped buy the McDonald's Happy Meals hoping to bring a little joy into a heart of some kid. He never again stopped on a steep hill, that he wasn't reminded of that Sunday many years ago that he was delayed, while a little girl from Sunday school walked into his heart forever.

Jesus loves me this I know
for the Bible tells me so
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is
STRONG !



A Basket of Faith

A friend of mine told me that one of the highlights of her childhood would be the surprise picnic her Mother would have for her and her brothers and sisters. These picnics were not like most, she said many times she would come home from school and her mom would have the picnic basket out and the tablecloth spread on the living room floor. There would be a spread of bread, butter and peaches. Her Mom, brothers and sisters would pretend like they were on a great trip seeing wondrous sights. Though the family had some hard times and their Mom had to struggle in raising the family the make believe picnic would always make the day brighter.

My friend said that it wasn't until she was older until she understood the picnics her Mom had. The days they had the picnics were the days there were no food in the house. Their Mother didn't want to worry the children, so she made a picnic basket to keep them afloat until the morrow. After learning about the picnics my friend said the picnics were even more special, for in them she saw the courage of her Mother in the face of adversity, and the deep love she had for her children to make what could have been a bitter day into a picnic.

The story of my friend reminds me of another mother who had to put her child into a basket of faith and that was baby Moses' mother. When she saw she could hid her baby no longer from the death sentence that had been passed down from the Pharaoh, she then made for Moses a basket of faith and placed him into it. She then placed the basket of faith holding her precious son into the Nile River. The Pharaoh's daughter found him and called for Moses' own mother to raise him. [Exodus 2:1-10]

A basket of faith can keep our dreams afloat, but we must look beyond the lack or fear of the today, and know that God holds our destinies. Today we may have bread, butter and peaches on the living room floor, but tomorrow we may be feasting at the king's table in the palace.

“And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes,”

Exodus 2:3



A Basket of Faith



One Hit, One Out, One Run

The Ball Game At Pamplin City

I was told a story of a great ball game that was never recorded, and the ball players were never put into Baseball's Hall of Fame. But I think it is a game worth mentioning.

Bill Terry was just a young lad in the early 1930's when he and his friends of Pamplin City, Virginia decided to have a ball game, but there were some obstacles they had to overcome first. They had neither ball nor bat. But Bill Terry being an industrious lad came up with the remedy, he would make a ball and bat, they couldn't let a little lack stop the game!

For the ball Bill cut a knot out of a Dogwood tree trunk, rounded it off with his pocketknife, then found a board from the slab-pile for the bat. The game was now ready to begin! But Bill insisted that since he made the ball, and designed the slab bat that he should be allowed to be the pitcher. All agreed. The batter was up, Bill was winding the ball for the great pitch. First ball thrown was a direct hit, that is right smack in the middle of Bill's forehead. When the ball found its mark Bill was out like a light! When he finally came to all his fellow teammates was standing over their great inventor/ pitcher. Without any words he jumped up to his feet ran all the way home to his Mama.

Bill said that all his teammates had to sum the ball game up that day in Pamplin City as; one hit, one out, one run. The ball was hit, Bill was out, his run was to home, and the game was over! We all can learn a great lesson from that ball game in Pamplin City, learn to overcome obstacles, work together as a team, but remember the game may be over for today, but tomorrow is a whole new ball-game. Don't count yourself out just because of one direct hit!

The Point of No Return

Otis Horton was a good friend to my husband and myself. He and his family have always been special to us. Otis was an honorable man, if gave you his word you could take it to the bank. Otis was not a Christian man, he respected the church and its teachings, but it just seemed Otis could never make a commitment to live for the Lord. Being honorable and being a good man is great, but you must be born again! We would throw out the lifeline each time we saw Otis, but he just wasn't ready. We even stayed in his home when we would preach revivals in his area.

But there came a turning point in Otis' life, one night he had a dream. Otis had been a sergeant in the Army and he dreamed that he was facing his captain. Otis said that he was standing at a border of two lands. Where he was standing was green and fertile, but just a few feet in front of him was desolation, complete and total desolation. Otis said that his captain turned to him and said, "Sergeant Horton, up ahead is the point of no return, once you cross into this land you can never return." This dream was more than just a dream to Otis; he knew it was a warning from the Lord. He knew that he had been shown God's Mercy Line. He knew that his many years of rejecting God's love and call to repentance must end. And praise sweet Jesus, it did. Otis and his wife went to the altar together and gave their hearts to Jesus.

Otis not only talked the talk, but he walked the walk. Soon after his conversion one of Otis' buddies called and wanted him to go out for a few beers. I never will forget what Otis told him, he said, "I can't, I have changed my way of living." And he had truly changed; he was a faithful soldier of the cross. Otis lived four years after he became a Christian, he read his Bible through four times, and was in a revival meeting somewhere just about every night. Just before Otis died, his wife said that as he lie on his deathbed he would say over and over, sweet Jesus. When Otis passed away there were over a thousand people that came to his funeral, he was a very loved man and a good friend to many, but most of all a friend to Jesus until the end.

Otis was shown the Mercy Line, and he heeded the warning. There is a Mercy Line and, God's love and compassion is to "ALL". All who will receive! It is not God's will that any man perish, but that all would come to repentance. Good man, good woman, you must be born again!

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." [John 3:16]



To Late To Pray



*If the spirit is knocking at the door of your heart,
Do not turn His plea away;
If you heed not His wooings,
He'll forever depart.
Then 'twill be too late to pray.*

*When on death's bed you're lying,
Still astray the fold,
At an awful day;
There will be no repenting at the portals of gold,
It will be too late to pray.*

*As you stand at the judgment,
There before the white throne,
On that great and final day;
When the life book is opened and
your deeds have been made known,
It will be too late to pray.*

*It will be too late to pray,
On that great and awful day,
If you're lost my friend,
When you face the end,
It will be too late to pray.*

Tear On The Page

It was a bright sunny day at the truck stop at Ontario, California. The trucks were packed into the stop as always from all over the United States and from Canada. It was a city within a city, a busy trucker city. My husband was standing in front of our Kenworth tractor. A trucker had asked how he could have peace when things didn't seem to be going his way. Just like trucking he had hit some rough road. My husband read to him from Genesis 39:21, "And the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison." My husband told him that there was no hopeless prison when a man will honor and serve God. When my husband showed the verse to the driver, a single tear from the trucker's eye fell onto Genesis 39:21.

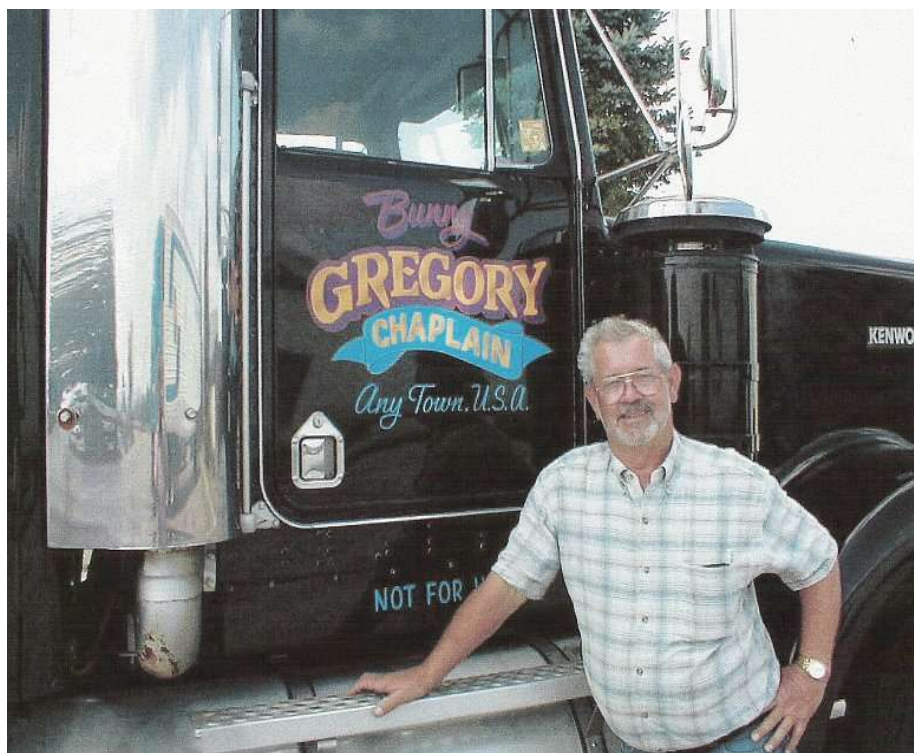
Since that time I have gone back to that bright sunny day in my memories many times, and thought about the single tear that fell upon the Word of God, and I think about the countless times the answer has been given and folks didn't even let a tear fall, nor a sigh cross their face.

Have you heard God's Word with the intent to obey and to receive, if so your path can trace tears, not of sorrow, but of joy? I can only wonder about the trucker that day, we never saw him again, but I want to give that same message as was given to him; there is no hopeless prison when a man will honor and serve God!



*"And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make
you free."*

John 8:32



Chaplain Bunny Gregory

God Is Faithful

God is Faithful

Everyone knows my husband as, Bunny Gregory but, I call him my God is Faithful Man. If you speak to him a few minutes you will hear him say; God is faithful. He will wake me up at night and tell me; God is faithful. But if anyone should say God is faithful, it is Bunny and myself. All of our life God has shown himself faithful to us; God is faithful!

Since 1975 we have been Trucking for Jesus, taking our mobile chapel to truck stops across the US telling the story of Jesus. There have been many obstacles, storms, and yes, breakdowns. When your church is an eighteen wheeler; you have to keep fuel, tires, insurance, license, and a good engine to name just a few things, to keep on trucking. Never has God failed to send what has been needed to make the next stop. God is faithful, and my God is Faithful Man reminds me over and over. There have been a multitude of miracles in our ministry, we could never say it enough, and God is faithful.

A highway state worker flagged us down coming into Barstow, California, he said that he had just found a tire and wheel on the side of the road, and wanted to know if we wanted it. That morning we had prayed for a tire for the chapel; God is faithful.

I had made Bunny and a trucker a cup of coffee, it was the last coffee we had, and not only the last coffee, but we had ran out of groceries that morning. But soon God was to supply. A trucker from Oklahoma came pulling up beside us, and asking where had we been? He said we had been looking for us for two weeks, and that he had some groceries for us. Not only was there food and coffee, but earlier that morning our little boy had ask for a kite and string, and lying on top of the food box was a kite and string. Two weeks before we ran out of food God had made provisions for us, even to the desire of a little boy for a kite and string. God is faithful.

One Christmas morning a lady and her husband came to our chapel to bring us a gift of Avon. When we removed the Avon from the gift bag, we found that they had put a card inside. When we took it out and opened it, there was an enclosed check for \$5,000.00. The amount we would need in just a few days to pay for our insurance and license for the mobile chapel. I still get happy when I see Avon! God is faithful.

A trucker blessed us with sixteen cases of soup. Two days later a lady gave us nine boxes of crackers. God is faithful to send the soup and crackers! God is faithful.

A man in a pickup truck drove up beside our chapel, handed us two twenty-dollar bills and said, "God said for me to do this." Then drove off. We didn't have the money to move, but God! God is faithful.

A trucker came into the chapel two weeks before one Christmas, and received Jesus as his Lord and Savior. As he walked out the chapel door he said, "I want to bring my wife to you so you can tell her about Jesus." Later we received a letter from his wife telling us, that on Christmas morning he was killed in a truck wreck. She told us that she and all the family could see a change in him. Two weeks before his soul was required of him he made his peace with Jesus. God is faithful.

A homeless woman came into the chapel late one night. She was so dirty and unkempt; it was hard to imagine how anyone could get into such condition. Bunny invited her to receive Jesus and she did, gladly. She was later picked up by the state and put into a nursing home. A nurse in the home said that she would walk up and down the halls, and tell others about Jesus. God is faithful.

A trucker was saved on the chapel, and we had run out of Bibles, we gave him a new Bible that we had brought for ourselves. Later a driver gave us a case of Bibles to give away on the chapel. From that day on we have never run out of Bibles to give away. God is faithful.

Many times we have awoken in the night by a trucker leaving a box of groceries on our steps, an offering in the door, a note of thanks, a watermelon, a case of Spam, a box of potatoes, all has been from thoughtful men and women who love Jesus, who know, God is Faithful. God has clothed us; fed us encouraged us, healed us, and kept us in the palm of His hand of mercy and love. God is faithful. You can see why my God is Faithful Man is forever reminding us that, God is faithful!

{Please scroll to the next page to continue.}

Trucking for Jesus
1975-2004



Our first Mobile Chapel



Our first
"Big" truck a
1962
Kenworth
We drove this
truck for 21
years
"Sheneeda 1"

Why Sheneeda?
'Cause she needs this and she
needs that!

"Sheneeda 2"
1972 Kenworth
We used this truck
for 1 year, while
repairs had to be
made on our '62



God
is

Faithful
Always!
"Sheneeda 3"
1990
Kenworth



"One thing I have desired of the Lord,
that will I seek after; that I may dwell
in the house of the Lord all the days of
my life, to behold the beauty of the
Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in
the time of trouble he shall hide me in
his pavilion; in the secret of his
tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set
me up upon a rock."

Psalms 27:4-5

Our prayer is,
That we may live our lives to the fullest
in the presence of our Lord, and to
preach until the day we are called
home to Glory.

Trucking
For
Jesus
Chaplains
Bunny
&
Blonnie
Gregory



"Sheneeda 1" Mobile Chapel



"Sheneeda 1" Mobile Chapel after a new paint
job, she's fine!



"Sheneeda 3" Mobile Chapel

The back part of the trailer is chapel, the
front is made into our living quarters. The
entrance to the chapel is in the back of the
trailer. A church and home on wheels.

"Sheneeda 1" is in retirement after 21 years
of service, but we keep her as a backup.

"Sheneeda 2" was used as a trade in for "3".

Love them Kenworths!

Two O'clock Virginia Time

One of the most stirring testimonies I have ever heard was that of Mr. Hyde of Martinsville, Virginia. Mr. Hyde said during the Second World War he was shipped out to fight. He said his mother went to train with him to see him off. The last thing his mother done before Hyde left, was put a Bible in his shirt pocket and said, "Son, I'll be praying for you everyday, two o'clock Virginia time. Hyde was not a Christian, but he knew that his mother was, and that she was a fervent praying woman.

Hyde said that it wasn't long until he was in the heat of war, it was a horrible time, and death was all around him. He said at one place the enemy had his platoon pinned down, and no one could hang the American flag. But Hyde thought about his mother as he did everyday in battle, and he told his captain to tell him when it would be two o'clock Virginia time, and that he would hang the flag then. The time came and the flag was given to Hyde, his clothes were shot off of him, but not one bullet harmed Hyde, he hung the American flag. When his captain ask him why two o'clock Virginia time he replied, "Sir, I can do a lot of things two o'clock Virginia time that I can't do any other time." Hyde knew Mother was praying for her son! Hyde made it home safe in answer to much prayer, and years later Mother was still praying for her son; Hyde gave his heart and life to Jesus. How many have done the impossible because someone prayed a Virginia two o'clock prayer?

“-The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

[James 5:16]



The Home Stretch

We leave our home in Virginia with our mobile chapel, stop in at truck stops all across the states; end our route at Redding, California, where we u-turn and head back towards home, one stop at a time. I have always loved Redding, California. My husband and I have many friends in the area. We have many cherished memories of Redding. For the last twenty-eight years that is where we have spent our Christmas. It is always a joy to arrive at the truck stop, spend our time, see all our friends, and then start back toward home with joy, knowing that we completed one more soul-winning trip. But always during my stay at Redding, some way, some how I always receive upsetting news. It may be something that happened months before I arrive at Redding, or something that has just taken place. But nevertheless, news will reach me at Redding. As much as I love Redding, there has always been that deep dread of: what will come up this year. I was telling someone that the other day, about how there will always be something come up to try to spoil my time at Redding, and that I wondered why always at Redding. Then into my spirit the Lord spoke to me and told me why. Redding is our turning point. We have made the trip out, and we were getting ready to make the stretch home. The Lord showed me that this is how it is in our spiritual walk. Many have made the journey out, reached their turning point, and when time for the home stretch bad news arrives to shake or to discourage them. The plan being to slow up their steps, take away their joy, and if possible to cause them to abort the rest of their journey. If you lose your joy, you lose your strength.

The devil doesn't care how or what it takes to shake you. He will send you any message he thinks that will break your heart. All across the country I meet folks for one reason or another who have decided to give up, quit, postpone, or wait until another time to finish their spiritual trip. Some have become offended. Some have become weary in well doing, and some have lost the heart to go on. Please see, dear ones, **this is our turning point**. Jesus is coming soon. We are heading for the home stretch. Heaven is in view. Don't slack up, give up, let up, **but look up!** The enemy will use any trick or send any message to cause you to lose your vision of heaven.

A friend of mine's husband was leaving her and the ministry for another women. She said to him as he walked out the door, "*You are giving up what you have to get what you want!*" Is anything worth coming this far, to let the enemy whisper doubt and discouragement to you to cause you to leave the journey now? Many now have reached their Redding, and you now are faced with the choice of how to react. **Choose to keep on keeping on**, because we can't come this far to turn back now. We are heading for the home stretch. We want to finish the journey with joy, and we want to see Jesus! Make sure your "wants" are that of good, and of righteousness, and not a package of deceit from the enemy. I have learned over the years, when doubt rings, let faith answer.

I've traveled here for many years,
I've seen the mountains, the valleys, and some tears.
I've been tempted, tested, and tried.
But faithful Jesus stood by my side.

Like the Apostle Paul I want to say,
I kept the course; I finished the race,
Then when my Jesus I see face-to-face.
I will stand to sing Amazing Grace.

Blonnie Marie Gregory

Going Home!



In The Arms of God

In my hometown a husband and wife had been murdered and their twelve- year old daughter Jennifer was missing. A statewide search went out for Jennifer. All over town there were signs that read, pray for Jennifer. Her picture was everywhere, and yellow ribbons were placed on doors as a sign of hope. Every time I saw her picture or a yellow ribbon I said another prayer for Jennifer. I stayed tuned to the news for any words of information about Jennifer's whereabouts.

My husband and I had to go out of town for several weeks for revivals, but I still kept Jennifer in my heart and in my prayers. When we came back home I went to pick up our mail. As I walked into the post office I saw a picture of Jennifer and under it read, Jennifer Found - In The Arms of God.

Everyone that spoke to me that day in the post office had sadness in his hearts and many had tears in their eyes. Little Jennifer had been murdered. Many times we are faced with such tragedies in this life, and many things we just cannot explain. But there is a resting place for the weary and the abused, and for the little ones that we may not ever be able to hold and touch again on this earth. There is a place, In The Arms Of God! I am reminded what king David said when his child died, "And while the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." [2 Samuel 12:22-23] Jennifer cannot return, she is now in the arms of God.



Safe in The Arms of Jesus

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o're shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me.
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
There in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o're shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Fanny J. Crosby & W.H. Doane, Copyright 1870 by W.H. Doane

This same Jesus

One of the beliefs of the Jews during Jesus' time, and of many Jewish people today is that there will be two messiahs: a suffering messiah like Joseph, who was rejected by his own, as described in Isaiah 53:3, and a conquering messiah like King David, from the tribe of Judah, as we are told in 2 Samuel 7:12-13 that the ancestry of the messiah would come from the line of David. This could be one of the reasons John the Baptist asked in Matthew 11:3 "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus sent to John the answer that was needed in verse five. "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

In the book of Acts confirmation was given again that Jesus was the Messiah given, and there would not be another messiah. In chapter one, verse eleven, as the disciple watched Jesus' ascension back to the Heavenly Father, the two angels in white apparel said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which was taken up from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." This Same Jesus who conquered death, hell, and the grave, which was despised and rejected, and who will return as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, will come again in like manner. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." [1st Thessalonians 4:16-18]

I comfort you with these words,

Jesus is coming soon!



Offended

I went to the church the other day; I just wanted to kneel and pray.
But Sister Grace came to greet me, and with a snide remark did say,
“Looks like you’ve put on some weight, you’re so plump and round,
And when you sang that last hymn, a little out of tune you did sound.”

Oh, I’m offended, offended I say.
My feelings are so hurt I can’t even sing.
Guess I’ll stay out of church at least four weeks.
Then I’ll go back and turn the other cheek.

Well, I waited my time, and I went through that church door.
I said I’d just go in and praise the Lord.
But again, Sister Grace came up to me, and this is what she did say,
“I believe you wore that same dress, the last time you came this way.”

Oh, I’m offended, offended I say.
I can’t even praise the Lord in my old fashion way.
I guess I’ll just stay around pout awhile, and cry.
Oh, I’m so offended I think I’m going to die.

Well, finally I picked myself up, and went to another church,
I said, “Over there I’ll not get hurt.”
But, Sister Grace had a cousin that was a member there.
And when I walked through the door, she commented disapprovingly about my hair!

Oh, I’m offended, offended I say,
Can’t even change my membership today.
Guess I’ll wait until I hear the Trumpet sound,
Just I’m not too offended to leave the ground!

Written By: Blonnie Marie Gregory



“Great peace have they that love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.”
[Psalms 119:165]

The Graveyard Experience

Have you ever had a graveyard experience? What I mean is your life listed among the dead while yet alive? I was told several funny stories that I would like to share that remind me of some folk's life and their confessions.

One story is about three cats. The cat's names were Foot, Foot Foot, and Foot Foot Foot. One day Foot said to Foot Foot, "I'm sick and I think I'm going to die." And he did! The next day Foot Foot said to Foot Foot Foot, "I'm sick and I think I'm going to die." But Foot Foot Foot said, "No don't, we already have one Foot in the grave!" I don't think we realize the power of our confession. The Bible tells us in Proverbs 18:12, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." We somewhat have one foot in and still with our negative confessions keep on until we carried out "feet first", or should I say "Foot" first?

Another story I like is about a man who had already made it to the graveyard, but found out that it wasn't too late for his deliverance. The hearse was going up a high hill, as it was climbing it's backdoors flew open allowing the cargo, a coffin covered with flowers to slide out the doors. The coffin slid down the hill picking up speed as it went. It hit the street of the small town bumped against the curb. Then like a shot flew through the doors of the drug store, and made a grand slide through the store, coming to an abrupt stop as it hit against the druggist counter. As it hit the force was so hard that the lid of the coffin flew open and the corpse sat upright. The druggist looked over the counter and asks, "Can I help you?" The corpse replied, "Yes, give me something to stop this coffin." If ever there was a time we "stop this coffin" and guard our confession it is now! We need to abide among the living; I am speaking of the Living Word. "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." [Matthew 12:37]



You better believe I'm watching my
confession...

I'm Blessed!

Dumb & Dumber

It was our first Thanksgiving together; I was going to cook my first turkey. I was as you might say; “cooking challenged”. But, I wanted my husband to be proud of his new bride, so I was willing to give it my best shot. I put the turkey into the oven, shut the oven door and it was all systems go! That is until after several hours had passed, and I went to check on the turkey. Wow, was I shocked when I saw that the oven was on fire, I mean a “blazing fire”. I ran to get my husband, he took towels and wrapped around his hands and took out the turkey; we didn’t have a fire extinguisher! He yelled for me to open the front door, when I did he slung the Thanksgiving turkey out the door. When the on fire turkey hit the front lawn it set the leaves on fire, now the oven was ablaze, the turkey ablaze, and now the front lawn! By the this time all the neighbors were out to see the show, oh, by the way, my husband didn’t have time to dress properly for the turkey toss, he was in his long-johns! Finally, our next-door neighbor came over, and before we could burn down the neighborhood he put out the flames.

We had boiled eggs for Thanksgiving dinner, and a few words to say to one another. My husband told me that setting the dinner on fire was dumb, and I told him the yard thing was dumb also! We didn’t dare ask the neighbor’s advice; we pretty well knew what they were thinking of our smarts.

That has been many years ago, I’ve only set one more turkey on fire! But, oh well, that’s cooking.

Sometimes we may think we have been pretty dumb, but hang on as life goes by you’ll experience the dumber. We all make mistakes, but just because we burnt a few turkeys we didn’t stop having Thanksgiving. I think of the scripture in the book of Isaiah 40:31, “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.” Don’t let a burnt turkey keep you from soaring with the eagles, we can all go higher, do better, and learn from our mistakes. And remember, if the good Lord hadn’t wanted us to eat out from time to time, we wouldn’t have so many restaurants! Keep soaring above the cares of this world, and don’t let the turkeys get you down.



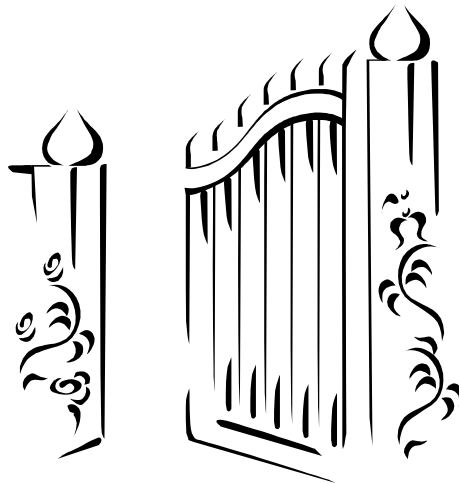
Early In The Morning

Our chapel was full of people; there wasn't room for one more in our night service. My husband preached and gave the altar invitation and many received Jesus. A lady that couldn't come into our chapel, because it was so full came up to us on the outside. She asks if in the morning would we go to her mother's house and minister the gospel. We graciously explained that we would love to, but we had to leave early the next morning, and that we just wouldn't have the time. But, she insisted! We told her the only time that we could possibly go would be before seven o'clock in the morning, and that we knew that would be too early. She said great, she would pick us up before seven, drive us to her mom's house, and have us back in time to make our next appointment.

I have to be honest, I thought if we show up at this lady's house at seven o'clock in the morning to "preach" the gospel we would probably be shot. Needless to say, I didn't rest very well that night.

Seven o'clock came as we pulled up in front of the house. I have never seen such a run down house; it was heart rending to know that someone lived there. We walked through the fence, and went into the house, and to our surprise; there was a room full of people, all dressed and ready to have church. We preached and sang our hearts out, gave the invitation to receive Jesus, and all in the room responded to make Christ their Savior. Oh, what a lesson we learned that day! Jesus had needs go by, early in the morning.

"- Because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." [Lamentations 3:22-23]





We're going where?

The Go-Kart Ride

My husband and I had just come in from a revival trip, I informed him that I was so ill I had to go to bed, and that I would probably never get up again I just knew I was going to face the pale rider of death. Have you ever been there? I threw myself on the bed, covered up my head and waited for death to come and take me.

About an hour the bedroom door flung open, it was not the undertaker, but my vivacious four year old grandson, who jumped up and down on my bed yelling, come on Nanny let's go, let's go. I told him that Nanny was ill and unable to get up. I wanted to spare him the diagnosis that I had earlier given to myself. Then came my son into the room and said, "Come on Mom let's all go out to eat." With all my strength that my hurting body could raise I told him that I was so ill that I couldn't get up.

Then came the old guilt trip, but if you don't go we will not go, and the baby will have to miss his trip that we promised him. I was hurt to the depths of my heart that a trip to dinner was more important to my family than how I felt. Now not only was I a corpse waiting to happen, but also now I would have to be a martyr going to dinner so my family could be "happy". Picture that! We all got in the car, I felt so bad I had to keep my head on my husband's shoulder. Finally the car stopped my son said, "Here we are." I looked up and to my shock we were at a go-kart track. I ask, "What, are we eating at a go-kart track?" My son told me that they all wanted to ride the go-karts before we ate, and that he had a ticket for me to ride too. I made no more excuses, I did not repeat to them how bad I felt, for it was apparent no one was paying any attention to me. If my family wanted to carry my body off of a go-kart track so be it!!!! I was furious!

I was led to the car I would to drive, some kid had to help me "down" on it, show me how to start and stop the thing. Then we were off, the family having a blast, passed me on their cars. I was just trying to survive, going very slowly around the outside of the track, not wanting to get in anyone's way, and to hurry and get this trip over. But to my shock a very large teen-age girl took it upon herself to add to my evening of misery. She came up behind me and rammed as hard as she could into the back of my go-kart. Every fiber in my body shook, pain shot out of areas of my body that I didn't know I had. If once wasn't enough, she rammed me each time around. Finally "the ride" was over. Almost in tears I pulled into the area to unman the vehicle from hell, when my son came behind me and said, "Stay on Mom I paid for another trip around." By now I was numb in spirit and body and like any good granny and mom I was out and running again. I had the same plan, stay on the outside, go slow, and don't bother or get in anyone's way. But guess who also kept her same plan also, the teen-ager!

First trip around I got it; with all her fury she rammed me again. But this time I didn't notice the pain or self-piety I had experienced before. I looked for the gas pedal and made up my mind that I wasn't going to get bumped again. I became the left lane landlady, I zeroed in on the girl first, tapped her with my kart; found my son, then my husband. Expecting any moment to be thrown off the track I still preceded with my plan. The kids standing on the side of the track was now yelling, come on mama!

Finally, the ride was over, and to my surprise I felt pretty good for an old gal who just hours ago was expecting the pale rider of death. We all left the track went on to dinner came back home, and by that night I felt good.

That evening taught me valuable lessons, that I still had many more laps left to make in life, a few more curves, mountains to climb, and even a valley or two. And that I can't let some "young thing" bump me off the track of life. God has a purpose and plan for us all, sometimes the pain may be very real, and many times discouragement may cause us to want to lie down and give it up. But God knows how to give us the shaking and bumping we need to go that one more mile. Over the years I have had quite a few "shakes". Sometimes they bring a laugh. But as I look back at my evenings of despair I always have to say, that the Lord has put into my spirit beautiful words of encouragement. We must never forget that our Heavenly Father knows what we need and when we need it. But it is up to us to trust His hand to keep and guide us, even if it is a Go-Kart Ride that will bring sweet words of comfort to put into our hurting souls to get us back in the race that we may finish our course, and to fight the fight of faith until our last lap.

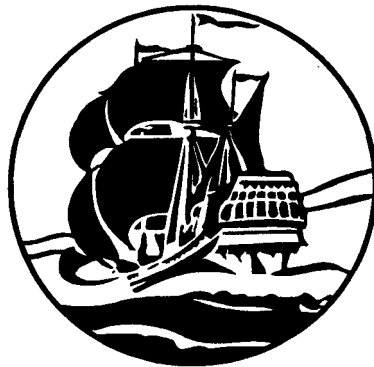
"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 1 Timothy 4:7-8

{Please scroll to the next page to continue.}

The Soft South Winds

In the twentieth-seventh chapter of the book of Acts we are told about the Apostle Paul's journey by ship to Rome. All on board encountered a fierce storm. The Bible said that they hadn't seen the light of day for many days, and in verse twenty we read that, "- all hope that we should be saved was taken away." But, Paul had a visitation from an angel, and they were given assurance that all would survive. The ship broke up, and they had to swim to shore, but all on board were spared. But before the encounter with the fierce storm Paul warned all on the ship not to sail, but to wait until the season of storms had passed. The Bible says in verse thirteen, "And when the soft south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, they sailed-." The soft south wind fooled them, when they felt that warm breeze they thought all was well. How many times have we been warned to wait until, to obey the heeding from God's Word? But, the soft south wind begin to blow in our lives, and we turned a deaf hear to God's Word, and God's ministers. Then in our journey we end up in a hurricane! As never before, in this time of great tempestuous times we need to heed the blessed Word, and not be fooled by this world's soft south winds.

My grandson Orville Nathaniel Gregory IV preached this sermon, when he was ten years old. And of course, Nanny had to "borrow" it.





“...that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, do them...”

Numbers 15:39

Talit

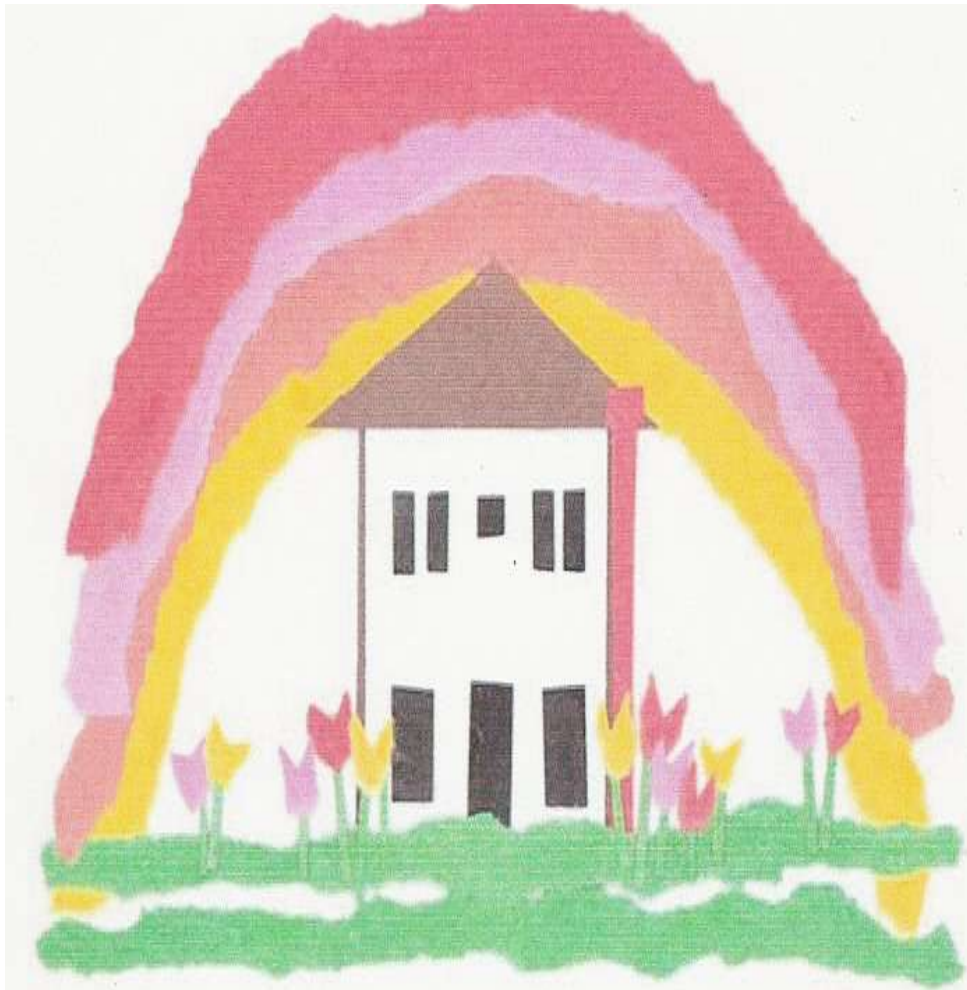
The Talit or Prayer Shawl is a special holy garment worn primarily by Jewish males during prayer. Before the Talit is placed over the head a blessing is said: "Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the universe, who has sanctified us with His commandments and commanded us to wrap ourselves in [a Talit] fringes." Then the Talit is gently brought over the head.

There are 613 fringes representing the 613 Laws, the four corners, called the tzitzit spell out the names of God. The four corners were wrapped around the hand, taking hold of the precious names of our Lord God. The tzitzit was also called the hem of the garment.

Other names of the Talit in the New Covenant are cloak, tent, napkin, and garment.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue: And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them: and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye use to go a whoring. That ye may remember, and do all the commandments, and be holy unto your God. I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: I am the Lord your God." [Numbers 15:38-41]

America, where are the Commandments of God? Can we not look upon the Ten Commandments, and remember that it was our Lord God that has brought us out to a land to worship Him?



*Have You Ever
Been There?*



Have You Ever Been There

Have you ever been there how many times have we heard that? Sometimes our highways have carried us over roads we thought no one has ever traveled before, or on roads that we think are impassable. I would like to share words of encouragement that God put into my spirit when upon a very rocky road of illness I had traveled for years. I had just received an unfavorable report from my doctor and frankly I felt like all hope was gone. While in this valley the Lily of the valley spoke words that gave me hope and strength to keep on keeping on.

Today my health and strength has been restored, and my joy renewed. I pray as you read these words that they will uplift and encourage you also.

Have You Ever Been There

I went to the doctor I was feeling bad.
He said he had no cure for what I had.
I walked out the door feeling pretty low
Then the nurse came a running and said,
“Here’s the bill you owe.”

Have you ever been there, stand up, I want to know,
Has pain ever struck you way down in your soul?
Stand up and shout it I want to know,
Have you ever been there when the troubles rolled?

Have you ever got out of your boat one day and said,
“On the top I think I can stay?”
Then you are looking at the waves so high,
And the next thing you know you are trying to drink the sea dry.

Have you ever been there I want to know?
Has pain ever struck you way down in your soul?
Stand up and shout it I want to know,
Have you ever been there when the troubles rolled?

Now we’ve all been through a trial or two,
Shed enough tears to fill an ocean blue.
But look around child can’t you see,
The higher the mountain is, the sweeter the victory.

Have you ever been there, stand up I want to know,
When joy flooded your soul.
Stand up and shout it I want to know,
After the flood have you ever seen the rainbow?

Stand up and shout it I want to know.
Stand and tell the world so.
Dance a little while; get some joy in your soul.
Stand up and shout it I want to know.

Now when things don’t go all right just hold on.
Don’t lose your spiritual sight.
Let me remind you of those of old.
Many times their story you’ve been told.

Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego was thrown into the furnace hot.
Daniel into the lion's den was dropped.
Jonah prayed from the belly of a whale,
And Paul and Silas prayed from a prison cell.

Ruth gleaned in Boaz's field.
David the old giant did kill.
Paul found himself on a ship going down.
Peter thought he was going to drown.

John the Baptist lost his head.
Elijah by the ravens was fed.
Baby Moses in a basket did float.
And little Joseph lost his coat.

My children it's plain to see,
There will be some valleys we all agree.
But we that remain, and the ones gone before,
Shout our soul is restored.

Have you ever been there, stand up I want to know.
When joy and victory flooded your soul.
After the flood have you ever seen the rainbow?
Stand up and shout it I want to know.

Stand and tell the world so.
Dance a little while.
Get some joy in your soul.
Stand up and shout it I want to know.
After the flood have you ever seen the rainbow?

Blonnie Marie Gregory
September 22, 1998

Hot Dogs And The Bank

A friend called me and said, "Let's do lunch." Sounded great to me, I was ready. She picked me up; we drove a few miles down the road and then my friend turned into the bank's parking lot. I thought that we were getting ready for some "big" lunch, to have to make a bank run first. We parked, my friend turned and said to me, "Today is the bank's grand opening, they are giving away free hot dogs, let's go." I must say over the thirty years of traveling and dinning out that was my first! Someone ask me how did I handle it? I replied, with lots of mustard and relish. One thing about that lunch, we didn't have to go far, stay long, and we certainly didn't have to pay a lot. My experience with lunch was, how shall I say, a lunch not to be soon forgotten!

I see folks today that remind me of my lunch at the bank. They don't expect to stay long, spend much, or go to far, but still get what they want. I'm not speaking of saving money, or getting a joke on a friend, and by the way I'm still in good with my friend, and I'd have lunch with her any time. But I'm speaking of lunch with the devil, sampling a little of sin. I deal with many who think they can do a little sin, one time, and that they are different from all the rest. They can stop any time they want. But the devil want stop when you want, and there is no such thing as a "little sin". Sin is sin, and sin separates you from God. The remedies for sin are repent, and turn from your sin. I remember a saying that has stuck deep into my heart, it is simple, but so true;

Sin will take you further than you want to go.
Cost you more than you want to pay,
And keep you longer than you want to stay!

Beware of how you "do lunch" with the devil and his crowd, the bill will be more than you wish to pay. I would rather "do lunch" with a friend and eat hot dogs at the bank, than to dine from the poisons from "Hell's Kitchen".

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Romans 6:23





Fido

FIDO

One of the greatest, but I guess shortest sermons I ever heard was FIDO. The message was, whenever hurt, anger or holding grudges come we need to know how to FIDO. What I mean by FIDO is,

FORGIVE

It

Drive

On

FIDO!

“And when stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.” [Mark 11:25]

Old Lions

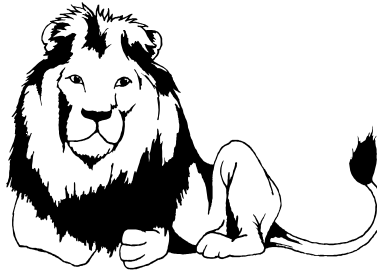
One old lion said to the other lion,
“Remember the day they threw the Prophet Daniel in?
I was so hungry and so were you.
But God heard Daniel’s prayer.
And sent His angels and they shut our mouths like they were glued.

Then came morning and the King pulled Daniel out.
Then concerning our dinner plans we really began to doubt.
But once again hope poured in.
It was the bunch that wished they had made Daniel’s God their friend.”

Then one old lion said to the other lion,
“I just don’t think Daniel would have been that tasty.
Even though he’d been over the pit.
He had way too much backbone.
And way too much grit.”

Written by: Blonnie Marie Gregory
1/13/99

“My God hath sent his angel, and shut the lions’ mouths, and they have not hurt me; - “ Daniel 6:22



My Cup and Saucer

I was browsing around The Nearly New Shop searching for some extra books to help my son in his home schooling. My budget was on the slim side, so the second-hand shop was a blessing to find. I picked up the books that we would need; but on a lower shelf at the back of the shop I found a lovely china cup and saucer covered with dainty flowers. I thought, what an elegant treasure to find in a second hand shop! I had always wanted “real” china so why not start with this second hand treasure.

I walked to the counter placed the needed books down and put the cup and saucer on top. I had already decided that in the mornings I would have my coffee in my china cup, and retire the big coffee mug that I always drank from. When the total rang up, I only had enough money for the books. I put the china cup and saucer aside and thought, maybe another day.

As I was walking out the door the owner called to me, I turned around she handed to me the cup and saucer and said, “Take it, you can have it.” I thanked her for her kindness and left.

Now to many folks that might have been a cup and saucer from a second hand shop, but to me it was a lovely gift held in keeping just for me to make my way a little brighter, a desire of my heart fulfilled!

The experience in The Nearly New Shop was many years ago, but I think of that day often. That day I received a gift to brighten my way, a gift I could hold in my hand, and a reminder to me of the countless treasures that God has blessed my life with daily seen and unseen, and also a reminder to me that it makes no difference where I am, even in a second hand shop, God knows where I am, and is ever mindful of all His children.

So with this testimony of my cup and saucer, I want to pass on the blessing that I received long ago, hoping that through this reminder God can brighten your way, and bring a joy to your journey. When we remember, that it is God that provides the cup, and that it is God that fills the cup, then like the Psalmist David we can all say,

“-My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:”

Psalms 23:5-6



A Covenant Woman

The other day I came across a beautiful portion in my readings. The Sabbath- Art Scroll Mesorah Series wrote that there are six hundred thousand letters in the Torah {The five books of Moses, the Pentateuch; Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, called the Written Torah}, and that there were six hundred thousand male Jews over the age of twenty who left Egypt. This fact points that each Jew had his own unique spiritual connection and own unique potential for grasping the Word of God.

But what about us, where are we in that number? Let's look a little further. During the Temple period the set time for the Torah reading was three and one half years. How long was the time period of Yeshua Jesus our Messiah's ministry, yes three and one half years! Jesus is presented in the New Testament as being the sum and substance of the Torah. In John chapter one verse fourteen we read, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, {and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,} full of grace and truth."

We today see and behold His glory full of grace and truth through receiving the only begotten Son Jesus. "But as many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:" [John 1:12].

The day I came out of my spiritual Egypt by the saving power of the Lamb, I received my connection and potential for the Word lives in me, and I in the Word! I am a Covenant Woman by the Living Torah, Jesus; I call Him Saviour and Lord! My prayer is that today you will receive Jesus as your Lord and Saviour, that you too will come out of your spiritual Egypt; a land of bondage; and walk in the freedom of Salvation, and become a Covenant person!



A Sweet Fragrance

Has anyone ever passed you in a hallway or in a room and as they passed by you caught the scent of their perfume? Sometimes their perfume has a lasting fragrance that leaves a sweet aroma after they have left the room. I have often thought about how our testimonies like expensive perfume should leave a sweet aroma, long after we leave a room.

Often I think of several of my friends that are like a scent of good perfume, leaving sweetness long after they are gone. One such friend, a trucker named Joe is like that. As he talks with you he will stop about every other sentence and say, I love my Jesus. Another driver, John with a deep one of a kind voice will say, Oh, bless God Sis. I can be in one of the largest truck stops in the country, and I can hear John across any room, and I'll know without even looking here comes John. Next, there is Juanita, and with the sweetness of an angel she will say after every few words, oh, my soul love you Jesus! I can say their phrases without calling their names and my husband will know whom I am quoting. Sometimes when I'm feeling a little down I'll repeat one of their sayings. Then the joy of their fellowship and friendship comes flooding into my soul, and with the flood comes that sweet fragrance of a lasting testimony. My prayer is that my testimony will also leave a sweet fragrance and sweet memory.

When I travel no more,
And my life here is o'er,
I want to leave a sweet memory
And like the lingering fragrance after a summer's rain
I want my friends to remember,
That I came in Jesus' name!

Blonnie Marie



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