

# SOARING AS EAGLES Youth Ministry



Fall 2006

Isaiah 40:31

Vol. V • Issue III



## **An Inspirational bi-monthly newsletter for teens!**

- For Bible believing Baptist teens!
- Preachers' Kids
- Missionaries' Kids
- Evangelists' Kids
- Full-time Christian Workers' Kids

## **For Young People who want to make a difference**

A ministry of:



**Bible Baptist Church  
of Charlevoix**

05855 M-66 N • Charlevoix, MI 49720  
231-547-4300 • soaringaseagles@juno.

## Start to Finish



*I Cor. 9:24 "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain."*

In 1968, the country of Tanzania sent its best runner to the Mexico City Olympics. Unfortunately, he came in last place crossing the finish line with a bloody and bandaged leg. The media turned from the gold winner to this lone runner and asked him why he even tried to finish after his fall. He said, "My country didn't send me 7,000 miles to start a race—I was sent 7000 miles to finish the race."

Our Lord Jesus Christ finished His course. The Apostle Paul kept the faith and finished the course God gave him. Paul challenged us to "run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." (Hebrews 12:1-2)

You started this race the day you got saved. You are to live faithful, holy, and set apart. Lay aside the weights and sins that easily beset you so you can run.

Look at yourself. Are you slowing down, or thinking about quitting, or have you already quit running? He didn't put you in the race just to start. He put you in to finish.

For His Glory,

*Jim Green*  
Jim Green, Editor



#### Editor's

**Note:** One of the biggest events of our year is Northwoods Baptist Camp. At this camp,

Evangelist Tim Green, from Dayheights, Ohio, preached this message on Wednesday evening, August 16, 2006.

I want to give you the opportunity to do something. I want to give you an opportunity to honestly write a verse of scripture. I want you to fill in the blank of this verse and be honest. I'll give you a few words, and I want you to write it—the Bible—

according to you. In Chapter 1 of Philippians and verse 21, we read, "For to me to live is \_\_\_\_\_." "For to me to live is \_\_\_\_\_."

Back in the late 70's or early 80's, the United States chess champion, Bobby Fisher, beat the Russian chess champion, Boris Spaskey. Spaskey made this statement, "Chess is like life." Bobby Fisher in the same interview corrected him and said, "No! Chess is life!" If Bobby Fisher had the misfortune, or if we had the misfortune of allowing him to write Philippians chapter 1, verse 21, he would have said, "For to me to live is to play a game of chess."

I came across an article a few months ago in the Sports Illustrated magazine about a senior golfer by the name of Sandy Lytle. He said, "Golf is what I'm best at and what I love. I hate to say it, but golf is life." If this man would have written the Bible, he would have said, "For to me to live is golf."

Boris Becker won four or five Wimbledon championships in a row. He's now a retired tennis player. He made this statement some years ago, "I live to play tennis." "For to me to live is to play tennis?"

I picked a little article out of the newspaper. I'm not trying to be humorous, but this is the truth. There is a picture of a lady sitting at the grave of her dog Scruffy. It says, "Scruffy was my life." If that lady would have written Philippians 1:21, she would have said, "For to me to live is Scruffy."

Teenagers, I'm going to give you a few words to fill in the blank. I want you to be honest tonight about your own life. Would you say...

"For to me to live is...music." I guess any preacher that's preaching in this day and age to teenagers has got to talk to them about music, at least a little bit. I want to tell you something. There's no such thing as Christian rock music! God help you to get that stuff out of your home! Let alone "Christian"

quote unquote rock music. "For to me to live is...the music of this world?" If you were honest tonight and you had to fill in that blank, what would you put there? I bet you are thinking, "I've had a hard time, preacher, being here at camp three whole days without my ear phones in my ear; I haven't been able to listen to the music of my life." God help you tonight to be delivered from that filth! "For to me to live is music?"

Or, "For to me to live is...sports?" In 1985 I was living in Lansing, Michigan. I was invited to Former President Reagan's second inauguration. From Detroit to Washington, I sat next to one of the most famous men in all the world—Muhammed Ali. I'd always wanted to meet the guy. We sat side by side on a plane for an hour and a half.

I had the wonderful opportunity to talk to him about the Lord and to witness to him. We wrote letters back and forth for some time. Today he lives down in Berrien Springs, Michigan, and I wouldn't be surprised if some of the boys in this room could probably handle him. He's a sick man. "For to me to live is... just sports?" Just a bag of wind, just a round ball, just a baseball bat, just a football? "For to me to live is sports?" You probably know that the guy leading the American league has 41 home runs, and Joel Mauer that's leading the American league is batting about 361, I think. We get all wrapped up in these things. God

help us tonight to realize there is more to life than a ball bat. There is more to life than sports!

"For to me to live is...popularity?" You may think, "Boy, that's what I want, preacher. I want to be popular. I want people to know me. I wanna be cool at my school." "For to me to live is...popularity?"

We used to have an old preacher come to our church in Lansing. He's dead and gone now. His name was Dr. Percy Ray. He was a powerful, mightily used man of God. Brother Ray told this

## Today's small decisions affect all of your tomorrows

story. I don't think I'll ever forget it. He was preaching a meeting, I believe, in North Carolina, near Charlotte. It was Thursday night of the meeting, and a young lady came forward and knelt down at the altar and Brother Ray said, "I didn't normally do this, but I felt compelled to kneel by that little lady and ask what she came forward for." She said, "I came to tell God I'm gonna get saved day after tomorrow!" It kind of took the old man back and he said, "What do you mean you came to tell God you're gonna get saved day after tomorrow?" She said, "Well, preacher, I'm going to the senior prom tomorrow

night, and I'm gonna dance with the boy of my dreams, and I realize if I got saved tonight that I couldn't do that tomorrow." He began to talk to that young lady and tried to dissuade her from that path of foolishness. He said, "Honey, you need to come to the Lord tonight. God's dealing with you now." She said, "Oh, no, preacher, you don't understand. I'm coming to tell God I'm gonna come back day after tomorrow, and then I'll get saved." He said, "Why are you so bent on this plan of getting saved?" She said, "Well, preacher, since I was a little girl, I've wanted to go

to the senior prom and dance with the boy of my dreams. I've been saving my pennies, and nickels, and dimes for this one occasion all of my life. I went into Charlotte a few

weeks ago, and I went to dress shop, after dress shop, after dress shop. I found a beautiful gown, and I purchased that dress and to the very penny that I had saved since the time I was a little girl until now is exactly what that gown cost." She said, "I've come to tell God tonight that I'm gonna wear that gown tomorrow night. I'm gonna dance with the boy of my dreams, and I'm coming day after tomorrow to get saved." He said, "No, little lady, don't do that. Please get it settled tonight." Finally she stood to her feet and in that old man's language he said,

(Continued on Page 5)



How could I live in Russia as a missionary's kid and grow up in a preacher's home all my life and still not be saved?

## Hi, my name is Chad Fluegge.

My dad is the pastor of Solid Rock Baptist Church in Baraga, Michigan. While the Greens were up here at our family revival, they asked me to share my testimony about how I became a Christian with the readers of SAE. I was all too happy to oblige. I love SAE, and I hope that someone will be helped or get a blessing from the testimony I am about to share.

A year after I graduated from high school, I applied for entrance to a public university that was within driving distance from home. I also applied for enrollment into the Air Force ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) program that was there on the grounds. I got accepted not only by the university but by the ROTC program as well. At the end of my first semester, my name was submitted to ROTC headquarters for scholarships.

I competed favorably against my classmates and won the highest scholarship available to our detachment. The fall semester of my second year,

I passed my physical fitness test and was officially sworn into the US Air Force and soon began to enjoy the benefits of the scholarship that I had won.

I had it all; or so I thought. That whole second year of college was an all time low for me. I messed my knee up in a skating accident, missed a bunch of classes and as a result, I ended up failing a class. The following semester I had surgery done on my knee. Soon after, I was called into my commander's office

where I was informed that my contract had been terminated and that I was no longer in the Air Force. It was during these times that I began to look to God for answers. I began to read His Word and to ask Him why these things were happening. That May of my second year, a nearby church was having their annual tent meeting so I went with my family. The Green family was there, and Bro. Jason Kendrick was preaching. It was during those meetings that I began to feel conviction of my sin like never before.

During one of the services, Bro. Kendrick stopped right in the middle of his message and began to pray. He asked those who would like to get saved to come down to the front. I jumped out of my seat and made my way to the front where Bro. Green was waiting. It was that night that my name was written down in the Lamb's Book of Life. It wasn't long after the revival services that I asked the Lord to give me a verse that I could claim whenever Satan would tempt me to doubt my salvation. Within a couple of days, I came across this verse in Psalms 61:5, *"For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name."*

Now, that's my verse to claim.

Praise the Lord.





For of all  
 Sad words  
 of tongue Or  
 pen, the  
 saddest  
 are these,  
 "It might  
 have been."

~ John Greenleaf Whittier

(continued from page 3)

"She stomped her feet and bounced out of that building and into the night." He said, "She didn't come back Friday night. She didn't come back Saturday, the meeting closed on Sunday, and I flew home to Mississippi. The little girl never showed up. A year passed, and I was invited back to preach at that same church. The first thing I asked that preacher when I got into his vehicle was about that little gal who came to church and prayed, 'I'll get saved the day after tomorrow.' The preacher put his head on the steering wheel and began to weep. He took me to a little log

cabin. I saw a little girl. Her hair was all disheveled; her eyes were wide and wild like an animal. She had on the long flowing gown. She began to scream, 'Oh preacher, I got my gown, but God is gone! Oh, preacher, I got my gown, but God is gone!' She ran like a wild animal up through the woods. We never even got to talk with her. I came back to that church for two or three years in a row. Every time we'd go to visit that little girl. She became wilder; she became stranger. There was no way whatsoever to communicate with her." He said, "Three or four years later, when I came back and landed there in Charlotte, the preacher took me to a cemetery. I saw

a freshly dug grave and a headstone of a little girl that got her gown but God was gone!"

"For to me to live is to be...popular?"  
 "For to me to live ...I don't wanna be like these Christian kids and dress like them."  
 "For to me to live... is the things of the world?"

What about this one, "For to me to live is...money?" I want money. I think one of the richest men in this state was a guy named Tom Monaghan. He used to own the Detroit Tigers. He became very wealthy selling Domino's Pizza. I remember when the Tigers won the  
 (continued on page 6)

(continued from page 5)

World Series in 1984, a news reporter interviewed him, "Tom, this must be the greatest day of your life!" He said, "No, tomorrow will be." They asked why? "Because I have pizzas to make!" I read in the Detroit paper about Tom Monaghan encouraging people to eat pizza for breakfast! "For to me to live is...pizza?" "For to me to live is...just to make some money?"

So many young people get wrapped up in this career motivated world that we live in. I want to tell you young people that there is more to life than a large bank account. So many of God's good people bail out to financial success until it gets them to the place of spiritual bankruptcy. Don't ever let that happen to you.

"For to me to live is...my career."

"For to me to live is...my big plan?"

This week at camp we had here on the platform the senior boys one day and another day the senior girls. You've got plans for your future. I'm for you 100%. I want you to be successful, but there is more to life than money!

Gene Burrows graduated  
from the Houston  
Medical

School. His professor, his mentor, was Dr. DeBakey, the very first man to perform open heart surgery. DeBakey said to Gene when he graduated from medical school, "Gene, stay with me, and I'll make you the greatest heart surgeon in the world." Gene Burrows said, "Doctor, I can't. When I was 16 years old, the Holy Spirit called me to the mission field." Here's a man with an opportunity to make hundreds of thousands of dollars. He said, "No, I made a decision as a 16 year old young teenager to do the will of God." For Gene to live is...what? At last reckoning, Gene Burrows had built 72 churches. Since 1959, he has been back to America only four times. He has seven children, and they are all medical missionaries in the country of India. He had built leprosarium after leprosarium. He's done unbelievable things with that terrible, loathsome disease of leprosy. I think Dr. Gene Burrows made a wise decision as a 16 year old boy.

"For to me to live is...\_\_\_\_\_?"

Well, "For to me to live, preacher, is family. I wanna get married. That's what I wanna do." You know some of you boys; you've got something wrong with you. You think it would be a good idea to marry this beautiful cheerleader!

Can you imagine being  
married to a

cheerleader and getting up everyday to...give me an M? ...give me an A? You're all wrapped up in that hourglass figure. None of you kids remember Ma and Pa Kettle, do you? Ma Kettle said, "I used to have an hourglass figure, but all the sand settled!" There's a lot of truth to that! You say, "Oh, I just gotta have a family! I just gotta get married!" You girls, you wanna get married 'cause your tired of cleanin' house for your mom. So, you're gonna get married? Do you think these idiot boys are gonna do the work? NEVER! You know what the boys do? The boys say, "I'm sick and tired of having my dad tell me what to do, when to get up, when to go to bed, what to wear. I'm joinin' the Marines!" That's how dumb they are. "For to me to live is... just family?" A Family? So many people in America put their families in front of God. One of the great men in my family's life was my father's pastor and also my grandfather's pastor, a

Live <sup>so that</sup>  
when you die, your  
family will have  
no doubts  
that you're in  
heaven.

man by the name of Don Lougheed. Dr. Lougheed built a great church in Flint, Michigan, back years and years ago. Before Brother Loheed was a preacher, he was a mechanic in the city of Flint. He was a very successful man and God called him to preach, but he didn't want to go. He wouldn't go. He refused to go. He didn't want to give up his business. He didn't want to give up his career. God had blessed him with a little blond haired baby girl. Back in the 1940's, one night Helen Lougheed put that little baby to bed in one of those old fashioned fancy baby beds. When they woke up in the morning, they found that somehow the little baby had stuck her head up through all of that scroll work and whether she got herself tangled in the blankets or whether she fell back asleep, no one knows, but that little gal lay there blue. She had hung herself. I've heard Brother Loheed tell the story himself. He said, "I made an altar out of that baby bed and surrendered to God."

"For to me to live is...just a family?"  
 "For to me to live is \_\_\_\_\_?"

The apostle Paul said what is right for a child of God. "For to me to live is Christ." I say to you tonight, when Christ is your life, you are really living. When I'm living as a child of God and Christ is my life, He is living through me, and He gives me all the other things in life that I need.

If you live for pleasure, if you live for

the immediate, if you live for the now, you can't get it through your heads, young people, to live for that place called Beulah Land. God help us to set our affections on things above and not on the things of this earth!

What if today, what if tonight you faced God with the things you've done? What if you were a fella by the name of Timothy McVeigh and on June the 11th, 2001 at 8:14 Eastern Standard time, the electricity went through your body and out into eternity you went for crimes that you committed and justly died (in my opinion)? What if that were you and you faced God? The Bible goes on to say in verse 22, "But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor." If I live in the flesh, Paul said, that's the fruit of my labor!" "For to me to live is \_\_\_\_\_."

You have choices to make. You can choose any conduct, young people, but you don't get to choose the earned consequences of that conduct. You can do anything you want to do. Paul said it this way, "All things are lawful unto me but all things are not expedient." The consequences of never trusting Christ as your Savior is an eternity in the lake of fire. There are consequences for every conduct. You can be loose in your living. You can be selfish with your things. You can do what you want to with your life, but you're gonna pay a price.

I'm 36 years a Christian. God called me to preach on October 28, 1970. I

# It's <sup>not</sup> choice chance that determines your des- tiny.

couldn't tell you how many young people I've talked to that said, "I wish I hadn't let him touch me." "I wish I had never gone to that place." "I wish I'd never put that first bottle to my lips." "I wish..." You can do what you wanna do. You can live any way you want to, but you don't get to choose the earned consequences.

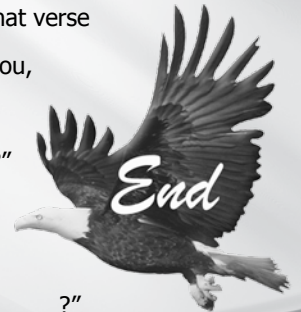
"For to me to live is \_\_\_\_\_?"  
 Fill in the blank honestly. "Oh preacher, I've got about ten things I'm all wrapped up in. It's a lot of stuff that ought not to be...after the price that Jesus Christ paid for me at Calvary...I can't believe I've got all these things in my life." Why don't you wipe 'em out tonight and put the Lord where He ought to be in your life?

"For to me to live is Christ." I want you to be honest. I want you to take a little pen in your mind and a piece of paper in your imagination, and I want you to write that verse according to you,

"For to me to live is... what?"

"For to me to live is

\_\_\_\_\_?"



# Musical Notes



By Beth Green  
How exciting it was to have my picture taken with Ron and

Shelly Hamilton back in the spring! They are such wonderful people. They have been a blessing to me since I was a little girl listening to their Patch the Pirate stories and his songs. It has been over thirty years since Bro. Hamilton was diagnosed with cancer in his eye that earned him the nickname, Patch the Pirate.

It was my privilege to interview him for a few minutes. Bro. Hamilton told me how he wrote

the song, "Wings As Eagles."

Back in the mid-1980's, he was in the habit of running and praying at the same time. He was meditating on Isaiah 40:31 and Hebrews 12:1-2 about the thought of running the Christian race. The words just flowed, and he said it was like the Lord gave him the words and music to write down as a song. The words form a beautiful poem about the Christian race. The song is printed in the Majesty Hymns hymnbook on page 303. We sing it a lot at our church.

Thank you, Ron and Shelly Hamilton, for your life of music and for this great song!



Bethany Green is standing (left) with Ron (right) and Shelly Hamilton (center) in Lancaster, California.

## "Wings As Eagles"

When the race still lies before me,  
And the wind is blowing strong,  
When the witnesses surround me,  
And my strength is almost gone;  
When the valley plunges deeper  
And life shatters all my dreams,  
Then I lift my voice to Jesus,  
And He gives my spirit wings.

God gives wings as eagles;

God gives wings to fly and  
strength to rise above,

God gives wings as eagles.

When my feet begin to stumble,  
And my dreams begin to crumble,  
I mount up on eagles' wings.

Let us run the race with patience,

Let us lay each weight aside,

Looking only unto Jesus;

He will be our faithful Guide.

He has run the race before us;

He has won the victor's crown,

And He calls to every Christian,

"Follow me to higher ground."





Dear Soaring As Eagles,  
 Here is a money order for my support for August and September. As for subscription fees, I wouldn't mind one. Personally, I like the newsletter even without color. SAE is a blessing and encouragement. I have especially enjoyed the Music Notes, second to the messages. I will be praying for the work you are doing and the needed funds.

In Christ, Jocelyn



I have so many good memories of home. Living in the parsonage was great! Having a dad whose schedule allowed him flexibility so that he could watch us play sports, take us hunting or teach us to throw a curve ball was a blessing! Having a mother at home every day when we arrived from school was important as well. We even had mother out there swinging a bat once in a while. Mom was a good sport, and I loved to pick at her. Once I had tormented her such that she started to playfully chase me, and I dashed

through the house at high speed. I was laughing, and Mom was laughing as she chased me. When I got to the front door, I reached for the handle to make my escape. By the time I realized that my hand and arm had missed the handle, the window was cutting me just below the elbow. Mom's laughter turned to care as she took me to the doctor for stitches. On another occasion, I found myself hungry. Mom allowed us to make our own creations in the kitchen. I scooped a few large portions of vanilla ice cream into a

bowl. I smothered it in my favorite topping--stewed rhubarb. I was standing there in the kitchen gazing upon this delectable delight. I could taste it in my mind before I ever put it to my mouth. In the quiet of that moment, as I beheld this masterpiece, the envy of any Dairy Queen menu, the silence was broken by the words of my mother, "Hey, you can't eat that; you are fasting." As I was trying to live a little closer to God through the spiritual discipline of fasting and prayer, I forgot, in my hunger and inspiration of culinary wonder, that I could not eat. Not being a person to waste anything, my mother volunteered to eat my rhubarb covered ice cream. I think she enjoyed it, too. We laughed about it afterward. The memories of a blessed home life and childhood still bring a smile.



# The Contributors' Corner



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Dear Friends,

We would like to thank all that have sent in gifts over the summer. To be honest, it has been quite slow, but we must go on. After five years, we've worn out our Mac-computer and have had to upgrade. This was a great expense, and we could use some extra gifts to help with the extra cost. We got a little for our old Mac on eBay, but we are still a long way from covering the new one.

Please do what you can to help.

It has been a long/short summer, and we've had to wait on getting this Sept/Oct. issue out due to a backorder on the computer. It never ceases to amaze me how the devil tries to distract on every issue. We are going on; God has called us to do this, or it would be easy to quit. To see how the Lord is using the newsletter makes it worth it all.

Thank you for your gifts. If you haven't sent anything in a while, now would be a good time to get started again. Thank you for your prayers and contributions.

For His Glory,

*James Green*  
Jim Green, Editor





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# *Soaring as Eagles Teen Newsletter*

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**RU SURE  
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**A**DMIT UR A SINNER - ROM. 3:23

**B**ELIEVE CHRIST DIED 4 UR SINS - ROM 5:8

**C**ONFESS WITH UR MOUTH YOUR BELIEF  
 IN CHRIST JESUS - ROM 10:9,10

**AND U CAN B SURE  
 UR SAVED!**