SOUND THE TRUMPET IN PRAYER

**And if you go to war in your land against the enemy that opresseth you, then ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpets; and ye shall be remembered before the Lord your God, and ye shall be saved from your enemies (Numbers 10:9).**

Faithful Words

What are faithful words? One of the meanings of the word “faithful”, according to my software’s dictionary, is truthful. If we are to discern what faithful words are, we need an understanding of what truth is to us. To receive, know, and accept truth, we must have a love and appreciation for truth. What inspired this thought was the recent news of an actor being fired from a television show for standing for truth. If someone were standing by to stop you from doing something wrong that would end in your destruction or eternal damnation; would you listen to what they had to say, or would you be offended? No matter what our personal views on anything thing are, in the end, God’s word will prevail. We will not have the last word, and faithful are the wounds of a friend, but there is a friend that sticks closer than a brother. What voice will we choose to hear?

This world view is that if you speak against sin, even that which is clearly condemned in God’s word, you are a judge and a hater. But God’s word tells us otherwise. It is the word of God that judges, and God is love. I Corinthians 13:6 says of love, “love” “*Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth***”.** The world’s idea of love is to never say anything anybody doesn’t like, even if it is the truth of God’s word. Those that are offended by the word of God should examine their heart. Because one day we all will be judged according to God’s word by God Himself, the righteous judge.

David was said to be a man after God’s heart, but David had his moments of failure, stress, and sinful behavior. What saved him was a love for the truth and God. He knew how to fall into the hands of the living God, and he also listened to the faithful words of those who God sent; those who were his true friends. To those that prevented him with faithful words from sinning against God, and jeopardizing his soul. One day when David was out in the field with his men, and became hungry. He sent to word to a man who owned the land, whose boarders he kept watch, asking for food for himself, and his men. The Bible says that Nabal was an evil man, and refused to send the food to David and his men. This greatly angered David, and he was determined to take revenge. Nabal’s wife Abigail heard of these things, and took food to meet David, and pleaded with him to take the food, forgive, and not take vengeance. *“And David said to Abigail, Blessed be the LORD God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me: And blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand*” (I Samuel 25:32-33).

David could have become offended, and ignored Abigail; considering she was a woman, and he was very angry. He could have chosen to carry out his plot for revenge, and could have taken everything Nabal had. Instead, he heard Abigail’s advice, and received it as a good word from God, from whom all good words come. He chose to do the right thing. In the end, God Himself avenged David. The Bible says when Abigail told Nabal what happened with David, while he was partying and getting drunk, his heart became like a stone, and he died. After this, David took Abigail to become his wife. If we will chose to live, faithfully and righteously, choosing ways that please God, He will cause our enemies to be at peace with us or remove them. BME

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

WORDS FROM BEHIND THE WALL

WAITING FOR VICTORY

A while back, I wrote in the *Sound the Trumpet*, about problems I was having. One big one was losing my job assignment back in September 2012 for no truthful reason. I prayed, and asked others to pray about my situation. Well, as of October 31, 2013, I got that job back. I can see no explanation for why I was returned to my assignment. I do know for a solid fact in my heart, it was an act of the Lord. He moved mountains by changing hearts, and changing certain variables for something outside my reach to come about. I want to thank everyone who prayed, not only for me, but for the rest of us behind bars. It means a lot to the Lord when we show that we care for one another, and I thank our wonderful Lord for making all of creation in a way that all works out in the end. **William Moctezuma**

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

ARE YOU STRUGGLING TO FORGIVE

*“I have never seen the righteous forsaken”* (Psalm 37:25). Some hurts go deep. At this point, we must remember that forgiveness is a decision. And trust is a process. When something has been torn down, it takes time to rebuild. Men and women often perceive trust differently, and the same goes for forgiveness. When a women has been hurt, her friend, boyfriend, partner, husband, even brother; may think an apology should immediately enable her to trust him again, move on, and not talk about it. That is not the case. Two things need to happen first:

1. The offended partner needs to acknowledge what they have done. Don’t tell her to get over it, like it is nothing. Acknowledge the pain. Validate the feelings, even if you don’t want to. When we rationalize or trivialize what’s hurting us, it only makes us angrier. Only when we feel validated, do our wounds begin to heal.
2. The offended partner needs to make sure that bitterness doesn’t creep in. “How can I do that?” you might ask. By refusing to stay hurt any longer than is absolutely necessary, and allowing God to heal your heart, and restore you whole. The Bible says, “If you hear His voice today, don’t be stubborn” (see Hebrews 4:7).

When God gives you the grace to forgive, and release the hurt and pain, you need to seize it, and let it go. That’s why, when you’ve been hurt, it is easy to react in the flesh, instead of responding in the Spirit.

 **Brandy Holmes**

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

JOYFULLY GIVE

*“Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and* myrrh” (Matthew 2:7-11). As I have become older, I have come to recognize even more the joy of giving gifts. Yes, I still enjoy receiving gifts, but I delight in seeing the expressions of anticipation and appreciation on the faces of children as they eagerly shred the paper from a package to reveal its contents. Perhaps you know what I mean. Giving is a way to express love—to offer affirmation. Therefore, when the wise men found the child of their pursuit, they worshipped him, and confirmed their worship by voluntarily giving him gifts. Their willingness to give gifts of value demonstrated the worth they placed on the child before whom they knelt. This day is associated more with giving than any other day of the year. God gave His son. What will you give to Him that expresses your joy, and love, and confirms your worship of Him as Christ the Lord? What He desires is nothing less than your life. Father, I joyfully begin, and conclude my worship by giving myself to you

 **Jamie Alexander**

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

THE DARK HOUSE

So many years go by for some that they have no idea what they look like or what year it is. Clocks, calendars, and mirrors are often not provided. And I say to myself, why? Why can’t we have these items? Why they won’t sell them to us, it doesn’t make any sense. We walk in endless circles, in cells as small as two queen size mattresses. We create art out of the few items we are allowed. We count ceiling tiles over and over. Some of us take insects as pets so we can have something to talk to. Today, Sunday, North house 751; we went to the yard for 45 minutes. Guess what I found on my shoulder, a butterfly. I took it back to my cell, and gave him or her some milk. The next day my butterfly was so happy, flying all over me. I gave her a name, a pretty name, Silma. That, by the way, was my woman. I do think about her a lot. I feel bad because I let her down. A few of the isolated have TV or cells with a window, but most do not. We get one shower a week, and meals slipped through a slot in the door. There are no computers, phone calls, and many have been there so long that their families don’t even write anymore. One thing for sure, is be careful where you put your hand because this place is full of feces, if you know what I mean. So brothers out there, do right! Stay at home, and listen to your wife or family. Don’t be like me, I did not listen to my woman, and this is hard to be said. But I’m keeping it real, and real is real! **Manual Malave**

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

**FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR**

I would like to ask all, I’m including Inmates, to keep one another, and your families in prayer. There are many who are hurting, and have lost loved ones. Recently, one of our writers, Brandy Holmes, lost her mother. She was unable to attend her funeral. I cannot imagine the sadness or pain of this loss. Please pray for her, and those in similar situations, that God would continue to keep them strong, even on bad days. I would like to share one of my favorite Charles Dickens poems. It is one I have shared in years past, but is always appropriate. **Beth Marie Evans**

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The pure, the bright, the beautiful

That stirred our hearts in youth,

The impulses to wordless prayer,

The streams of love and truth,

The longing after something lost,

The spirits yearning cry,

The striving after better hopes—

These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid

A brother in his need;

A kindly word in grief’s dark hour

That proves a friend indeed;

The plea for mercy softly breathed,

When justice threatens high,

The sorrow of a contrite heart---

These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand

Must find some work to do,

Lose not a chance to waken love---

Be firm and just and true.

So shall a light that cannot fade

Beam down on thee from high,

And angel voices say to thee---

“These things shall never die.”

**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***

**Inmates, please submit your inspirational thoughts for Words from Behind the Wall to Beth Marie Evans, C/O International Christian Fellowship, 9146 Lincoln Avenue, Brookfield IL 60513. Office Phone: 708-387-9009.**