

Tone



JAMES B. CORBETT

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INTRODUCTION

This Life Series offering was supported by my wife Susan with editing, amendments, and reviewing. Thank you, Susan, for your patience and encouragement.

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Above all, thank you to the Saints of the IDP camps all over West Africa whose stories are all told through the imagery of Mercy, Comfort, and Mercy's mother.

My hope is the reader will experience this Life Series vignette in one 45-minute investment of time. Allowing the story to meander you past the characters to a place of awe and reverence of a God who is still in the miracle working business. That you will land as I have, knowing "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Colossians 1:27.)

James B. Corbett

TONE

“The character, strength and attitude of a place or situation”

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Trust is the tone of the kingdom...
A Life Series



chapter 1



GRATITUDE

It's March 2016 in Nigeria, West Africa. Our missionary team has arrived at the lodging place with the lift full of 50-pound bags of rice, beans, onions, peppers, and yams. We are planning our first visit to a new outreach we have been introduced to by a pastoral relationship in Nigeria. We first learned of the Internally Displaced Persons camp, or IDP, in January 2016 when we were told of the immediate need to help this startup IDP camp. We are not new to Nigeria, having first visited with other missionaries in 2002 and consistently gone every year since the start. So we started asking for more details, photographs if possible, and a history of the support infrastructure.

What followed was heartbreaking, eye-opening, and life changing. Initially, we were told there were 200 children in this camp. All are from the northeast corner of Nigeria, Borno State. This region had been in the national news feeds of late due to the activities of an Islamic group known as Boko Haram.

The reports described how these local villages would come under siege by Boko Haram because they were outraged over the villager's willingness to sell milk or food items to Christian missionaries, to accept western educational support, and to associate with moderate Muslims. During a siege, the Boko Haram aggressors would drive into a village of unarmed and very rural people and begin shooting and maiming the village leadership. Others in this group were kidnapping women, girls, and young children and placing them in restraints and pick-up trucks. They kidnapped them to sell as indentured servants to radical Muslim families or into the sex trafficking international markets.

What I saw in these early group photos were mostly girls and boys that appeared to be under 15 years of age. Just staring into the lens, bewildered. The report stated these were the fortunate children who had run from the gunshots and carnage of their village siege. They ran into the surrounding jungle terrain, which they knew very well. Hiding, then running, hiding, trembling and running further. Too afraid to go too close to any other villages for fear of encountering another siege. Most of these children in those early days stayed in the underbrush of the jungle starving, dehydrated, and infested with lice. They eventually would be seen outside other village compost pits eating maggots and drinking the dew off the mango leaves.

These other village communities would slowly gain the children's confidence and begin the slow process of building their strength and finding out their history. As this early story was told to us, there was no family left in these children's villages that was able to care for them. Others who survived were unable or unwilling

to take them in.

During this time in 2016 our ministry group had started supporting village outreach pastors. After completing the program, they would be ordained, given a backpack full of evangelistic material and Bibles, and sent out to village areas. Over time, they may visit two or three villages on a weekend to conduct church services for any new converts or interested guests. It was this outreach group that started telling us of the Boko Haram atrocities in the Northeast.

Then one of the pastors we knew in the south told us of the IDP camp started in this southern region for some of these displaced children of the north. Based on the testimony and strength of this pastoral relationship, we began sending some support for the children's food and medicines. It was very unusual for our group to support an outreach sight unseen, not knowing any of the leadership or really anything of the control group. Sometimes, however, the Holy Spirit can just grab your heart through a picture. My wife and I wept just looking into the "sea of innocent

eyes” we witnessed in those early internet photos. So, we cautiously sent layers of funding, small amounts to various trusted people, through our ambassador group. We copied everyone on the agreed purpose and insisted on audit reporting and receipts.

With this protocol we successfully built medicine inventories and funded some desk and bench building for schooling to start. But mostly we provided basic food so the children could have rice, beans, onions, and peppers at least once each day. We thought we knew what was ahead of us on this first on-site inspection, but what we witnessed and heard was absolutely nothing we could have imagined.

Once inside the IDP we were warmly greeted by leadership who thanked us over and over for what we had done to help them help the children. Well, truth is, we helped in a very guarded way due to our years of experience in a very difficult region to find trusted advisors.

But as is protocol, we nodded, smiled, and sat

down with leadership for a formal greeting under a small pole structure with a palm leaf roof. I was very thankful to have this covering as it was already over 90° by mid-morning.

After the introductions we presented the food and gifts to leadership. They asked what we'd like to see, so we said, "We'd like to meet the children, pray for them, and, if possible, talk with them and hear their stories."

The leadership said, "Okay! Let's greet the children across the compound open area by the tree line because we have set up the classroom desks and benches under the palm trees to help the children stay awake and cool during class time." We walked for ten minutes or so and as we approached the tree line the Director took a blow horn and called to the children, "Come out and meet your fathers in the faith."

Initially, we were told there were about 200 displaced children. We stood a respectable distance from the

tree line to make room and the sea of faces started popping out of the beautiful palm forest. After a short time, it became obvious there were more than 200 children here. It was mesmerizing to look out into “the sea of eyes” looking back at this strange white man. I inquired of the Director, “We were told there were 200 children here.”

He answered, “That was January. Now there are 1300 or more children here and over 30 new ones every week.” As we penned this report there were over 3500 children in this southern IDP camp.

Once all the children were assembled the blowhorn was handed to the big Oyibo (white man). The Director said, “Greet the children, sir!”

As I looked at those beautiful eyes, bewildered yet interested in who this might be, God took over! “My children, God is grateful you are alive. He is pleased with these souls who are caring for you. From this IDP camp, love and unity will be your helmet and shield. You are never alone! God has sent us, one of many

to come as his humble ambassadors to express the love of Christ to you. I pray you always see past our faces and give all the glory to God who is so pleased with you.”

Then the children were released except about 50 who agreed to allow us to ask questions and hear their stories. We returned to the greeting area where benches were brought for the children and plastic chairs for us. The camp directors asked how we'd like to proceed. What we thought would be most helpful was if some of the children would be willing to share their personal experiences. To have personal stories this close to the event would give us the ability to share with others the real emotional impact of the children's situation.

The Director asked if anyone would be willing to share their story. Several hands raised so we asked them to please select a boy and a girl so we could get both perspectives. The young man selected appeared to be around 12 years old. He spoke some broken English but was more comfortable in his native

Hausa language.

We inquired if anyone could interpret Hausa into English for us. As only God can do, our need was answered. An older girl, around 15, stepped forward. Her name was Comfort, and she began interpreting for the young man.

He began describing the pleasant time his family was enjoying just waiting for the evening meal. Then unfamiliar noises, screams, and bangs began ringing from the dirt road which led out of the remote village up to the small town. Everyone was confused and standing outside their huts with zinc roofing. Many in the village did not have permanent huts but just plastic tarps to shelter. Then out of nowhere racing vehicles came charging down between everyone's places. This young boy had never seen a gun before, and one of the soldiers aimed "the stick" at his mother but then redirected it to a male behind her and shot him in the shoulder. This young man said he ran out of sheer fear and never looked back. He began weeping, saying, "I regret not staying with my mother

and my family.” He was quite distraught, repeating that it was the last time he had seen his family.

It was clear that reliving this tragedy was hard for him and everyone, as each child could share a similar story. We hugged him, thanked him, and prayed over him. He then sat amongst the others as they consoled him.

I was not sure we were doing the best thing by asking these children to relive their tragedies. We waved the Director over and said, “Maybe this is too much for the children.”

She said, “No, they want to share what happened so maybe by doing so it can bring an end to the attacks.”

When we turned back to the children, our interpreter was holding a young girl of around nine. She was very thin and timid. Comfort introduced her to us as Mercy, her new sister in the camp. It was obvious Comfort had accepted the role of big sister to this new arrival.

Mercy was still traumatized, unable to sleep through

the night due to bad dreams. We exchanged a validating glance and I asked Comfort to ask Mercy if she were willing to share her story. She nodded in the affirmative, and Mercy spoke in Hausa as Comfort translated.

Mercy had only been in the camp for three weeks. She was still bald from the arrival protocol of shaving their heads to eliminate lice. Mercy began by saying how grateful she was to be away from the bad people and with Comfort and her new village.

Mercy said everything happened quickly in the beginning of the siege. Bad men came in motor vehicles, going to each family hut.

They came to ours, and it was my mother, grandfather, and me. They were shouting something at my poor grandfather, who was already a handicapped man. They pulled my poor grandfather out into the street and cut off his hand so everyone in the village could see how bad they were.

They took my mother and me and many other girls

away in a truck very quickly. We were all tied by the hands and two men just kept whipping our heads down so we could not see anything. We drove for a long time and were then pushed in a line for hours, walking into the deep bush. Finally, after a very long time, we arrived at a compound deep in the jungle. My mother and I were allowed to stay together and sleep outside by the side of one of the buildings with many other women.

As the sun began to rise, we all realized we were captives in a strange place. Some had been here for a while, but most of us were new. Men gathered us together and separated us boys, girls, then by age. They gave each of us a plastic cup and bowl and speaking in Hausa said,

“Keep these with you as you will eat once per day and drink water from the bucket.”

Each group was counted and given chores for that day. Us young ones carried wood, water, and did what was asked of us. My mother and others older were

cooking and cleaning. The bad men were Muslims who worshiped at appointed times throughout the day. They did not speak to us but rather spoke to the older captives who gave us the directions.

At mid-morning on the second day of our captivity, a truck arrived at this compound. Several of the young girls and two small boys were forced in the truck and taken away. That night as the sun began to set several of the older women were taken away from us and forced towards the Muslims quarters.

My mother and a few others were not taken this night, but we all knew the sadness to come. My mother told me that night, "These bad men are not like the men of our village. If we ever see a way to get away, we must take it."

I did not know then, but I now know each day the truck would come and take our people into sex slavery in unknown places. My mother was a very strong person. She was not going to let these bad men break her or see her cry. The next night as they

led her away, she never looked back. She pushed their hands off her shoulders and did what she had to do to live another day for me.

The next morning my mother knew that truck would come, and it was my time to go. She said to stay close to her as the men went to prayer facing the compound wall. She said, "That truck comes right after they pray."

Once the men began praying, she grabbed my hands and looked at me intently. "My daughter," she said, "this is our only chance to save your life!"

Just around the building my mother had placed a large log against the compound wall. As we approached it, she squeezed my hands so tight and kissed my cheek. She pushed me face down on that log and helped me shimmy to the top of the wall. I began to get frightened and looked back but my mother was right behind me and pushed me off the log and over the wall. I landed on my side and rolled over on my back in pain. I saw my mother's head over the

compound wall. There was a moment of silence as I saw the tears rolling down her face. Then she said, "Run! Run, my dear daughter, and never look back. My love will carry you! Run!"

So I just ran as my mommy said and kept running until I could not go any further. I laid down under the thick brush to hide and rest. As I began to gather my breath my mind was racing. What will they do to my dear mommy? I just started weeping as I knew that answer. Where am I? What will I do? I must just keep moving away from the direction of the bad men. I am a village girl. I know how to find water in the jungle. I knew to follow the waters that flow away from where I was and if I kept going eventually a campfire will come.

On the second night in the jungle, hungry, tired and so frightened, the smell of campfire was in the air. Cautiously following it, I came to a small village. Too frightened to enter, I found a large boulder close to the camp and the heat from the hot sun kept the stone warm most of that night.

The next day the villagers discovered me eating food waste from their pits. A kind elderly woman approached my rock with a bowl of rice and beans and a cup of water. She greeted me in my Hausa language and asked me my name. I was too frightened to speak. All I could do was cry and whisper, “My mother—she is still there!”

Over the next few days, this kind lady and others cared for me and started sharing my story with the village pastor. By this time, they had heard of the village attacks to the east.

The pastor went to my area to inquire of my people and see if there were any there who could care for me. This man came back very sad and told me they had murdered my grandfather. No one has seen my mother, and our hut was burned and stripped of any possessions. He said, “My child, the people here are also very poor and have been very gracious. But we must find another place for you.”

He told me of this IDP in the south. He said, “Most

of the children are from sieged villages. I know the directors are men and women of God. My dear child, an American missionary group is helping transport those who wish to come, and the next bus will depart in two days. I can purchase you a ticket with the funds they have given to me if you are willing to go.”

This kind man grasped my hands just like my mother had done. He looked me straight in the eyes and said, “My dear daughter, I believe this is God’s provision for you. Please consider it!”

Who is God? Why would he make provision for me? These people had been so kind to me. I wished I could just stay there! But that was not possible. I agreed to go and three weeks ago myself and eight other frightened, hungry, thirsty, sad children were on a 16-hour bus ride to another world.

It was a hard and grueling trip with very little food or water. The driver did his very best with what money he was given and I’m sure he also used all his own. On one of our stops, I saw him purchase small meat

pies with his own money. He gave them to each of us with tears rolling down his face. He sat back down to drive with no piece for himself. We asked him to stop, and all put our pies together and each of us took turns biting the pies. I never heard the word miracle in Hausa. But the driver said to us, "Notice, my children, we have all eaten our fill and behold! Two full pies remain! This is a miracle of God."

We drove through the night and arrived at the IDP mid-morning. As we began getting off the bus, several of us just fell to the ground because we were so tired and fearful. But the children of the camp started running to greet us, clapping and celebrating our arrival. It felt to me as if they really wanted us here. It felt like my village back home.

The directors were very kind and asked us to gather our things and come sit with them. We were given a cup of clean water and a bowl of rice and beans. They began sharing with us that everyone here is displaced due to the bad men that we experienced. Most of the directors' and volunteers' villages have

been destroyed by them also. They told us that it takes time to unpack all that has happened in our families and our lives.

And everyone is here to listen and help. We have all made a decision to not live as victims, but rather to be intentionally grateful for our lives!

When we heard the interpreter say that we had to stop her.

“Comfort, did we hear this right? Made a decision not to be victims, rather to be intentionally grateful? For our lives?”

She said, “Yes, sir, that is how we all feel.” We looked at the directors, each other, Comfort and Mercy, and with tears in our eyes, said, “My dear daughters, your strength has set us all free today. Intentional gratitude is a spiritual necessity! This is a violin tone in the kingdom of God.”

PSALM 100

Make a joyful shout to the Lord, all you lands!

Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing. Know that the Lord, he is God; it is he who has made us, and not we ourselves.

We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise. Be thankful to him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endures to all generations.



chapter 2



FORGIVENESS

We prayed for all these brave children, thanking them for their willingness to revisit these horrible memories. Many of the children were suffering from trauma. Mercy was having nightmares about her mother's captivity and what she knew was happening to her. The team slowly digested what we had just heard and witnessed. We simply sat there as the children moved away. What could we say? How can this still be happening in 2016? How can the daily exposure to the same story with every new busload of children birth a refusal to be victims? Rather, they are choosing intentional gratitude for being alive!

We were very quiet in the Highlander as we drove away, each searching our hearts for what the Lord would have us do. We started sharing what we had witnessed and learned. The story was so raw and compelling it was impossible to hold it together as we went back to the story of Mercy's mother.

What was even more difficult was not losing focus on the spiritual healing needed as the physical needs kept demanding time and resources. How do you help without influencing the environment in a negative way? Outside resources can and usually do alter the motivations of its environment. How can we help without hurting?

We are still walking this out with every encounter.

How can we pray earnestly into a situation knowing, believing, our attention to the spiritual issues has eternal implications? How can we intentionally pray for those who persecute these innocent ones? We know it's God who forgives. But how do we ever bring ourselves to ask on their behalf?

Returning to America with all these questions and emotions, we knew we'd be returning in six months to follow up with what had begun at the IDP. Looking back, forgiveness was easy to move out of mind. We were so taken by intentional gratitude it was much easier to focus on how to help rather than how to heal. We provided many necessary services. However, the children are still in the camps. The Open Door Watch List in 2022 ranks Nigeria as seventh among 50 nations where Christians are facing extreme persecution. Six years later we are facing the same dilemma. We love the children and work hard to share their witness and testimonies. But those red letters, in our Bibles, keep beckoning us to do more.

MATTHEW 5:44-45

But I tell you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, that you may be children of your Father in heaven. He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous.

This is just hard! I know we don't have to pray the same way for the ungodly as we do for the righteous. We take joy in praying for blessings to come in to the IDP children's lives. God makes promises to the righteous and we ask for them on the children's behalf joyfully.

What about the ungodly persecutors? Can we ask God to change their hearts? We know it is not God's will that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Well, it's much easier to just hate them. To want to get even with them.

We started wrestling with forgiveness, even though previously we had not given it any thought. I personally, began feeling convicted of how easy it is to forget my own sinful forgiven history.

PSALM 103:2-4

Bless the Lord, O my soul,

And forget not all His benefits:

Who forgives all your sins,

Who heals all your diseases,

Who redeems your life from destruction,

*Who crowns you with lovingkindness
and tender mercies...*

He has redeemed my life from alcoholic destruction. If that wasn't enough, he crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercy. Mercy, tender mercy! I, too, could've killed someone while driving or in a rage. I, too, was once controlled by my sins. God redeemed me, gave me loving kindness and tender mercy.

Who am I to not, at the very least, pray intentionally as our children have modeled for us: that not one of these bad men shall perish? That you, Lord, can give them the desire to change their hearts as you so graciously did for me.

Lord, may you show them Jesus and convict them of their sin as you did me. With love and mercy, Lord, help us to be intentional as we pray. The team settled back in our chairs, silent once again, as we looked at each other, a bit broken. We heard a base tone in the Kingdom of God and the whisper of a violin.

TONE

*Old Ovadyah, once proud and so tall
Now broken, reflecting his fall.
Then came a tone that spoke mercy to him
And old Ovadyah was forgiven of sin!
With water eyes and disbelief, after all he had done.
Forgiven, my son, a new life has begun.
Accepted and forgiven was the title of the form.
Placed in the file called "a new life transformed."
Hope began flowing, a mystery glowing,
The tone of the kingdom has never stopped growing.
Trust is the tone of the Kingdom.*

JBC



chapter 3



HOPE

Hope is a desire for a certain thing to happen or a feeling of trust. Over the past years, we have had many desires for certain blessings to come to the children of the IDP and many have come. Schooling is advancing, trade skills are developing, and as some venture out new children are welcomed into the IDP village.

We look for Mercy each time on the property and inquire of her well-being. In March 2020 we had a wonderful visit with her, and she was noticeably different. Mercy smiled when she saw us and came right over. She had changed into her only dress and

put on her Sunday sandals. We spoke for a nice long time under the palm tree covering.

I was informed by the girls' director that Mercy's adopted sister, Comfort, our interpreter, was preparing to go back to her region in the Northeast to be a missionary to her village. Comfort will interpret for the English and German missionaries who have risked their lives to help the destroyed villages rebuild and start over. She can interpret Hausa for the English and they can help her learn German. Comfort is strong. I love being around her because she has this trust.

I asked her what we could do to be a blessing to her as she prepared to go. She looked straight in my eyes and said, "Keep doing what you are doing. I'll keep doing what I'm doing. We'll meet again in glory!"

Only in a person who has been tempered by fire does this type of faith arise. What respect we have for her soul! We hugged and cried, and she said, "My big Oyibo, do you notice a difference in Mercy?"

I responded with gratitude. She asked Mercy if she could share the story with me. I looked over at Mercy and she seemed eager for us to know. So we all sat under the cool of the palms as Comfort began the story with Mercy sitting right by my side.

“Sir, one day two months ago, our Director received a phone call from a lady claiming to be Mercy’s mother. He asked several questions and was very cautious and skeptical of the call. He inquired of her location and discovered that she was just outside our city with people she knew from her former village.

She said she had run away from the family she was sold to in the north. She had been beaten and raped very badly and was told she was damaged internally and needed medical attention soon. Comfort told me, “My Oyibo, you know Mercy has been crying herself to sleep every night since she has been here over four years now. Her horrible dreams have greatly diminished but the sadness over not knowing anything about her mother continued to grieve her. Our Director was very noncommittal while on the

phone with this caller as bad people may try to find some of our children.

“However, he agreed to meet her at a public location near where she said she was to verify her claims. They met the next day and Mercy’s mother brought her people with her and anything she could think of to prove her claims. The Director returned sure of two things. First, it appeared to be true she was Mercy’s mother. Second, she was very, very physically damaged.

The Director used some of the emergency funds our missionary teams have provided for such times. Thankfully, there was enough to get her in the hospital where she could be evaluated and treated for her pain. That night the hospital called and delivered the sad report.

“While they had begun to help Mercy’s mother with her pain. She had so much internal damage to her kidneys, spleen, and lungs they didn’t feel she could live long. They would do everything possible to help

her be comfortable but no promises on how long she could live.”

Comfort said the Director asked her to be present as he shared with Mercy what had transpired so she could be a comfort to her. Our dear Director and a few trusted staff sat with Mercy, fighting back tears as they explained to our dear sister that her beloved mother had indeed escaped from her brutal capturers. She was very sick and close to death, and her only wish was to see her baby girl again. Mercy was broken and elated at the same time.

“We immediately packed up the little bit of clothing our dear Mercy had and went to the hospital to be with her mother,” Comfort said. “My dear Oyibo, I was there when Mercy fell into her mother’s arms, and they wept with joy that they had each other again. We stayed with them for an hour as Mercy stroked her mother’s forehead and hand, waiting for the pain medicine to allow her a few lucid moments.

“Mercy just kept thanking her mother for saving her

life and taking all those beatings for her! It was almost too much to bear. However, the presence of God was so evident in that room no one wanted to leave. You see, over these past four years at IDP, Mercy and I were told about Jesus—what he did for us on the cross. We slowly and strongly knew it was true and we both offered ourselves to him and dedicated our lives to serve him.

“We made arrangements for Mercy to stay in the hospital room with her mother that night and the next day, which was Saturday. We were to come back Sunday afternoon to bring Mercy back to IDP. Mercy and her mother slept next to each other Friday night just as they did the first night of capture by the bad men. Mercy had two nice conversations with her mother the next day, caring for her and just stroking her forehead with a damp cloth.

“Her mom died at 4:05 that Saturday afternoon from kidney failure due to her tortured body. But when we arrived from IDP to settle things with the hospital and collect Mercy, she was different,” Comfort said. They

didn't say much, just held each other's hand on the way home.

Once back in camp, Comfort asked if Mercy was okay, to which she replied, "Yes, my big sister, thank you."

Comfort continued, "We slept well through the night and the next. I noticed Mercy did not cry herself to sleep either night. Others also noticed Mercy was different.

"The girls' Director and I sat with Mercy and asked Mercy, 'You haven't cried since you've been back. Is everything okay?'

"Mercy replied, 'I won't be crying any longer because now I know where my mother is. I told her all about Jesus and she believed and accepted him out loud to me! My mother is not dead, she is sleeping peacefully until the day we shall be together forever in eternity.'"

Hope is a desire for a certain thing to happen or a feeling of trust.

A trumpet tone of hope joins the base of a tuba and the whisper of a violin as the tone of the Kingdom is building.

PSALM 37:4

Delight yourself also in the Lord, and he shall give you the desires of your heart.



chapter 4



TRUST

How does a child, in just four short years, accept and model the trust that eludes most Christians today? Perhaps the answer lies in part through suffering. The very activity that the bad men used to break these people of the north has had the exact opposite effect. Comfort and Mercy are stronger, not weaker. Whole, not broken.

Mercy's mother modeled love like Jesus even before she knew Jesus. "Christ in you, the hope of glory," (Colossians 1:27.) But when she was introduced to Jesus, she just knew it was true. She would endure even more if it could benefit her beloved daughter.

Now the mystery was revealed to Mercy's mother, and she knew the peace that comes from knowing her beloved child possessed this mystery. Christ was in Mercy, and she revealed Him to her mother.

In 2003, I held my own brother as cancer ravaged his body. While hitting the morphine pump for him, I recall asking God, "What is it about suffering? Why is this necessary?"

Then I thought about Jesus, God's only begotten son who took it all for us! Humiliated, beaten, crucified, and he had once asked the father if there was any other way. "Please," he pleaded. "But not my will but thine be done." After we all crawled away from hearing the story of Mercy, her mother, and Comfort in this galvanizing witness of trust, it changed us. None of us is asking for suffering. No, quite the contrary. We all intentionally pray for any other way. However, we are now a remnant that knows that trust is the tone of the kingdom. Trust is the conductor who taps the stick as a call to attention of his remnant army.

At the raising of trust's right hand, intentional gratitude whispers like a violin.

With trust's left hand, forgiveness booms like a tuba and vibrates the soul.

As trust sways the stick side to side, hope calls out like a modern trumpet or the ancient shofar. May our tone be increasingly in sync with his, as the Remnant Kingdom.

PSALM 91:2

I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

FALL

Old Ovadyah once young, tall and strong,
Now a bit achy tender and long!
It's really okay, he says with a smile.
Accepting the season is the key to it all.
So blow the shofar and summon the hall.
Someone had to be living as the tares start to fall.
It's sickle time, Saints, in the Kingdom of God.
Final days of the harvest are coming this fall.
Ready the sickles and harvest the tall,
For the tares are top-heavy and ready to fall.
JBC

TONE

THOUGHTS TO PONDER

Thank you for going on the journey of the “Tone” with us. May we offer a few thoughts to ponder (Ponder – to think about something carefully, especially before making a decision or reaching a conclusion), as we ask the Lord to deepen the roots of intentional gratitude, foundational forgiveness, eternal hope, and trust.

Trust is the tone of the Kingdom of God; surely, He will meet us on this remnant journey of spiritual destiny.

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INTENTIONAL GRATITUDE

How can a decision to live intentionally grateful, enhance your life?

What intentional action can you embrace each day for gratitude to become your default?



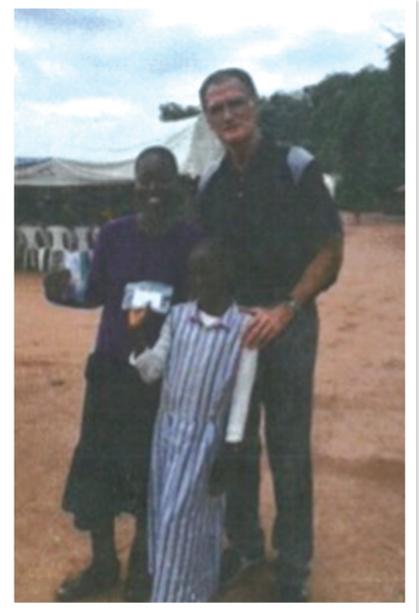
FOUNDATIONAL FORGIVENESS

How can a willingness to forgive bring emotional and mental freedom in your life?

What intentional action can you take each day to be “willing” to live in forgiveness?

This is a very difficult skill to possess. Yet foundational to the Kingdom on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

(Don't rush over this one)

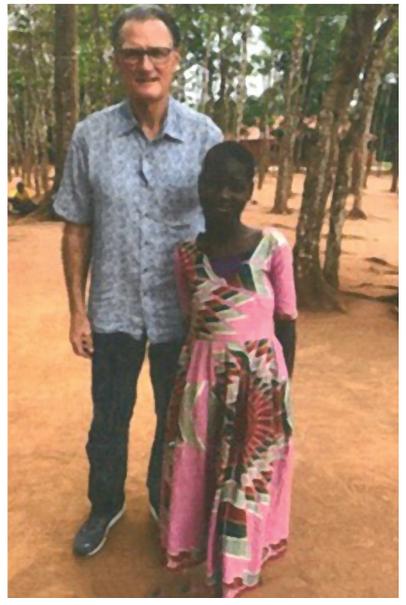


ETERNAL HOPE

How will living the mystery, “Christ in you, the hope of glory,” bring comfort and confidence in your life?

What intentional action will you consider each day to express your hope to others around you?

Doesn't have to be complicated, a simple consistent smile works great!



TRUST IS THE TONE!

How will syncing your tone to that of the Kingdom of God bring harmony in your life?

What daily action are you willing to take for the tone of trust to reign through you? Again, it doesn't have to be complicated—an encouraging word works well.

The Kingdom of God is waiting and praying for the Remnant.

IT IS TIME!



FOR MORE INFORMATION
CONTACT:
WWW.GTGIM.ORG

WE WELCOME YOUR FEEDBACK.

HOW DID THE EXPERIENCE OF
TONE IMPACT YOU?

TO SCHEDULE A SPEAKING
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WHAT'S OUR TONE?

IS IT KINGDOM?

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