

Faith & Fellowship

Vol. 86, No. 2

March/April 2019

The Son of God
and the Prodigal Son



THEOLOGY

Prodigal Son:
Time to Go Home

p. 4

DISCIPLE-MAKING

A Disciple
Making Disciples

p. 12

INTERNATIONAL MISSION

Differences

p. 16



CLB

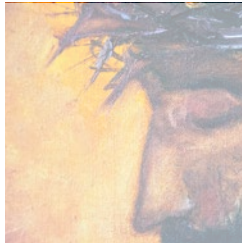
www.CLBA.org

- 4 Prodigal Son:
Time to Go Home**
Evan Langlois
- 6 Loving Father:
Waiting and Watching**
Luther Stenberg
- 8 Older Brother:
Foolish Forgiveness**
Michael Natale

10 ^{CLB} Focus

ROY HEGGLAND

- 11 Reflections on
Ministry**
Ruth Vallevik
- 12 A Disciple
Making Disciples**
Nick Laven
- 14 Cy's Place**
Emily Christofferson
- 16 Differences**
David N.
- 18 Reaping the
Reward**
Jason Rogness
- 19 CLB News**
- 20 re:Think**
Brent Juliot



baklumilele/iStock



CLB Church Planter Rev. Jason Rogness



A False Woman in Chad



FAITH & FELLOWSHIP

Volume 86 - Number 2

**Editor In Chief/
Graphic Designer:** Troy Tysdal
ttysdal@clba.org

Contributing Editor: Brent Juliot
bjuliot@clba.org

Copy Editor: Aaron Juliot
ajuliot@clba.org

Cover Photo:
Crucified Christ/Joel Carillet/iStock

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION®, NIV®. Copyright ©1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™ Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide. www.zondervan.com

The “NIV” and “New International Version” are trademarks registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by Biblica, Inc.™

Quiet Moments

Email prayer requests to: pray@clba.org

Prodigal Son

H.E. WISLØFF

It was when the prodigal son came to himself that he saw that he had sinned. Before this, he had had no conviction of it.

There are many who say that they have no real conviction of sin. They look at their life and are unable to discover any crimson sins.

Conviction of sin is not anything man-made. It is the Holy Spirit who has to produce this. The Spirit does this when he turns the searchlight on a person. He reveals to us that our real sin is indifference toward God. We do not have time for that which is the most important. We are so preoccupied, bound by fear of man and man's approval. God has no place in our life. This is our real sin.



ComradFfesi/iStock

Arise and go to your Father! You will not have been in the presence of God very long before you will fall on your knees and plead, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you, and I am not worthy to be called your son.” You will discover how filthy you are and that all

your inner being is polluted by sin.

How wonderful then to find the open arms of the Father! You may come just as you are and he will receive you.

Every day you must come that same way to the Father. You will never be through with your confession, “Father, I have sinned.” But how unspeakably great it is, that you are permitted to come.

Hans Edvard Wisløff (1902—1969) was a Norwegian theologian and writer. He was also the Bishop of the Diocese of Sør-Hålogaland from 1959 until his death in 1969.

Wisløff, H.E., Quiet Moments on the Way Home. Fergus Falls, MN: Faith & Fellowship Press, 1993.

Lost Sheep

TROY TYSDAL

One evening, before I knew Jesus Christ as my Savior, I was working a trade show in Atlanta, Georgia. At the end of the day I went for a walk. Unfamiliar with the city, I soon found myself alone in a rough part of town. Realizing I was out of my element, I gathered my composure and redirected my path back toward the convention center.

A few blocks into my journey, a man stepped out of the shadows. He asked me for money. He said he was hungry, but I suspected he had other intentions for any gift I might give him. He was persistent in his request—to the point that I feared exposing my wallet could get me robbed. But then, denying him could get me assaulted. Just then, I noticed a Burger King up ahead. I told him, “I won’t give you money, but if you are truly hungry, I will buy you something to eat.” The man agreed, and I spent the next half hour hearing his story, while he ate his burger and fries.

His story was sad. He said he had been a salesman. He had had a good job, a wife, children, and a home, but he had lost it all to a heroin addiction. He said it had been many years since he had seen his family, and he was sure they would not want to see him now.

When he finished his meal he left—disappeared back into the night. I remember feeling empty. The man needed more than a meal, more than rehab, more than a friendly ear, but I had nothing for him.

LUKE 15:4-7

Jesus said, “Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them. Doesn’t he leave the ninety-nine in the open country and go after the lost sheep until he finds it? And when he finds it, he joyfully puts it on his shoulders and goes home. Then he calls his friends and neighbors together and says, ‘Rejoice with me; I have found my lost sheep.’ I tell you that in the same way there will be more rejoicing in heaven over one



MADandFORK/iStock

sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who do not need to repent.”

The Parable of the Lost Sheep appears just verses before *The Parable of the Prodigal Son*. In *The Parable of the Lost Sheep* we see God’s heart for the lost, and we learn that it is God who pursues us. It is God who comes after us, not out of anger, but with a hope to restore us—to return us to where we belong.

In *The Parable of the Prodigal Son*, we see God’s reaction to our return. He rejoices. He throws a celebration. The parable makes clear that we are his beloved children—and there is no sin that will not be forgiven when we return to him.

In many ways we are all like the homeless man I met on the streets of Atlanta. We are all addicts. The man’s addiction—his sin—was very visible. Like the prodigal son, he had hit rock bottom. But if the truth be told, he was in no worse shape than I... no worse shape than you in the eyes of God. He was just a man who had wandered away, and we have all done that. We might hide it better, we might be functioning addicts—functioning sinners—but we have all turned from God. We have all chased

after the pleasures of this world. We have all become lost.

But the prodigal son had an epiphany—a moment of light in darkness. He realized it would be better to be a servant in his father’s home than to remain lost in his sin, so he returned to his father, humbled—smelling like swine, and broke—begging for a place in the servants’ quarters.

We too are called to come home, to recognize our sinfulness and to return to God. In doing so, we are promised more than a place in the servants’ quarters. We are promised restoration—a restoration made possible only by the blood of Jesus Christ, the *Son* who left heaven to pursue all who have wandered away. The *Son* who was crucified, rose again, and returned to the *Father* in triumph.

He is all you need. Receive him, repent, and rejoice with the angels, for there is singing in heaven.

Rev. Troy Tysdal is Director of Communications and Prayer for the Church of the Lutheran Brethren and serves as editor in chief of Faith & Fellowship magazine.



Visit the CLB online at: www.CLBA.org



Rollover/Stock

Prodigal Son: Time to Go Home

EVAN LANGLOIS

I suppose I'll just shoot straight with him. "Dad, I messed up. You raised me to 'Honor my father and my mother, that it might go well for me in the land that God has given us.' I have sinned against heaven and against you. Though I don't deserve it, please at least make me like one of your hired servants. You don't have to treat me like your son, just let me work and earn a wage."

That's it, I suppose. Short and sweet; to the point. There is so much more that I'm going to want to say, but will I even get the opportunity to say it? It seems like such a risk to go back home because I don't know what's waiting for me. Will he run me off the property? Or worse, *throw* me off the property? It's sadly ironic, really, that I chose to treat him like he's dead to me, and now I can't help but

think that somehow I'm dead to him. And he's right to think of me this way.

What in the world was I thinking? That man used to be my hero, the one who made everything feel right and safe. It's funny how the little things seem so huge now, like how dad would scoop me up and tell me how much he loved me. Or how he would always have time to wrestle with my brother and me just to be close to us. He isn't as much of a monster as I thought he was, really. How foolish of me to think that *he* was the problem! All he did was love me, and I couldn't see it because I was just too selfish; I wanted what the world had to offer, not him. He only tried to show me what it was like to be a man and protect me from lies that the world around me whispered. Boy, was he right! It's amazing how quickly

the boys at the bar disappeared when I couldn't pay the tab anymore and how those hookers and their "good time" left me just as fast. You know, I don't think any one of those people actually called me by my name... did they even know what it was?

Do I look Dad in the eye when I talk to him? *Can* I even look him in the eye? I'm afraid that if I do, he'll just see right into the depth of my heart. But he must know anyway... how else do you blow that much money and have nothing to show for it? As soon as he sees me he's going to know. My clothes are covered with mud and pig crap. All of the ceremonial washings in the world can't cover the stench of where I've been. He will probably *smell* me coming before he sees me. Either way, I guess I should just

“I will set out and go back to my father and say to him: ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired servants.’”

Luke 15:18-19

expect him to turn me away and tell me to never come back. Maybe I should just turn around now...

No, I can't. What other option do I have? I have nowhere else to go and all that awaits me is death, I'm sure. "Please, just treat me as one of your hired servants"—that is the very least that I can ask, right? I mean, his property is big enough. Who couldn't use one more laborer? And at least then I'd be able to eat bread like a normal person and have somewhere to sleep.

Well, there is one of Dad's boundary markers. What am I going to say? "Dad,

I have sinned against God and against you..."

Wait, who is that and why is he running at me? Dad runs like that... Oh great, it's just what I feared would happen. He's going to throw me off his property! I guess I have it coming. I'll just take my lumps and maybe if I can just plead my case... But wait, why is he calling my name? It doesn't sound like he's yelling at me, but shouldn't he be?

"Dad?"

"Dad! Dad, wait! Before you say anything, I know I'm not supposed to be here. And right now I'm filthy and I

don't have anywhere to clean myself up and you won't want to touch me after all the places I've been. Dad, I'm sorry! But please just hear me out because I have nowhere else to go and I'm no longer worthy to be called your son, I have sinned against heaven and against you, but... Dad? Why are you hugging me?"

And saying to me, "Son, Let us eat and celebrate. For you, my son, were dead and are alive again. You were lost and now are found."

Children of God

THE PRODIGAL SON
LUKE 15:11-32

"See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are!" (1 John 3:1).

It's hard to fathom the love of God the Father. We run so far from him and toward everything else in creation except for him. We desire the allure of a sinful and broken world and chase after all of its "pleasures," but they only leave us broken and empty with nowhere else to turn.

But though we might forget God, he never forgets us. He calls to us even when the rest of the world forgets our names, because our names are engraved on his hands. Though he finds us covered with the filth of our own sin and shame, he chases after us, hugs us, and clothes us with a righteousness apart from ourselves. Though we ought to be dead to him, he gives us life.

The cross makes all of this possible. In Christ's death, our sin was atoned for, and his blood washes us clean. In our

repentance, he robes us with Christ's righteousness and adopts us as his children, rightful heirs of his kingdom and co-heirs with Christ. Through all of this, God our Father rejoices that though we were once dead, we are alive again. Though we were lost, we are now found.

Rev. Evan Langlois is Pastor of Outreach and Discipleship at Bethany Lutheran Brethren Church in East Hartland, Connecticut, and serves as vice-chairman of the Eastern Region of the Church of the Lutheran Brethren.

I want You back.

God



Eziutka/Stock

Message from God.

Loving Father: **Watching and Waiting**

LUTHER STENBERG

As I look at the handsome young man who entered the room I think to myself, “I love him!” He takes after his mother, the quick lopsided grin, the sparkle in the eye. He is a sensitive, caring soul and oh!... so strong willed! He has not been himself lately. Distracted somehow, and at times he berates the servants for trivial reasons.

I give him a good hug. “I love you, son.” He breaks from my embrace, and I look into his eyes and see... what? Embarrassment? Nervousness? Then resolve. His sparkle is missing—something tells me he has come here for some serious purpose.

He looks away, inhales deeply, and tells me that he wants his portion of the estate. “What for?” I wonder. It is too much money for such a young man to have

all at once. I have an inkling of what is coming and my heart begins to race. He is leaving me.

What have I done to bring this about? Have I not shown him my love? Has he not heard it from my lips often enough? He wants to leave the life I have made for him! I have done all I can to provide his every need from his first breath until now.

In my eyes, he is so young—wet behind the ears. I become fearful. How will he cope, for he is unfamiliar with the ways of the world? People will take advantage of him. He will not find mercy.

My youngest son is waiting impatiently for my answer. I want so badly to refuse him but I fear it would cause greater damage to our relationship. I could lose him completely. I give in.

A few days later, I am leaning against

the front door post watching him walk away with a pack on his back and a lift to his step. He does not look back. I am heartbroken. There had been few words spoken but my eyes had pleaded for him to stay. His determined look said he had moved on.

I miss him. Every day I pray for his safety. Most every day I find myself looking up the lane hoping to see his form coming over the rise. I have been watching for him for so long yet I refuse to give up hope...

Wait... is that him breaking the horizon? Yes, I'm sure of it!

I don't care what others think. I love my boy! I tuck my robe under my belt to run more easily and race toward him.

“... But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him.”

Luke 15:20

He has spotted me; I see him hesitate and then stop. I scream within, “No! Don’t turn away!” I wave my hands in the air and run harder.

I reach my son and enfold him into my arms for a long embrace. He is hesitant to return it. I feel he has lost weight. And the smell. Whew! A pig sty? I love him! I don’t care and I hold him all the tighter and kiss him. He tastes earthy, mingled with sweat. He has come back. My son is home!

In time I release him and hold him at arm’s length. I do a quick survey and notice how shabby he looks. I look into his eyes and he meets mine.

What do I see there? Many different

emotions filter through them. Brokenness. Fear. Shame. And then a glimmer of hope and... *faith!* It’s there. It’s so faint I can barely see it, but it is there. He believes in me! I can work with that.

I am brought out of my thoughts with his words, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son...”

My heart sings! He is asking forgiveness and confessing his unworthiness. He has come to his senses. I *love* him—I always have. My joy soars. He wants to say more but I don’t allow him to. What more is there to say? He has said all I need to hear. Thank you, heavenly Father! My boy is back!

Purposefully I turn to the servants who had trailed behind and say, “Today is a day of celebration! I reinstate my son as a rightful heir. Prepare a feast, for he is back.” Oh, what a glorious day this is!

Later that night the house is packed as people from all over the region, who have heard what has happened, come to celebrate. Throughout the night I look for him in the crowd to make sure I’m not dreaming. He senses my eyes on him, turns, and we share a grin.

A servant has now come to me to say my oldest son is outside and won’t come in. My interest is piqued. As I head for the back door, my thoughts turn to my eldest and I think about how much I love him...

The Healing Truth of God’s Love

THE PRODIGAL SON
LUKE 15:11-32

Jesus teaches in this story the healing truth of God’s love. To those who struggle with his grace for prodigals, like the Pharisees and teachers of the law, Jesus says that God places no conditions on his love for you. He is patient and does not give up on sinners. He waits for you, not wanting you to lose out on what he provides for you through his Son Jesus.

He loves you! If your confessed sins of the past continue to haunt you, know that God has chosen not to remember those sins. If you feel guilt for how you have spurned him, know that God is watching, waiting for you to return to him. He desires so fervently to restore you, not to a second-class seat, but with the promise that all that is his is yours. His intent is to

confirm again that you are his child and he has never stopped loving you. Hard to grasp at times, isn’t it? But it is truth!

Rev. Luther Stenberg is Pastor of Peace Lutheran Brethren Church in Olympia, Washington, and serves as a representative of the Pacific Region on the Council of Directors for the Church of the Lutheran Brethren.

Older Brother: Foolish Forgiveness

MICHAEL NATALE

What a day it has been around the family farm! It started out with me thinking my father was acting completely foolishly. He was flippantly throwing around forgiveness, freely offering it to my younger brother who has just returned home after carelessly wasting everything my father had given him.

I mean, seriously, after the way my brother treated him, and me for that matter, you would think my father would have had him crawl back on his hands and knees begging for forgiveness. If it were up to me, I'd make him work off his debt until he paid back every last penny he has squandered away, but instead my father absolves his debt and gives him his old life back as if nothing had happened. Has Dad forgotten how much my brother's selfishness cost this family and how difficult it was to pick up the slack in his absence? Not only was I forced to

do extra work, but we actually had to hire more help, costing us even more in the long run.

What left me completely flabbergasted was that as my brother made his way down the road, tail between his legs, probably ready to admit what a fool he had been, Dad didn't let him get halfway down the road before he dropped everything and ran out to him! Are you kidding me? And then, not only does he welcome him back with open arms—kissing him, thankful for his return—but he clothes him in the best outfit, and orders the workers to prepare a feast because we must all celebrate. That's completely absurd! What do we have to celebrate?

Did Dad really blot out of his memory what my brother did? He asked for his portion of the inheritance—as if Dad were already dead! What a disgrace! And knowing my brother, he probably took the money and squandered it away like it

was meaningless and hadn't taken Dad a lifetime to amass. Yet now Dad welcomes him back with open arms, forgives him of his *huge* debt—and actually does all this with joy! How utterly ridiculous!

So the party is going on and I'm out in the barn—working. I want nothing to do with this “celebration.” What a mockery! And my dad has the audacity to come out and ask me why I'm not celebrating? I say, “Honestly, what do we have to celebrate? For years I've been slaving away for you and I never disobeyed your orders even once. Everything you asked me to do, I did. I never asked for anything and never received anything in return, not even a young goat so I could celebrate with my friends. But when this son of yours—because honestly, I'm struggling to call him my brother—who wasted your wealth on prostitutes and frivolous living, comes home, you kill the fattened calf for him! How entirely ludicrous!”

You Have Always Been With Me

It's easy to read the story of the prodigal son and leave out the older brother entirely. But if we do that, we don't see the gospel fully expressed in this parable. As we explore the feelings of the older brother, we see just how undeserving the prodigal son was of his father's forgiveness, and yet how excited and overjoyed his father was when given the opportunity to extend it to him. This level of overjoyed excitement is exactly how God looks at each of us as he offers forgiveness and the guarantee of eternal life through his grace, love, and mercy.

The older brother was fixated on

whether or not his younger brother deserved or had earned back his father's favor. So much so, that the older son had lost sight of the fact that he himself never had to earn his father's favor either. The father reminded him of that when he said, “What's mine has always been yours.”

Many times in our lives there will be temptation to judge people harshly, as the older brother did the younger brother, but realize when that happens, we actually become more like the prodigal son—recklessly wasting the gift of grace we have received through Jesus Christ by refusing to offer it to those in need.

In moments like that, we need to be reminded again of God's great love for us.

This is a tremendous truth: we have all fallen short, yet we are all God's children and he desires a personal, individual, and unique relationship with each of us. Everything that is God's is offered to us through his Son Jesus Christ. Christ's sacrificial death on the cross and his triumphant resurrection from the grave has earned us all victory over sin, death, and the devil. And we share in this amazing grace whether we've known it our whole lives, we were reminded of it

But then Dad looks me square in the eye and calls me his son. And I can feel my heart begin to soften. He then reminds me, “I’ve always been with you, and everything that’s mine has always been yours, and because of that we have reason to celebrate and be glad, because this brother of yours was dead and is alive again; he was lost and now is found.”

I don’t completely understand how my father can be so forgiving, and in a way I still find it very foolish, but if I was in my brother’s shoes I’d want that same grace and forgiveness extended to me.

THE PRODIGAL SON LUKE 15:11-32

again later in life, or we’ve only recently come to know it for the first time.

Regardless of when that took place in our lives, God our Father and a host of heavenly angels are rejoicing over the fact that we were once dead and are now alive, and that we were once lost and now have been found.

Rev. Michael Natale is Pastor of Faith Chapel: A Church of the Lutheran Brethren in Cranston, Rhode Island, and serves as chair of Cultivate New England—a partnership of congregations in the Northeast United States working together to plant more Lutheran Brethren churches in New England.



ismailciydem/Stock

CLB Shared Ministry: Contribution Report

72% Two Months to Go!

\$2,036,901

Received Through 2/15/19

\$2,825,000

2018-19 Contribution Goal

Expected Through 2/28/19: \$2,030,697

The CLB Fiscal Year Ends April 30, 2019

No Contest

ROY HEGGLAND

Jesus Christ is holy. *I am not.* Jesus Christ is pure. *I am not.* Jesus Christ is good. *I am not.* Jesus Christ is sinless. *I am not.* Jesus Christ is righteous. *I am not.* Jesus Christ is the sacrifice accepted by God for the sins of the world. *I am not (not even for my own).*

But as those who have trusted in Jesus Christ, we know that the contrast between *who he is* and *who we are* makes the Good News that much sweeter. We have been clothed in Christ! His holiness, purity, goodness, sinlessness, righteousness and acceptability to God are now ours! There is no better news than that.

So how can we, in any way, rely upon ourselves for our own salvation or think we could somehow contribute to it? Look at who we are without Jesus Christ! And yet, even we Christians often fail to recognize our own unrighteousness. Why is that? When we see *self-righteousness* in others, it is easy to identify and condemn. But what about in ourselves?

We think of the basic sin of Adam and Eve as the sin of unbelief. Adam and Eve refused to believe what God said... about themselves. They didn't believe that it was necessary to trust God in order to continue in their state of perfection. They believed they could disobey what God said and become just like him! Doesn't that sound like self-righteousness? Perhaps self-righteousness is just the flip side of the coin of unbelief. We are born with an inability to believe and trust in

God and an overwhelming desire to trust in our own "righteousness."

Could it be that self-righteousness is so inextricably woven into the fabric of who I am as a human being that it tends to permeate everything I say, do and think? Perhaps it doesn't always rise to a level that can be readily spotted by others, but does self-righteousness raise its serpent head within me in ways that I can disguise?

I think perhaps it is self-righteousness that causes me to sometimes think that *God accepts me because of my "good deeds" for him.* And yet my acceptance by God is based upon Jesus Christ's perfect goodness and righteousness.

I think perhaps it is self-righteousness that causes me to sometimes think that if *I "do more" for God, go the extra mile, that he will love me a little more.* And yet God already loves me perfectly in Christ.

I think perhaps it is self-righteousness that causes me to sometimes think that the *"success" of God's ministry depends upon me rather than his Word and Spirit.* And yet, God says that his Word will accomplish all that he intends.

Of course, the common thread of self-righteousness running through these situations is my default thinking that God's relationship to me depends upon *who I think I am* (rather than *who Scripture says I am in Christ*). If I receive some measure of comfort from *that* concept, it is again because of my own... you guessed it...

self-righteousness. Unfortunately, we are all infected with the disease of unbelief/self-righteousness.

I thank God that his love for me transcends all my sin, including my self-righteousness, based upon the absolutely perfect life and sacrificial death of the only One who was ever truly righteous in himself—Jesus Christ!

"...he saved us, not because of righteous things we had done, but because of his mercy. He saved us through the washing of rebirth and renewal by the Holy Spirit" (Titus 3:5).

It is through Christ's righteousness that I am able to do *good* things for others to bring glory to God. May we live in that righteousness, won for us by the blood of Christ, and allow him to live his life through us in service to a world that is desperately seeking to save itself.

Please consider giving to the ministry of the CLB so that many more will be saved from the destruction of self-righteousness and unbelief.

Roy Heggland is Associate for Biblical Stewardship for the Church of the Lutheran Brethren.

Support the CLB:

www.clba.org/giving

P.O. Box 655
Fergus Falls, MN 56538

BY MAIL (CANADA):

P.O. Box 739
Birch Hills, SK S0J 0G0



Reflections on Ministry

RUTH VALLEVIK

We're calling because we want you to consider being interviewed for the Director of Women's Ministry position, now that our current DWM has resigned."

This invitation from the WMCLB Ministry Team came just as I was adjusting to a major life change. My pastor-husband, Bruce, had just been called home to heaven after over thirty years of ministry. In my sadness I had told the Lord that I wished to follow him there unless he had a calling on me yet in this life. I had big decisions to make. Where shall I live? How shall I support myself? What purpose does God still have for me? I prayed that the Lord would make his path for me perfectly clear. He did, and I became the Director.

So began an adventure of faith that has lasted thirteen years, covered thousands of travel miles, and brought me to hundreds of church visits, retreats, seminars and board meetings. I've been the guest of countless hospitable host families, been prayed over, advised, corrected and encouraged. I have been blessed to work with an ever-evolving team of gifted people on the WMCLB Ministry Team and the CLB Council of Directors. Always the task has centered on three themes: to see women come to personal faith in Jesus Christ, to grow in their faith and service, and to support missions of the CLB. The God who called me has been faithful through days of energy or weariness, enthusiasm or discouragement, spiritual mountaintops or bewildering valleys. I am forever grateful.

Meditating on 2 Peter 1 this week, I was reminded that what binds our Christian life and service together is



Ruth Vallevik helping women grow in faith and service.

the Word itself. Faith is received (v.1), grace and peace are given (v.2), power for life and godliness is granted (v.3) and faith-exercise is called for (vv.5-7), all through the "knowledge of God"—an expression that is used four times in this brief passage. That knowledge comes to us through the message of the Word and through a growing, intimate relationship with the Author himself. The believer will then be effective and productive (v.8), stable (v.10) and welcomed into the eternal kingdom of our Lord (v.11).

So my message, to myself and to all of us as I leave this position on April 30, 2019, is to diligently study, meditate on and practice the Word—or, as I often say, to "marinate in it." Many other necessary things hold our attention daily, but our life and witness is best shaped for Christ as we prioritize the Word. That desire—to know him better and to make him known—remains my calling whether or not I bear a title.

So, what now? Much will change both for me and for this ministry as new leaders are called to speak to a new generation in fresh ways, employing new "materials" but always with the same purpose, built on the foundation of God's Word. As for me, I still ask the same questions as I did thirteen years ago at another point of decision, but the same beloved Lord will lead me on.

Ruth Vallevik has served as the director for Women's Ministries of the Church of the Lutheran Brethren for thirteen years. Her final day in that position will be April 30, 2019.



Visit: www.WMCLB.org



Nick Laven studying in the Christiansen Memorial Library at Lutheran Brethren Seminary in Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

A Disciple Making Disciples

NICK LAVEN

Growing up I always thought that discipleship was simply following Jesus and that was it. Sunday would come each week and I would attend Sunday School, learn about all the biblical stories and “heroes” of the faith. After Sunday School we would sit as a family and worship our Lord. (Mostly, I would just frustrate my dad by misbehaving.) But there was one Sunday that I will never forget. The pastor read the Great Commission passage and said, “We are called to make disciples and in order to make disciples, you have to disciple others!”

I wrestled with that statement all night. “How on earth do I disciple someone? I am a mess! I lose my temper at the littlest things! I am a wretched sinner who spends no time with God!” I opened

up my teen Bible that my aunt gave me and read the words in Isaiah 6:5a, “Woe is me, for I am undone! Because I *am* a man of unclean lips” (NKJV). My eyes stayed fixed right on that passage. I was stuck. In disgust I closed my Bible, hung my head, and walked away like the rich young ruler. I lived the rest of my high school days separated from God. But the beautiful thing is God never stopped pursuing me, and he did it through his disciples.

In my last year of high school my interests shifted to a gorgeous young woman named Brittany. Not only was she beautiful, she was a woman of high character and I respected that. I knew she was a strong Christian who grew up in a strong Christian household, so I thought my chances of dating her were quite slim.

Even if she wanted to, her dad would definitely say no! But I had to try anyway. I remember sitting at the kitchen table in their home for the first time. Her dad was at one end, I was at the other. He had his Bible sitting on the table, his giant hands resting on each side, and he didn’t say a word. Just stared at me, piercing my soul. To say I was scared is an understatement. But it was there in that kitchen where I was first disciplined by someone who didn’t even know me.

A few months later, after I had been seeing Brittany, her family said that I was making a mistake. Her sister said to me, “Nick, you need to ask my dad if you can date my sister! It isn’t official until he gives you his blessing.” So I mustered the courage and asked where he was. I went outside to find him, and

“Woe to me! I cried. I am ruined! For I am a man of unclean lips, and I live among a people of unclean lips, and my eyes have seen the King, the Lord Almighty.”

Isaiah 6:5

wouldn't you know it, he was using an axe to split wood for the wood stove. *I must be crazy!* But I wasn't going to let the rest of the family (who were watching from the window of the house) see me crumble, so I went up and asked him if I could date his daughter. His response to that question has been forever etched in my heart and mind. He said, "I have only one requirement of anyone who wants to date my daughter. He must be a man of God who will always put God first in all he does. A man who loves Jesus Christ with all his heart and walks with the Lord every day." That man, my father-in-law, has been discipling me ever since that cold day in 2006. His character and how he lives as a disciple of Christ has guided me to where I am today.

Fast forward to 2014. I was co-leading the youth at our church (in rural Osakis, Minnesota), being discipled by Rev. Lindell Quam, and wrestling with what God was calling me to. I was working at a distribution company in a high-stress environment, and wondered why I was there. I prayed to God, asking for the reason why. I thought there must be some purpose to what I do. The only thing I wanted to do in life was to share the gospel and serve people. My passion is for others. So I looked for other careers: being a jailor, joining the fire department, being in law enforcement, etc. I guess at the age of 26 I was having my mid-life crisis. The people discipling me pointed to the ripe mission field that God placed me in at that company. I was able to see a

purpose for being there, but I still had the burning passion inside me for full-time ministry.

I started looking at different seminaries, but didn't know where to begin. My brother-in-law recommended I talk to a friend of his who worked in the AFLC (Association of Free Lutheran Congregations). From there I was led to explore Lutheran Brethren Seminary. I was told how LBS is rooted in Scripture, has sound biblical theology and how it is a great place to learn and grow in Christ. It was very cool for me to hear that LBS had a reputation outside its own denomination of being a school built on the Word of God from top to bottom. When I returned home, I met with Pastor Quam who told me he would give LBS President David Veum a call to see if he could meet with me.

It wasn't long before Dr. Veum was at my kitchen table talking with me about my life and relationship with Christ. After this visit I knew God was calling me to study and grow at LBS. It wasn't because of a good sales pitch by the president of the seminary. It was for the fact that Dr. Veum was there for me as a person and not just a potential student. I only remember talking about the seminary for five or ten minutes out of the hour-and-a-half conversation we had. I will never forget that day. He discipled me and encouraged me instead of recruiting me. That is how we disciple others. After all my years of wrestling against God and wondering what being a disciple meant, I

had finally begun to understand. Through my father-in-law, a friend, my pastor, and the LBS President I truly saw disciples of Christ making disciples.

I will be graduating from LBS this May and I will never forget my journey. I have learned what it means to be a disciple making disciples, and what the Church is... a family. We are a Church Sent. God has a mission and God's mission has a Church. I am blessed to have so many in my life who've discipled me and continue to do so.

I am no longer the kid stuck on Isaiah 6:5. I am the sinner saved by grace through the finished work of Christ, who cries out like the prophet, "Here I am, Lord, send me!" Praise God that we *all*, in Christ, are called and sent to make disciples and *be* a disciple-making movement!

Pastor Nick Laven is a third-year seminarian at Lutheran Brethren Seminary in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. He is completing his education through the Seminary's distance education program while serving as associate pastor for Faith Lutheran Brethren Church in Estevan and Trinity Lutheran Church in Torquay, Saskatchewan.



The Oxendahl Family.

Cy's Place

EMILY CHRISTOFFERSON

Have you ever had a moment when you could feel your heart drop? Have you ever received bad news that made you feel helpless? For one young expectant couple, heart-dropping and helpless feelings invaded what should have been a joyous occasion, their baby's twenty-week ultrasound. At the twenty-week checkup couples can learn the gender of their unborn baby and walk away with an ultrasound image of new life growing—a beautiful boy or girl. For Taylor and Rebecca Oxendahl of Williston, North Dakota, their incredible

picture was of twins, but it also revealed a heart-breaking anomaly.

Taylor had used his lunch break to attend the ultrasound appointment, but had to return to work prior to the consultation with the doctor. Shortly after his return, he got an emotional call from Rebecca. "I could tell right away that something was wrong," said Taylor. "When Rebecca was visiting with the doctor after the ultrasound, the doctor said that one of the babies' hearts wasn't developing... that it looked small." The couple was concerned.

A specialist was flown in from Fargo, North Dakota to confirm the diagnosis. One of their children had Hypoplastic Left Heart Syndrome, or HLHS. This condition is a rare congenital heart defect in which the left side of the heart is very underdeveloped. The heart is then unable to adequately supply the required oxygenated blood to the rest of the body. As a result of this complex conclusion, the Oxendahls were told that no physician in the state of North Dakota could help them. Instead they would be forced to uproot their family and move

Cy's Place: An Expanded Vision



A 3-D rendering of the vision for a new pediatric transplant home in Rochester, Minnesota.

Due to the immense need for housing, the Ericksons see the need to expand the vision of Cy's Place to a much grander plan.

The new vision includes plans to provide for the needs of immunosuppressed pediatric transplant patients and their families. Land has already been acquired and architectural designs have already been drawn.

The project is now in a fundraising stage. If you would like to learn more about how you can support this effort, visit:

www.cysplace.org

to Rochester, Minnesota for the birth of the twins and for the extended care that the birth would require. In October, after a long day of meeting with specialists at the Mayo clinic, the Oxendahls began looking for a place to stay. They contacted the Ericksons, friends they had met in Williston years earlier.

When Randy and Ree Erickson were living in Williston, they too had experienced a pediatric medical crisis. Their two-year-old son, Silas, was diagnosed with Neuroblastoma, a type of childhood cancer that starts in the nerve tissue and generally develops around the adrenal glands above the kidneys. The Ericksons were also compelled to come to Mayo Clinic for treatment, struggling with caring for a sick child while at the same time providing for the needs of everyday life. After a year-long battle, Silas (or Cy as he was endearingly called) passed away at the age of three. This tragedy set the Ericksons on an unexpected path. Randy and Ree felt God's call to relocate in Rochester to establish a ministry for families with critically ill children. In January 2013, they applied for and received non-profit status, purchasing a home near Mayo Clinic with the capacity to house a family downstairs. That lower level became affectionately known as Cy's Place.

After receiving Taylor's call and hearing of the Oxendahls' need, the Ericksons responded that Cy's Place had recently been vacated and was

available. Gunnar and Carter were born January 7 without incident, and Gunnar was transferred to the NICU. Within a week he underwent a surgery known as the Norwood Procedure, which will be followed by two more surgeries in the coming years. During the recovery process Gunnar developed an infection in chest tissue. The surgical team was able to remove the infection and is hopeful that they can minimize scar tissue in a future procedure. But this is just one of many complications for Gunnar, ranging from needing his chest to stay open after surgery, to re-intubating him after a few hours of breathing on his own.

Taylor often compares this journey to walking up a sand dune, two steps forward and one step back. These surgeries are not a cure for HLHS, and a heart transplant is definitely a future possibility. The Oxendahls' prayer is that the planned procedures will improve Gunnar's health and allow him to live a fruitful, hopeful life. Thankful to have a place to live during these difficult times, the Oxendahls have come to know Cy's Place as "a home away from home."

Due to the immense need of housing for families like the Oxendahls, the Ericksons see the need to expand the vision of Cy's Place to a much grander plan with the guidance of an advising board. The new vision includes plans to provide for the needs of immunosuppressed pediatric transplant patients and their families—a sterile environment to call

home. Land has already been acquired and architectural designs drawn for the 20-apartment complex. Now in the fundraising stage, construction can begin when the necessary funding level is reached. Please keep this vision of Cy's Place in your prayers and consider investing in the needs of these families through your donations.

As we celebrate the new lives of Gunnar and Carter Oxendahl, we look for hope in the promises that God has given us and we trust in his ultimate provision. Although many families struggle with finding goodness in the midst of despair, the Oxendahls' relationship with Christ has given them immense hope in the middle of darkness. After options are spent, and medical professionals have done all that they can, it is often then that we drop to our knees and realize everything is ultimately in God's hands. This life-giving God loves deeply each and every one of these children who, like Gunnar, are fighting for their lives. He also loves those who fight with them. Our plans may not go the way we believed they would, but when we let go and trust him, they turn into God's loving plan. And isn't that so much sweeter?

Emily Christofferson is the niece of Randy and Ree Erickson. She lives in Bozeman, Montana.



Missionary David N. in Chad, Africa.

Differences

DAVID N.

Differences, I have been learning a lot about differences. Following God's calling as a missionary, you know you are signing up for something "different." At the same time you really only begin to realize just how different these differences are when you are smack in the middle of them, like now as we transition to ministry in a village in rural Chad, Africa.

Some of the differences are just unique. It's normal to see camels on the road, or to be told by someone they saw elephant tracks just a little way from our house. The overall grittiness is something that can't be explained in enough detail. Dust and dirt are everywhere. My kids, while taking a bath, turn the water from a crystal clear to a dirty brown you

can't see six inches into. We've gained a whole new level of comprehension of the meaning of Jesus washing the feet of his disciples. By midday my feet are filthy. Dirt is crammed into all the cracks that have developed due to the heat and dryness. It's under the nails and polished into my skin. I don't get sandal tan lines anymore because my feet are too dirty to allow it.

Some differences are great. It is extremely quiet where we live, and the people are very warm and friendly. You can't go for a walk without someone wanting to talk to you or say hello. People have told us they are going to hold us by the hands, arms, elbows and shoulders to make sure we are taken care of.

But one difference that is probably

the hardest to get used to is just how much closer to pain and suffering we live on a daily basis. People come often for help with sicknesses ranging from ear infections to severe tooth decay and everything in between. We help with what we can and pray over them—even though it's in a language they can't understand.

I was struck by the pervasive confrontation with a dying, decaying world the day before we left to come to N'Djamena for our annual conference. It was about five in the afternoon and my guard's son (they also happen to be our neighbors) came to my door. From what I could gather, he was saying that his older sister had died in a village a few kilometers away. He seemed pretty shaken, so we jumped in the car to go to the village. On

the way out the gate another neighbor jumped in the car. We arrived and met my guard, who took me to the mud hut where she lived and motioned for me to come in. My first reaction when I saw her eyes staring blankly into nowhere was that she was dead, but then I noticed she was breathing shallowly and rapidly, and she was twitching her fingers.

My guard asked me if we could take her to a hospital about 40 minutes away. I agreed, and backed the Land Cruiser up as close to the house as I could amidst a crowd of family, distraught over the situation. Instead of just carrying her to the vehicle, all her possessions were brought to the car: an old mattress, pillows, some pots and pans. Then the women carried her to the car. Five or six women jumped in the back along with the woman's husband, her neighbor, and my guard. I was learning that at a hospital in Chad, it's family that takes care of you, not the staff.

I drove as fast as I could on the bumpy bush road in the newly darkened night with everyone in the car. It was silent. My guard, who literally laughs when telling stories about killing cobras with a stick in his hand, was clearly shaken, wiping his eyes every few minutes. He had already lost one daughter only a few weeks before we moved to the village, and now it seemed to be happening again.

The hospital was situated almost like a strip mall, the patient room doors facing the outside, with us men waiting outside on a mat. We waited about 30 to 40 minutes for the one available staff person—a midwife—to prescribe some medicine to calm her. She told us the doctor would be in tomorrow to take a look at her. They would probably keep her there a few days and see if she got better. For them this was normal—the woman might have even gotten better care than most.

I sat on the mat outside in the dark next to these new neighbors of mine, while

they performed their evening prayers. I contemplated what had happened in a few short hours. It's hard to describe how I felt. Who was I, to be put here outside a small African hospital in the middle of nowhere with a people who don't believe in Christ? I felt small and helpless wondering who we are that the Lord should care for us? This lady could die and we were helpless to stop it.

As I sat there and looked up at the night sky, the words of Psalm 8 came to mind. The writer asks the same question—"Who are we that God should think of us?"—but he asks in a totally different light. The psalmist asks the question in response to the glory of God's creation, not in light of the brokenness of the world, and finds that while it is amazing what God has made, it's even more amazing that we are crowned in glory above it.

There are certainly a lot of differences between Chad and where I come from. I experience a lot of the brokenness of the world in a very different way, but I also get the joy of proclaiming to my new neighbors the difference of a life in Christ! In spite of our broken world, in Christ we are crowned with glory and honor. This is a difference that they have never experienced.

As we minister to this unreached people we pray that God will show them the brokenness they live in and help bring them into the glory of the new creation that he has given us in light of Jesus Christ.

David N. and his wife Sonja serve the Church of the Lutheran Brethren as missionaries in Chad, Africa.

**WHO'S
NEXT?**

*Is God calling you to mission work?
Contact: LBIM@CLBA.org*





ivanastar/Stock

The skyline of Denver, Colorado.

Reaping the Reward

JASON ROGNESS

I grew up on a farm that had pigs. My brother and I had the duty of pig chores. The first responsibility was to make sure they had food and water daily. The second was to clean their pens and provide them fresh hay to lie on. I remember a number of cold winter evenings, coming home late from a basketball game, having to bundle up and go out to check the pigs—grumbling over what felt like hours of work left to do. In reality it was probably a half-hour, at most.

There is one memory that stands out more than the rest... the smell. Especially on sale day. When it was time to take the pigs to the sale barn, we would have to get up before school and help sort and load them, so dad could take them to Barney in Canby, Minnesota to sell them. There were two reasons why I really disliked those days. Reason one: I had to wake up at 4:30 A.M. Getting up for school at the normal time was early enough. Reason two: it was nearly impossible to remove the pig odor before heading to school. It wasn't a strong smell, but it was a noticeable one. I would scrub and scrub, all the while praying, "Lord, help me not smell like a pigpen at school today. Please?"

Those days are long gone. There haven't been pigs on my parents' farm in over 20 years. But that discipline of raising pigs gives me an insight to the story of the prodigal son, and to the mission work we are doing in Parker, Colorado.

In *The Parable of The Prodigal Son*, there is a son who demands his share of his father's inheritance. This demand renders his dad as good as dead to him, since the inheritance wasn't normally attainable until the death of the father. So for the son, his need of a family wasn't essential to him anymore.

When the son has squandered his inheritance, he comes to his senses. He soon finds himself not just working in the pigpen, but living in the pigpen. He realizes how foolish he was, and his desire turns from himself back to the family.

If we equate the reality of the pigpen to sin, as Jesus does, I find that the stench is all too familiar. I don't have to go searching for

it. I smell it all around me. In fact, I have spent many days trying to scrub that smell off of me, praying that it will just go away.

The prodigal son's moment of realization sets up the amazing climax of the story: While the son is still "far off," the Father runs to meet him, grabs hold with a large embrace, and welcomes his son back into the family, giving life back to him.

This is the heart of the mission that God has called us to. There are countless prodigals around us who are living in the pigpens of life, and have failed to see the hope and purpose that the family of God knows. We have hope, because we are prodigals who serve a Father who has returned us to the family. We know that, from the time of Adam, people have walked away from God. But from Adam's day, God promised to restore the relationship.

Parker, Colorado, like every other community, is a place where many people don't know the promise of restoration that God gives them. And God has given us his life to share with them. This is a life that meets them wherever they are with a warm embrace, and a welcome home.

After 20 years of reflection, I have come to realize that in the midst of those short nights of rest, and the lingering smell of pigs, there was a father who was doing everything he could to provide for our family, and allowed me the joy of partaking in that work. It wasn't easy. In fact it wasn't even desirable. But it was for a purpose greater than mine. I *wanted* to sleep in and smell good, but what I *needed* was family income, food, and a work ethic. Now I am reaping the reward.

Rev. Jason Rogness is the church-planting pastor of New Hope Lutheran Church in Parker, Colorado. Parker is a community of 80,000—located in the southeast corner of the Denver metropolitan area.



When you support the Church of the Lutheran Brethren, you support church-planters like Jason. Visit www.CLBA.org to contribute today.

Joyal Ordained



L to R: Rev. Jon Overland (CLBC President), Elders Ed Witzke, Clair Haugrud, Rev. Nick Joyal, Alvin Sorenson, Elders Wally Lundy, Ben Rude, and Regional Pastor Roger Olson.

On December 9, 2018, Nicholas Joyal was ordained at Living Hope Lutheran Brethren Church in Beaumont, Alberta. Regional Pastor Roger Olson officiated.

Glasgow Ordained as Elder



L to R: Regional Pastor Warren Geraghty, Elders Martin Stiansen, Steve Andersen, Rev. Dan Christenson, Elders Bob Glasgow, Lloyd Listor, Tore Hansen, Gary Johnson, and Rev. Chris Priestaf.

On October 28, 2018, Bob Glasgow was installed as an elder at Mount Bethel Lutheran Brethren Church in Mount Bethel, Pennsylvania. Regional Pastor Warren Geraghty officiated.

Elders Ordained



Top Row: Regional Pastor Phil Heiser, Rev. Roger Olson, Rev. Jordan Spina, Bob Olson, and Dr. Rich Erickson. Kneeling: elders Dale McLerran, and Dave Wills.

On October 28, 2018, Dale McLerran and Dave Wills were ordained as elders at Rock of Ages Lutheran Brethren Church in Seattle, Washington. Regional Pastor Phil Heiser officiated.

Johnson Ordained



L to R: Regional Pastor Phil Heiser, Rev. Dave Overland, Rev. Jay Price, Rev. Alan Johnson, Trustee Erik Mosvold, Chairman Matt Meisinger, Elders Lloyd Thom, and Bill Buck.

On January 6, 2019, Pastor Alan Johnson was ordained at Community Church of Joy in Sammamish, Washington. Regional Pastor Phil Heiser officiated.

Pastoral Candidate Retreat



L to R: Katie & Adam Jensen, Brittany & Nick Laven, Kari & Zachary Smith, Jon & Kristin Ronnevik, Dena & Greg Rokos, and Tim & Monica Collins.

From January 23-25, 2019, President Paul Larson and the CLB Regional Pastors met with Pastoral Candidates from throughout the CLB at Inspiration Point Retreat Center.

Christian Theologies in Asia



Dr. Gaylan Mathiesen pictured (bottom row 4th from the left) with his Ph.D. students from Concordia Theological Seminary, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

January 21-25, 2019, Dr. Gaylan Mathiesen of LBS taught a 30-hr. intensive class on Christian Theologies in Asia for twelve Ph.D. students at Concordia Theological Seminary.

Faith & Fellowship is the official publication of the Church of the Lutheran Brethren, 1020 W. Alcott Ave., P.O. Box 655, Fergus Falls, MN 56538-0655, issued six times a year (January/February, March/April, May/June, July/August, September/October, November/December) by Faith and Fellowship Publishing, 1020 W. Alcott Ave., P.O. Box 655, Fergus Falls, MN 56538-0655. Phone (218)736-7357. The viewpoints expressed in the articles are those of the authors and may or may not necessarily reflect the official position of the Church of the Lutheran Brethren of America (CLBA). Periodicals Postage Paid at Fergus Falls, Minnesota 56538.

(USPS 184-600) • (ISSN 10741712)

SUBSCRIPTIONS: **Faith & Fellowship** is offered to its readers at no charge. We would encourage your continued support with a donation, and if you would like to be on our mailing list, please contact our office. Periodicals Postage Paid at Fergus Falls, Minnesota. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please give both old and new addresses and allow four weeks.

Direct all correspondence, including submission of articles, to: **Faith & Fellowship**, P.O. Box 655, Fergus Falls, MN 56538-0655; Telephone, (218)736-7357; e-mail, ffpress@clba.org; FAX, (218)736-2200.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **Faith & Fellowship**, P.O. Box 655, Fergus Falls, Minnesota 56538-0655



The Lord is Good

We pursued an unusual theme for Lenten services a few years ago. Our pastors and leaders at Stavanger Lutheran Church took turns speaking on the theme, “Sensing the Gospel.” Our aim was to contemplate Lent and the passion of Christ through the five senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. It was fascinating—and challenging—to uncover many passages in Scripture that reference our human senses.

In the familiar *Parable of the Prodigal Son*, a key verse contains a colloquial expression about our senses: “When he came to his senses, he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have food to spare, and here I am starving to death!’” (Luke 15:17). To be sure, this is not a specific reference to the human senses; literally, Jesus says the young man “came to himself.” But the idea of coming to one’s senses—meaning *to start to think and behave reasonably after a period of folly or irrationality*—this is certainly what Jesus means.

Why do we North Americans express this concept with the thought of regaining our physical senses? Because prior to this revelation of coming to our senses, it is as if we have no awareness of how foolish we’ve been, how lost, how alone, how hopeless we are. As if our sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell have ceased to function. And that gets us into so much trouble...

And then finally, but suddenly, in a moment, our eyes are opened so we see where we are living... we hear the grunting pigs... touch their skin... taste the dirt in our mouths... and smell the stench of this life of sin.

How could we have been so blind? Why did it take us so long to wake up in this place of spiritual darkness? How could we have so completely forgotten our real home, and more than that, forgotten our Father?

The prodigal son had lost his senses, even before he left home, or he never would have left. Then, in his blindness, he could not choose to regain his senses and think rationally. That did not happen until he’d hit rock bottom, all human resources exhausted, all other avenues closed, no place left to go. *And he came to his senses*. He thought, “What am I doing here? Why did I choose this place, this life? How do I get out of here?” He remembered at last the one who loved him. And his father’s love drew him home.

How and why did his senses return? This is a mystery, known only to God. “But blessed are your eyes because they see, and your ears because they hear” (Matthew 13:16).

We who have experienced this now gratefully praise our God and Father. “Taste and see that the Lord is good” (Psalm 34:8).

Rev. Brent Juliot serves as pastor of Oak Ridge Lutheran Brethren Church in Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Periodicals Postage Paid at
Fergus Falls, Minnesota 56538

For change of address:
Faith & Fellowship
P.O. Box 655
Fergus Falls, MN 56538-0655



REVEALED

JULY 20-24, 2019

Lutheran Brethren Youth Convention | Estes Park, CO

Registration:

Early Bird (March 24 th)	\$400
Final Registration (May 24 th)	\$430

nam@clba.org
(218)739-3336
CLBA.org