

The X-treasure Chest Digest



A Word from Pastor

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works. (Psalm 26:7) This verse by the great psalmist, King David, is the perfect description of the "Treasure Chest Digest". Let us take a moment to break down and identify the key components of this verse.

- *Publish: This speaks of the actual newsletter itself. A written or declared testimony. It stands as a beacon for all to see and a trumpet for all to hear.*
- *Voice of thanksgiving: This refers to the writers themselves. They are the modern day psalmist, the voice of encouragement, the voice of inspiration, the voice of thanksgiving.*
- *The wondrous works: These are the written pieces declaring God's wondrous works. These aren't just words that rhyme or tell a story. These are works birthed in the heavenlies, helping us ascend to the heavenlies.*

Pastor Tom

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS

By Patricia Cahill

Submitted by: Fran Schornstein

Sweat and blood had hit the ground,
Pain so deep from His thorn-set crown.
Swollen laceration, fever high,
Heated tears from each of His eyes.
How long did He suffer before God heard His plea,
When He cried out loud, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
He was called "LORD of lords", "KING of the Jews",
He said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."
He cried on the cross in the ninth hour
When they raised to His lips wine so sour.
Scars in His heart, His death was near
By an injury to His side, by a long sharp spear.
On each foot, each hand, He bore a hole.
Finally He said, "Father, unto You I commend My soul."

HE CHOSE YOU!

Anonymous

He chose you...Before He formed you in the womb He knew you; before you were born He set you apart.

He chose you...He created your inmost being and knit you together in your mother's womb. His eyes and heart saw the unformed body at Lincoln Park that would one day come to be.

He chose you...When you were being woven together in the secret place and molded and woven in your walk as you chose to follow Him and do His will.

He chose you...Before you knew Him, He knew the plan He had for you, and you alone, to pastor this family.

He chose you...Because your prayer is: Search me O God and know my heart. Test me. Examine me; He has been able to raise you and mold you to be the one He chose, a Man of God; molding you so you can help Him mold others.

He chose you...To be the Shepherd, Pastor, Caretaker and Spiritual Father in THIS house. A shepherd after His own heart who will lead us with knowledge and understanding.

He chose you...With your nurturing heart to gently guide us from birth to toddler and through each step as we grow in our walk.

He chose you...To teach us how to find God on our own, always directing us to Jesus and His cross. Teaching us how to see and think and love through the eyes of God. Teaching us to pray and praise. Teaching us to receive His love and believe He loves each one of us individually and eternally!

He chose you...To counsel us; handing us never ending tissues as we, again, complain about our issues. Always leading with His Word where the true bondage breaking power is!

He chose you...To encourage dreams into hardened hearts with patience and diligence until the seed finds fertile ground.

He chose you...To love each one of us with the heart of God always leading with mercy. One of the greatest gifts you have given us is your humility; you always direct us to our ABBA FATHER.

He chose you...To be a father to the fatherless. For most of us, young and older ☺, you are the only father we have ever known. You are a tangible example of the love God the Father has for each of us.

You show that you are a letter from Christ...written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts. 2 Corinthians 3:3

ON THE ROAD TO LINCOLN PARK PART 3

The Testimony of Jose Feliciano

One year and several months after receiving God's grace, mercy and salvation my life was going great. I was a new person changed from the inside by the Holy Spirit.

My younger brother Carlos and I shared God's blessings and the changes in our lives over the phone every time I called him in Puerto Rico. Jesus had changed the two drug abusers by making one an evangelist, Carlos and the other a disciple, me. I would listen to my younger brother say that God was building him a new house in Manati, P.R. He would get so excited that I would just rejoice with him. He built the foundation of his new home with the help of my uncle Juan but almost all the materials like windows, doors, roof and lumber were gifts from people that God touched to give to him and his family.

Carlos had asked me to pray that God would find a way that our entire family could see this miracle home that Jesus had built for his family. On July 2, 1992 my brother arrived at JFK airport and I went to pick him, his wife and his daughter up. Our older brother Abraham was getting married for a second time and wanted Carlos to be the best man in the wedding. The phone in my house would not stop ringing because every church, family and friend wanted my brother to preach or to visit them.

Then all of sudden Carlos got sick and weak. I took him to St. Joseph's hospital in Paterson, N.J. where he was born. The doctor told me in his own words that my brother was a walking miracle his lungs were filled with fluids and he needed to keep Carlos in the hospital. Then on August 6, 1992 my brother ask me to pray for the Lord to take him home. I didn't want to but he told me that the Lord had shown him a vision of a new body with new hair and new teeth. That was one of the toughest trials I've had to face. On August 7, 1992 my brother Carlos went home to the Lord.

The next thing I did was to call Pastor Bruno for prayer. He prayed over the speaker phone in my house, which was full of people. Next, I had to make funeral arrangements to have my brother buried in Puerto Rico, with no money, and return my sister-in-law and my niece to the home that Jesus built them.

Again the telephone began ringing and we were invited to different services, which my sister-in-law and I attended. We were blessed at every service. God provided for the flight to bring Carlos' body and all the members of his family to P.R. God gave us all a place to stay also, the miracle house that He built Carlos.

Written by Peter Orsita

True Christianity and fishing are the exact opposites. Fishermen are trying to see what they can get on the hook; while true Christians are trying to get their brothers and sisters off the hook. God's love covers a multitude of sin; be all the "blanket" that Jesus has called you to be.

MY ANGEL

By: Tony Montanelli

What do you dream of, my angel?
Do you dream of starless nights, or of the sun?
Maybe even summer breezes?
Or do you dream of cold winters, being alone and afraid?

What do you dream of, my angel?
Do you dream, like me, of happiness?
A place where everything asked is served
And everything deserved, given?

Do you dream of hope, my angel?

What do you pray for, my angel?
I pray for you.
I pray that you are loved and happy.
For you see, my angel, I am only human
And cannot repay what you have given me.
For what price can be put on life?

So, what do you pray, my angel?
And what do you dream, my angel?
For I hope and pray that you receive all the blessings
And abundant life from our Father up above.

For He knew you when you were in your mother's womb.
He loves you more than you can know.
When you are at your weakest and feelin' blue,
He is there to carry you through.

So maybe it's time to listen to that inner voice, angel,
For HE is talking to YOU.
Telling you angel to move left or move right,
Or just stand and listen.
For then you will know
The love and peace of our Father in Heaven.

JESUS, BE MAGNIFIED

By Maryann Bylinski

Jesus, be magnified, exalted on high.
You lived to show love. You lived to die.
You lived to obey Your Father's commands;
You hung on the cross with outstretched hands.

Jesus, be magnified, exalted on high.
You are our Maker, the Creator, the Great I AM.
You're the King of the universe, our Heavenly God.
You're the beginning and the end; our sacrificial Lamb.

The cross was not the end; You died so we could live.
Then sent the Holy Spirit to comfort and guide us within.

Jesus, my Father, be magnified. Forgive the sins of our past;
Change our hearts to be more like You.
I desire to love You in all that I do.
Amen.

ON FATHER'S LAP
By Anne Marie Cornetto

I kneel down before Your throne
And offer up a song of praise.
I seek the truth of Your Word
To carry me throughout this day.
I lift up Your holy name;
For You are exalted and adored.
Here I am, a humble servant,
On my face before my Lord.
As I reach out eagerly for You;
You are drawing closer to me,
You reach down and You lift me up;
You rest me upon Your knee.
You hold me in Your arms of love
And a smile finds my face.
I am comforted in Your presence.
Father, I am awed by Your grace.
You touch my mind, renewing it
Changing me and how I see.
How can I judge someone else
When You continue to forgive me?
My heart is full from all Your love.
There are no words I can speak.
It's You alone I need; I want.
You alone my heart continues to seek.
Father, I delight in this moment
When Your eyes see only me.
It is only in Your presence,
That I feel loved so completely.
So I thank You with all my heart
For Your tenderness and love.
I may walk in the midst of the world
But my thoughts are of You above.

NOT ENOUGH
By Yvette Mora

Lord, I sit here amazed at where You are taking me.
I close my eyes and feel Your presence, it's so heavenly.
As I draw closer to You,
I stand in awe of Your love so true.
As the deep cries out to the deep
I'm so thirsty and hungry for more;
I don't even want to sleep.
To feel Your eyes upon me
Makes me want to stay in Your presence for eternity.
I love it here Lord.
But it's not enough, I want more!
Don't You know?
Can't You see? I have nowhere else to go.
I've given You all of me.
There's nothing left to go back to,
I turn around and it's Your cross I see.
So here I am with my hand in Yours,
Take me higher Lord I want to soar!
High above my insecurities and my doubts.
High above where Your Light never goes out.
Lord, to have Your face shine upon me is all I need.
I'm held captive by Your love, yet I've never been so free!

THE STORMS OF LIFE
By Dave Sylvester

A short while ago I was vacationing with my wife on Long Beach Island. I had never been there before and was looking forward to seeing the beauty and attraction of this Jersey shore town we had heard so much about.

This October weekend brought with it the end of a long hot summer and an even longer drought. It began raining on Thursday and continued through Sunday, however, this did not deter Lisa or me. We walked from shop to shop and restaurants in the rain, sometime torrential, and enjoyed each others company and at times missed our children.

On Friday afternoon, between showers, we took our first walk on the beach. We were astounded by the amount of litter and garbage strewn up and down the entire beach. I wondered where the pristine alluring ocean front described by so many friends was. Needless to say, we were somewhat taken aback.

The rain and the wind began to drive hard so we returned to our quaint Bed & Breakfast for an early meal and quiet night together. Throughout the night the storm raged on; greater and stronger than it had during the day. With the wind howling and whistling through the screens, it was the definite sounds of the north wind that comes with east coast Nor'easters.

Early the next morning we awoke to clouds and sunshine. As is my custom when down the shore, I ran down to the beach to spend time with my God in awe and wonder of His creation. Usually Lisa sleeps in on vacation, but this morning she heard me rustling about and decided to come with me to enjoy God's "morning show".

When we arrived at the beach, walking barefoot through the dunes and water-drenched sand we were once again astounded. The same beach that we walked just hours before, that was overflowing with paper cups, plastic bags, toys and garbage, was completely washed clean. The only evidence of the litter from the previous day was a few sticks and sprigs of seaweed.

Wow! What a miracle God had performed!

The same storm and mighty winds that blew all night long and had given the shutters something to clap about had completely cleaned out all the garbage on the beach.

Life is sometimes like that. We go through storms that we believe are going to knock our lights out; financial hardships that come with the loss of a job, a serious illness, the death of a loved one, strained relationships, separation of loved ones, the loss of a close friendship. These are the storms of our lives that God uses to wash the garbage away.

The things in our life we think we need to have happiness or feel important; these are the things that are fleeting, that will pass away as does the flowers of the field. Things that offer luster in this world but offer nothing in the eternal world. These things our Lord, in the midst of our storms, will either wash away into "meaninglessness" or have us to realize the vanity of them all.

The only thing that survives the storm is God's beauty, God's luster, God's love; His love for us and our love for Him and each other. *These* are the things of eternal life that He would have us work for.

So, if you are going through the storms of life, take heart – He has overcome the storms. Focus on the true meaning of life and you will see how good it feels to be cleansed from the trash of this world.