

All The King's Horses Children's Ranch



THE TRAIL RIDER

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God is pleased with no music below so much as with the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans; of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons.

--Jeremy Taylor
1613-1667
English Bishop & Theologian

THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION –

What a time it turned out to be! Many folks wanted to help. May I mention a few? The VFW ladies: Karen, Sarah, Marge. Others were Susan V.; Debbie D.; Jim & Karen M.; Steve & Diane F.; Kirk S.; Jerry & Teri G.; Kathy S. & daughter; Terry & Denise C.; Brian & Kristy R; Tabitha; Margie B; Sue C.; Ruth M.; Ruby J. & Mary; Bruce & Kara H, & son, Eric; Ernest T.; Flo R. & daughter, Laurie; Gloria D.; Jason & April C.; Peg H.

Besides these wonderful people we also had youth help lift, set up chairs and serve the food to the guests: Morgan; Joe; Larry; Naomi; Alyssa; Joaquin; Gabi; Kaylh; Jesus; and Bert. If I forgot anyone, let me know and they will be especially mentioned next issue. Most importantly, the Lord's Presence was gently among us. He introduced himself to a couple boys who came in to eat.

There are a half-dozen or so ruffians who hang around the corner from the VFW. I often see them. So do the police who have mentioned these fellas to me in the past. I have been praying for them for the last year or more. "O, Lord. Let me bridge a friendship with them for Your purposes." I've waved and nodded during community sports; events; driving by their house; on the school grounds. No response.

Until Thanksgiving day. "Hi! Hungry? We're having a BIG dinner at the VFW. Come and join us." Soon six bicycles threw dirt up as they came skidding to a stop at the entrance. I rejoiced to see them. One lady sternly warned me, "Best feed those boys and get rid of them right away or there'll be trouble."

continued on back

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THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION con't

I hoped my smile didn't look disrespectful. It's just this was the moment I'd been hoping would happen for the past two years. "Don't worry," I said assuredly. "These are the kind of children I especially love. I'll sit with them and eat with them."



Only one other adult woman found the nerve to join me and

the boys. They were a crew alright. All but one had twinkle in their eye that said, "**Ready? Can you love me? Bet not!**" To me the twinkle gives away their willingness to be loved ... *if* they can be reached.

One had no twinkle in his eye. Just a deadness. He sat directly across from me shoving mashed potatoes into his face with his bare fingers just as fast as he could eat. As I watched the white starch ooze through his grimy hands, I remembered our mentors explaining about children who do not know what forks and spoons are for. Some children eat directly from cereal boxes or at fast food joints. They never use eating utensils. Fine with me. Can't think of a commandment against it.

The boys began to share their likes: one likes to hunt; another liked sports. But the (approx) 10-year old lad across from me, he liked death, murder and demons. He told me he had lots of demons living in him.

"I have a Ghost living in me. One Ghost." I shared.

"Why have just one God when you could have a bunch of them?" and with that he began to list gods of various backgrounds.

"Because I want the God Who is Supreme; The Main Man; The One Who made every other god; and everything in heaven and earth."

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CHRISTMAS LISTS AND FOLKS WHO HELP

We have eight young girls and eight boys on our Christmas list this year. Thank you to everyone who prays and helps in everyway. A special thank you to **THE FINA COMPANY** in Tucson and to **COCHISE TERRACE RV PARK** in Benson and **APPLEBYS** in Sierra Vista. These three groups asked for the list so they could shop firsthand for gifts. Our cup truly runneth over. Christmas will be special this year. Because of you!

"He made everything? Then who made Him?"

"He is The Uncreated One. He is outside of time and space."

With that he got up for seconds (or was it thirds?). I grabbed his cap and asked my friend to lay hands on it with me. I prayed over it; asked the Blood of Jesus to begin to wash the boy clean; and to give him a hunger for Christ. Then I laid it gently back as he sauntered up with a plate full of pumpkin pie and cake.



"Hey! Look at your hat! She did something to it", his friends warned him. He picked it up and inspected it inside and out.

"What'd you do to my hat?" he demanded. I just looked at him then got up to visit someone for a minute with a promise to return. After a little while, I rejoined the boys.

"Are you our friend?" the hunter asked.

"You betcha." I smiled.

"I know what you did! You blessed my hat. I didn't want it blessed!" The hat owner pouted as he tried it on.

"Wow! Look at you with that hat. I'd say you've never looked better. A handsome fellow if ever I saw one", I encouraged.

The conversation wound down. The boys were full and raring to get moving. Please cover them with prayer. It is no coincidence we met at long last. It made Thanksgiving a real Celebration for me!

A HEART OF THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR YOU

Thank you for your prayers. Your gifts. Your interest. Your smiles. And your hugs whenever I see you. Thank you for loving children. These children will soon no longer be children. Our input and influence is one of the rare rays of sunshine some of them receive. Their characters absorb our love and care. In another five more years, we will witness our first group of children spread their wings into adulthood. May they soar toward God on the winds of support you have prayerfully provided for them.

I WISH YOU A CHRIST-FILLED CHRISTMAS
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I WISH YOU A CHRIST-FILLED CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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