

against his tricks, traps, and deception.

The spirit of man is the eternal part of man. It is the part that will live forever! (Where will you live when you die?) The spirit is often referred to as breath and wind. Now think about that.

You can't see breath, but you can look at a person or animal and see the affects of breath. Breath in our lungs gives us a necessary ingredient that produces life and health that causes us to work, play, and do all that we do as humans. Think how important breath is.

The spirit is also referred to as wind. Now, we can't see wind, but we can see the trees blow. On a hot summer day like today, we can feel a cool breeze blowing the refreshing wind on our body.

Our spirit is the same way in the fact it is hidden. We see the "earth suit" the flesh that houses our spirit, and we see people's personality demonstrated, we see the will of people demonstrated, but the spirit is hidden in the inner man.

The will of God for our life is to **walk according to the Spirit**. God's idea for life is for people to walk connected to God in the Spirit. If we will take time to search out

God's will for our spirit and walk in the Spirit, our life no matter of material goods will be a wonderful, amazing, and good life. For some it may be an extreme makeover: Spiritual Edition! Hallelujah!

Acts 17:28 For **in him** we live, and move, and have our being.....

My hope is that you will give thought to the spirit of man and the Spirit of God. When a person decides to live according to the Spirit, it is unlike any other life that has ever been lived! Praise the Lord.

I look forward to continuing this article next month. Until then walk in the Spirit and you will not fulfill the lust of your flesh. Remember that you are blessed to be a blessing.

You know when June arrives it is summer time. Join with us as we pray in faith for a jubilee year on the coasts of America, and no hurricanes will destroy our property! Glory to God!

Blessings upon blessings,  
Pastor Chris

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# Faith Christian Center Connect

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## Consider your Spirit man.



**1 Corinthians 2:9 - 12 (KJV)** <sup>9</sup>But as it is written, **Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.** <sup>10</sup>But God hath **revealed** them unto us **by his Spirit**: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

<sup>11</sup>For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. **<sup>12</sup>Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God;** that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

### A human being is at his best when he is led by the Spirit of God!

Have you ever considered how much information you have heard that teaches you about the spirit part of you? When is the last time that you turned on the six o'clock news, or watched a nationwide news program, or listened to a radio station that taught you how to give into the spirit man? Chances are, outside Christian broadcasting you have not heard teaching on this subject. (That is reason to praise the Lord right now for Christian broadcasting on television and radio right now!)

The truth is that you have not discovered your potential until you have discovered the Spirit of God!

### The three in one of the human body.

A human being is made up of three separate parts that all constitute a human being. I will try my best to explain what I mean.

The first part is the flesh. The flesh is your physical body; all the organs and attributes that deal with the fleshly

## At a Glance

### Sunday

Adult Sunday School	9:15am
Youth Sunday School	9:15am
Sunday Service	10:30am
Session 5 ISOM	5:00pm

### Monday

Session 3 ISOM	On Break
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### Tuesday

Skateboard Club	6:30pm
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### Wednesday

Wednesday Service	7:00pm
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side of who you are. It is concerned with everything you can see, smell, taste, touch, and hear. The flesh is tended to by medical doctors who are trained to deal with the human flesh.

The second part is the soul. This is a term that is given to describe a person's mind, will, and intellect. This is displayed in a person's attitude, personality, thought processes, imaginations, dreams, and visions. The soul of man is tended to by counselors, psychiatrists, and psychologist.

The third part of man is the **spirit** of man. This is the most important part of you. Is it any wonder that all the information that is distributed on a daily basis, you can't find one half of one percent in the "world's news" that teaches you to deal with the spirit of man? Why is this? I'll tell you why. Satan is the god of this world and he doesn't want you to walk in power and fullness, in other words he wants you to be who he wants you to be instead of who Jehovah God wants you to be.

Satan likes being a bully, but praise the name of Jesus, Our heavenly father has given us His word (Bible) and ministry gifts (Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, and Evangelists Ephesians 4:11) and the gifts of the Holy Spirit ( 1 Corinthians 12, and Romans 12) to stand

*continued on back cover*

*Doing The Same Old Thing: In A Brand New Way!*

# Just a Note

Faith Christian Center Worship Department

## Don't Go Far... Draw Near.

I panicked. I didn't know where to go, who to go to, or what to do. I was alone. I was afraid. I was six years old, and I was in Wal-mart.

I was angry. I left my cell phone with my mother and ran into a store in the mall while they went to another store. I came right back to where they were supposed to be and they were gone. The feelings re-surfaced of not knowing what to do. I looked. I searched. And I looked some more. I was alone. I was irritated. I was 18 years of age, and I was at the Mall.

You see, as a six year old, it wasn't that my parents were irresponsible which caused me to get lost: Quite the contrary, it was because I was being disobedient. At age 18, I didn't get lost because I was being disobedient nor had irresponsible parents; it was because there was a lack of clear communication.

I can most definitely see the six year old me and the eighteen year old me at times in my personal spiritual life. There have been times where I have panicked because I didn't know what to do or where to go. Other times have been met with anger because I did not feel that my prayers were *even* reaching the ceiling.

I have a feeling that some of us reading this newsletter can relate to the two scenarios above. But looking back on those two situations, one of the main solutions to my problem was to find [draw near to] my family. I got to far from my source of protection, comfort, and peace.

As worshippers of Christ, I think that we are also guilty of that. We get too wrapped up in the "cares of this life" to truly realize what we need to do (what we are CALLED to do) is DRAW near to God. He kind of takes a back seat to the kids, the spouse, the job, the toys, the music (read last months article for more on that) and if we aren't careful, even the church. AND THEN, we panic because we don't have clear direction, or we get angry because it feels like God is 10000 miles away when we need him the most.

James 4:8 says "Come near to God, and he will come near to you. Clean up your lives, you sinners. Purify your hearts, you people who can't make up your mind."

When you think about it, we are really getting a great thing here. I mean hello- the God of all the universe can be near us in an instant. Sounds too good to be true! What's the catch? With God there is no catch; however, there are some things that we have to be mindful of in our lives that can push us farther away from the Lord (because He never goes anywhere- we do). [Hebrews 13:8](#) "Jesus Christ is the same *yesterday and today and forever.*"

What can push us away from the Lord in our worship and in our daily Christian walk?

**-The Lack of Communication (Drawing Near):** The Word says all we have to do is draw near- to come into his presence (with

thanksgiving and praise) \*Read Psalm 100:4\* We have to take that first step to Him, and like the Prodigal son's father, He will come running to meet us where we're at.

\*Grab the Word: Look Up Luke 15:20\*

That first step may be a number of things: Daily devotionals, having a worship time with the Lord, coming to church, being enthusiastic when you're at church, etc.


**- Disobedience (Sin):** Sin can dam up the flowing river of God in our lives in a heart beat. Psalm 24:3-5 (NIV) "Who may ascend the hill of the LORD? Who may stand in his holy place? He who has clean hands and a pure heart, who does not lift up his soul to an idol or swear by what is false. He will receive blessing from the LORD and vindication from God his Savior."

**Double-mindedness:** James 1:6-8 "But when he asks, he must believe and not doubt, because he who doubts is like a wave of the sea, blown and tossed by the wind. That man should not think he will receive anything from the Lord; he is a double-minded man, unstable in all he does."

Wow! Powerful stuff. Double-mindedness in worship looks like this: "Well, I'm tired, don't feel like really going to church- but I'll go. Ok, so I'm here, and I know that I could get a breakthrough if I DO worship, but I'm just not feeling it today. So, I won't; but I know I should" As James 1:6 says we must "believe and not doubt" so that we are eligible and ready to receive whatever the Lord has in store for us on any given day.

As I wrap this article up, I just want to challenge you to "draw near" to the Lord. God, through His word, isn't really asking us if we want to, but telling us that we need to; but it is our choice. Just like I chose to leave the protection of my parents in Wal-mart and then failed to communicate with them in the mall, we chose to leave the protection of our Heavenly Father and chose to not communicate with Him on a daily basis, which could lead to anger, worry, irritation, confusion etc.

From the Message, Matthew 11:29-30: "Are you tired? Worn out? Burned out on religion? Come to me. Get away with me and you'll recover your life. I'll show you how to take a real rest. Walk with me and work with me—watch how I do it. Learn the unforced rhythms of grace. I won't lay anything heavy or ill-fitting on you. Keep company with me and you'll learn to live freely and lightly."

The Lord does not want His people to be constantly in a state of anger or confusion or panic; but He would rather us take those steps (worship) closer to Him and fling ourselves into His almighty and open arms- and to Him and Him alone draw near. 

**Justin Kirkendall**  
Worship Pastor



June 4th Promotion Party  
June 14th Link Sale  
June 28th Youth Pool party  
June 30th Leave for Camp  
WOO HOO!!!  
Get ready for Miracle Moments!

I received this email with the Author unknown and I was touched. The reality of this is so true and all I can do is Thank the Lord for all he has done for me.

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order.

But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, They had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, Shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life.. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching. A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given", "Jokes I Have Laughed at." Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger" "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents.

Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my years to write each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature. When I pulled out the file marked "TV Shows I have watched," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented. When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me.

One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. It's size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh.

And then I saw it. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With." The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand. And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me.

I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him. No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes.

Why did He have to read every one? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me. Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card.

"No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive.

The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.

**God Bless you!!**  
**Sister Jamie Cullen**