



confession corner

Self Hatred and Jesus' Blood



Have you ever felt like the blood of Jesus and His work on the cross must somehow apply to everyone BUT you? In our heads we know, but in our hearts sometimes we really don't feel like He died for us personally. Well good news: you're not the only one who feels this way.

Satan's number one goal is to get us not to trust the work of the cross. He tricks us into believing that we are supposed to be so "perfect" that we should never make mistakes. We believe this lie because it appeals to our pride, a pride that says we should be better than other people. There are a number of ways you can tell that you believe the "be superhuman" lie.

- You think about your mistakes frequently, and you get mad at yourself for them.
- You generally feel like your whole life is a failure.
- You have a gnawing fire in your soul that hates yourself.
- You think you are worse than everyone else you know.

If you think you are worse than other people are, here's the mistake you're making: you're ranking people on a "value chart" where some are better than others, and where you're somewhere near the bottom.

This is wrong – God doesn't rank people like that. We are either saved by His blood, or

SAFARI, SAGOODI

By Sam Lively

For many people, the word "Africa" brings an adventurous glint to their eyes as they think of the exotic people they would meet, the beautiful landscapes they would see, the starving people they would feed and maybe even the wild animals they would flee. For me, Africa meant leaving home, spending a few too many hours on the plane and having to keep my Dad from falling too much more in love with the place, lest he follow through on earlier wishes and move the whole family there. Oh, and did I mention that I was pretty scared about going into a country with a terrorist warning (Kenya) and a city I had heard was dangerous for white people (Johannesburg)?

It was in that reluctant state of mind that I agreed to go to Africa with my Dad this July of 2003. My reason: who in their right mind would turn down a chance to go to Africa? When June 28th rolled around, we headed to the San Francisco airport, where we began the first of the 60 hours that we spent in airports and airplanes over the next two weeks. Fast-forward through a four-day stay in Germany, and you found us landing in Kenya. Yes, I was blown away... and not by terrorists.

The first thing I noticed about Kenya was the state of their cars. Think old and beat-up (it was like the Colards' front yard was unleashed on the highway). We were picked up from the airport in a dirty, rickety, goodness-knows-how-it-ran station wagon with a yellow scrap of plastic spread over the top of the windshield, reading: Cross Land Services Limited. It made me laugh, but, more than just that, I think it expresses something about the Kenyan people. Most of them live in poverty by American standards, but they take pride in their shoddy little companies, and keep their dignity with what they have.

FOR THIS MY LIFE I'D GIVE

I'd love to touch that little face
And hold that little hand.
But that is not what I had in mind,
For you were never in my plan.
I never thought it would come to this,
When first I tried to please a man.
He said he'd truly love me,
But no sooner was he satisfied ... he ran.
Now I was left with his burden,
Not thinking about taking this chance.
But I, as a woman, had a choice of my own.
I'll never hear that wee small voice,
Or see my little one dance.
Now this choice, that is of my own making,
Is tugging at my soul.
And the regrets, that I am having,
Are taking their vengeful toll.
Oh Lord, that I could retrieve my choice
And let that little one live,
And to feel It's little arms around me.
For all of this, now,
MY LIFE I'D GIVE.

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Loving the Unlovable

By: Danielle Parker



Did you ever wonder if God cares about the way you think about other people? Well He sure does. What does it mean to truly love the unlovable? How can

you possibly love someone who is *really* annoying, rude or just plain mean? Like that certain person at work, or at church. You know who I am talking about. You may think that God doesn't care about the way you think about others. NOPE! Sorry. God has some really strong feelings about the way we love others. He doesn't tell us to *like* them; no one can make themselves like another person, but you can *love* someone the way God loves them.

How can you accomplish this great feat of self-control and discipline? Well, for starters, you can pray for them. Pray that God would reveal Himself to them and show them how much He loves them through you. Right now you are probably thinking; "Ahhhh! Through ME? I can't do that!" God commands us to love our enemies and pray for those who persecute you. So you had better start soon cause it is a long process, one that I am in the midst of myself. I have tried this and it really works: as soon as you start praying for them and really caring for them the way God cares about them, something changes in you. Your heart can change toward them. It is hard to even believe that could ever happen, but it is true. So remember to look at them through God's eyes. What does He see? A person in need of a Savior, and love. So try it. It didn't kill me, and it won't kill you either.

...Continued on page 4

Loving the unlovable cont.

¹If I speak with human eloquence and angelic ecstasy but don't love, I'm nothing but the creaking of a rusty gate.

²If I speak God's Word with power, revealing all his mysteries and making everything plain as day, and if I have faith that says to a mountain, "Jump," and it jumps, but I don't love, I'm nothing.

³If I give everything I own to the poor and even go to the stake to be burned as a martyr, but I don't love, I've gotten nowhere. So, no matter what I say, what I believe, and what I do, I'm bankrupt without love.

⁴Love never gives up. Love cares more for others than for self. Love doesn't want what it doesn't have. Love doesn't strut, Doesn't have a swelled head,⁵Doesn't force itself on others, Isn't always "me first,"Doesn't fly off the handle, Doesn't keep score of the sins of others,⁶Doesn't revel when others grovel, Takes pleasure in the flowering of truth,⁷Puts up with anything, Trusts God always, Always looks for the best, Never



looks back, But keeps going to the end.

⁸Love never dies. Inspired speech will be over some day; praying in tongues will end; understanding will reach its limit.

⁹We know only a portion of the truth, and what we say about God is always incomplete. ¹⁰But when the Complete arrives, our incompletes will be canceled.

¹¹When I was an infant at my mother's breast, I gurgled and cooed like any infant. When I grew up, I left those infant ways for good.

¹²We don't yet see things clearly. We're squinting in a fog, peering through a mist. But it won't be long before the weather clears and the sun shines bright! We'll see

it all then, see it all as clearly as God sees us, knowing him directly just as he knows us!

¹³But for right now, until that completeness, we have three things to do to lead us toward that consummation: Trust steadily in God, hope unswervingly, love extravagantly. And the best of the three is love. ■

Teens for Life is going through a lot right now. The Board has decided to take a month off from activism and training just to worship and pray. We believe that our devotion to God is what put us in the pro-life battle. So if our focus gets off Him, we are destined for failure. So please examine your hearts before God, and repent of anything unholy in your hearts and lives.
God Bless, The Board.

In The News...

Sacramento Judge Limits Abortion Clinic Protests



A Sacramento Superior Court judge has put limits on the behavior of protesters outside a Sacramento abortion clinic.

Judge James Long ordered protesters to obey a 20-foot buffer zone at the Women's Health Specialist Clinic.

Clinic workers and patients had complained they were being harassed by protesters who gather every Thursday and

Saturday. They said demonstrators taunted patients, blocked the driveway, and threw anti-abortion flyers at cars.

Abortion protesters, however, argued they were merely exercising their First Amendment rights.

Long ruled protesters will have to stage their protests 20 feet away from the clinic and its driveway. ■

Teen Abortion Statistics

Statistics compiled from Alan Guttmacher Institute's "Contraceptive Counts", "Teen Pregnancy: Overall Trends and State by State information" & Center for Disease Control's Abortion Surveillance statistics. Alan Guttmacher Institute is the research branch of Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "Contraceptive Counts" and "Teen Pregnancy: Overall Trends and State by State information" are available on the web at www.agi-usa.org.

Abortion Surveillance statistics are available at www.cdc.gov.

California

Each year approximately **126,300** teenagers become pregnant in **California**. In 1996, the pregnancy rate in **California** for teen girls 15-17 years old was **80** per 1,000. **175,180** teenagers are seen each year at **California** family planning clinics. Each year, **84,380 California** teenagers receive birth control or other services from Title X clinics. In **California**, approximately **64,815** teenagers receive birth control or other services from Planned Parenthood every year.

Information taken from www.lifedynamics.org

“Survivors”

by: Monica Lindsley

This summer, for me, was an incredible growing experience. This was my 5th and best year at a Survivors camp. I learned sooooo much, as I am sure you have or will hear from the others who went. We had awesome speakers, including Steve Wagner from Stand To Reason, and Jonathon Keller, David Self, and Erica Lindsley from CA Life. Not only did I learn a lot about arguing effectively, I learned something much more valuable. Out there at the clinics and on the streets, things were different, we could feel God’s presence. Seven babies were saved and many minds changed. Then there were those that we could not save. It was a hard lesson, but I learned that all I am called to do is obey God, and leave the rest in His hands. All of us out there at the clinics were sobbing and praying. We prayed that God would break our hearts freshly for his people, and I know for myself, it was like seeing the pictures for the first time. I had the awesome opportunity to experience God speaking through me and ministering to women, I even got to pray with a young man whose cousin was inside and on the table. Lives were changed, including those of the teens who attended the camp. If you have not been, I seriously hope you consider going next year! I thought I knew everything there was to know, but I learned a heck of a lot, and I know there is a lot more. Anyway, I hope you all had awesome summers...God bless. ■

Announcements

Project 33 is coming up fast. So everyone that has projects and due dates for things please be responsible and get them done on time. This project will only get done because everyone is working together and getting their stuff done on time.

Elections are coming up soon for both board and team leaders, start thinking and praying about if God might want you to run for something.



WE WANT YOU!

To design a Logo for Teens For Life! Its going to be a contest! TFL needs a Logo, We need your help! Ok people? I want 100% participation from everyone. Get those creative juices flowing! The contest deadline is in October or November sometime. We will post the ideas in this newsletter and you can all vote.

NOTFORTHEWEEK.COM

...an online community for teens who want to be real with themselves, with each other, and with God. What you’ll find on this site is not flashy advertising, shallow stereotypes or canned religion. Instead, what you’ll find is an adventure into the real world - the world of our questions, our problems and our feelings.

“The Bored Board?”

An insider's view of the Teens For Life board.

By: Hannah-Rose Kent

My name is Hannah Kent and I am the T4L secretary. I have been on the board before because I was the recruiter team leader last year. I hope you will understand more as I attempt to inform you of the complicated legalities of the complex issue of “the board.” Let me explain the workings of a real, honest to goodness Teens for Life board meeting (I’m not *really* sure if these are the real thing because there may be more underground, secret ones where they talk about stuff secretaries can’t handle).

The first thing that happens is I, the secretary, pass out the board minutes from the last month’s meeting. This proves to be difficult because there are 2 team leaders that aren’t on the “board, board.” There is a difference between the “board” and the “board, board.” The “board” includes all team leaders and “board, board” members. Team leaders are “board” members, but not “board, board” members. There used to be more “board” members, but not now since one of the team leaders is president pro-tem, one is vice president pro-tem, one is spokesperson, and one is vice president. So this means that there are hardly any “board” members, 2 to be exact, and the normal amount of “board, board” members.

To clarify, I am coming to the shocking realization that there are “board, board” members that should just be “board” members. If you’re still not with me, all I’m saying is that almost everyone on the Teens for Life “board, board” is also technically on the “board.” In other words, there are too many people with two (yes, two) jobs. A “board, board” member IS allowed to

also be a team leader, but these jobs (positions of authority, affluence and leadership) are NOT easy. When you have two, (yes two) of them, it makes it a lot harder on yourself and everyone else. Why? Because if you only have half as many responsibilities, you should be able to do the ones you are left with A LOT more effectively! (Not that anyone is doing an ineffective job...)

At a board meeting we review the last meeting’s minutes and then go through the current agenda. We have a lot of fun and get important things taken care of. What I’m saying is that since our group is growing and we have teens that are trained and able, we need more people in leadership. Being a team leader is a BIG job! Being the vice president is a BIG job. Being in Teens for Life is a BIG job! We are serving God, The Living God! Do you think Satan likes that? No! It’s easier not to get burnt out if we have a strong focus. Why do we have leadership positions? To prevent chaos and to productively further the kingdom of God and save the lives innocent children!

So at the next elections see if you qualify, pray, talk to your parents, check your schedule, and run for a position. Let’s put everyone’s talent to use. We need to have 13 people on the board instead of 9. Thank you! ■



“None of us is as dumb as all of us.”

(just kidding!)

Teens For life is looking for writers and articles for the newsletter. If you are interested please call or write to Danielle Parker 5150 Sunrise Blvd. Ste. H-4 Fair Oaks, CA 95628 (916) 965-8925

SAFARI, CONT.

Three paragraphs already and I haven't even gotten to the purpose of the trip! In short, here it is: we were there to meet with and support a fledgling ministry my Dad had been supporting for a year. The leaders of this ministry, Bishop Simon Mac'Onyango and his right-hand man Benjamin Mugo, never left our side for the four days we were there. Bishop Simon put us up in his house and Benjamin served as driver and technician as we drove on Pothole St., Pothole Ave. and Pothole Blvd. in a dysfunctional 70's Toyota. I was constantly impressed with their self-sacrifice, their dedication to God and their hospitality towards us.

The daily activities consisted of several speaking engagements a day (even a couple for myself to my surprise), one to a ministry school, the majority of the others to churches; a visit to someone's house for a ceremonial meal (not a ritual or anything, but when you come into a Kenyan's house, he or she wants to feed you and politeness dictates that you accept), a prayer meeting, more ceremonial-style meals and some strategizing for the future of their ministry. The times we spent strategizing for the future gave me a rush: it felt like me and my Dad time traveled back to Colonial times in America, the people were so eager to apply Christianity to government and life. At the same time, I felt like Robinson Crusoe, because getting there is such an adventure: we were talking about subsistence farming, building a ministry office from scratch, even the planning to get a car for the ministry involved ingenuity and enterprise. I could feel God planting the ideas, and then feel my spine tingle as I pictured it happening. It's a trip to be a part of that.

Self-Hatred, Cont.

we're not. We're either walking closely with Him, or we're not. But God doesn't rank people based on how good they are on their own. When we think we have to DO something to appear good enough to be WORTH something, we get sorely disappointed in ourselves when we fail to meet our own expectations. The point is that we will never be good enough.

Our first natural sin response when we fail is to "heal" ourselves – to make ourselves into better people by "punishing" ourselves. Sometimes we are just very depressed, or angry with ourselves. In extreme cases, we can get into cutting, anorexia, bulimia, suicidal thoughts, or extreme risk-taking. But the only way to get true healing, the kind that reaches deep into the core of the problem, is to know the Truth. And the Truth is that Jesus' blood on the cross covers everything.

The life of Jesus, which really *was* perfect, counts for our life – it's applied to our "account." It's like getting a credit check when you apply for a credit card. Say you have really bad credit, so you use your brother Joe Bob's credit history – and he's never missed a payment in his life. Joe Bob's credit gets counted to you, so you can get a credit card. The bank chooses to look at his credit instead of yours, because his is perfect. That's what God does. You have a perfect "credit rating" just because Jesus has perfect

Self-Hatred, Cont.

credit and it's counted to you. But all that badness still has to be punished. Something deep inside us knows that justice has to be done. So we drench ourselves with hatred -- we "pour out wrath" on ourselves with those destructive behaviors, because we feel that hatred and wrath can somehow make up for sin and failures.

If Satan can get us to believe that the wrath of God was not poured out completely for our sin onto Jesus, then he can take away the power of the cross in our lives. He will get us to think that our wrath will be a good substitute

for God's, and that the cross did nothing. The truth is, God poured out His entire wrath against our sin onto Jesus while He was on the cross. It's already done. Jesus was drenched in the hatred we want to take on ourselves, so we wouldn't have to feel it. That hatred, anger, and violence we feel toward ourselves has no place in our lives, because Jesus took it all on himself. The Bible says, "The punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we are healed." - Isaiah 53:5. The challenge is this: will you accept His healing, or will you mock Him by trying to heal yourself? The choice is yours. ■

SAFARI, CONT.

Our big event was a Family Life Parade: a romp through 500,000 strong city of Eldoret on a big open-bedded truck equipped with bullhorns and a keyboard, preceded by the youth from one of the churches, dancing, and several men in costume. A combination of my Dad, Bishop Simon, the youth minister Benedict Dumas and me for moment, took the bullhorn and preached abstinence, fidelity in marriage and Christian life to the crowds that swarmed as we were driving down the main streets.

The youth at the parade had the greatest effect of all on me. The day before the parade I'd spent some time talking with them as a group about Teens for Life and what they could do as teenagers in Kenya. They all loved drama and I planned with them to start a drama team that they could use for evangelism. Ministry aside, I loved getting a smile from any of them. Their smiles are very contagious and if you can get them to smile you have to start smiling yourself. The next day as we were preparing for the parade, I spent all my time with them, teaching them English, making them laugh when I tried to speak Swahili and even trying to

"Mungu aku bariki: God bless you."

teach them baseball. When I started to say goodbye at the end of the day, I felt a twist in my gut: I was starting to miss them already. Either that or it was the meat I'd had that afternoon. I still remember their names: there were 3 Josephs, and then Morris, Alice, Ruth, Maggie, Dorcas Nambura, Mary, Milcah, Monica, Rachel, Violet, Naomi and Benedict the youth minister.

A month later I sit at my desk with an entirely different view of Kenya. It was a treat to go there and to connect with that ministry, not an ordeal. I have had the pleasure of dipping my foot in an endeavor that God was working in at the same time as I was taking part! I got to know people from a culture that's light-years away from mine, and still bond with them. I have the chance to stay involved with them as they live out all those plans.

In closing, a Swahili lesson. Mungu aku bariki: God bless you. Bwana asifiwe: praise the Lord. Kwaheli: good-bye. ■ 9