

May 2012

Lo The d Ou Righteousness

The Power of Confession and Prayer for One Another

Elder Charles Moore



resentment against someone else. And, those resentments have been festering and festering and festering. Now, when

we begin to confess our

sins to one another you're going to find that the festering sores of resentment and distrust begin to evaporate and begin to melt away. There is restoration, there is reconciliation, and there is revival that comes when we confess our sins to one another and pray for one another. You can study the history of revival. And, you're going to find out that every great revival is marked, absolutely marked and saturated with this one thing that I'm talking about, a confession of sins to one another.

Confession should only be as wide as the sin. If we have sinned secretly, we should confess it to God. If we have sinned against someone else, we should confess it to God and to the person whom we have wronged. And if we have sinned publicly, we should confess it to God and in public.

Furthermore, if a fellow believer comes to us to confess that he or she has sinned against us; we must always be willing to grant forgiveness. What a day it will be in our churches when confession replaces criticism and compassion replaces condemnation. We need to learn to confess our sins to one another and pray for one another.

Now, the confession of a sin is not a call to criticism, it is a call to effective prayer. **James 5:16 ... The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.** Now, that word "effective, fervent"

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Prayer is a powerful force. Andrew Murray said this in relation to prayer. "In prayer we change our natural strength for the supernatural strength of God." Dr. R. A. Torrey said this, "Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God." Another great preacher of yesteryear, Dr. A. C. Dickson, said this, "When we depend upon organization, we get what organization can do, and that's something. When we depend upon education, we get what education can do, and that is something. When we depend upon money, we get what money can do, and that is something. When we depend upon singing and preaching, we get what they can do, and that is something." But, then Dr. A. C. Dickson said, "When we depend upon prayer, we will get what God can do." And, then this great preacher went on to say, "What all the churches and all the homes and all the schools and all the individuals need is what God can do, and how shall we get what God can do? By prayer out of hearts that are right with God."

James 5:16 Confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.

James tells us how to pray so as to bring the healing power of God into our bodies, into our minds, into our spirits, into our homes, into our

relationships so that God, who is the God that heals our diseases, will move in and heal us. Several things I want you to notice.

First of all, I want you to notice the confession that precedes this kind of healing, "**confess your sins to one another,**" This is the reason that we don't see more healing. This is the reason that we don't see more answered prayer. We are great at concealing our sins rather than confessing our sins. Now, we love to criticize our friends and castigate our foes, but we don't like to confess our sins. That's the last thing any of us want to do, but I'll tell you, there are some definite results that come when we obey what James said here in the Word of God when we "**confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another so that you may be healed.**"

The very first thing that begins is there is restoration, there is healing. God begins to heal homes. God begins to heal relationships. God begins to heal minds. God begins to heal spirits and God begins to heal bodies. Not only is there restoration, there is reconciliation. Did you know that when we begin to confess our sins to one another that God brings us together? There are many people who have

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although it's two words in the English, its one word in the Greek and this word literally means "stretched out." We could read it this way. The stretched out prayer of a righteous man avails much. Now, the idea of stretched out is the idea of an athlete who is running for the finish line and the ribbon is there and he's trying to break the ribbon and with all of his heart he is stretched out. What he is talking about is prayer that is intense, fervent, like an athlete, with every nerve, every ounce, every inch, every fiber, stretched out, intense prayer.

Not only is James talking about the intensity of the prayer, but he's also talking about the integrity of the prayer. The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man, it is the prayer of a man whose heart is clean before God. So much of our praying is a smoke screen to cover up our sin, and we don't intend to confess our sin, we just want God to bless us. **"The LORD is far from the wicked: but he hears the prayer of the righteous" (Proverbs 15:29). "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me..." (Psalm 66:18).** Now, I don't know about you, but it's important to me that God hears my prayers.

Many of you have heard the illustration of how they catch monkeys in the South Sea Islands. Do you know what they do? They hollow out a hole in the top of that coconut, and it's a small hole, so small that the monkey can just straighten out his fingers and slip his paw into that hole. They strap the coconut to a palm tree. They put rice inside of the coconut. And, the monkey will slip his paw into the coconut and take a fistful of rice. Now, while his fist is balled up like that he cannot withdraw it from the hole in the coconut and then the captor comes along and he has him a monkey to eat. Well, you say, "Stupid monkey, all he has to do is let go of the rice." That's right, but he will not do it, he will stay there and beg, and scream, and cry, and chatter, and wiggle, but he'll never open his hand and let go of that rice, stupid monkey right.

I know some people probably you do too, who will get before God and they will beg, and plead, and cry, and whimper, and ask God to hear their prayers, but they will not let go of that sin. They will not. If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. There is no sin worth not having your prayers answered.

The sick need more than your pity. They need your prayers and those who are sinful need more than your compassion, they need your prayer and the Bible teaches very clearly and very plainly that we're to pray for one another. Prayer is not preparation for service. Prayer is service. Prayer is not getting ready to minister, prayer is ministry in and of itself and don't tell me there's no ministry that you can have. If you can pray you can minister. It is the most valuable service you can render and you may do more than pray after you've prayed but you can't do more than pray until you've prayed.

Friends, think with me of the intensity of the prayer, think of the integrity of the prayer, the effective fervent, stretched out prayer of a righteous man avails much. This is the kind of praying that we need to pray for one another.

Some material taken from a sermon by Adrian Rogers called Prayer of Healing

Cyberspace News

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Greetings from your cyberspace reporter this month of May. It has been a busy month and I must start with the last of the month first.

Our beloved Ruth Charles passed away May 24. Her whole loving family was by her bedside. They had 3 days to love on her, sing her hymns and tell her it was all right to leave this world behind. She had a wonderful day on Sunday the 20th. The Echoes and others had given her a concert and she sang loud and clear "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so." The next morning she was unresponsive and unable to talk. The family has been comforted by all the outpouring of love and Elder Roy Gee's sermon of Lazarus's resurrection, Elder Charles Moore's loving committal at the cemetery, and Elder Tim Begeman reading the 23rd Psalm and John 11. Such comforting words! The Echoes sang "His Life for Mine" and "Yes, I know." Daughter Kathy read a touching obituary written by Ruth's loving husband David and then Brad Charles read a tribute from her grandchildren as the ten of them stood together to honor Grandma. Katie Nevil had to miss the event as she is still in France (I am sure she was there in spirit.) It was a moving moment to see those young people and how she had influenced them. A lovely luncheon was served afterward so folks could visit. Rev. 14:13 says, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." Ruth had many blessings in life but the best one is yet to come at that great resurrection of the redeemed.

We had a nice surprise on the 26th when Leslie Miller, with children Rebecca and Alex had traveled to Michigan and came to church. They had heard that Ruth was so ill and came to comfort their good friends the Charles family.

Scott Lane graduated this month from high school in Phoenix. He is the son of Jon and Berty Lane. I hear Scott is traveling to Nashville this summer for a seminar on sound systems for music. Chelsey Begeman Connor (father Brian) graduated from The University of Toledo and Jack Begeman (father Mike) graduated from kindergarten. Chelsey has started her career at Bixby Hospital in Adrian. Jack plans to play this summer. I just wanted to compare the occasions. We wish each of you God's blessings for your futures.

Abby Begeman spent a week with Ainsley, Jennie and Kane in Phoenix. She enjoys niece Ainsley so much and the feeling is mutual.

Dorothy Layton had some minor problems with her foot this month. When your foot is involved, it does not feel minor I am sure. Get well soon, Dorothy.

Rip and Norma Ripley are still getting along. Rip says Norma maintains her sense of humor and that lightens the load.

In Michigan youth camp is on our mind. Please pray for us that all goes well and that the kids absorb the wonderful gospel message.

"Just because something doesn't do what you planned it to do doesn't mean it's useless,"

Thomas Alva Edison



Michigan Report

Tim Begeman

Let me start out with a fictitious May story:

Norman decides to take a balloon ride on offer at the local May Day Fair. The balloon and its customers drift along in the breeze, but eventually they are lost. Norman has no idea where he is, so when the gondolier takes the basket down to ten feet above the ground he calls to a passer-by: 'Excuse me, sir, can you tell me where I am?' After looking Norman up and down, the passer-by says: 'You are in a red balloon, ten feet above ground.' The balloon's unhappy resident replied, 'You must be a lawyer' 'How could you possible know that?' asked the passer-by. 'Because your answer is technically correct but absolutely useless, and the fact is I am still lost'. 'Then you must be in management', said the passer-by. 'That's right! How did you know?' 'You have such a good view from where you are, and yet you don't know where you are and you don't know where you are going. The fact is you are in the exact same position you were in before we met, but now your problem is somehow my fault!'

As we are enjoying a short time between our furnaces stopping and the start of our air conditioners we had an exciting start to the month of May. Erin and Pat Gill's twin girls could no longer wait to be born. They were originally scheduled to be born the first part of July however they entered into this world on May 4th. Being born a couple months early as you probably guessed presented the doctors with some challenges and a set of concerns, but with a lot of answered prayer and medical expertise the twins are progressing great. Pat and Erin had fun learning parental skills with the close tutelage of the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit nurses. Within a couple weeks Raegan and Ryann stabilized and were graduated from the NICU to a step down unit which means they are well on the way to coming home very soon. One advantage to the compact size of the twins is their grandma Fedor can hold them without any fear of strain or muscle trauma.

This month "the" Chelsey "Begeman" Connor moved to being "the erudite" Chelsey Connor when she graduated with a Master's Degree in Speech-Language Pathology from the prosperous University of Toledo. Without the hoopla of even a brief hiatus, she immediately moved into the working rat race by getting a job where she had been an intern. So, if you find yourself having trouble enunciating or verbalizing words in my article give Chelsey a call and maybe she can give you some cheek calisthenics to perform that would help your articulations.

Sydney Begeman with a lot of tremendous and grueling exertion combined with unrelenting disciplined training she came in 13th out of 34 in the shot put at the state team track meet. She ended up putting the shot a grand total of 30 feet 9 inches, which was a little short of her personal best of 31 feet 8 inches. My shoulder hurts just thinking about attempting something like that. She also is at the moment of this writing, the top freshman, academically speaking. I'm not sure what fuels her ambition, but I need some.

On May 19th our church joined in on the 50th anniversary of the Petersburg 7th Day Church of God celebration. We all had a blessed time looking back on 50 years of their ministry. The service included a look back on Pastor John Schott's illustrious 25 year career. We also got an inspirational message by Calvin Burrell that pointed out we are all united by the gospel of Jesus Christ.

As most of you have probably heard we have the sad news of the passing of Ruth Charles. She has been a long time member of our church, and also a conspicuous hard working volunteer at our youth camp. She will most assuredly be missed. Let me at this time share with you one of my earliest memories of Ruth. My siblings and I along with the Ruth and David Charles clan attended the same small Lord Our Righteousness Church, therefore all of us kids were a close knit group. On occasion we older Begeman kids would do a sleepover at the Charles'. The first sleepover was not the most comfortable for me because I was emotionally feeble and extremely pusillanimous, which also made it very memorable for me. The first full night I spent there I was the ripe old age of ten years old. In the middle of the night I had a call of nature which at that time was not that unusual for me, but apparently to Ruth it must of been life threatening. Those kinds of moments for me were very private and I just as well let everyone think that I didn't have those sorts of moments. When I got up to answer the call of nature I was trying to be as clandestine and covert as possible skulking through the house in complete and utter darkness, but Ruth must have slept with one eye and ear open all night because I wasn't in the bathroom for 45 seconds when I heard Ruth knocking on the bathroom door asking me: "what is going on in there?" My soft spoken verbal assurances that everything was ok did not placate Ruth's growing vehement concerns. She knocked on the door until I finished my business and when I loosened the lock on the door she burst in and started to inspect the bathroom for what I suspect was pools of blood or severed limbs. When she found that everything was in order she turned to me and asked me: "are you ok and what are you wearing?" I told her I was fine and that's what I was trying to tell you through the bathroom door but I guess you couldn't hear me with all that knocking and I wasn't expecting a uniform inspection in the middle of the night. She said: "you don't sleep in that, do you? We don't sleep in our underwear in this house." I assured her that this was just my "tiptoeing through the house in the middle of the night" outfit and I would put on my pajamas before I slip into bed. I know I didn't appreciate Ruth's concerns at the time, but I know she wasn't going to let me die on her watch and I now know that caring for children is a 24-7 job and you can never be too careful.



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Ice

One October, my wife and I spent a vacation on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. We were eager to visit the rain forests near the coast, but we heard that snow slides had made some of the roads impassable. Although apprehensive about the conditions we might run into, we drove on.

Sure enough, we had only gone a short way up the Hoh Rain

Forest road when we saw a sign that read, "Ice: 10 Miles."

Five miles farther on, there was another sign that said, "Ice: 5 Miles." The next one read, "Ice: 1/2 Mile."

We practically crept that half-mile. We finally came to the last sign. It was outside a small grocery store and it said, "Ice: 75 Cents."

Masters Degree Speech Pathology
Chelsey Begeman Connor



Leslie
Alex, Rebekah
Miller



High School Graduation
Scott Lane



Ruth's surviving family



David and Ruth's grandchildren



Graduating kindergarten
Jack Begeman



Ethel Johnson, Dale Begeman
Ruth's surviving siblings

EULOGY for Ruth D. Charles -



Ruth Doris Charles was born on June 21, 1924 in Trenton, Michigan and she died on May 24th, 2012 in Howell, Michigan. Her parents were Albert and Clara Begeman. Ruth was the 5th of 7 children in the Begeman family. They were Ila (Estel) Baker, Violet (Hobart) Chapman, Elton (Gerry) Begeman, Ethel (Kenneth) Johnson, Ruth (David) Charles, Donald (Judy) Begeman, and Dale (Geneva) Begeman. Surviving Ruth are Ethel Johnson and Dale Begeman.

Ruth attended school from kindergarten through twelfth grade at Trenton, Michigan. She majored in business education in high school and graduated third in her class in 1941.

She had a busy working life. Immediately after graduation she went to work in industry as a bookkeeper in a major manufacturing company. She soon received a call from Trenton Schools asking her to come there as a secretary in the superintendent's business office. After working there for about 8 years, she took a ten year leave of absence, to raise her four children and then returned to Trenton School system's Hedke Elementary School as a secretary to the principal. In 1971, the Charles family moved to Fenton, Michigan and Ruth became the secretary at Lake Fenton Middle School where she remained until her retirement in 1986. Following retirement, she served as the business manager for a gospel singing group which traveled all over the western United States. In addition she was the 'gopher' on several building projects for her husband and for her children's families. In 1988, she and her husband moved to Florida where in the next twenty-three years they built two houses for themselves. She worked hard on these also.

On Memorial Day in 1947, Ruth met a young man named Frederick David Charles, who had recently arrived in the United States from Wales. They were married 4 months later. Three years after that, Ruth and David started their family. Ruth gave birth to four children, Lynn, Larry, Kathy and Kay, who all married wonderful spouses and presented her with 11 grandchildren and 9 great grand children. A tenth great grandchild is due to arrive in September.

Ruth and her husband were raised in a strict religious atmosphere, where she was very active in the Seventh Day Adventist Reformed church. Her father loved music and bought a piano so that Ruth and her sister Violet could learn to play. Ruth became the pianist at church for many years. In 1948, she discovered that salvation could only be obtained by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ's work on the cross on her behalf, not by trying to earn it through good deeds. She received Jesus as her personal Savior by faith alone, left the reformed church and joined the Lord Our Righteousness Church. One of the missionary activities of the Lord Our Righteousness Church was its Youth Camp. Ruth and some other members were put in charge of the music at camp. She was also in charge of KP where children learned that dishtowels never under any circumstances were used to wipe sweaty faces and dirty hands. In fact, the daily group of kids that were assigned to work for her after each meal were never allowed to leave the kitchen "until the fat lady sang" at which time she uttered a meaningful scream. The campers loved it.

In school, Ruth received a D grade in vocal music. But she must have improved somewhat because in later years she spent fifteen years singing the alto part in the Christian concerts of the Michigan Concert Choir. Her love for all kinds of religious music, both vocal and instrumental, was deep. And she passed this onto all of her four children.

Ruth had many other interests besides music. She loved interior decorating and could make a house a home no matter how humble the building was. She was blessed with the gift of hospitality. People were always welcome in her home. Her table settings were beautiful beyond description. Whatever she cooked tasted wonderful, but for her, presentation was everything. She and her husband traveled through many foreign countries, in addition to the United States and Canada, and whenever she did so, it was to please her husband rather than herself. She took great pride in doing laundry, and whenever she visited her children's houses, you could be sure that their laundry would be washed, dried, and folded neatly for them. She was a whiz at housekeeping. To keep her house immaculate, anyone coming to her door (and that meant visitors as well as family) was given a chore or was ordered in no uncertain terms to take off their shoes. Two of her famous quotes were "if you don't haul it in the front door, I won't have to shovel it out of the back door" and "if you do not have socks on I will give you a pair".

Her family without exception loved her unconditionally. She was a stern but loving disciplinarian who would have walked on hot coals for them.

A few years ago she became afflicted with dementia and as time passed her abilities to walk, work, conduct a meaningful conversation, and figure things out for herself became increasingly impaired. Ruth and David lived in a retirement center called Village Manor for the last ten months. She got to know an excellent pianist named Velma, who was playing the Beer Barrel Polka for a sing along. When the song ended, Ruth shouted "Amen." Five days before her death, she sang hymns with several of her family and friends. After one verse of "What a Friend We Have In Jesus", she complained, "That was too fast!" The last song she really belted out was "Jesus Loves Me This I Know". She may not have remembered anyone else's name, but she remembered that Jesus knew her by name and loved her. A week ago last Monday night, she became unable to move and was put to bed where she remained sedated and incommunicative until her death on Thursday evening. In her last couple of weeks, she talked about the wonderful care she had been getting from both the Village Manor employees and the nurses and aides from Great Lakes Caring Hospice Association.

Ruth D. Charles will be missed, but greatly loved forever. Right before her death, she opened her eyes and looked into her husband David's eyes. What assurance we have that because of her love for Jesus, the next time she opens her eyes will be to look at her Savior's face in her heavenly home.

She loved family and social gatherings. She would have loved being with all of you. In her last months Lynn decided to keep a record of things Mom said. She kept asking Lynn about parties and gifts. She even claimed she would dance on the tables at her birthday. So, in closing, using the immortal words of Mother, "If I die, it was nice to have me at the party."