

## AN EASTER STORY

Do you remember the popular cable TV show "Duck Dynasty", with the Robertson family, their patriarch Phil, Miss Kay, his wife, and their sons?

Recently Phil Robertson published a book by the title "The Theft of America's Soul." My antenna shot up as soon as I heard of this book, and I went straight to Amazon to get a copy. I was not disappointed.

The subtitle of the book is "Blowing the Lid Off the Lies that are

was losing control.

Phil lost his teaching job and then after a year of bartending, lost that job also, and had to run from the law after a violent fistfight.

I hid out in the woods and partied with Big Al and the gang . . . I was shirking responsibilities, controlled by my own desires. . . . The desire to do what I wanted to do. But the more I chased my desires, the emptier I felt. And with this realization, a deep guilt set in.

Phil almost lost it all after Miss Kay left him, taking the boys with

her. But he came to himself, faced his guilt, and found Christ through Miss Kay, his sister Jan, and their pastor, Bill Smith.



Destroying This Country." Each chapter focuses on one of ten lies that are killing our nation. Stories of Phil's life experience are interspersed along the way. The first three lies: God is dead; there is no Devil; Truth is relative, and there are seven more.

What does this have to do with Easter that is almost upon us? Let me pass on to you a few short excerpts from the book, and hopefully you will see the connection.

I graduated college by the skin of my teeth in 1969 . . . At Junction City [Arkansas] I met Big Al Bolen on the first day of school. He was a large man with an even larger intellect, and his appetite for a good party was even larger still. He was . . . an atheist and, for whatever reason, we took a shine to each other from the start. I'd never been much of a partier before I met Big Al, but I was drawn to the kind of freedom he seemed to embody. We were inseparable . . . and he invited me into his rowdy lifestyle.

We'd teach during the day and raise hell during the night. On the weekends we'd be the last one out of the bar. . . we'd get high, get drunk, and get laid, mostly in that order. . . . For the first time I was tasting what I thought was freedom – the drugs, the drinking, the sleeping around. As the years wore on, my behavior became more erratic and unruly. My partying began to spill into the week; I

Twelve years after my conversion, the phone rang. "I need to talk to you." It was Big Al. . . .

I made my way north to Arkansas . . . He stood there, softer than I'd ever remembered him.

"I've been keeping up with you," he said, "and I must admit, I've never seen such a change in a man." . . . "Guess what my doctor told me?" . . . "It looks like I have an aneurysm in my heart that could burst at any moment." . . . "So, are you having second thoughts about your atheism?"

Big Al nodded, then asked me what had made such a difference in my life. How had I changed? I relayed my conversion story, shared how I'd been a prisoner of the Devil and how God had freed me from that prison. I shared the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus and the death, burial, and resurrection of Phil Robertson. I told him that the Devil had enslaved him through his own desires, but that God wanted to free him from that bondage. I gave him the unfiltered truth of God, shared the good news of Jesus with him, and . . . I waited for his response.

"I tell you what," he said, "because of this aneurysm, I don't know if I'm going to make it. This story, if it's true, it changes everything. I reckon I underestimated it." . . . "Think you could take me down to the river and baptize me?" "Yes,

I said, and that's just what we did.

Two months later I received a phone call from Big Al's wife. His aneurysm had burst, and he was gone. . . . He wanted me to preach at his funeral. . . . the whole town showed up for his funeral. . . .

"Let me tell you a story about the man in the casket," I said. "His body is there, but he's gone.

A couple of months ago, I had the privilege of baptizing Al into the family of Christ. He cut it thin," I said, "but he made it."

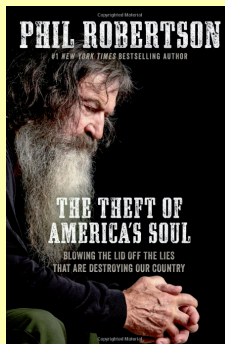
There was a near audible gasp, and many in the room began to cry. I shared the story, and in that story I laid out the good news of Jesus. I told them that Jesus wanted to set them free, just like he had Al. When I'd finished my remarks, I looked out at the audience. There was not a dry eye. Before leaving the stage, I looked down in the casket. "My old buddy, I'll see you again." . . .

Big Al could be a testament to America, if only we'd hear it. . . . if we face our own mortality, if we come to see that without Jesus we're on the road to eternal death – just as I did, just as Big Al did – we can come into a new season of freedom. . . . this is the absolute truth – the real and living God wants to free us from death. . . .

. . . the enemy of America's soul has come to steal, kill, and destroy. He's slicked us, convinced us generation by generation to take one step further away from the absolute truth of God.

. . . The Almighty loves you, me, and the rest of America. He loves us so much, he sent Jesus to earth to teach us that perfect truth, to live a sinless life, and to conquer sin and death. What's more, he clearly communicated the story of Jesus through the Scriptures. . . . the writers reminded us that Christ is coming again, and when he comes, he'll honor those who've honored him and punish those who've fallen for the evil one's lies.

What'll happen to those children of the enemy? It'll be the eter-



nal lake of fire for those dudes. I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

What should we do with this great truth of truths, the truth of the Almighty's love? We should put our faith in it and organize our whole lives around it.

And that, fellow travelers, is the story of Easter. If you haven't turned your life around and accepted God's gift of freedom from death and the wonderful prospect of life with Him, well, maybe it's time you did.

Linda Gammel

## ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

From the Web.

A man was driving along a highway when he saw the Easter rabbit hopping across the road. He swerved to avoid hitting the rabbit, but the Easter bunny jumped in front of the car and was struck.

The basket of eggs and candy, the rabbit was carrying, went flying all over the place. The driver, being an animal lover, pulled over to the side of the road, and got out to see what had become of the rabbit carrying the basket. Much to his dismay, the colourful rabbit was dead. The driver felt so awful, he began to cry.

A woman driving down the highway saw the man crying on the side of the road and pulled over. She asked the man what was wrong. "I feel terrible", he explained, "I accidentally hit the Easter rabbit and killed it. Children will be so disappointed."

The woman told the man not to worry. She went to her car trunk, and pulled out a spray can. She walked over to the dead rabbit, and sprayed the contents of the can onto the furry animal. Miraculously the Easter rabbit came to life, jumped up, picked up the spilled eggs and candy, waved its paw at the two humans and hopped down the road. 50 feet away the Easter rabbit stopped turned around, waved and hopped down the road. 50 feet further on, he turned again, waved and hopped another 50 feet, again he waved.

The man was astonished. He asked, "What did you spray on the Easter rabbit?"

The woman showed him the can. It said: "Hair spray. Restores life to dead hair. Adds permanent wave."

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Lucerne Valley Easter Egg

**Hunt** Saturday, April 20, starts at 9AM SHARP!! At the L.V. High School football field. Photos with bunny too.

**Mark your calendar!**

**L.V. Mega Swap Meet** Saturday, May 4, 8AM to 3PM. Sellers at 9 different locations in Lucerne Valley. We'll have 10 spaces for sellers here at the store. Call Kathryn to see there are any spaces left.

### L.V. School Board Meeting

Thursday, May 9, starts at 5:30PM. At the Alternative Education Center, 8560 Alioto Rd up Highway 18.

## ON THE PORCHES

### AT THE STORE

**WED**, April 17, 7A-9A, **BIBLE LITERATURE**, by Jehovah's Witnesses.

**SAT**, April 20, 8A-til sold out, **EASTER BAKE SALE**, by Lucerne Valley Roadrunners.



- Lucerne Valley Market
- "Do it Best" Hardware
- Wash n Shop
- Crossroads Center

e-mail address: Market.Hardware@lucernevalleymarket.com  
website: lucernevalleymarket.com

**Proud to be a member of Lucerne Valley Chamber of Commerce**

### LIMITS & MULTIPLE PRICING

Please, unless otherwise indicated, ON AD ITEMS NO MORE THAN 6 TOTAL (including all flavors or varieties) OF ANY ITEM, PER FAMILY, DURING THE AD PERIOD, AT THE SALE PRICE, except in produce and meat, which are limited to normal retail quantities, or which carry limits specifically stated. Sorry, we must reserve the right to further limit or refuse sales.

**ON MULTIPLE PRICING**, when purchasing items in quantities more or less than the multiple stated, the register is built automatically to charge the "each" price times the quantity. (Example: Price of item is 3/\$1. The price of: one = 34¢, two = 68¢, three = \$1, four = \$1.34, five = \$1.68, six = \$2.00).

## ECHO RECYCLING

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