

Can You Hear Me Now?

Yes, I can hear you now! At least much, much better than before! And tone it down a little, wouldja?

I can also hear my favorite little birds singing cheerfully in the trees, in their nests up in the solar panels and above the store's office roof. My favorites are the house finches, the tiny little birds, some with red caps, that have the richest, loudest warble of any. I had forgotten that, since it had been so long since I'd been able to hear them. They are probably around your house, so listen for them. Their songs of praise to God are inspiring, and should leave you with a smile!

You know what else I can hear? The microwave and stove timers, the office timer, and my car's beep that says I'm bad, bad, bad because I haven't connected my seatbelt yet. Bad, bad Linda! (I do carefully "wear" my seatbelt all of the time, but sometimes I'm a little slow to click it.) I would hate to offend the little mastermind hidden in my car somewhere, you know, the one that constantly tells you what to do and how to do it.

So why can I hear this stuff all of a sudden? Because "they" implanted in my head a secret transponder that connects to the various governments so they can quietly brainwash me and control my thoughts! I am now a robot, an automaton programmed to support the party line and threaten you if you don't spout it too!

Ha! Hopefully that is only a science fiction nightmare, although sometimes in this modern age, it feels like the fiction is gradually turning into fact. So what did they im-

beginnings of voice tones and even a little music. My poor brain (what's left of it) has to do all of the hard work of figuring out all of this stuff.

Fortunately, I still have some hearing in the other ear, and together, my comprehension of words spoken to me is far better than it was, especially if I can also read the faces and the lips of those speaking to me. I'm still lost in meetings and group settings, unless people speak one at a time.

It's an interesting experience to hear so many little sounds and noises, some of which are obvious and many of which require investigation to identify them. I'm constantly bugging those around me: "What was that sound I just heard?" The backup beep of a customer electric cart; the rush of water in the back room; just now a tiny little buzz in my ear that the others say is the vacuum in the produce department. Wow.

I have listening lessons I'm supposed to do, if I ever get time. I think the environment of this store is providing lots and lots of listening lessons, all by itself!

I have discovered several people who already have a cochlear implant, and several others have asked me how it's going because they are interested but reluctant to take that step. I'm glad to be a guinea pig for anyone who wants to know. You always knew I was a p--, uh, a guinea pig.

Just a word about the trips to Orange. Yes, just one word. UGH!

Supposedly California is experiencing a population exodus and has even lost a Con-

gressional seat because of it. Tell that to the freeways! I have never seen so much traffic in my life as in our recent trips. You really do have to have a navigator with you and make your moves toward you exits miles ahead of time, or you'll never get across the six lanes through solid bumper-to-bumper cars in time to make it. Even the Cajon Pass has been totally clogged, so badly that one time Google Maps routed us the back way, on Central to Roundup Way to Rock Springs to Arrowhead Lake Rd., to Rancho to Summit Valley Rd., to Hwy 138. And then

you still have to navigate the 15 after that! In all of this, I was sent a transponder, a tiny piece of tape with a UPC-like code on it. You place it in either corner of your windshield, and then you can use the FasTrak lanes for a price. That was after I followed Google's directions for the best route home and got caught on the 241 freeway, which is a FasTrak freeway. See how they do it? Right now, these tracking devices and services are being used to be sooooo helpful, and we smile. But all the while they

are building a database and tracking information on each and every one of us, saving it for a near-future time.

Conspiracy theory? Right-wing nutball theories? I don't think so anymore. Cars with GPS. Phones with GPS and many other communication ties to all kinds of places. I get a report from Google every week where I've been that week! Identification cards of all types getting scanned into systems all over. Digital currency on its way, where you can be told how to use your money or risk being locked out.

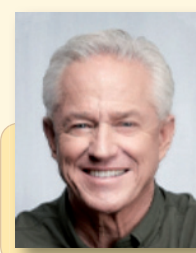
If it weren't for our God, in Whom we trust and with Whom we will spend eternity, I could go nuts. Too late? Maybe, but at least I can hear you tell me that I'm nuts!

Linda Gammel

All The Messiness of Life

Ray Bentley Ministries

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS
We honor Pastor Ray's life by continuing to share the daily devotions he prepared for you, his precious readers.



"One thing I ask of the Lord, this is what I seek: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to gaze upon the beauty of the Lord and to seek Him in His temple."— Psalm 27:4, NIV

People try to live apart from our Creator. But inevitably circumstances arise, things happen, and life brings us to a screaming awareness of our incompleteness and inability to live "abundantly" without God. The Holy Spirit works in us, through us, and around us, to draw and woo us to desire the Lord, and to pray for what David sought: the beauty of the Lord.

At a time in my life when I began to realize God was dealing with me about some personal issues, I began to hunger for and realize the presence of God.

I began to long, as David did, to behold the beauty of the Lord.

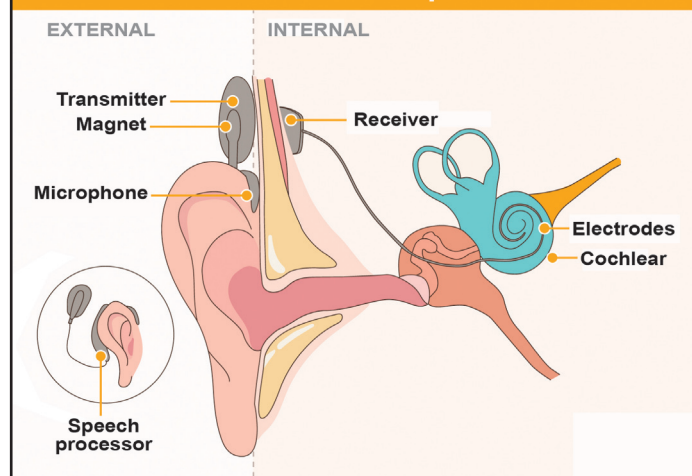
Yes, beauty. Not as the world defines it, but the kind of beauty that reveals God's handiwork, that enables us to live in this world but not belong to the world.

My soul began to thirst for God, to need Him in a way that transcended all my efforts to preach or teach. And I wanted to impart this hunger and thirst to others, that they might desire to be in the presence of the Lord.

No amount of spiritual posturing, religious rituals, or even ministry work can replace the raw humanity of a believer pouring his or her heart out to God. Allowing ourselves to be honest and real, we can let God take all the pain, sorrow, and messiness of life, and transform them into blessings, healing, life lessons, and His plan of redemption for our lives.



How Your Cochlear Implant Works



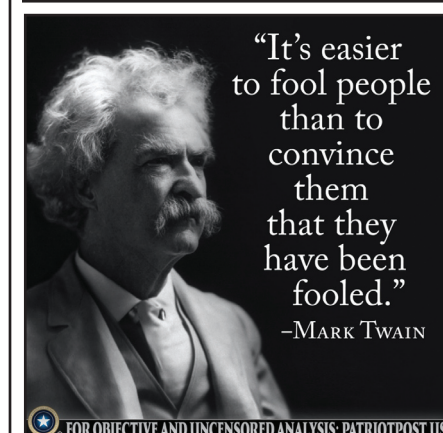
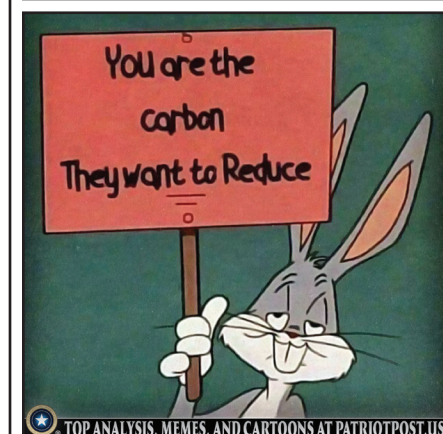
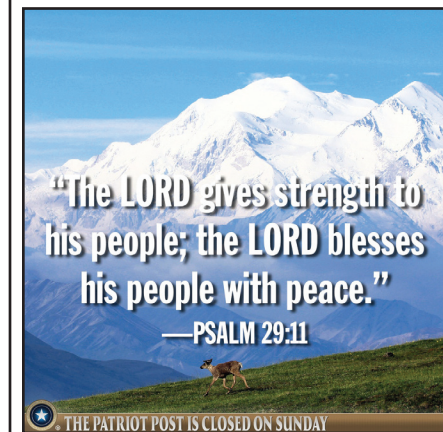
plant in my head? Some gizmo that attaches magnetically to a device on the outside of my head, which together "hear" by converting the sound waves picked up by a tiny microphone near my ear into some kind of impulses that the auditory nerve transmits to the brain.

The first time the audiologist turned it on, all I heard were chirps and cheeps, and not the beautiful kind like the house finches produce. It sounded strange, like an old sci-fi movie from the fifties. But by the second day, I started to hear words in all of that noise, and now, two weeks later, I hear almost all of it in actual words. They still sound strange, a little like the Chipmunks (remember "Alvin"?), but I am starting to notice the

you still have to navigate the 15 after that! In all of this, I was sent a transponder, a tiny piece of tape with a UPC-like code on it. You place it in either corner of your windshield, and then you can use the FasTrak lanes for a price. That was after I followed Google's directions for the best route home and got caught on the 241 freeway, which is a FasTrak freeway. See how they do it? Right now, these tracking devices and services are being used to be sooooo helpful, and we smile. But all the while they



On The Lighter Side . . . Contributed from the Web



- A sign in a shoe repair store in Vancouver: "We will heel you, We will save your sole, We will even dye for you."
 - On a Septic Tank Truck: "Yesterday's Meals on Wheels."
 - At an Optometrist's Office: "If you don't see what you're looking for, You've come to the right place."
 - On a Plumber's truck: "We repair what your husband fixed."
 - On another Plumber's truck: "Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber."
 - On an Electrician's truck: "Let us remove your shorts."
 - In a Non-smoking Area: "If we see smoke, we will assume you are on fire and will take appropriate action."
 - In a Restaurant window: "Don't stand there and be hungry; come on in and get fed up."
 - On a Maternity Room Push: "Push. Push. Push."
 - At a Car Dealership: "The best way to get back on your feet - miss a car payment."
 - In a Podiatrist's office: "Time wounds all heels."
 - Outside a Muffler Shop: "No appointment necessary. We hear you coming."
 - At the Electric Company: "We would be delighted if you send in your payment on time. However, if you don't, YOU will be de-lighted."
 - In the front yard of a Funeral Home: "Drive carefully. We'll wait."
 - In a Chicago Radiator Shop: "Best place in town to take a leak."
 - In a Veterinarian's waiting room: "Be back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!"
- And the best one for last:*
- Sign on the back of another Septic Tank Truck: "Caution - This Truck is full of Political Promises"



LUCERNE VALLEY COMMUNITY INDEPENDENCE DAY CARNIVAL

SATURDAY, JULY 2ND
9:00 A.M. - 5:00 P.M.
PIONEER PARK
LUCERNE VALLEY, CA

GAMES, VENDORS, FOOD, MUSIC, INFO BOOTHS, AND MUCH MORE!

HOSTED BY THE LUCERNE VALLEY ROADRUNNERS

JULY 4TH PARADE
MONDAY, 9:00 A.M.

Lucerne Valley Residents: HOUSEHOLD HAZARDOUS WASTE COLLECTION

Saturday, June 25, 2022
9 a.m. to 12 p.m.

Behind Lucerne Valley Fire Station
33269 Old Womans Spring Rd
(Enter through gate on Ladera Rd)

- We Accept...
- All Electric Wastes (E-Waste)
 - Antifreeze
 - Batteries
 - Oil and Filters
 - Fluorescents
 - Latex (only) Paint
 - Medical Needles



NO TRASH NOTHING ELSE!