

Take a Risk!

A monthly publication from Risk Takers *for Christ*

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C'mon, Take a Risk!

by Rev. Dale M. Glading, President

I recently read an article in a local magazine where people were asked “If time and money were not an issue, what would you be doing now?” I was surprised - and quite disappointed - by some of the answers because you could tell that most of the respondents had dreams but were not pursuing them. Instead, they were simply plodding along, putting one foot in front of the other, reporting for work each day in order to pay bills, but in a joyless way with no real sense of purpose.

Some of the responses were especially heartbreaking. “I would be back in Uruguay with my parents,” one young lady wrote, obviously wishing that she could return to her homeland. “I would be spending more time with my daughter,” a father said.

Still others said that they would like to teach or travel, which begs the question: “Why aren’t you?” I am not saying that everyone can (or should) pick up stakes and move or change vocations, but the gentleman who wanted to teach is financially secure and could easily quit his job and take a teaching position instead. The same goes for the couple in their 60s who wish they could travel more. They work part-time selling Tupperware which, I assume, they could do from virtually everywhere. So, why not take to the road?

Throughout our married life, Deanna and I have relocated a number of times for various

reasons. When we sold our first house in Pennsauken and moved to Cinnaminson, it was for two reasons. Our daughter Bethany was entering middle school and we wanted a better school system for her. We also wanted to be closer to our church and my ministry office. In other words, we placed family and ministry before any other considerations.

After nine years there, we decided to relocate to Barrington so that Matthew and

Christopher had a shorter commute to their Christian high school. That move, from a Republican bastion to a Democratic stronghold, was what led me to run for Congress several years later. Since I consider public service a ministry, not a career, our reasons for

moving were - once again - family and ministry.

Likewise, our move from New Jersey to Florida in 2011 opened a whole new world of ministry opportunities for us as a family. It also led to Bethany meeting Joe, Matt meeting Natasha, and Chris meeting Rachael. Had Deanna and I not followed God’s prodding to relocate to Vero Beach, we would not have the indescribable blessings named Brady, Sadie, Levi, Charlotte, Dylan, and Bella.

In 2017, we moved 15 miles “up the road” to Sebastian to be closer to the church where I was filling the pulpit for a pastor who had suffered a stroke. God rewarded that act of obedience with four years of ministry at Cornerstone Baptist Fellowship as well as the opportunity to serve as HOA president at Park



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A Living Nightmare

by Alistair Begg

“The ugly, thin cows ate up the seven attractive, plump cows..”

- Genesis 41:4

Pharaoh’s dream has too often been my waking experience. My days of laziness have ruinously destroyed all that I had achieved in times of zealous endeavor; my seasons of coldness have frozen all the genial glow of my periods of fervency and enthusiasm; and my fits of worldliness have thrown me back from my advances in the divine life. I had need to beware of lean prayers, lean praises, lean duties, and lean experiences, for these will eat up the fat of my comfort and peace.

If I neglect prayer for never so short a time, I lose all the spirituality to which I had attained; if I draw no fresh supplies from heaven, the old corn in my granary is soon consumed by the famine that rages in my soul. When the caterpillars of indifference, the worms of worldliness, and the snares of self-indulgence lay my heart completely desolate and make my soul languish, all my former

fruitfulness and growth in grace avails me nothing whatever.

How anxious should I be to have no lean-fleshed days, no ill-favored hours! If every day I journeyed toward the goal of my desires I would soon reach it, but backsliding leaves me still far from the prize of my high calling and robs me of the advances that I had so strenuously made.

The only way in which all my days can be like the fat cows is to feed them in the right meadow, to spend them with the Lord, in His service, in His company, in His fear, and in His way. Why should not every year be richer than the past, in love and usefulness and joy? I am nearer the celestial hills; I have had more experience of my Lord and should be more like Him.

O Lord, keep far from me the curse of leanness of soul; let me not have to bemoan such leanness, but may I be well-fed and nourished in Your house, that I may praise Your name.

Devotional material is taken from “Morning and Evening,” written by C.H. Spurgeon, revised and updated by Alistair Begg. Copyright © 2003, Good News Publishers

America Is Adrift and Heading for the Rocks

by Rev. Dale M. Glading, President

Mark Twain famously posited that, “There are three kinds of lies: Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics.” Twain, in turn, credited British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli with originating the saying.

Regardless of its true author, I would like to add my own spin to the old adage. “There are two kinds of lies: normal, everyday lies... and lies that originate from the very pit of hell.”

In the former category, I would lump “the dog ate my homework” type of purposely dishonest, but relatively harmless falsehoods. In the latter category, I would include lies that are so evil - but so deceptive - that they often appear to be true on the surface. Take one bite from these ripe-looking apples however, and you are sure to find a half-eaten worm inside.

One such “from the very pit of hell” lie is the false belief that, because God is so loving, He will change His mind at the last minute and allow everyone into heaven. Not true. Yes, God is indeed the very essence of love (see

I John 4:16), but He is also holy and just (see Isaiah 6:3 and 30:18). In fact, His holiness cannot tolerate sin and His justice must punish those who commit it. Thankfully, His love provided a sin payment through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ (see John 3:16).

Another such “pit of hell” lie is that religion and politics don’t mix. Actually, they do. More importantly, they were meant to... at least in America. If you don’t believe me, just ask one of our greatest and most influential Founding Fathers, Patrick Henry. When delivering his immortal “Give me liberty or give me death” speech to the Virginia Convention, which was meeting at St. John’s Church in Richmond, Henry quoted from the Book of Jeremiah at least three times.

Travel abroad and - before his death in 2021 - you could have asked Bishop Desmond Tutu for his opinion on the subject. Tutu, an Anglican priest, won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984 for his role as “a unifying leader figure in the campaign to resolve the problem of apartheid in South Africa.” One can only imagine the quizzical look on the good bishop’s face when he said, “I am puzzled by which Bible people are reading when they suggest that religion and politics don’t mix.”

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C'mon, Take a Risk!

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Place, the manufactured home community where we lived.

After four years there, we felt led to move back to Vero to be closer to our kids and grandkids, several of whom Deanna babysits for almost daily. Relocating to Midway Estates and becoming full-time stationary RVers opened the door to planting a new church in our campground. Today, Midway Bible Fellowship attracts more than 40 people "in season" and about 20 in the summer months after the snowbirds have flown north.

My friends, please don't be like the folks in the magazine article who are putting their dreams on hold while consigning themselves to a life of drudgery. Ask God to reveal His plans to you which, I am willing to bet, involve turning your passions into productivity and using your spiritual gifts for His glory.

Looking back on 36 years of ministry to prisoners and at-risk youth, Deanna and I have no regrets about leading unconventional lives as full-time missionaries. We have laughed, lived, and loved - trying our best to bless others while simultaneously being blessed ourselves - and we

wouldn't have it any other way.

Since today is not guaranteed, let alone tomorrow, is there something you would rather be doing professionally? Or is there somewhere else you would rather be living... and serving God?

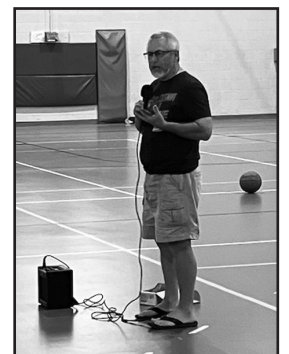
If so, why not "take a risk" by trusting God and following His direction (and your dreams)?

"Now the LORD had said to Abram: 'Get out of your country, from your family and your father's house, to a land that I will show you. I will make you a great nation; I will bless you and make your name great; and you shall be a blessing. I will bless those who bless you, and I will curse him who curses you; and in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed.' So Abram departed as the LORD had spoken to him, and Lot went with him. And Abram was seventy-five years old when he departed from Haran." Genesis 12:1-4 (NKJV)

"Delight yourself also in the LORD, and He shall give you the desires of your heart." Psalm 37:4 (NKJV)

"Commit your works to the LORD, and your thoughts will be established." Proverbs 16:3 (NKJV)

Living H2O Initiative Photos



America Is Adrift and Heading for the Rocks

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Or you could travel back in time - and “across the pond” - to merry old England in the late 1800s for a chat with Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Known as the “Prince of Preachers,” Spurgeon pastored the New Park Street Chapel, later known as the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the largest church in Great Britain if not the entire world.

“I often hear it said, ‘Do not bring religion into politics,’” Spurgeon thundered. “This is precisely where it ought to be brought, and set there in the face of all men as on a candlestick.”

If Spurgeon and Tutu are too clerical for your liking, then how about asking Albert Einstein to weigh in on the matter? An avowed agnostic, Einstein said, “Those who believe that politics and religion do not mix, understand neither.”

Truth be told, many of America’s founders were evangelical Christians and quite a few were either ministers and/or attended seminary. Remember that Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Brown were originally established to train prospective pastors. And don’t forget that John and Samuel Adams, John Marshall, John Jay, John Hancock, Benjamin Rush, Peter Muhlenberg, and the aforementioned Patrick Henry all wore their deep Christian faith on their respective sleeves.

Even the most famous Deists of the day, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, were frequent churchgoers. In fact, Franklin vigorously promoted the ministry of evangelist George Whitefield, his close friend and business partner, while Jefferson often graced the largest church in America when he was president, which not-so-coincidentally met in the rotunda of the U.S. Capitol. So much for the false “separation of church and state” premise that we will address head-on in a moment.

During the Constitutional Convention in 1787, Franklin proposed that the meetings open with prayer. “How has it happened,” he pondered, according to a copy of the speech in Franklin’s papers, “that we have not, hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our Understandings?”

But, Dale, you can’t impose your morality - or anyone else’s for that matter - on others. To which I respond: it

is not my morality, it is God’s; and the absence of which invites and virtually ensures complete societal anarchy.

Why is murder illegal... at least for now? Because our laws, which are founded upon the Mosaic Law and the 10 Commandments, state unequivocally, “Thou shalt not kill.”

Imagine living in a culture where theft is no longer illegal, let alone punished, because following the biblical commandment “Thou shalt not steal” is deemed too religious? Don’t we already live in such a lawless and ludicrous state, you say? My point exactly! Strip America of its founding Judeo-Christian principles and all hell will eventually and inevitably break loose.

But, Dale, what about the separation of church and state? First, that phrase is not included in any of our founding documents including the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution. Second, when President Thomas Jefferson coined that phrase in his January 1, 1802, letter to the Baptist Association of Danbury CT, he was writing to assure the ministers in question that a “wall of separation” existed between the church and the state, protecting organized religion and religious expression from the government... not the other way around.

Folks, I am not proposing that America become an officially recognized Christian nation. That would be unwise, impractical, and unconstitutional. On the contrary, I am simply stating that our country was largely founded by Christian men and women using the eternal truths of God’s Word as the foundation - nay, the virtual cornerstone - of our republic. The further we drift from those spiritual moorings, the greater our national peril.

As Ronald Reagan once said, “America will cease to be great when it ceases to be good.” The Gipper was right then... and he is right now.

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