

A seasonal publication of SonRise Christian Fellowship

THE CHIMES

A close-up photograph of several pink lilies. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The petals are a vibrant pink with darker spots near the center. The background is a soft, dark green gradient. The overall composition is elegant and natural.

SPRING 2017

Contents

BEHOLD THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD	1
KING OF THE COWBOYS	3
COFFEE SHOP	4
THE SINGULARITY	6
THE PROMISE	8
PRAYER	10
DEEPER STILL	12
WOMENS MINISTRY	13
NOT ABOUT THE SHOW	14
WORK DAY	16
NAVIGATING PARENTHOOD	18
MISSION FIELD	19
CALL ME CRAZY	20
DEPENDANT	22
SERVANT'S HEART	23
TO MY HUSBAND	24
CAN'T BE A BETTER CHRISTIAN	25
HEART OF A DEACON	25
FALLING TO FREEDOM	26
DANCING WITH THE WORD	30
MIQLAT	31
BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES	32
LIFE GROUP LISTINGS	33
COMMUNITY OUTREACH	BACK

Contacts

SonRise Christian Fellowship
463 S. Stage Coach Lane
Fallbrook, CA 92028

Church Office Hours:
T - TH 9am-4pm / F 9am-12pm

Phone 760·728·5804
Preschool 760·728·1032
Fax 760·728·3865

Email - office@sonrisefallbrook.com
Website - www.sonrisefallbrook.com

Pastor - Jerome Marroquin
Administrative Pastor - Greg Coppock
Fuente de Vida Pastor - Alex Gonzales
Youth Pastor - Banning Cantarini
Student Ministries - Shayli Coppock
Children's Ministries Director &
Preschool Director - Beth Ann Murray
Music Minister - Mario Cuaresma
Church Organist - John Redford
Church Secretary - Heather Tatzler
Custodian - Alex Gonzalez
Night Custodian - Aurelio Ferreira

The Mission Statement of
SonRise Christian Fellowship
Bringing people into a personal
relationship with Jesus Christ,
gathering them together as a
worshiping community,
growing them up as his
life-long disciples, and sending
them out as ministers of the
Gospel for the sake of the world.

SonRise
Service Times
Sunday Mornings
Traditional 8:30 am
Contemporary 10:30 am
Fuente De Vida 10:30 am
Shine Youth Service 10:30 am

Easter:

Behold the BEAUTY OF THE LORD!

By Pastor Jerome Marroquin

“Then he placed his right hand on me and said: ‘Do not be afraid. I am the First and the Last. I am the Living One; I was dead, and now look, I am alive for ever and ever! And I hold the keys of death and Hades.’”

Revelation 1:17-18

We are presently journeying through Lent, the season of repentance – a rugged road of self-examination and self-denial. It is vital that we make this journey with God’s help, because apart from crucifixion there can be no resurrection!

As the Apostle Paul says, “I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I now live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me” (Gal. 2:20).

But we make this journey, not with dread but with joyful anticipation, because we know what awaits us up ahead! The Church has a wonderful name for the period of seven days after Easter Sunday through the following Saturday. It’s called “Bright Week!” *I love that!*

After walking with Jesus through the unrelenting darkness of Gethsemane and the intense suffering of Calvary, suddenly on Easter Sunday morning, the Light of God breaks through in all its bright and holy gladness! Angels do somersaults on tombstones! Death is defeated! Tears are transformed into laughter ... and everything is made NEW! Everything is GOOD and TRUE and BEAUTIFUL just as God intended for it to be.

*Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens and earth reply, Alleluia!*

Indeed, in this lovely Resurrection season all of nature seems to come alive and shout for joy! Everywhere we look, roses are blooming under sunny skies. Splashes of red and yellow, purple and deep green brighten up the countryside. Even the singing of the birds has never sounded sweeter as they greet the new dawn! How did the Apostle Paul put it? "All creation anticipates the day when it will join God's children in glorious freedom from death and decay" (Romans 8:21). The season of Easter is a foretaste for all the world of that most holy and glorious Day! This "springing up" taking place all around us is nothing less than a divine symbol of the springing up taking place within us - in the depths of our very hearts - by the power of the Risen Christ. Easter is God's Guarantee that *because Christ lives ... we shall live also!* Because he was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too, may now live a whole new life (Romans 6:4). So, "let the heavens rejoice, let the earth be glad; let the sea resound, and all that is in it; let the fields be jubilant, and everything in them!" (Psalm 96:11-12)

Easter is also God's loving reminder that what we often perceive as "dead ends" and "defeats" in our lives are actually just Divine Detours, as our Good Shepherd continues to refine us and guide us - leading us through the valley of the shadow of death - to even greener pastures up ahead!

*We were under great pressure, far beyond our ability to endure, so that we despaired even of life. Indeed, in our hearts we felt the sentence of death. **But this happened that we might not rely on ourselves but on God, who raises the dead**" (2 Corinthians 1:8-9).*

This is the divine blueprint of Easter, and it appears over and over again in scripture and in our very lives: Challenge ... Disappointment ... Apparent defeat ... A stripping away of all the human resources we typically rely on ... followed by God's surprising and gracious intervention ... as we finally die to our own ingenuity ... cast ourselves upon his loving mercy, and learn to trust in HIM alone to save us!

Dear friends, because of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus, God has placed before us "an open door that no one can shut" (Revelation 3:8). He has opened the windows of heaven, and flooded our darkness with the bright warmth of his steadfast love. And now we know beyond a shadow of a doubt - no matter what happens; no matter what we face in life - "we are more than conquerors through him who loved us" (Romans 8:37).

"Traditionally, throughout the centuries, the church has observed Easter as a season of celebration made up of fifty days - seven Sundays - concluding with Pentecost. But the deeper truth, of course, is that for all of us who have been raised up with Jesus to newness of life, EVERY DAY and EVERY WEEK is filled with the brilliance of his radiant Presence: "Do not be afraid. I am the First and the Last. I am the Living One!" "Because I live," Jesus says, "you will live also!"

May God remind us of this as we continue to journey together and encourage one another every step along the way on this great adventure of faith: No matter how rocky or uncertain the terrain may be up ahead; no matter how polarized and divided our world may appear, Easter is God's magnificent assurance to his people, now and forevermore, that, ultimately, this journey will lead us to LIGHT, not darkness ... to VICTORY, not defeat ... to GOODNESS and TRUTH, not evil and deception. God has called and empowered us as his beloved church to live *right now* in this present world ***in light of the bright and beautiful future that he has secured for us through the resurrection of Jesus Christ!***

Today all things are filled with light: therefore, let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad. Let the whole world, visible and invisible, celebrate the Feast. For Christ is indeed risen from the dead, our source of true and everlasting JOY!"

BYZANTINE PASCHAL CANON



Judy (nee Nordin) Lindley with Roy Rogers 1950

Learning how to live God's way from the **King of the Cowboys**

By Judy Lindley

God comes and teaches us how to live in different ways. This is one of my memories of the expectations of Jesus, and my parents on how to live my life. Roy Rogers was my favorite cowboy. He had a catch phrase when he signed off at the end of each of his appearances on radio, television and in person "Goodbye, Good Luck and May the Good Lord Take a Likin' to You". I had the pleasure of meeting Roy and Dale Evans when I was 12 years old, when they were on tour to raise money to help their Down's syndrome child Robin.

Roy Rogers was one of the most famous American cowboy performers of all time. As "King of the Cowboys," he was more than just a voice on the radio, TV, or a face on the silver screen: Roy Rogers became the embodiment of goodness, fairness, and love of God and country. Roy's character traits are reflected in his Rider's Rules, where he encouraged his young fans to live by.

Rider's Rules by Roy Rogers

1. Be neat and clean.
2. Be courteous and polite.
3. Always obey your parents.
4. Protect the weak and help them.
5. Be brave but never take chances.
6. Study hard and learn all you can.
7. Be kind to animals and take care of them.
8. Eat all your food and never waste any.
9. Love God and go to Sunday school regularly.



“Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it.” Hebrews 13:2

Robust coffee shop revenues cited at congregation meeting

by Tim O’Leary

Like others at our church and our community, I often remind myself of the importance of our little coffee shop at the corner of Mission and Fallbrook. A couple of those reminders came to me last week.

The first reminder came at our Feb. 26 congregation meeting that followed a unified service. The second came during our weekly Saturday morning men’s group gathering that is led by Pastor Greg Coppock.

Congregation meetings are held annually to report on church finances and operations and to elect our incoming elders and deacons. Pastor Greg’s small group has been meeting at the same coffee shop every Saturday morning for years. It is there that many of us fell in love with the place.

It is a place of refuge, a place of fellowship, a place of prayer. And, since March 2014, it has been our place. Our church purchased the business and its equipment. It leases the property. We opened Fallbrook Coffee Company in April 2014, and celebrated its grand opening a month later at a gathering that attracted hundreds of participants.

There were misgivings at first over whether our church could si-

multaneously run a business and whether it could succeed in a town where so many commercial ventures have floundered and failed.

Costly renovations were needed and the patched-together refrigerators and other equipment sputtered and shuddered. Volunteers donated time, tools and materials to help make and keep the place ship-shape.

Some church members accurately noted that it can easily take an entrepreneurial venture two years or more to establish a solid financial footing. It was easy to assume that a church-owned enterprise would have an especially murky future.

Our goal is to run the coffee shop as a model of Christ’s love, care and comfort. Customers experience the love of Christ and our church when we serve them.

Since the purchase, the coffee shop has become layered into the life of our church and the community. Thus, it was with much interest that the latest report on the shop’s finances and operations was received by the congregation.

The report was given by Andrew “Icer” Icer, who until recently served as a member of SonRise’s governing board. He also served as the volunteer interim manager of the coffee shop.

Icer has agreed to remain on the coffee shop committee at least through the end of this year. He presented an upbeat financial and operations report at the recent congregation meeting.

“We had a very good year,” he reported. The shop netted a \$3,700 surplus last year, revenue that was pumped back into operations.

“Our espresso machine was at the end of its expected life and we were having to service it more and more, so we invested in a new espresso machine,” he said.

The shop’s popularity has grown even though a large Starbucks outlet and drive-

through window opened at one of Fallbrook's busiest corner. Conversely, the transition of a competing coffee shop into a bakery netted us new customers.

Our shop averaged about 80 customers a day when we purchased it from its previous owner. That customer base has mushroomed to more than 120 sales tickets a day, Icer said. We have done so without adding additional staff positions. Corianne Way was promoted to general manager in October.

"I really feel she has the capability and the vision to move forward over there," Icer told the congregation in his report. "Our baristas have really caught a vision of what we are trying to accomplish with this vision."

He also noted that the shop continues to donate gift baskets to fund raisers hosted by a range of nonprofit and community groups that have included the Fallbrook Pregnancy Resource Center and the Reche Community Club.

The facility and its back room are "consistently booked" by Bible studies, business functions and community gatherings, he said. A group from Christ the King Lutheran Church reserves the place every Monday night.

The robust demand for the back room came to the fore recently when a barista gently reminded our Saturday group that we needed to leave promptly at 8 a.m.

Her advance notice gave us just enough time to thank the Lord for all His blessings and to pray over a brother who was struggling with work and health difficulties. We all left the shop bathed in the love of Christ and each other, and filled with the resolve needed to face the challenges of our respective days.

"That's the faith part of it all..." Pastor Greg mused as the five of us drifted off in our separate directions.



Fallbrook Coffee Company
is a coffee company that donates its net proceeds back to the community of Fallbrook in creative and impactful ways. We are dedicated to affecting positive social change and to being a light to our community. We accomplish this through amazing coffee, providing a welcoming environment for our customers, & striving to create community with those around us.

Hours of Operation:
Mon - Fri 6 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Sat & Sun 7 a.m. - 2 p.m.

FALLBROOK COFFEE CO.
622 S. MISSION ROAD,
FALLBROOK, CA 92028
760.728.6000 |
FALLBROOKCOFFEE.CO

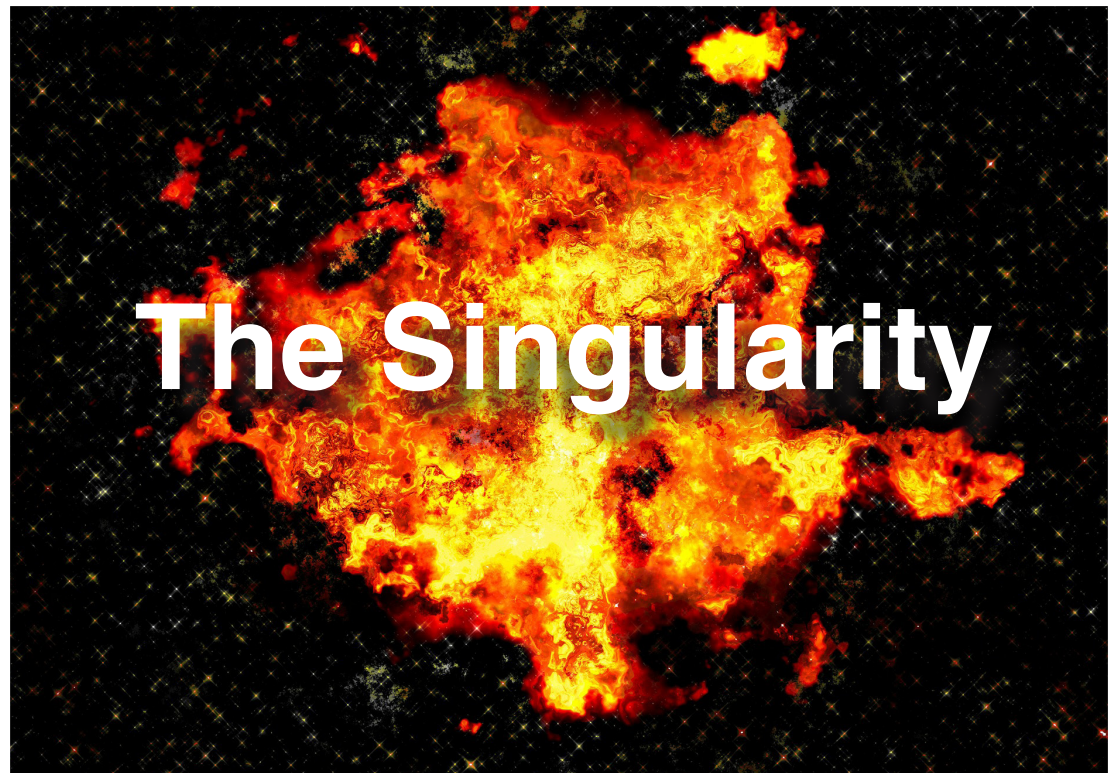


by Brad Fox

As a trained biologist, I'm somewhat familiar with the Big Bang theory of cosmology, the study of the universe. To give a brief definition, the theory states that the universe as we know it began with an astonishing compression of all time, space and matter.

Essentially, all galaxies, stars, planets, moons, and everything else in the universe was compressed by unfathomable gravitational force into an infinitely small particle. Yeah, that's right; all stars, planets, galaxies, gravity, light, energy – the whole enchilada stuffed into a dot the size of this period.

This continues to be an astounding concept for me. I've seen styro-foam cups and full sized railroad tanker cars crushed by air pressure (<http://youtu.be/2WJVHtF8Gwl>). But the notion of compressing all matter in the universe into one vanishingly small dot is beyond imagination. Still, the Big Bang theory is well established in the scientific community. Some of the greatest scientific minds (Newton, Einstein, Hawking) have confirmed it in their own times using their own methods and understanding. Like all scientific theories, it is not simply a hunch or an uneducated guess. It



The Big Bang theory is well established in the scientific community. Some of the greatest scientific minds (Newton, Einstein, Hawking) have confirmed it in their own times using their own methods and understanding.

is an operating principle that explains much of what we see transpiring in the universe. As time goes on, even more evidence is coming forward to support the theory's validity.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big_Bang

An interesting outgrowth of the theory is that it creates a philosophical one-way door of creation. Whatever existed or was in operation before the Big Bang no longer exists; and there is no way to observe or experience it this side of the singularity. All evidence of a previous universe has been

completely erased. All things are made new.

My point in this essay is to consider another, even more profound and powerful singularity in history.

On the devastating afternoon of Good Friday, when Christ had given up his life dying for a world that so thoroughly rejected him, there was unspeakable compression of another sort. The message of love He had so thoughtfully and sacrificially integrated into His life had seemingly come to an end. His family, friends and followers were in shock. All the pro-

found lessons that He shared and lived were in ashes. His authority had been convincingly extinguished by weak, imperfect humans. His failed kingdom dreams now mocked everyone who knew and believed in Him. It was bad enough losing such a young, dynamic, inspirational man. But hope also died on that cross. What now? Who now, if not Jesus? People feared for their lives; joy and meaning were out of the question. No funeral; no wake; no acknowledgement of what He had meant to their lives; what He had done to change human

thought and values. Just hide and pray that nobody came knocking at your door.

That day was more than the tragic loss of a young friend. It was a day in which people, indeed humanity, had run out of options. It appeared that sin and evil had won. How could one hope for the future of the world, much less your children? How could you get up every day knowing that Truth had died, that nobody wanted to acknowledge there was a better way to live? Everyone would now live a lie, whether they wanted to or not. The people who had known and loved Jesus had lost everything:

Loss of identity.
Loss of meaning.
Loss of relationship.
Loss of joy, hope, and truth.
The death of Love.
Incomprehensible Compression. Crushing pressure. Deformation of the universe.

Like the hyper-gravity of the singularity, Jesus' followers' hope and world imploded with indescribable force. Like light being sucked into a black hole, nothing could escape the condemnation, the compression of sin and death. The changes brought about by Christ's death seemed to be permanent and irrevocable. Like the

universe's singularity, nothing would ever be the same again.

Unless...
Until...

Easter morning, faithful women friends of Jesus went to His tomb to do what they could. To quietly, anonymously, lovingly honor Him in death with the only kind act of caring that remained to be done. They, too, had been dead; but it was due to their own sins, not others', as in His case. But He had lovingly resurrected them, at least temporarily, from the ever-present hell of their daily lives. Anointing and preparing his body for the long journey of death seemed the least they could do to thank Him for this gift that was now irretrievably lost. They had sat at the feet of Hope and rejoiced at His message of unconditional love and acceptance, if only temporarily. This would be their final goodbye and thanks.

As they came upon the tomb where He lay, horrific circumstances got even worse. Confusion reigned. Not now, they thought! Not when our lives are at such a low spiritual point! They had mentally rehearsed what they would say to the soldiers when they reached the burial place. But they were women, and the soldiers

were under no obligation to attend to their need for access to Jesus' body. What if the soldiers refused their simple request; what recourse would they have? Still they went, and strangely found that the soldiers had abandoned the now-open tomb! The next few minutes continued to confuse and complicate matters. Angels proclaiming resurrection; an empty slab where they were sure He had been laid; shocked disciples who couldn't believe their own eyes either.

Uncontrollable confusion.

Suffocating hopelessness.

Soaring pain.

Emotional breakdown.

Would this hellish compression never stop?

Then, this spiritual singularity paused.

Weeping in the cemetery garden after the exhaustion of collapsing events, Mary Magdalene could go no further.

She was numb.

Lost.

Stuck.

Sobbing.

Crushed.

Compressed.

Singular...

Singularity of time, space, matter.

Singularity of loss, hopelessness, death.

Lost in her grief, she didn't notice or recog-

nize a voice that asked her, "Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you're looking for?"

Who?

Are you serious?

Only Him who had meant everything to her. Him who had given her hope and the promise and fulfillment of a new life. Him who knew her better than anyone; who saw the potential she had; who accepted and loved her unconditionally, even sacrificially. The One she had dedicated her life to.

Mistaking him for a gardener, she reflexively, almost apologetically asks what he knows about her now-lost best friend and Lord. "What have you done with Him?" she asks.

Then, lifting her out of the excruciating compression He says the word.

What would He say as the first word of His resurrected life? Salvation? Kingship? Holiness? Victory? Miracle? Hero?

He said, "Mary..."

Bang...

BANG!!!

Exploding!

Expanding!

Creating!

Redeeming!

Love inspiring!

Life rescuing!

World changing!

Universe reclaiming!

Like us, Mary found herself talking to the original Gardener. She, like us, was restored to the original intent of Eden: relationship with the Father!

Resurrection Bang...!!!

Like its counterpart in the physical universe, the Easter Big Bang exploded on ancient Israel and has not stopped expanding its redemptive force ever since. There is now no going back to the sin-damaged existence we once knew. It is a new spiritual universe. Galaxies of divine meaning and joy await our exploration. New creation unfolds in our own lives and throughout the cosmos. We have hope again! And hope is a person Who is indestructible and everlasting! Everything has changed and been rearranged! Instead of compression, expansion; death, life; sin, holiness; defeat, victory; hopelessness, hopefulness; temporary, eternal; loss, gain; funeral, celebration!

Scientists tell us that there is a likelihood that our cosmological Big Bang will happen again and again. That there is every likelihood that the universe we live in now will be compressed and erased time after time. But this won't happen with Christ's creative, redemptive singularity. With Him, there is no going back to the way it was before!

BANG!

Thank you Jesus for your indescribable gift of Easter salvation! We love You because You gave up everything for us. Help us to thank and bless you with our lives! Love, Brad Fox



It's that time of year again when high school seniors can pick up an application and

apply for our Servant's Heart Scholarship.

This is a wonderful opportunity to receive some financial help for college or trade school, plus it gives us an opportunity to recognize your achievements at school, church, youth group, and our community.

Please check with Banning or Jan Hilton (at book table) for an application which will be due March 19th. We are proud of each of you and pray God will always be your anchor. Blessings, Jan Hilton

The Promise

© Gayle Kott

I hesitated to go on my walk this morning
It was fairly cold,
By Southern California standards
But I wanted to talk to You
I have concerns
People and situations to pray for
So, I went
Instead, You spoke to me
In the early morning chill
You wrote me a poem in the sky
The clouds began as a vibrant coral
The two closest to the horizon
Lying parallel to it
Looked like the long silken hair of a child
That had just been brushed and swept back
With just a hint of a curl at the end
The cloud above those
As the coral melted into orange
Was like the plumage of an exotic bird
Or maybe the tail feathers of a phoenix
As it fanned out in blazing color
Stretching behind it in a flight of sheer abandon
The blue in between the clouds
Wasn't pale and washed out
It was light, yet still deep
A rich sky blue
Holding a promise
A promise of something more
Something deeper
Something wonderful
It's almost impossible to articulate how I felt
As I gazed at it
Entranced by Your sky
Like somehow the world
My world
As broken as it is
Is still full of endless possibilities



But as the sun made its gradual ascent
Over the mountain that had been its hiding
place
The clouds lost their brilliant hue
And became drab and grey
As I stood there on the opposite mountain
Watching across the valley
More grey clouds blew in
Concealing the blue promise
Obliterating the phoenix tail, the long silken
hair
Leaving me feeling
As cold and grey
As the sky now looked
As it ended, Your poem left me with a
question
Recently my life has felt cold, grey,
colorless, washed out
Do I choose to continue to believe that
To live that
Or do I choose Your promise

Filled with depth and color and light
Not always visible through the grey
But there nonetheless
If only I have eyes to see it
I considered this
The grey is familiar
Dull, confining, sometimes almost
suffocating
But safe, predictable
The promise is uncharted territory
It requires courage, determination
Change
Moving outside of my comfort zone
Not tentatively
Ready to retreat
Ready to draw back into my grey turtle shell
But boldly
Leaping joyously into the unknown
A hard choice but still a simple one
Do I try to turn a turtle into a gazelle?
I choose the promise.



By Gayle
Kott

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and He brought me out by the Spirit of the Lord and set me down in the middle of the valley; and it was full of bones. And He caused me to pass among them round about, and behold, there were very many on the surface of the valley; and lo, they were very dry. And He said to me, "Son of man, can these bones live?" Ezekiel 37:1-3

It is spring, the time of new life and fresh beginnings. The recent rains have brought forth new growth. I was recently pruning one of my nectarine trees which I feared the drought had claimed, trying to decide whether it was still viable, or ready to be cut down for firewood. As I cut it back, I realized there was still life in its branches; in its trunk and roots. The tree reminded me of my prayer life. This past winter there was a time when I felt as dry as the dead wood I was pruning away; as dry as the bones in Ezekiel's vision. Like I was merely repeating the same prayers, and in the process felt I was doing nothing more than heaping up empty phrases, like the Gentiles Jesus mentioned. I knew it wasn't the same, since I was praying to the real God, but still...

Fortunately, that time was brief. God's promises are always faithful, and the Word of God breathes new life into me, into my prayers. This caused me to reflect on how just because prayers aren't answered immediately doesn't mean they aren't answered. I have come to believe that every prayer, prayed in the will of God, is answered in His time—either yes, no, or wait. I have also come to realize that there are intricacies that we may never see involved in His answers. Our prayers don't necessarily benefit only those for whom we are praying. Instead, there are far reaching ramifications, and sometimes the Lord has something far better in mind than what we've asked. The Lord weaves our prayers into the lives of others, weaving a tapestry of blessings into the fabric of many lives, not just a few.

As an example, I have a friend for whom I've praying for a while now. She was battling certain fears, and a number of us have

been praying freedom for her. It wasn't an instantly answered prayer, as I had hoped it would be. To be honest, I wanted the Red Sea miracle for her. I said, "Come on Lord, please just do this." But His ways are higher than my ways, and His thoughts are not my thoughts. Instead of the instant healing I requested, God has this amazing journey mapped out for her, woven into the fabric of many other lives that He puts in her path. Her ongoing healing allows her to minister to others, and help guide them. In addition, the path she has to walk reveals His blessings for still other people, drawing them closer to the Lord

while they help her on her journey. Looking back, I see every step on the road to her healing, every detour and wrong turn, has been used by Him, for His purpose and His glory. The work He is continuing to do in and through her has a ripple effect – she touches lives that touch lives that touch lives...

But back to gardening, and how it reminds me of prayer...

While my nectarine survived, my blackberries did not. I decided to replant them, and as I was removing the old canes, I saw how shallowly rooted they were. No doubt this was why they couldn't survive the summer heat and my erratic watering schedule. They died because I didn't water them deeply enough, and was too busy to do it often enough. Prayer is like that – sometimes I am so 'busy' with 'important things' that my prayers feel superficial. I don't spend the needed time with the Lord; I don't go deep enough.

We need to be rooted and grounded in our faith, like a tree firmly planted by streams of water, which yields its fruit in season, and its leaf does not wither...



One of the banes of my existence in gardening out here in De Luz is poison oak and its cousin, poison sumac. While removing the blackberry canes, I had to remove some of it as well. I don't know if you've ever seen poison oak, but it is actually lovely – shiny green leaves in the spring and early summer, and beautiful crimson in the late summer/ early fall. But, as they say, looks aren't everything. I am one of those people who break out just looking at the stuff – well, maybe not quite, but close. Nonetheless, I was determined to get rid of it so I could plant my new berries. I was all geared up -wearing long sleeves, jeans, and my work gloves, so I thought I would be fine. That was before one of those stubborn vines got caught, and I yanked hard to pull it free. It came free, all right, but it whapped me right across the face in the process. I thought how sin is like that. Like poison oak and poison sumac, it is stubborn and invasive. It might look very attractive, but once it touches you, you are completely miserable until it's gone. Fortunately for us, the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all of our sin, making us white as snow – all we have to do is confess and repent, and He is faithful to forgive. (Also,

fortunately for me, Dawn dish soap and cold water immediately applied to my face kept me from looking like a reject from a bad horror movie...)

So, dear children of the Most High God, this spring I encourage you not only to go deep in your prayer life, but to take the time to look at the wonder of His creation. Let's marvel together at the intricacies of the wildflowers, revel in the smell of freshly cut grass, and be uplifted by the cheerful lilting songs of the birds. Behold, He makes all things new.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus abound in each of you, and may His favor rest upon you.

Blessings

Gayle

INTERCESSORY PRAYER

*Tuesday evenings
at 6:30 pm
in the Prayer Cottage.*

PASTORS PRAYER

*Wednesday mornings
at 6:30 am
in the Prayer Cottage.*

ELDERS PRAYER

*Friday mornings
at 6:00 am
in the Sanctuary.*

PRAYER SHAWL MINISTRY

We create prayer shawls for those who are sick or in need of comfort. We knit, crochet, or sew the shawls as we pray for those who will receive them. The shawls are also anointed and prayed over by our Pastoral Staff and Elders.

Please contact
Wilma Chain (760)723-0116
or Joyce Brittain (760)728-2566
for more information.



Several years ago, the Deeper Still founder, Karen Ellison, was working with a local Pregnancy Resource Center in Tennessee, leading a weekly after-abortion Bible study for women. Having difficulty keeping their participants committed to weekly meetings, they decided to end the study with a retreat, crunching the last 3-4 sessions of the study into one weekend.

Reflecting on that experience, Karen recounts on the Deeper Still website (godeeperstill.org):

As I prayed about it further, I felt the Holy Spirit nudge me in a new way. I felt He challenged me to “think in a new way”. He said to me “take the core truths that you know need to be part of the healing process for post abortion wounds and put them all in a weekend retreat – and I’ll bless it.”

After 7 years of developing the retreats and the materials, He certainly did. She continued

... the Lord had blessed our efforts in tremendous ways. We began to see amazing fruit in the lives of our participants. We also saw a lot of growth in our numbers as well as maturity in the development of our team. As this became more apparent, I had several people begin to encourage me to make these materials available for other groups to use. So, I began to sense that the Lord had a bigger plan in mind for Deeper Still than just through this local PRC.

... Our mission is to train others in how to start Deeper Still chapters so that the movement can be multiplied. All that has come about so far is because of the hand of God and for His purposes and for His glory.

Since those beginnings, God has been moving in a mighty way

across the country so that now there are 9 local chapters in Tennessee (3), Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Georgia, Illinois, Arizona and our own chapter in Fallbrook. The teaching materials have been translated into Spanish and Chinese. A retreat was held in Tennessee in 2016 which was attended by some Chinese women and another is scheduled for 2017, enabling these women to take the healing ministry back to their homeland.

Our local Fallbrook chapter has held 5 weekend retreats to date, each spring and fall, with the last one opened to include men. It has been a humbling and blessed experience to watch the Lord wash away years of hurt, bitterness, anger, and betrayal, and mend the mistrust between the men and women.

After many months of searching, the Deeper Still Fallbrook team has been blessed with a beautiful, peaceful permanent location in Valley Center. Retreats in 2017 will be held there for women and men on April 28 – 30, and October 6 – 8 and perhaps a small women’s retreat will be offered on July 14 -16.

Because of the bold nature of the activity, it is imperative that all aspects of this ministry are bathed in prayer.

Prayer for knowledge of the ministry to be spread far and wide.

Prayer for those with abortion wounded hearts to heed the nudging of our Lord come for deep healing.

Prayer for the team to have the energy and fortitude to aid in God’s mighty work.

Prayer for the participants to open their hearts to the deep healing God has in store for them.

Prayer for all those involved as they return to their daily routines after the retreats.

And prayer for those who have been healed from old wounds to find a greater life in Christ.

Deeper Still invites you to pray with us before, during and after the retreats and will host a morning dedicated to “Heaven 2 Earth” prayer and worship on Saturday, April 1 from 10 to Noon at SonRise Christian Fellowship.

Please join us as God continues to bless Deeper Still and continues to multiply this ministry of healing abortion wounded hearts.

SonRise Womens Ministry

by Kathy Sears

I am so excited about an event for all of our women (high school to 100+) that will take place on June 3rd! We are going to have a day retreat at a beautiful home in Valley Center. This location has been used as a retreat center for Deeper Still Fallbrook. It is a place that offers peace and rest, away from this busy world.

Kim Laliberte will be our speaker. The theme will be “Walking In Jesus Footsteps”. Not only will we learn about what it means to walk in Jesus footsteps, you will also have an opportunity to spend some time with Him either in a garden, by a pond, near a waterfall or maybe just a comfy couch!

Another important part of this retreat is to spend time in fellowship. As we spend time together, we find ourselves encouraging and praying for one another. This is so important in our Christian walk.

Lunch will be served and transportation will be available. Because we are still in the planning stages, I will have more information (such as time, cost etc.) as we get closer to the retreat.

I pray that you will consider joining us for this special event!



It's Not About the Show

by Beth Ann Murray

None of the things that actually change a child's life at our church cost anything at all.

Our church just recently baptized four of our precious children, and it got me thinking. Thinking about Garrett and Dara both in High School who were raised in our church since birth. Then I looked at Christopher, now a Junior High Student and his beautiful sister Hailey who is a junior in High School who both joined our church at least five years ago. All four of these children have attended our Sunday school classes, participated in all children and family focused events. Now all four work in some capacity as volunteers in our church.

So my question to Sonrise Christian Fellowship is, have we done our job as their spiritual guides? Were we the community in the tiny kids' group called Sunday school? Did these precious children find warmth in the faces of their Sunday school teachers? Did they find lively conversations that helped them secure their faith in those crucial moments when young men and women must either own or reject his or her inherited beliefs? We hope so, as I watched Garrett, Dara, Hailey and Christopher be baptized, one of my sweet students asked, "Did they change yet?" I was in a position to explain what the true meaning of baptism was. Wow! God gives us so many opportunities to share His Story. At Sonrise Christian Fellowship we offer so many ways to help our children

guide their hearts condition.

So who changes their precious lives? Well, God, in a nutshell. God changes lives—through relationships, through peers and through ministries.

As a Children's Ministry Director, I am passionate about our ministry. Some may say that my views may come from that passion, but I don't think so. As I look at the children of today I see something different. As I look at children's ministers today I see

America. I also believe He is planting unique children's ministry leaders that will reach these kids and make disciples of them so that they can do that which God is calling them to do. We believe this generation has the potential to bring America back to God. I know our Church, along with our Pastor's direction is spending less time searching for a popular or trendy program, and more time focusing on reading and studying the BIBLE and FOLLOWING IT.



a different more positive future. These kids are our future.

The Children's Ministers in Fallbrook meet monthly and discuss these very concerns. But instead of being afraid of what the future looks like I see a renewed effort to spread the Gospel. These wonderful ministers are stepping out in faith and going where God is leading them.

Because of this renewed passion to share the Gospel, we believe that God is rising up a generation that will spark a re-emergence of the gospel in

Why have I titled this article, It's Not About The Show? In today's environment, including some of our local churches, those in charge are focusing on glitz, glamour and bright lights in order to compete for the attention of people. Churches are often seen as in competition with sports, technology and schedules as if the guiding light of a Church somehow isn't as bright as other alternatives.

My experience with the other Children's Ministers in our geographic area has convinced me that, just like here at

SonRise, each of them are also focused on nurturing the warm light aspects of their Church by keeping their program aligned with the Bible. Where we see this light is when the next generation accepts their position in the light to move forward to the future. So though there are challenges for Churches in America, we can take comfort in the fact that the guiding light of a Church is still the center of focus for our children's ministry – and we are witnessing the future.

Through our children's ministry program at SonRise, we want to remember It's Not About The Show, it's about you and me and God's amazing ability to show up whenever we gather together in love.

Children's Ministry Happenings

Preschool is almost at full capacity for enrollment. Our next move is to open a new door. Thanks for all the prayers; we love helping our parents help raise these beautiful new Christians.

VBS is scheduled and on the calendar. June 12th is the date so no kids will miss this great opportunity to learn more about God. The theme is Maker, Fun Factory. Created by God, built for a purpose. Please notify Beth Ann soon so you too, can be part of this awesome team. The next meeting is February 12th, and a third meeting will be on the calendar soon.

Awana is in full swing. We had almost 100 children attend this fall and have finally settled down to 75 children attending each week. Thank you volunteers for making this program such a fun and welcoming program for our children.

SonRise Christian Sunday School

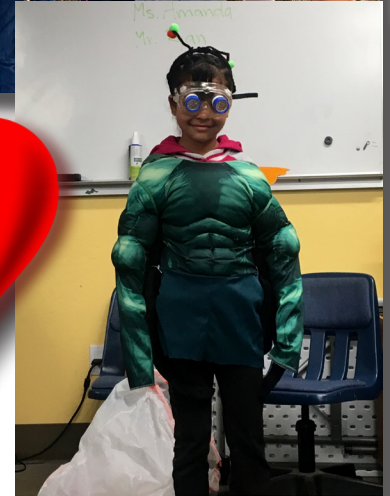
program and Nursery has the most awesome Sunday school teachers guiding our precious children. Thank you for listening to God calling you to serve.

**If you have a 2nd grader or older and want them to learn about Communion, please see Beth Ann or call the church so we can set a class up with Pastor Jerome. The child must commit to 2 meetings.*

These children are our future and our program is supporting their future.

Loving your children through God's ways,

Beth Ann



Los Amigos

We are off to a great start this year! We have 11 Hispanic students from 2nd grade through 5th grade, and 9 loving tutors. Welcome Nikki Hunt and Sammy Chavez, who have joined our crew of tutors on Tuesday afternoons.

On February 21st, we took the kids to the Reuben H. Fleet Science Center. There, we were able to explore the exhibits before gathering for a very interesting workshop on the "Incredible World of Insects."

Are you interested in enriching the life of a child? Please join us! We meet each Tuesday from 2:30 – 4:00 for homework help and simply spending time with a very special student.

Call Charlene Mann at (760) 533-6672 for more information about Los Amigos.

Work day brings beauty, other benefits to church, congregation

By Tim O'Leary

"Then the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to tend and keep it." Genesis 2:15

Please forgive me, gentle reader, if I put you through an exercise in circular reasoning before we get to the point of this piece. Having said that, off we go...

I have always seen gardening and landscaping work as one of my few true talents. I can gamely hold my own with others, and the task allows the mind to drift into prayer and quiet introspection.

Jesus tells me in John 12:2-3 that our Father's house has many mansions, and that Jesus himself has gone ahead to prepare mine. Knowing that is true, I can thus assume that my heavenly mansion is surrounded by a lush garden that needs periodic tending and keeping.

And if we indeed have heaven on Earth, my reasoning dictates that it must come with a garden or two to tend. Our church grounds serves as one of my gardens, and I know that is true for many of my SonRise brothers and sisters.

Nearly 25 of us gathered at the church on Feb. 25 for a congregation work day. It attracted a cadre of capable workers from their teens to their twilight years.



It was our first work day of the year, the latest in a string of such gatherings that have followed the revival of the church's Facilities Committee.



SonRise members volunteer for Word Day, helping to make our church grounds beautiful.

The committee was revived soon after Ken Bitting was elected to Session. Pastor Greg Coppock serves as the staff liaison to the committee and Ken is its chairman. The committee's size and scope have mushroomed as the interest has grown in our property.

God has blessed us with a wonderful campus and many hands work hard to keep it safe, functional and beautiful. It is our garden.

As was the case during past work days, an array of tasks was tackled on Feb. 25. The biggest chores were hauling away a massive yet thoroughly dead couch, cutting down two aging trees next to the Wilson Center and prying out a rusted wire fence that flanked much of our boundary to the north.

In addition to the above, tons of mulch was moved and the trimming of trees, palms and shrubs produced mountains of cuttings. It took countless trips with pickup trucks and wheelbarrow loads to haul all the trash, debris and cuttings.

And then all that waste was painfully crammed into a huge trash container and its smaller companion. Walt Parry did a weedwhacker waltz and then toppled a pair of trees with his chain saw. Pastor Banning Cantarini moved mounds of mulch and then took his turn on the chain saw.

Tom DuMont jumped in where needed. Ken Bitting and Ken Lindley tore out the wire fence. Sherry Carter and Beverly Tucker kept up a blistering pace that was tough for the other workers to match. My

pickup was totally tuckered out. Judy Lindley adroitly served as the ramrod for this rambunctious crew.

We were tired but thrilled that the Lord enabled us to work

together in His garden and accomplish so much during a day of fun and fellowship.

“You can see the difference everywhere,” Judy mused as the work wound down and the sweat coalesced. “It’s such a wonderful job. I can’t tell you how good it feels to get so much done.” Beverly seconded that assessment.

“I can’t wait to drive around and look at everything,” she said.

All those accomplishments were noted the following day when Pastor Greg led us through the announcements at the following day’s joint service.

“It was an amazing work day,” he told the congregation. “People were really happy to work.”



Work continues on updating the church grounds with drought tolerant plants. We appreciated the help from Miriam and Gayle with the weeding. They saw a need and jumped right in to help. Those of us on the Facilities committee are continuing to trim and replant new areas all the time. So if you see a weed in a newly planted area, please take a minute to pull it out.

You can keep abreast of the changes around the church by checking our SonRise Garden Facebook page.
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/310655792633642/>

Submitted by Judy Lindley



The Grounds committee needs your help; we would like to make a succulent garden. Not just a group of succulent but one that is artistic. To do so we will need a number of different succulents. If you have succulents you would be willing to propagate and donate, that would be a great help. Once we have a nice collection of succulents we will start the special garden. We already have two women all ready helping, Ann Harris and Alyse Martin. The picture is a sample of an artistic succulent garden.

Please let us know if you can help. Give us your name and email so we can stay in contact. Thanks, Judy Lindley. Email: [Judithlindley12 @ gmail.com](mailto:Judithlindley12@gmail.com)

Navigating Parenthood

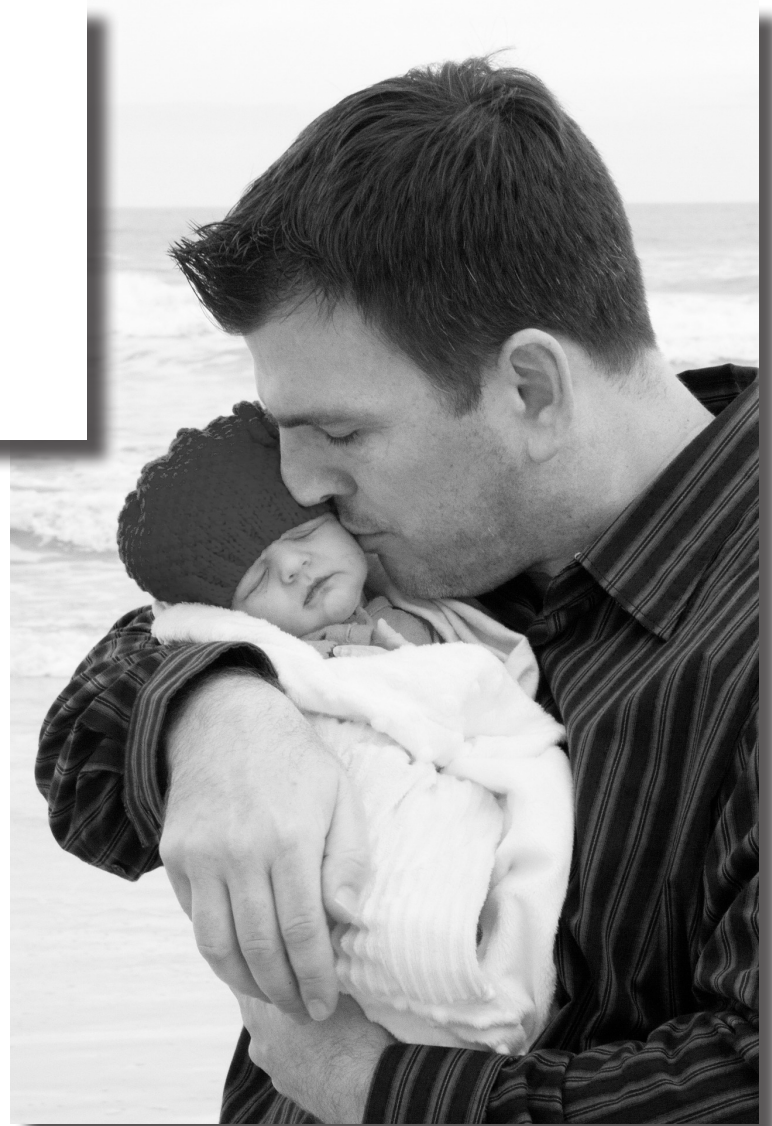
by Brett Bartlett

became a father two years ago, I was terrified. My father was a great example, but could I duplicate that? My father helped raise my brother and I, and I was facing a little girl, it seemed completely different to me. Not only that, but I had managed to make it to 30 years old without really holding a baby, let alone change a diaper. Everything was going to be new. I didn't have the right skill set. I started reading baby books, many of which I didn't find helpful, but there was one that gave me the greatest piece of advice for this new stage. It said, "babies were designed by God to survive first time parents."

Babies may be designed to survive first time parents, but sometimes I wonder if I will survive my kids! It's not so much them either, sometimes it is their stuff that gets me. The other night, I was trying to clear the table. My wife had bought some kids bowls that have a suction cup on the bottom so they can't be knocked off the table on accident. I tried to pick it up, and found that the suction cup was really effective. In my typical fashion, I thought "pull harder." I did, and when that suction cup gave in the bowl shot up towards me and I ended up with apple sauce all over me and the kitchen.

As my wife and I have navigated parenthood, we've come to realize that there are a lot of questions, struggles, and disagreements. My wife and I hardly ever argued before kids, we thought we had marriage figured out. Children change that, we both want what is best for our child, but we aren't always in agreement as to what that is. We needed a tie breaker. We needed God to help us raise our children.

Last summer, my wife and I spoke with Greg Coppock. Our oldest was 15-months old and we were expecting our second. We were guessing there were



*"We needed a tie breaker.
We needed God to help us raise our children."*

other parents like us who wanted to get plugged into a Bible study, but maybe they couldn't get a baby sitter, maybe life was a bit chaotic, as it so often is with children. Greg said there had been small groups in the past for parents but nothing currently. So, we started a Family Life Group.

The Family Life Group meets Thursday nights at 5:30 for about an hour and a half. There are baby sitters present for children old enough and babies are always more than welcome to sit on father or mother's lap. We have a study in the background to act as a base but largely it is a time of sharing both trials and successes. Everyone is welcome, couples or single parents. Parents of infants, toddlers, and school age children. All are welcome. Currently, we are studying God's examples of discipline.

Not Without Challenges

By Gayle Kott

From the Mission Field

God has spoken to us! Wouldn't it be great to understand everything He has said? But for one people group in Asia Pacific, this has not been the case. Helping them to understand has been the challenge for Ron and Erin H., currently serving there. It has been their call, joy, and privilege to help translate the Gospel for a people with limited comprehension of God's Word. While the Gospel has been preached in that area for 77 years, it has been in a language that most people know, but lack complete fluency. It's kind of like trying to read a Spanish Bible after taking two years of Spanish in high school. One of the native translators, when he first heard scripture in his own language, said it was as if he had been seeing through a mist, but now everything was clear. In addition to the ongoing work of translating the Bible, last fall Ron and Erin finished translating the Jesus film, which they are now able to show in villages.

Showing this film is not without its own challenges, however. What challenges? To quote Ron and Erin: "For one, at the premiere, the huge white-cloth 'screen,' newly sewn, proved to be very wrinkled. We had to trust it would work because there was no time to fix it. Equipment proved a last minute challenge, but God provided in ways we did not expect - such as a long audio cable through a new friend. As dark gathered and people gathered and speeches

began, the town electricity died, making useless the microphones -- and the film showing equipment. Where previously people had told us, "No need for a generator! The electricity always works," now they scolded us, "Why didn't you arrange ahead with the electric company to keep the power on?" But it is not people we depend on, and though power came and went for the next hour, and only the front rows could hear the preliminary speeches by special guests, the electricity came on just as we were ready to start the film, and did not die again.

"In the weeks to follow, we worked with a team of volunteers to learn the equipment, and learn how to handle the unique challenges of each village. Sometimes the chosen generator was not powerful enough, and we had to hunt down another--- or cancel. Once we were doing a day-time showing for a group of school children, when suddenly a very loud chainsaw started going right outside - someone was removing a tree stump. Another time we were scheduled to show in a distant hill village, loading ourselves and all the equipment on the two motorcycles of our team, and rain threatened to douse all.

"Late nights, weariness and aches, going supper-less -- the team and we felt it was all worthwhile, because, what is this film that we were struggling to show? It's the story of Jesus' life, much from the book of Luke. God promises to not let his Word fall to the ground useless, and so it is with this film."

Their work continues, and the good news continues to reach those previously unreached. Ron and Erin are grateful for the many years of faithful support from SonRise, and thank the congregation for their partnership in spreading the gospel to the ends of the earth.





Call Me Crazy

By Suzette Phillips

Recently my tax lady called me crazy. I used to hate that. Seemed like it was becoming a theme in my life at a very early age... my Mom and Dad, kids at school. Then once in high school, I fell in love with a very sweet boy. He was the first one to tell me about Jesus and that He loved me! Then one day he called and said he was going back to his last girlfriend. Later I went to his house to drop off some shoes that he had left at the beach. I heard him in a room with a lot of my friends. He said I was crazy!

I have always felt abandoned by people, lost, unloved as a child. I felt different, like I didn't belong. I was quickly disregarded as a teenager and found myself homeless.

I very much believed people were evil at their core, no matter what kindness-mask they had on to get what they wanted from me. Everything was a barter. I had to give something to get something. Food, attention, etc.

I don't know specifics of Paula's life. I know she went to school here in Fallbrook, moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon in her early teens. I know her mom left on Christmas when she was sixteen and Paula stopped talking and lost almost half her body weight. I met her a couple of years ago at Jeremiah's Ranch where I teach finger painting to adults with handicaps. She was shy, sweet, eager to please. I soon found out she was a very talented artist. About seven months ago I heard that the Group Home she was living at was breaking up and Paula would either be going to live in a Group Home in Vista or Escondido.

I panicked for Paula and in an instant I begged for the op-

portunity to have her come live with me. She grew up here. All her friends and work was here. The thought of her being put possibly in harm's way was an overwhelming possibility and perhaps a real reality.

After I had already committed verbally, I went to Danny and kids and asked and prayed. July 1, Paula moved in with us. I thought I was saving her. That I would help her adapt to this surrounding world and keep her safe from it. I thought I would teach her. I thought.

In our day to day, I help Paula get dressed. I make her breakfast. I help with the same things you would help a four year old with bathroom stuff, bathing. Teaching her how to use her voice again.

I soon realized Paula was showing me who I really was. How much peace, kindness, strength, goodness, and faithfulness I really had and how desperately I started praying for the seven gifts of the Spirit. Real, tangible fruit! Giant, beautiful fruit. Working inward, I saw superficial fruit. Fruit that I show to the world. Not anything edible. Nothing of any real substance. This amplifying has caused me to cry out to the Lord on a daily basis.

Paula has taught me more than I could ever teach her. I've learned that "Love thy neighbor" means love those who are in need. I've learned that Paula loves Jesus and has no doubt. I want to be like her. That getting ahead is bypassing the peace of being left behind!

Paula is afraid or worries about nothing but the dark. I want to be more like Paula. Paula loves people more than a new pair of shoes or accumulating stuff. I want to be more like Paula. Paula is full of peace, kindness, gentleness, goodness. She is always happy.



I want to be like Paula. When occasional anger or rage pop up in the world around us, Paula is oblivious and is at peace.

I've learned that I was the orphan and God adopted me and how He gets me up in the morning and feeds me. He washes me. He never leaves my side during the night. He protects and shields me.

Paula has taught me those who are rich and poor. She taught me that the closer I stay to and walk in His Word, it's the only way I will learn how to truly love.

Paula thinks money is just a green piece of paper that she trades for food. I want to be more like Paula.

I am learning about God, who He is, how to walk with Him. Paula just loves Him!

She has taught me that in silence and in quiet, in shutting my mouth, that is where God will speak and reveal Himself to me.

Paula is 100% content and happy with just being a part of a loving, healthy family. Nothing more. In her sweetness, in her love, I have found the true love, peace of Jesus.

To the world, these lessons are crazy. To bring

Paula into our home and limited funds is crazy. Jesus crazy! Saying yes to this I thought I would bless, but isn't it just like Jesus that she has been the greatest blessing to our family. We would have never known the depth of His love without her.

We are a crazy family. If I'm called crazy to listen and obey, then I'm thankful to be called crazy.

Wouldn't the world be blessed to be more like Paula? What if the world saw and recognized the peace (like Paula's peace) in the church? What a shout that would be of God's goodness. What if people looked at Down Syndrome and other handicapped people as teachers. Beautifully talented, wise, peaceful gifts to the world.

I see Jesus in Paula. What do people see in me?

I paint pictures in my head of life often. I see my students as beautiful light colors. Bright, whimsical radiant, translucent fire. I see people sometimes struggling with the fear, worry, or strongholds. The walls, the chains, the brokenness.

Who is really disabled? Who is really blessed? Who is the prisoner and who is free? Doesn't Jesus call us to give away all we have and follow Him? To open our eyes and see with His? To listen to people with God's ears? To deny ourselves and give up our lives for those in need? To store our treasures in Heaven? These teachings of Jesus are crazy... a crazy love.





Dependant

By Katie Thomas

my education, help people, and feel more and more competent in my profession. Then, he proposed.

My world came to a stand-still. What would I choose to do? Would I give up my profession (lawyers do not get to just practice law without retaking the bar exam in

each state), and follow the man I loved? Of course, I chose the man God placed in my life. The temptation to do otherwise was strong. During my engagement, the promotions and raises in pay kept coming. The pressure from my employer to find a way to remain with their office was tremendous. The knowledge that I would be moving out into the unknown with no income of my own, and that I would be totally dependent on the United States Marine Corps' choices for the foreseeable future was completely shocking. I never signed up to become a Marine, yet here I was about to become a "dependant" in every sense of the word. Where would we live? Only the USMC could say. What would his job be? Only the USMC could say.

How could love ever make you feel lonely and isolated? Sometimes it does, but you still choose love. I married a Marine, which means I do not live near family. We do not have an automatic support system, we have to create one at each duty station. We get to meet wonderful people everywhere we go, and we are forced to make friends and put ourselves out there to make deep connections. God gave me a love for people, but sometimes it's hard to persevere.

As a Marine Corps wife of eight years, I still feel like the new kid on the block. I still learn new regulations about dress code and operational security. I am occasionally shocked by the attitudes of my fellow wives and the outside world. As a Christian, I try not to be shocked by the words of those who do not believe in my Savior and try to follow His commands. Being a military wife is no easy task, and it requires strength and faith to persevere.

Our story began on the internet, with an online dating service. He would drive six and half hours to visit me. We would chat on the phone often. I was an attorney, starting out on a new career. Each new position I assumed, my salary and responsibilities were soaring higher. It was exciting and exhilarating to use

That word "dependant" seemed like a slap in the face at first. I had always prided myself on being independent. I had supported myself financially for years, I had moved where I wanted, I had worn what I wanted, and I had been proud of that independence. After the marriage, I was not very pleasant to be around as I adjusted to my new place in life. It took me more time than I care to admit for God to change my heart. My profession did not define me. My ability to make my own money did not define me. My God did. My faith did. I could be dependent on my Father in heaven, and I could stop worrying about how others chose to define me. After motherhood, I learned once again that the labels others gave me did not really matter.

Over the years, I have discovered several derogatory terms (dependapotamus, dependa) about military wives. They are based on generalizations and stereotypes. Some think that we are married to military men to get benefits (like housing, steady income, and stability). Some think that we are just waiting for our husbands to leave so that we can have extra-marital affairs. There are names we are called, websites dedicated to our derision, and jokes made at our expense. There are those who delight in taking secret pictures of wives as they shop on base, posting them online, and making fun of their appearance and weight. As I said earlier, I try not to be shocked

by this. Despite this attempt to rise above the shock, it is still hurtful. I only know my own sacrifices personally. I have only experienced my own loneliness at being parted for long periods of time from my husband and family, seen my own children weeping over their father's absence, and mourned my own lost career. Others suffer much, much more than simple loneliness and isolation.

My heart hurts for each and every wife struggling, isolated from close family members, often away from her husband, and derided for her choices, which often mean that her personal career or schooling must be stopped. Her duty means following and promoting another's career. Military spouses have a high unemployment rate and are often paid less than their counterparts when they do find employment. We are known to be a short-term investment. Married Marines know the truth about their spouse, a wife is gift from God. Proverbs 18:22



God taught me beautiful lessons through this season of my life. I may never return to lawyering, because I'm on a staggeringly different trajectory. I value my life

as a stay-at-home mom, as a homeschooling mom, and as a military wife. We are not the financial giants I hoped to become, but we are close, well-rounded, and lovingly knitted together as a military family. God had a plan, it was not the same as my plan, but it is a beautiful and perfect plan. Jeremiah 29:11

Please reach out to a military spouse if you meet one. Give them a hug, offer them friendship, watch their children when they have a medical emergency, go to their children's birthday parties (kids suffer from loneliness, too), and support them when they reach out for camaraderie. Christ calls us to help others and promises that we are building our inheritance in Heaven. Matthew 25: 34-40



GriefShare: From Mourning to Joy

Mondays, 1pm, Fireside Room

GriefShare offers support, friendship and sharing for people who have lost a loved one. This is a very loving and Christian based series which follows a DVD program as well as personal relationships.

Dear Church Family,

We recently experienced my Father's passing. Our pastor Greg Coppock shared with our family that the Fallbrook Mortuary Company, Berry-Bell & Hall was a wonderful establishment to help with my Dad's final arrangements. Tory DeHaan was the gentleman we worked with in organizing and managing every detail of Dad's burial, his cremation, dealing with phone calls, the service at church as well as at the burial, the eulogy, the gathering afterward and even the service at Miramar Cemetery.

As a family that faced a recent final walk with a loved one, Tory was a phenomenal guide as we navigated the complex process of moving someone who passed on to be with Jesus.

Thank you, Tory for loving our family as you did. We even have had some our friends at church make their own final arrangements so their family doesn't have to. My mom and I truly love your compassion and personal touch to help us with this journey. Love,

*Ann Myers and
Beth Ann Murray*

To My Husband

given to Roy from Charlotte on their 12th Wedding Anniversary

T is for the tenderness you always seem to have for me.

W means the weariness that drifts away when I see you across the room.

E is for the encouragement when to me all seems lost.

L is for the love for everything that seems to fill your heart.

V is for your vitality that has helped me through the years.

E is for everything we shared.

Y is for the years yet to come.

E is for the environment of warmth and kindness that you make our home.

A is for the two precious angels (sometimes) that make our life complete.

R is the religion that makes all the rest worthwhile, for without God's love, life has no meaning for us at all.

S means simply that I love you.

Put these letter together and it spells twelve years. This is my way of telling you, dear heart, all the things that I feel. All that I can add is that I hope the next twelve years will be just as the last.

Your Loving Wife.

Bloom Where You're Planted

by Charlotte Glasgow

(reprinted from the Winter 2015 issue of The Chiimes)

When we found our church home with all of you at SonRise Christian Fellowship, we prayed that there was some way we could serve the Lord. Not long after we joined, we had a work day and we volunteered. We knew how to take care of plants and trees, so we worked on the grounds. Loving the flowers that bloomed, I asked my nursery about getting some flats of flowers. He said sure and gave me all I needed, then, told me to come anytime and get more. That was quite a few years ago. Roy and I found a place where we could serve the Lord and bring joy to our church family. I always told the people who thank us, that we just plant and weed them, God makes them grow.



*Dear Church Family,
I want to thank all of you for
the loving support you gave me
and my family when Roy went home
to be with the Lord. Thank you again
for the continued support you gave
me during this time of adjustment.
Sincerely, Charlotte Glasgow*



You Can't Be A Better Christian

By Jim Fowler

How many times have you heard a Christian say, "I wish I were a better Christian," or "I need to be a better Christian!" Is that possible? A Christian is a Christ-one, identified with and indwelt by the living Lord Jesus. Every Christian is "complete in Christ" (Col. 2:10); "blessed with every spiritual blessing in heavenly places" (Eph. 1:3), and has been given "all things pertaining to life and godliness" (2Pet. 1:3). All Christians have been "made righteous" (Rom. 5:19; 2Cor. 5:21), are "perfect" (Phil. 3:15), and have "all things" (1Cor. 3:21) that God wants them

to have. How can you be a better Christian than that? The spiritual condition of every Christian is as good as it gets. It is impossible to be a better Christian than you have become "in Christ."

What people often mean when they state their desire to be a better Christian is that they could wish that their minds were more consistently set on Jesus (Col. 3:2), that they were more regularly Christ-conscious, seeing what is going on around them from God's perspective. They desire that their affections should correspond with the divine affections of Christ who

lives in them, that they might have a greater heart of compassion and concern for others, compelled by the love of Christ (2Cor. 5:14). They aspire that their willful decisions should be the will of God - "not my will, but Thine be done" (Lk. 22:42). Christians long for a more consistent expression of the perfect Christ-life within them to be manifested in their external behavior, evidencing the "fruit of the Spirit" (Gal. 5:22, 23). None of this is accomplished, though, by the self-effort of human performance. We can't make this happen! We can only make the choices of faith that allow for the receptivity of His activity. The issue is Jesus, who wants to make Himself known and visible through our minds, emotions, wills and bodies as we simply "abide in Him" (1Jn. 2:6).

Heart of a Deacon

By Martha Garcia

As spring approaches, I reflect on what was and what will be. As Deacon moderator, I take the time to look at this past season with joy and thanksgiving to our wonderful God who we serve. It is true that once you are a deacon, you are always a deacon. I believe it is because of the servant hearts we have and the relationships that are made and cultivated over time by caring for others. Saying good-bye to those that have served with me, *Tim O'Leary, Danny Phillips, Suzette Phillips, Rod Smith, Windy Smith*, makes me think of each one of their unique gifts that they shared with those in our congregation.

Personally, I have been touched by our widows this past year. One particular lady stands out to me.

Watching and visiting Bonnie as she lovingly cared for her husband through floods, illness and death touched me more than she could ever know. She is a strong woman of God with a sweet spirit. When her house flooded and she had to move to Temecula with Don she didn't complain. It had to be so hard going from a large house to a small motel room with no kitchen or laundry, but when I visited her and brought her meals she smiled, invited me in and would chat just like she was in her living room. That really struck me, as she was showing me how to be so warm and welcoming in the present. She enjoyed talking on the phone, sharing stories, laughing and always upbeat. After her husband passed, she still has that loving spirit. Yes, the

love of her life is in the arms of God, but she knows she will see him again. Yes, she is a bit tired from being the sole caregiver 24/7, but she doesn't complain. She will take time to rest and rejuvenate, and I look forward to welcoming her back into our fold. Hopefully, I will be able to share the love that she always reflects. The love of Jesus.

As I look ahead to our new deacons, *Portia Tirado, Jane Estes, Ynema Nixon, Megan Tregenza, Carolyn Rudd, Kelly Ullery, and Karin Beske*, think of their gifts and talents I am in awe at how God brings such unique groups to serve and give Him glory. We are prayerfully serving the Church and are excited about what God will do this year!

FALLING



TO FREEDOM

Story submitted by the Kairos Ministry; from the book, "Plan B - When your plan fails and God's prevails." Personal testimonies from R.J. Donovan State Prison. For more information on how you can serve in the Kairos Ministry, contact Norm Leraas.

My name is Chad. I'm thirty-seven years old, and I didn't grow up in a bad home. When I was young, I was always very impulsive, always eager to please. I was very outgoing, vibrant, and well... I always wanted to be a daredevil. When I was growing up, most people wanted to be a fireman. I wanted to be a stunt man.

At thirteen years old, I got arrested for my first grand theft auto. It wasn't like I was a big-time car thief or anything like that. I mean, basically, I just didn't want to walk. Now, I was in Juvenile Hall, and I felt hopeless. At that point, I knew that what I was doing wasn't right. From thirteen to fifteen years old, I was doing drugs. I would get off them, then back on them. I would say my life was basically a roller coaster. Extreme ups and downs. I started doing methamphetamine at fifteen, then speed. Then I started using needles and shooting speed, and it wasn't long before I was arrested again, at fifteen, for another grand theft auto.

They gave me the opportunity to go to a drug treatment place that was like a therapeutic community, called the Phoenix House. For two years, I stayed there. I was clean; I did good. My junior year, I went to Santa Ana High School. I got straight A's, wrestled on the varsity wrestling team - everything seemed like it was turning around. It was great. Then, eventually, I started gravitating back to that old stuff. It wasn't long until I was doing speed and shooting speed again. At this time, I'm seventeen years old, and I basically bailed from my folk's house, and I'm living on the street, living in motels, living from house to house, and I got to a point where I realized, again, "What am I doing? This is crazy! I'm destroying my life again." I thought, maybe if I change my environment. So I joined the Navy. I did good for awhile, but eventually I gave a dirty drug

test. They didn't kick me out right away, which was merciful. But I didn't quit using either. I gave another dirty test, four or five months later, and then they kicked me out of the Navy.

Then something happened. I was supposed to go do a cook to make some drugs for a guy, and the deal basically went bad. Without going into details, I ended up getting in a fight with him. Later on, with my twisted thinking, I started imagining that this guy burned me at my opportunity to come up and make a little bit of money, so I went to rob him. I lacked feeling and compassion. When I went out to rob this guy, he basically told me that he didn't have any drugs, and I didn't believe him, so I shot him in the leg with a 9mm. I didn't even think about it. Then, in my twisted thinking, I started imagining this guy coming after me later, and I felt like I had no choice but to kill him. So that's what I did.

You know, it's amazing where sin will take you and how hard your heart can become when you start to live a life of sin. The things that might have bothered you before, no longer bother you. A lot of people that might use drugs, but not needles, think, "Well, I'd never do that. I smoke a little bud and I drink, but I'd never do that." Well, you know what, I thought the same thing. That's the way sin works. The things you could never see yourself doing at one point, if you continue in sin, all of a sudden they become possible.

The police and sheriff were doing their investigation, and one thing led to another, and I was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter at twenty-one years old. They gave me the max, which was eleven years. They gave me midterm on the burglary, which was four years. And they gave me four years for the use of a firearm, but I had to agree to take two strikes on this one case, which means if I were to pick up my third strike, I would be doing twenty-five-to-life. I remember saying, "God, if you'll get me out of this,

then I'll serve You for the rest of my life." Maybe you've done that, or you're going to do that, but that doesn't work. After I was sentenced, I totally turned my back on God. Any supposed deal that I made with Him was gone. I went headlong in to using the drugs again. In prison, I got involved in politics and the whole racial thing.

One day, a guy came by and he borrowed my outfit. That same day, the next unlock, the cop came and he hit my cell and he went through everything that was in my cell, and where I normally have that outfit, and my hypodermic needle was all tore apart. I realized at that point, had that cop found that needle, that would have been my third strike, and I would be doing twenty-five-to-life in prison. I knew at that moment something in my life had to change, or I was going to spend the rest of my life in prison.

That's when I ran into this guy that I used to do drugs with - a guy that was a scandalous dope fiend, the kind of dope fiend that would steal his grandma's medication money to go get a balloon, even though it may kill her, and he's going to go take it just to get some drugs. This guy not only quit using drugs, but I saw him become a different person. The only thing I knew is that he started going to church. So, in my mind, I thought, well, if church can do it for him, then maybe it can do it for me. You know there's a saying that says, "No matter where you go, there you are." That's why I look at my life, and no matter what place I put myself or where I went, the problem was always there, because I was the problem.

As I started going to church, my

faith started building. In romans 10:17 it says, "Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the Word of God." As I started hearing through the Word of God, whether through messages, or as I started to read the Bible, that faith started to build within my heart. In my brokenness, I surrendered my life to Christ. I never did the altar call. I never did any of that. But I would go through times where, because I lacked the faith for so long, it would be like one minute I knew God existed. I didn't have any physical proof. I didn't see the Red Sea part or anything like that. It was just that I knew in my heart that this is real. Then the next minute, as quick as you could flip a light switch, I was thinking, "This is a sham, I'm brainwashing myself, I'm making myself believe a lie, just so that I can get off drugs, and it was like this battle within my heart going back and forth.

I remember crying out to God and asking Him to give me the faith to be more involved, for Him to give me the faith to not be on the fence, and it was like the Lord spoke to me - not audibly, He just put it on my heart - "Chad, you have it backwards, if you get more involved, then I'll give you that faith. I won't give you the faith to get involved. You take that step of faith to get involved, you start reading your Word more, you start fellowshiping more, you start putting your heart into that, and then I'll give you the faith." You know what, eventually it got to the point where I said, "I know what the world has to offer, and I'm going the opposite way." At that point, I made a commitment to be in God's Word an hour a day. Now that might not seem like a lot to some people, but it wasn't long, maybe six months or

something like that, that I didn't doubt at all anymore. My faith had grown, and I got stronger. I didn't doubt God anymore.

Now comes in the grace, where God just starts blessing me with opportunities, things, people, and resources, beyond anything I ever deserved. It all started with just opportunities within the church. Throughout the time, the Lord gave me favor, and I was raised up to be a deacon in the church, and then eventually an elder in the church. Basically, I was pastoring in the church. I would do counseling and teaching. I taught books of the Bible, weekly studies and then services on Sunday.

One of the people God used, especially in the beginning, and has continued to use throughout my life, is a brother named Vernon, who at the time was serving life without parole. Vernon is now running Fully Embraced Ministries with me on the outside. God's Word says, "What is impossible with man, is possible with God." Vern's life is a whole other testimony in itself.

My first four and a half years in prison were ones of wickedness and hopelessness, despair and destruction, where I was using and doing politics. But then, after I received the Lord, my last nine years in prison were ones of grace, mercy, steps of faith and God just dealing with that stuff that was in my heart. He was changing my mind, changing the way I thought about people, about my family, about His law, about His Word, about what's right and what's wrong.

By the time I paroled in January 2009, I had completed fifty units

of an eighty-unit program at Calvary Chapel Bible College. The Lord had put it on my heart a while before to not finish the classes while I was in there, but to leave some of the classes so that when I got out, I could actually come to the Bible College and take classes on campus. So that's what I did. I came and asked permission if I could take classes. Because of my background, they said yes, but I couldn't live on campus. For the first semester, I think I took ten units. I was trying to find a job, really couldn't find a job. It was a little discouraging. Man, I am so thankful that God didn't give me favor before with any of those other jobs, because today I work full-time for Calvary Chapel Conference Center in Murrieta. I'm a welding fabricator; in fact, I run the welding shop now. I've been given extreme favor from the staff and from the leadership. I graduated the Bible College, December 2010.

Now, I actually teach for the Bible College. I am also now a pastor through Calvary Chapel Costa Mesa. I lead a ministry house called Fully Restored and Fully Embraced Ministries. We mentor men who are struggling with addictions, as well as open our home to men who are just getting out of prison and need help getting settled back on the outside. I mean, if that isn't grace, I don't know what is. Here I am a dirt bag, dope fiend, ex-con, and all I wanted to do was be able to come and take some classes at the Bible College. Now I have a job that I love, being able to invest in the grounds here, and I get to teach for the Calvary Chapel Bible College. What a huge blessing.

One of the main reasons I tell my testimony is really to show that we serve a gracious and merciful God, and that he's ready and willing to forgive us for anything that we've done, if we'll just humble ourselves and repent and submit our lives to Him. The other reason is that I know that there is deliverance only in the name of Jesus. He's delivered me from many things, specifically drug use. I just want to be able to encourage people that deliverance, salvation, doesn't come from a program, it doesn't come from a step, it doesn't come from a philosophy, but it comes from a person, and that person is Jesus Christ.

Sincerely,

Chad



First of all I want to thank so many of you that have been baking cookies faithfully for our 4-day Kairos Weekend every 6 months. This is the bait we use to get the inmates to sign up for the program. Many of them tell us after the Weekend that they came for the cookies and found Jesus alive and well living right there in Donovan State Prison. They also found that people on the outside care enough about them to bake those cookies and write letters expressing their love for Jesus and for them even though they don't know them. That expression of love and concern for them makes such a change in them, it is amazing! We as Kairos volunteers get to witness this miracle each and every Kairos Weekend. It's all about love and Jesus.

I've been involved with Kairos for over 20 years and every one of those Weekends I've gone away marveling at how Jesus changes these men in just 4 days. We as volunteers introduce Jesus to them with Bible stories and lots of Christian songs and the love of Jesus that can change even the hardest of hearts takes over.

We are always looking to find Christian men to volunteer for the Kairos Weekends. If you have interest in knowing more about the Kairos program, please call me any time. I always have time to talk about Kairos.

Sincerely,

Norm Leraas

760.451.9668



Join in the Kairos Cookie Ministry!

Homemade cookies are a tangible expression of Christian love and an indication of God's concern for a group of people who seldom encounter either in the course of their daily lives. Your loving sacrifice will provide "bread" that shines the Light of God's Grace into the darkest corners of a prison unit. A typical Kairos Weekend will go through hundreds of dozens of cookies which are distributed to inmates, correction officers, support staff and yes, even team members! Please make as many as you possibly can. They will NOT go to waste! May God bless you for the gift of baking!

Special Cookie Guidelines

Cookie Preparation:

- Many types of cookies are generally acceptable including: Oatmeal, Peanut Butter, Molasses, Chocolate Chip, Ginger and Sugar. Homemade cookies from scratch are always a special treat but store bought cookie dough can be substituted if desired. However, all cookies should be "home baked".
- Cookies should be between 2 inches and 2-1/2 inches in diameter and not more than 1/2 inch thick.
- Avoid using icing, sugar or any other type of coating on the outside of the cookie.

The Key Ingredient – Prayer!

- Pray individually or as a family over the ingredients before and during mixing and baking.
- Ask God to use your cookies as a source of His love to shine on the prisoners and staff on the Kairos weekend.
- Pray that each cookie brings the inmate, officer or warden who eats it closer to God. We want every person to become part of the family of God.

Packing the Cookies:

- Bag thoroughly cooled cookies in a ZipLoc bag - 12 cookies per bag. You may wish to freeze the cookies if the Kairos Weekend is more than 3 days away.

Getting the Cookies to the Prisoners:

- Please deliver the bagged cookies to the Church Office by March 19, so they can take them to the prison.

What is Kairos?

The people of Kairos are called by God to share the love of Christ with those impacted by incarceration. Kairos is an ecumenical ministry that encourages Christians from various backgrounds to be volunteers in this Christ-filled ministry. Kairos programs offer to prison residents, their families, and those who work with them, the opportunity to receive God's forgiveness through faith in Jesus Christ, and to grow in their faith and servanthood through Christian community.

Our Mission

The mission of the Kairos Prison Ministry is to share the transforming love and forgiveness of Jesus Christ to impact the hearts and lives of incarcerated men, women, and youth, as well as their families, to become loving and productive citizens of their communities.



Thank You SonRise

I would like to thank all the members of our church that have supported the Kairos program for nearly 14 years now. All the cookies they have baked and prayed over, the letters to the Kairos candidates and especially the prayers for the candidates and the Kairos volunteers. Each time I begged for cookies they came through even more than I expected. Beth Ann Murray and her preschool and Sunday School kids coloring the place mats and creating those gigantic posters of hand prints and foot prints that covered an entire wall in our chapel. Jerome and Greg always so supportive in announcing the need for cookies, letters and prayers for each Kairos Weekend.

Thank you, Norm Leraas



Dancing With The Word

by Suzette Phillips

Do you know about a Jewish wedding? It is a very beautiful traditional time for a young man and woman.

When a young man chooses a girl, he goes to the girl's father, they decide on a price. The father refuses and argues, but after a long discussion a price is accepted. Then the girl is brought out. If she agrees, she breaks bread and drinks wine in agreement. The vows are given that day and from that day they are legally betrothed. Then the young man goes away to build their home. His father inspects and he alone knows the day, hour, and time that the boy can retrieve his wife. When the house is perfect, the father awakes the young man in the middle of the night. His groomsmen run, shout, and blow trumpets because the groom is coming for his bride. The young lady knows the time is soon. She waits with her bridesmaids and in the night the bride is stolen. The door is shut for seven days. The bride is hidden. Then she emerges at the wedding feast with her groom adorned in white linen and there is a great feast.

Do you realize a young man named Jesus chose you? You agreed by breaking bread and drinking wine (communion.) He went to the Father God to ask a price. The price was high - death on a cross! Then He went away to build a mansion for His betrothed. Only the Father knows when the Son can return for His bride and one night, in the middle of the night with a shout and a trumpet, Jesus will come and steal away His bride seven years (wedding supper). Later He will come (2nd Coming) with His bride!

I am betrothed to Jesus.

I am being courted by Him.

I am preparing myself for my wedding.

I am storing up my treasure where He is.

I can't wait and imagine it often, dancing with Him on our wedding day.

I write to Him and read His love letter to me every-day.

I am loved.

I have been chosen.

I am walking in my vows.

Celebrating 10 Years



in Malawi!

We have 4 students left who need to be sponsored. If you feel the Lord tugging on your heart to help, please contact:

Contact/Questions:

Sonrise Christian Fellowship
Kogoya Hope Center
Bill & Judy Saunders
760-728-7859
billandjudysaunders@gmail.com

Sponsorship:

Kogoya Hope Center
Contact: Gayle Kott
760-728-5322
gmkt@aol.com

**How you can help:
Sponsor a Child.**

SonRise Christian Fellowship and Miqlat marked their ten year anniversary of caring for children in Malawi with an all-church worship service on January 22nd. It was a celebration of God's faithfulness during the last decade and a "thank you" to all who have partnered with Him in supporting the most vulnerable children in Kogoya village. Through Scripture, prayer, music, testimonies, and video, God's wondrous works were honored.

We praise God for what he has done in the lives of the youngsters enrolled in the Hope Center program, and we thank Him that an additional twenty six children received sponsors. These children will now have the opportunity to know Jesus in new and tangible ways. His love and mercy are without measure.

A note from Judy Saunders:

On behalf of Miqlat, we want to thank you for your overwhelming demonstration of love and support for the orphan children of Malawi, Africa. Not only have you generously supported the program as it has reached out to orphaned and vulnerable children during the past ten years, but you also graciously answered the appeal to increase SonRise's participation by sponsoring twenty six additional children. How we praise God for His hand of provision for these young people, and we thank Him for encouraging you to open your hearts through these additional sponsorships.

God bless you church for this immense demonstration of Jesus' love.

"And the King will answer and say to them, 'Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me. "

Matthew 25:40

Spring Birthdays

March	April	May
1 Karin Crawford Vicki DuMont	3 Jerome Marroquin	1 Robert Lieber
3 Ginna Ferdyn	4 Suzie Penman	2 Cindy McAvoy
4 Robert Sears	Peter Smelser	4 Jules Smelser
5 Walt Parry	6 Cody Cantarini	5 Owen Johnson
6 Rufus Bowers	Chris Walls	Pam Suchoski
Terri Simpson	10 Tanner Dugas	6 Bonnie McIver
7 Karin Beske	11 Jim Sciarra	8 Audrey Aston
Karen Cunagin	13 Stanley Meyers	9 Ed Buscis
Debbie Founds	14 Cailin Bartlett	10 Karen Morris
Jim Kirk	Andrew Ice	12 Jean LeBlanc
Marllyn Tindall	15 Jon Nixon	Juliana Tipton
8 Dot Tibbets	Larry Sheldrup	14 Nick Garcia
9 Ken Bitting	16 Linda Hill	16 Paul Ostergaard
Terri Marroquin	Mary Lou Ziegler	20 John Redford
15 Carol Beutler	19 Connie Gordon	22 Colby Duty
16 Paulette Britton	Jessica Ortiz	24 Sharon Callahan
Bita Snyder	20 Portia Tirado	Dwain Leach
19 Jan Hilton	22 Elaine Heck	26 Sylvia Eckhardt
22 JoAnn Deming	23 Samuel Britton	Cheryl Calescibetta
Pat Newell	Lillian Broadbent	27 Wilbur Wagner
23 Betty Hyde	26 Jim Madden	28 Joe Bill Carter
Kathy Silcott	27 Lori Cooper-Rondeau	29 Elizabeth Nair
25 Steve Nelson	27 Rich Overturf	30 Margaret Daniel
26 Greg Montague	28 Benny Tatzler	
28 Joan McVeigh	29 Betty Westerveld	
29 Mary Ann James		
30 Judy Lindley		
31 Cheri Burrows Brad Fox		

Spring Anniversaries

March	April	May
7 Ingo & Karin Beske Steve & Sue Nelson	10 Phill & Candace Johnson	3 Burt & Sheila Risser
8 Chuck & Barbara Boatman	10 Karl & Joanne Stephens	15 Ronald & Mary Ann James
10 Brian & Pam Suchoski	20 Greg & Teresa Johnson	Van & Laurey Hill
18 William & Portia Tirado		
24 Stanley & Betty Meyers		



Sundays

10:00 am | Adult Life Group | CAC-C
6:30 pm | Life Group | Madden Home

Mondays

7:00 pm | Life Group | Saunders Home

Tuesdays

7:00 pm | Young Adults Dinner | Banning's Home

Wednesdays

7:00 am | Mens Life Group | Chapel
9:00 am | Life Group w/Pastor Jerome | Fireside Room
1:30 pm | Life Group | Tiffany Home
7:00 pm | Life Group | Glasgow Home
7:00 pm | Mens Life Group | Maurer Home

Thursdays

9:15 am | W.O.W. Womens Life Group | Chapel
5:30 pm | Family Life Group | Prayer Cottage
7:00 pm | Womens Life Group | Fireside Room

Saturdays

7:00 am | Mens Life Group | Fallbrook Coffee Co.

Register Online: www.sonrisefallbrook.com

Community Outreach

FEEDING AMERICA

You can help distribute food through the mobile food pantry here in our parking lot twice each month or if you or someone you know is in need of food, please come receive a bag of groceries.

1st & 3rd Tuesdays every month
9:00 am, Parking Lot



BREAD OF LIFE RESCUE MISSION

Please join us as we serve a delicious hot dinner to those in need. Please call Ken Bitting for more information.

3rd Monday every month
4:45 pm, Kitchen

BROTHER BENNO'S SOUP KITCHEN

Consider joining us as we drive to Oceanside and serve a hot breakfast to those in need. Contact Chris Walls for more information.

4th Friday every month
6:00 am, Oceanside

KAIROS PRISON MINISTRY

A ministry reaching out to those in prison through writing letters and twice a year delivering home-baked cookies to the inmates during the Kairos Inside Weekend. Contact Norm Leraas for info.

FALLBROOK FOOD PANTRY

Every month, a local church sponsors the Fallbrook Food Pantry and March is our month! Please bring in canned and boxed food and place in the collection bins in the Narthex.

FALLBROOK COFFEE CO.

The coffee house is a warm, welcoming place to gather for fellowship and is utilized for small bible studies by local groups. We're excited to see how the Lord will use us to serve the community through this venue. The coffee house is located at 622 S. Mission Rd, downtown Fallbrook.

Hours: M-F 6am-4pm
Sat & Sun 7am-2pm

CITY OF REFUGE SAN DIEGO

Brad Fox leads these overnight outreach trips to the City of Refuge in downtown San Diego. Friday night is spent walking the local streets, engaging the people and handing out care packs. Saturday morning we hand out food at the Warehouse until 2pm. The group then returns home. Please call Brad to get involved. 760.419.2453

MILITARY FOOD DROP BOX

Food drop box available in the Narthex for those who'd like to donate food items to our military.

