



harvest home • people helping people

August 1, 2010

For I am God,
and there is no other;
I am God, and
there is no one like Me.
Isaiah 46:9

TRAINING SEMINARS

We give God all the glory and praise for the miraculous ways He is encountering and healing men, women and children.

Because of the demand, we are continuing the *Encountering God* and *Tree of Life* seminars. These back-to-back weekends teach you how to personally connect with God in a way that will change your life—guaranteed or we will refund your registration.

In His presence is where we are changed. It is vital for every Christian to know how to experience God's presence, hear His voice, for that is how we get to know Him intimately.

Each training weekend is designed to equip you to enter into an intimate, face-to-face relationship with God while giving you powerful tools that help you find healing and help others find the help they need.

UPCOMING DATES:

Enc. God: Aug 14 & 15
Sept. 18 & 19

Tree of Life: Aug 21 & 22
Sept 25 & 26

Time: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Cost: \$40 person, \$70 couple
(includes hot lunch & snacks)

LOCATION:

Our Father's Farm
1177 NW 300 Rd.
Holden, MO 64040

To register or for more info:
rhonda@harvesthome.org
Register early...space is limited

The Testimony of a 9 year old boy

Psalm 127:3 says, "Sons are a heritage from the LORD, children a reward from him." I keep reminding myself of that, trying to reconcile that fact with my reality. This last gift, our adopted grandson, makes good grades in school but is a self-professed bully, and socially challenged at best. "If I get them first, they will know better than to mess with me," has been the barbed fence of protection around his heart. I say fence because at times, although rarely, Caleb has been loving, helpful, kind and very charming. Needless to say, life with him was a constant challenge trying to make sure he remained calm and in control. Covert behavior redirection has been an ally but the stress of constantly being on guard and a step ahead has taken its toll. Many days I felt like a wilted flower, virtually lifeless. All I could say some days was, "God please help us".

With hopeful excitement Caleb and I drove to Our Father's Farm looking forward to a fun-filled week and an endless supply of laughilicious joy. I was praying for a miracle, and hoping for a moment to breathe and just enjoy the presence of God. I felt I was almost like a stranger to the Lover of my soul. The last few years have been extremely difficult and quiet time before the LORD was virtually impossible. Praise music, prayer, and conversations with and about God were all battles. Needless to say, I had been looking forward to the trip for months, opting to drive in hopes of being able to talk with Caleb while on the road. He didn't know the camp we were going to was a Bible camp. He was angry when he found out and wanted to turn around and go home. He didn't understand why I wanted to "shove God down his throat" and was surprised when I denied wrongdoing as he threatened to walk home at the next stop. The trip was an unnecessarily long one. More than sixteen stops too many made for a long and weary day. Without the pleasure of having had any spiritually significant dialog, we finally arrived and crashed for the night. What a rest!!

I had been instructed to rest and let the young people assigned to Caleb take care of him. Needless to say I was anxious. As well intentioned as they were, these people really didn't know how outrageous Caleb's behavior could be and I wanted to circumvent any potential disasters before the peace we sensed in our spirits could be destroyed. If anyone could thermostatically heat a room, it was Caleb. He had many deep wounds and dealt with the hurts in his young heart with two emotions, anger and rage. Nothing was sacred and all was fair game if he chose to lash out. He had proven that on many occasions. Secular and Christian counselors were ineffective in helping Caleb deal with the wounds his silent tears had betrayed. I knew God was able to effect change in him. Would He use these new friends? Anxious as I was, I felt more hopeful than I had in a long time.

That hope paid off. Praise God for godly young men and women who are worthy to be emulated. The things Caleb did that are normally obnoxious to others were patiently overlooked as boyish immaturity. He was loved on, talked with, listened to, and encour-

(Continued on page 2)

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious to you. The Lord lift up His countenance on you and give you peace!

Danny, Rhonda and team



UPDATE:

We thank God and all of you for your generous donations towards the funds needed to dig the basement of the Healing Ministry Center.

We needed an esti-

mated \$110,000. To date, we have **\$72, 869.34!**

We are almost there! Please keep praying for this dream.—it is about so much more than a building—it's about **sav-**ing and restoring lives!

Speaking Engagements

Oct 10 Birmingham, AL

Oct 15 -17 Orlando House of Prayer

For more info e-mail: rhonda@harvesthome.org

(Continued from page 1)

aged. The love of Christ was lavishly poured out on him even when he behaved inappropriately and was under correction. Relationships were building which led to a more tender heart and an open ear to hear the gospel. Hearing about upcoming baptisms, Caleb told me he was going to be baptized. We had previously had conversations about this and other spiritual matters, but as far as I knew, they had fallen on deaf ears. I was pleased he wanted to take this step, but was reasonably concerned regarding commitment and understanding. Others had partnered with me in praying that God would pierce Caleb's heart with love and draw him. After the baptism service on Friday, I was optimistic that Caleb had understood his actions and was indeed new. So many wounds and so much hurt inflicted on and by this youngster made my heart yearn for his healing. Could it possibly be a new beginning? I knew time would tell.

On the long drive home, Caleb wanted to hear Christian music, (which had previously brought on attacks of rage). Casting Crowns and Third Day played nonstop. Caleb talked to me more than he has in two years. He prayed for me over and over. He fell asleep and started talking to Jesus as he lifted his arms to heaven—in his sleep! Wow!

Over the next few days, changes were apparent. Please, thank-you, putting others before self, apologies for wrongs committed, and patiently waiting, were all evidence of a new creature. He insisted on getting a grown-up Bible to read. In a rage, he had ripped out the pages of his last one. He dreams of the day when he can see his parents and share the gospel with them.

I caught a cold and he sent me to bed, prayed for me and brought me food, making sure I was comfortable throughout the day. When I coughed, he gently reminded me God had healed me. Once, when triggered to a point of rage, he exercised extreme restraint while trying to maintain his testimony. It only took him three hours to calm down so that meaningful conversation could take place. Hallelujah!

There are so many more examples, but one that sums it best for me was from the mouth of a third grader who had previously experienced the old Caleb's anger. After one day at summer camp, this boy ran up to me and asked, "What happened to Caleb? He changed." I asked, "How is he different?" He answered, "He's nice! He's been nice all day. He said he was a Christian now." Momentarily taken aback, I joyfully explained, "Caleb accepted Jesus as his savior and was baptized." The youngster stood for a moment obviously thinking about my words and then replied, "I was baptized when I was seven," and off he went to play.

Our Father's Farm is an amazing place of life-giving hope. Caleb is still a 9 year old boy who does childish things, but he is new in Christ and he now has hope for a bright future. As for me, I am his mom and grandma who is now filled with expectation that God will complete that which He has begun. T

Thank you my precious farm friends! Jesus looks so good on you!!! I love you, Rhonda! Thank you for loving Jesus and letting Him use you to help others. Thank you for loving Caleb and for loving me! Dianne Korneghy

(testimony used by permission)

Backyard Bible Camp 2010

What a great camp! We had 69 fantastic boys and girls between 8 and 14 spend a week with us. Camp ended with a presentation followed by 19 baptisms. Camp was an outstanding success because of the efforts of so many people. **Thank you to:**

From PA: Joshua & Yolanda Vanderplate—the worship was amazing, by the way. Tony & Landon Musser, Karen Shenk—you gave it all and then some! A great big thank you to the 10 youth who took a week out of their summer to lovingly serve these children! You guys are the best and I look forward to you *all* coming back next year and the year after until Jesus comes!

From Iowa: Jodi & Michelle who taught the children heart-based worship using banners and flags—it was one of the highlights of camp!

From CA: Ed & Suzanne Holliday—you loved extravagantly and became their friends—wow!

From KS: Karla Miller, Vi Jantz who served all day and then slept with the girls in tents!

From AL: Dianne Korneghy who, by the second day, became "mama" to the 13-14 year old girls, which is no small feat.

From Kansas City: Misty Honnold who co-led the camp with me (Rhonda). You taught them well and led with love! What a treasure you are! Viola, Robin, Ty—you lavished love on them and served the children so well—thank you!

Our Father's Farm: you are over the top! Barb, Pamela, Bev, Janice, Liana, Celeste, Colleen, Angie, Sarah, Dana, Melissa, Sarah, Adi, Kelly, Fred, Dave, Kevin, Josh, Ben, Benja—Thank you for all the ways you served. You loved well and with beautiful hearts!

Danny and I also want to thank those of you who prayed and financially supported the camp. Because of your gifts we are able to offer camp at no charge. We love you all and so appreciate you partnering with us this summer to reveal the unconditional love of Jesus to 69 children—most of which came from families who can't afford to send their children to camp.

12 yr old boy: "My favorite part of camp was seeing God heal Benja's ankle—I ain't ever seen a real miracle with my own eyes. Now I know God's real!"

Harvest Home, Inc. is a not-for-profit 501 (C) (3) organization (#43-1723890)

Our Father's Farm is an outreach of Harvest Home

Your gifts are tax deductible. Please visit our online bookstore and website: www.harvesthome.org

For more information about this ministry, please contact:

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