

Alleluia

Dove

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The Power of Prayer

By Kelly Dolin



Introduction: As the Pastoral Team was discussing our commitment to war against the devil, I shared the impact intercessory prayer has had on me in the past. The following story is but one example of how intercession on the part of Alleluia brothers and sisters has affected me and my family. Since this happened, I have found myself responding to calling posts in a different manner, storming heaven rather than offering a perfunctory prayer or two.

We had had quite a week.

On Monday we got word that my parents had made the drive from Michigan to Florida, only to have it fall apart upon arrival. My Mom fractured her femur. The bone specialist, who had outfitted Mom with a titanium rod when she broke her hip a few years ago, had outlined a rather bleak prognosis: the next bone to go would be her femur, right below the rod. Seems titanium doesn't give way, so another tumble on the left side would mean a break south of the rod.

And so it happened.

And I'm 500 miles away in Georgia, and my sisters are 1000 miles away in Michigan.

And my Dad, my dear Dad, as good-hearted a guy as ever there was, is worried out of his mind and shuttling between a house in the Florida Keys that he hasn't even moved into and a hospital in downtown Miami, 100 miles away.

Thursday morning I enjoyed brunch with the handmaids, a bunch of women I have known for two decades. Some are older than I am; some are younger. The older ones have been where I am now — concerned about aging parents — and every last one of them said, "Go."

Friday was a whirlwind of laundry, shopping, emails, phone calls, thinking through a daunting To Do List. How will the boys get to swimming? What's easy to cook? Carpools, field trips, basketball, school uniforms. As I learned when I was a teacher, it is far, far easier to live your own life than to get twelve other people to live it for you.

Friday night I took a three hour break from mad preparations to enjoy *The Nutcracker* with my sweet daughter who dressed in purple taffeta and was flat out mesmerized by the falling snowflakes and the dazzling leaps and spins.

A magical night.

And I needed a little magic to get me through the rest of the night. John started coughing and clutching his ear. He walked through the living room crying and bashed his mouth into the treadmill. Out came the tooth that's been hanging on by a thread. As if that weren't enough, he had left his glasses on the floor, and Ainsley crushed them. Poor John spent half the night holding his ear.

So Saturday dawned with Kelly headed for the Florida Keys and Dave headed for the pediatrician and the optometrist. As we gathered bags and glasses, Tim came up with his glasses in two pieces. Hey, we were already headed to the optometrist's. That's Dolin efficiency at its best!

We were minutes from heading out the door when I got the call from my sister. Dad's defibrillator was firing, and an ambulance was headed to his house. Life brings with it mo-

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Prayer can be Answered in Unexpected Ways

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ments when the key is simply to draw the next breath, to take the next step.

My flight out of Augusta was delayed because of weather. We arrived in Charlotte a half hour late and then sat at the gate for, h-m-m-m, *eternity*, I do believe. E-t-e-r-n-i-t-y!

I landed in concourse E22 and was headed for concourse C19 — an easy 5K, I am certain. So I attempted to do the O.J. Simpson through the airport. You might remember that in between football fame and infamy, O.J. Simpson was the spokesman for Hertz Rental Car. Commercials always showed him sprinting through the airport. The Juice, I am sure, had the good sense to don sensible shoes. Of course, O.J. also traveled in the days before 9/11, so no one was insisting he remove those sensible shoes to go through security. I, however, was wearing sandals — easy on, easy off. Great for security. But sprints through three successive concourses? Not so much.

I pulled them off and hauled.

You know, I've been meaning to start running again, but whoa! This about knocked me out. Surely we didn't need to defibrillate a second family member.

I arrived at the gate utterly spent but encouraged to see the plane had not yet pushed back.

The gate agent quickly burst my bubble. "Sorry, ma'am. You just missed it."

I gave him the spiel: *My mother is in one hospital; my father is in another. I've just run from E-22 to C19! Please, please ask.*

No dice.

Oh, both agents were as nice as they could be as they re-booked my flight, and I literally stood hunched over panting for breath. I watched the Jetway retract. The first gate agent

began to brief me on the next available flight.

And I didn't listen.

I prayed and prayed and prayed. And I thought about everyone back in Augusta — my friends, my Facebook contacts, the Intercessors, a legion of prayer warriors — all storming heaven for me and my family. And suddenly I knew I was going to get on the flight.

I looked up to see the Jetway un-retract.

Is un-retract an actual verb? If it's not, I'm coining it right here and now. The Jetway un-retracted and re-attached to the plane. As the gate agent handed me my new itinerary, his telephone rang.

"You're on the flight," he told me, looking absolutely baffled.

As I walked down the re-attached Jetway, I spotted the second gate agent who obviously had contacted the pilot and pleaded my case.

And I started to cry.

All the stress of my 5K through the airport and packing and leaving, and John crying and miserable, and who knows? *who knows?* where my parents are headed — and one kind stranger had made it all a few hours more bearable. She didn't mend Mom's broken femur or straighten out Dad's funky heart rhythms, but she was kind, and her kindness lightened a heavy load.

Such is the power of prayer. Such is the power of a kind gesture offered at a key right moment. I was grateful, so very grateful. I made my way through nearly the entire plane, tears coursing down my face, to seat 22B.

In the midst of it all, I asked God for a word of encouragement. I cracked open my prayer book and looked down to find Psalm 73: 25, 26: *Whom have I in heaven but you? And*

there is none upon earth that I desire besides You. My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

Flesh and heart are failing left and right. Who knows where my parents are headed?

God knows.

Kelly Dolin serves as a Handmaid for the Alleluia Community, one of 21 women who provide overall insight to the Community government from a womanly perspective, and on the Pastoral Team. She is a stay-at-home mom and former teacher in the Alleluia Community School. Kelly also finds time to write about faith and family life at inthesheepfold.blogspot.com. She has been a Full Covenant member of Alleluia since 1990. She and her husband, Dave, have four children and attend the Church of the Most Holy Trinity in Augusta, Georgia.

In-Reach Ministry Teaching Series

The In-Reach Ministry is launching a new teaching series called **Ag-ing Gracefully**. The Ministry is moving to bring more knowledge and understanding into the area of aging. The series will present topics that will cover such issues as what is normal aging, how can I be safer in my home, fall prevention techniques and many more.

The Series will be held in the ACS Auditorium one Saturday of each month from 10-11 a.m. The next topic in the series will be:

February 14, 2015: **I have fallen and I can get up** – Empowering ourselves to be ready for the falls in life.

Faithfulness in Family Prayer – Balancing Routine and Legalism

By Daniel and Rebecca Krementz

Over the years our primary form of family prayer has been morning prayer. We have been faithful to night prayers, which are either protection songs to the tune of Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star or singing the Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory Be. We don't necessarily struggle with legalism in our prayers, but we have struggled with having family morning prayers at all. We go through seasons where we are faithful to our morning family prayers, and other seasons where we have said two minute prayers in the car on the way to school, and still others where we don't do anything. Thankfully, we have been in one of our better seasons since the Thirty Days of September.

September is one of the Alleluia gifts that brings us back to family

prayer every school year. We may lose the family prayer rhythm during the summer, but always receive the grace to start fresh and be more faithful come September. Usually we begin our prayers with kid-friendly Jesus songs like "Thank You, Thank You Jesus", or "Who's the King of the Jungle". We often read the Catholic mass readings for that day. We might talk and discuss how the readings apply to our lives or what message Jesus is telling us. We have recently started sitting still for five minutes so that we can all sit silently and hear Jesus, who always tells at least one of our children something. We each offer up petitions and/ or thanksgivings. Dan often ends with an impromptu prayer of blessing on our day. If Dan isn't there, Rebecca ends with spiritual warfare prayer and putting on the



armor of God. Sometimes on the weekends, when we have more time, we will all get instruments and Dan will lead us in an extended time of singing and dancing. The above is a list of types of prayer that we may incorporate into our family prayer at different times, hopefully as the Spirit leads us. We don't practice each type of prayer daily.

Below is a prayer that Dan came across recently that we think sums up what we strive for as a family and as a community. We haven't prayed it often, but we would like to share it:

"O merciful God, fill our hearts, we pray, with the graces of your Holy Spirit; with love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, humility, and self-control. Teach us to love those who hate us; to pray for those who spitefully use us; that we may be the children of your love, our Father, who makes the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. In adversity grant us grace to be patient; in prosperity keep us humble; may we guard the door of our lips; may we lightly esteem the pleasures of this world, and thirst after heavenly things; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

(Prayer of Anselm, 1033-1109 AD)

Daniel and Rebecca Krementz have been Full Covenant members of Alleluia Community since 2005. Daniel is a mechanical engineer and a Support Group Head while Rebecca is a nurse currently being a stay at home mom. They have three children and one on the way and attend St. Joseph Catholic Church in Augusta, Georgia.

Praying for Our Children

By Cynthia Napier



Praying for our children is probably one of the most important things we can do for them, or possibly THE most important. I started when they were infants and also prayed that the Lord would wake me up for any problems that they might be having during the night. I tried to pray over them every night before they went to sleep; it seemed to be an unspoken time when they could let go and drift off. There were even times when one of them would be spending the night out and would call home to ask for prayer before going to bed. I was al-

ways so blessed by that. It is the smallest things that you pray with your children for that are building blocks towards building their own relationship with God. Praying for their little scratches, a lost pet or toy... you can begin to point them towards the Lord.

As the years move on, there are many tests, decisions and relationships to work on. They may or may not ask for your prayers, but I have found them to be always receptive when I would volunteer to pray for

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Upcoming Events

Mark your calendars and plan to attend these upcoming events sponsored by Alleluia Community.

*Alleluia
Community's
42nd Birthday
Celebration
coming
February 5,
7 and 8*

"Hunger for God"

Praying for Our Children

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them. Even after they have left home, there is always the option to pray for them over the phone or when they do come into town.

Acknowledging the Lord and His power is always a good witness to Him. I have found that the Holy Spirit often nudges me to do this or that because I couldn't have known to do it on my own accord. I am thankful

to God for helping me over the years to be a part of building this fold of sheep. I pray that He will continue to do so.

Cynthia Napier is a Registered Nurse. She and her husband, Bill, have been Full Covenant members of Alleluia Community since 1983. They are the parents of eight adult children and three grandchildren, and attend St. Joseph Catholic Church in Augusta, Georgia.

Middle Georgia Healing Service



Dan Almeter Mark Wilby Chuck Hornsby

Led by the Alleluia Community Healing/Miracle Team
Sacred Heart Catholic Church
300 S. Davis Drive, Warner Robins, Georgia

Friday, January 30, 2015 ~ 7 - 10:00 p.m.
Experience the power of God through worship, preaching and healing. All are welcome!



Healed of multiple strokes



Healed of chronic foot pain



Healed of serious scoliosis



Healed of a sleep disorder



Fr. Brett Brannen, former pastor of Holy Spirit and St. Peter Claver Catholic Churches in Macon

"Come and see Jesus heal today."



Healed of bladder cancer



Healed of terminal prostate cancer



Healed of scoliosis

Sponsored by The Alleluia Community of Augusta, Georgia
For more information go to www.yeslord.com or call 706-798-1882

*Be Still and
know that
I am God*

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