



Sons Of Issachar Edition!

A Newsletter for those who understood the times and knew what to do!

Kingdom Life Ministry

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Dear Friends,

The Gift of Life

In Psalm 90:10 Solomon said, *“The length of our days is seventy years— or eighty, if we have the strength; yet their span is but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away.”*

The apostle James wrote in James 4:14, *“What is your life? You are a mist that appears for a little while and then vanishes.”*

The look of youth fades fast and skin once so smooth soon is given over to wrinkles and age spots. We glance at a window in passing and wonder who that white haired person is and sadly laugh as we realize that the person we didn't recognize is actually our self.

As we sat under the tent this past weekend we saw many people but some whom we expected to see were not there. Where were they? It is a strange world on the streets. Faces come and go, rumors of deaths, disease and prison abound and it is hard to know if a person is dead or has just disappeared into the system. So that is the way it is with our friend Bob O. Where is he, some say he got gangrene in February and had his legs amputated and then he died. Others say his family took him after the amputation and won't let anyone know where he is. Where ever Bob O might be right now, for the first time in seven trips to the park he was not present.

Death comes quickly and no one knows the hour of its coming. And that is how it is with those you meet on any given day. You may very well be the last one ordained by God to give them that final opportunity. Many, have prayed for years for their Dad, Mom, Son or daughter to be saved or to have one last opportunity to accept Jesus before they pass away and you might be the answer to their prayers..... for the battle with death approaches everyone.

The Battle With Death

“Just one thing divides people. We are either across the line of safety, or we are outside the kingdom of God. Old or young, rich or poor, high or low, ignorant or educated, of differing races, each of us is upon one side or upon another.

“The time will come when you will lie on your bed and your head will toss from side to side as the end of your life draws to a close.

“The time will come when there will be a rap on the door.

“Who are you?’

“Death.’

‘I didn't send for you. Why do you come here?’

‘Nobody sends for me. I choose my own time. If I waited for people to send for me I would never come.’

“But don't come in now, Death.’

‘I am coming in. I have waited for a long time. I have held a mortgage on you for seventy years, and I've come to foreclose.’

‘But, ah, Death, I’m not ready.’

‘Hush! Hush! I’ve come to take you. You must come.’

‘Death! Death! Go get my pocketbook, there! Go get my bankbook! Go get the key to my safety deposit box! Take my gold watch, my jewelry, my lands, my home, everything I’ve got, I’ll give all to you if you’ll only go.’

‘But Death says, “I’ve come for you. I don’t want your money or your land or anything that you have. You must come with me.’

‘Death! Death! Don’t blow that icy breath upon me. Don’t crowd me against the wall!’

‘You must come! You have a week, you have five days, you have one day, you have twelve hours, you have one hour, you have thirty minutes, you have ten minutes, you have one minute, you have thirty seconds, you have ten seconds! I’ll count them – one – two – three – four - five – six - Ha! Ha! - Seven – eight – nine – ten.

‘He is gone, quick call for the undertaker. Carry him to the graveyard. Lay him beside his mother.

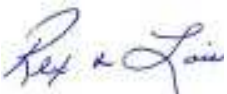
She died saying, ‘I’m sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.’

He died shrieking, ‘Don’t blow that cold breath in my face! Don’t crowd me against the wall!’ Oh! God, don’t let that old nature of yours keep you out of the kingdom of God.

For three days we lived on the corner of Tioga and Kensington Ave. For three days we talked, hugged and loved those that the world would not go across the street to see. You don’t have to go to Africa, though I highly recommend it if you haven’t, to see and taste the spirit of despair and hopelessness.

We are in the midst of planning another outreach, and this time if God’s favor is upon it we will be in Harrisburg July 20-22nd. Gary Shelton, Bill Wilson and myself would like to see a month of meetings like Carlos Annacondia held in Argentina that sparked that famous revival. Is your heart ready for the cost of revival? Or has the spark of revival that once burned so brightly with in you just a few years ago grown so cold that you are dull to the cries of the lost.

With all our love,



Rex and Lois

The breath of death is ever at your door! We know not the hour or day of his coming but all of us will be asked to give an account of what we did with the time we had while here.

Not everyone can go to the streets but you can by joining hands with us TODAY by helping us financially so that we can help those who cannot help themselves.

Our July meetings are fast approaching and we need help!

If you would like to ***Join Our Ranks TODAY – In Helping Us Help Them!*** Then please go to our contribution page or send a check to us at the address on our web-site.

Thanks and God Bless

We are a 501 C-3 tax exempt organization