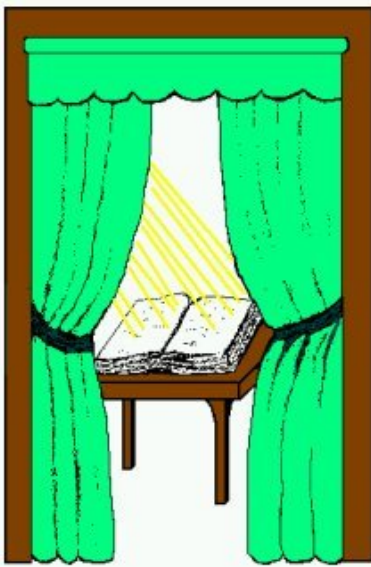


Beyond the Veil

APRIL, 2005



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SIGNS OF MATURITY

By Dottie McElreath

We have not had a newsletter in a very long time mainly because we have not been asked to do so. I am continually bombarded by scenes of nation against nation and religion against religion in our news reports as many of you are. As a race of humanity we have really not come a long way since Abraham walked the earth except we have more modern conveniences. We still have governments imposing death on people that don't share their views. Religious factions all over the world are still killing other religious people and in each case it is justified within the perpetrators mind as being the right thing to do, so that being said how much has human nature changed? Does it wear better clothes so you can't judge the soul as good? Does it cover it with pretty words to justify it? Do we care as long as its

not in our neighborhood?

Sadly most of don't care as long as it stays away from us. If beautiful things happen as they often do it is not spoken of as often as the bad things so as a people universally we are drawn to bad things in the world. If God did a miracle on world wide television it would be deemed as propaganda by many, not trusted by some even of the most devout people in the world, but it would not change the world.

Many years ago, well, at least seven, God asked me if a nation such as America that purported to be based on Him had all the sinful things flaunted before the world

as we did, should it be judged and turned back to Him or would I plead for mercy to avoid the judgments. I answered that if this nation would not return of its on accord than it would be a mercy to judge it. He said "Then I will bring it to its knees". I did not hear these words until 911 in New York City. I heard these words spoken on TV and I trembled in fear.

Sadly, the only way that God can get our attention is by letting a disaster happen. Am I saying that God caused



WATCHMAN ON THE WALL

By Larry Cwach



I would like to tell all of you what God means to me, and how it has changed my life.

I was born on a farm in South Dakota. My Mom and Dad claimed they we both Catholic. But, neither regularly attended church. Only on the usual events like weddings and funerals. When I was growing up I attended very few church services. When going through high

school I did participate in the 4-year athletic program. Football, basketball, and Track. I did letter during my senior year in football. I did receive a minor letter in Track.

My mother basically did everything for me. My household duties were basically non-existent. During this time my Mom and Dad were very traditional. Mom did the housework and

cooking. Dad made a living by working the farm. During my teenage years I spent a lot of time working on the farm many long hours, especially during the summer. Get up in the morning and work until dark was a usual day.

Since, I did not do housework, or any cooking I became somewhat frightened in an unusual way. Who would cook for me?

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this? No! I am saying that because our leaders profess to be good honorable people they as a rule do not walk with God and have not the spirit of love within their souls so they can perform their duties to improve life for people. Our leaders have gone so far as to separate church and state, so that if you say you have a firm belief in God you will most likely not be elected to office because you might impose your belief on some immoral person and set them free from their prison of sin.

We are in a world now that makes fun of each other's religion, even in this country. We have very little tolerance for other people's views. If someone is sick and in need of prayer the common response is "What religion are they? Does it matter?"

How did this world get to this place? By APATHY. If it's not in our backyard then we don't want to get involved. We need to get in our own prayerful state of mind and ask God for a heart of love that covers all nationalities, all religions, all backgrounds, and all stages of human relationships even ones we consider immoral. Only by the spirit of love, which Jesus exemplified on the cross, can this state of the world be addressed. I really don't care what any religion believes in. If they don't love their fellowman it isn't enough. We don't need to change anyone, we just need to love them

anyway and let Jesus do the rest. We don't need to judge if they are right or wrong. We just love them anyway. This is not hard when you think about it. It is actually liberating to reach out over apathy, hatred, bigotry, and whatever clothes it wears and just love that soul inside that body regardless of what dirt, uniform, or belief it hides under

All souls look alike and in heaven you can't tell any nationality from any other and the ones who are victorious will be the ones who reached over that barrier to the soul on the other side and asked God to pour out His love in a mighty way and to just forgive them of their mistakes as HE FORGIVES US OF OURS! We will be judged in each country all over the world and if maybe 1/5 of the people in each country turn their lives around to begin to love as Jesus loved it will be a turning point. Love is contagious. If you give love it multiplies and comes back to you seven times over. These are the blessings that continue in a ripple effect. In the face of love, hate doesn't stand a chance. In the face of apathy, compassion knocks its feet out from under it. We can't individually change the world but we can change our own destiny by putting our knowledge of Jesus to work, one day at a time.

We have our sons and daughters going over to Iraq to fight a nation that

is older than ours and who consider this to be a holy war. That nation thinks we are horrible based on what goes on here legally. Politics is not the answer. You can't legislate love. God will prevail but at what price? Our leaders will not have a meeting of the minds with other world leaders, but God is the one that wakes them up in the middle of the night just like he does you or I. They feel just like we do and to get in their back pockets we need to love them as a brother or sister. In ourselves we can't do that but with God's help we can. Love is a spirit that is as close to a liquid state as is possible. Don't believe me? When's the last time you cried because someone died or laughed so hard you cried or was so happy the tears came. Was that liquid or what?

We get so wrapped up in day-to-day living that we don't spend time with God except when we have a need and then we run for help. Did you ever wonder why God didn't want you to eat pigs, because a pig by nature doesn't care for its owner or caregiver until it is hungry. A pig will play in the mud and in general have a life of leisure with apparently no need in the world until hunger strikes and then it squeals until relief comes and sadly to say we are sometimes like that. We don't spend time with God unless we want something and when we get it we go on again until we want something else. If



All souls look alike and in heaven you can't tell any nationality from any other.



An open door to the soul

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you eat of that pig mentality then you run from one crisis to another never learning to just spend time with God. Telling him you love him in the middle of the night when you are on the way to the bathroom is perfectly OK. You can feel an outpouring of love at any time from God and it does make your life go so much smoother but when you're receiving ask God to pass it on to everyone in your family, your town, your state, your country, every nation that is in crisis or every face that touches you on TV. If you can't do this then ask and you shall receive a heart for the people. Thank you for your time

and I pray that every day in your life you are looked on by love as God's Grace means Abundant Love. You can't "out give" God and His love is free but very powerful so pass it on. It can be more contagious than a virus so don't hold back. Smile and someone smiles back. Ask for God's love to surround that person because they have temporarily opened their souls to you. This is a secret revealed just as watching porno opens a door for satanic activity, that smile opens the door to the soul and you can slide love in that will change that person's life and they don't even know you have a secret weapon. God has many secrets and we can't contain them all to use so if you ever re-

member even one remember this. The eyes are the door to the soul so with that eye contact you are at the door; if they smile back at you they have opened the door so ask God to simply love them. I implore you in Jesus Name to use this secret to see lives change around you. Ask for a conscientiousness' of the needs around you and he will reveal sick, miserable, lonely people that love can miraculously change sometimes overnight. Let It Go until your love is overflowing as a river because a river changes the bed it lies in. You can't ask for a better bed partner now can you? Unconditional Love that only comes from the throne. Amen & Amen & Amen



Let your love go until it is overflowing as a river because a river changes the bed it lies in.

MINISTRY UPDATE

By Sandy Cwach

It has been a very long time since we have sent out a "Beyond the Veil" newsletter. Our mailing list got to over 3,000 names and we could no longer afford the postage. Now, with the help of the World Wide Web, we are planning to start it up again. I had an experience 5 or 6 years ago I would like to share with you:

We were still living in the apartments and I was struggling with asthma. I spent a week in the hospital every year with pneumonia brought on from a severe asthma attack. This time was to be very different. Dottie and I were studying the bible together and she had a dream that she was given a house, but she didn't have anyplace to put it. She gave it to me because I had the land to put

it on. The house was a gift of knowledge from God and the land was the time I had. Dottie was working a full time job and I was working at my business from home. I was not so busy that I couldn't take a week off to be sick. My constant prayer was to see the face of God. I wanted to see His face more than I wanted to breath.

When I went to the doctor he sent me to the hospital right away. As I was checking in, at the administration office the strangest thing happened. The gal behind the desk started telling me about God and how much she loved Him. As she talked, the face of Jesus appeared transposed over her face. I thanked God for showing me His face, but it didn't stop there. Every person who took

care of me did the same thing. All the nurses, technicians and doctors did the same thing. They started telling me about God without me asking them anything. They were Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, or other Christian denominations as well as Jewish, Jehovah's Witness, Islamic, Mormons but they were all seeking God in what ever form they believed in. Every one of them showed the face of Jesus as they talked about their beliefs. I have always been taught that the only way to be saved was through belief in Jesus, but now I know that what is in a person's heart is more important than what they have been taught. It is the love in their hearts that shows the face of Jesus to those they are ministering to. That is



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WATCHMAN ON THE WALL (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Who would wash my clothes when I was living on my own? When I graduated from college it was my goal not to follow my Dad's footsteps by farming. My Dad did offer me a way to get started in farming, since he wanted to retire from farming. I moved to Colorado right after college to try my new independence. I lived with my sister in Colorado for about 6 months. She taught me how to wash clothes and I did manage to cook for myself in a pinch. That did reduce my fears a little. My employment was not good in Colorado, so I came back to the farm to stay with Mom and Dad. They were happy to see me. Dad enjoyed my help on the farm while I was at home.

My goal in life was to get married and have my wife take over the household duties like when I lived with Mom & Dad. I finally met my first wife and we were married in 1965. She was the daughter of a Methodist Minister. Now I thought everything would take care of itself. The only thing I knew was a traditional marriage, where the wife took care of the house and the husband worked and bring home the money. After the marriage I moved away from the farm with my wife into our own apartment. As time went on we bought a house in the city not far from the farm. We were blessed with 4 children, 2 boys and 2 girls. I had a computer job, and everything was going fine.

During my marriage I did go to church just to please my wife. However, I did not necessarily believe in God. It appeared to me that Church was a place to meet friends and visit over a cup of coffee. In other words just to social-

ize with friends.

In 1972 my mother died and one year later my Dad also passed away. My Dad left me with the farm. I wanted to move to the farmhouse but my wife didn't want to live in a dusty dirty place. So, I gave in to her and kept the house in the city. In order to earn additional money I decided to farm the home place. I bought a lot of the farm machinery at my Dads auction sale and began farming the same year. There was about 150 acres. I worked the farm after hours usually getting started at 6 P.M until midnight. This lasted for about 8 years. My wife didn't like me being away from the family so much and tried to get me more involved with church activities to help keep me home at night. She tried to get me into the men's club, which met one night a week. She wanted me to spend more time to be an usher, participate in fundraisers, and so on. I didn't have time nor did I want to do these kinds of things to do. So, eventually I had the farm and my Wife had the church. In 1979 I was called in to have counseling with the Methodist Pastor. After several sessions I felt like I was at a disadvantage. The minister or the church was on one side of the argument with my wife, and I was on the other. It was like 2 against 1. So, I consulted my own marriage counselor. The result was I needed to make a change.

In 1980 I got a computer job in Minneapolis Minnesota about 325 miles away. I felt the change would bring our marriage back together and I would definitely be home at night, since I decided to rent the farm rather than working it myself. But, my wife chose

divorce as my going away preasant. My wife eventually called me an atheist. I did admit being agnostic.

After a long divorce I was finally free in 1981. I met my present wife in Minneapolis and we were married the next year in 1982. Sandy and I are still together and I expect we will be together forever.

Sandy and I were both computer programmers and we earned a very comfortable living. We didn't go to any church regularly either. Neither one of us were the church going type. We believed in money and property.

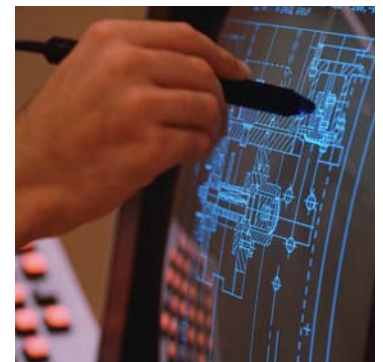
In 1984 we moved to Denver Colorado to seek wealth in a multi-level company.

It simply did not work out. Three years later we moved to Atlanta to pursue better employment. Sandy and I were again both in computer jobs. In 1988 we bought a house and we were all set. Still we were in pursuit of how much money we could earn to have a comfortable life ahead of us. But, still without God.

My wife, Sandy started to develop health problems in the early part of 1990. Her back became very sore and could hardly walk. In working with a chiropractor she slowly recovered. In January of 1991 Sandy fell down the last stair step into the garage. No broken bones but was very sore. After seeing her chiropractor Sandy began to improve a little. Her health problems continued. In May of 1991 she fell down the same steps again but from a higher level. Off to the hospital she went. A broken elbow and a broken ankle. Sandy remained in the hospital a few days. A cast was on her left arm and another cast on



... I became somewhat frightened in an unusual way. Who would cook for me? Who would wash my clothes when I was living on my own?



WATCHMAN ON THE WALL (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

her right leg. Sandy came home in an ambulance basically completely bed ridden. Her health insurance paid for a nurse to come into our home and take care of her.

Sandy slowly started to get better but eventually the insurance would not cover taking care of her. I eventually quit my job to stay home to take care of my wife. Slowly Sandy was able to take care of herself but was now disabled. After many Doctor visits Sandy was diagnosed to have Multiple Sclerosis. Still our belief in God was not changed. After staying at home and living on Sandy's long term disability both of us finally found God. Through a friend we started going to a church service once in a while and finally in 1993 Sandy and I were both saved. A short time later we were both water baptized. My night sweats stopped immediately after being baptized. This was my first clue that God was watching after me.

There were two other incidents that cemented my belief in God. The first incident happened while I was driving my car in Atlanta. I was driving about 30 miles an hour and had just met a large dump truck going in the opposite direction that I was going, and I noticed a tree branch coming out of the sky and before I realize what had happened the tree branch struck the car windshield with an amazing loud smack. The tree branch came at me at such a rapid speed it should have broken the windshield. The windshield was not damaged at all. I could have been hurt. Almost instantly, I knew God was protecting me. The branch was about 6 feet long and about 1-½ inches in diameter. I

don't know where the branch came from but it came very quickly.

The next incident happened late at night. I normally washed our clothes in a 24 hour Laundromat. At 4 A.M. traffic is almost non-existent. I was driving home from the Laundromat on a country blacktop road. I was stopping at stop sign when I noticed a car coming up in my rear view mirror very fast. I made a left turn from the stop sign and started going down the road. This fast car didn't stop at the stop sign and followed me for just an instant. And started to pass me almost right away. It was in such a hurry that it cut back into my lane very quickly. And it appeared to drive right through the left side of my car. This frightened me for an instant and here again I knew that God was protecting me and keeping me safe. There wasn't any damage to my car. To this day I still do not understand how this was done. But my belief in God was reinforced.

During Sandy's illness I finally learned how to take care of myself. Like how to cook, how to wash clothes, and how to take care of household duties which I never learned when I grew up. Not only did I do it for myself, but also for Sandy. Now my fear of taking care of myself was gone. Even though my belief in God was good. I still needed to know more about the Bible and learn more about God.

Sandy was my tutor. I did not like to read. She would tell me things about the Bible and I quickly understood. To this day I still have not read the Bible. One thing about learning about believing in God was that I was not a 10

or 20 year church member of a certain denomination. And it was much easier to learn new concepts without the old church beliefs that a lot of churchgoers have.

However life must go on. Since, my wife was unemployed we finally lost our home in 1995. When we found out we had to move in 10 days. Many friends helped us move. One person furnished a truck and help for free. Another person found an apartment for us and paid the down payment out of their own pocket. Later another friend paid for a month's rent on the apartment. My wife and I were amazed at all the help we got when we were really down. God was there for us.

I finally got back to work - working various jobs and finally working at Wal-Mart in 1996. The pay is not good, but it helps pay the bills. I feel as though God put me into a job like Wal-Mart as a learning experience. Since working at Wal-Mart I changed from an introverted person into an outgoing person. I will often be the first to greet a person, which normally I would not do. I feel comfortable in starting a conversation even with a stranger. I feel I was placed in Wal-Mart to enlighten people even if they're having a bad day.

Also, God taught me that money and property is not important but enjoying life with relatives and friends is.

My wife and I are now living in a comfortable rented house. Sandy had a business right by our house. The business is now making a profit. We have outgrown our first office and now we are in a nearby shopping strip. The business is picking



...the tree
branch struck
the car
windshield with
an amazing loud
smack.



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CHRISTIAN POINT

310 Paulding Plaza
PO Box 758
Dallas, GA 30132
Phone: 770-445-3520
Fax: 770-443-3261
Toll Free: 888-728-3522
E-mail: info@christianpoint.org

up, and we are just as happy as when we were going after the money and property.

I resigned my position in 2003 and now am helping my wife with her business. We are not making a lot of money but, finally both of us are doing work that is enjoyable.

Just how has God changed my life are really hard to describe. I will try to put some of these differences in words.

My relatives were mostly into farming. They would constantly talk about all the problems they had on the farm. It was like a contest to see who could tell the worst story. It was like being at the bottom of the barrel. Come join me down here. In other words talk of bad experiences and you will have bad experiences. I used to be one of these people talking about bad experiences. I have learned to talk about good things and don't dwell on the bad things.

Since, my wife, Sandy is handicapped and unable to drive a car; she is dependent on me to do the things that

she is unable to handle on her own. I feel it my job given to me by God to help her out. Sandy likes to read books and has studied the Bible very well. She has taught me about God and I have learned from her.

My personality has changed from an introverted person to outgoing. I am comfortable in greeting strangers, talking more in-group discussions, and in general being more into discussions. When I was growing up all my sisters and brothers were older than I was. Since, I was too little to be included it was difficult for me to participate in any family activities. So, the result was to watch and listen and not be heard.

In watching people who come to Wal-Mart where I work. I can usually tell if a person believes in God. A lot of the time it shows on their face. Those people who are usually in a bad mood or angry at the world need very much to meet God. I have learned that what you often think about is a form of praying. So if you are angry or thinking of revengeful things you are

actually promoting these things to happen. For example let's say you don't like the way the President of the United States is doing on his job. If you continue to think that way, it is likely to be worse. What you should do is pray to God to help the president do his job. If enough people are thinking this way then God will make it happen

I have learned that believing in God gives me the sense of well being. My thought process has changed to good things. I am still learning, but I have come a long way. My fear of dying is gone and I trust God will lead me in the right direction. I pray that all of you who read this article will benefit in believing in God just as I have. My wife, Sandy has also benefited from these experiences. We are both enjoying God's presence and are much better off than we were before.

God bless everyone,

Larry



HELPING CHRISTIANS PROSPER IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

MINISTRY UPDATE (continued from page 3)

why they got into the health care field in the first place, was to care for God's people no matter what religion, race or creed they came from.

My lesson was not over however. I don't know if it was the medication or the lack of fresh fruit and vegetables in my meals at the hospital, but my arthritis was giving me a real problem when I got home. I would have to sit on the side of the bed for 20 minutes in the morning before I could walk. The pain was so bad in my knees that

tears would run down my face while I limped to the bathroom. I'd sit in front of my computer with unbearable aches in my joints. Dottie and I were studying the prophet Iddo who did things his own way. He didn't listen to what God told him to do and lost his life for it. As I looked at that name, I realized I had been doing the same thing. Iddo changed before my very eyes to become "I'd do" - I'd do it my own way if I could. As I repented of my willful ways and

asked God for forgiveness, the pain left my knees instantly. The pain has not returned nor have I gone back to the hospital again because of asthma. The memory stays with me every day of how clearly I can see Jesus in everyone I come in contact with. Oh, I still have trouble with asthma, but it is controlled with medication now and getting better all the time. Praise God for His divine mercy and love.

Love, Sandy



Fresh Fruits and Vegetables along with Herbs and Remedies from Hanna Kroeger help me keep the Arthritis from flaring up.