



November 2005

Living Discipleship Conference

The conference committee at SFM is gearing up for our winter conference, Living Discipleship, which will be held February 24 & 25 at Fair Haven Ministries in Hudsonville.

SFM is committed to growing freedom ministries in churches and the need is great. Because of this, we have chosen to focus this conference on church leaders and pastors.

All of the speakers are pastors/church leaders who have been involved in freedom ministry/discipleship counseling for many years. They will share from their experience what freedom in Christ means, what it can do to transform individuals and congregations, and what needs to be kept in mind in order to begin this life changing ministry in a church.

Our speakers will be:

- Jeff Stam, founder of SFM and currently the pastor of Friendship Chapel in Jenison.
- Jeff Boersma, pastor of On The House Church, a cell based ministry in Muskegon developed on freedom principles and training.
- Arnie Dykstra, retired visitation pastor of Sunshine Community Church where he helped in the development of their discipleship counseling ministry.

A brochure with more details and registration information will be coming your way in December and further information will come in future Updates.

Ruth Theis

First Annual Benefit Dinner

Set Free Ministries is planning the first annual benefit dinner for Monday, December 5, 2005 at the "Rock" of First Reformed Church of Byron Center, 2456 – 84th St., Byron Center, Michigan. Punch bowl is at 6:30 p.m. and supper at 7:00 p.m. Come and join us for an evening of celebration, praise, testimonies, and a slide/video presentation of what God is doing, not only in Michigan, but also in Uganda. The cost per person is \$25, but you will be able to sponsor a table of 8 for \$200. If you would be willing to volunteer some of your time to help out with planning, decorating, underwriting, or clean-up please call 726-5400.

The concept of forgiveness is a vital part of Set Free Ministries. In Ephesians 4:32 we read, "And be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ forgave you." Below is a poem written by a 16 year old girl on the topic of forgiveness.

"Marta" **By Avone Vander Mey**

The mark of life ran through her face.
It coursed right through her hair
And left a silver trace.
She sat atop a mound of papers,
Not a single letter would she erase.

The stack reached about seven feet high,
It was three feet long and five feet wide,
Her legs dangling over the edge she sighed,
"Oh, Lord look! How low these people pass by."

A smile played in the gray of her eyes.
How long she had worked to get a pile this size!
Her heart was so good, she couldn't deny,
And soon was the time she would earn her prize.

"Forgive, my daughter," came a quiet voice.
It was the fourth time she heard it,
What was this noise?
"Father, don't you know I have no choice?
To forgive would be the end of my piles' poise!"

What would be my worth,
Say you take away my pile?
Eighty years on earth, a life of file after file!
Lord, don't you see I'm better?
Can't you see how high I sit?
The words of Yeshua gently rebuked,
"Become humble, like this child."

"No, I can't!" The old woman grabbed as
Many papers as she could hold;
Her arms clinging tightly to the memories running cold.
A tear slipped down her face
As once again she's quietly told,
"Forgive, forgive" a paper she unfolds...

October 3, 1938

Our fifteenth anniversary, and once again he's late.
How many times I did wait!
Lord, he forgot such an important date!
Forgive...

August 12, 1942

The car pulled up, and right away I knew,
The war had left my 17 year-old son Drew,
To sink down deep to the bottom of the blue.
Forgive....

November 6, 1951

My very own daughter decides to up and run.
She's taken my money, my gold, a gun!
After all I have said, after all I have done.
Forgive....

The old woman offers up her hurt, her pain.
How could the Lord wipe clean such a stain?
Who is she to judge, to hold faults and cast blame?
Her papers slowly shrivel as she continues down
memory lane.

July 17, 1952

My husband decides he doesn't love me.
Alone, I cry. Lord, surely you see!
He doesn't deserve to get off free!
Forgive....

February 19, 1953

Her daddy's back hand stings worse than a hive.
Oh God! Oh God! Help me stay alive.
Is it really my fault that the business doesn't thrive?
Forgive....

"Marta." Her name! She looks around.
A man reaches out to her "My daughter, you're found!"
He picks her off the pile and sets her on the ground.
"You forgave and are forgiven; you are no longer bound!"