



# Dayspring Discipleship Institute

"...the ministry of the Word" – Acts 6:4

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Teaching – Equipping – Training – Ministering

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"...the Dayspring from on high has come to give light to those that sit in darkness..." --Luke 1:78-79

Newsletter

## *Clothespin Faith*

Dearhearts,

They couldn't believe their ears. Four hundred years of slavery had left them with no knowledge of the outside world they now found themselves in and with no understanding of how to survive in it. Even Moses knew nothing of Canaan, "whether the land be good or bad, the cities walled or of tents; whether the people there were strong or weak, few or many..." So 12 spies were dispatched to scout the land. They returned with legendary tales...a land flowing with milk and honey.

They couldn't believe their eyes. A cluster of grapes almost dragging the ground from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men. *This* was to be theirs? But words of milk and honey soon turned to acid in their hearts as they learned such clusters were fit for giants...the spies had been as grasshoppers before them! The land could not be taken!

Despair overtook them. All this distance to a God-forsaken place? Unskilled in survival, in governance... in anything! That their children should be prey to giants was unthinkable! What cruel trickster had led them thus?

Wailing filled the air that night. And mutiny filled their hearts the next day. *We'll choose a captain... find our way back to Egypt... and hope they'll take us back.* Overwhelmed at the collapse of their exodus, Moses and Aaron fell on their faces before the people while two of the spies, Joshua and Caleb, tore their garments in anguish. "If the Lord delight in us," they cried, "then he will bring us into this land, and give it to us...don't rebel against the Lord, neither fear the people of the land. They are bread for us! Their defense has left them..."

*Bread? Did they say bread? Their faith had left them blind and dumb!* And the people took up stones to kill those made rabid by faith.

Faith is the only sane voice in an insane world, and it stands in defiance of the assumptions of this world. It was a pretty insane decision made by the pastor of a rural Oklahoma church during the Great Depression. More than once my father told of the brush he was burning that was whipped by the wind to engulf the church. Distraught at his own carelessness and knowing his people could ill afford shoes for their children much

less money to re-build, he cried out to God. What came from that was a sign he posted along the highway near the church's charred remains that read in part, "Church destroyed by brush fire...No money to rebuild...Can you give a dollar?" On the wire fence by the roadside he placed dozens of clothespins to hold any dollars passers-by might give. One by one, dollar bills began to appear along the fencerow, and over several months enough depression dollars were left that the church could be re-built and worship returned to this poor community.

Faith defies the assumptions of this world. *What a stupid thing to do; dishonest – or needy – people will rob you blind.* But he asked in guided faith, and people gave in faith. Only a faith that risks failure or looking stupid...or being exposed for the fool that we were...is the answer for giants. There are giants in every land... those things that lie beyond the reach of normal faith and fill us with fear or despair or depression. Times that seem arranged by a heartless prankster. It is here that our journey will either languish in the wilderness or pursue the food of giants.

The Promised Land is filled with clusters of fruit beyond the imaginings of normal faith. When we are but grasshoppers in the face of our circumstances, it is precisely these times that are made for God... times that will not be overcome unless God comes through. It is precisely these times that demand a faith that leaves us blind and dumb; a faith which can reduce to bread what causes normal men to wail.

Faith never plunges us into despair, it calls us to Canaan. If we would cross the bridge between normal human life and a supernatural life, only clothespin faith will do.

I love you,

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is a non-profit organization  
wholly supported by your tax-deductible contributions.

**Thank you for your faithful support.**

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## *Easter Week Up-Date*

**Thursday Vesper Service** . Over twenty-five people attended our Thursday evening focus on Gethsemane and the Last Supper.

**Good Friday**. Nearly twenty persons came and went through the day for our day long observance.

**Easter Sunrise Service**. Twenty-five to thirty people gathered near Riley's Berm in the prayer garden to celebrate our risen Savior.

**Noon Devotionals** experienced significantly smaller turnout than in previous years with 3 in attendance on Tuesday and 4 on the remaining days and causes us to re-think continuing these Easter devotionals in the future.

Overall, we have been blessed by the consistent response to our Easter observances. Below are reflections from one who attended.

*My first visit to Dayspring Chapel and Prayer Garden was Thursday eve and Good Friday. I knew as soon as I entered the chapel on Thursday evening and felt the tremendous peace that is there, that I was in for a special blessing. The thoughts and scriptures Brenda shared on Thursday about Gethsemane opened my eyes to more than I had ever known of Christ suffering for me. I had never felt the "aloneness" of Christ in Gethsemane as much as I did that evening.... the knowledge that He truly wrestled with the grave choice He had before Him ... to drink the bitter cup or not, being separated from His Father for the first time in all eternity, facing the horror of becoming sin....Him who knew no sin....so much so that He sweat great drops of blood. The reality of what happened that night penetrated my spirit as never before and prepared me for Friday.*

*When I arrived at Friday morning's meditations on the cross at 8:15, I really didn't know how long I would be there. I knew I could leave at any time and yet it seemed I could not leave my seat. As the minutes passed into hours sitting beneath the cross of Jesus and meditating on all that was happening to Him that day ... my heart was truly humbled at the awesome God who could have called 10,000 angels to rescue Him at any moment, yet for the joy set before Him, endured such agony for me and for all who would believe.*

*I will never forget that day and pray that I will never forget how He suffered for me.... that I might live life abundantly with Him forever! The words to this familiar old hymn took on new meaning as I knelt before His Cross:*

Beneath the Cross of Jesus, I fain would take my stand  
The shadow of a Mighty Rock within a weary land,  
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat  
And the burden of the day.

I take O Cross thy shadow as my abiding place.  
I ask no other sunshine than the Sunshine of His face.  
Content to let the world go by to know no gain nor loss  
My sinful self, my only shame  
My glory, all the cross.

All the praise and glory are yours, Lord Jesus ....  
now and forevermore!

With Love in Christ....Joanne

## *Art Workshops*

Both art workshops are eagerly attended by a total of 16 women, with 2 or 3 more getting ready to fill the slots on Monday evening since the Friday class is already full. The comment below from one who attends on Mondays reflects the nature of the course as well as her own experience.



*The water color class is not about painting the perfect picture but exploring the artist that is buried deep within and digging her out. Elaine has created an environment that is open, warm, and full of ideas. She is a patient teacher who radiates Jesus' love. I never want the class to end. The two hours a week that I spend in this class is healing and freeing and FUN!! Jolie*

## *Nursing Home Ministry*

The energy continues as we seek to extend Christ's love to the residents of our adopted nursing home. We've added an art class led by Elaine Souder and assisted by Teresa Box. It is enthusiastically and well attended. Very shortly we'll also be adding an individual memoir writing/recording touch spearheaded by Elizabeth Moses and Judy Adams.

The Tuesday afternoon popcorn social has stirred up a lot of interest and excitement as several people have given of their time and talent to help.

There is plenty of room for plenty of help as the Lord prompts and continues to show us ways to touch the lives of those our society tends to forget.

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***Thank You for your Added Support during this Season of Increased Expenses with the Prayer Garden.***