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*A Journal for  
Heart & Mind*

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# ENCOURAGEMENT *and* EDIFICATION



R E S T



**BERKLEY**  
COMMUNITY CHURCH

Issue 3 | SUMMER 2026



## About *Encouragement & Edification*

This faith digest is a publication of Berkley Community Church, created by and for our church family. Each issue features a collection of poetry and stories, Scripture insights, and reflections designed to nourish the heart and mind. Published quarterly, ***Encouragement & Edification*** offers readers spiritual encouragement, historical perspective, and practical inspiration for daily living—each issue shining light on biblical truth and steadfast faith.

If you'd like to contribute to a future issue, we'd love to hear from you! We are seeking submissions of articles, devotionals, poetry, short stories, and photography. Please email Christine Trimpe for guidelines and further details about the theme of the upcoming issue.

Summer 2026–**Rest**: Our next edition explores true rest—Sabbath stillness and joyful recreation, renewing our rhythm with God.

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Together, let's continue *encouraging and edifying* one another in the truth of God's Word!

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Photo Credit: Donna Dalziel

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Original photography captures the beauty of the summer *rest* theme throughout this issue.

Dear Church Family,

As summer arrives, life often changes pace. School calendars come to an end, vacations are planned, and evenings stay lighter longer (sometimes I feel like they're too long and we should all just go to bed!). While summer is not necessarily less busy, it often provides moments that make us pause before God. The sunset over the water or the garden in full bloom.

That makes it an appropriate season for us to consider the theme of *Sabbath rest*.

One of the most famous lines in church history comes from the fourth-century pastor and theologian Augustine, who wrote, "*You have made us for Yourself, and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in You.*" Though written over 1,600 years ago, those words still describe the human condition remarkably well. We live in a restless world. We have work responsibilities and career goals. Our calendars are full of kids' activities. A plan for dinner cycles back to us every day! So much to do... so much to carry... so much to stay on top of that we are often left exhausted. Yet beneath all that activity is a deeper longing that no amount of productivity or leisure can satisfy.

We were made for God.

When Scripture speaks of the Sabbath, it does far more than command a day off. The Sabbath is God's gracious reminder that we are finite men, not machines. We are dependent, not self-sufficient. By ceasing from our labor, we acknowledge that the world keeps turning because God sustains it—not because we do.

E. M. Bounds once wrote, "*What the Church needs today is not more machinery or better, not new organizations or more novel methods, but men whom the Holy Ghost can use—men of prayer, men mighty in prayer.*"

We are often tempted to believe that the answer to spiritual fruitfulness is more activity, more planning, and more effort. Yet Sabbath reminds us that God's kingdom advances not through human striving alone but through humble dependence upon Him. Sometimes the most spiritual thing we can do is stop long enough to remember that God is God and we are not.

*"Be still, and know that I am God;  
I will be exalted among the nations,  
I will be exalted in the earth"*—Psalm 46:10.

Perhaps that is one reason Sabbath can be difficult for us. Work often feels productive. Rest can feel wasteful. We are tempted to believe that everything depends on us. Yet Sabbath confronts that illusion. It teaches us to trust. It reminds us that God is at work even when we are not. Nothing will stop God from being exalted among the nations. Nothing will stop God from being exalted in the earth.

I've read this line in different books for years: Which is more important, prayer or Bible study? Their answer: Which is more important, breathing in or breathing out?

The Christian life requires both. We receive from God through His Word, and we respond to Him in prayer. Similarly, Sabbath reminds us that life was never intended to be an endless cycle of striving. God has designed rhythms of work and rest, laboring and trusting. A healthy spiritual life requires both.

This summer and again later in the fall, I will have the opportunity to experience some of that rhythm personally through a sabbatical. I am grateful to our elders and our church family for allowing me to take this sabbatical. For as much as I love preaching, I look forward to not having that responsibility be front and center of my week and walk with the Lord. I look forward to simply lingering in God's presence; to remembering that my approval before God is not because of my vocation. That the church belongs to Him. And the work is His before it is ours.

Ultimately, every Sabbath in Scripture points beyond itself to something greater. It points us to Christ. Hebrews 4 makes it so clear: Jesus is our true rest. The deepest exhaustion we experience is not physical but spiritual. We are burdened by sin, guilt, fear, and the constant effort to justify ourselves. Into that weariness Jesus speaks His invitation: *"Therefore, since the promise of entering his rest still stands, let us be careful that none of you be found to have fallen short of it"*—Hebrews 4:1.

That is the rest Augustine discovered. That is the rest the Sabbath is meant to teach us. When you have Jesus, you have everything. When your eternity is settled by the grace of God and the power of the cross – you can have rest and peace in any season.

My prayer for this issue of *E&E* is that it would encourage each of us to slow down long enough to remember where true rest is found. Whether your summer is filled with travel, vacation, or simply the ordinary routines of life, may God use this season to remind you that your soul was made for Him. And may our restless hearts find their rest in Christ.

~Pastor Adam





Lord,  
There is something inside that longs to come out.  
A message from you, Lord; there is no doubt.  
A message for those who have lost all hope.  
For those who feel like they're at the end of their rope.  
So desperate for something they can't even describe.  
A longing to be rescued from the pain deep inside.  
Lord, You hold all the answers for which they are yearning.  
You're the One who is longing for their returning.  
So much pain all around; it's hard to imagine.  
The situations so different, needing so much compassion.  
Lord, please enter into that place that touches their soul.  
With the power from You to make their heart's whole.  
To mend all the tears and bring light to the darkness.  
To soften those places filled with so much hardness.  
Lord, You hold all the answers for which they are yearning.  
You're the One who is longing for their returning.  
To turn from the path leading them away.  
To the one You provide leading the way.  
Holding their hand or bearing their weight.  
It's You who makes them new and changes their fate.  
Lord, You hold all the answers for which they are yearning.  
You're the One who is longing for their returning.  
I lift all those who are lost and searching up to You.

In Jesus' Holy Name

Amen



## Mending Bones

WHAT A BROKEN FOOT TAUGHT ME ABOUT RESTING IN HIM

by Christine Trimpe

*“And the God of all grace, who called you to his eternal glory in Christ, after you have suffered a little while, will himself restore you and make you strong, firm and steadfast.”*

— 1 Peter 5:10

Moving fast down my bedroom stairs, half-looking at my phone, my foot came down where the floor should have been. Instead, I landed on the metal bar of the dog gate; dead center, full weight.

I heard a crack, sharp enough that I froze for a second before the pain caught up. Then it did, a white-hot line straight up through my whole body.

“Please, Lord, don’t let it be broken,” I cried, hopping around my kitchen. Then, “I don’t have time for this. I don’t have time for this. *I don’t have time for this.*”

That was the whole prayer. No theology. No flourish (no foul language... I’ve come a long way). Just a woman on a kitchen floor negotiating with God over a dog gate and obvious setback.

It was broken. A comminuted displaced fracture of the fifth metatarsal. Shattered. Multiple fragments, multiple pieces. I can’t seem to do anything “simple” lately. “Go big or go home,” is not all it’s cracked up to be.

In January, I was standing in my kitchen with the phone on speaker, hold music looping for the third time, staring at a stack of my son’s state paperwork I hadn’t opened yet. If you’d asked me right then what my year was about, I would not have said **rest**.

I would have said grief, or caregiver fatigue, or aging parents with mounting health challenges, or the advocacy battles with government agencies that still have not returned my calls.

Grief, for me, looks like the phone number I still long to text to vent when mental health advocacy and care challenges pop up. Only the text would now land in the void.

Recently, I was on hold with MDHHS for two hours and forty minutes. I watched the timer climb because I refused to hang up and lose my place. When someone finally answered, they asked me to resend a form I had already sent twice.

I should've known 2026 would bring special challenges as I literally limped into the year with a badly broken toe. Christmas morning, while simply trying to take a family photo, I jumped into the frame, and my toe slammed into my husband's sturdy shoe... and the captured image shows the proof—me, bent over in pain.

Add self-employment hours that do not punch a clock, caregiver fatigue with crises that do not invite a sabbath, and, for good measure, multiple broken bones.

*I have learned to suffer well.* I can say this with honesty and good humor, but it is not a joke.

Somewhere in the middle of all of it, I realized I hadn't sat still on purpose, without a task in my hand, in longer than I could remember. In my defense, God did knit me together as a Type-A+.

On a recent Tuesday, I drove my mom to a specialist, took a work call in the parking lot before we walked in, argued with a government agency rep on the drive home, then picked up my son for his appointment 45-minutes away without ever turning off autopilot. I know now, biologically, it was hypervigilance. And that, my friend, is an unhealthy place to be. But somehow, in His mercy, He used it anyway.

Up until the day He stopped me. With a dog gate.

I want to be clear. “God broke my foot to teach me a lesson” is not what I am saying. I don't believe He typically operates that way. What I am saying is that when I was finally forced to slow down, boot on my foot, crutches under my arms, the Lord met me in that stillness with a word I had been circling for months in Scripture: *katartizo*.

It is the Greek word behind 1 Peter 5:10. **Restore**. That is *katartizo*, kah-tar-TID-zo. And it is not a soft word.

In classical Greek, *katartizo* was a medical term. It is what a physician said when he set a broken bone or put a dislocated joint back into place, two ends of a fracture realigned by someone else's hands and held still until they knit. The same word shows up in the Gospels for something almost as ordinary. James and John, in their boat, *katartizo*-ing their nets, mending what had torn from the work of fishing so the work could continue.

A physician resetting a bone. A fisherman mending a net. Peter reaching for that same word to describe what God does with a suffering, weary believer.

I have spent these past two years with a bone that needed setting, and most of it was not the one in my foot.

Here is what nobody tells you about a broken bone. It does not heal by trying harder. It does not heal by staying busy. It heals because it is set, and then held still, whether you like being held still or not.

I did not choose the boot. I did not choose the crutches, though I will tell you that ditching them last week felt like a small resurrection. I have one more week in this boot, and I just started physical therapy, which is its own lesson in being mended by someone else's hands and someone else's timeline.

That is *katartizo*. That is 1 Peter 5:10. God does not ask the suffering saint to mend herself. He says He will do it Himself, after the suffering, in His timing, and the result is not just fixed. It is strong. Firm. Steadfast. Those are not words you get from gritting your teeth. Those are words you get from being set by hands stronger than your own, then given actual time, actual rest, to knit back together.

I did not have time for this. That was my prayer on the kitchen floor, and it was, I now know, exactly the lie God needed to interrupt. I did not have time to rest, so He gave me a boot that made the decision for me.

And in His mercy, in His time... I truly testify that living in hyper-vigilance is behind me. My mind has stopped the incessant buzzing, and I've finally accepted the lesson He's been trying to teach me for years: *I am not meant to mend all-the-things*. And I've been enjoying His sweet rest, trusting He's got those I care about in His care.

Maybe you are not wearing a boot. But I would guess you are carrying a bone that has been fractured for a while now, by grief, by caregiving, by a job that never lets you clock out, by a body or a family or a year that has taken more than you had to give. And you have been doing what I did. Working around the break. Calling it resilience.

***What would it look like to stop working around the fracture and let Him set it?***

He is not waiting for you to get strong enough to fix it yourself. He is the God of all grace, and after the suffering, however long your season, He will Himself restore you. Not you. Himself.

Sit down. Let Him hold the bone still. The knitting is His to do.

A broken bone does not  
heal by trying harder. It  
heals because it is set, then  
held still, whether you like  
being held still or not.”

—Christine Trimpe



# *Rest in God*

by Gary Cottone



Photo Credit: Donna Dalziel

The year was 1941. A young man schooled by Paul Rader, a prominent evangelist of the early 1920's, had just purchased an old and mostly abandoned furniture store on the south side of Chicago to establish a new church called the North Side Gospel Center. The young Pastor, a concert pianist and acclaimed musician, was known as "Doc". His name was Lance B. Latham. He had brought along a close friend to be the Director of Youth activities: Art Rorheim. Two men with a Holy Spirit-inspired mission. And the two men rested in God's direction.

Doc sat at his desk, eating a sandwich on a blistering-hot Chicago afternoon. He absentmindedly stared out the window into the streets of the south side of Chicago. He noticed the kids. Wave after wave of kids playing in the streets. Stickball. Chasing each other, dodging cars and getting yelled at by delivery trucks.

So many... kids. Doc dropped his half-eaten sandwich and walked across the hall to Art's office. He asked Art what he thought of forming a Wednesday night meeting for kids. A half hour of playing some kind of games and a half hour of Bible stories and/or instruction. Get the kids off the street. And introduce them to Jesus Christ. Art was very excited at the thought.

They printed flyers and spent hours roaming the streets, handing them to every kid they met.

That first Wednesday night was the beginning of what would become known as the AWANA program. 2 Tim 2:15—Approved workmen are not ashamed. The little meeting room was packed with kids.

Over the next 9 years, the growth was explosive. In 1950, the AWANA Youth Association (AYA) was formed. The weekly meetings had grown to one hour of games and one hour of Bible "class," including workbooks, required Bible memorization, awards, singing, and every meeting started with the Pledge of Allegiance to the United States.

Resting in the Lord is... a way of life

Daily reading of the Holy Blueprint. Praying. Talking, texting with Christians.

It is a... routine. Is it yours?

1946: 123 acres is purchased on a lake near Fredonia, Wisconsin, and becomes CAMP AWANA. Mission: to give inner city kids a place to escape the city and connect with faith.

Camp AWANA was the first place in the USA to feature an archery golf course. Nine holes played with a bow and arrow. Really cool. As a Pioneer & Pilot-age camper, I won the archery tournament for six years in a row. Just sayin" (shameless). Some would drive up from Chicago just to play this unique game.

The daily camp routine included reveille, the flag pole, and morning Bible classes. Afternoon, lake swimming, all types of sports, boating, BB gun range, a huge craft shop, softball tournaments, swimming tournaments, tetherball, box hockey, track meet, gymnastic meet, too much to list. By God's provision, not one camper was ever lost to a drowning accident. The Buddy System. Every 30 minutes, the lifeguards yelled "BUDDIES !!!!" and every camper had to find their "buddy" and hold their hands high. When every camper was accounted for, swimming resumed. This applied to all the adults as well. Nighttime bonfires, meetings, Indians would show up on horses (leaders dressed up, but the campers believed they were real!) Camp AWANA was a BLAST!



Stock Photo

1947: Summer camp is divided into two sessions. Girls' camp. June. Two two-week sessions. Boys' camp. July. The same schedule. From the beginning, all camp sessions are full. Year over year.

1953: The AWANA Pals handbook is copyrighted.



1955: The first year of the AWANA Olympics. The specific games using four colors, beanbags, and bowling pins made for real excitement. The first games featured 120 boys from four local churches. The games became so popular that church teams would hold special training sessions, just like Olympic athletes. Churches would show up with cheerleading squads and massive church membership to cheer their teams to victory.

1957: The full-length color film, "Hitting the Mark," is produced to promote video-based discipleship training. An AWANA calling card mission: to disciple kids, their parents, and church membership. Making disciples for God.

1959: AWANA establishes a motto: "Because Kids Matter to God." This motto is aggressively marketed.

1960: AWANA reaches a milestone of 1,000 USA churches having weekly programs.

1962: AWANA sponsors their first missionary. To the Eastern United States.

1963: The official AWANA flag and theme song become a reality. Many theme songs would follow.



Stock Photo

1966: Don Bunge leaves the Washington Redskins as a successful pro football player to become the first full-time AWANA missionary.

1970: Inspired by the Boy Scouts pinewood derby, AWANA launches the AWANA Grand Prix. Clubbers craft small wooden race cars to careen down a track. This grew into yet another colossal family event. Gold, Silver, and Bronze trophies were earned. At times, there were a hundred entrants. Even separate Girls and Boys competitions. Always with a short devotional after the exciting racing was completed. God exalted. ALWAYS.

1971: AWANA establishes its first international AWANA club in Bolivia. Don Bunge at work with the Holy Spirit. A secondary motto: "AWANA, Where Christ is First" is published. This motto is quickly found on t-shirts, cups, towels, and the like.

1982: AWANA is established in the Asia Pacific. Today there are over 12,000 AWANA church clubs there.

1983: AWANA arrives in South Asia, Bangladesh. Explosive growth.

1985: AWANA Europe is opened.

1987: Middle East. 30,000 kids meet every week. International countries embrace AWANA. Probably because it is focused on KIDS.



Stock Photo

2007: One million kids, ages 2 through 18, are meeting in the USA. A new program, Puggles (ages 2 & 3), has launched.

2012: Vietnam becomes the 100th country to welcome AWANA programs. AWANA seems to be immune to political and religious pushback. Go figure. God is working His plan.

In 2026, AWANA operates in 140 countries across the globe. Every week, 11 million kids, 2 through 18, meet for Christian discipleship.

Despite declining church attendance in 2026, AWANA is experiencing God-directed growth. AWANA has partnered with local “clubs” of various names that provide alcohol- and drug-free environments as well as recovery meetings.

Over 450 are employed at AWANA headquarters, managing around \$30 million in revenue.

Camp AWANA—now called “The Woods” (don’t ask why the change) operates on \$9 million in annual revenue and is booked all twelve months with family weeks, business groups, couples getaways, etc.

A far cry from Doc’s bologna sandwich, watching kids roam the streets in the southside of Chicago.

Millions of children’s souls have come face to face with the Savior, Jesus (His name) Christ (His title).

Tens of thousands of AWANA clubbers’ parents began attending local churches after seeing how AWANA meetings affected their children. Clubbers invited their parents with a flyer for parents’ visitation night. They shadowed their clubber throughout the AWANA meeting. Many of these parents started attending their local church, surrendered to the gospel, and found eternal salvation. Some of these parents grew into prominent positions in their local churches.

A few of these parents planted new churches! A few dedicated their lives as missionaries... because of AWANA impact. Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, the same. A number of parents quit their jobs to work full time for AWANA. Lives changed. The AWANA circles expand constantly as God’s sovereign Will is executed.

TODAY:

AWANA is not slowing down

Driven by the Holy Spirit, AWANA is expanding its influence because Jesus Christ is First.

*“For My thoughts are not your thoughts. Neither are your ways My ways, declares the Lord. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts that your thoughts”–Isaiah 55:8.*

Just relax. And REST. God has this. God has that. God... has it all! Eh?

*“Truly my soul finds rest in God: my salvation comes from Him. Truly, He is my rock, my salvation and my fortress. I will never be shaken”–Psalm 62:1–2.*

Is this YOU? Is this... me??? Oh, you bet it is!

Doc passed away in January 1985 at age 90. Art passed in January of 2018 at 99 years old.

These men rested in God. The Father did and is doing an incredible work for His kingdom through them.

A very prominent AWANA Bible verse: “Being confident of this very thing, that He who has begun a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ”–Philippians 1:6. Until the day... that Jesus returns “in power with the Holy Angels”

AWANA: God’s legacy--A gift of God to a dying world.

One morning at Camp AWANA, as a practical joke, the cereal in Doc’s favorite cereal box was replaced with crumbled, dry dog food. The entire camp was told over the microphone used for prayer just before Doc came in to eat at the head leader’s table. All watched for the huge outburst. There was none. Doc filled his bowl, as he always did, poured milk over the “cereal,” and ate it as if everything were normal.

With microphone in hand, so the entire mess hall could hear, Art asked Doc what he thought about the new cereal. All the kids broke up laughing. Doc looked surprised and said the cereal was crunchy and that God is very good. He meant it. The place went drop-a-pin quiet. Then one of the older campers just started clapping his hands. And all joined in. Doc... still looked surprised. What a testimony. Unrehearsed.

I think about that scene often. Doc, full of fun, full of grace and thankfulness, always exalting God.

I thought this remembrance of these two servants, two sons of God, the AWANA programs, and how every possible thing they both did was entirely reflecting of their relationship with the Holy Trinity was the very best way to show by experience what it means to

“REST IN GOD.”

# *The Obedience of Rest*

## by Steve Forbes

“Rest” ... what a troublesome little word.

Appearing as both a noun and a verb, this simple, monosyllabic word seems to defy a singular concrete definition. Consider the following:

- In Genesis 2, it is the word used to indicate the activity the omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent God undertook after six days of creation
- In Genesis 8, it is the word used to indicate that after seven months of floating around on a flooded earth, the ark, an inanimate object, “rested” on the Ararat mountains
- In Acts 2:37, it is the word used referencing Peter’s co-apostles (“to the rest of the apostles”)
- In Mark 6:31, it is the word used to indicate a cessation from physical and mental labor
- In Matthew 11:28, it is the word used to describe the gift Christ gives the “heavy laden”
- In Hebrews 3 and 4, it is the word used to metaphorically describe the Promise Land of the wandering Hebrews and the place of rest after the believer’s work has been completed
- In Ecclesiastes 4:6, it is the word used to show its supremacy over labor and “striving the wind”
- In the language of music, it is the notation used to indicate silence, i.e., a place where the music stops
- In Physics and Mechanics, it is the word used to describe the state of an object when its position does not change over time relative to a specific reference point or frame of reference
- In Biology, Medicine, and Neuroscience, it is the word used to describe a period of recovery

Adding to the confusion are the multiple Hebrew and Greek words translated into English as “rest” (Hebrew: Shavat, Nuach, Menuchah, and Shakat; Greek: Anapausis, Katapausis, Katapauo, Sabbatismos, Hesychazo, and Anapauo).

For those who might not know me or know much of my personality, allow me to introduce a key element of my persona. If you were to look up “Type A” person in a dictionary, do not be surprised if you see my portrait next to that definition. As such, my fondness for and appreciation of vagueness most often trends in the negative direction (yes, understatement). My argument for being this way is that I’ve come by these traits quite naturally. My Dad was a mechanical engineer and draftsman, and Mom was a crafter with extraordinary attention to detail and “correctness” (Mom was the only person I knew who would remove multiple rows of a 22-count Hardanger cross-stitch work because she noticed a mistake rows above where she was working).

One of the outcomes of being Type A is that I also tend to be somewhat binary in thought. When asked if God is love, hearing someone respond “Well, yeah, most of the time” elicits a less-than-gracious response as my mind goes into attack mode (no, the irony of my response is not lost on me).

So, when I ran across this English word “rest” born from no less than ten Hebrew and Greek words and multiple modern meanings, I started having some serious heartburn; things were not adding up as neatly as I’d like.

As I pondered how to reconcile the seemingly disparate meanings and implications of this four-letter wonder, I was stumped. I’d develop a theory that addressed most of the considerations but found one or two instances not fitting my theory like persistently loose threads.

Then God gave me a thought. These many definitions do not define something different; each defines a part of a whole, and the various definitions are complementary, not contradictory. Like a multifaceted diamond, each side is unique. Each side shows a different perspective of the whole. Each side, though different, is necessary for the whole to exist. Against the black velvet of a loud, rushed, frantic, chaotic, and sin-stained world, our Creator sets before us the diamond of Rest.

If I'm honest, while I've always known the value of rest, it hasn't been until recently that I've begun to practice the obedience of rest. In my collegiate days, I routinely functioned on three to four hours of sleep. Additionally, while my nights were short, my days were chock full of activities. My Mom tried to caution me that my frantic schedule was bound to catch up with me at some point. To this I would casually respond that I'd rather burn out than rust out. I said "no" to very little, always finding a way to shoehorn another event or activity into my schedule.

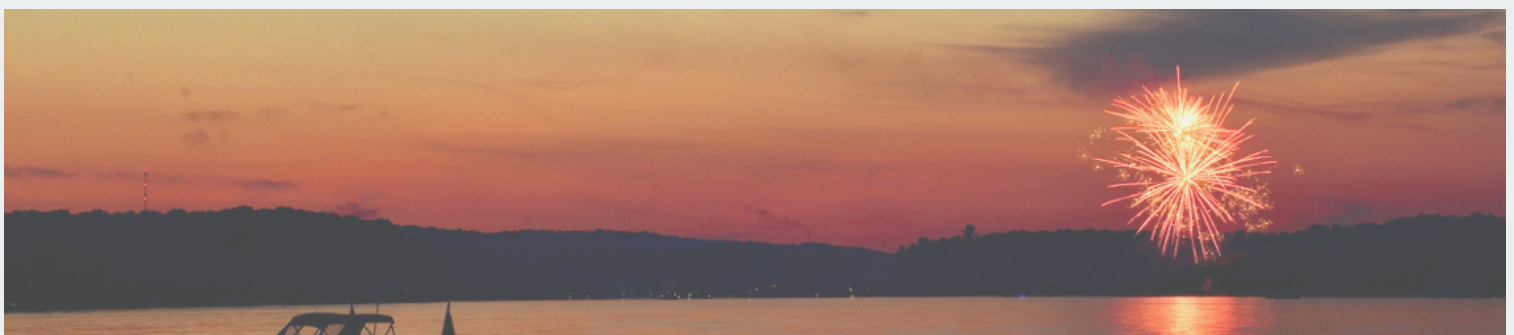
As my life progressed from college to ministry and business, it became natural for me to ignore the downtime my body was seeking and push myself to do more. As a single adult, I readily exchanged developing relationships (too time-consuming, I thought) for more time in the office. I produced more reports, finished more projects than my contemporaries. My home address became little more than a place for the post office to deliver mail. Unfortunately, my managers supported my unhealthy work habits. Who do managers give more work to? That's right, give it to the busy guy. In my pride, I'd seldom turn down an assignment and enjoyed the advancements and recognition for my diligent work.

Life at church wasn't noticeably different. I attended every service, taught a Sunday School class, led a small group, sang in the choir or worked on one of the tech teams, served on one of the boards, and was the "go-to" guy when a search committee was seeking another staff person. I loved it all.

Sadly, the accolades and praise for my excessive work fueled my pride more than glorifying my Savior did. At this point, my Mom was accusing me of not only burning the candle at both ends but also trying to light the middle; and she was not wrong. My life had devolved into something that mimicked a disturbed ant mound (if that reference isn't clear, go kick an ant mound and observe the resulting frantic activity—just don't kick a fire ant mound unless you're quick on your feet).

Time, age, declining health, and the gentle hands of the Holy Spirit on my heart have been teaching me not only the necessity of rest but also the obedience of rest. At some point I had forgotten, or chosen not to remember, the command to keep a day of rest. A day to focus not on "doing" but on "being." It may sound paradoxical, but there is a discipline to rest.

The diamond of rest is a priceless jewel available to the child of God, but only if we choose to own it.



# Word Search

## THE REST OF GOD

"Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — Matthew 11:28

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| E | R | M | N | B | M | Z | O | P | V | E | A | U | X | A | P | L | O | S | D |
| G | Q | E | J | D | E | L | I | G | H | T | B | D | W | U | W | R | I | O | L |
| Q | V | J | S | P | F | I | M | P | F | T | B | N | G | T | O | F | X | F | B |
| F | H | Y | O | T | N | Y | V | Q | A | J | A | S | K | C | R | E | I | H | E |
| T | K | D | F | X | O | H | R | Z | Z | S | T | U | L | N | S | R | V | G | Z |
| W | T | D | R | N | W | R | N | Y | C | J | H | M | E | A | H | A | I | T | D |
| B | T | J | Y | P | M | U | E | W | R | G | K | M | D | S | I | X | S | R | C |
| F | C | Z | C | A | Q | O | F | V | H | L | Q | E | I | N | P | U | O | W | K |
| S | E | Q | R | C | Y | M | L | R | Y | P | H | R | B | P | R | S | G | I | Y |
| S | A | H | E | T | B | C | S | A | E | G | S | G | A | T | A | N | L | V | N |
| Q | S | N | A | C | Y | N | L | Z | H | S | V | D | Y | S | T | E | A | P | P |
| Y | E | K | T | T | A | V | F | V | E | S | T | X | L | I | O | D | G | H | E |
| B | N | J | I | I | B | W | X | N | R | E | N | E | W | A | L | R | R | S | A |
| O | F | Q | O | P | D | E | L | I | A | D | L | E | D | A | G | A | A | E | C |
| G | R | R | N | D | B | L | Q | I | Q | P | O | F | L | C | E | G | C | R | E |
| L | N | T | I | J | I | S | G | V | J | H | O | L | Y | C | P | W | E | F | G |
| T | V | R | C | T | S | J | K | A | T | M | C | B | Z | S | K | S | N | E | A |
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### FIND THESE WORDS

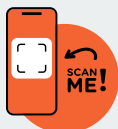
|           |          |
|-----------|----------|
| SABBATH   | HOLY     |
| REST      | RESTORE  |
| SHALOM    | ABIDE    |
| STILLNESS | TRUST    |
| PEACE     | QUIET    |
| RENEWAL   | SUMMER   |
| SANCTUARY | GARDEN   |
| CEASE     | CREATION |
| REFRESH   | WORSHIP  |
| DELIGHT   | GRACE    |

*Words may appear forward, backward, horizontal, vertical, or diagonal.*

# Thank you!

We trust you've enjoyed this Summer edition of  
*Encouragement & Edification!*

Our prayer is that these words and stories have uplifted  
your heart and pointed you closer to Christ.



You can find this issue online and share it  
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👉 <https://bcchurch.com/EE-journal/>

May this summer find you *resting* in Christ,  
growing in faith, strengthening in fellowship, and  
praising with a heart full of gratitude.

“Come to me, all you who are  
weary and burdened, and I  
will give you rest.  
Matthew 11:28

”



Photo Credit:  
Donna Dalziel