

## A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

*I write this note to you on November 14, 2014, Phil's 13<sup>th</sup> anniversary in Heaven. My granddaughter, Laila, and I were just talking about Phil's Homegoing. Our six grandchildren know about their Uncle Phil. They are looking forward to meeting him one day. It is good to get comfortable talking about Heaven, and about those who are there. I want our grandchildren to grow up with the knowledge that life goes on when we leave here because we have Jesus as our Savior. I want them, and everyone, to know that death is not to be feared, but to be acknowledged. And that Heaven can and should be looked forward to when that time comes. Yes, sometimes departures come too soon—and sometimes they linger too long. But discussing Heaven, as believers, should be the norm, since it is our future eternal Home. As you begin to read this book full of stories about my own journey through grief, I hope it will begin to open up discussions with your family and friends—maybe about things you hesitate to talk about.*

*This book is based on the reality of Jesus Christ, and all that He has provided for those who will believe in Him. These writings are shared to point you to the Truth of the Gospel. If you don't know Jesus as your Savior, there's no time to waste—not in today's world with all the crazy things going on. [If you follow this link; there's a prayer there that can help you invite Jesus into your life.](#) Truly, it is the only way to find healing, and the only way this book will make any sense, so you should probably go there first.*

*I pray these stories will contain useful tools to help you find Jesus' healing power in your own circumstances. Jesus told us He would be returning to take us Home one day. Not all of us will die a physical death. But all of us who believe in Jesus will live together in Heaven one day. Be sure to be counted among those the Father calls His own children.*

*Living in Jesus' saving grace,*

*Diane*

## INTRODUCTION

*“No one lights a lamp and hides it in a clay jar or puts it under a bed.  
Instead, they put it on a stand, so that those who  
come in can see the light.”  
Luke 8:16 (NIV)*

Just yesterday we finished “It Started in the Dark.” I say “finished,” because it is nearly so. One more look at a final proof that will arrive in two days, take care of any last minute changes needed, and then we will be ready to order copies for the Gala/book signing party planned in just three weeks. Nothing like having a deadline to meet for motivation to get it finished! It really is a good idea because the process to take a book from manuscript to book form is not an easy task. It has taken just about three months to do it—a lot of sweat and, yes, even some tears along the way.

When bringing a project like this into finished form, there is a spiritual battle going on. It has given me a whole new appreciation for any Christian author, any Christian speaker, and especially our pastors each Sunday morning. I just told my friend, Ann, today, “If we really appreciate the Truth preached on Sunday morning, we better be praying for our pastors. They will certainly be attacked for what they have said!”

My sister, Karen, finished reading a proof for “It Started in the Dark,” and called with her comments on it. Thankfully, they were mostly good, and VERY encouraging; but before she hung up the phone, she emphatically warned us that attacks will be coming after speaking such Truth. Jim (my husband) and I almost chuckled at that point. The attacks had been coming so fast and furious over the last weeks and even months, that we were WELL AWARE of the high stakes of this process by now. Not only from the outside; but also emotionally. There were times I hated the book, loved the book, wanted to trash the book, etc... But I did appreciate her warning us, and even understanding the “cost” of this project, not to mention, the HIGH COST of the subject matter itself...living without our son each day!

There are two moments that I would like to share with you, about these writing projects, before we dive into the book you now hold in your hands. Because you have this book, you have probably read “It Started in the Dark” already, but maybe not. That is okay. My sister said the first one can truly stand on its own. So much so, in fact, that she doesn’t know what I can possibly add to it in this “sequel.” I laughed and said, “I don’t know what I will be writing either. But I didn’t know what I would be writing in the first one. So we shall see.” Obviously, once again, if you are holding this book, God has given me something to write about. I certainly hope it will be worth reading. And perhaps it will stand on its own, too. Another friend, Lynn, had the boldness to say just yesterday, “I think this will be a trilogy.” Oh my. Just, oh my.

The two moments I want to share with you are these. One day I was standing at my kitchen sink. The spiritual warfare was raging, I was tired, and not feeling my normal self... suffice it to say, I had a bit of depression—all part of the warfare—I don’t normally struggle much with depression. The thought that came to me in that moment was, “Let’s get out of here...let’s go do something fun...let’s run away from the struggle and bury it under some kind of exciting time.” I almost shook my head to clear out the fog and confusion in those thoughts. That’s exactly what I

was NOT talking about in my first book. It wasn't even what I normally did. It was not the spiritual discipline that I had learned in dealing with grief. I took those thoughts, and it might be said, I put them in the garbage disposal and ground them to a pulp. I then left the kitchen, found my Bible, and sat down to go to the real source of Help, God's Word. That is the cure for what ails us, and not the Band-Aid we seem to want to so quickly run to.

Story number two: I was talking with my friend, Denise, on the phone about a month ago. She lives in a beautiful area in the mountains, and loves to use her home as a place of retreat. During our phone conversation, she invited me to come up and spend some time with her, to go out on their houseboat on the lake, and just get some R and R. The tears just filled my eyes, and spilled over, running down my cheeks at just the mention of that R and R time. It caught me by surprise. I am not easily moved to tears. The very next day, I was telling another friend about Denise's offer, and once again, the tears started in—a clear warning that I was over my eyeballs in spiritual warfare. I chose a day, packed my bag, and headed to the hills.

When I got to Denise and Mark's place, I settled in. Denise took off for a meeting, and her husband Mark sat outside reading a book. I decided to lie on the bed and read. It seemed like a huge, peaceful treat. It had been a while since I had done that. I turned to Psalm 91 in my Bible, which I was working on memorizing. As I worked through the verse, I drifted off to sleep. Once again, unlike me to nap in the daylight hours. When I woke up, God gently spoke very encouragingly to me. He showed me that what I had just done was what Jesus had done when the crowds pressed in on Him. He would go alone to the mountain to pray. God reminded me in those few moments upon awakening that I had gone to the mountain, sought time with my Father, opened up His Word, and prayed. I had not turned to shopping, drinking, drugs, over eating, etc... I truly believe God was showing me something I needed to see; that the book I was writing, "It Started in the Dark," were the words He had given me to write and continue to live by. They are words to help in times of trouble, stress, depression, spiritual warfare, etc... I was taking my own "medicine," God's "medicine," and using it as prescribed. I was not being a hypocrite, which was one of Satan's lies, and God let me know that I should continue working on the book as Jim and I had been. I came down from the mountain the next day, ready to do battle and keep on keepin' on...

And now, you hold this book in your hands. This one will include the second six months of the first year of grief. I will begin the process again of sharing the things God has taught me and continues to teach me each day. I hope, and I pray, you will find yourself somewhere in these pages. Even if it's just a small thing that encourages you along the way. Just this morning my mom said that the part in the first book about wanting people to know, not only the sick Phil, but who he was when he was well, really struck her. My dad has had Parkinson's for almost 20 years, and he is a changed man. That can be very hard. I was glad she shared that with me—that the book spoke to her even though dad is still with her on this earth.

God's Word says we are not to hide His light under a bed, or in clay jars (in the NIV). Honestly, I am thankful, to once again be in my "cave" writing. Writing is a joy! Publishing is much more difficult. Without my husband, Jim, spearheading the entire process, there would be NO book to read. I would keep what I have written in simple email form, and it would go no further. He is the techie, and the wind beneath my wings, that God knew was needed to get it all out from underneath the "bed."

Thank you for joining me on this journey. We will find, together in these pages, that life is not always easy, but it can be blessed with Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior. I'm not saying I have all the answers. But I have some experience under my belt that may be useful to help another travel their own journey through brokenness and beyond with God's power.

So let's begin with the story containing Me, Myself, and The Great I AM.



**Me**  
2001

**Myself**  
2014

“You cannot see  
my face, for  
no one may see  
me and live.”

Exodus 33:20 (NIV)

**The Great  
I AM**

## PREFACE

Before we start this story, I need to bring you up to date. This is the second book I have written about our son, Phil, leaving this earth for Heaven. He was diagnosed with Leukemia at the age of 10½. One month after his 16th birthday, Phil lost that battle. He was in his own bed, and we were by his side. It was the beginning of a journey that is beyond words, both his and ours. His was into his eternal Home with Jesus. Ours was into a darkness that can barely be expressed in words, although I try.

In my first book, “It Started in the Dark,” I take you with me through the complete devastation of living without our child each day. It is me, in the depths of despair, barely able to breathe. It is not an easy read, but it is an honest one about the difficulty I faced each day in the darkest hours of the soul. In this book, I am coming up for air, just a bit. I am starting to see the healing power of The Great I AM take hold of my heart. I am starting to see a way through what once seemed so impossible. It might be an easier read than my first book, but it is no less honest. The Me parts were written as part of the healing process. They were sent out as emails on the dates shown. The Myself parts are who I am now, looking back over the last almost 14 years. The Great I AM parts speak for themselves. God’s Word never changes. He is the Rock we stand on that will never be shaken.

My sister said that she basically saw four themes repeated many times in this book. They are: 1) Surrender completely to God. 2) God is our only source of healing. 3) Don’t turn to alcohol, shopping, drugs, food, etc...to fill our needs. 4) We are lost for all of eternity without Jesus. I believe she is right. I was pleased that those were the messages she found conveyed in the stories I share with you here. The Bible tells us these same things many times over. I’m thankful God has led me to share the same Truth.

Today, almost 14 years later, sharing Phil’s story about his Homegoing is such a privilege. My husband, Jim, and I have grown in our walk with Jesus to a place of trusting that God *does* work all things together for good to those that love Him and are called according to His purpose. (Romans 8:28) Even when we don’t understand what God is doing, we can trust Him through it all. We are a family that endures many of the same trials other families face today. Our two older sons, Jimm and Chris, have given us six grandchildren to enjoy. They are in their thirties now, and have their own challenges in life. Ours is not a perfect family. But we are a family that seeks to serve our Lord each day.

This book picks up in May of 2002, six months after we have said, “Good-bye” to Phil. I have grown a bit more resigned to Phil being gone, and somewhat more focused on what God might be doing in and through so much pain and missing. Fourteen years later, in 2015, I am now much more able to rest in what is. My heart no longer hurts, although I miss Phil every day. These stories tell how God has brought me to this point. I hope they will speak to your heart on your own journey, whatever it might be. We all have pain and suffering to endure in this life. It doesn’t have to be grief for you, but it has to be the same Lord and Savior to see us all through.

Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus!

## CHAPTER ONE

*As the heavens are higher than the earth,  
so are my ways higher than your ways  
and my thoughts than your thoughts.  
Isaiah 55:8-9 (NIV)*

Me

## Moving

*Friday, 24 May 2002*

*When we were getting ready to move overseas to England in 1989, I remember sitting in my living room in Fremont, California and looking around. I remember thinking, "Why are we moving? I'm perfectly happy right here." Eight years later when we moved back to California from Germany, I remember thinking that moving overseas was one of the best things we could have ever done because of all the things we experienced while we were there. We made many wonderful friends, and learned many things. It felt good to be moving home to the U.S. in the end, but we were leaving so many memories behind in Europe. Now, when I see the movie, "The Sound of Music," my heart yearns for the Alps, the green meadows, and the sights and sounds of Bavaria. Oh, how beautiful it was there!*

*As I was driving home from work today, looking at the hills, the beautiful trees, and the wind blowing through them, I thought of Heaven and what Phil must be experiencing there. He didn't want to go. He was "perfectly happy here," just as I was in Fremont. Phil didn't really know what to expect, although we tried to prepare him as much as possible for the destination of Heaven. But how could we do that, really, when we have never been there ourselves? So much of it is trust...trust in God, and His promises about the place He has prepared for us.*

*If we had the choice and could tell God exactly how we would like it to be, we might think that that would be a good idea. I would probably request a place with white sandy beaches and aqua-blue lagoons—palm trees and sunshine, forever and ever... But what does God have planned? If my mind can imagine a place that I think is "perfect," I know it falls way short of all that God is preparing for us. If we were given the choice between our wildest imaginings, and what God would prepare, I would have to go with God's preparation because my thinking is so limited. If I were able to choose, I have a feeling I would be sadly disappointed compared to what others ended up with by letting God choose their preparations.*

*If Phil had been able to choose, he would have chosen to stay in this world with all of us. But I'll bet when he got to Heaven, he was not disappointed, and he was glad that the choice was not his to make. He lives in a perfect world now...a world without sickness, sorrow, pain, and disappointment...a world full of peace and joy, forever and ever in the presence of the very One who created him. Phil is not disappointed. I was not disappointed when we moved overseas. I was delighted! Everything was new and different and so interesting. It was the best move we ever made! We loved it! And Phil is loving Heaven now!*

*Phil said shortly before he died, "I just wish we could all go together." He knew that he would probably soon be leaving. He also knew, as much as is humanly possible, that he was going to a great place. But he didn't want to go alone. I wouldn't have wanted to move overseas without my family. We shared in that experience. We still talk about it a lot today; it is part of our past, and will always be part of our lives. Our son, Chris, recently went back to Fremont with his girlfriend, Holly. She grew up there. Holly showed him her old neighborhood and her old schools, and then they went to the neighborhood we lived in. But it did not satisfy Chris. It was not his home for very long, and so it didn't hold all the great memories he had from living overseas. Chris looks forward to the day when he can go back to Europe and show Holly where he spent his time, the places he hung out, the restaurants, the schools, and the sights he enjoyed.*

*How could we ever regret the experience of living overseas, even though I wondered why we would ever choose it in the first place when we were so happy right where we were in Fremont? I realize now, that our world was limited then, and we had no idea what was available, having not experienced yet all that we did living in England and Germany. By going overseas, we found out how small the world really is. We can get on a plane and travel around our world in hours, or perhaps a couple of days. The people there are not that different than the people here; they just speak different languages. They still have the same joys and the same sorrows.*

*I remember walking around the farm where one of our German friends grew up during World War II. As my friend, Renate, gave me a tour of the farm, she explained how the top of the barn was newer than the rest of the house because it had been partially destroyed during the war! Oh no, I thought, probably by Americans. And yet there we stood on that day side by side, good friends with one another.*

*We would not have experienced all these things had we not chosen to step out and try something new. We had taken that step of faith, so to speak, not so unlike the step of faith we take when we give our hearts to the Lord...not really knowing all there is to know, not really knowing what we will experience, but trusting that it could be good—that it might be all that it's promised to be, and we may come away from it a totally new person. We could experience a fuller, more satisfying life than ever before. I've certainly found that to be true. Life is different when Jesus Christ has given you the Hope you so desire. When you take that step of faith and say I believe, my life is Yours Jesus, forgive me for my sinful ways, and help me to follow You the rest of my days, life, as we know it, changes!*

*Phil didn't have many days to live this life. His life was seemingly cut so short. But I'm sure he doesn't mind now. He minded while he was here, just as I mind while I am here that he is not here. It hurts every day, and I long for the pain to subside. It will in time...*

*How wonderful it is though, to think of all that he is experiencing now. It is so far above what I can even comprehend—I long to see it also. I look forward to joining him there for all of eternity. Wouldn't it be wonderful if, "We could all go together"? Yes, there are days like today when I am driving to work, and I hope that this is the day that Jesus will come back...that this will be the last day I will have to walk this earth without Phil...that this will be the last day I will have to feel this pain. Sometimes that helps me to keep putting one foot in front of the other—the thought that I might only have to do this just one more day.*

*I'm ready for Jesus to come back. More than ready! Then there will be no more suffering and no more missing...just JOY! JOY! JOY! And we can all be there together experiencing all that God has prepared for us!*

*Oh Lord, help me to think about such things. Such good things!*

*Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable - if anything is excellent or praiseworthy - think about such things. Philippians 4:8 (NIV)*

*That is what I have to do. If I don't...if I don't....I would choose to stay in bed with the covers pulled up over my head. If I didn't have the Hope of Christ, I would have no hope at all. If I didn't know that Phil loved being where he is now, I could not stand the missing him. I have to think about such things, and I have to believe that Phil is happier than he has ever been before—even if he would have chosen to stay here with all of us. Sometimes, the choice is taken out of our hands. But sometimes we are given a choice like moving to Germany or England. Sometimes, there is no time to make that choice—it is made for us before we have time to think about it.*

*Now is the time, if you have not made that choice. Don't wait. Think about it today. You may think you are “perfectly happy here,” and you don't need to think about such things, but think again. Tomorrow may be too late, and you don't want to miss out on all that the Lord is preparing for you in Heaven. Don't get too satisfied with “here,” because here will pass away. Heaven won't. It will always be there. Will you?*

*I don't know if Jesus will come back tonight. The day is ending, and so far, He's a no show! So as we head into the three-day weekend, we will enjoy the restful days. I hope you all do, too.*

*Have a great weekend! Love, Diane*

## **Myself**

*Phil didn't really know what to expect, although we tried to prepare him as much as possible for the destination of Heaven. But how could we do that really, when we have never been there ourselves?*

How do we prepare someone to leave this earth? I believe the best way is to read to them out of God's Word about where they are going. I have done this more than once since doing it with Phil, and it seems to be the most calming thing we can do for a person. God's Word is anointed; it speaks volumes when we have little to say. It does take some courage to walk into a hospital, or someone's home, carrying a Bible. We can feel like Bible thumpers. But we are not. We are just bringing them the Good News they are so longing to hear. I have had nurses poke their heads into a hospital room asking, “Is that the Bible you are reading?” Yes, it can be heard out in the halls. Who knows who might be touched by the Truth we are sharing.

*But what does God have planned? If my mind can imagine a place that I think is “perfect,” I know it falls way short of all that God is preparing for us.*

Isn't that good to know? That we can't even truly imagine how awesome our eternal life in Heaven is going to be! But the sad side of that is, we also can't imagine how horrible eternal torment in Hell will be for those who don't believe, and neither can they. Too many think the party will be in Hell, and the boredom will be in Heaven. Nothing could be farther from the Truth! There will be no relationships in Hell, no comfort, no light, and no water, to name just a few of the things that will be missing. But what will be missing even more than that is God. He will not be there. He is present with us here today reading this. If you are not a believer, He does not live inside of you in the form of the Holy Spirit. But that doesn't mean God is completely removed from you. Feel that cool breeze? It comes from God. Hear that bird singing? It sings



with God's melody. Hear that voice in the other room? That is a relationship provided by God. Everything good on this earth will be removed in Hell. And everything good on this earth will be even better in Heaven.

*If Phil had been able to choose, he would have chosen to stay in this world with all of us. But I'll bet when he got to Heaven, he was not disappointed, and he was glad that the choice was not his to make.*

We all want to stay here when we focus on here and the people we love and care about. But I have to tell you, and I will share more about this in an upcoming chapter, Phil got a glimpse of Heaven before he left here. And then he wanted nothing more than to be finished with this place. It amazed me that just one tiny glimpse of what awaits on the other side is better than everything that surrounded him here. I wasn't hurt by this; that he'd want Heaven more than even being with his mom—I was encouraged by it. It encourages me more than almost anything else to this day. I know what awaits us is good, very, very good, not only because of what God's Word says about it, but because of what Phil said about it!

*Phil said shortly before he died, "I just wish we could all go together." He knew that he would probably soon be leaving.*

Phil hated leaving all of us...not because he wasn't ready to be done with the suffering, but mainly, I think, because he knew how much we would hurt after he was gone. He was a very sensitive, caring young man. He loved us all so much. He wanted to be sure that I told everyone that he said, "Good-bye." I know of a few people in the hospital as I write this very paragraph...they may not be coming home, and their families sit at their bedsides. I know they are tired, and maybe they would really just like to move on Home to Heaven, but leaving is so hard. They don't want those left behind to hurt like they have hurt when they have been left by others. It is very normal, and it is very important for us to have a good perspective on where the dying are going. We can help them leave in peace, assuring them that we will be fine after a time; with God's help.

*How could we ever regret the experience of living overseas, even though I wondered why we would ever choose it in the first place when we were so happy right where we were in Fremont?*

Change is hard. Not many people like it. Most of us would just like things to stay the same, even when, a lot of time, same contains pain. We usually aren't ready to make a change until the pain becomes so great, we just can't stand it anymore. My friend, Michella, is probably having surgery soon. The pain in her neck is to a point that she is ready—ready to be done with it, no matter what it takes. To make a choice to change something, like moving overseas just "because," is very difficult. It's easier when our hand is forced sometimes. The same may be said for getting to know Jesus. Foxholes make it easy to call out to Jesus for help and reassurance. Good, beautiful, wonderful days make it harder. The need doesn't seem as great. But it is as great because we are not promised tomorrow. But we are promised an eternity with our Savior, if we so choose it.

*Phil didn't have many days to live this life. His life was seemingly cut so short... It hurts every day, and I long for the pain to subside. It will in time...*

The pain is gone today. It really is! It wasn't when I wrote the chapter about "Moving" six months into my grief. The pain was huge then! It seemed beyond repair. I had no idea where I was going, or how it would look when I arrived. Today, life is different, very different. The boys

are in their 30's, and they have given us six grandchildren. We do have one grandchild in Heaven also; one who died in the womb at four months. I look forward to one day seeing the grandchild I have never met. Lives are sometimes cut seemingly short, and we don't have most of the answers for *why*. What we do have is the Hope for *what now*. What now is that God provides, and He is faithful, and we can depend on His promises. It is so good to now be writing the second half of this story, the second half of the first year that leads out of the dark and into the light and seeing more of those promises become a reality. Not that the second half of that first year ended the pain, but it was a continued part of the process of getting there. Tears today don't equate to the pain of that time. Tears today are more tender and infrequent, but not unheard of. That's okay. That's normal. That's the way life and death are. But as I read an email from a friend recently about grief, it reminded me that I'd rather have the memories, and a few tears sometimes, than to have the memories wiped from my mind. I said, "It's hard to remember, but how much harder it would be to forget!" I don't want to ever forget Phil. I just want to be able to remember him in a healthy, Hope-filled way. That is the goal. Not to forget, but to remember well!

*Yes, there are days like today when I am driving to work, and I hope that this is the day that Jesus will come back...that this will be the last day I will have to walk this earth without Phil. Sometimes that helps me to keep putting one foot in front of the other—the thought that I might only have to do this just one more day.*

We can do almost anything one day at a time. If we look a week, a month, or a year ahead, then it can seem like too big of a mountain to "climb." In the beginning of grief, it is one minute at a time. And then the moments between devastation start to lengthen. The darkness lifts briefly in the beginning, and for longer periods later on. Now, almost 13 years later, I can say that most days are filled with the light of God. The devastation is a long-ago memory, one that I don't dwell on. What I do dwell on is the Hope of Jesus. That makes for a much better day!

*That is what I have to do. If I don't...if I don't...I would choose to stay in bed with the covers pulled up over my head. If I didn't have the Hope of Christ, I would have no hope at all. If I didn't know that Phil loved being where he is now, I could not stand the missing him.*

So true! Even to this day! And it is much easier on this day, I must say. Many years ago I had to work very hard at not staying in bed with the covers pulled over my head. Today, I look forward to getting up each morning and spending those first precious moments of the day in the Word—reconnecting to what is true, and right and honorable. I used to be a late sleeper, but no longer. Mornings are the best part of the day for me now. I'm not sure exactly why, except for God's transformational power!

*But sometimes we are given a choice like moving to Germany or England. Sometimes, there is no time to make that choice—it is made for us before we have time to think about it. Don't get too satisfied with "here," because here will pass away. Heaven won't. It will always be there. Will you?*

When I spoke at the women's tea the day before Mother's Day, just a few weeks ago, I talked about Jesus coming back. I told the ladies that Jesus could come back in 10, 20, or 30 years, but He could also come back in 10, 20, or 30 minutes. I talked to them about their chairs, and whether they would be empty or full should Jesus return before I finished speaking that day. We prayed about saying, "Yes," to Jesus right at the beginning of the talk I gave. I knew there was no time to waste. The worst thing on that day would have been if Jesus had come back, and some

of those ladies were still sitting in their chairs while the rest of us got taken Home to Heaven. That is true devastation! The devastation of this earth is temporary. But the devastation of not being a child of God, and not being taken Home to Heaven when Jesus returns for us is eternal devastation. I don't wish that upon anyone, and I will do my best to teach and encourage all I meet how to not let that happen! As we continue on in this second part of "It Started in the Dark," travelling into "It Ended in the Light," I know that is the purpose of sharing all that I am here. It is all for naught, if it is not for Jesus! He is the way, the truth, and the life we are all looking for. Let Jesus know that you need His love, His forgiveness, and His shed blood to wash you clean. Then we can travel on through these pages together on the same "page," looking forward to all that He has waiting for us. It is a blessed Hope!

**Gift #1 – A blessed Hope comes with Jesus!**

Is Jesus your Savior? If not, take some time to ask yourself why? And decide what you would like to do about it.

If Jesus is your Savior, take some time to thank Him for all that He has provided.

Record today's date and other notes you'd like to make:

The Great

**I AM**

*“Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.” John 14:1-4 (NIV)*