



SEPTEMBER 2011

**Cast thy burden upon the Lord,  
and He shall sustain thee: He  
shall never suffer the righteous  
to be moved.**



**Psalm 55:22**

Our youngest granddaughter is reading “Little Pilgrim’s Progress,” and it was fun to share with her that **my favorite part was where Little Christian took his heavy pack and left it at the cross.** We were reminded of this in a somewhat comical way this summer. During the month of July into August, Bill and I were able to go on a vacation. While at my brother’s home in Shasta Lake, California, our bag of dirty laundry was taken. Bill had placed it on top of our tent trailer while he was unloading things to take into my brother’s home. A bit later, I asked him where it was, and it was nowhere to be found – completely gone. **What a glorious thought that all the dirty things in our lives can be totally gone through the cross of Jesus!** And on a daily basis, He just keeps taking our “dirty laundry,” as well as our burdens, as we leave them to Him. It’s a message that we love to share with those that are weighed down with the cares of this world.

Scripture also tells us to “bear one another’s burdens,” and I personally think that does not mean that we get weighted down with them, but rather carry them to Jesus and dump them at His feet. Yes, we are coming along-side one who has a burden and we are sharing the load by being there, but also by putting it exactly where it belongs – on Jesus. Years ago, when I was teaching school, I struggled with how I personally could meet each kid’s special needs, and realized I couldn’t. There just wasn’t enough of me to go around, so I had a heart to heart with myself, and came to the realization that I should and would place every special need before the Lord and leave them there. Of course, I would continue to do what I could, but I would let God be God in their lives. Such marvelous answers came in those lives, and I was so blessed in being a part of those answers.

Down through the years this has become my continual practice with the many “uncertain” situations God has allowed to come across our earthly path. I envision an old-fashioned grid of mailbox cubby holes, where I can place each individual person and need, leaving them there for the Master to pick up and handle.

With the many hurting people we meet and minister to in various places, we would soon be broken ourselves if we tried to carry their “burdens” personally. Praise God, we don’t have too.

Charles A. Tindley wrote a song, *Leave it There*, in 1916 with very good advise:

**If your body suffers pain and your health you can’t regain,  
And your soul is almost sinking in despair;  
Jesus knows the pain you feel; He can save and He can heal –  
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.**

**When your youthful days are gone and old age is stealing on,  
And your body bends beneath the weight of care;  
He will never leave you then; He’ll go with you to the end –  
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.**

**Leave it there, leave it there,  
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there;  
If your trust and never doubt, He will surely bring you out –  
Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there.**

As I mentioned above, Bill and I were able to get away for a wonderful vacation. We did pull our tent trailer, and our “newer” vehicle had no problem pulling it at all for the over 5,600 miles that God allowed us to safely travel. When we left home, we still had no idea where we would go, except away from Phoenix. We spent our first 2 days camped in Williams, in northern Arizona. From there, we headed over to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where we went on the Sandia Peak Tram, and headed up to Santa Fe, where we camped. The next day, as we were heading north into Colorado, Bill broke a

tooth, so our plans of looking around Trinidad changed to hunting for a dentist who would see Bill. We found one about 35 miles beyond Trinidad in a small town, but they did a great job for not very much money. Praise God! After finding a place to spend the night, the next day, we headed over towards Abilene, Kansas, to visit with a wonderful friend who used to live at Glencroft. We had a great 2 days with her, and headed straight north into Nebraska.

In one small town along our way, we stopped to visit with a couple who used to live at Glencroft, and arrived that evening in Neligh, Nebraska, where our niece, husband and 5 children live. The 2 youngest children, sweet little girls, we had never before even met, and the three boys had certainly changed in the 6 years since we had visited. We thoroughly enjoyed our time on their farm. Bill, a farm boy himself, really relished in it. He helped repair a mower, as well as doing some mowing while we were there. Too soon, we were off again – headed for Montana by way of Wyoming, and South Dakota. We were blessed to visit with family in Big Fork, Montana, and Chattaroy, Washington, as well as with friends in Ilwaco, Washington and Berkenfeld, Oregon, before arriving in Portland, our home city for 7 years from 1977-1984.

We were, oh, so graciously given lodging with dear friends, who used to be our neighbors, and had a lot of fun teaching them to play *Phase 10*. Bill was also able to do some repair work for them on a bathroom ceiling heater that didn't heat, as well as hang a beautiful etched mirror for them. During our time in Portland, we were able to attend our old church, Damascus Community Church, and renew acquaintances there. We were also able to spend time with several special families for the few days we were there. Some were away on vacation themselves, and we missed seeing others because of time constraints, but were truly blessed with our time there.

Next, we headed on to a camp in Yamhill, Oregon, where Joy had been staying. We rejoiced in being able to spend time with her before she headed to Portland and we headed south to California. While there, Bill and I sorted items in the maintenance barn, and Bill worked on repairing a bull dozer. (Yes, he was still wearing the neck brace.)

Deb's brother, Bob, had a stroke about 2 weeks into our trip, and we were anxious to see him and his wife, Donna. On the day we were supposed to arrive there, we got a call from Bob that Donna had fallen and broken her wrist. She was headed to surgery. We drove directly to the hospital. It was God's perfect timing in that we were able to be with Bob for the 3 days Donna was in the hospital, and 2 more days after she came home. We were able to drive him where he needed to go to do whatever he needed to do. Since his stroke, he has lost the vision on the right side of each eye, and has some weakness in his right hand, so couldn't drive. Donna's brother and sister-in-law were able to drive over from Phoenix to help them out, arriving the evening of the afternoon we left. We were so thankful for God's timing. We arrived home late Wednesday evening, but did not need to be in the pulpit until the following Sunday, so all was well.

The next day, Bill started his time back with preparations for a memorial service for one of our dear ones who slipped into Jesus's presence the week before. His lovely wife is just such a radiant joy, and it was special to have a part in that time with her and the family. We had missed our Glencroft family so much, but were very thankful for each special piece of our vacation trip that God provided.

Daily we are challenged to be Jesus to the people we meet, whether here at Glencroft or in our walk elsewhere. Please pray for us to have Jesus' sweet sensitivity and wisdom from on high in every situation. Pray for stamina for each day as well, as it is easy to get weary in "well-doing."

We thank God for each of you,

**Please note that we no longer have a home phone. Bill's cell is 602-577-7614 and Deb's is 480-635-2265. Our e-mail now is [billdebcarson@gmail.com](mailto:billdebcarson@gmail.com). Our address has not changed, even if the Post Office tells you so. It is still, after 27 years, 2919 W. Heatherbrae Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85017-4118.**

*Bill and Debbie*

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