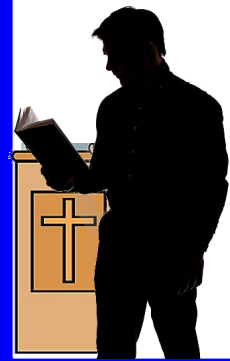


Our Continuing Mission Focuses On . . .

“Serving God’s Servants”



Eagle Summit Ministry
10817 E. 16th Avenue
Spokane Valley, WA 99206

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[.eaglesummitministry.org](http://www.eaglesummitministry.org)

Eagle Summit Ministry 4

This is by far the most difficult newsletter we have ever put together. I have lost my best encourager, my proofreader, my best friend and life partner and the best contributor to this publication. Please continue to uphold us in prayer. Through your prayer, encouragement and by the strength of God, we will continue the work God has called us to as long as God gives us the strength and ability to do so.

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO HAVE GIVEN IN DIANE’S MEMORY. WE SO APPRECIATE YOUR LOVE, PRAYERS AND GENEROSITY. MANY HAVE GIVEN PERSONAL GIFTS AS WELL. WE ARE HUMBLED AND GRATEFUL.

Where We’ve Been, What We’ve Been Up to & Where We’re Headed Next . . .

- 3rd Monday monthly—Mending Fences Fellowship, Leadership Team, Spokane, WA
- 3 Sundays/ month through June –Wayne Morris, Sprague Community Church, Sprague, WA
- November 28—Wayne Morris, Country Bible Church, Dusty, WA
- November 14, 21, 28—Simeon King, Juliaetta Community Church, Juliaetta, ID
- November 14—Mending Fences Fellowship, Spokane, WA (Hippe)

WE ARE AVAILABLE FOR PULPIT SUPPLY EVEN ON SHORT NOTICE.

Do you need assistance with Creative outreach programs, AWANA or Kid’s Clubs, Sunday School, Family Camp, Teen or Kid’s camps or other special events? Contact us. We are here to serve.

Executive Director: Rev. George Hippe * 10817 E. 16TH AVENUE, SPOKANE VALLEY, WA 99206

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“SERVING GOD’S SERVANTS”

Eagle Summit Ministry

CHALLENGING & ENCOURAGING
small and rural churches
and their pastors.
FRESH ideas
prayer PARTNERING
Family get-aways
preaching, teaching & training



OUR 26TH YEAR OF ESM MINISTRY

Volume 26 Number 1

STRIVING TO SERVE GOD’S SERVANTS

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2022

ONE OF MY GREATEST CHALLENGES (PART 1)

I accepted Christ as my personal Savior over sixty years ago. I have found it a continuing challenge to pray, to learn to pray. Like the disciples, who were at least wise enough to ask Jesus to teach them to pray, I have struggled to learn to be more effective in my prayer life. The following thoughts on prayer may be somewhat random. I would enjoy hearing from you to help me refine these thoughts and to learn to pray more biblically. Please feel free to email me with your thoughts on this subject at ghippe@eaglesummitministry.org.

The simplest definition of PRAYER is talking to God. Prayer is not “logical.” From an human perspective, prayer is foolishness, talking to the air. If that is true and there really is no God, the person who believes that had better be right. There are eternal consequences linked to that belief. To a Christian, prayer is communicating with the Creator of the universe. Genuine prayer is not a coerced religious activity, but the pleasure of a grateful heart. John 15:7 “If My words abide in you and you abide in Me, you shall ask what you will, and it will be done unto you. To “abide” means “to stay in a given place state or relationship, to continue to dwell to endure to remain.” That “abiding” refers to my staying in a right relationship with God. That “abiding” is my responsibility.

Talking to God should be as natural as breathing. Do I speak to God out of duty or desire? Do I talk to the spouse I love because I am required to or genuinely want to? Religion is man’s attempt to reach God. “RELIGION” is deadening. Christianity is God reaching down to man, making our relationship with God and prayer possible. That “RELATIONSHIP” is life giving. James 5:16 “The fervent prayer of a righteous man is powerful and effective.”

Does my prayer simply entail asking God to help me find the best parking spot, to bless my lunch, to win the game or to help me get the best deal on a desired item? Billy was asked several times by his third grade Sunday School teacher to pray as class started. Billy responded each time that he could not pray. He finally said that he could not pray because, “There isn’t anything I want.” Prayer is not making demands of God or giving Him a wish/want list. Prayer is not bargaining with God or an attempt to control God. Prayer is not a therapeutic meditation exercise.

Public prayer is not an expression of how spiritual a person is. Some are uncomfortable in praying aloud publicly because they sense that others may be judging one’s spirituality. This certainly is an immature way of viewing prayer. Sometimes the best way to learn to pray is to listen to the prayers of children. They are unconcerned about what others may think.

I have learned that there are some things for which I do not need to pray. I do not need to pray for the Lord to be with me. He has already promised to never leave us or forsake us as His children (Hebrews 13:5). I do need to be reminded to be more aware of the presence of His Spirit who lives in me. I need to ask God to help me to be more sensitive to the leadership of God’s indwelling Spirit and to be obedient to Him.

The Challenge of Prayer



I confessed to Diane on more than one occasion that I felt that my prayers just bounced off the ceiling. She reminded me that that was not true. I prayed for her to be well. I watched her health decline over the past three years. She said that dying slowly was not fun. Yielding to the will of God is hard. I know it doesn't work this way, but I asked God that if it was possible to take some of my health and give it to her. I have been reminded that ultimate healing is in His presence.

Does God hear all prayer? God is God. He is aware of everything. However, when we choose to hold on to sin and fail to confess and forsake that sin, God refuses to listen to our prayer. If a man asks God to bless his extra-marital affair, he can be certain God is not listening. There are several Old Testament passages confirming this. Isaiah 1:15 "When you spread out your hands, I will hide my eyes from you; even though you make many prayers, **I will not listen**; your hands are full of blood." Proverbs 28:9 "If one turns away his ear from hearing the law, **even his prayer is an abomination.**" Psalm 66:18 "If I had cherished iniquity in my heart, **the Lord would not have listened.**"

The New Testament reaffirms this principle. 1 Peter 3:7 "Likewise, husbands, live with your wives in an understanding way, showing honor to the woman as the weaker vessel, since they are heirs with you of the grace of life, **so that your prayers may not be hindered.**" Husbands, if you want your prayer to be heard, make things right with your wife. James 4:3 "You ask and do not receive, because you ask wrongly, to spend it on your passions." God will not listen to our prayers when we ask to satisfy our own selfish desires. Driving my VW beetle and telling God I need a new Cadillac Escalade will probably be a request ignored. [More thoughts on prayer in the next edition.](#)



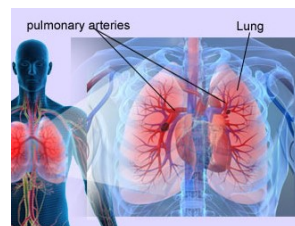
Thursday, December 9, 2021 — AN END OF THE YEAR SURPRISE

Many have confessed that 2021 was the worst year of their lives. I agree with them. With Diane entering Heaven in October, and the nineteenth anniversary of the death of our son, Ben, the same month, and ongoing Covid hysteria, this has been a challenging year for us to say the least. Add to that a health challenge that nearly ended my life here on earth, and I can with certainty say that 2021 has been a terrible year for our family and friends.

My left leg had been swollen for a couple of days, maybe longer. I didn't pay attention. I was extremely short of breath early in the morning just walking ten feet. I thought that if I could make it through the day, I could find out from my doctor what was wrong. My annual physical was scheduled for the next day. I made it to school at 7:00 a.m. but had to sit outside on a bench before getting enough breath to enter. I had to sit on the bench inside. A teacher came over to talk to me and realized something was wrong. She insisted that I needed to go to emergency. That was good advice. The school administrator took me immediately to Valley Hospital.

After a CT scan, the doctor found that both my lungs were full of blood clots. I was told not to move. The surgical team was available, the surgical room was available. A thrombectomy was done immediately to remove at least twenty clots. I am now on a blood thinner. The doctors have no idea what caused the problem. I did not fit any of the profiles. I was in the Critical Care Unit for just one night and went home Friday morning.

One doctor stated that if this procedure had not been done today, the patient would not survive until tomorrow. Two doctors told me that the remaining clots in my leg and lungs would be dissolved by the medication and that I would be fine to do whatever I wanted. "Just don't go to the gym, ride a bicycle or hit your head." That was another good reason not to get a gym membership. I was back in the classroom on Monday and completed the week at school. Thankfully the next two weeks were Christmas break. I am doing fine.



SOME MAY HAVE JUST BECOME AWARE THAT DIANE ENTERED HEAVEN OCTOBER 23, 2021

If you would like to send a gift in memory of Diane, here are some options:

***HOSPICE OF SPOKANE** 121 S ARTHUR, PO BOX 2215, SPOKANE, WA 99210-2215 Online giving is possible through HOSPICEOFSPokane.ORG

***EAGLE SUMMIT MINISTRY:** 10817 E 16TH AVENUE, SPOKANE VALLEY, WA 99206

***GIDEON'S INTERNATIONAL:** PO BOX 14997, SPOKANE, WA 99214 / Every \$5 provides a free Bible.

Thoughts from Dawna . . . The Things We Leave Behind

As we all know, when we lose somebody, there's the year of "firsts." After losing my Mom, some of the firsts for me included the first time I instinctively thought it was time to jump up to see what she needed in the next room. My mind was still catching up to habits and instincts that had been formed over the last two years. I had to remind myself she wasn't there anymore. Then it was the moment I wanted to text her, then realizing I couldn't. I grieved over the fact that her name would move lower and lower in the list of the most recent contacts on my phone until it wasn't there anymore. Then when my birthday came in December, I had an aching feeling, the kind that happens as the blood pumps through your heart and it seems that the pressure on your chest is more than usual. As my head and my heart struggled with the loss, I wrote this on the morning of December 4th.

"I was tentative going into today. Not worried at all, just hesitant and a bit sad. Things are different this year. Life has changed, it feels strange at moments. It has been jolting for many of us, but when it's the first time around a day, week, or celebration where there's now an empty space that you've never had, you sleep at night and wonder, what will tomorrow be like? What will the differences be? Will it mean sadness? I pulled off the covers and slid my legs sideways over the edge of the bed. My feet hit the floor and as I reached the window, I separated the slats of the blinds to see snow had fallen in the night, the whole ground covered in a fresh, soft blanket. It was all new. She named me "new beginning". I brought her joy, hope, and comfort...at least I think I did. And she taught me the value of what the dawn of every new day would be. So, today I celebrate. It's still okay to do that because I was never here in the first place without her."

Hours after my mom took her last breath, we began collecting things, things she left behind. My dad coiled up the long hose that ran from the oxygen tank to where she was and threw it in the garbage can. We joked and laughed a lot through the death process. One of those funny things was that if we called her name and couldn't find her, we said we could just follow the hose. Now it was a painful reminder that she was gone, and it was something we no longer needed. There were many items like that, things she left behind.

Before I left my parent's house that afternoon, I grabbed one of my Mom's Bibles. It was one that over the last couple of years, I saw her reading most often. As I embraced this piece of her, I thought that it would be some time before I could open it, knowing that there would be many remnants of her there...her notes, thoughts, ideas, personal struggles in the margins, it would be a lot to process. However, Sunday morning came, and I found myself eager to unzip the cover and open it. The Bible gently fell open to the pages of Psalms. My eyes focused straight onto Psalm 31 and beside the text next to the chapter was my name, Dawna Lynne. Within Psalm 31:7 it said, "I will be glad and rejoice in your love (*Dawna*), for you saw my affliction and knew the anguish of my soul." I had been feeling that, while in the time caring for her, I didn't do enough. That scripture and her words gave me immediate peace.

My mom left incidentals on this earth that she no longer needed, but through a life well-lived she left behind the most powerful tools that we would need to continue forward. Her life was a constant reminder to choose the best thoughts and actions throughout each day. Her eyes continually focused on the destination of new life where her relationship with her Savior was made complete.

1 CORINTHIANS 15:58 STANDING FIRM WITH MY MOM, DAWNA

