



**XL Conference:**

**November 4-8, 2009**

The time is almost here for the XL Conference. We are very excited to get together for this wonderful time of fellowship and instruction. Please pray with us that this would be an exceedingly fruitful time!

The theme for our Conference is "Out of Step with the World." For those who are truly "in Christ," you know that this is becoming increasingly true. Peter reminds us over and over again that the true believer will stand in stark contrast to the world. What a privilege it is for us to identify with Christ. If you would still like to register for the Conference, please contact

us right away because space is limited!

Please continue to pray for this ministry. Our heart's desire is to encourage fellow believers in the truth of God's Word, that they would be faithful in the midst of both the joys and sorrows of life. The day is coming soon when we can celebrate together in the presence of our glorious Lord Jesus Christ!



**4 XL'ent News**

Web site: [www.xlministries.org](http://www.xlministries.org)

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

**XL MINISTRIES, INC.**  
 P.O. BOX 1173  
 ROANOKE, TX 76262



**X'ENT NEWS**  
 PROVIDING EXCELLENCE IN LEADERSHIP  
 THROUGH QUALITY CHRISTIAN TRAINING  
**Volume 16 Issue 4**

2 Timothy 2:2  
*And the things which you have heard from me in the presence of many witnesses, these entrust to faithful men, who will be able to teach others also.*

**October 2009**



Contemporary jargon that is used in relationship to God can be quite offensive. After all, we live in a day when people would much rather focus on the immanence of God rather than His transcendence. That is to say that often times it is more pleasant to see God as close and comfortable—warm, loving, gentle, and kind. And indeed these are true. But these facts must never create in our minds an unbalanced view of God. Any view of God that makes Him essentially one of our buddies is a horrible misrepresentation that diminishes the ultimate character of God in our own minds.

Consider the following verse:

1 Peter 1:17  
 If you address as Father the One who impartially judges according to each one's work, conduct yourselves in fear during the time of your stay on earth;

Calling God our Father is an absolutely astounding privilege. After all, He is vastly different from any earthly father. He is perfectly holy and absolutely just. He knows everything about us, even those things that we would want hidden from His eyes. He is our Creator as well as our Savior. He is sovereign in all things and perfectly accomplishes His will in ways that we cannot understand. And yet He has allowed those who know Him by faith to call Him Father.

He reminds us that He is also "the One who impartially judges according to each one's work." In this life we may be able to present a façade to people that appears as reality. We may be able to manipulate our way out of particular situations by our own

cleverness. We may be able to find friends who will come to our aid and provide a defense even when we have no justifiable defense. But when it comes to God, there is nothing that is hidden before His eyes. Our heart is laid bare before Him. Our mouths are silenced and His judgment is perfect.

On one hand we have the privilege of calling God our Father and on the other we are commanded to conduct ourselves in fear.

On one hand we have the privilege of calling God our Father and on the other we are commanded to conduct ourselves in fear. From a biblical perspective, both are equally important. The fact that we can call

God our Father does not in any way justify a casual relationship with Him. After all, He is God! As this passage continues we are reminded of the price that was paid so that we could call God our Father!

1 Peter 1:18-19  
 ...knowing that you were not



## Where are they now?

Wescott Robinson

This spring God led our family to a new adventure! On May 1st I started my new position as Pastor of Student Ministry at Westwood Baptist Church in Olympia, Washington. Westwood is a wonderful church where I lead grades 7-12. I am also working on completing my Master's Degree from Western Seminary. Although we loved our time at RiverLakes and miss our friends there, we are excited to live much closer to our families in Washington and begin this new ministry here at Westwood. Our new address is 3616 Bittersweet St, SE. Olympia, WA 98501 and my email address is wescott@westwoodbaptist.com. We hope to hear from you and see you again!



Send us your current email address if you would like to receive our newsletter by email: newsletter@xlministries.org

Continued from Page 1

redeemed with perishable things like silver or gold from your futile way of life inherited from your forefathers, but with precious blood, as of a lamb unblemished and spotless, the blood of Christ.

From a human perspective, we have some understanding of what it is like when we sacrifice to give something special to a person only to realize that they have no idea of the sacrifice that we have made. They may not even particularly care. But I don't imagine any of us have the ability to fully comprehend the sacrifice that God made in sending His beloved Son so that we might be reconciled to Him. The words Peter uses are rich with meaning: redeemed, precious blood, a lamb unblemished and spotless, the blood of Christ. I am grateful that we can come before the Living God and call Him our Father. At the same time it is essential that we come with knees bent and hearts humble, intent to demonstrate the adoration, praise, worship, submission, awe, reverence, fear and love that are due Him.

Unfortunately living life in the ministry does not insulate us from becoming casual in our relationship with the Lord. The daily challenges and responsibilities can rob us of the necessary time to set our minds properly upon our Heavenly Father. When we allow our minds to be carried away with the many duties of ministry without proper regard for the One whom we are serving, we will find that we lose our spiritual bearings and simply accomplish tasks without the daily joy of true worship. On the other hand, when we remember the One to whom we have been reconciled, and live life thoughtfully with the joy of submitting to His perfect will, learning to desire His will above all else, then the ministry becomes what it should always be – the opportunity to exalt the One whom we love and serve. May you truly worship our great God and Savior in your daily life and ministry!

Rocky Wyatt

## New feature on the XL web site!

### Staying the Course:

### A Weekly Challenge for Faithful Servants

Visit the XL web site weekly for a brief article posted to encourage and challenge those who are serving the Lord either vocationally or as lay leaders. Click the XL'ent Posts/Staying the Course link at www.xlministries.org to see this week's article, or to link to the archive of prior posts.

If you would have an interest in participating by writing one or more articles, send Rocky a note: services@xlministries.org.

## A Recycled Ministry Bummer... Nightmare at the Airport



It seemed like a simple enough assignment: pick up my brother at the St. Louis airport and bring him back to my home for the annual XL Board Meeting. With me, however, even the simplest task can be fraught with peril.

Oh, everything started off innocently enough: Rocky arrived from Dallas and we hopped in my Buick and headed for St. Louis. Entering the parking garage, I punched the button on the little parking ticket machine and nodded toward the sign warning people not to lose their ticket. I remember saying something along the lines of, "Why do they even bother with that sign, what sort of moron would lose their parking ticket?" (At this point you would do well to remember that the literary device I use most often to spice up these little bummer is called "foreshadowing.")

We walked into the terminal with half an hour to spare and began randomly scanning the various airlines for a flight number matching the one I had brilliantly remembered to jot down from my brother's notoriously short e-mail. (Andy is the kind of person who takes great pleasure in reducing his correspondence to one or two choice words which he gleefully places in the subject line. Several times I have actually clicked on the body of the email, supposing that it might contain additional information...how foolish of me!) This time, however, his penchant for brevity backfired — he had not included the name of the airline! "No problem," I had told Rocky on the road, "St. Louis only has one main terminal and we know the city he's flying from." It soon became clear, however, that the "only main terminal" didn't have any flights even vaguely resembling the number I had copied. (You may ask why I bothered to copy the number when I could have printed the e-mail — actually, you may not ask; it's embarrassing!) It seemed that either the number was wrong, no planes were arriving from Cleveland at all, or St. Louis had sprouted another terminal. Thirty minutes later, various credit card phone calls had made it apparent that all three were true! I had left one digit off the flight number, Andy's plane was still grounded in Cleveland, and it was scheduled to arrive at St. Louis' remote south terminal.

Just to make sure this information from home coincided with the airline in question, we decided to take a shuttle to the south terminal and check on the status of the plane. After waiting in subarctic temperatures for ten minutes, we finally dragged our hypothermic bodies onto the bus and headed south. (Only in St. Louis do they put the waiting area for the terminal shuttle in a spot where absolutely no warmth or comfort can possibly be obtained.) Upon arriving we discovered that my brother's plane

was not doing anything which even vaguely resembled flying, and would probably not arrive until 11:00 pm. Since it was only eight-thirty, the best thing to do was take the shuttle back to the car and go in search of some ice-cream. The stress from my many mistakes of the evening could then be drowned in a large M&M Blizzard!

Arriving back at the north terminal I casually reached for my wallet to retrieve the carefully stored parking ticket. To my horror, I felt, not leather, but only the rough material of the back pocket of my jeans. Trying not to panic, I casually suggested that we check the car to see if I had left my wallet on the seat. By this time Rocky was trying very hard not to be condescending (and failing miserably). We raced to the car; no wallet. We ran all over the north terminal—to each of the many different phones we had used—still no wallet. In desperation, we forced ourselves outside to wait for yet another terminal shuttle in the drop off zone now fondly dubbed "The Arctic Circle." To our amazement (and the grace of God) the next shuttle was able to locate and radio the driver of our previous bus, who identified the wallet, and promised to bring it by on his next run. Wonderful! This, however, meant another ten minutes of bonechilling cold at the Arctic Circle and small talk like, "So, can you think of any other fun mistakes you might make?" "Exactly how has an idiot like you survived all these years, Chris?" And, "You say your occupation involves organizing large numbers of teenagers and taking them on trips all over the country? How interesting." To Rocky's credit, he was being very polite, but I could tell it was a struggle! Finally the wallet was shoved into my cold, lifeless hand and I knew the ordeal was finally over. We stumbled to the car. Reaching into my wallet to retrieve the parking ticket, I felt a wave of panic sweep through my barely heated body. You know the feeling — okay, maybe you don't — I'd explain, but it's too humiliating. No ticket, nada, nein, nyet, nope! "This can't be happening," I thought, "only a moron could lose his parking ticket." I stopped short as the familiarity of those words (remember the foreshadowing!) hit home. We turned the Buick inside out (Rocky still struggling to be sympathetic) as car after car left in disgust when we didn't pull out of our parking space. With no recourse, I drove to the little exit booth and threw myself upon the mercy of the barely conscious attendant. After firing me a glance that pityingly summed up my IQ as roughly equivalent to boiled cabbage, the attendant spent roughly ten minutes making what appeared to be an identity check, security clearance, and police report all rolled into one. Meanwhile, Rocky sank lower and lower in the passenger seat as the line behind us began to back up with alarming speed. Soon people everywhere were craning their heads to see what was wrong with the idiots in the Buick. After checking with the FBI, MI6, the NRA, and the IRS, the little arm thingy lifted. The fine? Ten times what I usually pay for the convenience of their parking garage.

Well, I did manage to drown my sorrows in a Blizzard, even though, by that time, the sum total of our cash amounted to less than \$2. Andy's plane arrived and after he and Rocky voted this the next Uth Bummer, the three of us pulled into my driveway around 1:30 am. Sighing with relief, I reached into my pocket for the house key and...

Chris Riser from 2000

If you would like to support XL Ministries (a non-profit organization), you can send your tax-deductible donation to us at PO Box 1173, Roanoke, TX 76262. Thank you!