



Tom C. McKenney  
P.O. Box 413  
Marion, KY 42064

**WORDS FOR LIVING MINISTRIES**

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Visit our Web site at [www.wordsforlivingministries.weebly.com](http://www.wordsforlivingministries.weebly.com)

Phone/Fax (270) 965-5060  
E-mail: [wflm@bellsouth.net](mailto:wflm@bellsouth.net)  
[wordsforliving7@gmail.com](mailto:wordsforliving7@gmail.com)

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Dear Ones,

Well, I have done it again. I have really been enjoying my workouts in the weight room at the YMCA--they are good for me in every way. But about 3 weeks ago, while working out, I did something that I shouldn't have done (I still don't know what it was) and I felt a sharp stab of neurological pain, high up in my neck. It has gotten much worse.

Fortunately, our son Jeff is here in the states and I am also in the best of hands with my neurologists; so we can go on to the Good News.

Just before Thanksgiving, my friend Dale and I drove to the farm (he did most of the driving) for several days. The weather was beautiful, and it was great being there, seeing old friends. We stopped overnight, going and coming, in Corinth, Mississippi and had a great time with good friends. there, and made it back to the Coast in one piece.

Then the day before my birthday, Susan set up a family reunion and combined family "birthday party" via zoom, allowing us to see and talk with everyone, including nieces and my nephew, some whom I haven't seen for a few years as well as grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It was wonderful.

On my birthday we had a zoom reunion with WFLM / Retreat friends which was so special. *And* to top it off, I heard from several of you dear old friends with birthday wishes. What a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday! I'll include a picture of one of my birthday presents for you.

I do ask you to continue to pray and lift up those in Honduras where Hospital Loma de Luz (our son Jeff's mission hospital) is located. They, the poor, were hit hard with back-to-back hurricanes, tropical storms and disastrous flooding.

The Mississippi coast was hit by the remnants of tropical storms followed by Hurricane Zeta; but there was only one death.



**Birthday gift: *Limited Edition - 1930***

### **My New Research Project**

"These six things doth the LORD hate: yea, seven are an abomination to Him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood..." (Prov. 6:16-17).

The LORD hates the shedding of innocent blood--in fact, it is in the top three of all things that God hates. And what blood what could be more innocent than the blood of an unborn baby? The answer is none.

As I was thinking recently about the slaughter of multiplied millions of unborn babies each year in this country alone, I thought about how it not only arouses God's fury, but also breaks his heart. And then, another thought occurred to me: I wondered how long in human history this hideous slaughter has been going on; and this has become my current research project.

I haven't been able to give the research much of my time and strength yet, and I still have a lot to learn; but I have already traced it far back into ancient history. An Egyptian papyrus from the time of the Exodus (the Ebers Papyrus, 1550 BC) may be the

earliest surviving record; but I suspect that it had its beginnings earlier still, not long after sin was banished from the Garden of Eden and the gates slammed shut behind Adam and Eve. More on this next time.

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*Food for Thought—The Shepherds and the Angels*

When we love something, it is worth noting that we love it and pondering why. One thing we clearly love is the account of the angelic host visiting the shepherds of Bethlehem--we see this part of the story mentioned over and over in Christmas carols (look at all the verses in carols, not just the first verse, and you will be well rewarded). And it is worth thinking about why we love this part of the story.

God sent Gabriel to Zacharias (John the Baptist's father), to Mary, and to Joseph, so it is not just the shepherds who received an angelic visit. Mary, Joseph, and Zachariah, however, each needed to know what was going on so that they could understand and respond properly to the roles God was giving them; their visitations had a practical aspect. Likewise, the Wise Men, recognized the Star that led them to Jesus, something which gave them joy and fulfillment. But their visit also served a practical need—their valuable gifts would no doubt help Joseph make the hasty escape to Egypt and the sojourn there, a costly undertaking.

The angelic visit to the shepherds, however, is a bit different. It didn't have to happen to fulfill any practical needs in the story. Instead, it seems to have happened simply because God wanted to do it, and that means it shows us God's heart. God sent the highest beings he had created (angels) to representatives of the most ordinary of humans (shepherds). To shepherds, God sent not just one angel (which is quite enough to qualify as an overwhelming experience), but a huge gathering of angels. God made it very, very clear that the humblest of humans is important to Him. And the words of the angelic message remove any doubt ("Peace on earth, good will toward men"). The most basic things we desperately need and long to know are that God is there, that He sees us and cares about us, and that His intentions toward us are good ("good will toward men").

The angels' visit to the shepherds made those most important things clear.

Finally, it is also encouraging to see how the shepherds responded. They immediately acted in faith, they sought out Jesus, they found Him, and then they told their story.

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**Milestones:**

Died: Mary Virginia (Ginny) Lynn, West Palm Beach, Fl. In early 1971, disabled from Vietnam and on track for disability retirement from the USMC, God was reeling me in. Through a series of divine appointments I found myself one night in a Teen Challenge coffee house called The Lost Coin, in a run-down part of the beach in San Diego. There I first experienced the overwhelming sense of the presence of God; and there I met a hippie Christian girl named Ginny. She had no place to live so I directed her to our home at Camp Pendleton, CA (USMC) where she stayed for a time. A hippie girl in Senior Officers Quarters?!? Yes. There is too much to tell here, but she was a blessing to our family, and led our daughter, Susan, to the Lord. I brokered reconciliation between Ginny and her father, and sent her home to Florida. She continued to be important to us. Ginny died in her childhood home in West Palm Beach. There is rejoicing in the presence of the angels! – November 16, 2020

**JB Kuykendall**, one of our WFLM board members, passed away. He was a man of such steady, gentle character. JB was a Believer's Retreat participant time out of mind, and at the retreats, some of the children would hunt around the retreat grounds and find acorns, pebbles, and bottle tops and would then set up a little primitive store to sell these items. Their most faithful store patron was JB. He was both the man who kindly bought acorns and also one who was in leadership positions at these retreats and elsewhere, including prison ministry, for which he had a passion. He had time for children and time for the outcasts of society—people Jesus Himself made time for. I can't think of anyone who will be more at home in heaven than JB. –December 4, 2020

**Please Forgive Me**

For a long time now--in fact ever since my severe brain injury more than four years ago, and the ensuing health problems--it has been impossible for me to keep up with answering mail. I know Sally is responding but it is a weighty burden for me because I don't want any of you to think that I just don't care. I do care, very much, about every one of you all; I just haven't had what it takes to do the work. So please forgive me, and know that you are precious to the Lord and to me.

*Bob*