## PIRE DINISTRIES

Dear Beloved Family in Jesus,

**Monember** 5015

I have just returned home from ministering in Ireland. I want to THANK EACH ONE OF YOU from my heart for all your love, care, prayers, and support. The team and myself could truly feel the supply of Christ flowing into us through your faith and prayers. I just want to give all glory to our Crucified One for opening hearts and new doors in Ireland to partake of His Life. This trip was truly a time filled with Resurrection. This was the first time I ministered with an all Irish ministry team! Praise God! They were full of Jesus and truly shared His Life with many. We ministered in conference, at churches, with women, with children, and in worship. What a Jesus trip this was! Thank you for being such a vital part.



With thankfulness and love in my heart, Kelly



Father thank You for coming to Ireland again in Your Son, thank You for sending Your vessel Kelly and thank You for letting the Irish serve Your people in Ireland. Your Son deserves all that He died for. We Irish had a heritage but sadly let it go. Thank You for Your grace in covering us and calling us to return. Bless and protect the seed You planted in every heart during this ministry trip, from the 5 year old to the 92 year old. - *Geraldine* 

Keep us in prayer for Your heart for Your Son in the Irish.



Our time in Ireland was completely ordered by the Lord. He had his hearts already gathered and He fed them through Kelly. Again and again He fed them.

## Personal bit:

Jesus is the true vine, the one who can minister and not become puffed up. He is the eternal Lamb, the only TRUE SELF SACRIFICIAL Nature . May there be more of HIM formed in me for the vessel (me) can share and become very puffed up but the LAMB HIMSELF is the true vine who just keeps giving and ministering without any self glory especially not hidden in His heart. - **Alana** 





If you would like to listen into our weekly bible study on the book of Ezekiel, mp3's of the studies can be found online at www.christaslife.com.

## **A Better Resurrection**

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears.
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf:
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk:
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud nor greenness can I see:
Yet rise it shall--the sap of spring;
O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing;
Melt and remould it, till it be
A royal cup for Him, my King:
O Jesus, drink of me.
Christina Georgina Rossetti

I would like to personally thank you guys for your prayers and support for this trip. It was a precious time with the Lord and with the saints. The Lord was showing me that I don't have to live in the sense realm, that I can walk in the spirit, and be with him. That I can leave this earth and be with him where he is, and that it is by faith in what he has already done on the cross, in making me one with him, joined to him and that is my identity. Love in Jesus. - *Nicola* 



tax deductible love gifts to support ministry in Ireland can be sent to:

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