

To My Dear Brothers in Christ, our new brother Fox is writing this letter to you for me. I am happy to have help from Justin and Fox to minister to you. Fox is doing the Thanksgiving letter and Justin will do the Christmas letter, I will find the stamp money.

Greetings brothers in Christ, in whom the grace and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ is surely being revealed, through steadfast patience and salvation through the repentance of sin. I hope this letter finds you well, and in a humble spirit of love and thanksgiving. Let me introduce myself; my name is Fox, I'm a twenty-six-year-old schizophrenic ex-addict who was homeless two years ago. I went from a horrendously abusive childhood through drug-fueled teenage years straight into an abusive marriage. Not long after, my marriage had failed, and I was drinking myself to death on a couch surrounded by too many cats and too few real people. I had never known God, and was about out of reasons to live when I first encountered Him. I found myself at a very strange party of people who really seemed to care about each other, and were talking about things that were actually real. Talking about pain, and loss, and mental illness and how broken they were. I saw in their eyes the same haunted misery that I felt in the hollow of my being. But there was something else: Hope. I had to know just what could possibly give hope to the pain that had become my constant companion. I asked this question and couldn't believe the answer: Jesus. Bull\$#!* was what I was thinking, but I couldn't deny the reality of their pain and the impossible hope they portrayed. So I went to church with a woman I met there the following Sunday. And the Sunday after that. And on and on. That woman is now my wife, and Jesus is our Lord.

From the moment I turned to Him, something began to change inside me. I lost my sense of despair, and the false pride I had carried. I knew now that I was not in control, I never would be, and if I somehow did gain control, I would make some terrible choices and very quickly ruin everything around me, for me and everyone who was unfortunate enough to encounter me. I was set free through Christ from trying to navigate a world that I did not belong to when I realized that I was not the navigator - I was the ship. In any case, He saved me, and I have made it my mission now to spread His mercy to as many people as I can wherever He will lead me. But I'll leave that behind for now, thanks for hearing my story. Thanksgiving can be rough, but I have some things to think about this year. The inner workings of a man's heart are known only to himself and to God, but men may find comfort and health from a friendly word spoken truthfully and in earnest; and it is in this spirit that I write to you brothers, that the love of our Lord may find its way into you. It may seem strange that one should be able to be thankful in a situation where so much has been lost, if only temporarily, as the poor people in Psalm 137 could attest, but I tell you, as was said to those at the first by Paul, that your trials and tribulations are considered blessed, and perseverance through suffering is an act of love before the Lord. Therefore, find gratitude that you have the opportunity to share in the sufferings of our Lord, and to have time to yourselves with His Word. The world out here is full of distractions and sin and that most terrible of evils: forgetfulness, which is the death of faith, but in your current state the seeds of dedication and prayerful longing are being well watered. How great is our God, who makes the meek His strength? How merciful is our Lord, who washes the souls of men in His tears? How powerful is our Lord, who has defeated sin and darkness? For we know what darkness is, don't we? We know tragic loss and excruciating (a word, by the way, which stems from crucifying,) pain. We know the despair of a man who knows no better until it is too late. We have walked through the valley of the shadow of death, but the Lord is with us, and we shall fear no evil. There are others who do not know Jesus. The truth is hidden to most, and the mercy we have been shown through Christ's sacrifice demands to be shared freely. When you see another man suffering in darkness, search yourself for the capacity to burn bright with the love of God, and offer that light to guide the path of your brother-to-be. Count it as a challenge and a blessing to you when you see another in pain, who we know is lost without the Son, in that you are being given a task and a chance to show your obedience to Christ through becoming an ambassador for our Lord.

Imagine that each time you see a man who feels unaware of what he may have to be thankful for this season, that you yourself can provide him with encouragement, or friendship, or generosity, or simply someone to talk to. You are a citizen of the kingdom of God, and it is in your power to make this world more and more like God's world in every interaction you have. God's love shines through His servants, and this world desperately needs His love. Thankfully, God has given us a purpose, His will is clear, we are to love Him, and through His love we love our neighbor. You are not alone. You are not forgotten. You are not forsaken. God sees you, right now, in this moment, and your every breath is precious to Him. But be aware brother, the man next to you is also seen by God, and is loved by God, and should not be forgotten or forsaken. You can ensure that that doesn't happen, you can make a difference in people's lives, a difference for God, Jesus came to save that which was lost, and having saved you, you can join Him with yet more brothers who suffer as we did. If even one person who reads this takes the yoke upon themselves, and undertakes this mission of joy and love, and gives thanks for the grace we have received by shedding their heart freely to all around them, Christ's work will be exalted in Him, and the fruit of The Spirit will be ripening. I hope this letter finds you well, brothers. Pray, read, pray again, and never lose the hope that we share, that God has won over death and sin, and that all will be set right on His Day, which is surely coming, when we will all be brought before God and the judgement of the will be complete. In that day, I pray brothers that we can all sing hallelujah together in ecstasy before our Savior. I give thanks for all of you who hold to the faith and do the work of our Lord in the belly of the beast, continually bringing themselves before God in humility and awe. Be harmless as doves, and wise as serpents, for behold, you are sent out like sheep amongst wolves. But Hell will never prevail against the Lord, brothers. He is for you, and not against you. Be wise enough to see your position of weakness as one of the Lord's strength, for it is through the joy of the servant that the love conquers hate. Peace be with you, and love be in you, and be brothers with one another, for our Lord's sake, remembering always that He is with you. Praise God. Amen. **So from Fox, Justin, and Michael; we send our love and God's Blessing to all of you, our brothers in Christ.**