

When You're in the Sunset,
There's
Sunshine
Awaiting
You



JENNIFER CAMPBELL

Foreword by Ken Campbell

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Sample Excerpt

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*There's sunshine awaiting you,
Just wait and see.
'Cause in the lowest valley,
He sends you to your knees.
And when you just can't go on,
This is what God says.
When you're in the sunset,
There's sunshine awaiting you.*

—Jennifer Joy Campbell



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Chapter Five

Expanding Borders

“And the Gospel must first be preached to all nations.” (Mark 13:10)

When I graduated from college with my Associate in Arts degree, my parents gave me a special graduation gift. They said I could choose to fly or cruise to any destination I desired, within the confines of the budget they provided. Having never flown in a plane or taken a cruise, the possibilities seemed endless! Since my parents had never sailed on a cruise ship before, I decided this would be the most enjoyable option, so we could all experience something new together. None of us knew then what a profound impact my first trip outside the United States would have on my life.

Since our first cruise to the Bahamas, I have had the opportunity to set sail many more times to locations all over the globe. One of the most memorable cruises I took with my mom and dad was a cruise to the Western Caribbean. Along with ports of call in the Cayman Islands, Mexico, and Belize, this cruise also visited Roatán, Honduras. However, the one thing that made this trip extra special was not a snorkeling excursion or a tour of Mayan ruins. It was a visit to the Sandy Bay Orphanage in Honduras.

Along with our suitcases filled with clothes and other necessities for our trip, we brought over five hundred pounds of school supplies, clothing, toys, personal hygiene items, and food. My mom gathered most of the donations, a ministry in and of itself. She was the first one to gather items for the poor, the orphaned, and anyone in need. The children at this orphanage became her children, but for a moment, as she made hand-sewn cloth bags for each child, which would hold handpicked items personalized for each one of them.

Boxes were stacked in our cruise ship stateroom from the floor to the ceiling. In addition to the tangible items placed inside, those boxes overflowed with love.

New pairs of socks and shoes, stuffed animals, children's books, shampoo, bars of soap, and so much more, but the children's home residents were most excited about the canisters of peanut butter and the case of cheese. On the island of Roatán, the market shelves are often sparse and items like these are either unavailable or quite costly. I will never forget how some of the older children immediately made grilled cheese sandwiches for all of the children using the cheese we brought them. One could only guess the last time they had experienced the delightful taste of gooey cheesy goodness as we watched them savor this rare treat. The smiles on their faces were contagious. How incredible that a simple box of cheese, which many people take for granted, could bring such joy to these precious boys and girls.

As the children began to open their personalized bags, I knew these items meant more than we realized. Upon touring their bedrooms, it was evident they were content with very little. One little boy danced around with his new tennis shoes in his hands. Another young boy put on his new baseball cap and never took it off the whole time we were there. One precious girl cradled her new baby doll as if it was a real child. They were very grateful, even for these small gestures of love we brought to them. They especially enjoyed watching my mom put on a puppet show for them. The vivid image of my mom sharing Jesus with the children will be in my storehouse of memories forever, right along with the sweet picture of my dad helping feed one of the younger girls, who was having trouble operating the spoon with her tiny little hands.

Yet the moment goose bumps covered my arms was when I stood inside the living room of this Christian refuge for children. Looking through the window, across their makeshift baseball field, with the Caribbean Sea in the distance, I was overwhelmed with gratefulness to God. As I sang the song, "Consider the Lilies," with

my dad accompanying me on the keyboard, my eyes welled up with joy-filled tears as I did my best to take it all in and savor this precious moment. The opportunity to visit with these amazing children and to minister to them flamed the burning desire in my heart to tell children and adults alike about my best friend, Jesus.

While I had been out of the country before, this was my first time singing in a foreign land. I do not know if it was the enormity of the event or the fact I was uncertain as to when I would have this opportunity again, but I remember praying that God would allow me to minister to people in other countries. I could have never imagined the ways in which He would answer this humble, silent prayer.

For many years now, we have traveled to various parts of the Caribbean and Central America, including Costa Rica, Panama, Aruba, Saint Lucia, Barbados, and other regions. On our trips there, I give small bags to children, filled with candy, toys, school supplies, and most importantly, a Gospel tract in their native language. Some of the most cherished experiences have come quite unexpectedly, such as the time a young couple invited me to step over the threshold of their home in Mahahual, a small fishing village near the town of Costa Maya, Mexico. While I only spoke a tiny amount of Spanish, I was able to communicate to the parents that the bags were for their children. By their reaction, you would have thought the bags contained a few nuggets of genuine gold. While the contents held little value, the message inside was priceless.

On another trip, a woman in Mexico insisted on giving me a beautiful handmade shell necklace, as a thank you for the children's gifts. I will cherish the necklace always, as it is a tangible reminder of the words spoken by the Lord. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35 KJV). I can tell you firsthand that this is entirely true. The heartfelt joy I experience when I share something with another individual is very special.

Every November, I pray over each Operation Christmas Child shoebox that I pack for Samaritan's Purse. I am not so concerned with the brand new washcloth, colorful pencils, cuddly teddy bear, or

other items enclosed inside. Instead, I have a burden on my heart for the child who will receive the box: the child who may feel hopeless, the child who may feel alone, or the child who may feel unloved. One such child left an enduring impression on my heart.

One ordinary day, I received an extraordinary email. It was from a little girl in Uganda who received a shoebox from my dad and me. She told me that she and several members of her immediate family suffered from HIV/AIDS. My eyes filled with tears when I read the words she conveyed to me. She wrote, “Most people hate me when they get to know that I have AIDS, but I hate it. Let me hope that you Jennifer and your family will not hate me because of my illness.”¹ As I struggled to read the rest of her message with teardrops rolling down my face and falling onto my keyboard, I prayed Jesus would wrap His loving arms around this little girl, giving her strength and health. I promptly replied to tell her that we love her and Jesus loves her, too. In a later email, she asked to know more of Jesus. More than seven years later, we still keep in touch. I pray God will allow me to

meet this precious young lady and her family one day, so I can share the love of Jesus with her in person.



*It was not about how
many souvenir postcards
we could bring home, but
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we could leave behind.*

When I pack a shoebox, I am not just putting mere things in a box. I pack the love of Jesus inside. Likewise, when I give someone a Gospel tract I have written, I am not promoting myself. I do not care if they even remember my name. My concern is whether they call on the name

above all names, Jesus Christ. Everything I do is for the glory of the Lord. I am actively following the disciples’ lead and fishing for souls.

Europe Shall Be Saved

I have a burden on my heart to see Europe come to know Jesus Christ. In 2011, I traveled to the continent of Europe for the very first time. My dad and I toured France, England, Norway, Scotland, and the Netherlands. This trip was extra special, since I had the opportunity to see two of my ancestral homelands, Scotland and Norway. One year later, we had the opportunity to visit many places in the Mediterranean, including Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Croatia, Monaco, and Tunisia. Even now, I am amazed at the places God has taken us. Having traveled to Europe two consecutive years, I wondered when I would ever have the privilege of returning to this special continent. As I pondered this thought in my mind, the answer came much sooner than expected. Only God knew then that we would travel to the Baltic in 2015, just three years later.

Though the previous trips to Europe were exceptional, the third time was different. Our focus was not on ornate castles and historic monuments, but instead, our focus was on ministry. Armed with hundreds of Gospel tracts in nearly every language spoken in the countries we would visit, we began this trip with a different mindset. It was not about how many souvenir postcards we could bring home, but how many Gospel tracts we could leave behind.

God allowed us to hand out tracts in Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Estonia, Germany, and Russia. What an extraordinary opportunity to bring some encouragement and hope to this part of the world. Along our journey, God opened the door for us to witness to many individuals, including one kind man we met in Germany, who ran a delightful fruit stand in the middle of the town square. God even opened the door for us to minister at the First International Baptist Church of Copenhagen. While we were amazed at the way God expanded our borders of ministry, He had only begun working in our midst.

In 2016, God granted us an incredible opportunity to return to Europe for the fourth time. We began our journey in Budapest,

Hungary, a beautiful city filled with rich history. The highlight of the whole tour was singing at the International Church of Budapest. The congregation was so welcoming. The main thing I noticed about them is the importance they placed upon prayer. They took the words, “Pray continually” (1 Thess. 5:17), to heart. As I walked away from the conservatory building where they held their church services, I had tears in my eyes after saying goodbye to the precious pastor’s wife. I silently prayed God would open the door for us to return there one day. God answered my prayer just two years later when God gave us the opportunity to travel to Europe once again.

Welcome to the Mission Field

Traveling can broaden your horizons, make you more creative, and even give you a different perspective on the world. I have been to more than fifty countries and territories. Yet the greatest thing about traveling is not the location itself. Nor is it the idyllic landscapes, fairy-tale castles, or enchanting waterways. Even the mouth-watering cuisine and shimmering shorelines will never compare to my personal love of travel.

As a little girl, my grandmother had a plaque hanging on her wall that featured a poem by Helen Steiner Rice titled, “Strangers Are Friends We Haven’t Met Yet.” My Grandma Ethel’s plaque now hangs on a wall in our home. Each time I travel, whether at home or abroad, the friends I make along the way are the ones who make the trip special. As we pull out of one city and travel on to the next, the mistiness in my eyes stems from a deep desire in my heart to have the opportunity to see the precious friends we meet again in the future.

On our fifth journey to Europe, we traveled via a transatlantic flight from Jacksonville, Florida, to Bucharest, Romania, with brief layovers in New York City and Amsterdam. Soon after our arrival in Romania, Pastor Peter, a Sudanese refugee who has been ministering in Bucharest for more than twenty years, greeted us at our hotel. Although we had only become acquainted via LinkedIn, the moment

he stepped out of his car, it seemed as if we had known him for years. After spending three days with them, he and his family have become an extension of our own family. I think of them, and pray for them daily, that God will be with them and use them for His glory.

Prior to our arrival, I never realized just how much this brief stay in this former Soviet country would influence my life in such a positive way. On Friday evening, women from two churches came together to hear my testimony and listen to my dad and me minister in song. But some of the most precious moments were when the ladies shared their hearts and lived out the verse that says where two or three gather together in the name of Jesus, He will be in their midst (Matt. 18:20). To close out the service, the pastor invited two dear sisters to share a song sung in their native language, as a way to bless us for our service to the Lord. What gorgeous harmony they created as they worshiped the Lord in song! The sweet spirit in the sanctuary was something I will always remember.

Someone once said the best is yet to come. In the case of our time in Romania, they were absolutely right. Saturday afternoon, we joined the pastor and another brother in Christ for a day of evangelism. After a word of prayer, we went out into the gypsy neighborhood surrounding the church. I had no idea what to expect. Would the people be receptive to the Gospel or be adamantly against our message? As we walked away from the church doors and out into the world, I must say that I felt a little like the apostle Paul ministering to the Ephesians. We were fulfilling the Great Commission of going to all creation to share the Gospel.

One of the first people we encountered was Stephen. He allowed us the honor of praying for him and his physical needs right there on the sidewalk. So many times, we tell people we will pray for them, but how often do we have time to stop what we are doing, lay hands on them, and pray that instant? This was not the only instance where God would give us this special opportunity to go to the throne of grace. One family had a son who was unable to return to school

due to health concerns. They acted as if we had given them something of great value. We listened to them, and we prayed with them. This moment served as a reminder that the greatest gift we can ever give someone does not come wrapped in a box, but instead, prayer is a gift we can freely give when we take time to show concern for one another.

Our day of evangelism ended in a local park, where we talked to young and old alike. One young woman was sitting on a park bench. As we approached her, I noticed she had been crying. After speaking to her, I asked if I could pray for her. I placed my hand on her shoulder and prayed for God to comfort her and help her. When I opened my eyes, I could see more tears streaming down her face. I stand amazed at the way God orchestrated such a long line of divine appointments for us that day. What an honor to be about God's business!

We talked, we prayed, and we sang our way through busy streets and a city park. Our message was simple. We shared God's love and the message of the Gospel with them. We also invited them to church. Many said they would come. What a delight to see their smiling faces as they walked through the sanctuary doors on Sunday! Still, the greatest joy was the fact that some of them dedicated their lives to Christ that very day.

Late Saturday evening, we fellowshiped over a delicious meal of chicken curry and rice, along with brownies and gelato for dessert, all prepared by the precious pastor's wife and her daughters while we were out working in the field. I was humbled to sit at the dining room table of this special family who welcomed us into their home. Our enjoyable conversations took us through the midnight hour, yet there would be much more fellowship to be enjoyed the following day.

Sunday morning brought us to Hope Baptist Church of Bucharest, where the pastor graciously opened the door for us to sing and share our testimonies. At this service, they were also serving communion, my first time receiving communion while abroad. This

was a weekend of many firsts, as it was also my first time attending a service spoken solely in a language foreign to my own. How special it was, especially since I had my new friend Mari by my side, whispering the English translation to me throughout the service. She interpreted for me on Friday and on Sunday as well. Now my interpreter has become a treasured friend. Although I know my pronunciation must have been less than desirable, I cheerfully sang the words to the hymns in Romanian, with assistance from the words on the screen and the beautiful voices of those around me.

Afterward, a sweet sister in Christ gave me a gorgeous bouquet

of some of the largest red and white roses I have ever seen. The sweet aroma from these amazing flowers was just as sweet as the gesture itself. Another precious lady gave me an angel votive. They both told me they wanted to thank me for being a blessing. What a blessing it was to me personally to find such loving, compassionate members of the body of Christ. I am forever grateful to have had the priceless opportunity to share the Gospel through word and song with these precious people.



*The food was very delicious,
but the most memorable
moment sitting in the kitchen
that day was when my dad
leaned over to me and said,
“Welcome to the mission field.”*

There is no greater honor than telling someone about my best friend, Jesus Christ.

Soon we made our way down to the second church of the day, Spiritual Revival Baptist Church, where we ministered that afternoon. As soon as we walked through the doors of the church, we were quickly ushered into the kitchen where they had placed two chairs in front of a prep table. Filling the table was a bounty of homemade food showcasing the culture of Myanmar, including bamboo chicken, rice with vegetables, fresh tomatoes and cucumbers, and butter

lettuce; what a special honor to be fed lunch as the honored guests. The food was very delicious, but the most memorable moment sitting in the kitchen that day was when my dad leaned over to me and said, “Welcome to the mission field.”

The mission field: the place I have always wanted to be, the place I have dreamed about, the place I have longed for. Although I had experienced other mission outreaches in Europe, the Caribbean, Central America, the United States, and Canada, this time was different. As I sat in the kitchen, tasting scrumptious food prepared by members of the church congregation, I knew this would not be the last time we would be on the mission field together. Something deep within my spirit said this is what I was born to do. I also felt we would return one day to Bucharest, Romania, the city that made a lasting impression on my heart. Not because of the palaces and villages, but because of the special people who live there. The people we shared meals with, the people we prayed for, and the people we grew to love. Most importantly, the people we told about Jesus.

My heartbeat is sharing the love of Jesus Christ. The longing in my heart to share the Gospel is so very great. When I wake up in the morning, I want my first thought to be, “Who can I tell about Jesus today?” We need to all strive to put Jesus first in our lives. Life is not about living for ourselves; life is about living for the One who gave His life for us. Every day, we will encounter people who need a word of encouragement. Let us go forth and treat every day as if we are on the mission field, whether we are traveling in a foreign land or passing through a familiar neighborhood. I can tell you from personal experience that God will set up divine appointments along our way. Sometimes, we may even encounter a stranger who becomes a friend.

Along our journey through Eastern Europe, we met some endearing, precious people, not only in Romania, but in Bulgaria, Serbia, Croatia, and Hungary as well. There are several whom I still pray for daily. We encountered individuals who needed encouragement as Christians, those who practiced other religions, and some who were adamantly against all religion. I pray God will

send someone to water the seeds we have sown. These people are so very important, not only to my dad and to me, but especially to God.

God does not wish that anyone would perish, “but everyone to come to repentance” (2 Pet. 3:9). I feel the same way. There is a burden on my heart to see the lost come to know Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. If you were a doctor seeing a patient, you would prescribe a treatment to help them get well. In the same way, a chef would prepare food that would be nutritious and delicious for hungry customers. So why would we not want to share the only anecdote for sin with every single person we meet? God’s Word says, “All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23). If we are all sinners, then every single person on earth needs redemption. The only road to redemption is through Jesus Christ, the Savior of our souls.

Jesus Christ died for the salvation of all who believe. John 3:16 says, “For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.” Sadly, though, many people do not know about the gift of eternal life. Some people are living in such despair. I recall the faces of some of the people I have met in Europe. They look so downcast. They need to know about the only eternal hope. How can they hear unless someone tells them? Romans 10:14 asks the question, “And how can they hear without someone preaching to them?” It should be our daily mission to share the Good News of the Gospel with the world while we still can. It is up to you and me to tell them about the hope we have in Jesus Christ. Join me in sharing the Gospel as we strive to see the lost come to know the wondrous grace and eternal redemption found through Christ alone.

Harvest Time

In all of my travels, I have seen firsthand the indelible truth of the Scriptures revealed within our modern-day society. Just as it was in the days of Noah, the world is filled with abundant evil (see Matt.

24:38–39). Since abortion became legal in 1973, between one and two billion babies have been brutally murdered.² Millions of people engage in promiscuous sexual behavior; sadly, this type of immoral activity has become the acceptable norm. Innumerable people profusely blaspheme the name of the Lord. There are false prophets, famines, earthquakes, and wars (see Matt. 24:6–11). Nations are rising against one another (Matt. 24:7). The persecution of Christians is an everyday occurrence around the world (Matt. 24:9). Hatred is prevalent throughout the land.

The Golden Rule of “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you” has widely been thrown out with yesterday’s newspaper. The world needs Jesus Christ more than ever before, but the number of people telling others about His amazing grace has sadly decreased.

Jesus said, “The harvest is plentiful but the workers are few” (Matt. 9:37). How true this is in the twenty-first

century! I recall a time when my dad planted a massive garden, filled with fresh corn, green beans, and so much more. When the time came to harvest the vegetables, we had copious amounts, more than we could possibly consume or preserve. As such, we invited friends and neighbors to come over and help themselves. While a few people did take advantage of this delightful bounty of vegetables, the majority of people were more interested in having us pick, clean, and deliver the items to them. Because of their unwillingness to partake in the bountiful blessings God had given us, they missed some delicious fresh produce and some vegetables went to waste. All because the harvest was plentiful, but the workers were few.



*When I look at a smartphone,
computer, or tablet, I do not
see an electronic device. I see
a transmitter for spreading
the love of Jesus Christ to the
furthermost reaches of the earth.*

Unfortunately, many people feel the same way about the harvest Jesus is referring to in the Gospel of Matthew. We are called to share the Gospel of Jesus Christ around the world (Mark 16:15). While you may not be able to travel, you can still do your part in sharing the Good News of the Gospel. When I look at a smartphone, computer, or tablet, I do not see an electronic device. I see a transmitter for spreading the love of Jesus Christ to the furthest reaches of the earth. Instead of complaining about the lack of a promotion at work, or venting about the latest outcome of a popular sporting event, social media and other online entities should be methods of uplifting and building the Kingdom of God. Even if you do not have the Internet, you can still share the love of Jesus with the cashier in the checkout lane, your neighbor next door, or the wait staff at your local diner.

Unlike those vegetables that decayed on our family farm, we cannot afford for a person's soul to go by the wayside. When I approach the judgment seat of Christ, I want to know I did all I could to spread the Gospel. The Bible says, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each of us may receive what is due us for the things done while in the body, whether good or bad" (2 Cor. 5:10). I want to know I spent every moment engaged in harvesting souls for Christ.

We need to do all we can for Jesus, "so that when he appears we may be confident and unashamed before him at his coming" (1 John 2:28). It is troubling to think about an individual who stands before Jesus, ashamed at the way they lived their life. I pray I will stand before Him unashamed, confident, and worthy in His eyes. I want to make my Heavenly Father proud, even in the midst of a world filled with turmoil. Before long, the harvest will be complete and a new day will break forth like the dawn.

We have the promise of eternal hope through Christ. One day soon, Jesus Christ will return to this earth. No one knows when He will return. The only One who knows is God Himself. Jesus said, "But about that day or hour no one knows, not even the angels in

heaven, nor the Son, but only the Father” (Matt. 24:36). Many people today say we have waited for the coming of the Lord for years and it will likely never happen. Would you avoid purchasing a security system for your home or business, with the notion that a burglary is “not likely to happen?” Certainly not! We want to guarantee our valuables are safe.

Likewise, we need to ensure the one priceless possession we have on this earth, our soul, is not lost. Jesus said, “If the owner of the house had known at what time of night the thief was coming, he would have kept watch and would not have let his house be broken into. So you also must be ready, because the Son of Man will come at an hour when you do not expect him” (Matt. 24:43–44). Make sure your heart is ready. Do not wait to see what happens. Secure your future in Jesus Christ today.

If you have already put your trust in Jesus Christ, consider the following question. How many of your coworkers, friends, relatives, or neighbors need to hear of the Lord’s return? Are you leaving them in the dark, so to speak, not sharing with them the most glorious news ever declared upon this earth? We need to introduce everyone we know to Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. For those who put their trust in Jesus will “meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever” (1 Thess. 4:17). Those who do not know Jesus Christ will hear the words, “Depart from me,” and will be condemned to an “everlasting fire” (Matt. 25:41 KJV). Let us take time to share Christ with them before it is too late.

I want to devote my life to the work of the Lord. That is why Jesus raised me from the dead as a premature little baby girl. He wanted me here on this earth to share the resurrecting power of Jesus Christ. I will always give one hundred percent to the cause of Christ. Yet I cannot accomplish the work alone. God needs more workers in the field. Do you know what the best part is? Working for the Lord does not necessarily take any special training or prior experience.

The first two men Jesus called to be His disciples were fishermen by trade. Although I have never worked as a professional

fisherwoman, I have dabbled in recreational fishing ever since I was a little girl. When I was younger, my parents and I would go out on our fishing boat on a mission to catch bass, brim, or some other type of fish found in our local lakes and rivers. Sometimes we were successful and other times, we simply enjoyed a nice day on the water. One time, though, we went to a trout farm in North Carolina. We literally could not catch them fast enough, since the fish would take the bait as soon as it hit the water's surface. This experience definitely boosted my confidence in my fishing ability, even though I realize the controlled environment made it nearly impossible *not* to catch a fish!

While I have many fond memories of fishing with my parents, there were also times when the situation was not so enjoyable. I remember the time when there was a cloudburst and we were in our small aluminum boat with lightning striking all around. My dad took us up to the shoreline where we jumped out of the boat and waded into the brush amongst the trees to find shelter. Of course, my favorite baby doll, Kristi, was under my arm, out of harm's way as well. I also recall a time when we saw an alligator in Suwannee Lake, and we warned a fisherwoman who was on shore, since it was heading her direction. Thankfully, no one sustained injuries during this ordeal. Finally, I must make mention of the time I caught a large stingray in the Tampa-St. Petersburg area. Now that was an unusual experience!

Yet with all of these fishing memories, only one type of fishing keeps tugging at my heartstrings. My greatest passion in life is fishing for souls. There is no greater privilege than sharing the love of Jesus Christ with someone. It is the most important message we could ever share. Jesus' disciples knew the importance of fishing for men and women, which is why they did not let anything or anyone stop them from proclaiming the Good News as they followed Jesus Christ.

Jesus said to His disciples, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4:19 ESV). Jesus was speaking to two brothers who were fishermen by trade. They did not attend seminary

or go through a rigorous evangelistic training. These two men may have lacked a degree in theology, but they had the skills they needed in order to catch fish, or in the case of being two of Jesus' disciples, how to catch people.

Jesus chose them because they were willing to be God's servants. He knew everything else would fall into place, as long as their hearts were fully committed to the cause of Christ. Simon Peter and Andrew did not debate the issue either. They did not tell Jesus they were unqualified. Nor did they make excuses about having to put things in order at home before going into full-time ministry. These two men did not even pack up their fishing gear. This was their response: "At once they left their nets and followed him" (Matt. 4:20). They knew Jesus had called them to a greater task than any they could have ever dreamed. Instead of fishing for seafood, they would be fishing for souls!

What are you doing for the Lord? No matter where you live, there is work for each of us to do. God has called us to share the Gospel with all creation. Within your own community, God's work is all around you. Volunteer at the local hospital, collect items for a food bank, or visit the homebound. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40 KJV). Every nourishing meal, every stitch of clothing, and every kind word or deed shared out of love for Jesus Christ is just as if we have done it unto Him. No task is too small in the eyes of the Lord.

Every single soul is important. The Lord desires for everyone to receive the gift of salvation. The Bible tells us, "He is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance" (2 Pet. 3:9). We need to share this gift with others. Perhaps someone you know is lonely after losing a loved one. Encourage them with the scripture that says Jesus is "closer than a brother" (Prov. 18:24). Spend time with the individual whose family has forgotten them in the nursing home. Talk to your colleague who is struggling with depression. Let them know you care. Every person

has a story. Every person is lost until he or she finds salvation. People need someone to introduce them to the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ. Will you be the one to answer the call?

**Order your copy of *There's Sunshine Awaiting You* today!
Jennifer's new book is now available on Amazon.**



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Are you looking for hope?

Jennifer Campbell endured the very first trial of her life when she was born without a heartbeat. When she was sixteen years old, her life was in jeopardy once again. Through her experiences, she was inspired to write a song titled, "There's Sunshine Awaiting You." Years later, God used this song to minister to Jennifer's own heart during a very dark season of her life. Having overcome many difficulties, her greatest desire is to share the message of hope.

Jennifer knows firsthand that it is in the sunsets of life where we can find true restoration, true peace, and true comfort in the knowledge that Jesus Christ, the One who loves us more than we could ever imagine, will never leave us nor forsake us. When we put our trust in His master plan for our lives, we will have hope even in the most discouraging situations. No matter what you are facing today, be encouraged. For even in the sunset, there is sunshine awaiting you.

"To know Jennifer is to love her. She inspires me to become a better witness for the Lord. This honest, pure, heartfelt book is filled with wonderful stories and testimonies. It truly reveals Jennifer's sincere passion to be the hands and feet of Jesus Christ. She is a bright light in this world!"

Karen Peck Gook, Karen Peck & New River

"Jennifer's words of encouragement have ministered, encouraged and challenged me numerous times since we first met. I love that in spite of all she has walked thru and dealt with, she constantly focuses on the good. She's real, she's honest, she speaks life and truth, and above all else, I know her greatest desire is to share the message of His hope and encouragement to all she comes in contact with. This book will be one that I will pick up and read over and over."

Dusty Wells, Author, Blogger, Encourager, Music Biz Guy

"Jennifer has fully exposed her love for God, and desire to spread the Gospel to every land. This book will certainly ignite a fresh love for God in you by sharing that love with all people."

Terry Williams, Priority Worship; Director, Florida Worship Choir & Orchestra



Jennifer Joy Campbell is a public school teacher and host of the *Be Encouraged* webcast. Having been blessed to travel to over fifty countries, her greatest passion is sharing the love of Jesus Christ around the world. She and her dad, Ken, live in Florida.

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Visit www.cwrmusic.org for a free MP3 download of Jennifer's song, "There's Sunshine Awaiting You."

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