

Good News Today

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“He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay” *Matthew 28:6*



THE PROMISE WAS FULFILLED

*They hung Him up, they hung Him high on Calvary.
They hung Him up, they hung Him high for all to see.
They made a sign and called Him the King of Jews.
He said, "Father, forgive them,
For they know not what they do."
They took Him down and laid Him low
In a tomb of stone.
Took Him down and laid Him low,
All alone.
The guards they stood outside that tomb
When morning came, you know the rock it was removed,

Je—e—e—sus, He rose up
Je—e—e—sus, He rose up
Je—e—e—sus, He rose up

And the promise was fulfilled
Mary and Mary came walking down the road
Mary Magdalene ran to that tomb of stone
And the angel told her what to do
She ran on back and told everyone what she knew

She said,
Je—e—e—sus He's alive
Je—e—e—sus He's alive
Je—e—e—sus He's alive
And the promise was fulfilled.
Mike Lewis
1992 Grace House Publishing*

AT THE TOMB AND HE'S ALIVE

Thinking Jesus was the gardener, she said, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will get him."

¹⁶ Jesus said to her, "Mary." She turned toward him and cried out in Aramaic, "Rabboni!" (which means "Teacher").

¹⁷ Jesus said, "Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'"

¹⁸ Mary Magdalene went to the disciples with the news: "I have seen the Lord!" And she told them that he had said these things to her.



John 20:15-18

EASTER MEMORIES

Often, at this time of year, I think about going to church on Easter with my grandparents when I was a boy. It was a tradition—my grandmother in her Easter dress and hat, Grandpa in his suit and fedora. And, of course, I was dressed up too. It always felt special. I loved the atmosphere, even if I didn't fully understand what it was all about.

I knew Easter mattered because I had learned about Jesus in Sunday School—I knew He was special and good, but I don't recall grasping the significance of His death on the cross. I'm sure the pastors spoke about it on those Easter Sundays, but obviously I was too young to fully understand. What I do remember is the singing—I always loved the congregational singing.

After church was always a special time. We often went out to eat, sometimes to Du-Par's. I remember their date nut bread with cream cheese—it was the best. I always looked forward to that first bite.

For much of my life, even after giving my heart to Jesus in junior high, I didn't really understand His crucifixion. I must have said I believed He died and rose again for my sins, but I don't have a clear memory of that moment.

It wasn't until 1990, at the age of forty-five, that I fully committed my life to Him and finally began to understand the meaning of Easter (Resurrection Day).

Because as the Bible says, I had been born again. The scales had fallen from my eyes—I was no longer blind but could finally see. No longer lost, because I had been found.

That's the beauty of true transformation. Every experience, every moment of not fully understanding, was part of the journey that ultimately led me to know Him and His sacrifice for me.

After all these years, I am so grateful that my grandparents took me to church. I remember so many times when I was down and struggling—my grandmother prayed for me. Without a doubt, I know she always believed I would be doing exactly this—writing about the wonderful and real change that comes from knowing Him. His willingness to die for me was exactly what I had been missing, for too many years, to fill the God-shaped void in my life.

Today, I fully understand the meaning of His death, His burial, and His resurrection—and what it means for the whole world and for those who choose to believe in Him.

Have a wonderful Resurrection Day. Just believe!

Blessings,

Serving Jesus because of His love, grace, and a new song in my heart,

Mike Lewis



**My Grandparents
Carol (Papa) and Edythe (Evie) Tisher
1960's**

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like I used to be
I once was lost but now I'm found
'Twas blind, but now I see*

"For by grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, that any man should boast."

— Ephesians 2:8-9

HE IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN, INDEED!

FELLOWSHIP OF THE UNASHAMED



Lives Committed to the Gospel

David Hogan was born and raised in North Louisiana, coming from a long line of Gospel preachers.

After spending his early years surrounded by the Gospel, he eventually rebelled against both God and the hypocrisy he saw around him. He fell into a hard life of drinking, gangs and violence.

In 1971, David married his wife Debbie, in 1971 in Louisiana. While he was working in the oil fields in Alaska, Debbie gave her life to Jesus and began praying with David's parents for his salvation.

While on an airplane to the Alaskan oil fields he received a direct challenge from God—to become a man without hypocrisy, to truly walk in the power and presence of God. He accepted Jesus as his Savior and immediately returned on the next flight.

Back home, life took a new direction. David soon began pastoring a small church in North Louisiana. Then, in 1977, after taking a trip to the mission field in Mexico, he returned to find that his wife had also received a clear word from God: Mexico was the place they were called to give their lives for the Gospel.

While attending language school, David received a vision from God showing him the exact area where he was to begin. In obedience, he went and began ministering to the indigenous people of Mexico. The work was grueling—this was a region that had never experienced the Gospel.

In 1981, David founded **Freedom Ministries**. With nothing but a word from God and a vision. He began preaching from village to village. Over the years, the work has pioneered more than six hundred churches. Countless villages have now heard the Gospel for the first time.

The core mission is to go into unreached villages and regions where there is no existing Gospel witness—to seek the lost, heal the sick, and bring deliverance through the power of Jesus. The primary work remains focused on the eastern side of Mexico, with churches stretching from the U.S. border all the way down to Chiapas, near Guatemala.

This mission is also about training leaders, raising up national pastors, and equipping them to reach their own people.

Freedom Ministries stands as a testament to the power of a life fully surrendered to God—a life committed to bringing light into the darkest places.

<https://freedom-ministries.us>

Galatians 2:20

FAITH IN THE CHAIR

What makes us think or believe (have faith even) that the chair we're about to sit in will hold us up and keep us from crashing to the ground? Is it because we've taken the time to examine the structure of the chair to gain confidence that it's sturdy enough to hold our weight? It's more likely that the law of probability wins the day based on how many times in the past that we've successfully sat down in a chair without incident.

I don't pretend to know the entire context of your life and why you currently believe what you believe. But I would encourage you to search the Scriptures, let them be your guide as it relates to who Jesus is ... and how you should sincerely consider responding by faith to His free offer to save your soul for all eternity.

Read Jim's full blog at www.mightywind.org/blog

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RESURRECTION DAY

Easter Morning

Poet Jennie Harrison

*Far o'er the distant mountain-tops,
A radiant light unfolds;
The tiniest flower-cup nestling there,
Its tinge of Glory holds.
The watcher thro' the weary night,
Looks up, with prayerful eyes; —
And, lo! the shadows roll away,
Neath Resurrection skies!*

Victory

Poet: Catherine Pulsifer

*He stood before them, like a lamb to the slaughter
The crowd was loud, angry and unruly to wonder
False accusations were laid against Him, so unkind
Unjust conviction, He was guilty in their minds*

*Nails held Him fast to an old wooden cross
Cries of suffering of so great a cost
His life taken away for our own guilt and shame
Crucifixion's cruelty His pains endured all the same*

*Three short days later in glory He did rise from the grave
Defeating death's stronghold, for us He did save.
Giving us hope forevermore on that bright Easter morning
Victory on Easter no longer sadness and mourning!*



*Blessed be the Lord forever!
Amen and Amen. Psalm 89:52*