

*A Woman's Place Ministries
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March 2001

Awesome meetings did we have in Texas! Bro Doty and I are back in Sacramento and in the full swing of things again. March 30, 31 and April 1 we will be in Ludington, Michigan. If you are in that area, please drop by. This will be my third ministry trip to Michigan, and I've grown to love those special people very much.

Website updates

Check out "A Woman's Place" website. We're making some changes! You can also order the tape I wanted you to hear about Daddy's Love. "What Does God Really Think of Me?" We are also in the process of setting things up to accept credit card payments on a secure site.

God's Will for Us

The will of God for our lives has been on my heart all this week. In fact, I was asked to speak to the Rock Church ladies meeting, and it was on my heart at that time. Obedience. Trusting. Finding His plan for our lives and sticking to it. It is so important that we stay on the path He has planned for us. If we are to find fulfillment, if we are find the joy that it seems might be lacking in our lives.....let's get back to His plan. Remember also these words: **"The pain of discipline is not nearly as bad as the pain of regret."** I hate regrets! I've had so many in my life.

While in Texas, I met the sweetest sister. She had a poem in her office, and my heart whispered to me that I must have a copy of it. I shared it with the Sacramento ladies, and I would also like to share it with you. You might want to print it out on pretty paper and frame it, as this Texas lady did. Whatever you decide, please read this poem carefully and ask God to help you fulfill His plan for you.

His Plan for Me

When I stand at the judgment seat of Christ,
And He shows His plan for me,
The plan of my life as it might have been,
Had He had His way, and I see
How I blocked Him here, and checked Him there,
And I would not yield my will,

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Will there be grief in my Savior's eyes,

Grief, though He loves me still?

Would He have me rich and I stand there poor,

Stripped of all but His grace,

While memory runs like a hunted thing,

Down the paths I cannot retrace.

Lord, of the years that are left to me,

I give them to Thy hand;

Take me and break me and mold me,

AWGod bless you,
Your friend,
Lynda Allison Doty

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