

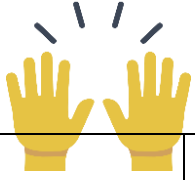


Praise Report Log



Date	Name	Testimonial Reports
06/04/2020	Sister Victoria	<p>Shares a passage from SOP written by Ellen G. White:</p> <p>"Though a veil hangs over the future, you have a knowledge of the Lord's mercies in the past. Allow no difficulties to discourage you. You have passed through trials, and you will be called to pass through experiences not altogether agreeable, and these experiences may be repeated. Temptations have come to you, and temptations will come to you again." {UL 142.2}</p> <p>"We know not what is before us, but we know that we have the privilege of committing our souls to God, as unto a faithful; Creator. Let us thank God that we have a refuge in trial. Let us remember that Christ is a present help in every time of need. The promises of God's Word are rich and full and free. God is with us; He cares for us." {UL 142.3}</p> <p>Amen! Praise God!</p>
06/04/2020	Sister Victoria	<p>Praises the Lord for Life and the opportunity to have it more abundantly! Sister Victoria wants to take the time to thank the Lord for the life of the brethren. She cherishes the life of all the brethren who stand for truth and live to be a blessing. For all the June babies (those born in June), happy birthday! May God continue to bless you as you continue to choose to live for Him with the sole purpose to honor Him with your life and be the blessing He has raised you up to be for such a time as this. Amen.</p> <p>And a special remembrance of the life of George Floyd and the countless other black lives that were killed through police brutality and violence. Enough is Enough! The injustice has got to stop! Let us take a moment of silence for 8 minutes and 46 seconds. The cry can be heard, "I just want to live!" And we can praise God that the four cops responsible for George Floyd's death have been arrested. That in standing up for the least of our brethren, justice is being done.</p>
06/04/2020	Sister Victoria	<p>Shares a powerful and appropriate spoken word poem for our present time as we witness the protest and outcry for justice:</p>

**Praise ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD, praise the name of the LORD.
Psalms 113:1**



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Black Lives Matter Poem by Fanta Ratty

Always got my hoodie on, but scared to become another Trayvon because if they kill me, my name would just become another trademark on Twitter.

No matter how fast those pretty fingers are it would never bring me back. No matter how much they fight, yell, and protest my mama's cry will go in vain. Another black body slain by the white man; and that's just some [stuff] I can't understand.

I can't freakin breathe as I get choked up by the officer who doesn't feel right until he brings me to my knees; and I garner up the courage to submit; to let him win this battle; to become a martyr for a war I didn't sign up for. Yet, my skin gave me automatic admittance.

No matter how much I play into the respectability politics all they will see is this black skin so don't correct me and I say **** the police. Don't tell me I can't generalize their actions because where you are implicit in the system you become a culprit.

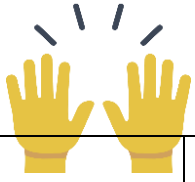
That badge gives you a shield to kill at free will and then go home to your family without the slightest bit of guilt and I'm disgusted. Call it kaepernicking on one knee with my fists held high on them days when I can't even pick myself up.

When I accept the fact that my skin will always be a curse; and no matter which Democratic spell I cast I will always be bewitched by systemic racism.

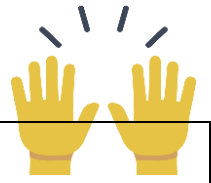
Where do you go when you want to escape yourself? There is no rehab facility to turn to. No antibiotic to swallow. There is nowhere to run. You can't leave the battle if you're the home turf. So you mason jar your tears and use it as fuel in the war cuz even on my worst days I am still worth fighting for.

BLACK lives are worth fighting for, BLACK wives are worth fighting for, BLACK husbands, BLACK mothers, BLACK brothers, [BLACK sisters] BLACK fathers, BLACK bodies, BLACK silhouettes, cuz even our shadows deserve some respect.

So say our names. Remember our faces. Cuz, no amount of bullets can knock the black soul down. We are descendants of kings and queens; so run us back our crowns. We are more than just a hashtag. So, don't belittle us as such. So say our name. Remember our faces



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