



The
Color
of
Light

Summer 2006

Spiritual Encouragement
For the Exotic Dancer

The Color of Light

*Created for the heart
of the exotic dancer!*

LIGHTDANCERS

P.O. Box 253

Wellington, Kansas 67152

Or

Come visit us at

www.lightdancers.org

[info @ lightdancers.org](mailto:info@lightdancers.org)

"WHO ARE THEY?!"

The Faces Behind the Pages...

Lisanne McMurray
Tammy Dahl
Jeanne Escobar
Traci Reuter
Tony Hix
And the grace of God!

Contributing Writers:

Alaina
Terrise Lyle Brown

Special Thanks:

Summer Rayne

This season we'd like to thank

Raintree

for leaving us with his
beautiful artwork entitled,
"Her"

that we have chosen
for the cover images of
this edition of
The Color Of Light

Publication With Purpose

Welcome to *The Color of Light*, the quarterly publication for LIGHTDANCERS, a spiritual support ministry for the exotic dancer.. It is our desire to bring the love of Jesus Christ into the world of those we encounter by simply supporting the heart of the individual.

Our purpose through this publication is to serve the next generation emotionally, physically and spiritually through articles of encouragement, people of integrity, and a variety of services and resources.

We encourage each of you to write, or e-mail us with any thoughts, ideas, or concerns that you may have. Hearing from each of you helps us to be able to better serve you on a more personal level.

The Color of Light emanates from the heart of each one of us in a unique way...the way that God intended. He is the One who illuminated the darkness of our lives, and it is our desire that through this publication, His light will be reflected unto you.



SEASONS OF LIGHT

Revision

Think back a moment to high school. Did you ever write something wonderful? Something that you thought was so right on, so perfect in conveying your thoughts that you looked upon it and thought it a masterpiece? And you sauntered up to the teacher, turning in your assignment with an air of confidence that you'd not experienced before, knowing for sure that you had secured an A+ along with what would surely be a multitude of praise for your endeavor? Then the day came when your teacher hands you back your assignment all graded and as your eyes fall upon what you perceived as your "perfect paper", what you find instead of praise and that well deserved A+ is a myriad of red pen corrections flawing every beautiful line that flowed from your hand followed by "suggestions" of improvement to support those tyrannical marks from hell! But after your "How dare that teacher!" attitude, and the overwhelming dismay at this new and unexpected task at hand, your "revision" turns out to be far superior than your original ever was and you know deep down that despite your initial shock, it was a project well worth your extra effort. For even if it doesn't garner that A+ you may have originally felt it deserved, in the end, you know in your heart that you truly gave it your best shot. Well, our **Season of Revision** is something like that...in a round about sort of way.

Several seasons ago I made mention of a new vision that we were praying about and how it would change the fabric of **LIGHTDANCERS** if it were indeed enacted. Well, we have arrived at that very place of action. The last several years have brought great changes in my own personal life. Being a small ministry, it only follows suit that personal changes have an effect on how such a ministry is carried out. For the most part, many things have remained unchanged. Our printed resources which were developed mostly in 1998 and 1999 continue to be made available to those who need them most. We were blessed to be an active part of the *Gentlemen's Club Expo and Fan Fair* for the first several years of ministry. Our website has been the heartbeat of how **LIGHTDANCERS** functions pretty much since the site's creation in the Spring of 2000. And in 2005 we extended our arms into the biker community in our efforts to reach the dancer on a greater level. Throughout this time I have experienced absolutely amazing reflections of God's grace and mercy in ways I could never have conceived of before. I have had hard head banging lessons that if I had the choice prior to the experience, I would probably have opted out of (thank God I didn't have that option!). And so here we stand, on the threshold of the wonderful and the unexpected!

In this time I have been privileged to see how deeply laying judgment on others can scar people. I say privileged because such insight is knowledge that has given birth to this new vision until it compels me to have to take a stand and do something to actively change things. I think back on my own teenage years and can easily see that, as I have said in the past, my involvement in the exotic dancing industry was very much motivated by my desire for adventure. I had tremendous gifts and talents, some of which I was aware of, some of which I wasn't but what I did not have was an outlet through which to express and develop them. Instead I stood on the sidelines watching my sister receive praise for her beautiful singing talent and musical ability secretly wishing I could excel in such areas. So what I did instead of developing my creative hopes in these areas was to take the gift of writing that God was developing in me and use it in my own quiet time to create sexually graphic works of my own desires. Not the way God would have preferred me to use my talents I'm sure. But nothing ever happened with them other than being discovered by my Step-Mom who snooped around in my room and brought my dark secret to the attention of my Dad. It was unnerving to say the least. So when the time came, I flew the coop as quick as I could far away from that little town with it's 365 people and nothing to do and off I went to the big city where I could be free to see some of those fantasies of my imagination come to life. What my talent failed to reveal to me at my young age was the heartache that such things would ultimately bring into the remaining years of my life that I could not yet conceive of.

So now it is 25 years later and I watch as my own children search to do the same. And I watch as their friends who I have come to love as my own children, continue to indulge their senses because they feel they have nothing better, nor more worthwhile to do. The town is in the Midwest rather than the Northeast. It contains 2500 people instead of my original 365 but the limitations are the same and the mindset is still the same and everyone knows everyone and nothing ever changes. And every kid who is any kid who doesn't have the right name or live on the right side of the tracks who may find himself in trouble with the law gets labeled just as those before him did and can never seem to get a fair shake from that point on. It breaks my heart, it makes me angry and it rattles me to the very core of my being. Because I know that I know that unless these kids get some options that they will be the next ones who take the road of life as an exotic dancer or the thug who think so little of themselves that they continue to perpetuate the kind of poor choices that continually sabotage their own efforts for something better in life. And in the end, rather than trying to rise up and climb out of the pit, they allow themselves to be

buried alive. It's moments like these that I thank God that He cared enough to raise me up in a church where the Pastor's motto was "Find a need and fill it." And so that is exactly what we intend to do!

An idea is great. But it only remains an idea unless you take the steps to put it into action. They say it is wise to count the cost which can be done in more ways than the obvious. Counting the cost can be done physically, considering the labor that needs to be done and the sacrifices that will have to be made. It can be done financially, as in weighing out the true dollar amount or it can also be done from a spiritual aspect of sacrifice that will need to be made to achieve the goal desired. The financial cost of any vision can kill the dream before it ever gets off the paper and what isn't lost there will be lost when the enemy starts his assault on your physical world whenever it is that you do get up enough faith and trust to take the first steps to enact the vision as you seek to find the determination to see it through to completion. Anything that has anything to do with brining people closer to Christ on any level is fair game for Satan to paint a bulls head right smack in the middle of your forehead and take as many pop shots as he wants to take you down so that the vision is never fully realized.

So here I stand before you with a bulls eye on my forehead and my marching orders in hand! Earlier this year God began recruiting a small group of people from far and wide (Arizona, Wisconsin, Florida and Kansas) to stand beside me in the execution of this vision. The question early on was "Lord, what is to become of **LIGHTDANCERS**?" And it took me a while to understand that **LIGHTDANCERS** is the vehicle through which this new vision will be carried out. So in April of 2006 we revised our Articles of Incorporation and changed the ministries purpose from one of spiritual encouragement for the exotic dancer to one of spiritual encouragement for the next generation. This was a big step as it encompasses a much larger group of people. But it has been clear all along through our outreach into the dancer's world that even from the beginning, we were effecting the next generation as a whole.

So here's the scoop! The vision is to be carried out in the city of Wellington, Kansas all of about 10,000 people small. Here, a kindly farmer has been holding a building for us with no funds in our pocket, based only on what he feels in his spirit and what we speak from our hearts. Starting in October we will be renting this building on a 2 year lease and it shall become the coolest little hot spot in town for those 13 through 20 years of age. We will call it "**Mirage**" for just as the teenagers we will be ministering to are not what they appear to be when you look upon their outward appearance, so will the environment we create within the doors of this use-to-be-bar be something far deeper than what meets the eye. For this is the place that the Spirit of God will dwell as He reaches out through each one of us to touch the individual lives of His children. This is the place where the youth from towns far and wide will be able to come and feed not just their desire for amusement and socialization but it will be the place where they will be able to discover and nurture their God given gifts and talents in music and art. We are referring to it as a creative arts and entertainment facility rather than what many would categorize simply as a teen center. Most people would not consider those who are 20 years old to be a teen, yet they are not an adult either and so it is that we choose to include our outreach to the "inbetweens" as well. There are so many lives that swing in the balance. And let me tell you something, I was always of the belief that ministering in the adult entertainment field was the front lines of the battle, but it pales in comparison to this new level of what God is calling us to - those 13 through 20 years old - are truly the next generation and they deserve the benefit of the legacy that faith can usher into their lives regardless of the cost.

As with the dancers, our approach with the youth will be just as edgy and I'm sure that as before, such an approach will garner it's own fair share of critics as time unfolds. Yet despite the impact that this will ultimately have on the community as a whole, I'm also sure that our faith based core will keep certain people who might commonly back a project like this at bay. But that's ok, because this is God's baby and we are of the firm belief that when God gives the vision, He will also make the provision.

Our **Season of Revision** stems far and wide. There is much to be considered with this turning of direction. As you may have already noticed, we are in the process of revising our website. We have restructured our index page to give some overall information about the ministry along with the option of heading toward our new efforts (**Mirage**), or our original efforts (**ED Outreach**). Although we will be initiating a separate newsletter for **Mirage**, you will also begin to see some minor changes in **The Color of Light**, particularly in the next several editions as we introduce you to our new vision. However, **The Color of Light** will continue to remain a resource for the exotic dancer and for the expression of the writing of articles that have more depth than that what the newsletter for **Mirage** will encompass.

Some folks, have raised the question “Why don’t you split the efforts?” “Are you taking “those” pictures off of your website?” And to such concern let me state this: To split the efforts would, in my eyes, be negating all that God has done before this moment. My background comes from the world of exotic dancing, bikers, and partying fixed somewhere among my Christian upbringing. God has accomplished tremendous things in my life in delivering me out of that. Fifteen years after the fact, He began doing tremendous things in the lives of others because of that road I walked. Teens alike need to understand that the choices they make today really do effect their tomorrow and parents need to grasp the fact that regardless of how well they believe they are raising their children careers such as this are only a dollar sign away. Dancers are people’s children. Customers are people’s children. Club owners are people’s children. It’s all in the decision and the decision is a form of self expression that is based on what you believe and how you perceive yourself and the world around you. Kids need to have the ability to be kids when they are kids before they are thrust into the adult world around them. They need to learn how to make the right choices while we as parents can still influence them before they jump into their life alone and begin to choose everything that is placed before them simply because now they can make their own decisions. As for the photos on the website, the photos tell a story. A story of where this ministry has been. A story of the lives that have been effected by it and whose lives have effected the ministry itself. Yes, there are several photos from the *Gentlemen’s Club Expo* on it. No, I won’t remove them. You see more skin at the public pool and definitely more on any beach. No, it does not glamorize the lifestyle, it just shows you that it is real. Glance over at a copy of *Cosmo* or *Lowrider* on any supermarket magazine rack and I guarantee you that you will see more exposed there than on **LIGHTDANCERS** photo page.

So, there you have it! Welcome to our **Season of Revision!** So many new and exciting things on the horizon! Perhaps God is doing the same thing in your life - red lining a few things you were content with. It’s good to be content in life. I myself am one who is easy to please (always said I would be happy living in a barn!). But sometimes God has to bring us up higher and enable us to reach for the next level of what He would have for us and those around us. It’s not always a comfortable journey. Sometimes, just like a mama eagle, He has to kick us out of the nest to make us fly and while those can be scary moments, you generally wouldn’t learn any other way the things you learn when you are made to come face to face with the unknown. It is the place where you discover what you are really made of and begin to see what your true potential really is. It is the time when you learn to see yourself in a different light and find the means to believe in yourself and the One who created you because these are generally the times when you have to lean on Him more than anyone else around you. Take heart in your **Season of Revision** for in the end, the result will be far greater than anything you could have ever imagined before!

Humbly His,
Lisanne



HEART TO HEART

Letters

We print this letter in an attempt to help this family and other families who may have had daughters who lost their lives while working as an exotic dancer. This is the ugly side of the glamour industry that too many entering in are not aware of. It is real. It does happen. And any one of you could be the next victim of someone like this. If you have any information at all that could help this case or solve other cold cases in the area, please utilize the phone numbers listed in the letter.

May 30, 2006

Dear Lisanne,

I spoke with someone from Victoria's Friends in DeKalb County, GA, who referred me to your website, which has your email address.

I am writing to see whether you can recommend additional steps I can take to bring a very bad person to justice. His name is Timothy Langley Street. He is currently in prison for the murder of my cousin, Chrystal Ann Taylor, in 1989. Chrystal was only 16 years old and was working in a strip club in Charlotte, NC, at the time she was killed. After years of inactivity in the Charlotte-Mecklenburg County (NC) Cold Case Files, Timothy was arrested in Florida and admitted killing Chrystal as part of a plea bargain agreement. DNA evidence was used to prosecute his case. He received a 9-year sentence, but can be released well before then. Another dancer at the club was prepared to testify that Timothy had attempted to rape her shortly before he killed Chrystal.

Before the court date earlier this year, family members met with the police detective, David Phillips (704-336-7690), and the assistant district attorney, Marsha Goodenow. During the discussions, the authorities said they do not believe Chrystal was Timothy's only victim. They have attempted to get the police departments in Florida to take an interest in looking at Timothy's time in Florida to see whether he might be linked to similar deaths there, but the Florida police do not respond.

Timothy's pattern was to live in a place for a while, then to disappear. In Chrystal's case, after being a frequent customer at the club, he disappeared the night she was killed. Timothy is known to have lived in Panama City, Destin, and Key West—he was stopped by the police there coming out of the Everglades. He had dated a dancer in Panama City. They fought at the club there, then no one saw her again. Timothy Langley Street has also used the names David Milton Reavis and Milton David Reavis. It is possible that Timothy has not killed anyone else other than Chrystal, but most of us believe his victimizing and killing dancers has been a pattern of life for him for quite a while. I am hoping some of his other crimes can be found and prosecuted before he is released from prison.

I saw on your website at lightdancers.org that you have affiliates in several Florida cities. I have not contacted them yet, but will do so. Do you have any suggestions as to how to present this information to the most effective people to heighten interest in checking for other crimes against dancers in Florida by Timothy Street? I believe the Charlotte police would share his DNA with other law enforcement agencies.

I'll be happy to share any other information I have that would be helpful.

Susan McIver Abernathy
Gainesville, GA

HIGHLIGHTS

IN MEMORIAM

The last several years of my life have been riddled with loss. Loss on all levels. The most prominent life changing loss being that of the divorce of my husband Tom of 17 years. But even prior to the arrival at that place in my life, the loss accumulating at a rapid pace. I lost my Grandma to the effects of Alzheimer's and my Step-Dad to cancer. I have lost my son to the fulfillment of his own desires time and time again, lost friends because of the expression of my faith in all of it's unconventional conventionalism. I've seen far too many young people whose lives I value end up being marched off to jail only to find the reclaiming of their lives an impossibility in a small town. I mourned the death by way of heart attack of a prominent influence in my young life, buried one friend do to cancer and stand by even now in support as my best friend struggles with her own ongoing cancer battles. I, along with the entire town of Anthony, mourned the loss of five local and well loved teenagers do to a combination of car accidents and suicide along with burying two teachers just last year. Working in the nursing home for the past two and a half years, I have been stood as a sentinel as resident upon resident have seen their final days on this earth. All in all, I have collected at least 50 obituaries in the last several years. A morbid hobby to be sure, but the result of life and it's many circumstances that have overshadowed my own life as of lately. I don't ever want to forget any of these people as they all touched my own life and played an important part in it on one level or another.

Not long ago I was pouring over the some of the latest copies of *Exotic Dancer's Club Bulletin* taking in it's new format. This magazine is the epitome of top notch informative industry journalism. However, I was extremely unhappy with one aspect of what I saw. Tell me, who enables this industry to be an industry? Who gives reason to accommodate the patrons, bring in the most experienced DJ's, the best lighting systems? Who puts the money in the pockets of club owners? The reality is that it isn't the most knowledgeable owner and it isn't the richest best paying customer (actually if memory serves me, they can be pretty chincey and extremely demanding). The one who enables this industry to be an industry is the dancer. She is the one who has what the customer wants and what the club owner is quick to exploit. I say exploit because ultimately what his business does, is to promote and market the dancer in the best way he can to best pad his own pockets. But that is neither here nor there right now. What fired me up was seeing that at the very back of this very well structured trade publication is where they chose to place a section called "Feature Faces and Places." The very women who make this business what it is get their acknowledgement on it's final pages. From where I sit, this is a slap in the face to those who are the heart of this multi billion dollar money machine.

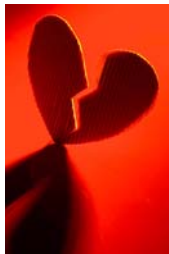
For months upon months I read of the loss of "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott, co-owner of *The Clubhouse* in Dallas, Texas and former lead guitarist of *Pantera*, who lost his life in December of 2004 when he was shot in the midst of a performance while on stage with his band *Damageplan* in Columbus, Ohio. The industry has saluted him, remembered him, dedicated a multitude of honors to him...and continue to do so. How kind. And so here we are, the best of the best industry entertainers, squished into a few measly pages at the back of the industry's leading trade publication, and there, amidst blurbs about new websites, upcoming events and the most successful dancer/entrepreneurs, I see a photo and a headline that makes my heart drop: "The adult industry loses a friend" and just below it, a picture of **Anna Malle**. She was one of the industry's top leading dancers and not 25 days into her New Year and she looses her life to a car accident when a pick up truck plowed into the side of her car as she was trying to make a U-turn on a Las Vegas roadway. Anna left behind a husband. After the shock of what I was reading passed, I started digging through the last several issues and discovered the story about feature entertainer **Julie Robbins** who in September 2005 lost her life when her car ran off the road, hitting a power pole in North Carolina and trapped Julie in her vehicle as it burned. Julie left behind a daughter. Then I went back to the article of the one tragic accident in recent months that I had heard of, **Chrystal Waters** dive into 3 feet of water that left her paralyzed from mid-chest down.

Chrystal has the support of her husband. And to aid the situation that suddenly had befallen this couple, the owner of the Pink Pony in Atlanta was kind enough to establish a medical fund at Bank of America and host a fundraiser, but even those efforts were mostly initiated by one of Chrystal's feature entertainer friends, Leslie Wells.

For everything else the *Exotic Dancer's Club Bulletin* is so quick to write about in such detail, how is it that they can care so little about those who make them what they are to offer only so much as a minor acknowledgement of these lives that have passed into death and tragedy? Please correct me if I'm wrong, but even though Chrystal's accident happened in June 2005, I believe there was no mention of it at all until the August/September issue of this industry magazine. And even in the industry's varied efforts to help raise funds for Chrystal's medical bills, only \$11,760 was raised. I'm sorry but that is a slap in the face when held in the light of what this industry is worth! Though she is one of the three who still breaths air, her life has been forever altered and all they can produce is \$11,000?! That's pocket change for people like Jack Pepper and Michael J. Peters who have built their own personal empires on the women of this industry. How can those women who have made such huge contributions to the business as a whole and to the pockets of so many be remembered only by a mere back page mention, where, if the writer thought it important enough, they might have given mention to their accomplishments and achievements in the adult entertainment world but totally negate the information that might humanize the woman they are so poorly memorializing? Like the fact that she was someone's daughter, maybe even someone's wife or mother who at sometime had dreams that stretched beyond the adult entertainment industry? How about the fact that she may have had interests and loves and sought out things and people to enrich her life outside of the strip club perpetuated world she now lives in?

In all of my writing for *The Color of Light* in the past, I have never taken a pot shot at this industry because I have respect for the choices of others even when I don't agree with them and I acknowledge that for many varied and personal reasons this is a lifetime career choice for many. However, I'm saying it right now; those who have built their name and reputation, those who put food on their family's dinning room table and clothes on their children's back by means of the money they have made through this lifestyle, this business choice, these dancer's blood, sweat and tears, had better step back and take a good, hard look at the contribution they may or may not be making to the lives of the individuals they are building their success on. I'm talking about the way you value and treat your dancers across the board. The way in which you express your appreciation, your acknowledgement, your encouragement, your gratitude. No one knows the number of their days. No one. If you can't do that which is good and right simply because of your own greed and desire for more, then you need to fall back and regroup. And don't do it out of guilt, don't do it out of a twisted mindset in hopes that all of your "good deeds" will buy your admission into a decent afterlife when you go. Do it simply because it is the right thing to do and you care enough to make the difference in the life of another human being. You would invest the time and the money if it were your own daughter...and you know that any one of these girls very well could be. Life is short gentlemen.....do the right thing while you can.

From The Heart.
Lisanne



The cracks are where the grace of God come through.
~ A Benedictine Monk

INSIGHT FROM THE INSIDE

Breaking The Realm

I was one of the Wide Open girls at Easyriders Bike Show, Saturday. The message was very nice and encouraging with the rose. I wanted to share my "poem" that I wrote when I left the club. I was a cocktail waitress for months, then eventually sucked into the spotlight thrill of dancing. Then after two nights of dancing I had a wake up call, breakdown, or even a conviction from our Father. So hopefully you can use this, I have shared it with dancers and they are amazed of how well they relate...

Breaking the Realm

You are introduced as a client, You find it almost, as a disobedient excitement, as you watch her up there, Feeling some sort of confidence, as an anonymous and dominate female, As you start flattering your rebellion, pride of the new atmosphere you accompanied.

This thrill of being a sexual representation and a commodity to an organization, allowing a selected image of supernatural females, leaves you in turn destroying your modesty.

She started off casual, as time lead on and comment after comment was whispered, she felt an elevated confidence within herself that eventually grew as an arrogant style. Even outside the walls she felt superior to the audience.

Wrinkled down by time, the mouth of guidance started tearing her down, subconsciously hearing a familiar song of dishonor preaching to her spirit, she departed from the surroundings.

As money disappearing fast, the temptation of leisure, fast, and entertaining way of making money kept luring in front of her, prevailing over mere fact of *respect*, retained once again. She began to rebuff her thought of so-called contentment, absent from the trap.

By returning the third time, money was a necessity, in greater quantity, within a short time frame. Once a dollar earned for delivering drinks, the earning of the dollar was to strip and **act** out a discrete display of fondling and dancing set forth in that of erotic positions.

It's an investment for only three months. So, she danced. She felt power over all the men, all attentive to her stripped body. While staring at them seductively, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirrored walls, feeling sickened and appalled that she was the one reflected; she was the one twirling on the pole for every angle of her bare skin exposed in disrespecting poses. Treading around in obnoxiously tall stilettos.

The ecstasy of dancing on stage, with everybody watching you and lusting for you, is an unexplainable high, but the repercussion is falling harder into disappointment within yourself as well as disgusting images, of men who had touched you, every night you go home. The issue debated in your head is the bases of two matters, Money or Respect.

The attorney's eyes still stick in my head, they were glowing in the black light. He was a little uncomfortable in the situation, I wonder because we carried a normal conversation between sessions? The ethnic guy, not so timid and shy, had a strong sense of Lucky You.

It's a trap, a trap of big easy money and the thrill of being marked as a sex symbol, only for the moment you're at work. It hurts when you're traveling home and you take every man's face home with you, that either touched, made remarks, OR had their face rubbing across your breast for the price of one dollar. You remember every glimpse you see of Lacy that night, prancing around, degrading herself, being on stage dancing around as if she had clothes on, as if she was putting on a show for the Gentlemen's Club. Looking at all the other females on stage ACTING as if they were having fun. Knowing what they are really feeling. Making you feel like absolute shit to know that you were exposed in front of many men you have never meant before. Men touching you that you don't give a damn about; what they do for a living, where they are from, why they are here tonight, how old they are, what their name was.... Just conversing with them as if you were on a blind date to ease the tension, so you both can presume without a guilty conscience. Assuring them that nothing is wrong, you don't feel bad about what you do, coming home with mixed aroma of cologne, horribly bruised knees, legs, and arms. Your whole entire body is sore to the point of barely maneuvering.

I never realized at the beginning of this episode that you have no idea what it's like on the other side. No one understands anything until you get on the other side.

*I hope you may be able to use this material for some ladies out there. As well as club owners, etc. I appreciate what you are doing. To reach out to the so often discarded dancer. I feel their pain and I see the money signs that keep them there. It's a vicious cycle. When I was at the club I felt evil there. I am so glad that I woke up to see that I had an entirely peaceful and happy life with my clothes on!
God Bless..*

*Sincerely,
Alaina*



THE BULLETIN BOARD

What's New For You?



SHELLEY LUBBEN
PINK CROSS FOUNDATION
~ BAKERSFIELD, CA~

Hi Lisanne,

Thanks for writing me! A lot has happened since I wrote you. God has opened quite a few secular doors for me and I am getting more and more platforms to share my story. Tomorrow I'll be on Dr. Phil show. It's only a small part but I am gaining the secular world's trust and they are referring me to other shows. Also, Dr. Phil show promised to put my web site link on their web site when the show comes out. They get millions of hits a week so this is good! Will open much doors for me.

I will send you the stuff you asked for. I just got back from Las Vegas outreach at the AVN Porn Convention so am recuperating but will send when I have a chance.

Blessings,
Shelley

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OASIS MINISTRY ~ DAYTON, OH

Yes, Carmella and I have worked together almost from the beginning

We have rented a house directly across the street from TOTAL X and in the midst of 5 clubs. These clubs are all within 3 block either way of our house. We are right on the "strip" in commercial property. We are creating a women's center which will offer drop-in hours for prayer and support, a hot-line for prayer and counseling, one-on-one counseling with a professional Christian counselor or a pastor/counselor (who directed a women's pregnancy center for 15 years), Purpose-Driven Life class, YES (an empowerment program we have used in other locations), a chapel available during open hours and soon a chapel service once a week, computer class, referrals to GED program that is right up the street, Case management, Referrals to other professional agencies when needed, job placement, grief counseling and maybe some group therapy.

My vision is to be a spiritual house - prayer and Bible Study. We have had two outreaches to the clubs

We are building relationships with the managers and have been well received.

We hope to open the house in April but we have been working with 2-3 women for several months who have come to our church which is up the street as well.

Crystal (a dancer) needs prayer; she is the reason this ministry was born. She showed me that these women are reachable. She fluctuates back and forth. She accepted Christ a few months ago but has had difficulty staying faithful to the Lord but God will bring her through. When she is with the Lord she is on fire and is a missionary to everyone she meets. We keep praying for her. She continues to come to church most Sundays.

I will get on your site again and look at the "Packet". We have already down-loaded "Coming Out of the Darkness" and many of us have read it.

Thank you for your interest in our ministry - you can list us as a resource on your website.

Blessings, Pastor Sharon

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and

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LESSONS LEARNED

The Basics

*“Always be a first rate version of yourself
instead of a second rate version of someone else.”*

Judy Garland

1. *Try everything twice. On Madams tombstone (of Whelan's and Madam) she said she wanted this epitaph: Tried everything twice...loved it both times!*
2. *Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down. (Keep this in mind if you are one of those grouches.)*
3. *Keep learning; learn more about computers, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain get idle. “An idle mind is the devil’s workshop.” And the devil’s name is Alzheimer’s!*
4. *Enjoy the simple things.*
5. *Laugh often, loud and long. Laugh until you gasp for breath. And if you have a friend who makes you laugh, spend lots and lots of time with him or her.*
5. *The tears happen. Endure, grieve and move on. The only person who is with you your entire life is yourself. LIVE while you are alive!*
6. *Surround yourself with what you love. Whether it’s family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.*
7. *Cherish your health. If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.*
8. *Don’t take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, even to the next county, to a foreign country but NOT to where the guilt is.*
9. *Tell the people you love that you love them at every opportunity.*
10. *Forgive now those who made you cry. You may not get a second chance.*

Submitted by Summer Rayne

SCRIPTURES TO STAND ON

You Are Blessed

Blessed are you when you are poor in spirit,

For you will inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you, who mourn,

For you will be comforted.

Blessed are you when you are meek (gentle, humble, modest)

For you will inherit the earth.

Blessed are you who hunger and thirst for righteousness,

For you will be filled.

Blessed are you who are merciful (compassionate, kindhearted, forgiving)

For you will be shown mercy.

Blessed are you when your heart is pure,

For you will see God.

Blessed are you, who are peacemakers,

For they will be called sons (children) of God.

Blessed are you when you are persecuted because of righteousness (morality, honesty)

For your reward is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you when people insult you, persecute you and falsely say all kinds of evil against you

because of your love for Jesus.

Rejoice and be glad,

because **great is your reward** in heaven..."

(Matthew 5:3-11)



REFLECTIONS

Unusual Love

Let me set the scene for you...

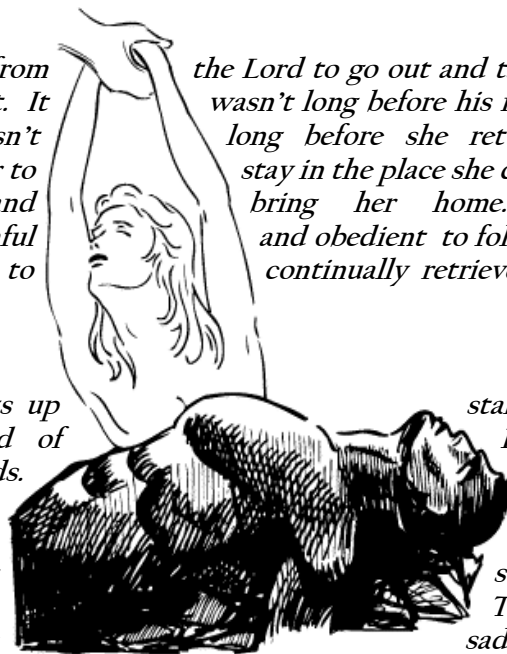
There is a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a shepherd, who takes more of a fancy to animals than she does the humans around her and follows in her father's footsteps by becoming a shepherdess herself. Her older sister often chided her about the joy she found in tending to her father's herds. Then one day a stranger arrived in their small village who, as it turns out, was actually a kinsman of the family. Jacob stayed on with Rachel's family for the next month during which time he found himself falling in love with the beautiful shepherdess. Then one day he approached her father committing himself to his service for 7 years in exchange for the beautiful Rachel's hand in marriage. Her father agreed to this arrangement. And when he had served his 7 years, her father, Laban, exchanges his older daughter Leah in place of Rachel stating that in their country the first born must be wed before the younger! But Jacob is so smitten with Rachel that he offers himself to Laban for yet another 7 years of service in exchange for the promise of the hand of the one he loves so true. In the end, Jacob puts in 14 years of labor serving a swindling shepherd in exchange for the love of his life.

How about this one....

A dedicated man of faith receives word from Hosea goes out and marries a harlot. It 2 sons and a daughter...and it also wasn't prostitute. But God would not allow her to Hosea to seek her out, buy her back and again...and again. It took a man faithful the circumstances appeared all wrong to demise of her own self sabotaging ways.

Or perhaps you've heard this story....

With famine in the land, a man picks up and two sons from their homeland of known for it's worship of heathen gods. thought but knows she must go despite after their arrival, her husband dies. her worst fears are realized when her different faith from the land of Moab. sons both die. Now, suddenly she is women and finds herself bitter over the events of her loss. When news came of the end of famine in her homeland, her heart stirred within her to return. Feeling it better to release her daughters-in-law to stay in Moab to remarry, she bid them farewell as she set out to return to Bethlehem. Reluctantly Orpah returned to her mother's home, but Ruth adamantly refused to leave her side and eventually journeyed with Naomi to make her God, her own.



the Lord to go out and take a harlot for a wife. So wasn't long before his new wife Gomer bore him long before she returned to her life as a stay in the place she chose to return to and sent bring her home....again....and again....and and obedient to follow God's direction when continually retrieve this soiled dove from the

stakes and moves his wife Bethlehem to a land Naomi is appalled at the her protests. Not long Then shortly thereafter, sons take wives of a Ten years thereafter, her saddled with the care of two

Each of these stories are examples of an extraordinary and unusual kind of love that is not often experienced by most. How quick so many of us are to use the word, "love," but how few of us ever really go the distance to express it by the actions of our life. I believe that love is a word that we use quite often without really understanding the depth of it's meaning. How many of us as little girls, dreamed of being swept off of our feet by our elusive prince charming? How many men have searched far and wide for their princess without giving up their search altogether because it seemed as if they would never find her? How quick we are to compromise!

It would have been easy for Jacob to walk away. It would have been easier still for him to settle for Leah once the deal was done. But for him, going the distance for Rachel was worth it. He offered himself in sacrifice for 14 years, never once voluntarily compromising his love. Hosea must have thought God, or himself at the very least, absolutely crazy to seek out a whore for a wife. But he followed what he knew was the voice of the Lord and though he was rewarded with children, he was also saddled with the heartbreak of a woman who couldn't make the adjustment. Who returned time and time again to the only life she had known and was comfortable with. But God loved her enough that He wouldn't leave her there. And Hosea loved God enough to where he had to do the unthinkable time and time again so that she would eventually come to understand how great God's love was for her. Naomi on the other hand, reluctantly gave all she had; her homeland, her husband, her sons and eventually her daughters-in-law. But Ruth wouldn't hear of it for Ruth's love and dedication for that which she had found in her husband and in her mother-in-law was so great that she had to cling to it until the love of their God found His way into her heart. It was love that took these people on the journey of their life. It was love that was expressed in something more than a word, more than a one time deed. It was a dedication to the love of a force unseen, to something that went beyond the reasoning of their natural mind. It was a love that was greater than any one of them or their situation that compelled them onward and gave them the strength to carry out that which had become the circumstances of their life.

Today we are quick to throw around the word 'love'. How often do we say we love someone when maybe we like them at best? Or refer to having sex as "making love" when in reality, we are simply "having sex"? How many of us would give ourselves in service to another human being for years on end after being lied to and duped in hopes that this time we would truly receive that which we were promised? Or who would continually run after one who would rather have the dregs of the hell they came out of rather than the best we can give? And who would leave all they've ever known to loose all they've ever had, to return to all they ever cared for with someone they never wanted? Unusual love. Extraordinary love. The kind of love that is not had by our own hand, or our own heart, or our own mind. The kind of love that in reality, if we are truly honest with ourselves, we cannot conceive of. The kind of love that is best expressed in a God who so loved the world that He came down in the form of a man and sacrificed his very life for those He created. For those who choose to reject Him, degrade Him, belittle Him, curse Him, and forget Him. How can we say we know what love is when we don't know what it is to sacrifice our very life's breath for the benefit of others? The truth is, we don't. We only have a small glimpse of what love really is. And if we are lucky enough, if we are blessed enough, we have the privilege at some moment in our life to witness some one person willing to lay down their life for the life of another. And if we are smart, and if we are wise, we will take that example and mirror it in our own life to someone else, for only then will we be able to taste what love is really all about.

The Bible is filled with story after story of unusual love. Amazing, extraordinary, unusual love. How does your life stand up to such expressions of love? Have you had privilege to glimpse it? Have you had the opportunity to express it to someone close to you? To someone you don't even know? How far are you willing to go in that expression? How important do you feel it is to really be able to convey such a love to others? Are you capable of putting your own needs, your own desires, aside long enough to be the conduit through which such a genuine love is conveyed? I encourage you to answer these questions honestly and if after much reflection you find that you have not yet experienced or enacted such a love in your life, then I would encourage you to make the adjustments necessary to know such a love. If it is only a one time, once in a lifetime moment, it is worth your effort. For once you have loved, given love, or received love in such a complete way, never again will your life be the same. Never again can your life be the same. Never again would you want your life to be the same for His love is immeasurable. His love is extraordinary. His love alone is the most unusual love you will ever be privileged to experience... and for that, we can all be thankful.

With Love,

Lisanne

FROM DARK TO LIGHT

Poetry

Demons in the Dark

Demons dark.
Yours
Mine
Ours take a picnic in the park.
Working together to pull us apart.
It is with disdain they come to play.
Not caring night or day.
Infiltrating the mind
They succeed every time
We give them authority.

I pick
They choose.
I win
They loose.
I will never bow to them.
You speak
They screech.
You beg for peace.
No amount of contention will appease the monsters.

Make them disappear!
Send them away!
I don't want to play with them today.
I've had enough
Of their stuff,
Of their insanity,
Of their chaos.
Send them away!
Don't play their lifeless games.
Tell them,
"You're not welcome here anymore!"

They lay snare
To trip me up
They flutter here and there
I've had enough!
Keeping you entangled in the dark,
They wrap their claws around your heart.
Fear and hurt digs a little deeper.
You know they don't want you to keep her.
Too much power between we two ~
They know what that'll do to you.
For you to surface to the light,
would surely mean they're deadly plight
is over.

Sneakin', creeping 'round your brain.
Making me think all the same thoughts
of doubt and disdain.
"Get out of my head!"
I hate your ways, your lies, your spies
that you send to infiltrate my mind.
"And leave him alone!
Why? Because I say so!
I have the power!
I have the authority in Jesus name!"
And so I say,
"Be gone!
You're not on the throne!
Enough!"
My tolerance is none.
No more of their shenanigans.
Darkness has invaded my world too long.

But I can only do so much for you.
The rest is simply up to you.
You have to fight for what you want.
Even if you don't know exactly what that is ~
It has to be greater than what exists.
They only have the power that you give to them
The way you hold them close at night
And welcome them into your mind.
Cuddle close and exchange ideas.
Hold their hand so they won't leave.
You've kept them close your entire life.
And let them rule all you do in strife.

Time to break free!
Time to claim the time you have,
The life you've been given.
It's not yours to keep.
It's not worth a breath if you don't give it away.
But not to them!
Hell doesn't own you anymore!
Stop entertaining demons in the dark.
Stop extending invitations into your heart
To those who don't care
To those who want to destroy you
Darkness wasn't meant for you.
You are a child of light!
A child of God!
Stop entertaining demons in the dark!

11/20/06
lisanne



*Sometimes
you just have to
take the leap
and
build your wings
on the way down*