

A FAITH-BASED PUBLICATION

BUT GOD

FEV-APR 2025

YOUTH SESSION
WITH JULIA ELIASEN

Peyton Garland
Rachel Herrera
Jacqueline da Mata
Deise Eliassen
Vera Jimenez



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PRIORITIZING GOD IN A FAST-PACED WORLD

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Editor's Note

BUT GOD MAGAZINE

Special is not enough to tell you what's in the pages you're about to read. This issue of the magazine is full of vulnerabilities and reflections on our daily lives - after all, our lives are made each day.

2025 began with several surprises on the political scene, in the economy, in natural disasters such as the fires in Los Angeles. But above all this, we have the hope of Glory and the certainty of a Father who cares for us, keeps us and sustains us. Our prayer today is that your reading will be thought-provoking and nourish your spirit with every word written by our columnists and guests.

As the editor of this issue, I want to thank each woman who took the time to pray and seek the Lord for the words of life that they would put here. It is an immense responsibility and a privilege to share the journey with all of you who consume our content.



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That day when evening came, he said to his disciples, “Let us go over to the other side.” Leaving the crowd behind, they took him along, just as he was, in the boat. There were also other boats with him. A furious squall came up, and the waves broke over the boat, so that it was nearly swamped. Jesus was in the stern, sleeping on a cushion. The disciples woke him and said to him, “Teacher, don’t you care if we drown?”

He got up, rebuked the wind and said to the waves, “Quiet! Be still!” Then the wind died down and it was completely calm.

He said to his disciples, “Why are you so afraid? Do you still have no faith?” They were terrified and asked each other, “Who is this? Even the wind and the waves obey him!”

- MARK 4:39-41

Knowing when to surrender

With Vera Jimenez

I didn't turn on the news until after 11 a.m. By then, the fire in the Pacific Palisades, which had ignited just 30 minutes earlier, was raging. Winds gusted over 60 miles per hour, and at two points in the first 24 hours of the inferno, they surpassed 100 mph. For perspective, a category 2 hurricane packs winds between 76 mph and 110 mph, an extraordinary force for Southern California.

Flames, smoke, and howling winds combined into a chaotic spectacle. We watched, awe-struck, as reporters clung to their baseball caps. They wore masks and goggles to shield themselves, but through the clear lenses, their reddened eyes blinked incessantly, struggling to flush out the stinging pollution.

Moving from one blazing house to the next, the photojournalists captured the grim force of God's power. We watched as the fire consumed the beautiful seaside land He had shaped on the second day of creation.

Palm trees ignited like Roman candles, their dead fronds catching fire in an instant. Lethal embers drifted in the wind, nesting in dry trunks before leaping to rooftops. The howling gusts carried them further, slipping beneath wooden shingles and into unseen crevices, where they smoldered, waiting to burst into rivers of flame.

Thick, black smoke choked the air, making it nearly impossible to breathe or see, even for reporters in protective gear. Residents, unshielded from the toxic haze, scrambled to make sense of the chaos. Parents rushed to pull their children from school. Some fought the flames with garden hoses and buckets of pool water when the plumbing failed. Bewildered neighbors hurriedly packed their cars with the four crucial P's: their people, important papers, beloved pets, and life-saving prescriptions

Chaos ruled the narrow, hilly streets. Emergency vehicles with lights and sirens on struggled to weave through the roads to render aid and fight the unquenchable flames that swallowed anything in their path. Personal cars fought to make the dash out of town after the mandatory evacuations were issued.

Traffic was at a standstill, and desperation quickly turned to frustration. Tempers flared as drivers, trapped in gridlock, grew impatient with one another. One man described seeing a line of children on foot, holding hands as they tried to cross the street to escape their threatened school, yet not a single car stopped for them. Forced to act, he got out of his vehicle, stepping into the chaos to halt traffic and let them pass.

Abandoned cars littered the lanes, left behind by those who feared burning to death while trapped in their vehicles. A reporter caught up with actor Steve Guttenberg, who pleaded on camera for drivers to leave their keys inside their abandoned cars so emergency crews or people like him could clear the path for first responders.

The fire continued to spread with forceful speed, driven by wrathful winds, it felt as though God Himself was furious. The officials' lack of preparation became evident the moment the first tendrils of smoke curled into the sky. As the scene unfolded, chaos turned terrifying as congestion choked the streets, and the abandoned cars littering the roads became prey to the advancing flames, making it impossible to reach the victims. It took hours and multiple bulldozers to clear the charred remains of metal husks that turned the scene apocalyptic.

The relentless fire marched forward, charring everything in its path. The raging winds fed its hunger, pushing it deeper into the neighborhoods. As night fell, the mesmerizing dance of embers took on a sinister glow, an omen of the new infernos they would ignite.

I had a front-row seat to the deadly event from the comfort of our news studio, shielded from the winds, smoke, ash, and toxic air. Yet, as I watched, the weight of the tragedy settled in. I had friends, and co-workers who lived there, or adjacent, too close for comfort. The pain I felt for the victims, first responders, and my fellow journalists came hand in hand with an unsettling mix of relief and guilt.

When memories get burn

Just after 6:00 p.m. that day, a second fire burst to life on the opposite side of the county, in the quaint communities of Altadena and Pasadena. My heart clenched at the names, Pasadena and Altadena. I lived in Pasadena for a few years and spent time in Altadena, a lush, green haven I had once dreamed of calling home. I loved its charming Craftsman houses, their wide front doors opening onto wooden porches shaded beneath expansive canopies of oaks and cedars. The large lots sparked visions of vegetable gardens and chickens, a peaceful retreat nestled in nature.

But on the day of the fire, that lush greenery I had admired so long ago had turned to tinder. Southern California had received a record amount of rain the previous February, producing an abundance of new vegetation.

Without any significant rainfall, the region was falling deeper into a drought as the chaparral dried and primed to burn. Until then, the only missing ingredient had been a spark.

What that spark was, is still speculation at the time of this writing. However, there is camera video footage that suggests the ignition point may have come from an electrical transformer owned by one of the utilities companies. The video shows arcing and sparking, then the glow of fire appears.

Altadena is an older community, deeply rooted in Black culture and history. Its towering cedar trees, lining the famed Christmas Tree Lane, had long been a cherished holiday tradition for countless families. But as I watched the flames advance, I knew Altadena would suffer the same fate as the Palisades. My heart broke. My memories of Altadena weren't just of its beauty; I recalled the long, hilly training rides I cherished while preparing for a triathlon. Those quiet, scenic roads that once distracted me from fatigue and propelled me toward my goals would never be the same.

Again, the guilt hit me. I thanked God for taking me far from both fires, but then I remembered earthquakes. God may not spare me then.

The Altadena fire, nestled in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains at Eaton Canyon, was just as devastating as the one tearing through the hills above the Pacific Ocean.

Named the Eaton Fire, it ignited after dark. The glow of the flames, the flashing emergency lights, and the rush of first responders painted a hauntingly dramatic landscape. From the helicopter's aerial shots, it looked like a scene from a disaster movie, except it wasn't. Those were real people, facing real destruction and the very real threat of death.



Watching from the front line

As we shifted from the air to the ground, the story unfolded just as before. Only this time, the afternoon's chaos, panic, and anguish in the eyes of evacuees, had started in the dark. The power outages left residents without electricity, making it daunting to evacuate and gather the four crucial P's. I thought about my old people and how they would fare in these circumstances, then I prayed some more.

Reporters discovered a senior living center and skilled nursing facility being evacuated. With about one hundred and fifty residents to move, the staff evacuated everyone quickly yet safely. We watched in suspense as they feverishly pushed gurneys calmly into ambulances, and cautiously guided those who could walk into buses despite the dancing embers swirling around them and the noxious air filling their lungs. The situation was precarious for the fragile residents wearing oxygen masks who required both speed and careful handling.

There weren't enough staffers to aid everyone in need, a fact so evident that viewers at home could see it. At least one local resident, interviewed on television, chose to risk his safety by going to the facility and helping get the seniors out. We observed countless acts of heroism: neighbors helped each other evacuate, extinguished fires, loaded cars, and made urgent phone calls. Even one of our reporters sprang into action with a hose to douse a fire that sparked at a house he was reporting in front of. These selfless acts, reminded me that **God makes us inherently good, and somewhere along the way, our free will reveals our broken side.**

One woman interviewed expressed concern for her older brother, who had urged her to flee for safety while he stayed behind to protect their family home. Tragically, he was found the following day, dead with a garden hose in hand, having made a valiant effort to combat the flames.

As the fires ravaged everything in their path, I monitored the wind observations from the metering sites near the fires, hoping for any signs of easing, but none came. The winds would rage on throughout the night. Emotionally drained and physically exhausted, we knew it would be a long night. In the safety of the studio, I prayed for the right words and serenity to inform our viewers clearly and calmly about what was happening. My goal was to empower them with knowledge and provide a brief respite from the terrifying stories they heard as they witnessed the devastation.

On one side of the screen, viewers could see me with my maps, explaining the weather dynamics, while on the other, images of the wind-fueled fires played continuously. I detailed the causes behind the intense winds, describing how these forces manifested at different atmospheric levels and interacted with the landscape, aiming to help our viewers understand the complex situation. Although I was unsure how much my explanations would help, it was my role to provide clarity. Remaining calm and composed was crucial, not just for my own sake but to help maintain calm among everyone watching. In that moment, I quietly asked for God's guidance, even though part of me doubted He could hear me amidst such chaos.

Was He asleep?

Where was God during our wind and fire storm? Was He asleep on a cushion? We needed Him to intervene, to rebuke the raging winds just as He had in the fishing boat with His disciples. If only the winds had calmed, perhaps the firefighters might have stood a chance. Yet, all I perceived was His profound silence.

Aerial support was grounded due to dangerously strong winds during part of the event. When flights resumed, their accuracy was significantly reduced. For instance, a DC-10, typically capable of dropping over nine thousand gallons of water or fire retardant from as low as two hundred feet, struggled to hit targets accurately due to the winds. Imagine trying to pour a glass of water while driving at thirty miles per hour; the liquid scatters unpredictably. In winds reaching sixty to eighty miles per hour, retardant and water disperse erratically, reducing their effectiveness. I watched, praying the aircraft would hit the target.

When operating at full capacity, these aerial firefighters are invaluable. Unfortunately, one of the four DC-10s battling the fires was grounded after a hobbyist drone damaged its wing, a devastating setback.

When morning came and I finally turned the news on, the images were devastating. In Altadena, Pasadena and the Pacific Palisades, the fires had swallowed indiscriminately the chaparral, homes, businesses, and schools.

The fires spread both uncontrollably and unpredictably. From aerial views, we could see a single house standing untouched on a street where everything else had been reduced to ashes. Time and again, we witnessed this baffling phenomenon, without any apparent rhyme or reason. As I watched, I kept asking myself: Why? Why are some spared? Could it be the building materials? Was the house recently wetted down? Or did God simply choose to spare that one?

Throughout that week, several fires erupted. As of this writing, the cause of the fires remains under investigation. However, some individuals were taken into custody after

being found with fire-starting materials. At least two transients were questioned, and according to a reputable source, one admitted to liking fire, while the other claimed

to enjoy the smell of smoke as their reasons for setting fires. One transient was videotaped on a cellphone camera using a blowtorch in a hilly area where another fire started. The man was clearly unwell and in an altered state of mind.

Mercy and Grace: Surrendering our Hearts

God calls us to be kind and loving, to turn the other cheek and forgive. But how can you forgive someone who has threatened your family, your home, and your community? I am flawed and broken too. I would be lying if I said I didn't harbor resentment against those who started some of these fires, or responsible.

God, never permit me to be apart from you. From the Evil One, defend me. We are fallen, broken, and possess free will, this is how the Evil One finds us.

As sheriffs walked through the evacuated senior living facility, they called out, searching for anyone who might have been left behind. Then it happened, a beautiful, holy moment of hope. A 100-year-old lady, not wearing her hearing aids, had not heard the evacuation orders and remained in her room until the next day when she heard the voices calling out. As the sheriffs gently guided her to safety, her sweet voice pleaded with them not to leave her behind. Dressed in her nightshirt, slippers, and glasses, she was a familiar figure to everyone. We all rejoiced, grateful for this miracle.

Praise God for keeping her safe. He has more for her to accomplish, even if it is simply to reveal another one of his daily miracles. At that moment, I was reminded that especially in the middle of a wind and fire storm, my life is in His hands, and when He calls me home, He will take care of everything.

"Jesus, I surrender my life to You, please take care of everything."

Between the Palisades and Eaton fire, twenty-nine lives were lost, generational homes and businesses were destroyed, and priceless family mementos and heirlooms were charred to oblivion. Billions of dollars in property were also lost. However, daily miracles, such as the wedding ring found on the roof, are proof to me that God is good and merciful.



“*Daily miracles are proof to me that God is good and merciful.*”

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t. Foundation is a nonprofit initiative dedicated to providing essential resources that empower individuals and communities to build self-sufficient, thriving futures. Through education, entrepreneurial support, and community development, we plant the seeds of opportunity that lead to lasting impact.

Our Mission:

To gather and distribute crucial resources to help individuals and communities cultivate growth, resilience, and self-reliance. By fostering collaboration, innovation, and compassion, we strive to create a world where every seed planted flourishes into opportunity and transformation.

Our Vision:

Democratize access to all resources needed to grow, thrive, and build sustainable futures—empowered communities creating lasting change for generations to come.



Plant
Reap
Sow

The Gift of Art:

How God's Blessings Empowered My Journey as a PMU Artist

With Jacqueline Da Mata

In the quiet moments of my life, I often find myself reflecting on the journey that led me to where I am today. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced: this talent, this craft, this ability to create beauty where there was once loss or insecurity—it isn't mine alone. It is a gift from God, entrusted to me for His glory and the service of others.

I've never been very artistic, but always drawn to creativity and precision. I never imagined that one day, I would be holding a tool in my hand, creating delicate strokes of hair on a browless canvas, or restoring the soft blush of an areola for someone who had been through the storm of cancer. I never imagined that my art would not just transform faces, but touch lives, mend hearts, and remind people of their worth.

The Calling

There's a difference between having a skill and feeling called. I believe that God plants seeds of purpose within each of us, and when we surrender our gifts back to Him, He multiplies their impact in ways we could never foresee. For me, that calling became clear in the way my heart was drawn not just to the art of permanent makeup but to the people it could serve.

I remember the first client I ever worked on who had lost her eyebrows due to chemotherapy.

She came into my clinic with a soft smile but heavy eyes, carrying the weight of her journey in her demeanor. As I began the procedure, I prayed silently, asking God to guide my hands and let His love flow through me. When she looked in the mirror afterward, tears rolled down her cheeks. "You've given me back a part of myself," she whispered. In that moment, I knew this was more than a career—it was a ministry.

Every Client is a Divine Appointment

Every client who walks through my doors is more than a customer. To me, they are a divine appointment—a chance to pour love, hope, and encouragement into their lives. Whether it's a young woman struggling with alopecia, a mother looking to regain confidence, or a cancer survivor reclaiming her femininity, I know that for the couple of hours they spend on my procedure bed, God can work through me to minister to their hearts. It's not just about the art I create, it's about the atmosphere I create.

I strive to ensure that every client feels loved, valued, and appreciated. From the moment they step into my clinic, I want them to feel a sense of peace, warmth, and belonging. Sometimes, it's in the way I hold their hand during a procedure. Other times, it's in the words I speak, words of encouragement, affirmation, and faith.

I've often prayed with clients, and there have been moments when God's presence was so tangible that it felt like more than just a procedure; it felt like healing. I've seen women leave not only with renewed confidence in their appearance, but with a renewed sense of hope in their spirits.

Teaching as an Extension of Ministry

Beyond working with clients, I've found immense joy in teaching. Sharing the knowledge and skills God has given me is another way I feel called to serve. When I teach a small group or work one-on-one with a student, I don't just teach them the technicalities of PMU, I teach them to see their work as a way to bless others.

I tell my students, "This is more than a business; it's an opportunity to impact lives." I've seen students come to me uncertain and leave with a sense of purpose, knowing that their hands, too, can be instruments of healing and beauty. I remind them that excellence in this craft isn't just

about technique, it's about the heart behind it.

God's Presence in My Work

There's a verse in the Bible that resonates deeply with me: "Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters" (Colossians 3:23). This verse guides everything I do. When I pick up my tools, I don't just see a client, I see someone God has placed in my life for a reason.

I've learned to pray over my work, asking God to bless my hands that create and the faces they touch. I know that the true transformation comes not just from the pigment I apply, but from the love and care I pour into each stroke.

Transformations Beyond the Physical

The stories of transformation I've witnessed are too many to count. One that stays with me is of a woman who came in after years of struggling with self-image. She had battled severe acne scars and felt invisible to the world.

It's not just about the art I create, it's about the atmosphere I create.



When I completed her procedure, she looked in the mirror and broke down sobbing. "You don't just do makeup," she said. "You've made me feel seen for the first time in years." Moments like these remind me that my work isn't just about aesthetics, it's about restoring dignity, confidence, and hope. It's about reminding people that they are fearfully and wonderfully made, no matter what life has taken from them.

A Mission of Love

In everything I do, my goal is to reflect the love of Christ. I want every person who sits in my chair to feel His presence—not because I preach to them, but because they experience His kindness, compassion, and care through me.

I often think of the story of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was healed.

She came seeking physical healing, but she received so much more. I pray that, in some small way, my clients leave feeling that same kind of love—whole, valued, and cherished.

Looking Ahead

As I continue this journey, I am filled with gratitude for the talents God has given me, for the clients and students who have trusted me, and for the opportunity to make a difference in the world. I know this path isn't just about me; it's about being a vessel for God's work.

There are days when the work is challenging, but even in those moments, I find joy in knowing that this is where I am meant to be. I am humbled to see how God uses something as simple as a brushstroke to change lives. This is my ministry. This is my calling. And I am grateful every day to serve others through the work of my hands.

Jacqueline Da Mata is the owner and founder of Jackie Brows and Beyond, a five-star permanent makeup clinic and salon located in Redondo Beach. Originally from Brazil, she combines her passion for beauty with her faith in Jesus. Through her work, she helps clients feel empowered and radiant, always guided by faith, kindness, and excellence. Follow [@jackiebrowsandbeyond](https://www.instagram.com/jackiebrowsandbeyond) on Instagram.

COVER

WITH THAIS ELIASEN

Prioritizing God IN A FAST-PACED WORLD





PHOTOS: THALES MENEZES



Throughout my journey, I have realized that true intimacy with God—like success in my business world—requires my intentional and consistent investment. I find that when I pour my heart and time into my relationship with God, I see greater results.

My relationship with the Lord requires me to be active rather than passive. In order to put Him first in my life, I need to lay aside distractions, and anything else that tries to steal my focus and my time. But how do we do this?

When I think of slowing down in a fast paced world, I am reminded of what Jesus says in Luke 10:41-42. In this moment Martha is running around trying to complete her to-do list while Mary tenderly sits at the feet of Jesus. Jesus tells Martha, “You are worried and upset about many things, but few things are needed—or indeed only one.

Mary has chosen what is better, and it will not be taken away from her.” Mary chose to sit at Jesus’ feet and soak in His presence and I believe that is what we are all called to do. In this fast-paced world, it’s easy to prioritize our busy lives through goals, meetings, and financial growth, but guidance and intimacy come when we seek God’s presence first!

THE CHALLENGE OF PRIORITIZATION

My 2025 started with a completely new schedule for my children and I. My oldest is in high school, attending a different school than the younger three. She has swimming practices and competition schedules. My second child has youth group. The 3rd has ballet, and the 4th has martial arts. I find myself running from task to task, location to location as all of these things seem to happen at the exact same time!



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As a mom, this concept of “balancing life” has a different meaning than when I was not a mom. I’m constantly reminded that prioritizing what’s important will never happen on its own. It requires my intentional effort and strategy. It’s a daily choice, sometimes even an “hour by hour choice.” In order to make God my priority, or my children a priority, my actions have to reflect that truth! In this busy world, my intentions don’t make a habit. My actions do.

The reality is that all of our schedules are packed. Our to-do lists are never-ending, and we often find ourselves caught in the cycle of striving for success. The business world values speed and efficiency, yet my spiritual growth requires me to slow down and be present with God. What a contrast!

THE NEED FOR STILLNESS IN A NOISY WORLD

One of our greatest struggles in today’s culture is the constant influx of noise and distraction. From the moment I wake up, I am bombarded with notifications, emails, and deadlines. My mind is trained to think about what’s next rather than be present in the moment. Yet, God still calls me to be like Mary and be still before Him.

The writer of Psalm 46:10 says, “Be still, and know that I am God.” This isn’t just an invitation for us; it’s a command! When I am still before God I can realign my heart and mind with His will. It is in the quiet place that I find my clarity, strength, and wisdom. I struggle often to truly embrace stillness. It is a challenge for me to put down my busyness and simply dwell in His presence.

In the midst of this struggle I am encouraged by the words of Chris Tomlin in his song Good Good Father:

*It's love so undeniable
I can hardly speak
Peace so unexplainable
I can hardly think
As You call me deeper still
As You call me deeper still
As You call me deeper still into love, love, love
You're a good, good Father
It's who You are, it's who You are, it's who You are
And I'm loved by You
It's who I am, it's who I am, it's who I am*

God continuously calls us deeper into His love, beyond the ambitions and daily pressures of life, into a place of true rest and connection with Him. However, our response to this call requires us to make intentional choices—You and I have to purposefully set aside time to pray, read Scripture, and simply sit in His presence.

SHINING JESUS' LIGHT AT HOME AND IN BUSINESS

As believers, our relationship with God should be reflected in every aspect of our lives! This includes both our homes and business networks. As believers, the way we interact with our families, colleagues, and clients is a clear testimony of our faith. If we claim that Christ is our priority but fail to show His love and integrity in our daily interactions, we send mixed signals to those around us.

Our homes should be spaces of grace, patience, and encouragement. This allows us to demonstrate to our spouses

spouses, children, and those around us the transformative power of God’s presence. Likewise, in the business world, our integrity, work ethic, and compassion should also shine as a lighthouse of Christ’s light. The way we handle success, challenges, and conflicts should testify to our commitment to God’s principles.

Matthew 5:16 reminds us, “Let your light shine

before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven.” When we are living testimonies of God’s goodness in both our personal and professional spaces, we invite others to witness the reality of our faith-driven lives. When we live like this, others can’t help but be drawn to it!

In this edition of But God Magazine, I have the immense honor of sharing pages with my oldest daughter Julia. In her article, she vulnerably shares about her own walk with Jesus as a fourteen-year-old girl and speaks about the choices she has made that lead her to have intimacy with God. A highlight of our relationship with the Lord is that it is never about perfection and getting it right every time. Instead, it’s the pursuit of Jesus that creates the relationship we long for.

This intimacy requires a continuous pursuit of Him. It’s never ending in this life; there isn’t one follower of Jesus that could say, “I’ve made it.” We are all being transformed by his grace, a work incomplete until we see Him face to face.

PRACTICAL WAYS TO PRIORITIZE GOD

The challenge is real in a world where even audio messages are played at double speed, and the word, “wait” has become almost nonexistent. Yet, if we are to grow in our faith and align our businesses with God’s purpose, we must be willing to prioritize Him above everything else. The following is a helpful exercise that helps me realign my focus. I step back and evaluate my true priorities. I ask myself:

On a scale from 1 to 5, what are the top priorities in my life?

If a stranger were to observe my life over the past week, would they be able to identify my real priorities?

In this busy world, my intentions don't make a habit. My actions do.

God continuously calls us deeper into His love, beyond the ambitions and daily pressures of life.



Am I spending more time investing in temporary achievements than my own spiritual growth?

This honest reflection can help realign the places in our hearts that may be misaligned.

Here are a few practical ways I crafted for myself to keep God at the center of my daily life:

- **Start the Day with God** – Before checking emails or scrolling through social media, take time to read Scripture and pray. Even just 10 minutes can set the tone for my entire day.
- **Set Spiritual Time Blocks** – Just as we schedule important business meetings, schedule daily time with God. Treat it as non-negotiable. This will assure that these moments will happen rather than waiting for them to "organically" happen.
- **Incorporate Worship Throughout the Day** – Play worship music while working, listen to sermons during your commute, or pray during breaks.
- **Practice Sabbath Rest** – Designate a day to step away from work and focus on God, family, and restoration.
- **Engage in Christian Community** – Surround yourself with like-minded believers who encourage and challenge you in your faith.

THE PROMISE OF SEEKING GOD FIRST

Matthew 6:33 offers believers a powerful reminder: "Seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well." When we place God at the center of our lives, everything else falls into its rightful place. Our businesses, relationships, and personal lives flourish when we seek His guidance and trust in His perfect plan.

Prioritizing God doesn't mean neglecting my responsibilities or ambitions. Rather, it means putting Him first so that everything else is built upon a strong foundation. I am reminded of Proverbs 3:5-6 to reinforce this truth: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to Him, and He will make your paths straight."

THE POWER OF TRUSTING GOD'S TIMING

Often, our desire for control and immediate results can hinder our faith. We want success now, answers now, growth now. Yet, God's timing is perfect. When we truly surrender our plans to Him, we experience peace beyond understanding. Even when we can't see the outcome, we can stand upon His promises and trust that He is working all things together for our good. Surrendering control to God means choosing to believe that His plan is greater than

our own, even when the path ahead. This takes faith and patience.

Letting go of control doesn't mean I am passive; rather I am actively trusting in my God's divine wisdom and provision. When I relinquish the need to dictate every detail of my life, I open myself to His greater purpose and direction. I always think of jiu jitsu when I'm holding on so tightly to my opponent's gi, holding on so as to never be broken. Similarly in my walk with God, when I let go of my control, I shift my mindset from one of striving, to one of abiding, and allow God to lead me.

At the end of the day, releasing control to God is not an easy process, especially in this world that glorifies self-sufficiency and achievement. We are conditioned to believe that we must make things happen through sheer effort and determination, yet God calls us to a different way of living—one rooted in trust and dependence on Him! When we release control, and acknowledge that our understanding is limited, we step out of the driver's seat and allow Him to direct our paths. Does this mean I stop working and setting goals? Of course not! This surrender means that I submit my ambitions to His will and remind myself that He is ultimately in control. True peace and freedom is found when I trust the One who holds the universe in His hands.

When we try to control our own lives we end up frustrated, anxious, and exhausted. Let's release our plans into God's hands where we find rest! His peace replaces our striving, and His wisdom guides us more effectively than we ever could. The writer of Proverbs 16:9 tells us, "In their hearts humans plan their course, but the Lord establishes their steps." This verse is a helpful reminder. While it is good to plan and prepare, ultimate success comes when we align our steps with God's divine purpose. Learning to trust His plans requires faith, but His ways are higher than ours, and His thoughts are beyond our comprehension. He is working all things out for our good!

Isaiah 40:31 reminds us, "But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not faint." God's timing is always perfect and waiting on Him is not wasted time. Let's wait on Him together, trusting His strength rather than our own. May we, as believers, see this as an opportunity to grow our faith, strengthen our patience, and deepen our spiritual maturity.

"But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not faint."



Editors' Favorite Worship Songs

We carefully selected our favorite worship songs for you to continue your reading or to separate a moment of your day to just worship, thank God, and cultivate His Presence!





With Julia Eliassen-Viana

Living The Gospel Daily

I grew up a Christian. I have a Christian family, we go to church together, we follow the Bible, so that means I'm naturally a Christian, right? Many people go on thinking this way: "If I live like a good person according to the Bible, then I'm saved," or, "since I come from a Christian family I'm also Christian." For me, I always saw myself as a Christian because I believed in God. Period, that's it. However, there's more to it than just, "believing in God." Of course faith and a relationship with God is what gets you saved, but I wasn't living whole-heartedly for Him, I was simply acknowledging His existence.

An important part of being a Christian is spreading the gospel. Matthew 28:19-20 says, "Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age." This verse calls us as Christians to spread the good news and share it with others. When I was in elementary school and middle school, spreading the gospel was hard. Ironically, I've attended a Christian private school from preschool all the way to eighth grade.

In that Christian environment, we were taught about the Bible daily and we would pray before each class even started. We had chapel on Tuesdays, where we would worship and receive a message from a speaker. It all seemed routine, that's all. I didn't view it as a privilege to learn about the Bible or to speak freely about Jesus in school, I just viewed it as routine and normal because it's

what my life had always been. Now looking back I see how privileged I was to be taught the word every single day and be surrounded by people who have the same or similar morals as I did. There's a saying that goes, "you don't appreciate what you have until it's gone," and I relate to that whole-heartedly now because in my current school I don't have that same environment.

Back then I had a hard time "fitting in," and that took a toll on both my mind and my actions. I can see now that I was idolizing fitting in over God. I didn't want to say the wrong things to the people I was trying to impress or be friends with because then I'd be viewed as weird or less fun to be around. I barely had close friends in elementary school and when Covid hit you can imagine that made things even worse. I tried my best to change myself and fit in with the people I cared about, and it worked, to an extent. Throughout elementary school specifically I had this problem, and it definitely made me aware of standards and how social interactions worked. If I look this way I'll be perceived like this, or if I talk like this, then I'll get more attention from those around me. In the end it didn't matter, now I barely talk to anyone I knew then.

When middle school started I was so excited because: middle school! I was going to enter a new stage in my life and it was going to be fun, hopefully. In sixth grade I met this girl and we became best friends. We both loved Jesus and clicked instantly. We stayed best friends through middle school and are still best friends now!



From then on middle school was great. I made tons of new friends, I had a best friend, and life seemed great. Routine.

When eighth grade came around I noticed my circle getting smaller and smaller. When that started happening I caught myself going back to trying to fit in. I fell through the same rabbit hole of thinking something was wrong with me, because in my mind I thought, why wouldn't they want to hang out with me? This pretty much continued till the end of eighth grade. Then came the summer before high school, wow.

Unfortunately, me and my best friend ended up going to different high schools, but we're still besties. However, I was going into high school alone. And of course my little private school self was scared because all of the schools I've attended were incredibly small compared to a large public high school. I had been going to school with the same people since second grade, for seven years straight, so the change was pretty big.

When the first day rolled around, I was a mix of both excited and scared. When I stepped foot on campus I was scrambling around trying to find my classes and get situated. I noticed how multiple freshmen already knew each other because they had gone to the same middle school. I was jealous, for sure. The first two or three weeks went by and when I finally got the gist of how my classes worked and how things flowed, I started talking to people. In my classes I would make small talk with my seat partners, or during PE I would exercise with people. Slowly but surely I started making friends and I thought, "Ok, I kinda got this."

Despite having a good number of friends, I still felt like something was missing. I had an experience that showed me what mistakes can be made in the absence of acknowledging God. Then I remembered. Near the end of 2024 and beginning of 2025, I had grown so much in my relationship with God. But when I was in fourth grade I

had my first encounter with spiritual warfare. It was scary.

This lasted from about 9-12 years old. It was probably the most real thing a little kid can go through. I think this combined with what I was going through at school made it worse, I would barely talk to anyone in school. I prayed so much during that time and eventually, God pulled me through it.

When the aftermath of the struggle was over, I started distancing myself from the Lord again. I didn't fully live for God in every way that I should have and I definitely didn't talk about Him as much as I should have either.

I've grown at such a fast pace these past few months. I read my Bible more, my prayer life has escalated, I think more clearly and see the world and my struggles through a God-fearing lens. Of course, since I attend a public high school, I have non-believing friends. Even though it might seem "uncool" to talk about my faith with them, I do it regardless because I've heard it said that once Jesus returns, I'd rather have my unbelieving friends say to me, "I should have believed," rather than "why didn't you tell me?" or "you could've warned me."

In Luke 5:31-32 it reads, "Jesus answered them, 'It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'" Jesus ate with sinners, He surrounded himself with them. Having non-Christian friends is a beautiful thing because YOU have the opportunity to show them the beauty and glory of Jesus Christ. I try to do that every day through what I do, say, and think. God really pulled me through some hard times. Even though I couldn't see it at the time, He used it for the greater good of my relationship with Him. I thank him for that. Jesus Himself went through the trouble of dying on the cross for us sinners, to save the world. If I have to lose some friends for Him, it would be worth it.



"It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Luke 5:31-32

With God All Things Are Possible

With Aline Pereira

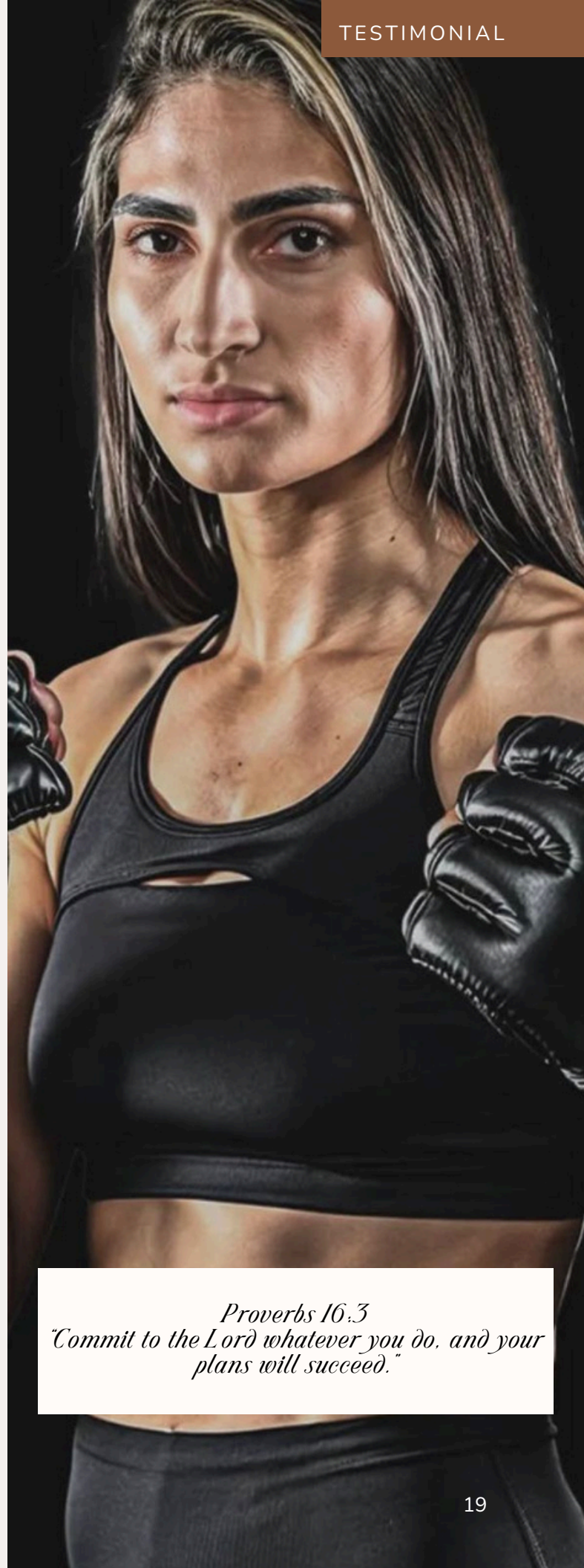
My journey as a fighter has been marked by challenges, defeats, victories, and moments of resilience. But above all, it has been a walk of faith. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that when we place God at the center of our lives, there is no obstacle that cannot be overcome.

Three years ago, I left Brazil and moved to the United States in search of new opportunities. However, this change came with one of the toughest trials of my life: I was separated from my son and husband for a year while waiting for my work visa to be approved. That period of time was extremely difficult, and I struggled with anxiety and panic attacks. It was horrible. When it happened—I felt as if I were losing control. But every time I started to pray, everything began to calm down. The presence of God surrounded me and gave me the strength to keep going. I used to worry a lot about the future and suffer in advance, trying to control everything around me. But over time, and through the experiences I lived, I learned that we need to surrender everything into God's hands and trust Him. He is our Father and knows what is best for us. When we let go of anxiety and learn to rest in His will, we find peace—even in the midst of difficulties.

Many times, I thought about giving up, about stopping to fight, but it was precisely in those moments that God gave me the strength to continue. I clung to Him like never before. With every tear, with every silent prayer, I felt His presence strengthening me. It was then that I learned that when we truly trust God, He transforms our pain into purpose and our waiting into victory. The blessings began to unfold in His time, and today I see that every hardship was part of His perfect plan for my life.

In the past few months, I have experienced incredible moments, both in my career as a fighter and in my personal life. God has opened doors I never imagined and has shown me that when we follow His path, the impossible becomes reality. It's not just about winning fights in the ring, but about witnessing His power and faithfulness in real life.

If you are facing a season of waiting or a challenge that seems unbearable, remember: God never abandons us. He strengthens us, guides us, and empowers us. Believe, trust, and persevere. With God, all things are possible.



Proverbs 16:3
"Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plans will succeed."



By Rachel Herrera

Peace I Leave With You

When we greet each other with, "Happy New Year," we often carry hopes and resolutions for better days ahead. But what happens when our expectations are shattered? For many, the start of this year brought devastation as Los Angeles, California, was ravaged by wildfires. Homes, schools, and neighborhoods were reduced to ash—over 40,000 acres burned, 16,000 structures destroyed, and 28 lives tragically lost. Families lost loved ones, children lost schools, and communities were left to rebuild from nothing. In such moments, how do we say "Happy New Year" when happiness feels so far away?

Finding Faith in the Flames

As believers, we often hear phrases like, "God has a plan," or "God is with you." But in moments of despair, we face a choice: Will we run to God, or turn away in anger? Faith is tested when life turns difficult. The Bible never promised an easy path; rather, it prepares us for trials. Examples of tested faith fill the scriptures—Daniel in the lion's den, Paul shipwrecked, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. Each story reminds us that God is present, even in our darkest hours.

The famous poem *Footprints* beautifully illustrates this truth. The narrator, feeling abandoned, asks God why there was only one set of footprints during their toughest times. God replies, "During your times of trial and suffering, it was then that I carried you." This message should define our response: "Lord, carry me through this and help me reach the other side."

In John 16:33, Jesus prepares His disciples for trials, saying, "**You will suffer in this world. Be courageous! I have conquered the world.**" What a powerful promise! We can endure suffering because Jesus has already overcome. Knowing this, we can stand firm and trust that He carries our burdens.

During the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus further reminds us in Matthew 6:19-21 not to store up earthly treasures. Material possessions are fleeting—they can be taken away in an instant, as seen in the wildfires. Yet, Jesus offers reassurance: "**Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?**" Our worth is found in Christ, not in possessions or status.

Relying on His Peace

Jesus reassures us in John 14:27: "**Peace I leave with you. My peace I give to you. Do not let your heart be troubled or fearful.**" Even amidst grief and loss, His peace sustains us. While the pain and tears may remain, the knowledge

that we are held by our Heavenly Father is the comfort we truly need. As Paul writes in Philippians 4:7, "**The peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.**"

To help us remember His peace, the Bible suggests that we worship. When we declare words of gratitude and reverence, our hearts refocus. Worship reminds us that our strength comes from God alone.

"I lift up my eyes to the mountains—where does my help come from? My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth" (Psalm 121:1-2).

Throughout scripture, God reveals His mercy and protection. In Genesis, He places a rainbow after the flood as a promise. In Exodus, He protects the Israelites from the Angel of Death with the blood of a lamb. Psalm 91:4 reminds us that He covers us with His feathers and provides refuge under His wings.

Even in the book of Revelation, amidst prophecies of devastation, God's protection is evident. Revelation 3:10 promises the faithful church in Philadelphia protection from the hour of testing. God's faithfulness remains constant, even until the end of time.

Embracing the Year Ahead

This year, 2025, has just begun. It may bring joy, or it may bring hardship. Whatever happens, we can rest in the knowledge that God is loving, faithful, and ever-present. Jesus wants to be number one in our lives. When our identity is rooted in Him, we are sealed, guided, and protected.

My prayer for you is that no matter how your year started—whether in celebration or sorrow—you will turn to God. Lean on Him for guidance and peace. Walk a little taller, knowing that the God of Heaven and Earth sees you and walks with you. As Jesus says in John 3:16, "**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.**"

Life is difficult, but we serve the One who has overcome it all. In Revelation 22:12-14, Jesus declares, "**Look, I am coming soon! Blessed are those who wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life.**" May 2025 be a year where we recognize God's mercy and protection. Let us surrender to Him with open hands, saying, "Lord, carry me through this so I can see Your love over my life."



By Peyton Garland

He Casts His Love Over Us

Great-Aunt Darla Fay owned a river house on the moggy-bottom Georgia coast. It was a beautiful white-paneled home on cement stilts, nestled between tall trees loping with Spanish moss. She had a floating dock leading you onto the brackish, murky estuary, where saltwater and freshwater churned together before the tide washed it all to sea. It was a true sanctuary... as long as you ignored the mosquitoes vying for every ounce of your blood.

I spent many spring and summer days there chasing fiddler crabs, reeling in baby sharks, and cutting my feet on the oyster shells hiding in the marsh's muck. Even as a young girl, it was an escape from my busy heart and even busier mind.

One of my favorite pastimes at the river house was fishing with a giant casting net—or, more accurately, watching my dad fish with a giant casting net. Its twine was hard and stout, its odor a testament to better, fresher days. Indeed, this net was ancient but nowhere near antique.

However, it caught far more creatures than any modern, tech-savvy fishing rod could: flounder, baby sharks, crabs, bait fish, rays, and even alligators. This casting net wasn't banking on deception, hoping the fish wouldn't notice the shiny hook for a measly worm. No, it simply took up lots of space rather quickly, and anything in its path was pulled to shore without blood involved (quite the mental relief for a young girl who always wanted to release the fish so they could return home without lasting trauma). I share this bit of my childhood for a special reason, so hang with me!

I try to understand Scripture by becoming familiar with the authors—their testimonies, careers, relationships, communities, lineages, personalities, etc. It matters to me what grief and heartache they experienced, their hopes and dreams and plans, and what drew them to God's love. As an author and avid reader, I've discovered a simple truth: to know a story, you have to know the person who lived or created it, or else the plot can be twisted into something it's not, washed out, and lost to mediocrity because of a reader's unwillingness to dig a little deeper.

When I read 1 Peter 5:7, **"Cast all your cares on him, because he cares for you,"** I remind myself that these words were penned by a hot-headed fisherman who would have tamed his tongue and toned down his attitude had he not only believed in the Messiah but loved Him deeply. Despite his temper, his denial of Christ three times, and the one violent instance in which he removed a man's ear, Jesus called Peter the rock of the church. He would be the backbone of modern Christianity, rooting and spreading the gospel to the nations.

Matthew 16:18-19 shares Jesus' bold declaration to Peter in full detail: **"Now I say to you that you are Peter (which means 'rock'), and upon this rock I will build my church, and all the powers of hell will not conquer it. And I will give you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."**

If Jesus gave the keys of heaven to this man, I feel I can trust this temperamental fisherman. I can take heart that Peter not only understood what it meant to be an anxious, tired, and flawed human, but he understood the good, kind, and caring nature of God. Perhaps when Peter chose the verb "cast," he was working with words he was

intimate with, thinking of his stout casting net. No doubt, it smelled and offered no ancient form of curb appeal, but it was sure and dependable, life-changing when Jesus was on the boat (Luke 5). Like my casting net, Peter's, when placed in Christ's hands, was gentle with the bounty it drew in. It could stretch far and wide; it was familiar with the rock bottom of the Mediterranean, but it never used deception to draw life to the surface. Am I reading too far into this Scripture's verb? Perhaps. I'll freely admit I am quite the dichotomy—an overthinker who wants to use logic and reason to forcefully create answers for all things, but I'm a creative who also requires no rhyme, reason, or rigid rules for literature. And I find that the Bible is the most literarily genius piece of work.

It's true poetic justice not only in the academic and historical realm, but in the hearts and souls of man. Rich and poor, young and old, broken and whole, it's a plotline for us all; it's packed with characters we can relate to, ones we can cheer on, and ones we see win in the end because of the book's unstoppable Hero. Better still, the Bible isn't just a great story; it's a beautiful truth. Oh, how it is beautiful and true. Beauty never happens by accident. And truth always wins.

Maybe Peter suggested we cast our cares, anxieties, worries, and even our hopes and dreams, on God because His arms spread wide, His love runs deep, and His joy pulls us from the most devastating places and draws us into the light.

Our Lord is a fisherman who will never use deception to lure us to Himself. He offers no shiny toys that entice us with lies, only offering measly worms in the end. He won't yank and drag and reel us in, forcing us to follow Him. He offers only Himself. Take Him or leave Him; we know what we're getting. The vulnerability and transparency of a Savior who bled and died, displayed for all His mockers to see, is unmatched.

He ensures us that He is familiar with our anxieties, fears, guilt, shame, and disbelief. He's felt the full weight of our humanity, so much so that He used a lowly fisherman to write a letter to let us know that we can cast our worries into the sea because our Savior has cast His safety net of love over us.

A few verses later, 1 Peter 5:10 encourages us with this: **"And the God of all grace, who called you to his eternal glory in Christ, after you have suffered a little while, will restore you and make you strong, firm and steadfast."**

The end of your story isn't anxiety reeling you into its deathly depths. It isn't your heart and soul left drowning. It isn't your depression leaving you drifting on a life raft. The end of your story is Jesus. It ends with the One who uses us all, no matter who we are or what we've done. The One who wrote the greatest book that history will ever record. The One who gently draws us to Himself and promises to never leave us.

Not only does Jesus never leave us, but He never leaves us as He found us. Just as Jesus took two measly fish and made a miracle for the masses, He can take the pieces of us anxiety has left for ruin and make them something beautiful and whole. Miracles will never be measured by our burdens but rather by the gentle hands of the Fisherman, familiar with life's waters, and full of love for our hearts.

By Deise Eliasen

I am a sheep!

In my home country, when people want to describe someone or if we are mad at something that someone has done, we tend to call the person by an animal's name. Depending on what the action is, we associate them with that animal. If the person, for example, did something stupid, we call them "shrimp head." If the person did something mischievous, we call them a "snake." If the person likes hugging and kissing, we call them a "cat," and so on.

Nevertheless, we as humans don't appreciate being associated with animals, as we know and consider ourselves superior and better than any other being because we have a brain and can use it wisely. We can think about what is good or bad for us. Isn't that true?

Well, when I had to undergo a heart surgery, it was the moment I realized how wonderful it is to be associated with an animal: a sheep. And from then on, I wanted to be called a sheep of the Good Shepherd. As a pastor myself, and having taught so many times about Jesus the good shepherd, it was my time to trust and know who I am in Him and allow His direction and care for me in any situation.

most common analogies God uses to describe people in the Bible, and He often refers to Himself as our Shepherd. In John 10:11, Jesus says, "**I am the good shepherd.**" And Psalm 23:1 says, "**The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.**"

Just a few days ago in a conversation with my daughter and my parents, we discussed the idea of asking God for what we want, and the "should and shouldn't" things to ask Him. Then these verses came to my mind again.

Now, the word "want" in Psalm 23 is not the greatest translation in modern English because it gives the impression that if God is my Shepherd, He will give me whatever I want. But the word "want" here does not mean "desire." It literally means "lack." God is saying we will lack nothing as His sheep. Which raises the question, what do we as His sheep really need?

We need a shepherd. Only that! And if we have a shepherd, the Good Shepherd that is Jesus, we have all and we shall lack nothing.

About 20 years ago, a sheep was discovered to have survived several years without a shepherd. The sheep was called Shrek and looked frightfully large and wooly. As you probably know, a sheep's wool needs to be sheared about once a year. If they aren't sheared, their coat grows too large and becomes matted. Dirt and droppings can become entangled in their wool and nest there, causing infection. But most troubling is when left unsheared, sheep have trouble regulating their temperature, and many die from overheating. It was a miracle Shrek survived. When it came back, it could hardly walk, eat, and function the way sheep were created to. Why? Because Shrek was overburdened with a heavy coat it was never created to bear.

One only needs to take a quick look around the world to see people, in our communities, and in our own families, (including ourselves) entangled by the challenges, difficulties and trials of life. We are overburdened with a "heavy coat" we were never created to carry.

Because we are walking far from the Lord, we are distant and not allowing the good Shepherd to shear our heart and mind to keep us fit, refreshed and renewed. We can become weighed down and feel overwhelmed with worry, apprehension, and fear. Sadly, it often results in lack of peace, harmed relationships, broken marriages, deep resentment, ongoing communication problems, desperation, etc.

Sin, lack of faith, distractions, unforgiveness, and lack of surrender are all factors that can hinder our intimacy with God.

It is important for us to recognize and address these hindrances to cultivate a deep and intimate relationship with our Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ. Walking and talking with Him. Surrendering our desires to Him. Trusting that He knows better, so our lives will be better.

Intimacy with Christ results in a strong desire to know, trust, and obey Him—and to accept His love. Intimacy with Christ reveals to us who we are in Him: **"for he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, the flock under his care"** (Psalm 95:7).

We only need a shepherd. Jesus has promised to the overwhelmed and brokenhearted:

"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Matthew 11:28-30

"Praise be to the Lord, to God our Savior, who daily bears our burdens."

Psalm 68:19

We only need a shepherd: Jesus Christ!

Do you know who you are in Jesus? Be a sheep!



Deise Eliassen is a commissioner of The Salvation Army, serving now in Johannesburg. She is originally from Brazil and has lived in many countries, such as Mozambique, England and Chile. After graduating in Journalism, she was called to serve as a full-time pastor. Deise is married to Torben, with whom she share the blessing of two beautiful daughters and six grandchildren who are their source of endless love and inspiration.

HEART FOR LA 2025

Building For Legacy




For over 105 years, we have been reached, restored, and released through this building we call home, and it isn't stopping there. Restoration Life is building a legacy for our children and our children's children, who will one day be raising their own families in a strong Christian community—and it all starts with us. This year, our annual Heart for the House campaign will focus on beautifying our Restoration Life Los Angeles home, which houses one of the fastest-growing church bodies in the South Bay. We recently launched five service times to accommodate our growing numbers, and we need your help to sow into this house for the next wave of disciples.

Learn more at www.restorationlife.church/heart-for-la-2024/



Beautify Our Campus

Repaint our facilities, upgrade our heating and air conditioning capabilities, install new and improved renovated restrooms, improve our parking lot and outdoor lighting, and our campus signage including our curb appeal to strengthen our presence in the South Bay community.



Update Our Kids Life Classrooms

Give our Kids Life classrooms the much needed upgrades such as new and improved furniture, teaching resource materials for our teachers, and completely renovate our youth sanctuary with updated tech equipment to continue to reach the next generation.

Update Our Sanctuary

Improve and update our worship sanctuary flooring and seating, lighting and technology as well as strengthen our live stream abilities to reach the online community and beyond.



Hire More Staff & Administration

Hire more staff and strengthen our administration efficiency in helping to shepherd everyone who calls Restoration Life their home.



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