

## Mirror Ministries

# Ultimate Game Changer

Jesus was the ultimate game changer.



In His message to the multitude, he repeatedly gave them one train of thought and then countered it with: "But I say to you..."

For example, Jesus said, "You have heard that it was said of those of

old, 'You shall not murder, and whoever murders will be in danger of the judgment.' BUT I SAY TO YOU that whoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment..." (Matthew 5:21-22).

He also said, "You have heard that it was said to those of old, 'You shall not commit adultery.' BUT I SAY TO YOU that whoever looks at a woman to lust for her has already committed adultery with her in his heart" (Matthew 5:27-28).

Concerning marriage and

swearing, again Jesus said: "BUT I SAY TO YOU..." (Matthew 5:32, 34).

And of course everyone's favorite game changer is the instruction Jesus gave us concerning our enemies. "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' BUT I SAY TO YOU, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you" (Matthew 5:43-44).

Jesus raised the standard for us all. When it's easy to be like the world, Jesus says, "Be different."

So think twice today. Whatever you're inclined to do, wait a minute and think about what Jesus would do in that same situation.

The world needs more game changers.

*(Editor's Note: Seminole resident Daphne Delay is an author, speaker, and the founder of Mirror Ministries. More devotionals can be found at [www.mirrorministries.org](http://www.mirrorministries.org).)*

## Tumbleweed Smith

# Conoco Gave Daron Some Good Advice

Daron Norwood is a musician who lives in Muleshoe. He talks best when he is holding a guitar. "I've been playing it since I was ten years old," he says with a twinkle in his eye. "Music has been my life since I was about three. I've only had one job outside of music. That was in 1985 when I graduated from high school in Tahoka. I got a job at the local co-op where they busted flats and changed tires. It was during the old filling station days when you actually washed windshields and swept out the car while you were filling it with gas. I worked with a black man called Conoco. We were washing a car one day and a George Strait tune came on the radio and I was singing along with it. Conoco held out his hands to me and said, 'Daron, you see these old hands I got right here. With a voice like you got, there ain't no reason that your hands have to look like these in fifty years.' He said he knew of a place in Lubbock that pays good money to singers. That's how my music career got started."

Daron left the service station the very day that Conoco held out his hands. "I came to a little hole in

the wall called Adolph's. It was so dark inside you couldn't even see when you went in off the street. I walked up to the bartender and said 'you don't know this, but you need me today. If there's one thing in this world I can do it's sing. He told me I could play for tips. I made \$85 a day for the next three months. I played there from noon to three. I got a cold beer and a hamburger after I played. One day the bartender told me there was another place where I could play from 4 to 7. I picked up that job. One of my musician friends told me he was quitting his gig at a honky-tonk on the other side of town and he got me that job. It was 9 to closing. I was soon making a thousand dollars a week playing music when I was 19 years old."

As a youngster, Daron sang with his Dad. "He looked a lot like Johnny Cash and he sang a lot of Johnny Cash. We sang gospel songs. He'd sing 'Daddy sang bass' and I'd come in with my high voice and sing 'Mommy sang tenor.' I was kinda his sidekick. I'd wear a hat and turn up the brim in front. Daddy let me sing a whole song at the end of the performance

to let the audience know I could really sing. His name was Hugh Jack Norwood and was an evangelistic preacher. Our family had some funny names. There was Hugh Jack and Billy Jack and Betty Faye and Betty Jo. They had so many kids they started using the same ones over 'cause they ran out of names. My daddy was the baby of eleven kids. It was a musical family. When you turned ten years old they handed you an instrument. Let's say if somebody had graduated from school and they used to play mandolin. Well the mandolin was still at the house. Papa Norwood would hand you the mandolin and say 'learn to play this.' "

Daron went to Nashville and had some hit tunes. He had a bus and performed all over the country. One time he had a gig in Lubbock and he was in his bus with some of his band members and one of them told Daron there was a man outside named Conoco that said he knew the singer. Daron said, "You better let him in. He's the one that started all this mess. He told me to put the chamois down and follow my dreams."

## Leo's Lance

# Sobbing Into Her Shoes

Leo Copeland

"It's hard and it's exhausting being bipolar."

These are words from a lady who has faced and still faces the terrors of Bipolar II disorder. Imagine being able to pray only "Oh God, please---!" Such is the fate of those who have this dreaded disorder.

A few years ago most of us had never heard of such a problem in our world. Recently WebMD online reported, "Virtually anyone can develop bipolar II disorder. About 2.5% of the U.S. population suffers from some form of bipolar disorder, nearly 6 million people. The full cause is yet to be discovered.

Bipolar is a condition in which people go back and forth between good or irritable mood and depression. These episodes are referred to as "Poles". Hence, bipolar means "two poles."

We are fortunate to have found a person who has suffered from bipolar for a number of years and is willing to talk about it. This gives us all a clearer view of what it is like to have this disease. We will let her tell her story in her own words.

"My Life with Bipolar II Disorder

(This part was written on a good day.)

"I was very lucky to be born into a loving Christian family who instilled in me a love for God. Neither I, nor my parents would have realized how valuable a ribbon of faith would become in my life.

The first, I would say, 25 or 30 years of my life I was on cloud nine. Always up, up, up and feeling great. Feeling as though I could fly if gravity would only allow it.

Then one day, seemingly out of nowhere, I found myself in a dark corner of my closet sobbing into my shoes. For a long time I hid my sadness and sorrow, my panic attacks and sleeplessness, always fearing someone would find out my faith was weak or maybe I was just plain crazy.

"It got so bad that sometimes the only prayer I could pray was, "Oh God, please---!" I didn't know what I was begging for but I knew only God could help me.

"Then one day while sobbing in my shoes I thought, "I may be crazy but I'm going to a psychiatrist anyway."

"I made an appointment right away. When I got there while crying the whole time I explained all my symptoms -- depression, panic attacks, anxiety, racing thoughts, inability to concentrate, and sleeplessness.

"My doctor listened to me and after I was done told me I have bipolar disorder. This was something I'd never heard of before. He gave me some reading material on bipolar disorder and put me on medication. After reading the papers he gave me I absolutely couldn't believe how everything it was saying was exactly what I was doing and feeling.

"It's been a long road since that time. I've been up some and down some. That ribbon of faith going from me to God, wavering on my part at times but always connected. My God is awesome! He hears all prayers even if its only to call on His Name for something I didn't even recognize at the time.

"As of today I'm needing to go back to my psychiatrist and get my medicine tweaked. I'm on a downward spiral again but I have faith that sometime in the near future, (I hope), I'll be on an upward flow.

"The only advice I would give to anyone who is in a dark corner of a closet crying in their shoes is, just say to yourself, 'If I'm crazy I'm going to a psychiatrist anyway!!' And, hold on to your ribbon of faith."

(The following was written on a bad day.)

"Sorrow, that's all I can feel. Wondering why God could allow this to be. I feel as if my life is worthless. I'm not worth anything. I only bring pain and hardship to those around me. All I want to do is crawl in a black hole and die. If only God would put me out of my misery. I don't have enough energy to fight these feelings today so, for now, I'll give up. I wish I could see my psychiatrist today because he is the only one I've ever felt really understood me. But that's days away. I hope I can make it till then. I've been praying for God to let me die in my sleep. These kinds of thoughts make me feel so guilty, then the worthless feelings come again --- sorrow. I will hold on until I see my doctor, maybe he will be able to help me."

(She did hold out until her doctor's appointment and he helped her. He had her medicine reinstated and she is doing some better at the time of this writing).

She copied a list of depressive symptoms of Bipolar II from WebMD and noted these symptoms can last for weeks, months or sometimes for years. The symptoms are:

During a Hyper or high mood:

1. Flying suddenly from one idea to the next.
2. Rapid, loud speech.
3. Increased energy and decreased need for sleep.

Depressive episodes include:

1. Depressed mood.
2. Loss of pleasure.
3. Low energy and activity.
4. Feelings of guilt or worthlessness.
5. Thoughts of suicide.

"I've had all of these symptoms at one time or another," she said. "It's hard and exhausting being bipolar!!"

Very little is known about the cause or cure of bipolar, even by professional psychiatrists. There are medications which help, but unfortunately when the person afflicted feels better, they think they are cured and quit taking the medication, even though they have been advised by their doctor not to quit it. This can cause drastic results.

The victim may also suffer severe pain from known and unknown sources. They are often incapable of handling financial matters and have great difficulty in concealing their mood changes and some suffer from hallucinations.

This article is offered in the hopes that those who come in contact with a sufferer of bipolar will have a better understanding of, and sympathy for their situation. They did not choose to be this way.



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