

# Blessing CAMPAIGN 2017



# Table of Contents

<b>CAMPAIGN OVERVIEW</b> .....	2
<b>WEEK 1</b> .....	3
<b>WEEK 2</b> .....	11
<b>WEEK 3</b> .....	15
<b>WEEK 4</b> .....	20
Appendix A: Oikos List .....	25
Appendix B: Sample Prayers .....	28
Appendix C: Ideas of how to be a blessing .....	34

# CAMPAIGN OVERVIEW

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**THE THEME FOR THIS YEAR'S BLESSING CAMPAIGN IS "BEYOND ACTS". WE WANT TO MOVE FROM JUST AN EXTERNAL ACT OF BLESSING TO AN INWARD MOTIVATION THAT WILL TRANSLATE INTO A LIFESTYLE.**

Over the four weeks campaign, we will cover four focuses:

1. God's power is available to us to bless others.
2. Blessing others with the resources God has blessed us with.
3. With blessing comes responsibility
4. Continuing a lifestyle of blessing others.

Another new feature of this year's campaign is that we would like to encourage our acts of blessings to go beyond individual acts to collective works of faith as a community (cell group/cluster/tribe).

Go through the booklet in your cell group meetings week by week. In each week, there will be a set of readings, tasks and reflection questions to process through.

Our target as a church is to carry out 30,000 acts of blessings.

This includes simple gestures such as the giving out of a blessing red packet or a prayer for someone. But more than just numbers, our prayer is that blessing others will be one of our DNA as BBTicians. We are blessed to be a blessing.

# WEEK 1: 21 & 22 JAN

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*Focus:*

**GOD'S POWER IS AVAILABLE TO US TO BLESS OTHERS**

*Sermon Topic:*

**BLESSINGS RELOADED**

*Speaker:*

**DSP CHUA SENG LEE**

## TASKS FOR THE WEEK

- Read Article 1: BREAKTHROUGH PRAYER:  
A DESPERATE MAN
- Ask God to lead you to someone who needs prayer/  
encouragement or a WORD to bless someone
- Spend extended time to soak in prayer
- Read Section on Okos (page 25-27) and list down yours

# BREAKTHROUGH PRAYER: *a Desperate Man*

By Jim Cymbala

A forty-four-year-old man lies in the gutter waiting for the hospital to open. He is waiting, not to get well, but to die. His 108-pound body is covered with sores. A muttering, half-mad creature filled with phobias that paralyze him, he has lived in the streets for three years. His head is filled with voices that scream incessantly, voices he has been speaking to for some time now. The dominant voice hurls constant accusations at him while another voice spews out a steady stream of profanity.

Danny Velasco is someone you cross the street to avoid. He is pitiful and hopeless, a homeless heroin addict ready to die. And that's what he wants, but not there in the street. Danny is hoping to hold out until morning so he can die in a hospital in the Bronx.

Danny's early years gave no hint that he would end up in such a state. He was a normal, well-adjusted kid with a younger brother and two stepsisters, a kid who knew he had a talent for something. In his case, his talent was for styling hair. In fact, his sisters made the perfect practice subjects, letting him experiment on them as he tried out different cuts and styles. Like all aspiring artists, Danny knew that practice makes perfect. Once he accidentally glued his sister's eyes closed while trying to apply false eyelashes!

Let Danny tell you the rest of his amazing story:

“When I was age seventeen, I was hired by Bergdorf-Goodman's, the exclusive department store on Fifty-Seventh Street near Fifth Avenue. I was the youngest hairdresser and makeup artist in the store's history. It wasn't long

before I styled the hair of a model who was then photographed by Seventeen magazine. From then on I was determined to have my artistry showcased by the most beautiful women in the world, captured on film by the most gifted photographers working with the best lighting people. That way my talent could be exposed to the whole world. Perhaps I fit the definition of an egomaniac, but that was what drove me to excel.

“Curiously, at the same time, I struggled with a very strong inferiority complex. I felt like ‘two people,’ filled to the brim with energy and ambition while being afraid and insecure. This inner tug of war erupted on a day when I least expected it. I was twenty-one and traveling around the country conducting seminars for other hairdressers when I experienced a devastating panic-attack. Immediately I consulted a doctor, who prescribed Valium. It seemed like such an easy solution. Unfortunately, I found that Valium went down best with large doses of vodka. Soon I was drunk nightly but able somehow to function during the day.

“By my late twenties my career had stagnated. Feeling restless, I decided to move to Paris, so I could jump-start things. Although I arrived in the fashion capital with no portfolio for prospective employers, doors suddenly opened and things exploded for me almost overnight. My work appeared on the cover of dozens of fashion magazines. I had a gorgeous apartment in Paris; and I was earning tons of money-I had reached the pinnacle of my profession.

“Four years later, I returned to New York as someone in tremendous demand within the industry. Having earned my ticket to stardom, I could easily make \$3,000 a day working on beautiful models from around the world. The envy of everyone in my profession, I rented a 5,000-squarefoot loft in the city. But what no one knew was that I had brought something else back from Paris with me-an addiction to heroin.

“Getting heroin in Paris was one thing, but copping drugs in New York City meant going to the street. So here I was, a successful hairdresser and make-up artist by day, but a drug fiend by night. Most nights I would dress

‘down,’ roaming the streets of the Lower East Side, and it wasn’t long before arrests and missing work became a problem. I was two people at the same time, enjoying euphoric highs and suffering devastating lows, traveling with celebrities on private jets and staying in plush hotels. But that artificial bubble ended every time I returned home. I was empty and miserable no matter where I found myself.

“One day a beautiful redheaded model on a photo shoot began to talk to me about God. *What do I know about God?* I thought. So I let her go on talking. She asked me to do some private work on the side, cutting hair for her and some friends, and she also invited me to visit her church. I didn’t mind making a few extra dollars; but the church thing was out of the question. Danny Velasco and church did not go together as far as I was concerned. I definitely was not buying the ‘God business.’

“Later I went to Wanda’s apartment and styled her and her roommate’s hair. Before I left, Wanda asked if they could pray for me. I agreed, never dreaming they meant to pray there and then! They also prayed very loud, as if God could actually hear what they were saying. This freaked me out a bit, but Wanda said, ‘Danny, the day you call on the name of the Lord, you will be set free.’

“Whatever she meant, I knew it would never happen to me. I had already been in and out of eight or nine detox programs, and nothing had worked. No way any of this ‘miracle stuff’ could change me! Once a dope fiend, always a dope fiend, I reasoned. If that’s the way you lived, then that’s the way you died. My life was hopeless and I knew it. I continued to see Wanda regularly in the workplace, and she kept telling me about Jesus. She was sweet, but a real ‘fanatic.’

“On a photo shoot in the Caribbean, things started getting totally out of control. I overdosed out on a boat and the Coast Guard had to be called in to evacuate me for medical treatment. When you get to that level in the fashion industry and something happens so publicly, it doesn’t take long for word to

get out that you're a mess-up and an insurance risk. Production coordinators would even supply drugs if you could keep working, but overdosing was something else.

“My career didn't fade. Instead, it nose-dived straight into the ground: I went from making thousands of dollars a day to nothing. Credit problems mounted, although I shuffled my many debts with all the credit-card tricks I knew. When your rent is \$4,000 a month, it doesn't take long to get into deep trouble.

“Then one day I couldn't take the pressure any longer. I took my driver's license, passport, credit cards, and every other form of ID I had and cut them into pieces. Then I walked out of my apartment and began to live on the street. At that point I had no friends and didn't even have a quarter to my name. Each morning I would awake drugsick, caring only about two questions that faced me: Where would I get my drugs that day, and what would I have to do to get the money to buy them? That's how I lived for the next three years.

“One day I called my agent collect from a pay phone. She told me that someone named Wanda was trying to reach me. When I returned the call, Wanda asked if I could come over to cut hair for her and a few friends. I agreed but told her things were a little tight. Could she possibly advance me some money before I came over the next day? Wanda wanted to help, but said I'd have to meet her at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, her church, since she'd be there for the Friday night choir practice.

“Dirty as I was, I showed up at the church and Wanda handed me the money inside a Bible! I used the money for drugs and sold the Bible within an hour of leaving the church. But while I was there, Wanda introduced me to a girl named Roberta, who supposedly had been strung out on drugs herself. *No way*, I thought. *She looks too happy and healthy.*

“When I arrived at Wanda's place the next day, she had five other fanatical Christians waiting to have their hair done. I realize now that it was a Holy Ghost ambush. Before I left, they circled around me, praying so hard it made

me think, *Wow, they really believe in this stuff! And there's five of them on me now!* I didn't believe in whatever nonsense they were into, so I left as soon as I could and returned to the street.

"After that my phobias only got worse, and I began suffering from anxiety attacks that literally immobilized me. Then the voices started. At first I heard a few speaking to me in my head. Before long, they were screaming at me incessantly. I became like an animal in the street, muttering or yelling out a stream of profanity as people passed by. By then I looked like a skeleton, covered with sores and abscesses. I had contracted hepatitis A, B, and C, and by the time I reached that hospital in the Bronx, I couldn't even stand up straight.

"That particular hospital closed down during the night. I only hoped the staff would let me in to die a decent death because I didn't want to die in the street.

"Finally the doors opened, and I was admitted and someone gave me an injection that knocked me out. When I woke up, I found myself in a bed, covered in my own vomit. Suddenly all the voices in my head started screaming, creating total chaos within me. I was so disoriented, I wanted to die! But I couldn't jump out a window because they were barred.

"Then, in the midst of all my pain, something or someone whispered words I had heard before: *The day you call on the Lord, he will set you free.* All the other voices tried to drown it out, but they couldn't! I don't know if it was an angel or the Holy Spirit, but the words came through clearly: 'The day you call on the Lord, he will set you free.' In absolute desperation I screamed from my bed, 'Jesus, help me! O God, help me with everything! You're my only hope, so please help, Jesus!' I didn't understand anything about prayer, so I even used 'personal references' as I cried out: 'Jesus, Wanda said that when I called on your name, you would deliver me. So help me now, O God.'

"At that moment Almighty God swept over me and around me. I knew he was real because all the voices in my head suddenly stopped their hellish

screaming and the ball of fear that had been weighing on me lifted. I knew everything had changed even though nothing outwardly had – I was still lying in my vomit in a hospital bed in the Bronx. But I was a million miles from where I had been before I said that prayer. The day I called on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, he did set me free!”

Danny Velasco went from that hospital in the Bronx to a three-month rehab program. In short order, he gained thirty-five pounds and his body began to heal. From there he eventually ended up in a Christian program in upstate New York, where he devoured the Bible like a man ravenous with spiritual hunger. He loved reading the New Testament, because that’s where he could get to know this Jesus who had set him free.

In the eight years since his conversion, Danny’s spiritual growth has been strong and steady. He has wonderful compassion for people who are hurting and shows a gift for public speaking and ministry. It’s exciting to see how the Lord is using this “hopeless case” of a man to show the world the depth of his grace and power.

Today Danny also belongs to the Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir and sings in two services each Sunday. Who can imagine the joy he feels whenever the choir members lift their voices and sing one of his favorite songs, “God Is Still Doing Great Things”! Great things, indeed!

Many people would consider the supernatural change in Danny Velasco’s life an astonishing answer to prayer. But this is exactly what the Lord has promised in response to our prayers. We too easily forget the truth of what the angel told Mary: “For nothing is impossible with God (Luke 1:37).



# WEEK 2: 28 & 29 JAN

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*Focus:*

**BLESSING OTHERS WITH THE RESOURCES  
GOD HAS BLESSED US WITH**

*Sermon Topic:*

**ANOINTING FOR GOOD WORKS**

*Speaker:*

**ELDER EDRIC SNG**

## TASKS FOR THE WEEK

- Read Article 2 : GOD DOES BIG THINGS WITH SMALL DEEDS
- List out what resources you have
- Ask God to lead you to someone you can bless your resources with
- Pray for someone in your Okos list

# GOD DOES BIG THINGS

## *with small deeds*

By Max Lucado

**“DO NOT DESPISE THESE SMALL BEGINNINGS, FOR THE LORD REJOICES TO SEE THE WORK BEGIN” (ZECH. 4:10 NLT)**

**B**egin. Just begin! What seems small to you might be huge to someone else. Just ask Bohn Fawkes. During World War II, he piloted a B-17. On one mission he sustained flak from Nazi anti-aircraft guns. Even though his gas tanks were hit, the plane did not explode, and Fawkes was able to land the plane.

On the morning following the raid, Fawkes asked his crew chief for the German shell. He wanted to keep a souvenir of his incredible good fortune. The crew chief explained that not just one but eleven shells had been found in the gas tanks, none of which had exploded.

Technicians opened the missiles and found them void of explosive charge. They were clean and harmless and with one exception, empty. The exception contained a carefully rolled piece of paper. On it a message had been scrawled in the Czech language. Translated, the note read: “This is all we can do for you now.”

A courageous assembly-line worker was disarming bombs and scribbled the note. He couldn't end the war, but he could save one plane. He couldn't do everything, but he could do something. So he did it.

God does big things with small deeds.

Against a towering giant, a brook pebble seems futile. But God used it to topple Goliath. Compared to the tithes of the wealthy, a widow's coins seem

puny. But Jesus used them to inspire us. And in contrast with sophisticated priests and powerful Roman rulers, a cross-suspended carpenter seemed nothing but a waste of life. Few Jewish leaders mourned his death. Only a handful of friends buried his body. The people turned their attention back to the temple. Why not?

What power does a buried rabbi have? We know the answer. Mustard-seed and leaven-lump power. Power to tear away death rags and push away death rocks. Power to change history. In the hands of God, small seeds grow into sheltering trees. Tiny leaven expands into nourishing loaves.

Small deeds can change the world. Sow the mustard seed. Bury the leaven lump. Make the call. Write the check. Organize the committee.

Moses had a staff.

David had a sling.

Samson had a jawbone.

Rahab had a string.

Mary had some ointment.

Aaron had a rod.

Dorcas had a needle.

All were used by God.

What do you have?



# WEEK 3: 4 & 5 FEB

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*Focus:*

**WITH BLESSINGS COME RESPONSIBILITY**

*Sermon Topic:*

**GRACE FOR GOOD WORKS (2 COR 9:18)**

*Speaker:*

**PS NG HUA KEN**

## TASKS FOR THE WEEK

- Read Article 3 : SHE CHANGED HER MIND  
- The Story of Ida Scudder
- Ask the Lord to direct you to meet a need that you  
would not normally meet.
- Participate in your CG or cluster to be a blessing

# SHE CHANGED HER MIND

- *The Story of Ida Scudder*

By Mildred A. Martin

“I will never be a missionary! Never, never!” cried Ida Scudder. “I’m going to stay in America always, where it’s clean and comfortable. I will have a good job and make plenty of money. I’m never going back to India!”

Ida’s parents were missionaries in India. So was her grandfather. Six of her uncles and many of her cousins had also chosen to work for the Lord among the poor people of India. But not Ida! She hated the poverty of India, the heat and dirt and the flies. She couldn’t stand to see the beggars and hear about children starving to death.

Now that Ida had been sent to school in America, she was determined that she would never return to India! But God had other plans for Ida. Just before she was to graduate from school, an urgent message arrived from her father. “Your mother is seriously ill! Come at once.”

“Yes, I must go to her,” Ida decided. “But as soon as Mother is well again, I’m leaving! I will never stay in India.” So Ida boarded a ship for India, and in a few days, she was back at the mission - amid the dust and heat and poverty she remembered. Obediently she cared for her mother and helped her father with the work of the mission. But when her mother grew stronger, Ida’s thoughts turned back to her comfortable life and friends in America.

“I’ll be coming home again soon,” Ida wrote one night in a letter to one of her friends. Sitting at her desk, Ida looked disdainfully at the cloud of bugs that were trying to get through the screen to her lamp. *Soon I’ll be back in America, where there aren’t so many bugs*, she thought.

Suddenly Ida heard soft footsteps on the verandah outside her window. At her door, the footsteps stopped, and she heard someone cough, as Hindus

do instead of knocking.

Picking up her lamp, Ida went to the door and opened it. A young Hindu man stood before her, with an anxious look on his face.

“Lady, will you please come to help my wife?” he begged. “She is dying and needs a doctor!”

“I’m sorry,” Ida told the man. “I’m not the doctor, my father is. I will take you to him at once!”

The young man drew back, shocked.

“No!” he cried. “We are high-born Hindus, and no man has ever looked upon my wife’s face. I want you to come! My wife would rather die than have a man doctor see her.”

“But I don’t know anything about medicine, said Ida. “I wouldn’t be able to help her.”.

“Then she must die,” said the young Hindu in despair and was gone into the night before Ida could answer.

Sadly, Ida returned to her letter-writing, but somehow she could think of nothing to say. As she sat staring at the paper, the sound of footsteps came again on the verandah!

Ida jumped up and went to the screen door, hoping that the Hindu had returned. But there stood another man, a well-dressed Mohammedan, bowing politely before her.

“May Allah give you peace, Madam,” he said. “My wife is very ill and I have come to ask you to visit her. I heard that you are a new doctor from America.”

Another one! Ida’s heart sank.

“I’m not a doctor, my *father* is the doctor!” she said earnestly. “I will call him, and if you want me to, I will come along and help.”

“No, Madam, that will be impossible,” the Mohammedan replied haughtily. “My religion forbids women to be seen by men outside their own family. I will not bring to her a doctor who is a man!”

Ida ran to her room and closed the door. *Oh, I wish I were far away from India,*

*where the people are so stubborn and ignorant!* she thought. But as she was preparing to go to bed, there came a third knock on her door.

This time the man in the dark verandah was a man Ida knew, the father of a child who came to the mission kindergarten. His wife was a pretty young girl, no older than Ida.

“Please, lady,” the man stammered eagerly. “Will you come and bring medicine for my wife? She is burning with fever!”

“I am not a doctor,” said Ida again. “I would not know what to do for her. Let me call my father!” But she knew, before he even opened his mouth, what the man would say. He would not let a man come near his wife. He wanted a woman!

“If you will not help her, she will die,” the man moaned as he went down the steps and into the darkness.

Slowly Ida returned to her bed. But she could not sleep. How could this thing happen three times in one evening? Three knocks on the door and three calls for help. Was God calling her, like He called Samuel in the night?

*If I were a doctor, Ida thought, I could save the lives of many women and girls here in India. They need a woman doctor, to stop this needless suffering!*

Early the next morning, Ida sent a servant to find out about the three sick women whose husbands had come in the night.

“They all died,” the servant said sadly when he returned. “All are dead.”

“All dead!” Ida repeated slowly. Going back to her room, she knelt in prayer. *God has called me and I must obey, she decided. I will study to be a doctor, and then I can work for the Lord here in India.*

With a light heart, Ida went to tell her parents of her decision. How pleased they would be!

*Ida became Dr. Ida Scudder, who worked for the rest of her life in India. She built several hospitals in the town of Vellore which later became the greatest medical center in all of Asia. Dr. Ida Scudder taught the people of India, by her words and deeds, that God is love.*



# WEEK 4: 11 & 12 FEB

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*Focus:*

**CONTINUING A LIFESTYLE OF  
BLESSING OTHERS**

*Sermon Topic:*

**MAINTAIN GOOD WORKS  
(TITUS 3:8,14, EPH 2:10)**

*Speaker:*

**PS DARREN KUEK**

## TASKS FOR THE WEEK

- Read Article 4 : THE DOLLAR THAT GREW
- Participate in your CG or cluster to be a blessing
- Reflect on the past 3 weeks and consider how you can continue this lifestyle of blessing
- Pray for each other in your CG

*The Dollar*  
**THAT GREW**

By Mildred A. Martin

“**M**y piggy bank is full enough, Mama,” Laura announced.  
“Is it?” her mother replied vaguely, hands busy in the sink.

“Yes!” the little girl repeated happily. “My piggy bank is full enough, and I want to send all the money to buy Bibles for people that don’t have any. Like that story you read us last night!”

“Why ... that would be very nice, Laura!” said Mama, in surprise, looking at her four-year old daughter.

“See, Mama,” Laura bubbled joyfully. “I have all these pennies. Could you count them for me? I want to send them all to the Bible Mission, and get Bibles for poor people who don’t know about Jesus.”

Mama dried her hands, and took the little plastic piggy bank. It was a very small bank, only about the size of a grown-up’s fist, and the coins in it were nearly all pennies. Laura couldn’t count very far yet, so Mama helped her. “One hundred and two ... one hundred and three!” Mama, counted. “Well, Laura, you have enough pennies to make one whole dollar, plus three more cents. So we will trade the hundred pennies for a dollar bill, and put it in an envelope to send to the Bible Mission.”

“How many Bibles can they buy with my money, Mama?” Laura asked eagerly.

“Well, I don’t know if one dollar can buy a whole Bible,” Mama said slowly. Seeing her little daughter’s disappointed face, she added: “But your money will surely help, Laura! God will bless your dollar and it will grow.”

Laura’s brother Timmy had been sitting at the table with his coloring book

while Mama counted the pennies. Now he slid quietly from the chair and went upstairs to his bedroom. Timmy's piggy bank was much bigger than Laura's, and there was more money in it! He unscrewed the lid and peered in. There were quarters, and dimes, and even one real dollar bill! Timmy poured the money onto his bed and pushed it around with his fingers.

"Four quarters make a dollar," Timmy thought to himself. He counted out four quarters from the little pile. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he picked up the lone dollar bill, too. Grandpa had just given Timmy that dollar, and it was the only bill he had. But if little Laura could give a whole dollar ... *I'm going to give two dollars to help buy Bibles!* Timmy decided.

"What are you doing, Timmy?" asked ten year-old Peter, looking up from the book he was reading.

"I'm going to give some money to the Bible Mission," his little brother replied, hurrying out of the room with the two dollars clutched in his fist.

After Timmy had gone downstairs, Peter continued to stare at the book in his hands. But instead of the pages of the story, his eyes were seeing the African village his mother had told the children about the night before. The people of that village had been poor, mean, and dirty. But when one of them brought home a Bible, everything changed! They read the Bible and believed in God's love. They cleaned up their village. Now they were happy, healthy, and hard-working, all because of that one Bible!

Peter got up, leaving his book face-down on the bed, and went over to his drawer. He didn't have a piggy bank anymore, but he had a wallet. He opened it and fingered the few bills inside: money he was saving to buy a chemistry set. Peter took out a five-dollar bill, and put the wallet back in his drawer. The chemistry set would have to wait a little longer!

"What were you boys saying about the Bible Mission?" Sharon asked Peter as he passed her in the hall.

"We want to send them some of our money to buy Bibles," Peter explained to his older sister.

“Good!” Sharon replied excitedly. “I’ll help too!” She went to her room and unzipped her purse.

*Oh, dear, I don’t have much money right now,* she thought. *Except for this...* hesitantly she opened an inner pocket where she had been saving something special. It was a ten-dollar bill Sharon had won for a prize in school “But what could be more special than Bibles?” Sharon thought with a smile. “I’ll give this!” she said determinedly, and closed the purse.

Meanwhile, downstairs Mama had been doing some thinking, too. *Dear little Laura, to give all her money for Bibles!* Mama thought. “If we grown-ups do our part so unselfishly too, we can help her dollar grow.” Reaching for her own purse, Mama took out the money she had planned to use for a new dress for herself. *I can wait until next month to buy my dress material,* she thought. *Bibles are more important!*

When Daddy came home that evening, the family showed him their envelope of money for the Bible Mission. “Very good!” he gave his approval. “The Lord is pleased when we give. We must pray that He will bless the Bible Mission and help them to send Bibles to those who need them the most.”

Late that night Daddy sat alone at his desk. The children were in bed, and all was quiet. The envelope addressed to the Bible Mission lay on the desktop, and Daddy’s hands were folded above it in silent prayer. “Thank You, God, for little Laura, with her precious little dollar!” he prayed. “She set the example for us all.”

Opening a desk drawer, Daddy reached for his checkbook. He had something to give, too! *God blessed Laura’s little dollar, and it grew,* he thought with a smile.



# OIKOS LIST

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In Acts, the gospel spread through natural relational networks. The basic relational network in the 1st Century world was the household. Oikos is the Greek for household. So we use the word Oikos for relational network to remind us that the gospel spread most readily and fruitfully through already existing relational networks.

Every Christian has a web (an Oikos) of familial and social relationships. Who is in your Oikos? A Greek Oikos, or household, was not only a nuclear family but also relatives, close friends, and nearby servants' families. Our Oikos includes those with whom we share kinship (blood or marital ties), interests (work, recreation, community), and proximity (neighbors, coworkers). Every Christian shares some space with people who have not heard the Gospel or seen it lived out in an authentic way.

If you take a blank piece of paper and actually draw out these three networks, I believe you will be shocked to see how many people you interact with on a regular basis—and how many of them don't yet know Christ as Savior and Lord. Without fear of overstatement or presumption, I can tell you that these are the souls God wants you to reach for Him. If you don't reach them, who will? Who else has what they need—the Gospel—and has the relationships established that will grant them access.

Use the chart below to list all the names of people you are connected to who are not Christ followers. Be generous and put all the names you can think of in each box. Once this is done, begin to pray for your Oikos list. Think about how you can be a blessing in their lives.

*Family*


*Friends*


## *Co-workers*


## *Neighbours*


# SAMPLE PRAYERS

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## *Inner Peace*

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Our Father in Heaven  
You are God Almighty  
You are the God of Peace  
Thank You for this previous prayer moment with  
\_\_\_\_\_

I know this is not a coincidence  
This is a divine appointment  
You long to show your favour to \_\_\_\_\_  
You want to meet his felt need today  
\_\_\_\_\_ desires your inner peace  
Come, still the storm in him  
Free him from anxiety  
Flood his soul with your peace  
Awaken his heart to your fatherly love  
Reveal Jesus: Emmanuel, God with us  
Draw him near to make peace with you  
Move his heart to make peace with others, especially  
those who are giving him a hard time  
Whenever he feels confused, restless or troubled, cause  
him to remember you  
Anytime he calls on you, answer him with your peace  
Help him to fix his thoughts on you and on things that  
are true, good and beautiful  
In Jesus' name, amen

## *Good Health + Healing*

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Our Father in Heaven  
You are God Almighty  
You are the God of miracles  
You are the God of signs and wonders  
There is no one like you  
Nothing is impossible for you  
I am excited to pray for \_\_\_\_\_ today  
Honour his humble request  
Favour him with supernatural healing  
Let your healing power flow  
Touch this body from head to toe  
Heal him of \_\_\_\_\_ (name the health condition  
/ sickness)  
Boost his immune system  
Restore his body in ways that will astound both him  
and his doctors  
Give him a deep desire to know you and to seek your  
help  
Reveal Jesus as the Great Physician  
Let him experience total healing in spirit, soul and body  
– so that he can tell his family and friends the wonderful  
things you have done for him  
Favour him with excellent health  
Favour him with long life  
A full and meaningful life of loving you and serving you  
In Jesus' name, amen

## *Harmony at Home*

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Our Father in Heaven  
You are God  
You are the Awesome One  
You founded the Family so that humanity would flourish  
from generation to generation  
I cherish this moment of prayer with \_\_\_\_\_  
for him and his family  
Favour him because he values Family and Harmony  
at home  
You know the issues  
The conflicts  
The challenges  
The raw emotions  
The painful memories  
Visit the family  
Reveal Jesus, the Prince of Peace  
Bring reconciliation  
Bring healing to this home  
Begin with \_\_\_\_\_  
Make him an instrument of your peace  
Where there is hatred, let him sow love  
Where there is injury, pardon  
Where there is doubt, faith  
Where there is despair, hope  
Where there is darkness, light  
Where there is sadness, joy  
May this home be a haven of peace filled with faith,  
hope and love  
In Jesus' name, amen

## *Freedom from bad habits*

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Our Father in Heaven  
You alone are God  
You are the God of mercy and might  
You give strength to the weak  
You give hope to the hopeless  
You have helped me over and over again  
So I welcome this opportunity to favour \_\_\_\_\_  
in your awesome presence today  
You know exactly what he needs  
You know the habits and hang-ups that are making him  
feel lousy about himself  
You see the history of failures in all his attempts to  
quit his bad habits  
This is the Year of the Lord's Favour  
Today is a new day of hope for \_\_\_\_\_  
Show him the power of your love  
Exchange his weakness for your strength  
Reveal Jesus as the Great Deliverer  
Work your mighty miracle in him  
Help him break every bad habit in his life  
Because of what Christ has done for him on the Cross,  
put faith in his heart to believe you for a new beginning  
A new life of victory  
A new life of self-control  
A new life of good habits  
In Jesus' name, amen

## Protection from harm

Our Father in Heaven  
You are Almighty God  
You are our shield and our defender  
Without a doubt, my meeting with \_\_\_\_\_ today  
Is according to your timing and plan  
You are moved by his request for protection from harm  
Indeed, we live in an unsafe world  
The headlines trouble us: violent crimes, senseless  
terrorism, air crashes, freak accidents, natural disasters,  
wars and rumors of war  
In the midst of danger and crisis, you are in total control  
Today, reveal yourself to \_\_\_\_\_ as the ever-  
present and all-powerful God  
Open his heart to entrust his life to your protective care  
Come what may, cause him to turn to you and call  
upon you  
Let him experience your presence, power and peace  
Let no harm overtake him  
Let no disaster come near his home  
For you command your angels to guard him – on land,  
at sea and in the air  
In Jesus' name, amen

## *Courage to right the wrong*

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Our Father in Heaven  
You are Almighty God  
You are the Righteous Judge  
You are a good God  
You are incapable of evil  
You stand with the pure in heart  
You weep with those who grieve because of the evil they  
see around them  
Today, I am honoured to meet \_\_\_\_\_  
Thank you for giving him such a soft heart and a tender  
conscience  
Thank you for his strong sense of right and wrong, good  
and evil  
Reveal Jesus, the ultimate Champion of Justice and Mercy  
Give \_\_\_\_\_ courage to stand up for what he  
knows is just and right in your sight  
Rally strong support for him as he courageously acts to  
right the wrong  
Be it at home, school, at work or in society at large  
Keep him physically strong  
Keep him mentally sharp  
Keep him emotionally fit  
Favour him with success  
Fulfill your awesome promise in his life:  
When a man's way pleases the Lord,  
He makes even his enemies to be at peace with him  
In Jesus' name, amen

# IDEAS OF HOW TO Be a Blessing

## *Ideas of how to be a blessing*

<b>1</b>	Pray a general blessing
<b>2</b>	Pray for specific needs
<b>3</b>	Pray for healing
<b>4</b>	Buy a gift
<b>5</b>	Do a favor when asked
<b>6</b>	Do a favor when not asked
<b>7</b>	Write an encouragement card or email or text
<b>8</b>	Praise Someone for something he/she has done well
<b>9</b>	Spend time with elderly
<b>10</b>	Serve the poor
<b>11</b>	Share a testimony of God's goodness
<b>12</b>	Share personal testimony
<b>13</b>	Invite someone to church
<b>14</b>	Giving of Blessing Ang Bao
<b>15</b>	Volunteer to serve in some church ministries (eg KFC, YC, PA, Worship, etc) or BCCSC services

# Notes

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