

ROEVER

foundation

September 2017

*Every kingdom divided against itself
is brought to desolation; and every
city or house divided against itself
shall not stand... Matthew 12:25*



Because of recent racial tensions, I share with you this story...

The tears came without warning... no premonition of my loss of emotional control. I hate that. I like control. It happened suddenly. I felt my heart rate increase at the very moment tears broke over the dam of my usual resistance. But, my lower lids weren't designed to restrain this broken heart from the expressions of my soul in such depth of remembrance, gratitude and, yes, even sorrow.

Pain follows me like a death angel with a scythe raised to strike at a moment's notice.

I left my tear ducts on a river bank in Vietnam decades ago when I was horrendously injured by a white phosphorus hand grenade exploding in my hand resulting in massive blast damage to the upper trunk of my body... back, chest, arms, hands, and face. A white hot chemical coated over thirty-seven percent of my body causing severe third degree burns.

Now my tears have no place to go... but down my face. For a year following my injury there were no tears to tattle on me. Bitterness was withdrawn from the bank of my emotions.

One year. No tears. No emotions.

One year of pain with no need of tear ducts. Who needs them?

What good is a tear duct when the soul is an empty well, dried up and parched by self-hatred?

Then one day it all changed. Everything changed. It went from desert dry to a flash flood.

That day I sat there on Ward 14A, Brooke Army Medical Center, San Antonio, Texas, facing the ward entrance. I saw everyone who came in... and they saw me! One eye, one nostril, one ear. No hair. Scarred and burned. Visitors couldn't miss me!

There was no place I didn't ache. No place left to run and hide from the searching of the angel of misery.

My soul was an empty, sad well of pain, bitterness and unrelenting sorrow.

She entered unannounced and walked straight to me. She was robed in hospital garb which indicated that she was a patient. But why was this woman on an all male ward? She was a black woman with pink hands which were void of the ebony color of her race, an indication that she recently had been burned.

"Hi there," she said, but my intense pain and self-pity maintained a steady, passive glare not allowing me to be conversational. I was not prejudicially rude. I hated everyone and everything equally! She passed on by, or so I thought. A moment later, she placed her pink, burned hands, that were once black, on my pink, burned shoulder, that was once white. I have seen us with the cover pulled back and we are all the same color. Pink!

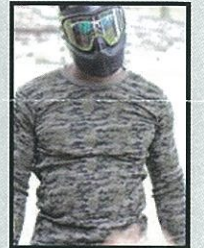
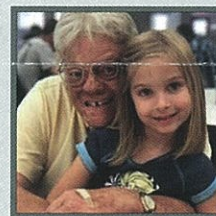
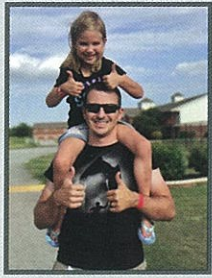
Pink is not a movement, a political rallying point or a rock group. It's more than a color. It's the common denominator of the human race. After all the race bating and hatred between religions and politics, after the prejudicial and cultural clashes, pink is the color of mankind, the unanimous likeness of all humanity... created in the image of God. God is pink.

Forever, I will be grateful for that black woman who courageously crawled over the barrier of race to reach out to this hurting, white boy who could not fend for himself. As she touched my shoulder, she began to pray, and two people of the same color...the color of pain, the color of hurt, the color of loss, bonded together.

As she prayed, suddenly, tears sprang up from my once dry well and trekked down my face. My burned, grafted, mutilated, unrecognizable face. She had what I did not have: joy, peace, hope, laughter, inner healing. And she shared freely. She brought healing to me that day. She was a well digger in the dry, desert land of my soul.

Those unintended tears still sneak up on my unwitting soul. Sometimes they express my sadness. Other times, they are sweet expressions of gratitude, water originating from the throne of God flowing through my eyes and renewing my soul. Tears are a language God understands.

WARRIOR FAMILY CAMP



Through your prayers and support, we were able to provide a memorable Family Camp for our Warriors and their Families.

With almost 150 in attendance, we played together, we learned together, and we prayed together. Burdens were lifted and not only individual lives, but whole families were changed by the teaching of the Word of God.

We are already planning for next year's camp, as we are expecting our attendance to double.

Warriors want to come! They want to be part of this life-changing experience!

Make it a matter of prayer that finances will be released to sponsor the 2018 Warrior Family Camp!

Cabins for Couples...

THIS BEAUTIFUL RUSTIC CABIN

Will Allow Us the Facilities to House Married Couples
As We Conduct Marriage Seminars for our Wounded Heroes!

IT'S NOT TOO LATE! SEND YOUR BEST GIFT!



\$25,500

Roever Foundation PO Box 136130 Fort Worth, TX 76136 817-238-2000
daveroever.org info@daveroever.org helpavet.com