

My Dad Would Say....

Some fathers leave behind heirlooms; others leave behind stories. But for many, the most enduring inheritance is found in the simple, unforgettable things they said. For me the voice of my dad, who passed on June 5, 2024, still echoes daily, not in grand speeches or the powerful sermons he preached, but in the sharp, humorous, and deeply practical sayings.

Although it has been two years, I miss him every day, but one way of remembering my Dad is through the little things he used to say. Those sayings come back to me at the strangest moments, and they guide me more than he ever would have realized.

He had a way with words—colorful, blunt, and always memorable. When someone looked tired, he'd grin and say, **"Your eyes look like two burnt out holes in a sheet."** When money was being wasted, he'd shake his head and mutter, **"That's like opening the back door and throwing out hundred dollar bills."** And when life felt long and difficult, he'd remind everyone, **"It's a long road that never turns."**

One of his favorites came whenever someone made a decision that didn't quite make sense: **"That's like selling bullets to the enemy."** It was his way of saying, *Be careful who you help, and be wise about where you invest your time and trust.*

Another line, one that still rings true, was his belief that **"Your insurance is only as good as your agent."** It was practical advice, but also a metaphor for life. Choose your people wisely. Surround yourself with those who will stand by you when it matters.

And perhaps the most enduring of all: **"Make a friend and do everything you can to keep them."** In a world where relationships can be fragile, he believed loyalty was a treasure worth protecting.

My Dad could say more in one sentence than most people say in a whole conversation. Sometimes I didn't understand what he meant until years later. Now those sayings guide my decisions, my morals, and the way I treat people. When I'm tired, I hear him teasing me about my eyes. When I'm tempted to waste money, I hear him warning me about throwing it out the door.

In a world that often rushes past moments of connection, he had a way of slowing things down. His sayings were part humor, part warning, part philosophy. They were the kind **words** that made you laugh first and think later.

But even the best earthly fathers, with all their wisdom and love, can only guide us so far. Their words mattered deeply, yet they are still the words of men, limited, imperfect, and bound by time. How grateful we are, that our **Heavenly Father** has also given us words to live by. **Words** that do not fade. **Words** that do not fail. Words that carry us through seasons of uncertainty, grief, joy, and growth.

When life presses in and decisions weigh heavy, He invites us to seek His wisdom. *"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraided not; and it shall be given him"* (James 1:5). What a promise. Not a suggestion, not a possibility a promise. God does not withhold direction from His children. He does not leave us wandering in confusion. He gives wisdom freely, generously, and without hesitation to those who ask.

And when the burdens of life grow too heavy for our shoulders, our father speaks again: *"Casting all your care upon him; for He careth for you"* (1 Peter 5:7). Not some of your care. Not only the ones you think are "spiritual enough." All of them. Every worry, every fear, every unknown, every weight. The God who created the universe bends His ear toward the cries of His children. He cares. Deeply. Personally. Faithfully.

Then there is the greatest promise of all — the promise of salvation. *"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"* (Romans 10:13). Not might be saved. Not could be saved. **Shall** be saved. The Gospel is not complicated. It is not reserved for the educated, the wealthy, or the religious. It is for the *whosoever*. It is for the broken, the searching, the hurting, the lost. It is for every soul who lifts their voice and calls on Jesus Christ.

At *Spreading the **WORD** Ministry*, our mission remains unchanged: to lift high the unchanging Word of God and to share the message of salvation with a world in need. As we continue forward, we do so with gratitude for your prayers, your support, and your partnership in the Gospel. Together, we are carrying the truth to places we may never physically go but where God's **Word** is already at work.

May the promises of our Heavenly Father strengthen your heart, steady your steps, and remind you daily that you are never walking alone. His **Word** is your guide. His presence is your comfort. His salvation is your hope. And His love endures forever.

Robin Nicholson Williams

**"So then faith cometh by hearing and hearing
by the **WORD** of God." Romans 10:17**

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My Broken Chains
Christopher Kolker, MD

“Thank God I am finally free!”

His voice carried a kind of disbelief, like someone afraid the moment might disappear if spoken too loudly. He stood at the top of the steps outside the state penitentiary, pausing for just a second before moving forward. The door behind him had already closed, but the weight of it seemed to still linger in his posture.

Jason looked worn down in a way that went deeper than physical exhaustion. His suit was outdated and slightly torn at the seams, his tie loose and hanging like it had lost its purpose years ago. He kept his hands in his pockets as if unsure what to do with them in a world that no longer required permission to move.

And then he smiled. Not a polished or rehearsed smile, but something raw and almost fragile. The kind of smile that belongs to someone who has waited too long for something they were not sure would ever come.

Nineteen years. That was how long Jason had lived behind bars for a crime he did not commit. DNA evidence had finally overturned the conviction, exposing a truth that had been buried under years of assumption, silence, and institutional certainty. Now he stood in the open air again, blinking at sunlight that felt almost unfamiliar.

His family waited below. Reporters gathered nearby, cameras ready, voices overlapping. Questions came from all directions, but Jason barely seemed to hear them.

“I’m free,” he said again, slower this time, as though trying to convince himself it was real. “I thank God. I honestly thought I would die in there.”

Watching moments like this forces something uncomfortable to the surface. Relief, yes. Joy, yes. But also reflection. Because while cases like Jason’s are the exception in the justice system, the idea of being imprisoned unjustly is not as rare as we might think when we step outside the courtroom and into the human heart.

There is another kind of captivity that is far more common. One that does not require iron bars or locked doors.

Spiritual captivity.

In my work as a physician and professor, and in the reflections I share throughout *Christian Medicine and Anxiety*, I often see how human beings can live as though they are free while still remaining deeply bound within themselves. Not by law, but by patterns of thought, behavior, and desire that slowly tighten over time.

We are not only physical or psychological beings. We are also spiritual. And when that dimension is ignored, something essential becomes disordered.

Scripture describes this reality in stark terms: sin is not just wrongdoing, but a condition that distorts our desires and pulls us away from God. Many people feel this internally without having language for it. A restlessness. A lack of peace. A sense of being trapped in cycles they cannot break, even when they desperately want to change.

Some of these chains are obvious. Addictions. Destructive relationships. Habits that erode health and hope. Others are quieter. Pride that refuses correction. Fear that avoids trust. Bitterness that replays old wounds on repeat. Even anxiety itself can become a form of captivity when it begins to define how a person sees every situation and every future possibility.

Over time, what begins as a struggle can become an identity. And that is where the danger deepens.

Because people can grow strangely comfortable in what harms them.

Not because they love suffering, but because familiarity feels safer than change. The mind adapts. The nervous system adapts. Even spiritual sensitivity can dull over time. A person may begin to believe, consciously or not, that this is simply how life is supposed to be.

But it is not.

Jason’s story offers a powerful, if imperfect, mirror. He spent years in a place that declared him guilty while he was innocent. And yet, even in that injustice, there was always a reality beyond the walls. Freedom existed long before he experienced it again. It only took truth breaking through for him to step into it.

In a deeper sense, this is where Christian understanding of humanity becomes essential.

We are all affected by a broken world. Scripture calls this condition sin—not merely as individual mistakes, but as a deeper separation from God that distorts our thinking, our relationships, and our sense of peace. Left unchecked, it creates patterns of bondage that feel normal because they are repeated so often.

And yet, the message of the Gospel is not primarily one of condemnation. It is one of release.

Jesus does not simply improve life within the prison. He opens the door.

When Christ speaks of freedom, it is not abstract language. It is liberation from the power of sin, fear, and spiritual separation. It is the breaking of chains that we often cannot remove by effort alone. Many people try through discipline, through self-improvement, through therapy, or achievement, and while these can help in meaningful ways, there remains a deeper level of bondage that requires a deeper kind of healing.

This is where grace becomes central.

Jason did not free himself. He was declared free because the truth finally came into the open and justice corrected what was wrong. In a similar way, Christian faith teaches that freedom is not something we manufacture through perfection, but something we receive through Christ.

The cross is not only symbolic. It is foundational. It speaks to a release that is both spiritual and eternal. As Scripture reminds us, “the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord” (Romans 6:23). And again, “If you declare with your mouth, ‘Jesus is Lord,’ and believe in your heart... you will be saved” (Romans 10:9).

But belief in this sense is not mere intellectual agreement. It is trust. A turning. A stepping out of the identity shaped by captivity and into the identity shaped by grace.

In clinical practice, I often see that healing, whether emotional, psychological, or spiritual, begins when a person recognizes that what they have accepted as normal is not the same as what is possible. That realization alone can become a turning point.

For some, it is anxiety that has defined their inner world for years. For others, it is relational pain, addiction, trauma, or chronic fear. But the pattern is similar: life begins to feel like a confined space, even when outward circumstances change.

And then something interrupts that pattern.

A moment of truth. A conversation. A crisis. A realization that they are not meant to remain where they are.

This is where faith becomes more than a concept. It becomes an invitation.

To step forward.

Jason walked down those steps into the sunlight he had not felt for nearly two decades. Around him was noise, movement, uncertainty, and reunion. But beneath it all was something simpler: the beginning of a life no longer defined by confinement.

That image stays with me because it reflects something deeply human. The longing to be free. Not just from circumstances, but from what binds the heart.

In *Christian Medicine and Anxiety*, I explore this reality from both medical and spiritual perspectives—how anxiety, fear, and emotional suffering are not only psychological experiences but often tied to deeper questions of identity, meaning, and relationship with God. Healing is not only about symptom relief. It is about restoration.

Jason’s story reminds us that freedom, when it comes, is not just the end of something. It is the beginning of everything that follows.

WE ARE SORRY.... NO WE ARE NOT SORRY

This month’s newsletter may feel a little different than what you’re used to, and we wanted to share why. Both writers, independently, felt the Lord stirring their hearts. But the more they prayed, the more certain they became God was guiding this edition.

We believe with all our hearts when the Holy Spirit impresses something upon us, it is never without purpose. If God placed these messages on their hearts, then it was meant to be shared. And if it was meant to be shared, then someone, maybe even you, needed it.

Our prayer is that these words reach the exact person God intended, at the exact moment they needed encouragement. Thank you for reading with an open heart and for walking with us as we follow His leading.