

1: Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Lights Along The Shore joined with Margaret Wilson, University of Wyoming Vertical Dance, Paul Joseph Taylor and Dave Rickard, D&L Music for this delightful and unusual program. Dozens of other people were busy behind the scenes making this happen.

E-mail I will always think of my patriarchal blessing as a light guiding me safely home. The summer before I turned 16, my dad decided that he wanted to get as many of our family members together as he could and take us all on a camping trip. We made a large, rambunctious group, and I often felt like I was in heaven on that camping trip, surrounded by the beauty of the mountains and among the people I loved most. The trip held special significance for me because that summer I had felt strongly impressed to receive my patriarchal blessing. My grandfather was a patriarch, and so I asked if he could be the one to give it. He agreed and obtained permission, and we planned for my blessing to take place the Sunday directly following our trip. At the time my dad was also my bishop and, while at camp, we had very unique patriarchal blessing interview. One night, as the sun set and the moon began to rise, we took a canoe out onto the lake near our campsite. The water was still and serene as we glided over the surface and talked about my blessing. We stayed out in the boat for a long time, enjoying the beauty of the stars that were beginning to come out. Then suddenly, from far across the lake, we heard singing. The sound carried easily over the water, now glistening with starlight. I immediately recognized the voices of my grandparents. In this hymn it speaks of Heavenly Father as a lighthouse keeper who guides His children safely in from the troubled sea. We listened to Grandma and Grandpa sing: Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save. Grandpa had pulled a flashlight from his pocket and, every time the song mentioned light, he switched it on and used it to guide us safely in. Dad and I laughed with them and started rowing back to shore. When the weekend of camping came to a close, we all returned home, and the following Sunday my grandfather gave me my patriarchal blessing. Just weeks later he passed away. He had been able to type my blessing and print it out, but it was my grandmother who finally sent it to me. I am grateful that my grandfather was a keeper of one of the lights along the shore of my life. His light and example has guided me closer to my Heavenly Father. I will always think of my patriarchal blessing as a light coming across the waves, guiding me in from the dark. Illustration by David Koch.

2: Lights along the shore | www.enganchecubano.com

1 There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark amid perils I steer; And they ever grow brighter and brighter, As that glorious haven I near.

Their unique and essential purpose makes each one a thing of exquisite beauty. Seafarers seeking a haven on a stormy night find a beam from the shore as precious as life itself. Perhaps Philip Bliss shared my appreciation of lighthouses, prompting him to write these words: Do we recognize the assignment? Who suffers if we do not perform it? In the last century, D. Moody told the story of a passenger boat trying to make Cleveland harbor on a stormy night. The pilot knew he could find the harbor channel safely by keeping two lower shore lights aligned with the main beacon. But the lower lights had gone out. In the darkness, the pilot bravely tried to find the channel, but the boat crashed on the rocks, and many lives were lost. If we visualize Christians as those on the land, and the rest of the world as those on the sea, we quickly see that each Christian is placed in a unique strategic position. While having direct access to some, but not all, of those sharing the land, a Christian has direct exposure to a large area, though not all, of the vast expanse of the sea. Jesus is the light of the world. Further, John quoted Jesus as saying, "God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all". But to the multitude He said, "You are the light of the world Let your light shine before men When we walk in that light, the result is fellowship with one another and cleansing by the blood of Jesus. Peter wrote these lovely words: Jesus is the creator and supplier of light; those who receive it are the faithful keepers of the lights along the shore. We keep our lamps trimmed and burning by keeping our actions holy and our minds free from envy and hate. To people of the world, the light appears in some form of service--caring about and fulfilling some physical or emotional need, a word of encouragement and cheer, or praise for some worthwhile action. Then are we to make a show of religion? The "holier-than-thou" attitude does not attract; instead it repels. But a city set on a hill cannot be hid. Light in a dark place attracts those who prefer light over darkness. When they are drawn to it, the opportunity is presented to share the light that illumines the expanse of heaven. Jesus told the Jews, "No one can come to me, unless the Father who sent me draws him". Jesus knew some would prefer to remain in darkness, while others seek the truth and come to the light. Many campaigns to corral the lost into church buildings and flatter, entertain, intimidate, or educate them into coming to the light and walking in it overlook one fact: No religious thrust--personal, congregational, or worldwide--endures and flourishes for long when it turns its light inward. Love, the essence of our religion, reaches outward to others. Jesus emphatically commands those in the light to love one another. Our mission is not solely to beam light upon those who have already received the "sun of righteousness. If not all are evangelists, we all must be evangelistic. The lost who seek the light will steer toward its beam, and be guided into the welcome embrace of a peaceful harbor.

3: LDS at Sea: The Lights along the Shore

Digital Music: "Lights Along the Shore" "Lights Along the Shore" Go Cancel. Amazon Music Unlimited. Listen to any song, anywhere. Learn More about Amazon Music Unlimited.

Like it or not things change; our lives are meant for more than just a handful of experiences. Now I am by no means sad to be home with my wonderful family - just the opposite in fact. I just keep hoping someone will create this new world, where Italy and Washington are much, much closer. My last few days in Italy were truly amazing. For our last p-day, Sorella Curtis and I went to visit Lisa. We walked around her cute little city for hours, ate gelato, and just enjoyed Italy. Then we went to the church. We said goodbye to the Anziani one last time, and then we headed home. This transfer circle was by far the hardest. I had to say goodbye to many of my dearest friends, but I found myself overwhelmingly grateful for the opportunity to do so. These people are amazing. I count myself lucky to have served among them. All of the departing missionaries hopped on a train together, and, before we knew it, we found ourselves in the mission office waiting for our departing interviews. I went first, and, as I sat across from President Dibb, I thought back to the very first time I met this inspired man. He and Sorella Dibb came to our ward his very first Sunday; we were expecting them and so excited to finally meet them. After Sacrament meeting, as I was talking with some of the members, President Dibb walked up to me, shook my hand, and thanked me for singing. Then he said something about Sibelius. Well, that was it, the moment he earned my respect. It may seem silly, well, because it is. It was his desire to connect with his missionaries, his desire to understand them, to know them, and to love them. He expects a certain level of dedication and obedience. In the last year I have seen him change as he has accepted and understood his calling. Every single time I met with him, I felt as if I was meeting with a new man, a better man. As if everyday he changed for the better. My last interview was everything I expected. I felt the love of our dear mission President as he thanked me for my service and throughout the night as he thanked all of us. I am incredibly blessed to have served under the leadership of this inspired man, and I will forever be grateful. That night, we each had an opportunity to share our testimonies. Many tears fell as we, one after another, shared what we have learned, who we have become, and how much we love our missions. I wish we could have just kept that moment forever. There was so much love in the mission home that night. The next morning, we awoke way too early and piled onto a bus to the airport. Half of us took a flight to London. Unfortunately that flight was late and arrived 10 minutes before the gate to my connecting flight closed. I waved goodbye to my missionaries and started running. I got to security, and they pushed me through as fast as they could so I could make my flight. I just kept running. Then I noticed a really cute older Italian couple from my first flight; they were struggling. I asked them if they were headed to Seattle, and they were! So I told them to take it easy, that I would lay in front of the plane if I had to, but I would get us there. The older man stopped to help his wife, and told me to run as fast as I could. As I rounded the corner, they were closing the gate. The man saw me and asked if I was headed to Seattle. What a sight I must have been. I told them about the couple coming, and a few seconds later they rounded the corner. The woman gave me a hug and thanked me as we boarded. I had a lot of time to think on the flight home. So I thought and prayed for eight hours straight. But then he said, "I have been on countless flights with you missionaries. After we talked a little, I went back to thinking. I absolutely love my father in Heaven and am so grateful for the experiences that he gave me in Italy. I learned so much about myself, and I became the person I always wanted to be. I have come to know my Savior, Jesus Christ on a much more personal level. I feel more than ever that he is my brother and my friend. The opportunity to serve as His missionary has been an incredible one. I have seen His hand in my life and in the lives of others. I have had moments in which I have been able to serve as His hands. There is nothing more beautiful. But there is one lesson that stands out above the rest. Love is the most important thing in the world. It is the reason we are here. Everything comes back to the love of our Father and our Brother for us. Our sacred calling is to share that love and help it to grow. After eight hours of meditation, we landed. It took me an hour to get through customs, but then I was finally headed up on the escalator to my family. I saw my grandma first as she ran up to hug me. Therefore, I fell over my suitcases and barely avoided

pushing every single person behind me down. As I untangled myself, I looked up to see my mom, holding a Welcome Gnome sign. Look at how cute she is. But skip over my face. I did not want to let go, but they finally convinced me with an offer of Thai food. I was out of it. They talked a lot as I mostly just focused on the food. Then somehow we ended up at the stake center. President Smith is amazing, and we had an absolutely incredible talk. Which ended in tears of course because he released me as a missionary. He remembered, and as I unclipped the name tag tears streamed down my face. I was giving the Stake President a hug and numbly walking out of his office. Over the next few days and even weeks I had many incredible opportunities to talk about my mission and what I have learned. As sad as I am that this part of my life is over, I really am excited to start the next part of my life. I have full faith in the Lord that everything will turn out just the way He wants it to. Thank you for following my journey, for the prayers, the letters, for everything really. I am so grateful to have you in my life, all of you. Even though my time as a full-time missionary has ended, I feel as if my real mission has just begun. Vi voglio un mondo di bene! Sorella Ellen Rose Ervin.

4: Lighthouses@Lighthouse Digest Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

For the lights along the shore. Let the lower lights be burning, Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting struggling seaman, You may rescue, you may save. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;

A collection of essays about events and personalities aboard ships of the U. Merchant Marine from an LDS perspective. Also, some related material after leaving the sea. Holy Loch was not actually a place, but a body of water, an arm of the Clyde River downstream from Glasgow. In Holy Loch, the Victoria moored alongside another ship, a submarine tender that was semi-permanently anchored a short distance offshore from the small village of Sandbank. Greenock, a busier and more populous coastal town, lay more or less diagonally across the Clyde from Holy Loch. Much of this cargo handling was done at night. When finished in one spot, the ship would shift berths, that is, move across the water to the other spot. Day or night, the west coast of Scotland is a magnificently beautiful place. By day, rugged, craggy mountains rise up from the dark blue water and pierce the gray sky with their rocky peaks and austere foliage. By night, these same mountains seem less rugged as they take the form of black masses rising from a black surface into a black canopy. All would be black, but different shades of black and therefore subtly distinguishable. Along the southern shore of the Clyde runs a motor road. This would be invisible at night from the water except for a string of yellowish lights that ran alongside it. These lights punctured the blackness, but they punctuated it, too. The off-yellow lights shone forth as immovable route guides in the darkness; they also added something to the darkness that surrounded them, but whether by contrast or by complement I could not tell. Many times I stood on the deck of the Victoria as she shifted between Holy Loch and Greenock and looked upon this string of lights. It did not run straight, as the coastline was curved. Nor did it run level, as the route was hilly. It undulated, so to speak, like the waves of the sea, although in this sheltered area the water was always fairly calm. Sometimes these lights would show their reflections in the water close along the shore. Many times they would inspire me to contemplate the theological significance of light. Such were the lights along the shore of the Clyde River on the west coast of Scotland. Of course, they were installed to guide automobile traffic on land, but the traffic on the water used them as route markers, too. Aboard ship, one uses all available aids to navigation. Lights along the shore are perhaps the oldest form of navigational beacons, and they are no less important today than they were in centuries past. To a seaman, these lights that shine in the darkness offer the one blessing desired above all others: Even more than the proverbial fair winds and following seas, a safe passage culminating in a safe arrival is what every seafarer wants. Lighthouses exist because the approach to land is often the most hazardous part of a voyage. At all times, but especially at night, invisible or only partially visible dangers lurking along a coastline—rocky outcroppings, sand bars, sunken wrecks—could easily destroy a vessel that chanced upon them. Dangers such as these are marked by lights to warn ships away. Safe routes along a shore and in and out of ports are also illuminated, but to show the way. Both lights that warn of danger and lights that show the way offer safe passage to the navigator who heeds them. After a long voyage, and especially after a rough crossing, these lights along the shore are a very welcome sight. The metaphorical value of the navigational lights becomes clear in my favorite hymn: But to us he gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore. Too many lives have long depended on his faithfulness in maintaining the light for incompetence or laziness to be tolerated. A glance through the history of light-keeping reveals the esteem in which these men and women have been held. Dark the night of sin has settled; Loud the angry billows roar. Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore. Enroute to Holy Loch aboard the Victoria, Inishtrahull was the first major light we would see on the north side of Ireland. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother; Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost. After a week or more of such weather, Inishtrahull was a very welcome sight. Let the lower lights be burning; Send a gleam across the wave. Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save. Soon afterwards, the Victoria would reach the calmer water between Ireland and Scotland and then pick up the pilot who would direct her up the Clyde to Holy Loch. Not that this was an easy job in the rain and fog of Britain, but we felt the unique sense of satisfaction mingled with anticipation that comes at the threshold of completing

a long and tempestuous voyage. There is no question of this, for ships have been wrecked and seamen have perished because of the absence of such lights. But the Lord speaks to us on the cosmic level. If we consider life as a voyage from the premortal to the postmortal ports, then the aptness of the metaphor becomes clear. Just as the light shining in the darkness of a seacoast stands to guide seamen on a safe passage, so the Light of the World stands to guide all men on a safe passage to the ultimate seaport of Heaven. With this destination on our sailing schedule, we can then in faith echo the beautiful prayer of John Henry Newman: The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!

5: Fulton Oursler | Open Library

The Lights Along the Shore. To me, lighthouses are among the most charming of man-made structures. Their unique and essential purpose makes each one a thing of exquisite beauty.

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! For to us He gives the keeping of the lights along the shore. Dark the night of sin has settled, loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing, for the lights, along the shore. Eager eyes are watching, longing, for the lights, along the shore. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother, some poor sailor tempest tossed, Trying now to make the harbor, in the darkness may be lost. Trying now to make the harbor, some poor sailor may be lost. On a dark, stormy, night, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great light-house: A Pennsylvania farm boy who wrote some of the earliest gospel songs to gain wide popularity in both Britain and America, he had little formal music training and minimal schooling. Yet in the short span of 12 years a devoted heart and a natural sensitivity to common folks inspired "Hold the Fort," "Almost Persuaded," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Hallelujah! Moody said of Bliss: I loved and admired him. I believe he was raised up of God to write hymns for the Church of Christ in this age, as Charles Wesley was for the church in his day. In my estimate, he was the most highly honored of God, of any man of his time, as a writer and singer of Gospel Songs, and with all his gifts he was the most humble man I ever knew. I loved him as a brother, and shall cherish his memory A hard-scrabble, transient childhood, allowed Philip Bliss few educational opportunities. Early learning the songs of his father, a devout and earnest man who loved to sing aloud, young Philip whistled and sang those same tunes, and occasionally "played" them on crude musical instruments. He did not hear a piano until he was ten. At age 11, he left home to ease the burden on his family, earning his own living in farms and logging camps, fitting in whatever schooling might be possible along the way. His sister remembered the touching scene that day he left home, the sweetly sensitive boy carrying all his clothes wrapped in a handkerchief and tossing his sisters two pennies over his shoulder as he made his way down the lane, not allowing himself to look back in a final farewell. In , during one of his periods of school attendance at Elk Run, as a Baptist minister conducted a revival among the students, Bliss made his profession of faith in Christ. A short time later, in a creek near his home, he was baptized by a minister of the Christian church. In reflection later in life, Bliss said his conversion was undramatic because he could not remember a time when he did not love the Savior, feel remorse for his sins, and pray. Despite little schooling, in , at age 18, in what can be seen in retrospect as a tribute to his character and seriousness of purpose, he was enlisted to teach school in Hartsville, New York. The following winter, , in Towanda, Pennsylvania, he met J. Towner, father of hymn writer D. Bliss took great inspiration from Bradbury, developed affection for him and great regard for his musical ability. June 1, , Bliss married the daughter of the school board member, Lucy J. Bliss marked that period as extremely important in his life. That winter, he began teaching music, allowing him to learn how little music he knew, and how passionately he wanted to know more. He was frustrated, then discouraged and almost depressed at his earnest longing for music education, but without money even to attend the Normal Academy of Music in Geneseo, New York, one of the more extensive traveling music schools so common in that day, and the great event among music lovers of the area. I thought everything had come to an end; that my life must be passed as a farm hand and country schoolmaster, and all bright hopes for the future must be given up. It was a life-changing time for the young musician, allowing him to meet music leaders of the area, to answer questions he had often posed to himself, and to have realms of music unveiled. Income from his music teaching bettered his standard of living and allowed him freedom to attend the traveling schools again in and in Bliss was chosen the most intelligent pupil by his teacher at the first school he attended, and thereafter, was given the attention reserved for prize pupils, including private voice lessons. His songwriting career was launched in While living in Rome, doing farm work and teaching music, he wrote "Lora Vale," a sad, sentimental tune about the dying of a young girl, with the chorus: Published in as sheet

music, the song was popular and sold several thousand copies. Drafted into the army in , Bliss was discharged two weeks later, when it became clear that the Civil War was ending. Another pivotal year in Bliss's life came in when he met D. Moody's modus operandi was to preach in the open air from the steps of the nearby courthouse for about thirty minutes and then to urge the crowd into his meeting. Bliss and his wife, having heard of Moody but never having heard him, out for a stroll before Sunday evening services, happened onto the outdoor preaching. When Moody appealed to all to come inside, they followed. The music director absent that evening, the singing was weak, and from his place in the congregation, Bliss's voice, strong and confident, attracted Moody's eye. When the service was over and Moody greeted folks at the door, Bliss wrote later, "as I came to him he had my name and history in about two minutes, and a promise that when I was in Chicago Sunday evenings, I would come and help in the singing at the theater meetings. There, Whittle, a major conference speaker, related an incident from the Civil War to illustrate Christ's being the Christian's commander, and of His coming to our relief. Though Whittle did not witness the events firsthand, he was on active duty with Major General Oliver Howard in the vicinity of Atlanta, in October, . It was extremely important that the earthworks commanding the Pass and protecting the supplies be held. Confederate forces surrounded the works and vigorous fighting ensued. The battle seemed lost and the cause hopeless to the Union soldiers. But at that moment an officer caught sight of a white signal flag, far away across the valley, 20 miles away, atop Kennesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and soon the message was waved from mountain to mountain: My comrades, see the signal Waving in the sky! Reinforcements now appearing Victory is nigh! When he reached Chicago, Bliss wrote out the music, and it was published first as sheet music, bringing immense popularity to its author-composer, and making the expression, "hold the fort" a widely-used colloquial expression. The militant tune lent itself to all sorts of parodies, and it became widely used in the prohibition, suffrage and labor movements, finding its way into labor songbooks as late as the s. One of the parodies of the late s was supposedly created by street people: Hold the forks, The plates are on the way, Shout the chorus to your neighbor, Sling the hash this way. Following their initial meeting in , Moody never ceased urging Bliss to full-time service of the Lord. From Scotland in , Moody sent letters: Launch out into the deep. Whittle was a Wells Fargo cashier when he enlisted in the Union Army, was wounded at Vicksburg in and, while recovering in Chicago from a Vicksburg wound, he met and fastened a friendship with Moody. Moody had been working on Whittle also to consider ending his high income career as a business executive and to give himself full-time to preaching and evangelism. In the Waukegan venture, both Bliss and Whittle wanted to see if their efforts would be fruitful and if they could detect a sense of calling to full-time evangelistic work. Wednesday afternoon, March 25, an informal prayer gathering of leaders in the study turned out to be Bliss's consecration service, as he yielded to the notion that his life's work should be full-time in the Lord's service. Whittle and Bliss returned to Chicago, Bliss to resign his work and find someone to take over his conventions, and Whittle to resign his position as Treasurer of the Elgin Watch Company. The two, in close friendship and association with Moody, worked together until Bliss's death. Yet, they accepted not a cent. Bliss was an attractive, winsome personality -- unpretentious, he liked to call himself "country boy. Root said of him, "It is rare indeed to find both mind and body alike so strong, healthy and beautiful in one individual as they were in him. His Lord was always welcome and apparently always there in his open and loving heart. In their last year, , they spent a week with Moody at Northfield, Massachusetts, where the evangelist utilized their talents in a whirlwind of eleven meetings. In the old hometown, they spent "the happiest Christmas he had ever known" with his mother, sister, and in-laws, and leaving their children in the care of Mrs. When an engine broke down, they spent the night in a hotel, then continued their train journey in a blinding snowstorm. As the train puffed its way through the snowy silence, just after 7: It may have been the very piece that occupied him as the train plowed through the snow. Crossing a trestle about yards from the station at Ashtabula, Ohio, passengers heard a terrible cracking sound. In just seconds, the trestle fractured and the train plunged 70 feet into a watery gulf, the wooden cars captured by flames fed by kerosene-heating stoves. The lead engine made it across, a second engine two express cars and part of the baggage car rested with their weight upon the bridge, and 87 souls fell into eternity in 11 railcars of raging fire. Of passengers, 92 were killed or died later of injuries sustained in the crash, and 69 were injured. It was the worst railroad

tragedy to that point in American history. Not a trace of P. Contemporaries noted it was as though he was taken up "in a chariot of fire. So beloved was the young couple that special memorial services were held in Chicago, in Rome, Pennsylvania, at South Bend, St. Paul, Louisville, Nashville, Kalamazoo, and Peoria. Among the names are "P. Brainard, now so especially poignant: I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me; On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.

6: The Lights Along The Shore - Shared by Sam McCormick - Sermon Illustrations - www.enganchecubano.com

Lights Along the Shore has 8 ratings and 1 review. Misfit said: James Gentry had a dream, and to that end he sold his home in Maryland and brought his wi.

Coincidentally, this old hymn, once extremely popular in churches across America, is sung every year at the island community church service held at Little River Lighthouse in Cutler, Maine and it is also the unofficial official hymn of a church that I attend. Philip Paul Bliss was an evangelist Unfortunately, the hymn has been dropped from many church hymnals by publishers who apparently have no idea of the importance of the words or by those in the decision making positions of the publishers that wish to change the values of yesteryear to what they think our values and music should be today. The words to the old song were a direct result of a sermon given by Rev. Moody who was one of the greatest evangelists of the nineteenth century. Moody told a story of a ship nearing the Lake Erie harbor at Cleveland, Ohio on a stormy night when the waves were high. Almost immediately after the service he penned the words and the music to a hymn that he titled Let the Lower Lights Be Burning. The hymn was first published in and eventually the song gained in popularity, even at inland churches where the people knew nothing about lighthouses. And it was soon known by millions of Americans. In modern times, popular recording artists such as Tennessee Ernie Ford and even Johnny Cash recorded the hymn. But other than some of the gospel singers of today who occasionally perform the song, it is highly unlikely that the hymn will have a revival in churches, which will sadly deprive the younger generation of the words and meaning behind them. However, perhaps, just perhaps, groups like the Blue Water Ramblers will help keep this great song alive to the lighthouse community and maritime enthusiasts and hopefully it will help keep a light, somewhere, brightly burning. Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor struggling, fainting seaman You may rescue, you may save. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother; Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost. This story appeared in the December edition of Lighthouse Digest Magazine. The print edition contains more stories than our internet edition, and each story generally contains more photographs - often many more - in the print edition. For subscription information about the print edition, [click here](#). No story, photograph, or any other item on this website may be reprinted or reproduced without the express permission of Lighthouse Digest. For contact information, [click here](#).

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8: History of Hymns | The Chilmark Community Church

O bless'd lights along the shore, O bless'd coming aid, I hear above the tempest's roar, Thy voice, Be not dismayed. Refrain. O beauteous lights along the shore.

9: Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

I think Grandpa's favorite part is when it calls us the keepers of the "lights along the shore." It means that while our Heavenly Father is the great guiding light, we need to tend the "lower lights" along the shore to help bring our brothers and sisters safely home.

The Risks of Medical Innovation Michael Honnor Paintings Subcommittee hearing on the effect of the credit crunch on small business access to capital A marriage-minded man? Aipmt biology books Fodors Switzerland 2000 Dehydration update on research and literature cohfe research on dehydration. Workbook/Lab Manual for Sur le vif, 4th Short-term metabolic effects of increased meal frequency in non-insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus (NIDD Supply Chain Fulfillment at Warp Speed Applying the Toyota Way in Your Organization Strategic directions for human development in Papua New Guinea. Glencoe accounting real-world applications connections Husqvarna 266 se serial 1621 083035 manual Bast and Other Plant Fibres The New Yorker twenty-fifth anniversary album, 1925-1950. The gift of Las Sabinas The neo-Confucians (16th-17th centuries and the representatives in this study The Resume Queens Job Search Thesaurus and Career Guide for Professionals A proclamacion setfurth by thee Kynges Maiesty Advanced stretching. Exception to the Rule The collected shorter fiction of Anthony Trollope List of districts in india state wise Disorders of neuromuscular transmission Menus for all seasons Marginality; Speech, Writing and the African Woman Writer A treasure of the galleon Using groovyConsolr Remembering Papua New Guinea Smarter shelter (homebuilding) The relentless Reds Key to a New Arabic Grammar Genesis The Beginning Saxophone diagrams Making the right stock investments The nursing of the elderly sick It Takes A Rebel (Sweet Talkin Guys (Temptation, 769) Red Rowans and Wild Honey Political history of suriname