

The OKLAHOMA BAPTIST

Serving Churches of the Baptist Missionary Association of Oklahoma

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“CBC Expresses Thanksgiving”

Grateful for a Solid Foundation

As I walk the campus of Central Baptist College each morning, I am reminded that I am surrounded by the work and faithfulness of those who came before me. Every building and every story of a student's life changed for the glory of God is a testament to generations of pastors, laypeople, and churches within the Baptist Missionary Association of Arkansas who believed in the mission of Christ-centered higher education.

I am profoundly grateful for those who laid the foundation upon which CBC stands today.

From its earliest days, Central Baptist College has existed because our churches dreamed of a place where young men and women could grow both academically and spiritually.

Those early founders sacrificed time, resources, and energy to establish a college where the Bible would be at the center of learning and Christ would be exalted in every classroom.

Their faithfulness built more than a campus; it built a legacy of Christian education that continues to shape lives and ministries across Arkansas and beyond.

That legacy has been strengthened through the leadership of those who have served as president before me. A. R. Reddin, Harold Cooper, Wassell Burgess, James Ray Raines, Charles Attebery, Terry Kimbrow, and others guided the college through their own seasons of challenge and opportunity.

I am thankful for their faithfulness and for the way God used each one to prepare the path we now walk.

This week, the churches of the BMA of Arkansas will gather for their annual meeting

on our campus. What a joy it is to host the very people who have sustained this college through their prayers, giving, and encouragement.

Every time our campus welcomes pastors, messengers, and church members from across the state, I am reminded that we are not alone in this work. We are part of a family, a cooperative fellowship of believers who value education that stands firmly on the truth of God's Word.

As president, I have the privilege of seeing firsthand how God continues to bless CBC. Enrollment is growing, finances are stabilizing, and students are being equipped to serve the Lord in every walk of life.

Yet even as we celebrate these blessings, I know we are standing on a foundation we did not build alone. We are reaping the harvest planted by those who came before us, and it is our sacred duty to continue building for those who will follow.

My prayer this week, as the BMA of Arkansas gathers on our campus, is one of thanksgiving. I thank God for the pastors who have faithfully preached His Word, for the churches that have stood with this college through good times and hard times, and for every person who has prayed, given, or served so that CBC could thrive.

Together, we carry forward a legacy of faith and learning that began decades ago, and by God's grace, that legacy will continue for generations to come.

(“CBC Thanksgiving,” cont on pg 8)



"Our Expression of Appreciation"

Thousands of screaming fans line the streets, waiting and watching. They cannot take their eyes away from the empty road stretched out before them.

Armed guards march between them and the invisible line they are prohibited to cross. "Their Band" is coming to town, and as their motorcade passes by, star struck young female fans scream, cry, and even pass out.

They will stretch their hands out from twenty yards away, dreaming of touching these teen idols. And in the midst of all the noise you will hear their cries of adoration as they scream their names. This is worship.

Millions sit frozen to their television sets, choosing sides as twenty-two warriors prepare to do battle in the midst of a modern day coliseum. Hundreds, even thousands have travelled miles to sit in the stands to cheer on their team.

Emotions will explode as the ball is kicked to the opposing team, and screaming fans will leap to their feet as the game begins.

They have followed these teams from one contest to the next as these gladiators have earned the right to compete, dreaming of this day. The holiday is Superbowl Sunday, and adoring fans have gathered to worship.

He watches the news and weeps at the controversial report of a young man using the American flag to wipe oil from a dipstick. Years earlier he had followed that flag up a hill, dodging death, but still willing to go. It was a necessary battle and so he fought his fear as he fought the enemy.

The image of that flag kept him going, gave him hope, drove him on. He was ready to die for what that flag stood for back then, and now tears flood his eyes as he sits stunned by this lack of respect and disregard for God and country. Patriotism has become a major influence in his life, and he would go again today to fight for his country. He loves it, he adores it, he worships it.

So many people have been involved in the plans and preparation for this day. Now as the ceremony is almost over, the culmination of their efforts are all focused on the couple that stands before them.

Soon the candles will be extinguished, the flowers will fade, and the decorations will be boxed away, but for now, the only thing that matters is this celebration of the beginning of their new life together. As the music plays, this near wedded couple stands before their family and friends, hands clasped, eyes fixed on one another as if there is no one else in the room.

This is the beginning of something to which they will devote their lives. Their hearts are pounding wildly as their love seems to be more overwhelming than they can survive.

They have vowed to love and honor each other for the rest of their lives. They adore one another, they are devoted to each other, they worship each other.

Love, adoration, devotion, commitment, abandonment. These are all elements that accompany worship. But when we begin to apply this worship to the created, rather than the Creator, we fall short of the reason He made us.

There is something within all of us that drives us to worship. Something in our

makeup, in the way we were designed. It's a very natural inclination, an urging, an unction. There is a desire to seek out something or someone that impresses us to the point of awe and praise. Something, or someone, to love and adore. To feel we belong to something bigger than just ourselves. To be amazed by someone who can do something we cannot do for ourselves.

However, though it is perfectly alright to be impressed by celebrities and sports figures, to offer loyalty to ones country, even to demonstrate our adoration to our loved ones, true worship should be reserved for the one true God and His incredible Son.

"...Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

Worship is our contribution to the relationship we have with the God who created the universe. It is the Father's role to create and console. The Sons to forgive and free. The Spirit's to guide and to goad. And it is our role to offer the sacrifice of praise. To bow down and worship the Father who created us and gave everything for us. To thank Him for all He is, and all He does in this world.

And He has given us a reason to worship Him that is almost incomprehensible in its manner. Unprecedented, undemanding, self sacrificial love.

There is no other story I've found that comes close to helping us to understand the grace of God, so let's imagine one. Pretend for a moment that you've just come from the doctor's office. The news he had for you was not uplifting. As a matter of fact, he had to tell you that you're dying. A rare disease has infected your body and is slowly destroying your heart. The only hope you have would be a heart transplant. They send you home to wait and wonder, as the search for a perfect heart begins.

Weeks go by and turn into months, and hope gradually slips away, until one morning the phone rings. The exhausted voice of the doctor conveys the story of their long search for a donor, but the good

("Appreciation," cont on pg 5)

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"I Was Just Thinkin' "

By Narita Roady

"Make This Christmas Different"

Right now I want you to think of Christmas's past, particularly the day after. Have you ever pondered how you might want Christmas to be different the next year? What changes you might want to make?

I am sure our lists would be as different as we are. Maybe it is to try new recipes, start shopping earlier, decorate the outside of your home, invite someone who doesn't have family, visit the nursing home, serve at a mission to feed the homeless. . . these are just a few.

Most of our plans for a better Christmas involve the physical part, but what about the spiritual? We are supposed to be celebrating the birth of our Savior, rejoicing at God's miraculous gift.

How easy it is to get caught up in the traditions and rituals that have become the center of the holiday.

While there is nothing wrong with these things, we must not let them take the place of the true *"reason for the season"*. Scripture tells us, *"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."*
Matthew 6:21

So in the hustle and bustle of the days ahead, here are a few ideas to keep your heart focused on your true Treasure. When you find yourself feeling anxious and out of sorts, overwhelmed and

discouraged. Stop.

Sit down and try one of these ideas, either alone or with your family. Approach whatever you choose prayerfully, asking Him to touch your



heart and mind. They may be small suggestions, but they will really make your Christmas different this year.

This time of year we have a tendency to lose our contentment and focus on all the things we don't have or we think we need. Do you yearn for a bigger home, a nicer car, new furniture, etc?

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." **Hebrews 13:5**

Number a piece of paper from 1 – 25

and write down things you DO have. Not just the obvious things but also the things you might consider small. I challenge you to make a list of 100 things! You may not be able to do it in one setting, but in the next few days.

Customary Christmas decorations are wreaths, garlands, and poinsettias. As you decorate, remember our soldiers and their families. Instead of buying and wrapping gifts, looking forward to spending the holiday with their loved one, many military families are decorating the graves of a child, spouse, or father that has died in the war.

Others are facing a Christmas with an empty place at the table or around the tree because that loved one is still off fighting the war. Make a commitment to pray daily for those serving your country.

If you know of a family that has suffered loss or has family member still serving, pray about something special you can do for them. Send them a note letting them know you will pray daily for their loved one. Find out something you could send their soldier that they need or would enjoy.

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."
John 15:13

Christmas involves many counting 'games'. *"How many more days do I have left"*: the customary count down to Christmas day. Most shoppers are counting their money to see how much they can spend and also how many gifts they need to buy.

Then of course there is counting all the things on the holiday *"to do list"*. Talk about pressure! Stop.

Take another piece of paper, number it 1 – 25, and this time write down all the

(*"Make Christmas Different,"* cont on pg 7)

Instead of letting things get on your nerves, choose to get on your knees!

Pastor Goodwin Exonerated

Isaiah 54:17 (KJV)

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness is of me, saith the LORD."

This was the verse God brought to my heart on Thursday evening, October 30. For nearly sixteen months, our family has walked through the darkest season of our lives.

Many of you know that in May of 2019, we buried my mother. Ten months later, we buried my sister Mitzi. We thought that valley might be the deepest we'd ever face. We had no idea that an even darker one lay ahead.

On August 15, 2024, State Police arrived at Dad's door and took him in for questioning. By nightfall, he was in handcuffs and taken to jail, accused of nine counts of possessing child pornography on a laptop found in his home.

Three months prior, a search warrant had been served for all electronic devices in his home and EIM office. We were concerned, yes, but we truly didn't believe anything would come of it. That changed dramatically on August 15.

After posting bail, Dad was released. In September 2024, we had our first court date, where he was arraigned and formally charged. It would take thirteen long months before he finally had his day in court.

As we reviewed the evidence, or lack thereof, from the State, and compared it to the evidence we had, our confidence grew. We believed Dad would be found innocent.

But during those twelve months of waiting, we also believed God would intervene before the trial ever began. We prayed for dismissal, for resolution, for deliverance. Yet God, in His sovereignty,

chose to take us through the trial.

Throughout this season, we clung to the truth that God has the final say. For twenty-seven years, I've preached that God is sovereign over all things, that He works all things for our good and His glory, even when we don't understand. It's one thing to preach that truth; it's another to live it.

Another verse that sustained us was 2 Corinthians 12:9, where God told Paul, "My grace is sufficient." We found ourselves learning to live in that all-sufficient grace.

My dad has preached the gospel for sixty-three years. There are few verses I could quote to him that he didn't already know, believe, and understand. But as we often said during this journey, "It's one thing to believe it; it's another thing to live it."

I watched my dad draw closer to God than ever before. A man who had preached for three-quarters of his life was now hungering for the Word in a new way.

I saw an 87-year-old man age before my eyes. I saw him weep often, discouraged and beaten down. But praise God, I never saw him fall. He may have bent, but he never broke.

This was a man who had buried his wife of sixty years and his precious daughter Mitzi, whom he called his prayer warrior. I saw him cast down but not destroyed. And I didn't know if this time he would survive.

My prayers shifted from asking for justice to asking for his survival. He was sleeping only two to three hours a night. I often wondered how much more he could endure.

But every time he reached his lowest, God would raise him up and deposit fresh grace into his spirit.

Then came October 30, 2025. After two days of hearings, the jury entered

deliberation. I'll be honest, it's terrifying knowing your father's future rests in the hands of twelve people. But I also knew that on October 29 and 30, thousands of prayers were bombarding heaven.

At around 6:45pm., Thursday evening, after just ninety minutes of deliberation, the jury returned with a verdict: innocent on all counts. The courtroom erupted. Hands were raised, voices lifted in praise, tears flowed freely, and hugs were exchanged.

And Isaiah 54:17 rang true:

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn..."

The State acknowledged that the laptop in question was compromised by viruses and malware, which had infected the device through Bro. Rocky's Wi-Fi modem, casting further doubt on the integrity of the digital evidence.

They could not prove he was present in the home when the alleged offenses occurred, and the defense showed he had been traveling out of state on multiple occasions.

We at EIM understand the seriousness of these charges. Evangelistic International Ministries will not allow anyone to work for us or even travel with us who has been convicted of such deplorable behavior. We believe nothing is more serious and sinful than exploiting children in any way.

To all who stood with us these past seventeen months, thank you. To the churches who continued supporting EIM, thank you from the bottom of our hearts. Your texts, calls, messages, encouragement, love, and especially your prayers carried us.

Many of you never wavered in believing in Dad's innocence. You remained faithful in your monthly support, allowing EIM to continue reaching the world with the gospel.

Through it all, we only lost a handful of

("Goodwin Exonerated," cont on pg 5)

“Our Expression of Appreciation” cont from pg 2

news is they have found one. He suggests you come to the hospital right away.

Sitting in the office, hope rises in you again as the doctor enters. It has taken quite awhile to find a perfect heart, untainted and unblemished, but the quest has paid off. And he asks if you'd like to meet the donor.

"Meet the donor?" You stare at this physician's tearful eyes. "You mean see the body."

"Oh no," the doctor replies, "for this procedure the donor must still be alive."

Alive? No, that can't be possible. You can't believe anyone would make that kind of sacrifice. Why would someone else give up their life that you might live?

The doctor opens the door and escorts a young man into the room like none you've ever seen. Tall, handsome, with a winning smile and eyes that seemed to look right into your soul. He glides across the room and takes your hand, speaking to you in such a way that makes you feel good about yourself, even in your condition.

"I'd like you to meet my son," the doctor

says.

Without another word, the young man walks across the room and lies down willingly on the cold, metallic surgery table. And, absent from anesthetic, the doctor begins to painfully wrench the heart of his only son.

What would you say to this glorious pair? What words would not stain this sacred moment?

Thank you? It hardly seems enough.

An admission of your lack of worth? That truth would seem empty in the midst of this incredible sacrifice.

Would you scream, and cry, and shout for them to stop? Would you beg them to reconsider this sacrifice? Your cries would fall on love's deaf ears.

Wouldn't you want to devote your life to them, to adopt the lifestyle and philosophies of the one who gave his life for you? To live your life the way the Son lived His?

To worship Him with all your heart, with

all your soul, with all your mind and strength?

That's what the Father and Son have done for mankind. The ultimate sacrifice to win back that which mankind sold.

And yet, His incredible sacrifice is only one reason God deserves our true worship. God should be worshipped for who He is, for His infinite wisdom and His unending grace.

For His awesome power and His unconditional love. For creating, maintaining, and redeeming the world in which we live.

For all we know, and for the mystery that remains, God in heaven deserves our true worship. He truly is the only one worthy of this degree of praise.

That is what I ache to discover, the means, the words, the heart to express the love to my God. Not because I feel something, but because it is due Him.

Taken from the book, "A Simple Serenade."

Pastor Goodwin Exonerated cont from pg 4

churches. We praise God for that. Many of you could have pulled your support, and we would have understood. But you didn't. And because you didn't, EIM had a fruitful year, seeing souls come to Christ.

Dad has now been reinstated as CEO of EIM and is excited for what lies ahead. As I told him after the trial, "Hey Dad, let's go finish well."

That's our desire, to get back on the road and do what God has called us to do.

Some have asked if Dad is okay financially. While he hasn't struggled, this journey came at a cost. His legal expenses were significant, but he covered them himself.

For the past seventeen months, he has not drawn a salary from Calvary Baptist

Church or received his housing allowance from EIM. Yet through it all, God has proven Himself faithful. In closing, let me leave you with this: 2 Corinthians 12:9-10 (KJV)

"And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Please know how deeply we love each of you.
Until He Comes,
Mike Goodwin

UPCOMING EVENTS

CBC Stampede Preview

March 4, 2026

CBC 7th Annual Gala

March 6, 2026

BMAO Central District Midyear Meeting

March 7, 2026

BMAO State Midyear Meeting

April 4, 2026

"That Reminds Me"

By Jesse Spurlock

"Where I Met Jesus"

One of Ray Boltz's beautiful songs is titled, "Where I Met Jesus." It is the story of an elderly man who went to the altar in church and was saved.

The recurring phrase, "This is where I met Jesus," is given. It has beautiful message, but as I listened to it again the other day,

I thought about significance of that. There was a definite time and place in my life and in the life of every child of God when they met Jesus.

There is a teaching in the religious arena today that salvation develops over a period of time. Something like osmosis. According to them, they were unsaved and began going to church, read the Bible, and did a bunch of good things, and then suddenly they woke up one day to discover they had been saved along the way.

Ray Boltz's song declares a point in time when salvation comes about, but regardless of what the song declares, the Bible is our rule of faith and practice, and IT declares that fact.

Ephesians 2:8-9

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.

John 3:18

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

John 5:24

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

I worry about someone who can't put their finger upon a point in time and say, "That is where I met Jesus!" Someone who is truly saved may not be able to give you a calendar date, but they will be able to tell you a point in time when it happened.

I happen to be able to tell you that I was saved on Saturday night, May 10, 1947. I remember the incident very clearly and I remember it was a revival service meeting at Pilgrim Rest Missionary Baptist Church, Stratford, OK.

It was around 8:00pm when I went to the altar and was saved. However, I remember the date, May 10, because my mother wrote that date in the family Bible. For many years I didn't know he date. I just knew I was saved.

When we began attending youth meetings years later, they often sang a song, "Somebody Touched Me." As they went through the days of the week, the ones who were saved on that day would stand. We would sing, "It was on a Sunday, somebody touched me."

Everyone who was saved on a Sunday would stand. Then we would

sing, "It was on a Monday, somebody touched me." Everyone saved on a Monday would stand, and so on through all the days of the week.

For those of us do didn't remember which day we would sing, "It was on a one day, somebody touched me." I just got tired of standing on that day, so I checked the family Bible to see what date my mother had written. She had written May 10, 1947.

I looked the date up and found it was on a Saturday. So from then on, when we sang that song, I was able to stand on Saturday.

On the other hand, there are those who will tell you when they were saved they saw a blinding light, a ball of fire, or some other such spooky event.

One person told me that. The man I was with said later, "Maybe he did see a ball of fire in his living room." We both knew the man, and had he seen a ball of fire in his living he would have made a hole through the back wall making his exit.

When salvation comes, it will be a definite point in time, but it isn't going to be like the light Paul saw on the road to Damascus either. It's more likely to be in the form of a still small voice and a settled peace in your heart.

However it comes, we will be able to say, "It was THERE I met Jesus."

*We hope you enjoy celebrating
the birth of our Savior
with family and
friends
this glorious
Christmas
season*



“Make Christmas Different,” cont from pg 3

blessings and gifts you have received from the hand of God this past year. Again, I challenge to make a list of 100! Once you are started it won't be hard!

Everyone has at least one, sometimes more. Like old tree ornaments, there year after year, the annoying relative. You know, the ones that grate on your nerves?

Yours may be “know it all” Aunt Kate, nose-y Uncle Ned, bossy cousin Bertha, or critical sister Carla.

This year instead of just fuming inside, be in prayer now. Instead of letting them get the best of you, ask the Lord how you can give them the best of yourself, that they will see Christ in you.

Ask Him to allow you to see them through His eyes, their hurts, struggles and fears. As He guides you be sure to make a list and keep it with you,

reviewing it daily.

“Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.”
Colossians 4:6

As joyful as the season is meant to be it seems it has a tendency to bring out the Scrooge in a lot of folks. Not the stingy part, but the negative complaining part.

Impatience with long lines, few parking spaces and jam-packed stores can stir up a sour spirit. Complaining and grumbling about one's job and the pressures that are there. Scowling and murmuring about friends, family and church family that are getting on one's nerves.

Instead of letting things get on your nerves, choose to get on your knees!

How many wish they had a job to go to, a car to drive or even money to buy the gas.

You can easily find someone to trade places with you that would love to brave the crowds to buy one gift!

In other words you owe God an apology! Each time you are tempted to whine, stop and look at what your life would be like WITHOUT that opportunity or person.

“The foolishness of man perverteth his way: and his heart fretteth against the LORD.” **Proverbs 19:3**

Gifts are the focus of Christmas, for some receiving and for some giving. Parents long to give their children everything they want and whatever the parents didn't have growing up that they wanted.

This makes for spoiled, ungrateful, selfish children (young and grown). In reality the greatest gifts we can give them, money can't buy: prayer, a practicing growing Christian home, a godly heritage, parents that love each other, serve God and are faithful to His church.

All these come from a heart of love for them and most of all for God. Once again make a list of what you can give your children and grandchildren that, *“... neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”* **Matthew 6:20.**

Be sure to include how you plan to accomplish this. Moreover, don't you want them to have the very best God has to offer?

It's up to you. Will your Christmas be different this year and hopefully all the years to come? Will expensive gifts, elaborate decorations, Santa and Eggnog replace Him, or will He be the center of your family and home as you celebrate.

He deserves to be, after all, it's His birth we celebrate, isn't it?

**Merry Christmas
God Bless Each of You!**

CENTRAL
BAPTIST COLLEGE

Save the Date

7TH ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP GALA

ANCHORED
in Faith

With Guest Speaker Jonathan Falwell

MARCH 6, 2026
6:00 P.M.

ANTIOCH BAPTIST CHURCH
150 AMITY ROAD · CONWAY

“CBC Expresses Thanksgiving” cont from pg 1



Gratitude for the Servants

Who Make CBC Shine

In this season of thanksgiving, my heart is filled with gratitude for the people who make Central Baptist College such a special place. Every success we celebrate as a college, every student who grows in faith, and every life that is changed can be traced back to the faithful service of dedicated men and women who see their work as ministry.

From the classroom to the cafeteria, from the maintenance shop to the administrative office, CBC's story is one of God's blessings carried out through His servants.

I am deeply grateful for the men and women who currently call CBC home. They teach, mentor, mow lawns, clean classrooms, prepare meals, recruit students, maintain technology, and manage finances, among many other things! Their callings differ, but their mission is the same: to honor God by helping students grow spiritually, academically, and personally.

Every department plays a role in advancing that mission. When our students succeed, it is because faithful employees have poured themselves into their work with excellence and compassion.

Our faculty members model the integration of faith and learning every day. They challenge students to think critically and biblically about the world around them, preparing them for careers and callings that make a difference for the Kingdom.

Whether in the classroom, on the athletic field, or in a conversation in the library, they are shaping lives in ways that last far beyond graduation.

Our staff, often working behind the scenes, are no less vital. They are the quiet heroes of this campus. They open doors early, stay late, and make sure that every student, parent, and guest experiences the warmth of a Christ-centered community.

I have seen employees pause their duties to pray with a student in need and others encourage a struggling young person with a smile and a Scripture. That is what makes CBC special.

I also want to honor the faithful servants who have come before us. Generations of faculty and staff laid the foundation upon

which we now build. Many of them served when resources were even more scarce, but the vision was clear: to provide a Christ-centered education that transforms lives.

Their commitment made possible the CBC we enjoy today. When I meet alumni who speak fondly of professors and employees from decades past, it reminds me that the legacy of those servants still bears fruit.

As we move forward, I pray that our current generation of employees will continue to embody that same spirit of devotion. Together we are carrying forward a sacred trust: to teach truth, to model integrity, and to point every student toward Christ.

To all who have served, are serving, or will serve at Central Baptist College, thank you. Your labor in the Lord is not in vain.

Please join me in praying daily for those who serve the Lord at Central Baptist College.

Grateful for the Students of Central Baptist College

As we continue in this season of thanksgiving, my heart is full of gratitude for the students God has brought to Central Baptist College.

Every day I am reminded that our students are the reason our college exists. They are the purpose behind every class we offer, every decision we make, and every prayer we pray. Their presence brings life and joy to our campus, and I am grateful for the privilege of serving them.

One of the great blessings of my role is hearing the stories of the young men and women who study at CBC. They come from different backgrounds, churches, communities, and nations.

Many come with a desire to grow in their walk with Christ, while others arrive still exploring matters of faith. They are seeking a place where they can learn in an environment marked by Christian conviction and genuine care. I am thankful that CBC can be that place for them.

I am grateful for the faith I see in so many of our students. Their desire to honor the Lord is evident through the way

they engage in chapel, serve their classmates, and live with integrity. Some are deeply rooted in their faith, and their example strengthens the entire campus.

Others are new believers who are growing and learning each day. Their commitment inspires me and encourages all of us who have the privilege of investing in their lives.

I am also mindful that not every student who attends CBC has trusted Christ as Savior. We welcome these students with love and prayerful hope. CBC has always been a place where the Gospel is shared with clarity and grace.

My desire is that every student who steps onto our campus will encounter truth, experience compassion, and come to know the transforming power of Jesus Christ.

I am grateful for the resilience of our students. This generation faces challenges that are often heavy and complex. Yet they continue to press forward with courage.

Whether they are balancing work and school, navigating family responsibilities, or overcoming personal obstacles, they show a strength that reflects God's sustaining grace.

I am grateful for their leadership. CBC students serve as resident assistants, student ambassadors, club officers, and leaders in our athletic and fine arts programs. They volunteer in the community, help with campus events, and represent the college with maturity and kindness. I often hear visitors, pastors, and community members speak with admiration about the character and warmth of our students.

As we approach Thanksgiving, I want to invite you to join me in praying for the students of CBC. Pray for those who are faithfully following Christ.

Pray for those who are growing in their faith. And pray earnestly for those who have not yet trusted Him. Ask God to use the ministry of CBC as a place where truth is taught with conviction and where lives are changed by the power of the Gospel.

Our students are a gift. They are the future. And they make our campus a place of hope and blessing.