

Celebrating 5 years of Fruitport Campus Life

by Adam Aldridge

In February of 2020, our family answered a call to return to the Fruitport community as missionaries with Youth For Christ. Little did we know what was ahead. After a slow year of fundraising and building relationships, we were finally able to launch Fruitport Campus Life in the Fall of 2021. Since then, we have seen incredible things happen in the lives of high school aged students.

As a part of the international organization that has reached youth for over 80 years, Youth for Christ serves youth right here in the Fruitport community. For over 5 years, Fruitport Campus Life has been transforming the lives of youth through after-school programs, collaborations with local churches and organizations, bible study and core groups, mentorship, camps, and community events. We’ve seen over 40 youth come to know Jesus. 210 youth connected to a mentor. With our growth, we’ve also had 35+ youth get involved in leadership development opportunities.

Now, we need partners like you to help ensure this ministry continues thriving. As the site grows, costs naturally rise. We are also looking to grow our community of financial supporters to bridge the gap. We are thrilled to share a matching gift opportunity: \$6,000 annually / \$500 a month. That means every new gift you give—whether monthly or annual—will be doubled, immediately multiplying your impact.

Recurring support is especially powerful. It

allows the ministry to plan for the future, keep programs strong, and continue transforming lives year after year. Every monthly gift can create lasting change in the life of a teen. I have the honor of inviting you into that change.

If you are interested and want to personally connect, hear more about the vision, and explore how you can join this vibrant community of supporters, please reach out at the contact information below.

Your partnership can help youth in our community experience hope, growth, and the love of Christ—year after year. We are shaping the future by raising up lifelong followers of Jesus. Will you consider joining us today?

With gratitude,
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DREAM: AM I AMONG “THE CHOSEN?”

by Eric Wiggin

When I wrote for Jerry Jenkins, then editor of *Moody Monthly*, I could not have dreamed that his *Left Behind* book series would hit the top of *The New York Times* bestsellers list. Or that Jerry’s son, Dallas Jenkins, would direct a major Christian movie, *The Chosen*, near Dallas, Texas—now in its fifth season. The “chosen few,” of course, are Jesus’ 12 apostles, and all others whom God has chosen to enter His eternal kingdom.

One day when I wrote for Jerry, he told me as we sat in his Chicago office that he couldn’t see that writing articles would lead to becoming a published novelist.

Yet Jerry’s *Left Behind* novels have grossed the publisher over \$1 billion in sales; and my 11 publishers (16 titles) have sold only a modest 200,000 copies, combined.

That was before my dream this past April. Since I’m not one of the Bible’s famous

dreamers—Joseph, Pharaoh, or Belshazzar—I must furnish readers a bit of back story:

Two lovely teen girls have for nearly three quarters of a century grinned and giggled out of a photo now clipped with a magnet to my Frigidaire on Cline Road in Fruitport. Sylvia (Hackney) Barnhard, then 18, is in her wedding dress. Her younger sister, Dorothy (Hackney) Wiggin, 16, is the cute bridesmaid helping Sissie prepare for her big occasion at Fruitport’s former Park Street Congregational Church.

Sylvia (Sissie), my sister-in-law, has since her stroke about eight years ago said repeatedly that she wants to go to heaven ASAP to see Jesus. Though at 92 and brain damaged, Sissie for years has had a sure hope that she is among the “chosen few” (see Jesus’ words in Matthew 22:14).

So, early in April 2026 we began to receive reports that Sissie’s health was seriously worsening. That April morning of my awful dream, at five a. m. Dottie was asleep next to me in the guest room of our son, Brad’s, home in the Red River Valley of Texas—we were in the 63rd year of our life together, and the evening before we both had prayed about Sylvia’s failing condition.

I awoke—the ceiling above us had vanished and the roof was open to the sky. A Shofar—ram’s-horn trumpet—sounded, and Sissie,

appearing a young 18 again, but without her wedding dress, dived down through the wide hole above our bed. “Dottie,” she called, “I’ve come for you!” An angel then appeared above us, and he dropped pure-white linen dresses for Dottie and Sissie. The Shofar sounded once more, and the two teen girls flew away, following the angel into the reddening morning sky.

The ceiling closed. Terrified, I was “Left Behind” (see I Thessalonians 4:16-18 & Matthew 24:29-44).

I’ve had Parkinson’s Disease (PD) since before Sylvia had her stroke. PD victims are known to sometimes experience dreams as real as hallucinations. Yet in all the years that I’ve had vivid dreams, they were, to me just . . . dreams.

The second morning after Dottie and Sylvia were, in their glorified teen bodies, taken away to Jesus in Rapture, the phone by our bed rang, again at five a. m. Dottie picked it up. It was Sylvia’s daughter Mary. “Praise the Lord,” I heard my Dottie say. “Sissie’s with Jesus . . . she’s sitting at His feet right now . . . we’ve been waiting years for this!”

And I, still among the “Chosen,” had NOT been “Left Behind.”

I remember well the morning, nearly eighty years ago, that I sat with my pastor in an upstairs Sunday school classroom. The pastor had me read from my own Bible, “If you confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved” (Romans 10:9). That’s a promise from the Bible—no *ifs*, *ands*, or *buts*. Our sins are forever removed “as far as the east is from the west,” wrote David (Psalm 103:12).

Or consider how Paul puts it in his letter to Christians in Rome: We are “justified as a gift by [God’s] grace through the redemption . . . in Christ Jesus, whom God displayed publicly (naked on a cross) as a propitiation in [Jesus’] blood through faith . . . to demonstrate His righteousness” (Romans 3:24-25). So, what is *propitiation*? It is to reconcile God’s holiness with sinful humankind by God’s Son dying to pay a penalty for our transgressions that would otherwise have to be paid in eternal hell (see also John 3:16 and Ephesians 1:4-8).

The decision I made in that upper room with my pastor cannot be revoked by man—and God will not rescind it. *I am* among the “chosen few.” Won’t you join me?

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