

Tom Shanklin Ministries

Tom and Susan Shanklin
P.O. Box 4144
Mankato, MN 56002
May, 2006

Dear Friend,

Whether it's in our families, in business, government, or on the job, in order to have success, we must cooperate with people. Uniting produces powerful results. The husband and wife who knows how to work together can overcome tremendous obstacles and stand firm. Business people, who learn the secret of teaming up, can garner great success. In the sports world, as it has been proven countless times, it's not the superstar that wins championships, it's the team that knows how to play together.

Our efforts in reaching the world for the Lord Jesus Christ are no exception. We must team up and cooperate. Thank God for "Gospel partnerships!" They are born in heaven. They are divine connections for eternal purposes. A pastor and the congregation, a missions organization, churches working together, an evangelistic association—these are all powerful partnerships designed by God for awesome results.

That is why your partnership with this ministry is so vitally important. It may be through prayer, or financial support, or a word of encouragement, or working together on a missionary endeavor, but whatever it is, we share together in the fruit of our labors. . . and we can rejoice together in every soul that comes to Christ, every church that is strengthened, and every person that is helped.



Partnership enables this ministry to reach out to people who are unable to give offerings to support the ministry, including those in foreign lands. Partnership also provides spiritual power through prayer, bringing impact and change in the earth. And partnership allows you to have a share in His plan for reaching the world for the Lord Jesus Christ.

We had an exciting weekend of meetings at Baudette, Minnesota in far-northern Minnesota last month. Three churches participated in the meetings. I believe we are now generally seeing more cooperation between churches, which is encouraging. Please pray that the Lord would continue to open doors for us into many churches and various denominations.

God's direction for Tom Shanklin Ministries is to cooperate with pastors and churches to reach their areas for the Lord. In June, I'll be ministering on the White Earth Reservation in northern Minnesota. Please pray for this important evangelistic outreach. It's not by our natural abilities that results will come, but by the power of the Spirit of God. I depend on your prayers. When you write this month, please include your prayer requests and praise reports. Susan and I read every request out loud, pray together for every need, and rejoice in every victory.

With God's blessings,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'T. Shanklin', written in a cursive style.

Tom Shanklin

Please pray for these upcoming meetings:

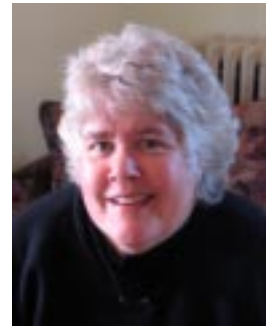
Sunday, May 7, a.m., Cannonville Community Church, Waterville, Minnesota.

Sunday, May 14 & 28, 10 a.m., For His Glory Church, Log Cabin, City Park, Spring Grove, Minnesota.

Friday-Sunday, June 2-4, Mt. Calvary Full Gospel Church, White Earth Reservation, Ponsford, Minnesota.

It's Spring on the Homestead!

It's Spring! I know we haven't had much of a harsh winter, but in my world it's SPRING! Each day I go outside and check for something popping through the ground or something budding from the trellises. Things sometimes appear to be dead and lifeless, brown and withered, but they're really not. If something went to sleep or is dormant, you have to have faith that a little warmth and water will cause that plant's blueprint to be reactivated.



As I walk around our little homestead of three acres, I first stop at my perennial flower garden and try to tell the difference between the weed sprouts and the flowers. It's tough to tell some things, so you don't want to be too quick to yank some little green thing out of the ground. I have a tendency to be verbal and talk to the plants like, "I don't know who you are yet, but soon I will so you just better be for real." Sometimes I have volunteer plants like violets, daisies or Queen Ann's Lace that I enjoy and allow to grow in my flower garden. Not every wild thing is bad. Just wait and see, but keep your guard up.



Next I say, "Good morning, girls," to my nine *old* hens in their coop, as I walk by to my backyard garden planted with carrots and lettuce. They reallllllllly love lettuce in the summer time, especially since they can't leave the coop to scratch and plunder in the summer. "Cluck, cluck" is their response, but in chicken language it's "Please, won't you let us out? We'll be really good." I'm not fooled. Some things aren't to be trusted. "Nope!"

I move along down to the hillside garden with curling leaves of rhubarb, sprouting onion and garlic and cabbages covered with milk cartons. Yes, it's spring and things are changing. I expect things to change. Change is good!

I forgot to mention that all this walking and talking is the long way to get my newspaper in the morning at the end of the driveway! As I pass the garlic, I check out the strawberries that survived the winter, and walk over to the new field that Tom plowed up this spring, which is planted with potatoes, lots of potatoes. Lots of potatoes. If you run out of potatoes this winter, I'll have some for you. You see, Tom loves to plant. He loves to dig up the soil and plant. "You've got to understand, Susan," he'll say, "I'm a planter. I love to sow the seed." "Yeah," I respond with my eyes wide! That's my Tom. I search for some potatoes but so far none have popped their curly heads through. . . but I know they will. I have faith. I know come September, Tom will be digging and Susan will be picking up lots of potatoes.

I walk up the hill back towards the young apple trees we planted last year (and this year) to check for blossoms. Some are full and some are tight. I think they could use some water today. Water makes things move along so much faster. Everything needs water. Missy, our black lab, wants to head in for breakfast and Moses and Aaron, our two cats, want breakfast in the barn, but I push on towards the newspaper box looking for more new life which is popping up all around me. I walk down the row of lilacs planted last week, to see if they made it. Yeah, they did. I can see in my mind the beautiful bushes and smell the captivating fragrance.

As I reach the newspaper box, I glance at the headlines and began walking back to the house. I tell Moses and Aaron they have to wait. Missy, the lab, has pushed me aside to bound in the door scaring 51 little chicks (which are located in an old cattle waterer on the porch) into a peeping frenzy. I try to calm their little hearts but they will have to choose to trust me or else believe all the clamoring noise they hear. I tell them to have faith. I tell them change is good. I tell them things are going to work out.

Catch you later,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Susan". The signature is written in black ink on a white background.

Susan