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One Friday morning early last November, I rolled out of bed knowing, “this day is really going to be difficult.” Several weeks had passed since Bob had gone to be with the Lord, but the sadness, helplessness, and vulnerability with which I’d been battling daily had not let up. That familiar barrage of emotions often attacked me without warning with the overwhelming power and force of a tsunami, fierce and unrelenting, threatening to knock me off my feet and sweep me under the swiftly moving dark water.

That morning, they had stopped me in my tracks by the time I had reached the doorway of my room. I began issuing my pleas and complaints before the Lord, thinking, “this is just too much for me.” The only thing of which I was certain was the God Whom I had known from childhood, out of great love and compassion for me, was lending his ear to listen and carefully consider the needs of my soul.

*The Lord is close to the brokenhearted, and saves those who are crushed in spirit.*  
(Psalm 34:18)

I can’t recall all the specifics of my requests of God that morning but I remember the main, burning issue: I wanted to find Bob’s missing Bible. One day, two or three years before, Bob had come home, asking, “Have you seen my Bible?” He backtracked through his day, trying to remember where or when he laid it down. We searched his office at the lodge, the Manna house, the vehicles, anywhere he had been. He just couldn’t put his finger on its last moments with him.

He’d had this particular Bible since before we were married and he carried it everywhere. If you would have seen Bob, chances are you would have seen this Bible; it seemed to have been a part of him. It was a beautiful book with a golden brown, handcrafted, leather cover. Etched in the corner was “Romans 10:17,” which is the address of the verse, “So faith comes from hearing and hearing by the word of Christ.” The well-worn pages had become thin and tattered and the margins darkened with the dirt and oil from his fingers. This Bible was a beloved old friend to Bob and after days **and weeks** of searching and praying its loss was like a death in the family.

We continued to pray over the following weeks that turned into months and years, certain the Father would return it to the one whose heart was sickened by its loss. After Bob went to heaven my need to find it increased. Finding and having the bible, perhaps Bob’s most precious possession was the most tangible thing of which I could think to help give me a sense of comfort and nearness.

“Lord,” I asked, leaned against the doorframe, “I need Bob’s Bible. You are the only one who knows where it is. This is not difficult for you. You are God!” I implored.

The weekend wasn’t any better. My aching soul found little relief. Loss and grief are hard; they are hard for many people. Debilitating illness, cancer-stricken children, painful divorce, and job loss are only part of the list. We are told by Jesus Himself, *in the world you will have tribulation...*(John 16:33).

Monday morning I trudged over to meet Brent and Glenna in the office where we gather to plan and pray for the upcoming week, aware that the minute someone looked at me I was going to fall apart, melt down into a sobbing, pitiful puddle. Every step was an effort as I approached the doorway.

Being creatures of habit we all keep our same seats for the meeting. My chair is visible from the doorway. I walked about two feet in and stopped abruptly when I saw Bob's beautiful Bible waiting for me in my chair. I gasped, threw my hand over my chest, tears immediately streaming down my face, and then I picked up the Bible and pulled it to my heart. I could barely breathe but I looked at Brent and managed to utter, "I prayed for this."

Brent cried as he told me how he'd found it in a cabinet to which he'd been many times since Bob had lost it. Glenna came in and seeing instantly what had happened, joined in our happy weeping.

God's faithfulness and perfect timing changed my spirit as quickly with power and grace far surpassing the ferocity of the tsunami that had seemed to threaten my very existence only moments before.

I walked around for most of that day with Bob's Bible clutched to my chest, occasionally thumbing through the well-worn pages. It was and is still a reminder for of God's great love and compassion.

I showed it to Benjamin that night. "Do you see these tattered pages?" I asked opening it to Romans where the paper is the thinnest. "Do you see the dirt all over these pages? This Bible is how your daddy spent his time. What he did was so worthwhile."

Bob poured over Scripture because he was pursuing the heart of a person. Indeed we were all created for that person—the one with whom Bob and all of us will spend eternity in the place for which we were created.

### *Ministry News*

As the transition progresses we continue to seek wisdom to know God's plan for future ministry from The Hill. We pray and listen for the Holy Spirit to direct every step we take toward this new season. My greatest desire is to remain true to the original God-given vision to help equip believers to grow in their faith through the teaching of scripture so they might be able to help others do the same. Rarely are transitions easy and this one has been no exception. Carrying on without Bob at the helm has been emotionally hard, mostly because we all greatly miss his presence and love. We must embrace historical lessons and remember the original vision while keeping our eyes ahead and remaining sensitive and open to what God has in store.

This past year began with two wonderful encouraging weekends, one for middle and high school students, the other, for college students. We love these students and are so grateful they choose to spend their time with us studying God's word and cultivating relationships with like-minded teens from different parts of the country. The men's retreat continued in their 25-year tradition with a great weekend of encouragement and fellowship in April. Many Christian groups and organizations have also used the facilities for their retreats and conferences this winter and spring. We have met so many wonderful people through these events and are so thankful to have the opportunity to share what The Lord has done here with others.

We are excited about our annual summer youth camp for students, ages 13 to 18, which has filled up quickly. It is a week filled with a lot of energy, great teaching and worship along with work and community projects in which the kids can participate. The purpose of the camp is to help these students understand better why they believe in Jesus and to know the heart of their

Heavenly Father. We have many adult volunteers also attending who love Jesus, pouring into the lives of those who attend. We are most blessed to have them and camp could never continue without their commitment and sacrifice of time.

The Lord has seemed to open a new door of ministry for which we have prayed but have not actively pursued. It simply came to be. Friends who desire to translate some of our written material into other languages have contacted us. The Romans and How to Study books have been used in different countries (but not in the language of the country). A team has begun to translate Romans into Arabic. We would appreciate your prayers for those involved in this project. These believers live in volatile areas of the world and desire to reach people for Christ in their very dark world. We have also been contacted about the possible translation of the same materials into Chinese. Again please pray for the people who live everyday sharing the gospel of Jesus in worlds who so desperately need Him. How wonderful it would be if they could also come to know the freedom-in-Christ message of the book of Romans.

Lastly, I want to introduce you to a dear friend of ours who probably knows Bob's writings better than anyone. A native of Hardin, Jhonda Johnston is a writer who has edited everything being updated on The Hill along with the God's Heart series. She also lends her expertise to all our newsletters and other written material. She is an invaluable asset to the ministry. We are thrilled to offer you her new book, *The Argument, A Conversation with Bob Warren*, a fictitious story of three college students who dropped by the lodge one Friday evening and enjoyed a lengthy, in-depth conversation with Bob.

Using the story as a foundation, Jhonda crafted a wonderful resource for the debate between reformed theology and free-will thinkers. Reading the book is like being a fly on the wall during one of the late-night discussions Bob so enjoyed with college students.

Please remember to check our website for upcoming events and available publications. Our goal is to complete these books by the end of the year:

*Ephesians-A Commentary*  
*The Argument, A Conversation with Bob Warren*  
*Advancing in Romans*  
*Jacob Have I Loved-A Study of Romans 9*

Your prayers continue to bless our lives. Thank you for remaining faithful.

Kim Warren

*If then you have been raised up with Christ, keep seeking the things above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things above, not on the things that are on earth. For you have died and your life is hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, is revealed, then you also will be revealed with Him in glory. (Colossians 3:1-4)*