

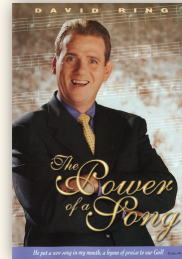
Now Available On DVD!

People, all my life I've been saying, why, why, why? But thank God I'm not saying why anymore. I'm saying, "What can I become because of cerebral palsy? How can I glorify God in my body?" All my life I've been discouraged and I've been told I'm a cripple. But thank God the Bible says, "I'm more than a conqueror." They told me I'm a nobody, but the Bible says I'm a somebody. I've been bought with a price. I'm a child of the King. They told me I can do nothing, but the Bible says, "With God all things are possible." They told me I would never make it as a speaker. They said, "David you will never make it. Nobody will ever invite you to speak." I've only been doing it for over 25 years now! I'm not going to let a cerebral palsy body slow me down from bragging on Jesus. God doesn't want my ability. God wants my availability.

ALL MY LIFE I'VE
BEEN DISCOURAGED
AND I'VE BEEN TOLD
I'M A CRIPPLE.



THE STORY OF
DAVID RING



THE POWER
OF A SONG

They told me I would never finish college ... but I did. My own family discouraged me. They said, "David, you won't find a wife." I said "Why not?" "You are a cripple. No woman will want to live with a handicapped man." But in 1981, God and me showed them a thing or two. I found me a dynamite wife who loves me, who prays for me and sticks with me through thick and thin. I thank God for my lovely wife, Karen. They told me I would never be a daddy, but I am. Not once, not twice, but four times. Pretty good, huh? I'm a daddy to April, Ashley, Nathan and Amy Joy. Every time I look at my children, all I can say is, "To God be the glory, great things he has done."

VICTORY IN JESUS

People, I know where I've been. I'm that little cripple boy that lay in bed every night crying his eyes out. I'm the little cripple boy they made fun of. The one without a momma and a daddy. I'm the little cripple boy begging to die. Yes, I know where I've been, and praise God I know where I am. I am all that I am today, only by the wonderful all-sufficient grace of God. I also know where I'm going. One day when I get to heaven, I'm going to have me a brand new body. I'm not going to walk with a limp anymore. I'm not going to talk funny anymore. I'm going to walk and talk like Jesus. But until then I'm going to keep bragging on Jesus.

BUT HE SAID TO ME, "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR YOU,
FOR MY POWER IS MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS." THEREFORE
I WILL BOAST ALL THE MORE GLADLY ABOUT MY WEAKNESS,
SO THAT CHRIST'S POWER MAY REST ON ME.

— 2 CORINTHIANS 12:9

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"LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING,
WHY DO BAD THINGS HAPPEN
TO GOD'S PEOPLE?"



DAVID RING
MINISTRIES

MY LIFE BEGAN IN 1953 IN JONESBORO, ARKANSAS.

I WAS BORN WITH CEREBRAL PALSY.

When I was born the oxygen couldn't get to my brain and therefore I have cerebral palsy. That's why I walk with a limp, that's why I talk like I do, because of cerebral palsy. Why do bad things happen to God's people?

I was brought up in the church. My daddy was a Baptist preacher. Now when you are a preacher's kid, you go to church all your life. I tell people everywhere I go, I went to church so much I went to church nine months before I was even born. And, buddy, when you go to church nine months before you're born, you've been to church! I thank God for giving me a Mom and a Dad who took me to church and did not send me to church.

I'm the baby of the family. I'm the baby of eight, and when I came along they spoiled me rotten. I'm nothing but a spoiled rotten brat and I love every minute of it. I'm not only the baby of the family, I'm an "A number one" momma's baby boy. Every morning my momma and I got up, we would put our arms around each other and tell each other we love each other. There is nothing wrong with loving your momma. I will be an "A number one" momma's baby boy until the day I die.

MY DADDY & MOMMA

When I was eleven years old my daddy got sick. November 1964, my daddy went to be with the Lord because of cancer of the liver. Then in 1968 when I was 14, my mom got sick. She went into the hospital and had an operation on her neck. It was to be a simple operation; no big deal. Two months later though, the doctors came to my family and said, "Your momma will never come home again. She has cancer. She has six months at the most to live."

WHY DOES BAD

NEWS COME TO

GOOD PEOPLE?

Why do bad things happen to good people? Why does bad news come to good people? I did the only thing I knew to do: I got down on my knees every day and every night and



I'd say, "God please don't take my momma. God, my momma is the only thing I have. God don't take my momma ... please." But in October 1968, my momma died. I saw my momma go from one hundred and eighty-five pounds to fifty-seven pounds. It tore me up. I didn't want to live. I wanted to die.

"GOD'S GRACE IS SUFFICIENT ..."

GIVE UP ON ME!

I went to live with my family. Oh, they gave me everything they could, but they couldn't give me the love, and they couldn't give me the joy, and they couldn't give me the touch that only a mom could give me. Everywhere I went somebody would point their finger and say, "Look, that boy walks funny," or "Look, that boy talks funny," or "Look, that boy can't do anything right." It's no fun to be made fun of. I would lay in bed every night with tears rolling down my face begging to die. Why? Because I was lonely. Why? Because I was longing to be in my momma's arms one more time. I thought if I could be in my momma's arms one more time the pain would go away. But those days never came.

I told my family, "Give up on me. I'm a no good cripple. I will never do or be anything. Just give up on me and let me die." Everybody gave up on me but one sister. She encouraged me. She wanted me to go to school. It's no fun walking down the hallway and let somebody laugh at you because your body was a little different from theirs. She wanted me to go to church. I didn't want to go to church either. I had been to church all my life. I'm the preacher's kid, don't forget. I had been to Sunday School. I knew the lingo. I even knew John 3:16, but it didn't make sense to me. If God loves me, why did God take away my

daddy and momma? If God loves me, why did God give me a crippled body? Why is God picking on me? Why is God so angry with me? If God loves me, why do bad things happen to His people?

JESUS COMES INTO MY LIFE

One night I went to church just to get my sister off my back. She'd been on it long enough and it was time she climbed off. When the preacher got up to preach, I said to myself, "Man, I wish you would shut-up." And that night the preacher shut-up okay, but the Lord Jesus spoke up, and the Lord came to me and He knocked at my heart. He said, "David, I am standing at your heart knocking and if you would only listen to me and open the door I will come in and I will have fellowship with you forever and forever."

That night I got up from my seat and came down to an old fashioned altar. I got down on my knees and said, "Lord Jesus, here I am. If you are really up there, if you really love

me, come into my life. I'm a lonely cripple boy. I'm a nobody, but tonight I want to be a somebody." Hallelujah, that night, April 17, 1970, I became a somebody because Jesus came into my life. God took away my old things and gave me new things.

GOD'S SUFFICIENT GRACE

I still walk with a limp. I still talk funny but, "Oh, the joy that floods my soul, because Jesus touched me and made me whole." I'm not the same anymore, I don't want to die anymore, I want to live. Why? Because, I've got something worth living for. I don't have a daddy, I don't have a momma, I don't even have a healthy body, but let me tell you what I do have. I have the grace of God and the Bible says God's grace is sufficient for me.

I thank God for giving me the privilege to be born with cerebral palsy. Why? So God's glory can be shown in my life. I love talking funny. When you talk people may not even notice you. But I'm like E. F. Hutton. When I talk people listen. I love shaking. Everybody can't shake. You ought to see the videos that I take. The only people that can enjoy watching them are people with cerebral palsy who shake like me!