



# No Matter How Hard You Try

Greg Albrecht

*Is there a man among you who by anxious thought adds a foot to his height? (Matthew 6:27, The New English Bible).*

**A**fter anticipating the thrills of a particular ride, a young child can be horribly disappointed to arrive at an amusement park or county fair only to be confronted with a sign at the entrance of the ride—like a growth chart measuring height—informing them “you must be this tall for this ride.”

The child stands there, straining on tippy toes, trying their best to measure up, but they just can’t seem to make the grade. **No matter how hard the youngster tries**, he or she can’t add inches to their height.

In the physical world of winning and losing, success and failure, there are times when trying harder is not sufficient to produce a desired result.

**No matter how hard you try**, sometimes hopes and dreams don’t materialize. The same observation

holds true in the spiritual world.

Trying hard to be taller does not earn us the right to receive the grace of God. Grace, in fact, removes any imposed stipulation that one must achieve a certain height or stature before God will allow them to enter his kingdom.

- Grace is all about removing an enslaving expectation or a religious measurement.

- Unless God’s grace intervenes in our lives we will forever function within the religious penalties and limitations placed upon us. God’s grace, like the wind, takes us into a spiritual dimension beyond the restraints and restrictions of life apart from God.

- Grace demolishes religious fabrications. The Latin phrase *sine qua non* means “without which not” and is the essence of Christless religion that wars against God’s grace. When any behavior is a prerequisite condition, qualification, or door that provides access to God, then such a behavior or obedience is a necessary or

indispensable requirement—a stipulation, a demand, a proviso “without which not.” *The big lie of Christless religion is that without human achievement there is no grace.*

God’s grace gives us enough height to qualify to take the spiritual ride we have been dreaming of.... even though our physical measurements and attributes will never be enough.

### Where Do God’s Children Come From?

*Yet to all who did receive him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God—children born not of natural descent, not of human decision or a husband’s will, but born of God (John 1:12-13).*

**To all who received him and believed in his name he gave the right to become children of God.**

**Right** means privilege—**right** in this passage means a gift not earned or deserved —**right** means a gift given not based on how hard one tries.

*To become children of God—become* carries the sense and meaning of becoming something one was not before.

Let’s reflect on John 1:13 as it speaks of children of God’s grace by reading how Eugene Peterson translates this verse in *The Message Bible*:

*These are the God-begotten, not blood-begotten, not flesh-begotten, not sex-begotten.*

*Continued on page 3*



## How is Your Heart?

*Why should I feel discouraged?  
Why should the shadows come?*

*Why should my heart be  
lonely? And long for heaven and  
home...*

*"Let not your heart be  
troubled," His tender words  
I hear;*

*And resting on his goodness,  
I lose my doubt and fear* (Lyrics  
from the classic hymn, "His Eye is  
On the Sparrow").

**W**hat a time we are living  
through together! What  
divides we listen to daily  
on the evening news. Political  
divides, racial divides, social  
divides, economic divides and  
more. Foreign wars and local  
disasters. In these times, many  
suffer from a crisis of faith.

How can we have a heart full of  
peace? How can we not be  
troubled when we are living  
through all we face each day?

The gospel account is well  
familiar to us. John 14:1-27 gives  
us a glimpse into a conversation  
as Jesus reminds his followers:  
***Let not your heart be troubled***  
(KJV).

As we look at both Jesus' words  
as well as context, I must admit I  
love the poetry of the old King  
James version. The phrasing in  
this translation, ***Let not***, is such a  
beautiful way of expressing a  
thought we may not hear so  
often these days.

Beginning the thought with the  
word "let" is by no means an  
accident. Please, ***let*** me explain.

We see Jesus seated at a table for  
a meal with those closest to him.  
His context is truly troubling.

Jesus knew well what was  
coming.

He knew what many in the  
Jewish community were hoping  
for. He knew the depths of the  
insecurity and constant state of  
scheming of the religious  
authorities.

At the same time, Jesus also  
knew the extent of Roman  
authority and brutality, and how  
the Romans used that brutality to  
maintain order.

Jesus had seen all of it with his  
own eyes. Soon, the world around  
them all would erupt, and Jesus  
would suffer an unfair and unjust  
public and painful death.

Despite all that was taking  
place around them, where was  
Jesus' focus? How was he facing  
the troubling times in front of  
him?

In the face of events that would  
most certainly trouble any  
human heart, Jesus was focused  
on the peace within. Jesus was  
focused on his heart, on his  
internal space, as well as that of  
his closest followers.

Hard as it may be for us to fully  
imagine, just hours before a series  
of terrible events would unfold,  
Jesus was offering the peace his  
followers would need to face all  
that would happen to him, and,  
all that would eventually happen  
to them, as well.

Jesus said, ***Let not your heart be  
troubled***. The word, ***let***, indicates  
that we have the chance to  
choose to participate in his peace.  
The peace of Christ does not force  
itself upon us. God the Holy  
Spirit does not violate our free  
will (but he does woo us.).

Therefore, we choose to ***let***, to  
allow, that peace to do its work  
within us. We share in the  
process of transformation that  
takes place.

As we ***let***, we face our own  
troubling events in life with a  
deep sense of calm. ***Christ in us  
calms us. Christ in us gives us  
peace.***

We participate in a  
collaborative effort. We know the  
peace of Christ resides within us  
through the Holy Spirit. We focus  
on that peace, give thanks for it,  
and let it complete its perfect  
work within us.

No matter what we may face,  
by Christ and his indwelling  
peace within us, we allow there  
to be space around our troubles.  
We breathe and stand fast in  
him, all the while remembering  
how he concludes his  
conversation:

*Peace I leave with you, my peace I  
give unto you...let not your heart  
be troubled* (John 14:27, KJV).

With all that we are living  
through together, we give thanks  
that Christ in us gives us peace  
and a sense of calm. In him we  
rest. In him we trust.

The old classic hymn, *His Eye is  
On the Sparrow*, asks us questions  
that are so relevant in these  
times. Thanks be to God we need  
not be discouraged, nor live in  
the shadows that come.

We may feel lonely in all we  
face, and we may well long for  
heaven and home. Yet, Jesus is  
our ever-present Friend. His  
loving eye is on us all, all of the  
time. □

—Ed Dunn

Continued from page 1

Those who accept the loving invitation of God and embrace his grace miraculously become something they never were before. They do not become children of God because of something they do, for becoming a child of God is as physically impossible as reaching that sign “you must be this tall for this ride” for a child who is too short.

- You can’t just try harder and add a few inches to your height.
- You can’t just try harder and qualify in some way to deserve becoming a child of God, something you never were before.
- Children of God will never be able to establish their parentage through a DNA test as coming from any human effort or human performance of human source of any kind.
- Children of God are born of God. Period.

When a young child asks their mother and father where babies come from, one of the most elementary, yet still correct answers, is that babies come from mommy’s tummy. Then of course as the child gets older, the answer becomes more comprehensive.

When children of God ask where they came from, the answer is—children of God come from God. How? By his love and grace.

Some who say they are children of God might say that they are God’s children because they showed God how much they deserved his love.

No, just as human children we were not present when we were conceived, so too as children of God we have no part of being conceived by the grace and love of God. As the children of God, we are *not flesh-begotten, not sex-begotten*.

### Grace and God’s Children

Young children have not yet learned that human economy is based on doing to others so that others will return favors. They have not learned that getting one’s own back scratched normally depends



on first scratching someone else’s. Young children are happy to be dependent and see no reason to leave the freely given care of their parents.

Young children are not bothered by social and cultural customs about strings attached to gifts so that they feel obligated to give a gift when they receive one. Young children, with no compunctions whatsoever, receive a free gift, with joy and delight.

Perhaps the inability of children to earn or deserve is part of what Jesus had in mind when he spoke of those who inherit his kingdom becoming *like little children* (Matthew 18:1-5). Becoming a child of God is the act of God, not dependent on our works or deeds.

However, unlike physical birth, spiritual birth is not decided apart from our involvement. God does not force us to become one of his children. Becoming a child of God is a choice, a decision and it is not easy. Embracing the grace of God is one of the most difficult things a human being can do. For starters, the grace of God makes us extremely uncomfortable.

It is uncomfortable and awkward to realize that you, a young child who has dreamed of this day at the county fair or amusement park, are not tall enough to qualify to go on the ride you have anticipated and fantasized about.

Grace is all about life when our

best efforts will not deliver. Grace is all about life in Christ when our best is not good enough, when we can’t measure up **no matter how hard we try**.

Grace is a spiritual gift, a gift unable to be earned or deserved, only given. Some people get derailed as they attempt to understand God’s grace with the discussion about grace and works, or grace and law. Some assume that God’s grace means no works, but in fact it means just the opposite.

God’s grace produces works that we humans can never, in a gazillion years, produce. God’s grace creates works we can never bring into being, **no matter how hard we try**.

### Growth and Development of God’s Children

Some people (thinking that grace promotes lazy, do-nothing, self-centered permissiveness) conclude that God’s grace is itself a misleading teaching because, they reason, God wants, above all, for all humans to obey his law. But when one puts works and performance and deeds in the driver’s seat of their relationship with God they are doomed to failure because they cannot ever, **no matter how hard they try**, overcome all of their addictive behaviors. They can never, **no matter how hard they try**, obey God’s law perfectly, on the strength of their own efforts.



## You can't just try harder and add a few inches to your height.

God's grace means that Jesus, living in us, will produce the works of God in us, so that the works we produce are of God, not of us. The book of James insists if one really has faith in God, if one truly embraces the grace of God and surrenders all to Jesus, then Jesus, our risen Lord, living his life within, will create his work.

Your faith will be seen by your works, which in truth are not "your" works, but the works produced in your life by God. Talk about specific behaviors and things that people have to do in order to please God obscures and even denies what God's grace is truly all about.

Trying to perfect ourselves is a vain struggle, promoted and taught by Christless religion. The gospel is not focused on sin-management, building character and developing virtues.

The gospel is not a never-ending, ongoing project we hope to one day achieve, but rather a refuge, a rest, a peace, given and supplied by God's grace.

Working hard enough in order to please and appease God is a vain struggle, a bedrock lie of Christless religion, leading to self-destructive behavior, misery and depression.

Working hard enough to please God is like a drug that supplies an artificial, temporary high—a momentary relief, a false euphoria that makes people feel important,

valuable and respected.

The secret of God's grace is that we stop trying to make God love us and let him love us on his terms, and as we yield to his grace and his works, then we become his arms and feet, his tools and his vehicles of passing on his love, mercy and grace to others.

Grace begets grace. Grace sends and transmits grace. We can see that cycle in

God's creation. The wind carries pollen and so spreads life. The rain brings life and flows to low places of humility rather than high places of religious pride.

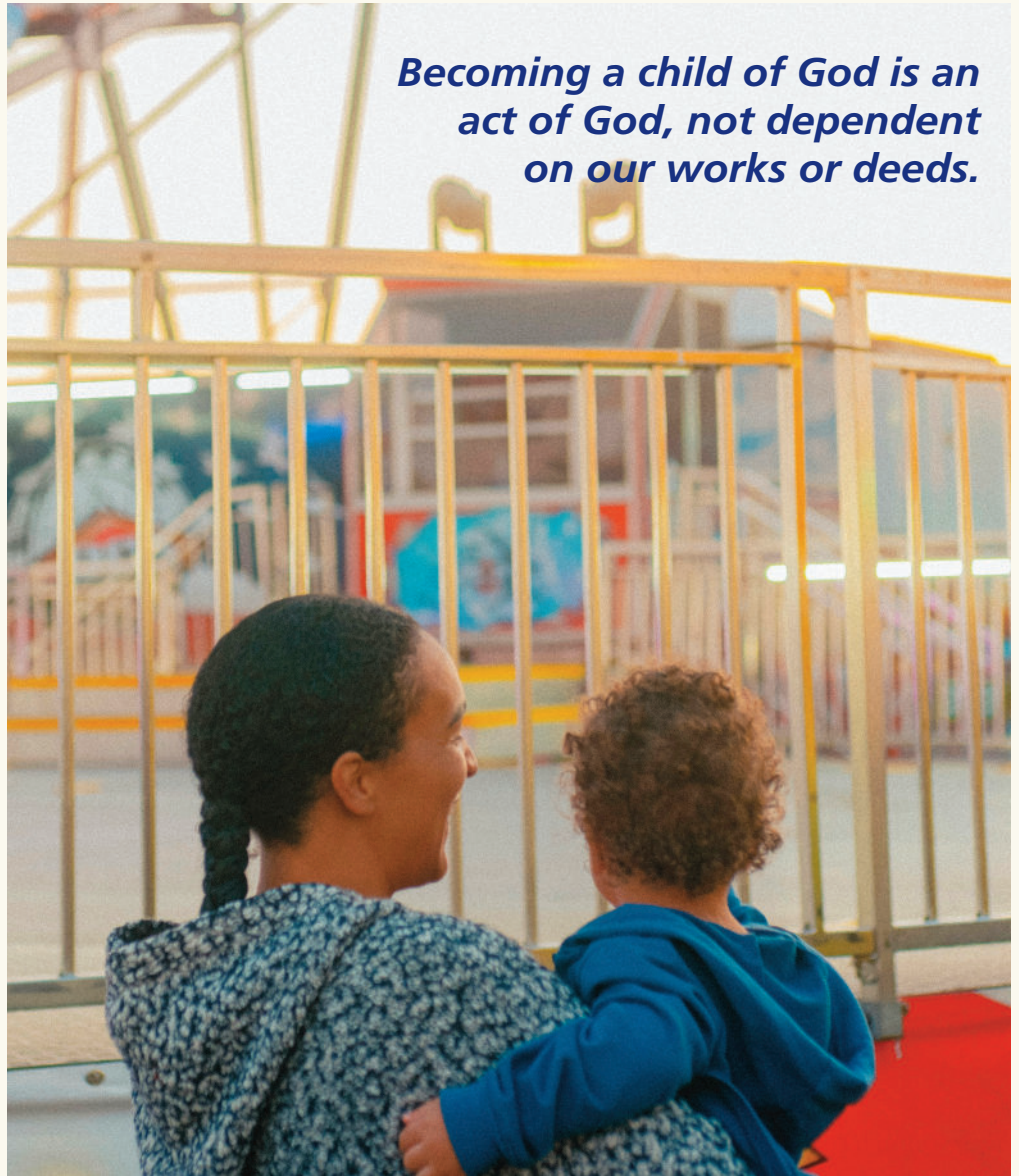
The mother carries the child, bearing the child and giving birth

to the child. That's what Jesus means in John 1:12-13, when he says that the children of God are not born of natural descent or human effort.

Frederick Buechner is one of my favorite authors. Here's some of what he says about God's grace from his book, *Wishful Thinking*:

*Grace is something you can never get but only be given. The grace of God means something like: Here is your life. You might never have been, but you are because the party wouldn't have been complete without you. Here is the world. Beautiful and terrible things will happen. Don't be afraid. I am with you. Nothing can ever separate us. It's for you. I created the universe. I love you. There's only one catch. Like any other gift, the gift of grace can only be yours if you reach out and take it. Maybe being able to reach out and take it is a gift too. □*

***Becoming a child of God is an act of God, not dependent on our works or deeds.***



# In the Crook

Kerri Lynn



slowly feel my way towards him through the cloying dark of an eclipse, avoiding the bored soldiers that stand around, making bets, waiting for him to die with the same ambivalence they would any criminal.

The crowd of people surrounding this hill are no more than a mixture of silhouettes in the dark, their humanity lost in the shadows. I don't have the capacity to deal with the disheartening reality of us when we become a mob, so I steer clear of everyone.

Why should I come to him now, in this place? It's one of my least favorite stories with the long shadows it casts on humans, the pat answers I've listened to over the years.

So many preachers love to use it as a spotlight on how wicked humanity is—that we would do this to him, to each other. Sermons that hold just a little too much glee at our sin, and alternatively, too much defeat.

I near the coarse beam he hangs on, and I can't bear to look up at first. I don't even touch it as I stand here, my eyes firmly on the ground. But I can hear him above my head—long, slow breaths of drowning. It makes my chest ache.

His presence pulls at me, though. And so I climb. I'm just a wisp of imagination; it's not like my weight will shift this awful piece of wood or jostle him. But I worry anyway, squeezing my eyes closed as I near him, as I feel the struggle he's in.

His arms are stretched out and taut—strong ropes of muscle that strain but still hold him up under the weight pressing down on him. Even wrecked and nearing death, his form is so dear to me. It doesn't matter what his features look like or how they're arranged.

*He is so much my home.*

I curl myself into my favorite spot—the place where his shoulder meets his neck—the crook of him. It makes me picture the sturdy curve of a shepherd's hook around a lamb's belly. I am just a small, weary thing now, ages away from the physical reality he's in, and I am silent, holding my breath, aching to lift his chest for him, inflate his lungs, help hold up his arms, ease the pressure on his feet.

Despite the trauma—the narrow tunnel that pain puts him in—he senses me here.

*Like he always does when I need him.*

He turns his chin, just slightly, so that his cheek grazes mine. He knows my suffering. Even in his own. We're together in it; the two of us. A sob nearly makes its way out of me at the compassion in him. After I accused him of leaving me. The way he pulls me into him... *always... always.*

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

His voice is loud as he groans it out; his whole chest heaving to put those words into the air. I am startled by the effort, at the slash of sound through the quiet. It's as if he's taking my sense of abandonment and feeling it

with me, for me. I press my cheek against his, the water of tears between us, wishing he didn't feel it, while at the same time, all of me glad that he does. That he knows.

"Why are you so far away from helping me?... I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by night, but find no rest."

The words come out angry and anguished, a familiar phrase I've prayed over and over again in the past few weeks. Twin strands of grief and love tighten around my heart as I keep my gaze from wandering, anchor it to the line of his chin, the curve of his collarbone and the blood that ribbons down his cheek.

Together we go over the lines of what David wrote so long ago. A scripture Jesus kept in his pocket to bring out whenever the darkness gets too deep. And that's when I realize David is here too, an ancient witness in this moment, his shoulder under Jesus', having poured Psalms 22 out for Jesus to have. I wiggle closer, burrowing into that crook. Here he is, my favorite person in the world. And he won't let me keep my pain from him, he makes me give it - piling it on shoulders that carry the world already.

"But you, O Lord, do not be far away." I breathe against his neck, my voice hitching, knowing how this ends. Jesus' breath sounds in my ear. He breathes, encouraging me to continue with him, coming to the most important part that he wants me to hear: "he did not despise or abhor the affliction of the afflicted... **he did not hide his face from me** but heard me when I cried to him."

He finishes, and his body slumps. He is still, and I can't feel his presence on this cursed wood anymore. It is done.

He is so unwavering, my Jesus. And he's so willing to be faith for me, when I have none left. To put me in that crook of his and carry me.

To prove to me that I am not alone and never have been. And neither have you. □

*Kerri Lynn is a blogger and author of The Bookmaker, available on Amazon or at [onceupontheink.ca](http://onceupontheink.ca).*



# Transgressive God

Ken Tanner

**O**ur transgressive God brushes arms with an agent of larcenous Rome as they dip bread from the same bowl of olive oil.

God leans into a woman, listening; places his arm around the penitent's shoulders as she pours out the secrets of her heart.

This ease at table with sinners does not sit well with those who mistake God for someone who keeps a record of wrongs on an invisible slate, eager to cancel some persons altogether.

The offended confront Jesus about his table manners and in reply he tells them a story. When God tells a story about God to help us understand his story with us, it does not matter whether it happened in history or not, because he is making the sort of world he wants by the sort of story he tells us.

We all know this story: A father had two sons. Both want what belongs to the father (though one is far more brash about it), and couldn't care less if the father is dead or alive. The father loves his sons and all that is his is theirs but they are blind to his adoration.

The younger son grasps

for his inheritance, takes it as possession rather than receive it as gift in good time, and walks away from the country of love into the country of death. Trying to preserve his life by pleasure, he loses it in accelerated fashion.

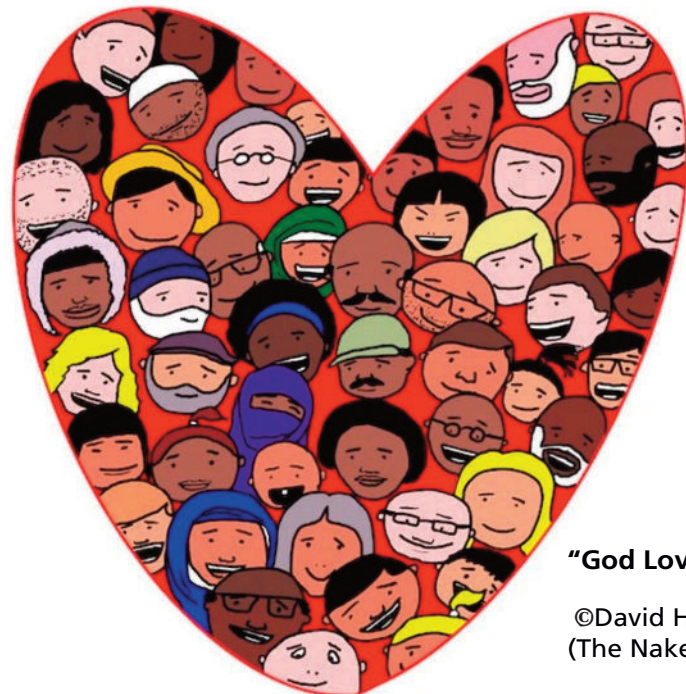
When this younger son comes to his senses and makes his way home, the father sees him returning from afar.

The father runs to him, throws his arms around his neck and kisses him (kisses the one who wished him dead); then barely lets the son get his confession out before he puts a robe on his back and a ring on his finger, slays the fatted calf, and throws a party where all are welcome.

The elder brother wants nothing to do with this reconciliation and angrily refuses to enter the party and sit at the table. This does not change the desire of the father to have both sons—all of his sons and daughters—at the table with him.

One imagines Paul has this story about God and the world God wants in his heart when he tells the Corinthians that those who follow this boundary-transgressive God no longer judge anyone by what "they seem to be," for God has set a table at which Jesus Christ is the measure of every human. □

*Kenneth Tanner pastors Church of the Holy Redeemer in Rochester Hills, Michigan.*



**"God Loves Everyone"**

©David Hayward  
(The Naked Pastor)



## Sudden Destruction

Something pelted my hat—twice. I was working in the yard under a clear blue sky. It couldn't be raining. Was stuff dropping from the trees? Next day in the same place it happened again. It was that thing yellow jackets sometimes do when you're too close to their nest. They bump you, and then it escalates! I stepped back to look for insects flying in and out of the ground. Nothing—then I looked up. Twenty feet above in a tree was a larger-than-football-sized object surrounded by busy bugs.

I pointed out the nest to my neighbor. "Hey, don't call an exterminator!" he said. "I can fix it easily—with my shotgun!" In our rural neighborhood, firing a gun is legal, as long as you avoid people, property and animals (yellow jackets don't count).

Next evening after dark (yellow jackets have no night vision) he fired two rounds and the problem was solved (Don't try this at home. There are risks associated with blowing things away with a shotgun. State, provincial and local laws may vary).

I know. Wasps play a necessary role in the environment. They eat lots of pesky insects and do other stuff that I can't remember. Yet the location of this nest was untenable, especially if all 2,000 inhabitants should decide I was a threat to their operation.

I feel *some* empathy. There they were, sitting in their living room in their cozy little football, devoutly caring for their young, unaware of the looming catastrophe—until three hundredths of a second after the muzzle blast sent a load of birdshot at about 800 miles per hour, shredding their home with nothing but paper debris and insect parts floating to the ground. Sudden destruction!

I couldn't help but recall 1 Thessalonians 5:1-3: *Brothers and sisters, about times and dates we do not need to write to you, for you know very well that the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night. While people are saying, "Peace and safety," destruction will come on them suddenly, as labor pains on a pregnant woman, and they will not escape.*

While this rather scary passage may be about

a future cataclysm, sudden destruction can happen to us anytime—not just huge events like flash floods, tsunamis, earthquakes, wildfires and nuclear war. I'm talking about more personal sudden destructions such as life-threatening diagnoses, accidents, job loss, strokes, broken relationships, deaths—the list goes on. One minute your life seems all good, and the next it's all bad.

1 Thessalonians 5 continues:

*But you, brothers and sisters, are not in darkness so that this day should surprise you like a thief. You are all children of the light and children of the day. We do not belong to the night or to the darkness. So then, let us not be like others, who are asleep, but let us be awake and sober (verses 4-6).*

The light spoken of here is not mere sunlight—it's the Light of Christ. Some see it, some can't. Those who can't yet see the Light might be devastated by life's bombshells. "Children of the Light," by contrast, need not fear or be blindsided. But how does this Light illuminate our way through these sudden destructive events? Here are four ways. Not surprisingly, these are among major factors psychologists identify as keys to coping with trauma. They take on infinitely greater meaning when infused with the Light of Christ.

**Community**—the Light shines through friends, family, groups and even institutions working together for good.

**Flexibility**—the Light shows us new possibilities and gives us vision to navigate abrupt changes.

**Hope**—the Light gives us courage and reveals good outcomes ahead.

**Faith**—the Light emanates from—actually *is*—Jesus who is always with us and for us.

Jesus gives Christ-followers the ability to see in the dark—to see past those sudden destruction events, so we can help others who may be stumbling in their darkness. We can't always escape sudden trouble ourselves, but we can see clearly as we follow the source of our light, who is always drawing us forward, regardless of any obstacles, into the full light of his kingdom. □

—Monte Wolverton



## Quotes & Connections



"Gentleness is given to those who have learned that God will not have his kingdom triumph through the violence of the world, for such a triumph came through the meekness of a cross."—Stanley Hauerwas, *Hannah's Child: A Theologian's Memoir*

"You are a son of the Good and Loving God. The Divine Image is planted inherently and intrinsically within you. You cannot create it, you cannot manufacture it, you cannot earn it, you cannot achieve it, you cannot attain it, you cannot cumulatively work up to it. Do you know why? Because you already have it! That is the core of the gospel." —Richard Rohr

"We haven't got a card in our hand that can take even a single trick against God. Religion, therefore—despite the correctness of its insistence that something needs to be done about our relationship with God—remains unqualified bad news. It traps us in a game we will always and everywhere lose. But the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is precisely Good News. It is the announcement in the death and resurrection of Jesus that God has simply called off the game."—Robert Farrar Capon

"Christless religion is always adding something to the gospel. Religion is always attempting to improve God's recipe of grace. Religion will never stop until attention is diverted from God's grace to human performance."—Greg Albrecht, *Unplugging from Religion... Connecting With God*

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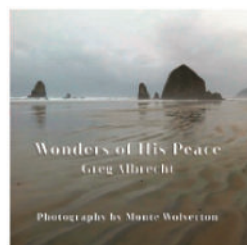
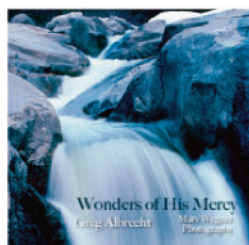
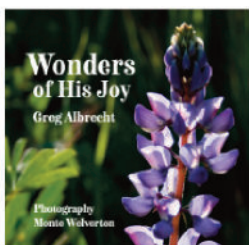
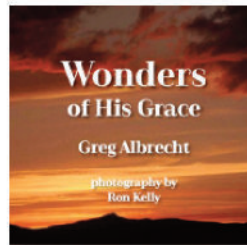
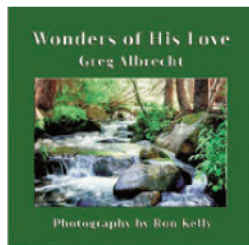
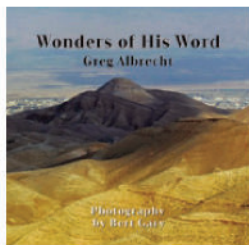
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