

Pastor's Bio and Blog

Observations and Biographical Sketch of Pastor Craig Martin Barnes, as of March 29, 2024

Elder Craig Martin Barnes (born May 5, 1949, in Oak Park, Illinois) minister, musician, accountant, and author receives international acclaim through religious webcasting on Internet radio. Listeners report that his sermons are being translated into various languages in Europe and Asia, as well as being heard also in four other continents. He is the author of several books, including: *Pillars of the Gospel*, *Feast Days for the Contemporary Mind*, *Small Ball*, and *The Flashbacks of Revelation*.

Educated in Illinois and Florida, he holds a B. S. in music education from the University of Illinois School of Music (1971), while studying flute with Donald Peck, principle flutist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra¹. He also received a B. A. in accounting and finance from the University of South Florida School of Business (1976), graduating Phi Kappa Phi, Beta Alpha Psi, and awarded the Ernst and Whinney Scholarship. He then became a Certified Public Accountant (1978) while working for the State of Tennessee Comptroller of the Treasury² (1976-1988) where he wrote the audit manual for the Department of Audit (1982), pioneered implementation of statistical sampling in audit procedures, while also pioneering and coordinating the audits of all state-funded independent nonprofit organizations. In accounting, while managing the computer audit department (1986-1988), he wrote a fund accounting computer program and then coordinated with the Tennessee Department of Human Services to develop a fund accounting computer program specifically designed for all the community action and human resource agencies in the State of Tennessee.

He also had a private CPA practice (1985-1997) as well as a business in investments under the name FoxFire Fund³ (1988-1998). He has been, and currently is listed on line, in Who's Who in America, Who's Who in Finance and Industry, Who's Who in the South and Southeast, and Who's Who in the World⁴ for his work in government, auditing, accounting, and finance.

He received formal pastoral training from prolific evangelist Elder Ron Halvorson through the Seventh-day Adventist Church, receiving the title Pastor from the same (1996-1997). He was ordained to the gospel ministry as an elder in 1984. In 1997, leaving the world of business and finance, he became the pastor of the Cave Springs Seventh-day Adventist Church, chaplain of Cave Springs Home for the handicapped, and in 2011, the speaker of Cave Springs Ministries. Currently, Craig is president of **Glory Light Foundation, Inc.** (501c3), pastor of **Glory Light Chapel**⁵, and speaker of **Glory Light Radio** through **Glory Light Ministries**, which operates eight Internet radio stations plus a ninth one intermittently, called "Glory Light Live".

Regarding the radio stations, the music is set in a classical/sacred format and, more recently, Gospel Garden. Our music is drawn primarily from the public domain. Other major contributors of music for the radio, given through specific permission, are Three Angel's Broadcasting Network (3ABN), Adventist Heritage Ministry, James William Burks⁶, Dr. Calvin Taylor, Kristin Bolden, Ron Dickerson, Debby Throckmorton, and Kurt Kaiser.

He and his wife, Joy, perform together as **Glory Light Ensemble** featuring sacred and classical music in flute, voice, piano, and keyboard. They have been performing together for more than 50 years and are available for church services and performances upon request. Craig's flute and voice, and Joy's piano and keyboard can be heard on **Glory Light Radio**.

For more information check out the **Glory Light Ensemble** section below on our home page, online on prabook.com, and you can do an Internet search under "Craig Martin Barnes author".

For many years, Elder Robert J. Wieland published a daily ministry called "Dial Daily Bread. As I understand, he did this first, through a telephone answering machine and later, through email. It is our pleasure to reproduce these for you on our web-site blog service. Each of these is used by us with his specific blanket permission. We hope you gain a blessing from reading these wonderful messages.

(Scroll down for intermittent website news and comments.)

March 29, 2024

Dear Friends of "Dial Daily Bread,"

We can understand how war breaks out in this dark, sinful world; but how could there be "war in heaven"? (Rev. 12:7) Heaven is a perfect place! Who started it?

1 DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois

2 Comptroller of the Treasury (William R. Snodgrass), Division of State Audit

3 National Futures Association

4 Marquis Who's Who

5 Seventh-day Adventist house church.

6 Grand Ole Opry, 1949-1952 [Ref. Madison Funeral Home, Madison, TN]

The Bible says clearly that sin originated with Lucifer, the highest of the angels (Eze. 28:12-15; Isa. 14:12-14). He sought to spread rebellion. And many angels joined him ("a third of the stars," Rev 12:4). But who started the conflict that resulted in "the great dragon [being] cast out, that serpent of old, called the Devil and Satan" (vs. 9)?

A very wise writer says that Lucifer's new idea of "the ... exaltation of self, contrary to the Creator's plan, awakened forebodings of evil in minds to whom God's glory was supreme." This quiet, clever, secret "exaltation of self" would have gone on and on had it not been that some "minds" loyal to God were "awakened" to oppose it. They were the ones who started the "war in heaven"! They were not content to let this underhanded work proceed unopposed.

Our text seems clear: "And war broke out in heaven: Michael and His angels fought against the dragon [that is, took the initiative]; and the dragon and his angels fought, but they did not prevail, nor was a place found for them in heaven any more" (Rev. 12:7, 8). There is no suggestion that literal swords or guns were used. Two-thirds of the angels thought through the clever lies of Lucifer and his supporting angels, and rejected them. Today the Holy Spirit still takes the initiative in opposing evil. Thank God! And we should cooperate with Him and stop opposing His initiatives.

Satan was "cast to the earth" because our first parents welcomed him (Genesis 3). Now the cosmic controversy continues here until "our brethren ... overcame him [Satan] by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony" (two things!), "and they did not love their lives to the death" (Rev. 12:10-11). When among them that original "exaltation of self" is renounced, the final victory will come. So, "Let us be glad and rejoice." Why? "For the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready" (19:6, 7). AT LAST!

--Robert J. Wieland

From the "Dial Daily Bread" Archive: January 10, 2002.

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October 20, 2023

We are doing technical maintenance on our website. There may be some service interruption during the next few days. We expect to have everything straightened out soon. We apologize for any inconvenience. (As of February 2024 this maintenance has been cleared. Yes, it took awhile.)

April 23, 2023

We have changed the time for Midweek Service (Prayer Meeting) from 7:00 PM to 6:00 PM starting Wednesday, April 26, 2023. In addition, to avoid scheduling conflicts, we are playing Your Story Hour at both 5:00 PM and 6:00 PM every day. Please check the posted schedules for more detail. All times are Central Time. Thank you for your consideration.

February 4, 2013

What a terrible blogger I am! If a blog is supposed to be updated every day, I'm not going to make it. It seems as if you blink, a month goes by and if you sneeze, a tornado is the result! We can only hope for an even keel.

Well, we have plenty of music to add to our radio programming, but (it seems) no time to do it. So if you are enjoying the programming we have so far, there is more to come.

However, this is not the big news.

You may have noticed that our radio stations have been down lately. This is because of the "big sneeze". Yes, we were hit by a tornado January 30. I could tell you about it myself, but our daughter-in-law is a closer eyewitness than I am, so I will let her tell the story:

Never Underestimate the Power of the Still Small Voice

by Amber Barnes

On the night of January 29, 2013, we went to bed with strong wind warnings. The wind outside our window sounded pretty loud but it's not like we've never had that before. About 2:15 am the wind was loud enough to wake me up. I sat up for a while looking on my phone at news stations and weather websites. I found that we were under a tornado watch but we get those practically anytime a few people sneeze at the same time. News channels around here like to scare people and if you ran for cover every time they freaked out, you would just live in your hallway or "safe spot". However, we were not under a tornado watch when we went to bed.

A little after 2:30 am I decided I was tired and that I would try to go back to sleep. I asked God to watch over us and keep everyone on campus safe. I then laid down and as I did that, my husband, Walter, woke up. We spoke for a moment about how loud the wind was. As we were talking the wind got even louder. We agreed that maybe we should leave the room because we were on the second floor. We got up and started getting ready to leave. In just a few moments we started hearing pine cones hit our bedroom windows with great force. After a minute or so we were just about ready and Walter headed for the door while I picked up my cat.

My cat, Spooks, is a big baby, he's afraid of everything. When the weather gets a little loud he hides and can not be found. Oddly enough he had been sleeping on my feet and when we got up he went just under the step of our bed, no farther. So I was able to grab him and put him in my left arm where he likes to be. I then decided to take the three steps to the head of my bed to pick up my flashlight since the lights were flickering. Meanwhile Walter got about 2-3 steps away from our bedroom door (still inside the room).

I was about a foot and a half from a window. Just after I put my hand on my flashlight, the window exploded into the room. The rest of the time that I was in the room I was in a daze and details are fuzzy. Just after the double-paned window exploded I turned my back to the window and screamed. The wind at that point was so loud that even to me my own scream was barely audible. Amazingly, despite the explosion, despite screaming, despite the wind roaring into the room, Spooks was staying still in my arms. If he is scared and someone makes a slightly loud noise or moves too quickly he will jump and run.

About the time the window exploded the power went off and stayed off for the next 15+ hours. I could not see a thing and I knew that despite the fact that glass must be everywhere I had to get to the door at the opposite corner of the room. I figured I'd deal with the cuts and glass in my feet later and beelined to where I knew the door must be. When I got to the door I somehow knew it was closed and I would have to get it open. But before I could even reach for the doorknob, the door opened and Walter was there.

At the time the window exploded, Walter was a few feet from the door, inside the room. Yet, somehow he found himself outside the bedroom door and when he began to step toward me, the door that had been up against the wall, suddenly slammed in his face. He was pushing as hard as he could trying to open the door to get in to me but was unable to get it to budge at all until just when I got to the other side.

I hurried out of the room and we shut the door behind us to contain the wreckage and keep our cats away from everything. We moved to the top of the stairs where Walter looked at me and saw I was bleeding. I hurried down the stairs for

the downstairs bathroom that is also our most safe room. Halfway down the stairs Spooks finally moved again and jumped over my shoulder and took off.

When I arrived at the downstairs bathroom, I felt my head and found a wound that was bleeding profusely. I started using my hand to wash the wound. But the blood kept coming so very heavily I asked Walter to get his mother who lives next door and is a nurse. After a while of washing the wound I finally stopped, sat down, and, using paper towels, pushed as hard as I could on the wound. Finally the bleeding stopped.

Walter's parents came and helped clean and bandage the 1½-inch gash on top of my head and pull our bed away from the window that was now open to the rain. I lost enough blood that while Walter's mom was working on the cut I started feeling like I sometimes do after giving blood, except stronger than usual. I got a cold sweat, a bit nauseated and felt weak. I sat there thinking of what they give you after giving blood and had Walter get me something to drink and a granola bar to try to quickly get things replenishing again.

After I was bandaged and no longer bleeding everywhere I went upstairs and sat in the living room to just relax a bit. Walter and his parents tried to see what had happened outside but it was only 4 something in the morning so they gave up and went back inside. They looked in our bedroom and found glass everywhere, across the whole length of the room. I do not know how I crossed the room without ever feeling any glass under my feet. There were also large pieces of glass on our bed where we had been lying less than 5 minutes before the window exploded. They also found a branch that was likely what hit me in the head. Walter and I sat on the couch and tried to get some more sleep but we both were too excited to sleep. At one point I reached in my robe pocket and found a piece of glass!

When it started to get light we looked outside and saw a bit of the wreckage. I grabbed my camera and covered my bandage with a water resistant hat (for it was still raining) and we went out to start taking pictures. What we found was amazing. Across our campus there are uncountable number of trees down, some broken, some ripped up by the roots. Every path out of campus was blocked by trees. So, had the bleeding not stopped or the wound been deeper so as to need stitches, we could not have made the trip to the emergency room without assistance and delay.

The pavilion on the ball field was ruined. The wood posts and their concrete bases were ripped out of the ground and lying next to where they had stood all in formation. The rest was scattered. One of the trees behind our house was broken and toppled. The sun room on the back of Walter's parent's house was ruined. The metal roof on one of our currently unused dorms was ripped off. There were also trees down behind and on top of that building. In the woods just behind that building there is a long strip of trees all broken and on the ground in the woods. We also found multiple power lines down and two trees that were near our chapel that fell next to the building instead of on it.

We made our way down to the dorm that holds all our current clients and found it completely untouched. There was very minimal damage to trees a little way away from and behind the dorm but the dorm itself and all the clients were completely safe and untouched.

Continued inspection of the campus found a long branch stabbed into the roof of an unoccupied building and an unoccupied mobile home split in two by a large tree. Our fiber network was mostly down on the ground. The entire roof was completely ripped off our little building holding the lawn mowers. We also found that one of the power lines that came down was so hot it had bounced around burning designs in the grass everywhere it touched. The biggest cost areas are multiple broken windows, at least four roofs need to be replaced, and the sun room needs to be rebuilt.

Earlier in the morning, after my wound had been cared for, I realized that my vision was weird and noticed that the left lens on my glasses was gone. We also found a small cut out of the thick plastic of the frames. So once the immediate needs were taken care of and the television interviews were over, we went to try to get new glasses for me. The eye doctor decided not to charge me because she knew Walter's parents and was amazed at the story of what happened to my glasses yet I had no damage to my eye. Then we went to buy the glasses. Thankfully I was able to get new glasses the same day. The next day we finally found the lens from my old glasses. It was intact and lying on a shelf that was more than 10 feet behind where I was standing when I was hit.

All totaled, I have the gash on my head, a bruised forehead, a couple tiny cuts on my body and that's all the physical injuries on campus. Even Spooks was free of injury even though he had glass in his fur. Despite glass being all over our bedroom, I was barely touched by any of it, including my feet. I never got cut or even remember feeling the glass under my feet when I walked through the room. We even found glass that squeezed under the bathroom door and into our bathroom. Also a gouge in our bedroom door where a piece of glass flew across the length of the room and stabbed into the wood door before it slammed shut in Walter's face.

I know that some do not believe in a loving, caring, God, but seeing all that went on that night I find it hard *not* to believe. Had I not awoken, we would have been in bed and showered with large pieces of glass. Had Spooks acted like he normally does, I would not have been able to get him. Had I not bent down to grab my flashlight, I would have been hit

in the face and neck. By going to get my flashlight I did get hit in the head with a stick but otherwise likely would have been stabbed by the glass that gouged the bedroom door. I do not remember navigating around the bed or touching the floor and the glass on it, I only felt like I moved straight across the room. Walter was standing in the room and watched the window explode (as if seeing it in slow motion), yet he was untouched by any glass; and when he went to take a step toward me, instead moving, he found himself outside the bedroom and the door slammed in his face, keeping him from walking in the glass. Despite the window being double-paned and glass everywhere, I barely got touched by any of it. Something hit my glasses and sent the lens flying but nothing got in my eye; other than my forehead being slightly bruised, my eye is safe.

Of all the things flying around, there was not a lot of injury. The building holding all our clients was totally untouched. The fiber network that helps us to be able to provide Christian Internet radio to the world is salvageable. Fiber is notoriously fragile; and despite it coming in contact with live wires at very high temperatures (burning grass and melting the steel support cable that was holding the fiber); despite flying wood roofs landing on it, and getting tangled up in flying metal roofing, etc.; despite the steel support cable being severed in multiple places and the strong fishing line that held the two together being broken repeatedly, the fiber was intact and still working!

On and on. We were told that our campus was the worst hit area in Cheatham County, yet multiple important things made it through untouched or much better off than one would expect.

I fully feel that God was watching over all of us on campus and I praise the Lord that my injuries were not worse and are healing very quickly.

Psalms 91:14-15

"Because he holds fast to me in love, I will deliver him; I will protect him, because he knows my name. When he calls to me, I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will rescue him and honor him."

Psalms 91:11-12

"For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways and will bear you up, lest you strike your foot against a stone."

1st Kings 19:11, 12

"And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the LORD. And, behold, the LORD passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the LORD; but the LORD was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the LORD was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the LORD was not in the fire: and after the fire a *still small voice*."

That fragile fiber cable carries the still small voice. You might be able to knock it down, but you cannot knock it out. It will rise again and be heard around the world.

If you would like to help with the relief effort, you may donate through the websites listed below, through the Cave Springs Home Disaster Relief Fund at the Community Bank in Cheatham County, Tennessee, or through snail mail to P. O. Box 160 Pegram, Tennessee 37143. You can learn about the care of the handicapped at www.cavespringshome.org and you can listen to the still small voice at www.cavespringsministries.org – when these web pages are finally restored to working order.

As you can see, our website is back up. The "Reflective Reverence" station is finally up. It will still take a few days for "Masterly Mix" to come back up, but we have ordered new parts, and friends will help us with reinstalling the cable, so we shall return. The other aspects of Cave Springs Ministries are still functioning, and all our staff and clients are doing fine. God is good.

December 21, 2012 – our first blog entry ever.

Some of you have been told that we were planning to provide various options for Internet radio listening. After many weeks of hitting our proverbial “heads” against the wall, the logjam has finally broken (and it wasn’t in our *heads*, either). Our IT “elves” found the offending line in the code and we now are moving forward. The circumstances seemed to indicate divine intervention, so we give all the credit to God for showing us what the problem was.

Now it is your turn – all we ask *you* to do is receive the blessing!

Our first lineup for the different stations will be *vacation mode*. **Masterly Mix** is sacred music with sermons. **Reflective Reverence** is sacred music with short talks. You can choose between more or less “talking”. Regular programming, as detailed on the Radio page, will begin for the first time in January.

Many thanks to Mr. Kurt Kaiser for recently granting permission for us to webcast his music. We are still loading it, but his Christmas music you can enjoy now.

We wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a blessed new year.