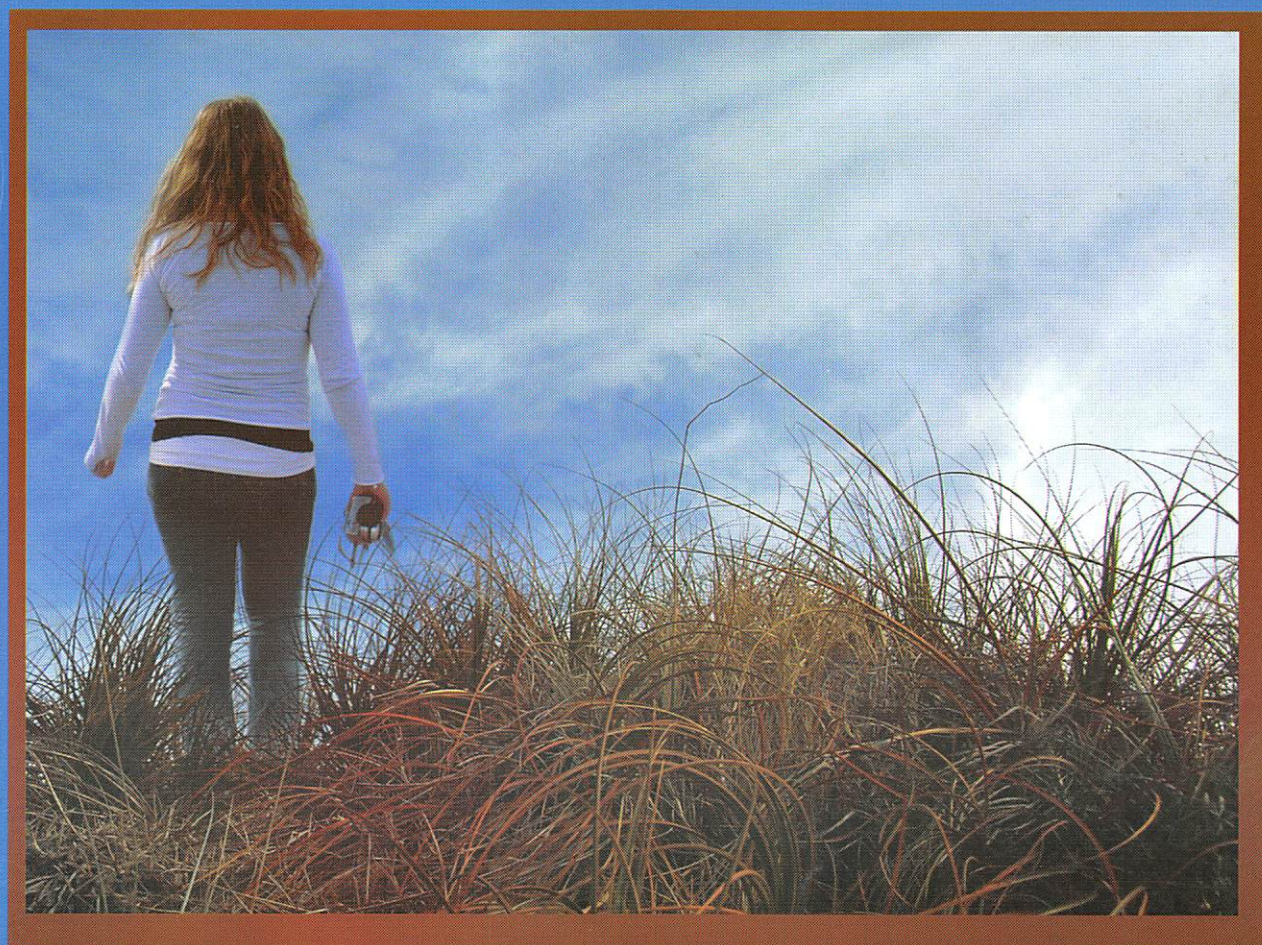


Spring 2006



FORGETTING
... the past

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From the Editor's Desk:

Forgetting the past is probably the hardest thing for each one of us to do. In fact it can only really be done as we fully trust in the Lord to cleanse us from all that is behind and to reveal to us how He has strengthened us through the hard times. Nothing in this life is wasted and as I have been known to say at times — "I never really learn much unless I have a jolly good cry". At all times our Lord directs these tears and oversees our healing by simply helping us to both remember what is important and to forget or should I say 'put behind' us the things of our old nature. Our magazine this time is full of testimonies, both happy and sad. Some good stories and helpful teaching. It is our prayer that each of our readers will be blessed abundantly as they read.

Due to our inability to get the fourth magazine out before Christmas, there is a Christmas craft to do and Christmas recipes to make.

May you each have a blessed Christmas and a new year filled with the grace and love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wendy Davie — Editor-in-Chief



Hello to you all,

Thank you for the magazine which we received recently. I, along with others at Rokeby Gospel Chapel have enjoyed the articles and found them helpful. Always good to get new recipes too. I made the Caramel Hedgehog Slice but used Malt-O-Milk biscuits in place of Marie (delicious), and for a nice variation I have also made it with Ginger Nut biscuits which was also well received. I took the slice to a family get together at our daughter's place and the whole lot was wolfed down very quickly and the recipe asked for! My daughter has since made it too.

Thank you again, I will be praying for you all.

With Love and Blessings in Him,

C.

Thank you for the copies of 'I Heard God Today', which I will share around with much pleasure.

Love in Christ
N.S.

Dear Sisters,

Just a little note to thank you for sending the magazines. We will use these among the sisters here as we get opportunity. May the Lord bless in the work.

Yours through rich grace,
G.G.



My Talking Heads

Understanding the Two Gods



Jenny's Story

"My family and I had a wonderful childhood. Our relatives were all Christians and the fellowship with others of the same faith was beautiful: however the thing I remember the most was my Dad's faithful teaching of the Word of God, his gentleness with us all and the fun we all had together. I loved my Mum so dearly; she was quiet and supportive of each one of us. Her cooking was never to be forgotten and she was always hospitable to all who entered our home. Having come from such a happy home, one would have thought that we would all remain friends, sadly that was not to be the case and we still struggle with relationships with our brothers and sisters. It seems if we do not believe exactly as they do, then we are not to be in contact with them. How lovely it would be to forget all about the factions and enjoy their fellowship once again."

Sandra's Story

"My life was nothing like Jenny's. Our family argued over anything and everything. We all longed for peace and all desired to be loved and to love each other: however somehow it never worked out. Our parents are now passed away and we are many miles apart and still very much aware of the differences of opinion that we each hold. I long to begin again and to be able to say we are sorry for the past; and so enjoy a true loving friendship between us."

Glenda's story

"Jenny and Sandra at least had a family to call their own. I grew up in an orphanage. I guess it wasn't all bad! I did learn to look after myself and others, however to have a family of any kind would be such a blessing. Unfortunately, there were those who looked after us who were not always kind and in fact were often cruel. I know it has affected me, especially in the way I relate to others and the way I am able to trust them. I wish I could allow my subconscious not to control my marriage and friendships."

Nicole's story

"Hi, my name is Nicole. I prefer not to talk of my family, I simply will say that these previous ladies had an easy life, I understand they have their problems, but compared to some of my heartaches they seem very minor to me. I grew up on the streets. Mum was a prostitute, so it was a natural progression that I too should become one. This did not take place though till much later in my teens. Prior to that I was raped by numbers of her customers and she seemed to either have no ability to protect me, or unconsciously thought that this was the norm; either way it happened. I do not remember my Dad, just that I was told he was a one night stand and an alcoholic. Many years now down the track, I have come to know the Lord. I no longer live the life that I lived before — drugs, sex and living on the streets are a thing of the past. Unfortunately though, I still find they plague my memory. I have prayed and prayed; others have prayed for me: I know that I am forgiven, but somehow I find it so hard to forgive both my mum and myself. I also think I find it hard to forgive the men and now wonder if I can really understand why God

allowed such hell in my life. I am grateful for my Father God, who I know loves me, I thank Him for His Son, who died for me: I love His Word and it is only when I listen to it on the CD that peace enters my soul."

Anne's story

"Nicole is my friend; she visits me in jail and suggested that I should also talk with you. I was from a normal family and grew up healthy and happy. I did well at school and had a strong goal to eventually become a teacher. Unfortunately whilst in high-school, I began mixing with the wrong crowd. Their interests were hard rock music, drugs, sex and the occult: it all seemed so attractive to me and I willingly went along with all that was expected of me. Me — Anne, the gently feminine little girl that once was, is now covered in tattoos and prior to jail was covered in piercings. (They are not allowed in prison.) Why am I here, because along with some friends we were told that to honour our new found belief system, we were to kill someone. We were so hipped up on drugs and the preparations for it all; we willingly went out and did just that. Now I am here for life. I have truly become a Christian, and often feel a real closeness with the Apostle Paul; I can fully understand as he did, that I am the worst of sinners. I too know I am forgiven and have a real desire to minister to as many inmates as possible. However I must admit; a memory of the past and all my wickedness is still never far from my thoughts. Thank God for His grace and forgiveness."

Becky's story

Whilst listening to the other ladies explaining their lives and the things they found it hard to forget, Becky was gradually getting visibly angry. In the end she could not hold herself back. "There is no way that I could forgive or forget what happens in this world. I know that if anyone touched my children or grandchildren — well, I would just kill them. No way do they deserve forgiveness: and I am sorry, but it would take a miracle for me to be able to forget. It is hard enough watching the news and seeing what others do to the elderly or other people; and what makes me mad is that they just don't seem to have any conscience about their lies and brutality. There is not a day that goes by where I do not seem to sense anger, bitterness or resentment in my heart, because the thing is that it is always the innocent that seem to get hurt. No I can't see that anyone can say there is a God — if there is, then how can He allow all these dreadful things to happen? I've become cynical, but for Anne's sake I really hope what she says is true. So many pretend to be Christians — some say they are; however their lives don't add up. Do you know my old neighbour, who has never hurt a soul, was attacked as she pottered around in her garden! She ended up in hospital with broken ribs and cuts and bruises to her face: but what seemed so shocking was that the wretch who did it, also took it upon himself to rape her. Why would anyone want to rape a 76 year old lady? No I just do not understand and have come to the conclusion that there is no God!"

(These stories are not intended to be taken from anyone's personal life. If you find that they seem to match your life, be assured that it is the Lord's leading and be reminded of just how much He loves you and cares for you.)



Just like these ladies, each and every one of us struggle at some point in our lives to forget the past or forgive others, ourselves or God. The children of Israel were no different. In fact we are told in 1 Corinthians 10:11 (NIV) ***“These things happened to them as examples and were written down as warnings for us, on whom the fulfilment of the ages has***

come.” Over the past months of my preparation for this issue, the Lord has had me reading from the first five books of the Old Testament. They are called the books of the law—Genesis; Exodus; Leviticus; Numbers and Deuteronomy. What a blessing it has been!

Genesis is all about the beginning and its first verse in fact reminds us that—in the beginning was God. This Almighty, loving, relational God created both Heaven and earth. He created all upon that earth. He sustained it and still does. He knew mankind would listen to the lies of Satan and would therefore be bound with a sin nature or a death disease of the heart, that would need repair and renewal. So He also planned to send His Son to redeem all those who would recognize their fate and hopelessness and turn to Him for salvation. Genesis also talks about the beginning of a special nation—a chosen people who were to live in faith and obedience to God. It tells how this nation, because of the death-diseased heart, also becomes bound and enslaved to Egypt. They were a people without hope, without a way of escape, yet this loving God, who had previously sent Joseph to ensure they received the sustenance and protection needed, also watched as their lives became more and more enslaved. It appeared to begin when Joseph and all who knew and respected him had passed away, however by this time Israel had become so accustomed to the wickedness of Egypt as a nation, that they more often than not, were not only blinded to it, but also delighted in following its ways.

Exodus tells how the Almighty God uses His servant Moses, to bring them out of Egypt. The ten plagues were sent to show the futility of the gods of Egypt and the mighty power of the One and only true God. In spite of the experience of miracle after miracle—Israel still lusted after those foreign gods and at times begged to be allowed to return.

Leviticus speaks of God taking Egypt out of Israel, that is their desire to follow Egypt's wicked ways. God reveals in great depth the difference between good and evil; holy and un-holy. It is within this book we discover Moses teaching them

1. their way to God;
2. their walk with God;
3. their worship of God; and finally
4. their witness to God.

How sad it is to find that only Moses Aaron, Joshua and Caleb seemed to eventually make that transition. All over 20 years of age were to die in the wilderness.

In Numbers we read of Discipline; Direction; Discontent; Death and Despair. It is only then, when after 40 years of wandering in the wilderness, when all of the faithless generation had died; that God begins speaking to the new generation—the generation of faith. From this point on we are surprised to discover that God's wisdom reveals to us, ***that we are to remember some things and yet we need also to***

forget and put behind us many other things. In three easy steps Moses tells them what is on God's heart:

1. Recall the past
2. Redeem the present &
3. Review the future.

Deuteronomy is a book of History, Holiness, Heritage and the Hero. Moses tells them clearly that the things to forget and put away are the ways and gods—not only of Egypt, but also of all the wicked nations surrounding them. They were not even to enquire or look into what these nations believed. The things to remember are the spiritual truths they have been taught. The miraculous ways God had redeemed and sustained them and finally how hopelessly lost they had been prior to their redemption. He gave blessings and curses and then stated precisely and categorically that they should choose life and not death.

Do we struggle just like Israel did? Yes there is no doubt! Could it be because we fail to recognize the difference between good and evil; holy and un-holy; clean and un-clean? Is it because we tend to love the world, our possessions and our sinful lives too much? Do we fail to recognize that each one of us are to make that same choice—life or death? Moment by moment, day by day?

Our friends in the talking heads segment give us the ability to meditate on their thoughts, question our own and decide what we are to remember and what we must forget and leave in the past. They all came from different lives, but each and every one of them has a need to remember something and to forget; maybe forgive, but certainly put behind them other things.

Paul, who called himself the worst of sinners—for he well remembered how he murdered good people, his anger and self-importance, could truthfully say in Philippians 3:13,14 (NIV) ***“Brothers, I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it. But one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining towards what is ahead, I press on towards the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenwards in Christ Jesus.”***

How wonderful that we, like the Israelites and Paul, are brought out of slavery by the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ—God's Holy Son. We are taught the truths of faith and obedience in the Word of God and we are empowered by the Holy Spirit to live for Him: however the most blessed of all is that we are filled completely with the love of Christ. 2 Corinthians 5:14,15 (NASB) says ***“For the love of Christ controls us, having concluded this, that one died for all, therefore all died; and He died for all, that they who live should no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died and rose again on their behalf.”***

Let us hold His love close to our hearts and souls and in doing so, not only will we spread His love abroad to all those we meet, but we will be guided by His Holy Spirit in forgiveness, forgetting what we need to and in remembering what we should.

May our Lord bless you all as you read.



By
Wendy Davie

Salvation

He had to come as He came — miraculously conceived by being born of a virgin

To be what He is — Perfect; un-inhabited by sin; inhabited by God.

He had to be what He was

To do what He did — lay down His life for many.

He had to do what He did

That we might have (as forgiven sinners) through the Holy Spirit;

What He is — “Life”

You have to have what He is — Life

To be what He was — “Perfect”

That in the measure of your availability to Him

You may let Him be now — *What He is.*

That is “Salvation”

That is Jesus Christ

NB: - “Don’t let the devil rob Christ of His Inheritance in you”

By Major Ian Thomas

PAUL SPEAKS AT MARS' HILL

Paul had been a Christian now for some years — he was involved in his second missionary journey and had travelled with others through different areas of Europe — Philippi; Thessalonica; Berea and now he had gone on alone to Athens. Whilst waiting for Silas and Timothy, he found himself wandering around watching the lifestyles of the people of Athens. They took great pride in their intelligence and spent a large part of their lives discussing new and different things. They had a special area called Mars' Hill, where they were prone to gather and always encouraged many to join in with their belief and studies. As Paul wandered around amongst the locals, the Spirit of the Lord began to really break his heart. There was such idolatry; in fact the numerous gods that were worshipped were beyond belief. He went first to the synagogue and tried to convince the Jews of the wickedness they lived amongst, but they were so much a part of it also, that they refused to listen. He tried to discuss his concerns with the devout persons within the market place, however that also brought no result. There was though some philosophers of the Epicureans, (they were lovers of pleasure — they did not really believe in any god except themselves and their own self-indulgence); and some Stoics, (whose belief involved gods, but they were very humanistic — looking for harmony, striving to master themselves with nature by an act of self-will). Together they had been listening to him, now some thought Paul was simply babbling, whilst others thought he seemed to be inviting them to open their minds to a new religion — they simply did not understand his preaching of Jesus and the resurrection. Therefore they took him with them to the Areopagus, on Mars' Hill and encouraged him to speak more openly to them.

Inspired by God, Paul stood in the middle of them all and began speaking with great earnestness. “Men of Athens, I commend you, for I can see that you are a very religious people. As I passed by where you held your devotions, I found an inscription which read — TO THE UNKNOWN GOD”. You have been worshipping the One

and Only True God, without knowing Him and so therefore I would like to make Him known to you. He is the Almighty God, the One Who made the world and everything in it. He is Lord of heaven and earth, and does not dwell in temples which are made with hands. Neither is He worshipped with men's hands — we cannot carve His features, for no man has seen Him. However He gives us all life,

breath and indeed everything. At the beginning of creation, God made all mankind from one blood, so that all nations that dwell on the face of the earth, belong to Him. He determines our times, our nationalities and where we live. This is so in order that all will desire to seek the Lord, searching Him out to find the peace and love that was meant for each one of us in the beginning. In fact, if we only realized it, He is not far from every one of us. Take note that in Him we live and move and have our being, remember your

poets have already expressed this fact to you, expressing that each one of us are the children of God. Now if this is truly the case, which it is, we shouldn't think that the Godhead is like gold, silver or stone. Something to be carved by the art of man's device. If this was the case, then we too, as His children, should be made of the same products. How foolish this thought is! Now in your times of ignorance God overlooked your sin, but now we all know the truth, He commands that all men everywhere are to repent. Take special note that He has appointed a day of judgement and who will do the judging? Why it will be His Son Whom He ordained to die for each one of us and then be raised from the dead.”

They had listened quietly all this time, but when Paul mentioned the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, whilst others who truly were interested asked him to return and speak with them again. There were some men and women though who believed immediately and to Paul's delight they joined their group of believers.

(Summary of Acts 17:16-34)

Radio Talkback - Durban South Africa

Interview June 14th, 1990 — Radio 702 By Chris Gibbons

CG: Hello, Gibbons.
W: Chris Gibbons?
CG: Speaking.
W: Hi. Apparently you people are very interested in Satanism.
CB: We have an interest, yes.
W: You do. What is it that you really want to know about it?
CB: Why...Why are you calling? Why be...why are you asking me this?
W: Right. We've been following the programme very carefully and we've basically found it very amusing — how all the Christians believe that they have the power to actually exorcise Satan. Basically we believe that they don't really know what they are talking about due to the fact that they're in exactly the same boat as us anyway.
CB: Are you a practicing Satanist?
W: Well. I do have enough knowledge to be speaking to you, should I put it that way.
CB: Let me put the question to you again. Are you a practicing Satanist?
W: We do have a group that are practicing Satanists, yes.
CB: Now, what about some of the allegations that, uh, have been made against practicing Satanists such as the sacrifice aspect, the sexual aspect and that kind of thing?
W: That is true.
CB: You do sacrifice?
W: Satanists do sacrifice, yes.
CB: What do you sacrifice?
W: It depends on the occasion, I'd say, but basically what we're trying to put forward is that everybody is a Satanist one way or the other. The governments and all the churches have joined in merely by going to war against each other — that is also a sacrifice, which Satan enjoys.
CB: Let me put the question to you again — what do you sacrifice?
W: What do we sacrifice? As I said it depends entirely on the ritual. If you could put a ritual forward to me I could give you an example.
CB: Can you describe the kind of rituals that you undertake, their purpose.
W: The purpose for them is direct power and there is no bigger power than in blood. Blood force is the power. Blood is power. Blood is life.
CB: Have you ever committed a human sacrifice?
W: I, myself?
CB: Yes.
W: I might have viewed one, but I myself don't commit anything. There's a difference between leaders and followers!
CB: Are you a leader or a follower?
W: I would say I am a leader.
CB: And do the leaders practice the sacrifice or the followers?
W: The leaders merely allow the followers to do as their own heart's desire is and basically mankind's desire today is to kill and it has been inbred in him in many ways and that is

how Satan has actually taken hold of mankind.
CB: But now, surely the practice of sacrifice, of killing anything is against the wishes of the person or creature.
W: Not necessarily.
CB: Have you yourself ever witnessed a human being killed?
W: Well, our children do every day, merely when they put their television on.
CB: That wasn't the question I asked you.
W: (laughs) You're very shrewd.
CB: Let me ask you another question — the relationship between Satanism and the rest of organized religion is defined as evil against good — Satanism is supposed to be evil and everything else is supposed to be good.
W: Well basically there is only one opposing organization and the rest of the world is following Satan anyway, they just don't realise they are.
CB: What do you define as Satanism — the worship of the Devil?
W: It's basically a totally open worship without any excuse.
CB: Without any excuse for what?
W: To cover up for what mankind really wants and has declined to choose anyway.
CB: You're saying that mankind is basically evil and therefore should just be left to get on with it!
W: No, there is going to be a big war very soon, we're aware of that. There are only two forces in the universe, but



mankind already made his decision a long time ago.
CB: We've also had suggestions made to us that if people get involved with Satanism and then wish to leave it you put, shall we say, pressure on them not to leave it.
W: No we don't. They've basically opened themselves to the demons that Satan has working on earth and the demons put pressure on them — not us.
CB: So you're saying that uh demons will sort them out.
W: They always do.
CB: What is a demon in fact?
W: A demon is one of the angels that work with Satan, that opposed right from the beginning.
CB: One of the angels that fell from grace?
W: That's it.
CB: Do you not worry — and here I put it into a Christian context — do you not worry that by following the Devil your soul will be cast into eternal damnation?
W: Everybody dies anyway, the soul is not immortal, that is where man is totally misled in the first place. You have one lifetime in which to choose and you either choose materialistic gain or spiritual gain and anybody who chooses materialistic gain has already made his choice.
CB: What about people who choose spiritual gain, what happens to them?
W: Well, that they know about — we're obviously not interested in that or else we wouldn't do what we do.
CB: Isn't it a short-term gain?

W: Well, that's a personal choice, everyone has a free will. You either have a good life or you have a lousy life.

CB: What's your life like?

W: I'm pretty content.

CB: What can you tell me? What are you allowed to tell me about the kind of rituals that you practice?

W: Nothing.

CB: Why is that if it's an open religion?

W: Because everybody knows anyway, you've been discussing it all the time, so why should I confirm what everybody knows and everybody agrees or else they wouldn't condone the kind of entertainment they enjoy.

CB: Do you use drugs during the rituals?

W: Most people do today.

CB: And again we come back to the aspect of sacrifice. What about sex, does that play a part of the rituals?

W: Very much so.

CB: How did you get involved in it? Can I ask you that?

W: How did I get involved in it?

CB: Yes, how did you start?

W: With astrology.

CB: Yes...

W: And the one leads to the other, depends on how powerful you want to become I suppose.

CB: How powerful are you?

W: (laughs) I can't say.

CB: But you tell me you're a leader of one of the Satanic — is it a coven — is that the right word?

W: No, it's a very big group that's running a lot.

CB: Now, I don't know where you're calling from.

W: No, you don't.

CB: Is it in what we call '702 land' the PHV area?

W: That's correct.

CB: Is Satanism very wide-spread in this part of South Africa?

W: It's everywhere.

CB: Is there any way of knowing that your neighbour is involved in it or not?

W: Well, we all know each other.

CB: I mean, if I look over my garden fence, would I be able to tell that my neighbour is or is not a Satanist?

W: It depends on what way they show their Satanism, merely by being neutral a person is a Satanist. This is what I am

trying to explain to you. Satan has got everybody who is neutral, there is no such thing as neutrality, you either are or your aren't — it's that simple and the only way you can't be is by being a total worshipper of the original Creator, which only one sect on earth is any way.

CB: Which sect is that?

W: I can't say, they know who they are.

CB: Why all this secrecy?

W: Why all the secrecy? Well, why all the secrecy? Uhm...Wouldn't you say that the Biblical Scriptures are fairly secret?

CB: Not at all. I can go into a shop and buy a Bible and open it at any page I choose.

W: Would you say that you have total understanding of it though?

CB: No, not at all.

W: Exactly. Anyway that's all I can say, that basically the reason I phoned is to basically let you know that whoever is truly interested should know that just about everybody on earth today is a Satanist anyway, one way or another, it just depends on how you want to worship him. There are many ways of doing it, you can worship him through making a god of your money, you can worship him by doing sacrifices, you can worship him by being promiscuous, so people don't realize how powerful he really is, it's just that simple.

CB: At that we'll leave it.

W: Thank you

CB: Thank you for calling.

W: Bye.



Throughout history all of the great philosophies have opposed the teachings of Christianity:

Greece said, "Be wise, **"know yourself!"**"

Rome said, "Be strong, **"discipline yourself!"**"

Religion says, "Be good, **"conform yourself!"**"

Epicureanism says, "Be sensuous, **"enjoy yourself!"**"

Education says, "Be resourceful, **"expand yourself!"**"

Asceticism says, "Be lowly, **"suppress yourself!"**"

Psychology says, "Be confident, **"assert yourself!"**"

Materialism says, "Be satisfied, **"please yourself!"**"

Pride says, "Be superior, **"promote yourself!"**"

Humanism says, "Be capable, **"believe in yourself!"**"

Legalism says, "Be pious, **"limit yourself!"**"

Philanthropy says, "Be generous, **"release yourself!"**"

Jesus says, "Be a servant of God, **"SERVE OTHERS!"**"

Author Unknown

A Reminder Of The Spiritual Battle

Satan called a worldwide convention of demons. In his opening address he said, "We can't keep Christians from going to church. We can't keep them from reading their Bibles and knowing the truth. We can't even keep them from forming an intimate relationship with their Saviour. Once they gain that connection with Jesus, our power over them is broken. So let them go to their churches; let them have their covered dish dinners, BUT steal their time, so they don't have time to develop a relationship with Jesus Christ. This is what I want you to do," said the devil: "Distract them from gaining hold of their Saviour and maintaining that vital connection throughout their day!" "How shall we do this?" his demons shouted. "Keep them busy in the non-essentials of life and invent innumerable schemes to occupy their minds," he answered. "Tempt them to spend, spend, spend, and borrow, borrow, borrow. Persuade the wives to go to work for long hours and the husbands to work 6-7 days each week, 10-12 hours a day, so they can afford their empty lifestyles. Keep them from spending time with their children. As their families fragment, soon, their homes will offer no escape from the pressures of work! Over-stimulate their minds so that they cannot hear that still, small voice. Entice them to play the radio or cassette player whenever they drive. To keep the TV, VCR, CDs and their PCs going constantly in their home and see to it that every store and restaurant in the world plays non-biblical music constantly. This will jam their minds and break that union with Christ. Fill the coffee tables with magazines and newspapers. Pound their minds with the news 24 hours a day. Invade their driving moments with billboards. Flood their mailboxes with junk mail, mail order catalogues, sweepstakes, and every kind of newsletter and promotional offering free products, services and false hopes... Keep skinny, beautiful models on the magazines and TV so their husbands will believe that outward beauty is what's important, and they'll become dissatisfied with

their wives. Keep the wives too tired to love their husbands at night. Give them headaches too! If they don't give their husbands the love they need, they will begin to look elsewhere. That will fragment their families quickly! Give them Santa Claus to distract them from teaching their children the real meaning of Christmas. Give them an Easter bunny so they won't talk about his resurrection and power over sin and death. Even in their recreation, let them be excessive. Have them return from their recreation exhausted. Keep them too busy to go out in nature and reflect on God's creation. Send them to amusement parks, sporting events, plays, concerts, and movies instead. Keep them busy, busy, and busy! And when they meet for spiritual fellowship, involve them in gossip and small talk so that they leave with troubled consciences. Crowd their lives with so many good causes they have no time to seek power from Jesus. Soon they will be working in their own strength, sacrificing their health and family for the good of the cause. It will work! It will work!"

It was quite a plan! The demons went eagerly to their assignments causing Christians everywhere to get busier and more rushed, going here and there. Having little time for their God or their families! Having no time to tell others about the power of Jesus to change lives! I guess the question is; has the devil been successful in his schemes? You be the judge!!!!

Does "BUSY" mean: B-eing U-nder S-atan's Y-oke?

Thankyou to Heather Driver
for sending us this piece taken from the internet.

The Source of Truth

Where can we look to discover just what is truth?

Some look for it within themselves, they believe their own reasoning, or emotions and claim them as sufficient guides.

Some look for it among themselves, They ask advice from friends, or trust their own experiences or claim the special teaching of some who take their fancy.

Some look for it beyond themselves, They believe that the truth has to be greater than our own limited ability as men and women to understand. Therefore it requires God or a supernatural power. They can look to special revelations given to them. They can look to a guiding power to speak to them or to help them write things down.

*We are told that there is **Beetroot Truth & Bus Truth***

***Beetroot Truth** = This is a truth based on our own personal likes and dislikes — (You either like beetroot or not.)*

***Bus Truth** = If I walk out onto the road in front of a moving bus —*

I WILL BE KNOCKED DOWN AND PROBABLY KILLED.

When searching for absolute truth it is imperative that we look to Someone or Something far greater than our own understanding. The Someone has to be God and the Something has to be His Word. It is inspired by Him and has been written in all 66 books by Prophets, the Apostles and by Jesus Christ Himself. The same theme runs throughout the Scriptures covering all books. Over 40 different writers were used covering a span of 1500 years. Its truth is seen when we read through the Psalms and discover so many prophecies of the death, burial and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Bible is the only safe yardstick we have to discern just what is truth.

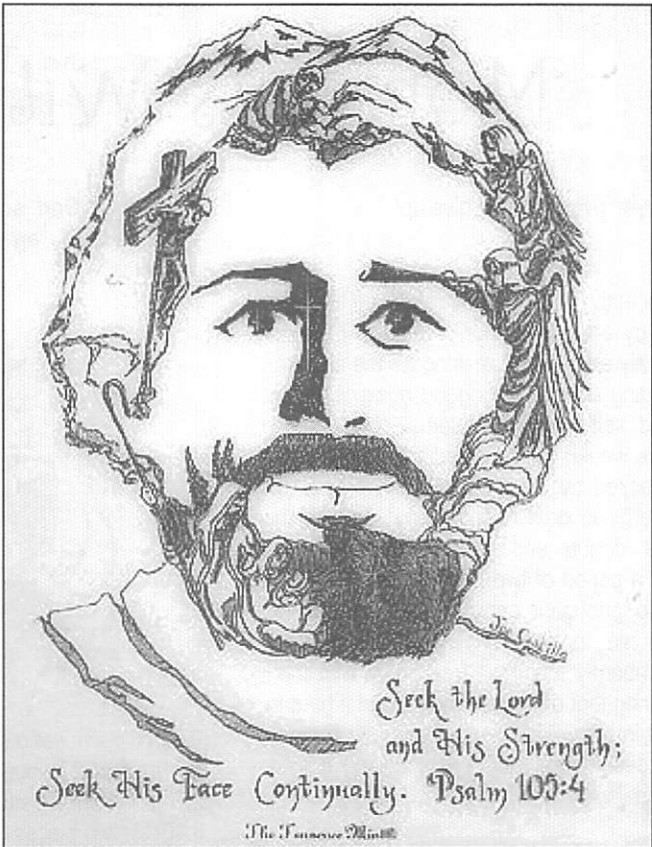
"A Bus Truth" — this is the only source of truth.

Dear Friend, it is not safe to base your belief system on anything else.

Jesus a Man of History

Historians down through the ages have never denied the reality of Jesus as a man. The writings of the Jewish people show Him to be the son of Mary and Joseph. Flavius Josephus (born AD 37), a Jewish historian, said of Him. "At this time there was a wise man who was called Jesus. And his conduct was good, and (He) was known to be virtuous. And many people from among the Jews and the other nations became his disciples. Pilate condemned Him to be crucified and to die. And those who had become His disciples did not abandon His discipleship. They reported that He had appeared to them three days after his crucifixion and that He was alive; accordingly, He was perhaps the Messiah concerning whom the prophets have recounted wonders."

The Encyclopaedia Britannica uses 20,000 words in describing this person, Jesus. His description took more space than was given to Aristotle, Cicero, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed or Napoleon Bonaparte. Concerning the testimony of the many independent secular accounts of Jesus of Nazareth, it records: "These independent accounts prove that in ancient times even the opponents of Christianity never doubted the historicity of Jesus, which was disputed for the first time and on inadequate grounds by several authors at the end of the 18th, during the 19th, and at the beginning of the 20th centuries."



The more you look, the more mini pictures you will find!

Jesus' Truth Revealed In Prophecy

	Prophecy	Fulfilment
<u>HIS BIRTH</u>		
a. Born of a Virgin	Isaiah 7:14	Matthew 1:18-25
b. Born of the House of David	Jeremiah 23:5	Matthew 1:1
c. Born in Bethlehem	Micah 5:2	Matthew 2:1
d. The killing of children by Herod	Jeremiah 31:15	Matthew 2:16
<u>HIS DEATH</u>		
a. Betrayed by a friend	Psalm 41:9	Matthew 26:49-50
b. Betrayal price	Zechariah 11:12, 13	Matthew 26:15, 27:3-9
c. Scourged, spat upon & mocked	Isaiah 50:6; 53:5; Psalm 22:7 & 8	Matthew 27:26, 26:67, Matthew 27:39-44
d. Crucified	Psalm 22:16; Isaiah 53:12	Luke 23:33 and Mark 15:24
<u>HIS RESURRECTION</u>		
a. Buried in a rich man's tomb	Isaiah 53:9	Matthew 27:57-60
b. Raised from the dead	Psalm 16:10	1 Corinthians 15: 3,4
<u>Unfulfilled Prophecy</u>		
1. Jesus coming again		Zechariah 12:10 Revelation 1:7
2. The New Heaven and earth		Revelation 21: 1-5
3. The Judgement		Revelation 20: 11-15

Moments With Melissa



Never give in! Never give up!

Recently I have undertaken an in-depth study on the Armour of God. This was timely and very refreshing for me as I was getting constantly bogged down with guilt and self-esteem problems. (My defence was weak!) I recognized that I was being attacked by Satan, but I didn't have the energy to deal with it. I put up with the lies, doubts and sense of worthlessness for a period of two months before I finally said "enough is enough!" God was waiting for me to call on Him for help, but I stubbornly thought, "I can deal with this" During that period of time I found it hard to get into my Bible and praying just seemed to desert me. Satan was having a field day!

It was on my mind for a couple of months beforehand to do a study on the Armour of God, but I kept putting it off. God was trying to get through to me to take notice and obey His will, knowing I was to come under attack. If I obeyed His leading and studied as He was telling me, I would have been prepared for this recent onslaught. Instead I paid the consequences of not following Him and suffered unnecessary torment, for two months!

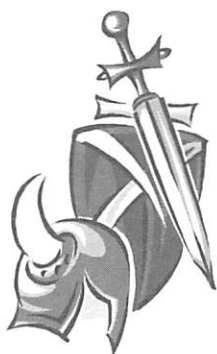
In Ezekiel 28:11-19, we find out a bit about Satan. The Bible says he is perfect in beauty, wisdom and splendour. On top of all this he is a musician and singer. He was perfect and blameless in his ways until pride entered his heart. He was the cherub in charge (under God of course), but this wasn't enough. He wanted to be God! (Isaiah 14:12-17)

We get so caught up with how the world portrays Satan, (little guy running around with a pitch fork), that we forget that he is beautiful and enticing. Would you follow something that's ugly? He uses his beauty and alluring words to deceive the world. He is the master at deceit, the ultimate liar!

"Finally, be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power. Put on the full

armour of God so that you can take your stand against the devil's schemes"

Ephesians 6:10, 11



Paul instructs us to put on the full armour, not just our favourite pieces, as I was doing. When I read through Ephesians 6:10-18, two pieces of armour stood out to me. Pieces I had neglected that needed serious fixing and fast! The first was the belt of truth and the second the shield of faith. No wonder Satan was having a field day! With no shield in place and truth an elusive idea!

What is truth? We read in John 18:38, Pilate asked this question rather sarcastically, but how do we find truth in a world full of deceit and lies?

In John 14:6 Jesus says, ***"I am the way and the TRUTH and the life."*** So who is Jesus? He is the promised Messiah! The One God tells us of all through the Bible. God laid down his reputation and integrity in the Old Testament by speaking of this Promised One that was to come. Ultimately God's Word became truth when Jesus came and fulfilled over 300 specific prophecies in His first coming. Now this is truth! The Word as John calls Jesus in his Gospel became flesh and dwelt among us. The definition of truth I like best is, "When the Word and the Deed become one".

The Bible is absolute truth. God has already demonstrated this, by fulfilling prophecy and telling us history in advance, the end from the beginning. But how do we find truth in this world apart from God's Word? How can we know that what we

hear, see and read is truth when Satan is busy deceiving everyone? How we view the world drives the way we live. We need to be diligent and find out the truth about God, history, current events and the purpose for living. Remember, Satan is the master deceiver! We won't find truth on the six o'clock news! We need to dig deeper and find out and compare what we are told with what God says. This leads me to the second piece of armour, the shield of faith.

"Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see"

Hebrews 11:1

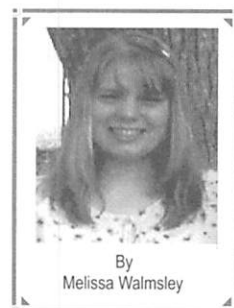
By this standard my faith was at rock bottom. At the time I wasn't sure or certain of anything! I needed to do major repairs on my shield and fast!

If like me you have any doubts, problems, questions or something in God's Word you don't understand, fix it! Don't let it become too big and give Satan a chance to attack. Pray about it, ask questions, do your homework and read your Bible.

"Consequently, faith comes from hearing the message, and the message is heard through the word of Christ"

Romans 10:17

I hope this encourages you not to give up and give in, but to stand and fight in God's mighty power!



By
Melissa Walmsley



Shall I Sink Or Swim?

By the grace of God and the love and caring of some very special friends we had a wonderful holiday. I sat on the wooden steps staring out to sea; the waves lapped at the lower edge of the steps, the wind blowing on my face was a little salty. A new year, new beginnings what was in the future? "Lord You and I need to talk about some serious stuff."

The tide was nearly full — then as I looked up along the sand I saw it — a solid log about my size tossing, rolling back and forth with the tide — no control — no rhyme or rhythm. I looked in wonder at that log for a length of time, and then I looked out over the sea, a little rough just then, although if we walked out into that rough sea; I knew in my heart that we could sink or keep afloat. We have a choice we could be like my log tossed and buffeted in the storms of life without an anchor or guide or lifeboat.

Jesus Christ is our Captain in life, we need to listen and hear Him. He can touch our lives in so many beautiful and wondrous ways if we but listen and see. The Lord reminded me of some special words by Fanny Crosby that I learnt many years ago in Church.

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know what're befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trail,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul a-thirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This, my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way!

Mission Praise 22
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By
Priscilla Gaston

Israel struggles to stay afloat

There was a silence within the camp and a depression so deep hung over Israel that Joshua felt its heaviness surrounding him wherever he walked — Moses had gone up into the mountain and died. What was Joshua to do now — in fact what were they all going to do? He had begun to realize some time ago now, that they had all placed Moses on a pedestal; almost in the place that God should have been. Instead of talking to God, they talked to Moses. They depended on him, followed him and obeyed everything he said to do. These thoughts ran through his mind as he walked by the river Jordan. He knew they would do what Moses had said, but somehow it all seemed too much and the possibilities of accomplishing them overwhelmed him. He leant against an old olive tree and his eyes wandered over the beauty that surrounded him. It was then God's voice spoke with great authority. *"I was with Moses, I will be with you; I will not fail you, nor will I leave you. So be strong and have good courage for you will divide the land as an inheritance for this people as I swore to their fathers I would give them. However you have to be strong and very courageous, and make sure that you all observe all the law which Moses gave you. Don't turn to the right or the left. Keep on the correct and obedient path. That way the book of the law will never leave your thoughts or*

*words, you will meditate on it, obey it and in doing so you will always prosper and have great success. Am not I the One who has told you to do so? So be strong and have good courage; don't be afraid, neither allow yourself to become overwhelmed, because I am the Lord your God and I will be with you wherever you go."*¹

Just hearing God's voice in his heart was enough and Joshua stepped up to the place of command. He encouraged Israel and immediately sent out spies to make sure they would be walking in the path the Lord had for them. The spies met Rahab and came back full of praise and enthusiasm. Truly the Lord had already placed a real fear in the hearts of their enemies and they felt sure of complete success. The peace that Joshua felt was amazing; never before had he known what it meant to walk and talk with the Lord; to have Him guide his every thought and deed. Quietly he called the elders together and laid out their plans. *"The Almighty God has told me what we are to do. We will take all our fighting men and camp outside Jericho in full view of all who dwell there. From the first day we will practice a fast of silence; we are not to speak or shout or make any banging noises. Every day for six days we will march around the whole wall of the city, we will be in order with*



armed men in front of the seven priests with the ram's horns. Following them will be the priests carrying the Ark of the Covenant and then the rest of our fighting men. On the seventh day we will march in the same order and fashion, only this day we will march around seven times. When the command is made our fast of silence is

over, it is then that the seven priests carrying the seven ram's horns will blow on them with a long blast, you are to shout out as loudly as you can and as you do God will cause the great wall to fall flat. Now make sure that nothing of this wicked city is taken. No gold, jewels, animals or people except Rahab and her father's household. Remember that this city and all the inhabitants are cursed and it is God's will that it will be totally destroyed."¹

The battle was over and everything had gone as planned. They knew already the difference between holy and un-holy. They were the chosen people of God and they knew it was not because they were any better than anyone else, but because of the wickedness of the other nations and God's faithful promises to their forefathers. Still as they marched home, they could not help but feel elated. The whole nation seemed on a spiritual high and it was then that the wicked one began to sow the seed of pride in their hearts.

Joshua sent out more spies, this time towards Ai. Both he and the whole of Israel felt sure of success and when the spies returned with excitement saying "look we only need to send two or three thousand fighting men up there, after all there is only a few of them and the way God uses us — no worries, it will all be over in no time!" Unbeknown to Joshua, the relationship God wanted with him was a continual walk and a continual conversation over all their plans. He had neglected to recognize the enemy's seed of pride in his own heart and had failed to immediately go back to the Lord in prayer over the previous battle. Because he didn't do so, he quickly agreed only to be devastated by the failure to overcome Ai and to see thirty six of his men killed. He tore his clothes and fell to the earth in prayer. In self-pity he thumped his chest as he cried out to the Lord. "I don't understand Lord, why did You bring us over the Jordan, was it to deliver us to our enemies? Is that what You really want — to destroy us? I wish we had been content to stay on the other side. Lord what will I say now when Israel begins to turn their backs and run away from their enemies instead of fighting? You know all our enemies will

hear of this and they will surround us and kill us all, no one will remember we even existed and then what will become of your great name?"² At this the Lord answered and the very sound of His voice brought stillness to Joshua's troubled heart, "Get up from the ground and don't lie on your face in self-pity. You are totally unaware that there is sin in the camp. Israel has sinned and broken our agreement. Someone has taken some of the accursed things; yes they have stolen them from me and put them among their own things. That is why Israel could not win the battle against Ai. Get up, set yourselves apart for me again, wash your clothes and bodies and while you're doing so make sure your own hearts have been cleansed also. In the morning bring each tribe and family before me and I will show you clearly which one has done this wicked thing."³

Joshua was shocked; of course he had no idea and with righteous fury he set about to put all in order. However a strange thing was happening, as he and the rest of the nation began the cleansing process, their thoughts wandered over all that had happened. They too were not without fault. "Oh Lord," he cried, "I tended to think proudly about the winning of the battle of Jericho. I know You really fought and won that battle. We were simply being obedient. You could have wiped them out without us, but You wanted us to learn how to walk in obedience and to understand just how holy You are — Lord I have failed You too. Yes someone took items we were told not to take, but I think each one of us tended to take some of Your glory too. Oh Lord, humble me, humble us, make us clean before Your holy face. Lord forgive me for my wicked prayer. How dare I think that Your Holy Name will be lost with the annihilation of Israel."

Sure enough Achan was discovered to be the culprit and in sadness and obedience they stoned him, his family and all his animals. They took them outside the camp to do so and burned them to a cinder as they had been told, but their humble hearts told them that they too deserved the same fate — the disease of the heart was still there and it was obviously going to be an on-going struggle. "Lord", Joshua sighed, "please help me to walk in Your presence and to talk with You constantly." As he prayed God told him what to do about Ai and as they obeyed so the battle was won. Only this time when they returned it was with a more humble heart. They still knew the wonder of a spiritual high; but with it came the beauty of prayerful and humble hearts, for truly they had begun to know the One and Only true God.

¹ Joshua 1:5-9; ² Joshua 7: 7-9; ³ Joshua 7: 10-15
(All references have been paraphrased.)

By Ruth-Marie

Out of Control

By Barbara Holmes

"Out of control," ran the headline in the magazine,
"Rage, wild rage," — bad behaviour going to extreme,
"Bad manners," "no respect," — we hear it every day,
As people turn their backs on God and follow their own way.
They've removed the ancient landmark that their fathers set,
Preferring their own troubled way — God's precious Word neglect;
The result is not a pleasant one, as we can plainly see,
If things continue as they are, the worse it's going to be,
"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,"
We find these words written in His precious Word,
So, if we would be blessed there's but one thing to do,
And the way is quite plain both to me and to you.

Laid Aside

By Doris A Rulton

A pathway lies before you
A path as yet unknown;
But rest assured dear sister
Your way is not alone.
The Saviour treads it with you
Each step and every hour;
His loving arms around you
Your daily strength and power!
We also have a part to play
A constant stream of prayer;
Assured our precious Saviour
Will hold you in His care.

Old Habits Die Hard

Now the victories of Israel over their neighbouring nations frightened all those next in line. Gibeon was a town such as this and they too had heard of the Almighty God who had brought His people out of Egypt and had given them all the land. They knew that if they did not do something fast, just like Jericho and Ai, they would no longer exist. Their fear of this God however did not provoke them to prepare for war, nor to repent of their evil ways, instead they had a plan. They pretended they were ambassadors from a far country and to make sure the Israelites were convinced they spent some time in preparation. They baked bread and allowed it to go stale and mouldy. They covered their wine skins in old and tattered ones. Their clothing was torn and raggedy and they wore patched shoes on their feet.

By the time they arrived at the camp of Israel, they really looked the part; with dirty faces and tired looks they asked to speak with the elders of the camp. Joshua and the other leaders never even hesitated. Just like most of us they felt sorry for these poor travellers and set about to make them more comfortable.

"Sirs," the Hivites from Gibeon said, "we have come from a far country — see our clothes and food. They were fresh when we left, but now

they are wasted. May we live among you, please make an agreement with us that we can live peaceably with you? We have heard of the name of the Lord your God and what He did in Egypt and with all the wicked kings as you passed through. We believe in Him, so please say yes, it has been such a long journey?"

Once again Satan knew the weaknesses of Israel and instead of being obedient to the Lord, they foolishly neglected to ask God's wisdom and fell for the story — quickly making an agreement with their enemies. The choice was made — the die had been cast and the Hivites were allowed to stay, however they became a thorn in the flesh from then on. When Israel found out about the deceit they then sought the Lord's guidance, but because the agreement was made in the name of the Lord, the Hivites from Gibeon could not be killed and so they were made slaves to cut wood and carry water.

Unfortunately as the years progressed it wasn't long before the children of Israel intermarried with them and began to take on their evil ways; for they had forgotten that when they made the choice to follow the Lord, they were to remember to lean upon His guidance in all aspects of their lives and to turn away from all foreign gods.

By Ruth-Marie

Forgetting The Past Forgetting The Past

"I can't forget my past! You've got no idea what it's like. There are things there that even I don't want to think about — but the pictures keep coming back to my mind — especially when I'm trying to go to sleep."

Julie, (not her name), was so distressed about these memories that she had finally plucked up enough courage to talk to me about them. I had built up a friendship with her over several months so now I gently encouraged her to accept that I was a friend who would not be deserting her even if she shared the very worst.

"God So Loved The World That ..."

I told her I knew that God was a great God who loved us so much that He sent His own Son to this earth as a baby. Jesus was born into a human family, and knew all the frustrations and daily annoyances that we experience, yet He did not sin. Even when His own people publicly ridiculed Him, and testified falsely about Him, Jesus still loved mankind so much that He was willing to go all the way to suffer crucifixion because He knew there was no other way mankind could come back into a relationship with the Father God.

Julie couldn't grasp this. Surely no one could love her like that, let alone the many others she had met in her own life of failure. She loved history and would often draw parallels from historical incidents that she had read about. My mind went back to the words of the Prophet Isaiah in the Old Testament as he was inspired to write to the people of Israel.

God's Chosen People — Israel

God had moved him to clearly and deliberately describe the failure and disobedience of the people God had chosen to be His people—the people of Israel. Not only did he describe their failures, but he also described the terrible judgment that would come upon them. The God who chose them was absolutely holy, and He had no option but to severely punish disobedience, or He would not be true to His own character. However, it grieved Him to do so, and He gave clear warnings about what would happen in such a judgment, but also there was an open invitation for the people of Israel to come back to Him in deep sorrow for what they were doing. If that happened, God would freely forgive them and the tragedy would be averted.

The Israelites knew all about the terrible Assyrian reign of terror. The

people to the north of them would come like marauding bandits to capture property, and even to take the people of the land. Not only would they capture them, but they would torture them mercilessly; even putting out their eyes. God said the Assyrians would come against His people and take them away. This would be their judgment!

Even in the midst of such warnings God's concern and love for His people — and for the Assyrians too — can be seen. As the Apostle Peter writes in the New Testament¹, **"He is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance"** — in other words, to come to know Him as Lord and Saviour.

"Turn Back To Me", Cries The Lord!

That's why the prophet Jonah was sent to Nineveh to call the Assyrians to repentance. Jonah knew what they were like and so he went in the opposite direction. Finally he obeyed God and told the Assyrians that if they didn't repent within 40 days, God's judgment would fall on them. Their king led the people to repent, and to turn from their wicked ways and their violent actions, and God was faithful. He did forgive them, and it was only when the Assyrians went back to their terrible ways that God's judgment finally came.

God wanted His own people Israel to turn from their wicked ways too, and He assured them of the special relationship that would be theirs if they turned to God and left behind their old ways.

It was hard for Julie to grasp that God could accept someone who had lived such a bad life, and it was a joy for me to be able to assure her in the words of 1 John 1:9 that **"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just and will forgive our sins, and purify us from all unrighteousness."**

"I Am Your Redeemer"

I have found the words of Isaiah 43 to be such an encouragement over the years, and it was a great joy to share them with Julie, who was beginning to see something of God's plan — even for her life.

God assures us that He has redeemed us. He has already paid the price for us to be set free from the bondage of sin's hold. The sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross was a once, for all time sacrifice to set free those who come asking for forgiveness, and for strength to turn away from their old patterns of life. Not only that, He also sent the Holy Spirit to empower us to live as He would have us live in the future.

God then challenges the people of Israel to: **"Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing! I am making a way in the desert and streams in the wasteland."**² It was as if the light came on in Julie's understanding. "Do you mean that God really wants to forgive me and to help me to change?"

"He certainly does. What's more, His promise is never to leave you nor forsake you. What could be better? If God has forgiven you, you will need to forgive yourself too and live in the light of the freedom God has given you."

A smile slowly came across Julie's face, and she told me that she would ask God to forgive her right then. She asked God to totally wash her and to set her free from all that held her back to the past. She asked God to fill her with His Holy Spirit and to place His own mark of ownership on her.

This can be your same experience right now, as you read this. Just do as Julie did, and then thank God you now belong to the One who loves you deeply and will keep you in future days as you learn to walk in His ways.

¹ 2 Peter 3:9. RSV

² Isaiah 43:18,19



By
Barbara Wilson

Handy HINTS

Hydrogen Peroxide

Use it to remove stains of an unknown origin. Mix a teaspoon of three per cent hydrogen peroxide with a little cream of tartar or a dab of nongel toothpaste. Now rub the paste on the stain with a soft cloth before rinsing.

Great for also removing grass stains. This time mix a few drops of ammonia with just 1 teaspoon of three per cent hydrogen peroxide before rubbing it on the stain. As soon as it disappears make sure you rinse the clothing well and then wash it thoroughly.

How about the mildew in the bathroom? Use it direct onto the mildew without watering it down and then simply wipe it clean.

Fresh bloodstains from any material can also be removed with this wonder mix. Three per cent directly to the spot on your clothing, rinse straight away with fresh water and wash in the normal manner.

Those chopping boards need a definite bacteria-killer. First wipe your board over with paper towel soaked in vinegar. Now also using a paper towel, this time use hydrogen peroxide 3 per cent and you can be sure there will be no more bacteria remaining.

It is also very suitable to remove wine stains.



Your Doctor's Insights



Don't just assume it's Alzheimer's

Alzheimer's disease is the most common form of dementia, a condition in which normal brain function is lost.

In most cases Alzheimer's disease has a gradual onset. At first there may be a little more than the forgetfulness which most of us experience from time to time. As the disease progresses there may be a very obvious loss of memory for recent events ("short term memory loss"), inability to perform familiar tasks or learn new one, and confusion about the time and date. Some sufferers believe they are living in the past. Personality changes are common, previously mild-mannered people often becoming quite aggressive.

In the more advanced stages of Alzheimer's there is a loss of the ability to recognise close relatives and perform

simple tasks such as washing, eating and getting dressed.

Many people worry that their elderly relatives have, or will develop, Alzheimer's. In the early stages it is not always possible to be sure.

But a number of other conditions, many of them treatable, can produce symptoms that might make one suspect Alzheimer's. These conditions include hormone disorders, nutritional deficiency, strokes, depression and head injuries. For this reason it is very important that any one whose memory, or other brain functions, seems to be deteriorating has a thorough medical assessment. It is worth remembering that 85 per cent of people over the age of 65 have NO form of dementia.

Your Doctor's Insights

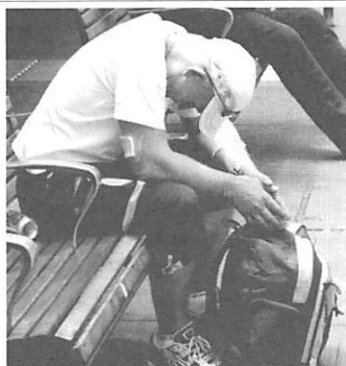
Has been presented by the

"Evans Street Surgery"

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Unfortunately these Doctors will be unable to answer any questions, but if you feel after reading their items, that you need to seek medical attention, we suggest that you visit your own Practitioner.



The Struggle of Faith and Doubts.

By Wendy Davie

We met a man so young one day,
He used "Jesus Christ" in such a harsh way!
I asked him, 'son, do you know this man?
Have you been to the hill?
Have you heard His plan?'

'What are you saying?' He asked me back

'What man? What hill? What plan?'
Was his attack!!!
'I just swore 'cause I hit me thumb,
'You're talking real strange,'
He replied quite glum.

It was then we began at the Garden of Eden
We talked some time of the truths I'd been given.
God's great plan of salvation to all had been sent
Jesus His job — to the cross; to the tomb, He went.
On the third day He rose overcoming all
Sin and death — yes bringing salvation to those who would call.

This man so young, he listened amazed
'Is this true, really true' he asked as ahead he gazed
'I hear what you say but I must admit
I think I'll need time just to sit and think!'

Now many years down the track I sit—
And ponder and wonder just a little bit.
I know I believe in God's Only Son
Who died for my sins and my salvation won.

Now I'm not so young as I used to be
And my thoughts have begun to trouble me.
You see, life and death have come all too close
I'm not too proud to admit or boast.
Our parents have gone, a grandson and all
We're next on the line to answer the call.

Do I really believe the truths I've been taught,
Or are they just tales in which I've been caught.
Was Jesus Christ who they said He was?
Was His death and burial for a worthy cause?
Did He rise again from that dank, dark grave?
Did He eat and drink with those He did save?
If all this was so — then what must I do...
But fall at His feet and worship Him too.

So now my doubts I must settle for sure
I'll search and I'll ponder the Scriptures once more.
In fact I'll stick with it until I know,
For it's only then that I shall grow.
And when it is time for me to die
I'll have no doubts that my spirit will fly
Direct to His arms of love so dear
Then everything will become perfectly clear



A Pig Called Freda



There once was a pig who disliked her life and greatly desired to become a little girl instead. She asked her owner, "will you train me to become a little girl?" The owner was delighted to help in any way she could. So the day came when the little pig was taken into the house. A hot soapy bath was prepared and with the help of a good solid nail brush and lots of elbow grease, the little pig shone bright and clean. The owner dressed her in a very pretty silk dress and began the training necessary. She named her Freda, and taught her how to sit at the table and eat with a knife and fork. Freda quickly learnt the way of saying "yes please" and "no thank you." She loved the way her meals were served and even began to help with the washing up. It was good fun to sit in the lounge chair and watch TV. After some months and really feeling like a little girl, she even became practiced at reading books (the right kind of course), and delighted in knitting and sewing. But then, one day it began to rain and it rained and rained. Slowly Freda began to feel a little down. "Why," she thought "do I feel so down. I have everything I need and my owner treats me so well. She clothes me, feeds me and supplies all my needs, but still I'm not happy." Just then she noticed the back door a little ajar. She peeped out at the rain falling into the back yard. Her heart began to sing again, why there right in front of her eyes was a great big mud puddle. It drew her so strongly that she found herself

pushing the door further open in order to squeeze out. Before anyone could stop her, she was out there rolling and snorting in the mud having the time of her life.

Had she really become a little girl? No for this to come about, she needed to be born again, not as a pig, but as a little girl. No training will change her pig habits for they are so deeply ingrained within her that training will not remove them.

Just like Freda, we too must be born again. We have inherited a sin nature from our original parents Adam and Eve. It will not disappear by our own hard work. Or by our mixing with the right crowd. Or even by the training by those in the know.

Jesus said in John 3:3 *"Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"* How does this come about? Simply by agreeing with the Lord that we are sinners by nature and asking Him to forgive us, cleanse us and to live within us. Have you been born again? Remember it is your responsibility and your choice.

By Wendy Davie

Why... Oh Why Do I Continue To Sin?

Laura sat and read the tear stained letter from her friend. It had been so long since they had been in contact, however this gap in time had made Laura think that her dear friend Gillie was doing well and her happiness was keeping her busy — however it was evident that this was not the case. She looked up at the beauty around her and quietly prayed for her friend. *Lord please touch Gillie with your presence, help her to know the leading of your Holy Spirit? We are so far away Lord, but you are right there with her. Please help her to know Your forgiveness? Lord as I write to her please give me your words to strengthen her faith and to be able to break through this difficult time — In Jesus precious Name I pray, Amen* A stillness came over Laura and she began to re-read the letter. These words seemed to jump out at her — "Why... Oh why do I continue to sin, I know what is right to do and yet, Laura I still do the wrong thing? I am so unhappy!"

Laura began to write what was on her mind, conscious of the Lord's leading and very much aware of how her friend felt. Didn't she also wound the Lord in the same manner all those years ago and doesn't she still struggle with the flesh and have to seek the Lord's refuge and strength constantly. Yes Laura knew all right and as she wrote there was no condemnation for her friend's predicament — no all she felt for her was a deep abiding love.

"Gillie," she wrote, "in Genesis 25 we read of a woman called Rebekah who was unable to have children. Her husband Isaac prayed for her and she fell pregnant with twins. As time went on she became aware that something did not feel right. The babies never seemed to stop wriggling and moving and their movements were none too gently either. She asked the Lord what was wrong and He told her that she was carrying twins who would eventually rule two nations. 'They are

already fighting to overcome each other' he said 'and one will be stronger than the other; however the eldest one will eventually end up serving the youngest.' Now this proved to be correct and in fact Esau, who was the eldest, was an extremely wild man, he had no respect for God nor for the eldest position that he had. One day when he came in from the field hungry, he chose to trade this place of honour, which was a spiritual role, with Jacob his brother — all he wanted was a bowl of food. The pleasures of the flesh were more important to him than what was right and he was without faith in God, his heart was full of pride and anger. Later God said in Hebrews 12:16,17 he tried to repent and in spite of his many tears, he could not do so. You see his rejection from birth remained very much a part of his life and that was his passion, the thing that drove him constantly.

Two boys, twins from birth, brought up in the same household yet so different. Esau was controlled and owned by Satan and the diseased heart he had. He could not break free from it, whereas Jacob, who did make mistakes for he was also born with a diseased heart, at some point in his life chose to have faith in the Living God.

We too have made that choice, my dear friend, and in making it we have a definite advantage. You see Jesus Christ is God come in the flesh, and when He died for us it broke the power of sin and death that Satan held over us. If He had been an ordinary man, His death would not have done anything, however because He is God and Holy in all aspects, His death and resurrection opened the door for all who would choose to believe in Him. All who would be so touched by His precious gift of death, burial and resurrection, that their life's passion would always be to follow and obey Him.

In Romans 6 we discover a wonderful truth. Gillie, we no longer have to sin. When we gave our lives to Him, we were buried in His death and risen in His resurrection. Verse 11 tells us that we can rely upon the power of our death in Him and instead live for God through the power of His Holy Spirit.

When I discovered this truth for myself it amazed me, I began to realize when a temptation I was struggling with had already trapped me. It was because I did not know this valuable truth. Due to that as soon as the temptation came, it was always stronger and my desire to do it always won. You know, one day I sat thinking and realized that the reason I fell, was because I had already made the choice to do it from the very beginning.

Choice is a powerful thing, and we each have it in our beings. We can choose to live for God, or we can choose to still wallow in the mud of sin. Later in that same chapter in verse 19 we find Paul explaining to us that in the past, that is before we became Christians, we could not fight sin and automatically did what was wrong. Now he gives the clue — 'now in the same manner,' he says, 'by an act of the will, choose to live a righteous and holy life.' Do it for the Lord Gillie, because every time we sin, it is like slapping our Saviour in the face and saying to Him, Your love and Your death mean nothing to me — instead I want to love

myself more and do what I want. My dear, dear friend, it doesn't matter what sin it is that you are struggling with, you too can make that choice to stand for the Lord and live your life to His glory. Remember always He has given you that way of escape and the comfort of His Holy Spirit to strengthen and guide you."

Laura was already weeping as she wrote and the tears stained the page, just as her friend's had. She would continue to pray for Gillie and ring her in a couple of days to make sure she was OK. She reread her letter and then added — "Gillie I love you so much and so does Jesus. You know when He died on the cross, the last few words He uttered were *It is finished*"; what a wonderful God we have, He understands our weaknesses and that's why He sent His Son for us, to help us break free. Fly free my dear, place all your affections on the Lord and the things of heaven and Satan will no longer have any power over you, for the battle has already been won by the Lord Jesus Himself."

She signed it "Affectionately your sister in Christ" and as she went off to the post office, her prayers for her friend remained constant as she knew they would.

By Ruth-Maree



Before a passenger boards a plane, his baggage is carefully weighed. If it exceeds the limit set down, he must pay for the excess. Before a mountain climber or a hiker sets out he makes sure that he has all that is necessary for

the journey in his rucksack. Nourishing food, a water-bottle, a hat or hood for the sun, a jacket to keep out the wind or rain, a waterproof swag or bed-roll on top, a sturdy pair of boots, a map and compass. Weight is important. It must not be too heavy or he will be exhausted before the day is out.

We too need nourishing food for our bodies for energy and strength. Too little and we become weak. Too much and we feel uncomfortable for it is excess baggage!

Another important consideration is how it is packed. If all the heavy stuff is on one side, the rucksack will be lopsided. Not only will it be uncomfortable, it can be dangerous too, causing him to overbalance and fall over. Imagine what would happen to the climber if he lost his footing by the side of a ravine! Not a pleasant thought!

Many of us are carrying excess baggage on our journey through life, and we pay for it. The destination of the Christian is Heaven, forever with the Lord. But how do we get there?

Sin in our lives weighs us down. It must be removed. But how? We cannot do it ourselves, that is certain. We may try by good works or by our own endeavours to clean up our lives, but the stain remains.

"God requires an account of what is past."¹ The Lord Jesus Christ settled the account when He took "our sins upon Himself when He died on the cross."²

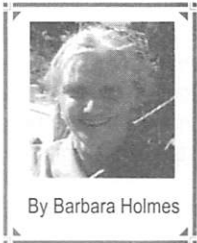
So before we can make a start we need to get rid of the excess baggage of SIN by repenting and turning to God with all our heart and soul. Then we can be "confident that He Who has begun a good work in us will complete it until the Day of Christ."³

Then there is the excess baggage of REGRET. If only". *If only I hadn't said that. If only I hadn't done that. If only I had done more for him or her before...If only I hadn't taken my eyes off the road...what about the excess baggage of being UNFORGIVING?* That friend or relative who hurt you by word or deed. You have been stung and you can't forgive or forget. This excess baggage will weigh you down. You will be despondent, harbouring within yourself a sore, which will not heal.

There is only one way to get rid of all this excess baggage, confess your guilt, remorse and hurt to the only One Who is able to meet your need. Ask Him for His cleansing and healing. Then **leave it, forget it and PRESS ON!** Press on toward the goal — the prize, just as the runner with his eye fixed on the finishing line. If he looks back, a runner coming up on his blind side will pass him and reach the finishing line first, or he will trip and fall. If we want to finish our course with joy, as Paul did, we will need to "***humble ourselves before the mighty hand of God and He will exalt us in due time.***"⁴

Pride will stop us humbling ourselves. Don't let pride and excess baggage keep you from finishing your race with joy!

¹ Ecclesiastes 3:15b (NKJV); ² 1 Peter : 2:24 (emphasis mine); ³ Philipians 1:6 (NKJV); ⁴ 1 Peter 5:6 (NKJV)





My Testimony

As anyone who has heard my accent could guess, I grew up in Britain, where I was blessed to have two very loving parents. We attended Church every Sunday, but the Church we were involved in was not one that encouraged their parishioners to study the Bible. The result of this was that I grew up with a definite belief in the existence of God, but as I had very little knowledge of the Bible, I had no real understanding of God's immense love for us and His desire to have a close relationship with us.

The Bible is our road map for living; without its guidance we are far more likely to make wrong choices and decisions, and the path that I chose to take in my life was certainly proof of that.

At only 18 years of age I married a man that I knew I didn't love. I was a very overweight teenager, with very little confidence. In my immaturity I believed that if I didn't marry this man, no one else would ever ask me, and I would be 'left on the shelf'. As you can imagine, the marriage was on shaky ground from the start, and with my lack of faith I didn't really know how to look to God for His guidance. After only 5 years, the marriage came to an end.

Over the next few years I seemed to go from one disastrous relationship to another, my confidence and self-esteem plummeting even more, until in 1977, I tried to end my life. I thank God that I didn't succeed. When I saw the immense hurt that my attempt at suicide had caused to those closest to me, I felt overwhelmed with regret for what I had done, and I vowed never to do it again.

In 1980 I believed my life had taken a turn for the better. I had met a wonderful man called Jim. He became my everything. I thought of almost nothing else but our future together. I loved Jim immensely, he was the focus of my life; all my hopes and joys were centred on him. What a huge mistake that turned out to be. Only God should ever hold the number one place in our hearts. My dear Jim died on July 12th 1983, only months before our planned wedding. I felt completely devastated. I honestly believed that the loss of Jim would be something I would never recover from.

What I didn't count on was the power of prayer. Over in Scotland my dear Mum was praying for me regularly, constantly asking God to transform my life.

Amazingly, in 1985, I married Geoff whom I had met at my workplace. I knew that I would continue to love and miss Jim, but at the same time, I knew my deep love for Geoff was genuine. Although we were very well suited to one another, those early years together were still very difficult and sad ones. Within the first 12 months of our marriage we had lost our first two babies, in the early stages of pregnancy.

At this point in my life I was feeling extremely weighed down with the heartache of life's disappointments but also with the guilt for all the wrong things that I had done.

In March 1987, when I was pregnant for the third time, my husband surprised me with the suggestion that we check out the local Church. I literally thank God for that day — it really was the turning point in my life, as well as a tremendous answer to my Mother's prayers.

Through the guidance of a young Minister and his wife, I was encouraged to read the Bible on a daily basis. As I did this I began to discover that my whole perception of God had been completely wrong. I began to realise that in spite of the fact that I had done so many wrong things in my life, our Heavenly Father had always been watching over me, loving me immensely and longing for the day when I would turn to Him in repentance. I began to understand that God had sent His Son Jesus to pay the price for all of my wrongdoing, and that if I accepted His Son Jesus as my Saviour, then God would completely remove my burden of guilt.

It is now more than 19 years since I began regularly reading the Bible. I now know that when we put Jesus in charge of our lives, He really does watch over us. He guides us through all of life's decisions, helps us find solutions to our problems and even comforts us in times of grieving for the loss of loved ones. He truly does heal the broken hearted.

Jesus once said ***"I have come that they may have life and have it to the full."*** (John 10:10 NIV), and that is indeed what Jesus has given me — a full and wonderful life. I really do now know what it is like to have lasting joy in my life, and I thank my Heavenly Father for that daily.

My hope and prayer is for anyone who doesn't already have that same joy, that they too will look to Jesus, to allow Him to transform their lives in the way that He has transformed mine.

I thank God for my wonderful husband Geoff; I thank Him for our son Glenn, born in November, 1987, but most of all, I thank my Heavenly Father for the undeserved and awesome gift of salvation, that comes to us through His precious Son Jesus.

September 2006

Teresa Ganley

Teresa is one of our School Chaplains in Bundaberg

Editor

Right Thinkin' Or Stinkin' Thinking

Where did that thought come from? An impure or unkind thought has "popped" into my brain and I have no idea where it came from. Does that happen to you?

In recent weeks I have come to realise more and more how vital my thoughts are to the success or strength of my spiritual life. Perhaps the key verse to memorise is Proverbs 23:7 (Amplified)— "**For as he (she) thinks in his (her) heart, so is he (she).**" That verse tells me how strongly my thoughts shape or determine my attitudes, habits, actions and — ultimately — my character. It clearly says that I cannot constantly have wrong thoughts and, at the same time, grow in Christ.

That verse is a challenging reminder about the importance of correct thinking. But there are many more verses in Scripture which mention thinking, meditating, our mind, and so on. Let's explore some of them to understand how much we need to discipline our thoughts, just like every other area of our life.

Do you know someone that you don't particularly like to be around, or spend time with? It can be you're not even sure why you try to avoid them. If you take the time to ponder why, it may well be that person has a negative or complaining attitude. 1 Corinthians 15:33 tells us that **Bad company corrupts good character**. It is important not to spend too much time with those who may not have the right attitude. If we do, and particularly if we are young, we can be easily swayed by others and perhaps find ourselves doing things we know to be wrong because we do not have the backbone (strength of character) to act according to what we know is right. This verse reinforces the need to spend time and have fellowship with likeminded people — in short, Godly Christians who have right thinkin'.

(Please note I am not saying we are not to have any contact with people who have a negative attitude. We Christians are to be a "light on a hill" and "salt with savour". We must, however, be aware of the impact on our lives of constant contact with others who are not seeking Christ in their lives.)

So how do we know what is right and what do we use as our benchmark? We can go to no better place than the Bible and no better person than Jesus Christ. What wonderful advice is given in Psalm 119:11 by the psalmist: **I have hidden Your word in my heart that I might not sin against You.** Thinking about God's words and instructions help us to not sin against God because reading and meditating upon His Word — along with constant prayer — allow us to know God's Heart.

Start reading through the Psalms and you will quickly see the importance of fixing one's thoughts on God. King David was someone who was not afraid to express his honest thoughts to God; he told God that he was downcast by events in his life — as sometimes he had every reason to be (for example, when King Saul was trying to kill him).

Suddenly, his writing changed as he switched his focus to God rather than thinking about his condition, his enemies or his surroundings. Immediately the tenor of his psalms changes: from despair to hope; from negativity to positivity; from loss to victory.

If we are to grow to be like Christ — as we should aim to do — then we must think as He does. We must ask God to give us His mind... to help us see a situation as He does. (It's something like in a marriage or close relationship: if your spouse has reacted in a way that you don't understand or is unexpected, you should try to look at the situation from his point of view.)

In Isaiah 55:9, God declares, **For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways... As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.** When something happens in your life that you don't understand or you wonder why God allowed it, remember this verse and pray that God will help you to see the situation from His perspective. He may not show you the complete picture, but He may choose to give you a glimmer of how He sees the situation.

**"I have hidden
Your word in
my heart that
I might not sin
against You."**

One of my favourite passages is Jeremiah 29:11-13: **"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart."** Not only does this passage say that God plans for our best, but that we can know (find) God when we seek Him with our whole heart.

The very act of seeking God indicates that we want to know Him and His thoughts. As we learn God's thoughts, we become like our thoughts as Proverbs 23:7 tells us. So, if we are thinking Godly thoughts, we can become Christ-like.

We must discipline our mind as we do any other area of our life. How are we to do that? Firstly, by understanding that *our thought life is a basic area of spiritual warfare — Satan is fighting to control our thoughts.* Secondly, by focusing our thoughts on God. Philippians 4:8 is a key verse in this area, telling us to focus our thoughts on **"whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable — if anything is excellent or praiseworthy — think about such things"**. Thirdly, we are to resist evil thoughts as we realise that these thoughts come from Satan who wants to control the person we become by his controlling our thoughts. As we actively resist the devil, he will flee from us (James 4:7). Fourthly, by remembering that our identity is not in us and what we can do (self-esteem); our identity comes from our position in Christ and what we can do for others (that is, esteem others above ourselves).

(Unless stated, all references are in the New International Version.)

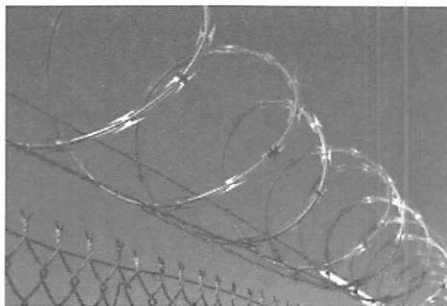


By
Annette Lawson

My Testimony

In December 1971 I gave birth to what the doctors said was a healthy baby boy. I knew deep down inside, (call it mothers intuition), after getting home with our little one; that something was wrong. After many tests my fears proved a reality. Paul was born with four things wrong with his heart, but the most devastating news was that nothing could be done for him. When he was three years old we fostered an eight month old aboriginal baby who had been abused by his mother and left for dead. When Paul was three and a half years old, a specialist in Brisbane notified us that they could operate on him now. After much prayer we decided to go ahead with the operation, because if we didn't he wouldn't live much longer as his heart was so enlarged it was outgrowing his body.

On 6th May 1975, the operation went ahead and we were told it was a complete success with no need for further medications. Praise God!!!! Six days after his operation one of the nursing staff mistreated him and refused to let me feed him. He was distressed and cried a lot and wanted me to hold him. The next day when I went up to the hospital our little boy looked up at me and said, "mummy I feel so sick." I went out to see the sister on duty and it was the same one that had been on the day before and she would not listen and yelled at me about him being spoilt. I asked to see a doctor, but she refused to call one. As the day wore on he got worse. Finally one of the staff called the doctor and he said he was not sure what the trouble was, but he would see what he was like in the morning. I rang at 6 o'clock the next morning and they said, "come in quickly, your son is very sick." When we arrived we were put in a room where we were left alone for two hours. It was then that a very sombre faced doctor came in and said, "I am sorry but your son has died." "What!!!!!!" I wanted to yell. The doctor said they would have to have a post mortem before answering all our questions.



Four months later we were called back and told he had died through negligence. What happened was when Paul was crying his heart was beating overtime and the stitches cut through the main artery and he suffocated in his own blood. The night before he died he said he wanted to write a letter to Daddy. Of course he could only scribble and I told him to tell Daddy that mummy was reading a story to him and he said, "no mummy, all I want to tell daddy is. BE NOT AFRAID." That was a Bible verse he had learnt when he went to Sunday School.

When our foster child was three years old, his mother decided to give him up for adoption. We were so excited and jumped at the suggestion. I felt pregnant just as our son died, but was not aware. Lana was born nine months to the day that we buried our son. God takes, but He also gives again. She was born with her urethrae on the left side in the wrong position and had major surgery six years to the day our son had his heart operation.

I gave birth to another son and daughter over the following years. We

shifted into Toowoomba, where my husband was an interstate truck driver. I hated him being away, but I knew at least he had a job and I had to learn to be content. Life continued with its ups and downs. I started to have panic attacks and suffered from depression and anxiety. For 25 years I went through these devastating mental problems. For eight of those years I suffered with agoraphobia. (fear of going outside my home.) Some days I couldn't even go out to the mail box and get the mail. I used to write out a shopping list and one of the children used to get the groceries while I sat paralysed with fear in the car until they returned. I would draw the curtains, take the phone off the hook and not answer the door bell.

One of our daughters was raped at a very tender age by a so called 'family friend'. He did plead guilty however the damage that was done to our precious daughter, was almost more than I could bare. She also found a family friend who had hung himself and had been dead for a few days. Our poor little daughter seemed to spend so much time at counsellors. Of course, when our children go through trials so do we as parents. We feel and suffer right along with them.

When our oldest son was eleven years old, the police arrived on our door step and said they were here to discuss what he had been doing.

I asked whose window had he broken or whose scrub had he destroyed. He was a child that used to run every where and things just seemed to crumble behind him. Well I was not prepared for what they were about to tell me next. They said he was attempting to rape "older" women. I looked at them in disbelief. "NO !!! I said you have the wrong child. Our son is only eleven and not the least bit sexual in any way." Well many court cases later to my horror and dismay it had been the case. I thought my heart would break. Oh! Where had I gone wrong as a mother? The doctors discovered he was born with a hormonal imbalance and when he was fourteen his hormones came back as those of a thirty year old male. So you see he was a man inside a little boy's body, screaming to get out. He got into drugs and alcohol at a young age and has made many wrong choices in his life thus leading to a life of crime. When he stays off drugs and alcohol he holds down a job and really does well. This chapter in our lives started twenty-one years ago now and he has been in and out of jail for all of that time. We continue to take him to the Lord in prayer. We know God loves him more than we could ever imagine and He longs to set him free. God can bring good out of the worst evil... He did at Calvary... didn't He?

Because of having our precious son in and out of jail someone invited me to go away to a 'Kairos Outside' weekend in May 2003. Just before this I had done a six week course at a hospital. It was on depression, anxiety, panic attack and self worth. I had learnt some basic skills on how to manage the panic attacks and how to breathe so I didn't hyperventilate. When I was invited to go away I was still in the healing process and at times I wasn't too sure whether I should go or not. I need not have been concerned though, as this was a weekend

where I met 25 other women who had a loved one in jail either then or in the past. For the first time in all those years I was with a group of women who knew how I felt inside. Broken hearts...broken lives... Jesus longs to set us free. For once I wasn't rejected or talked about because of wrong choices our son had made in his life.

I have been a Christian for 40 years and through all the trials in my life, I never lost my faith in God, however I found a strong renewal of my faith through these trials. At last I felt not only able to cope, but I actually had hope again. I believe God has allowed me to go through all these hurts in my life because He says in His Word in Romans 8: 28 He promises that He will work all things together for the good of those who love Him. Also I love Philippians 3: 13,14 where Paul says.. ***"but one thing I do, forgetting what is behind and straining towards what is ahead, I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus."*** Dear folks... God NEVER wastes a hurt and in the words of a chorus we sang at the grave side of our little boy thirty years ago...

IT WILL BE WORTH IT ALL WHEN WE SEE JESUS...
LIFE'S TRIALS WILL SEEM SO SMALL...
WHEN WE SEE CHRIST...
ONE GLIMPSE OF HIS DEAR FACE...
ALL SORROW WILL ERASE...
SO GLADLY RUN THE RACE...TILL WE SEE CHRIST

By Dee Holt

On the 10th September 2006, Dee notified us that their darling son was at last released from prison.

The whole family will face new challenges now as they strive together and individually to forget the past that needs to be forgotten and remember only the truth; that is, that the Almighty God is their refuge and strength.

May we be praying not only for them, but for many others who face the same trials day by day — the stresses and strains we can only imagine. Pray for daily strength for their son to turn away from the foreign gods who drove him there in the first

place and to turn to the Living God who alone can redeem.

Editor.

What is Kairos Outside?

Kairos Outside is designed to support women who have, or have had, a family member or partner detained in the correctional system. This is achieved by providing a safe environment from Friday evening to Sunday evening at a conference-type venue, surrounded by loving Christian people and an opportunity to interact with women in similar circumstances. Unfortunately these ladies 'do time' on the outside along with their loved ones and it is the objective of Kairos Outside to let them know there is a Christian community who loves them and cares about their needs.

The Kairos Outside weekend will provide an opportunity for these ladies, perhaps for the first time, to explore and experience the unconditional love God has for all of us. The weekend is also a time of fun, music, an abundance of food and the making of new friends. Just like Emmaus or Cursillo, but a little different! By giving these ladies a Christ filled experience, they will have strength for the journey ahead and no longer will they have to 'do time' alone.

The weekend is a series of talks given by women who open their hearts and share their life journey. For many of the guests, this will be the first time they have experienced a loving, safe family environment with people of similar circumstances.

The primary objective of a Kairos Outside weekend is to offer the ladies an ongoing relationship with Jesus Christ. Of significant importance is the fact that previous Kairos Outside participants serve as team members and they share their experience of Christ's unconditional love on their lives.

Their head office is
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However Dee welcomes contact on her email:
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HINTS To bless

To dry your **nail polish** quickly, try spraying a coat of olive-oil over them. They will not only dry quicker, but you will moisturise your hands at the same time.

Did you know that **denture tablets** will work wonders on your jewellery? Simply place one in a cup of water, add your rings or diamond earrings. Let it sit for a few minutes and then rinse to reveal the old sparkle and shine.

Have you lost one of your **earrings**? Dont throw the remaining one out, have a time of creativity and make a brilliant brooch. Use wire cutters to snip off the stems and arrange them on a piece of cardboard or foam. Secure them with a drop from a hot-glue gun. Now add a pin to the back and voila it's done. You can use the same method to fancy up a picture frame.

To **cleanse your skin** and tighten the pores, use plain yoghurt on your face — let it sit for about 20 minutes and then rinse off.

A special **face mask** — Mix 1 teaspoon of plain yoghurt with the juice from $\frac{1}{4}$ wedge of orange, add some of the pulp and 1 teaspoon of aloe vera. After smearing on your face, let it remain for at least 5 minutes, before you rinse thoroughly.



God's Call Is God's Enabling

No one looking back is fit for the kingdom of God). Luke 9:62

I think my dear husband, Graeme, married me for my money!! As soon as I said, "I will", he asked me how much I had in the bank. (Not much!)

It was 1965. He'd been studying for a degree in Agricultural Science for 5 years, and any cash he had left went to pay off his Volkswagen. So I drew out my meagre savings (from 2 yrs teaching), and off we went to Bible College in Auckland. It was there that God challenged us about the mission field, and as we had no children and no commitments, it was easy to say "Yes!" With our training behind us, we were ready to rush out and save the world, and thought we were God's gift to the heathen!

But God knew we had lots of lessons to learn before we were ready for that, and instead of sending us to Thailand (as we desired), He sent us to Taupo (a town in the middle of the North Island, NZ). We had four children in quick succession — Leighton, Andrew, Shari and Melody, and were extremely poor for many years. But we found that as we put God first in our giving and in our living, He wonderfully provided. This was great preparation for the mission field.

Moving to Rotorua after 7 years, we started to put our roots down, thinking that maybe God wanted us to minister to the 'heathen' in NZ. We were very involved with the Baptist Church, and ran a Sunday School in our home for the folk up our country road. I enjoyed Rotorua apart from the many cold frosts. "I wish God would send us somewhere warmer," I complained one morning. Wrong thing to say!!

About 2 weeks later, World Vision (a Christian relief and development agency), asked Graeme if he (and his family) would go to the Ogaden Desert in southern Ethiopia. His task was to

start an irrigation project with the Somali refugees. I said, "Sorry, Lord, sorry, I didn't mean that — I'll go anywhere, do anything as long as you let me stay in NZ!"

Graeme, however, loves doing adventurous things, and was excited at the opportunity of going Africa. But me being a woman, with not much courage, I wasn't excited at all. Sure, I wanted to serve God and help other people, but only if it didn't cost me anything. It was so much harder to go now — Graeme had a very good job, we had 4 young children, (ages 4-9) 2 cars, a caravan, a small boat, and a large mortgage.

I reminded the Lord that when I offered myself for the mission field I thought He would send us somewhere nice (like Hawaii!). Ethiopia was the last place on my mind. Graeme was understanding, and said, "I'm sure it's the right thing, dear, but I won't force you; — you just pray about it." The only prayer I wanted to pray was, "God, please, don't make me go to Ethiopia." The more I heard about the village of Gode (where we were to be stationed), the less I wanted to go — there was virtually nothing there, except 2000 refugees.

No school, no doctor, no hospital, no shops, no power, no telephone, no church, no other family there that spoke English, no regular transport in and out; and it was surrounded by warring factions. I explained all this to God, and thought it was obvious why it was totally impractical for a young family to go there; and I was so frightened to go to such an isolated place.

A battle went on in my heart for 2 months, but eventually the Holy Spirit enabled me to put aside my own desires, and my fears and submit to God. "Lord, make me willing to be willing!" I cried. How gracious God is. Once I came to that place of surrender, He gave me wonderful promises of

direction, protection, provision, and blessing. One verse was very encouraging — Joshua 1: 9 **"Be strong and of a good courage, do not be afraid, for the Lord is with you wherever you go."** Another very meaningful promise was — **"The Lord will satisfy your needs in a sun scorched land"**. Isaiah 58: 11 (The Ogaden Desert was surely a sun scorched land!) He spoke clearly to my heart **"It is my family He has chosen, He will constantly look after our safety and success"**

The Word of God gave me a tremendous peace. Even so, I was staggered when we arrived in Addis Ababa, (the capital) to see the poverty, the dirt, the sickness, the beggars. I felt so ashamed I hadn't been prepared to go and help those who had so little. "Forgive me for being so selfish, Lord," I cried. "Please use us in some small way to help these precious people." We praise God for those we were able to help.

We settled into a very basic house in Gode village. Graeme was very busy working with the locals on the irrigation project, while home-schooling the children occupied much of my time. Our house really bugged me though. There was no real design about it — the toilet was the most inconvenient convenience I have ever seen! The passage from the lounge to the bedrooms literally went right through it. Birds were nesting in the sagging ceiling, the doors didn't fit properly, the lino was really grotty and there was no way we could replace it. Furthermore, 'dust devils' swirled right through the house several times a day leaving a red gritty covering over everything. I must confess I was rather annoyed that after all I had given up for God, He was making me live in such an awful house! I couldn't persuade Graeme to join my pity party (he just told me to look on the positive side), but the devil commiserated with me, and agreed I had good reason to feel so miserable and let down.

Learning to Forgive



For 2 weeks I was quite depressed, then the Holy Spirit confronted me — “Pam, have you noticed how the refugees at the camp live?” Wow — I felt SO convicted when I thought of their terrible conditions, and asked the Lord to forgive my very bad attitude. I realized I had to forget the past, and the nice things and the comfort zone I had left behind in beautiful NZ. I needed to count them but loss for the sake of Christ, and press on in the ministry He had given us in Ethiopia. **“No one, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God”** I repented, and thanked God for the privilege of serving Him where so many were suffering so much.

I asked the Lord to enable me to find things to enjoy down there in the desert, and started counting my blessings instead of my burdens. Nothing in the house changed, but my heart changed and that made all the difference. That funny old house became a home I enjoyed, and I was sorry when we had to leave.

It was a thrill to start a church in Gode (the only competition being the Muslim mosque), and an even greater joy to see some of these very aggressive Somali men give their lives to Jesus. They were totally transformed into lovely, gracious men of God. Every week I cooked a simple meal for about 35 men who came to the Wednesday Bible study in our home.

After we had been there one year, there were many rumours of terrorists attacking villages close by. The non-Christian aid workers in the area started to panic and leave the area. We didn't feel we were martyr material, and were very concerned about the children's safety. We earnestly asked God to show us whether we should go or stay. He spoke very clearly to Graeme — **“Fear not, stand still and see the wonderful way the Lord will rescue you. The Lord will fight for you.”** Exodus 14: 13,14. And to me His Word was — **“Dont you panic as so many of your neighbours are doing when they see (the enemy) attacking. If you fear the Lord of the armies of heaven, you need fear nobody else, He will be your safety”**. Isaiah 8: 12,13, (Living Bible). Once again, the Word of God brought supernatural peace, and we felt no freedom to leave.

The terrorists came at 1.30 on Sunday morning. The 3 men were lined up by the firing squad (Graeme, Dr McClure and his son

Don [Graeme's age]). They owned the property we were living on, and had come down to Gode to visit us for a few days. The shots rang out, bang, bang, bang!! Dr McClure was shot through the chest and fell down dead at Graeme's feet — a moment he will never forget. Don told us next morning, that just a few hours before the attack, he and his father had been reading in 2 Timothy 4: 6,7 **“The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE!”** He had been a missionary in Africa for 50 years. A human tragedy, but having finished his course, God took him.

Graeme was shot at, from only about 10 feet, but miraculously the bullet aimed at him never reached him. The blast of the gun hit him forcefully in the chest, and he was flung to the ground, sure that he was dead. We believe the Word of God, and the angels were like an invisible shield around him. Psalm 34: 7. Don turning to run, tripped, and the bullet aimed at him, skimmed his shoulder leaving powder burns.



When I realized the terrorists were surrounding our house, I gathered the 4 children together, and prayed over them, covering them with the precious blood of Jesus. We were hunted out of our house (Graeme had gone over to McClure's place next door to warn them), and I was shot through the leg as the children clung on to my skirt in fear. The bullet went in one side and out the other, leaving a small hole in the front, and a huge hole at the back of my leg. It missed my knee bone. It also missed the main artery by just a fraction. It was a miracle that none of the children were injured, and didn't even suffer any nightmares following this traumatic night. Neither did Graeme nor I.

Two Ethiopian nurses who were staying with us that night, escaped injury. But when they saw the blood pouring from my leg (after the terrorists suddenly ran away — another

amazing thing) they said, “Oh Pam, you are going to die, you'll bleed to death.” But immediately the Holy Spirit brought a verse to mind that greatly encouraged me — **“I shall not die, but live, and declare the wonderful works of the Lord.”** Psalm 118: 17

Next day a male nurse at the local grubby clinic patched me up as best he could. Later, when we were evacuated to Kenya, I visited a doctor to have my wound checked and he said, “You were so lucky, the bullet came so close to your main artery. If that had severed, you would have probably bled to death, with no hospital nearby.” I responded, “Doctor, luck had nothing whatever to do with it, it was God protecting us as He promised He would.” After a few months my leg was totally healed, with no lasting limp or pain.

It was an awful night, but it was an awesome night proving the power of the Word of God (how we need to store it in our hearts), the precious blood of Jesus, and the presence and protection of God so wonderfully. Also the power of prayer. We were attacked at 1.30 Sunday morning. In NZ, with the time difference, it was 10.30, and our Baptist church was starting their service. The pastor stood up and said, “I don't know why, but I feel really concerned for the safety of the Smiths this morning. Before we go any further, let us have a time of prayer for them.” Several men stood to ask God to protect us. What a blessing that their prayers reached right round the world at the precise moment Graeme was facing the firing squad! Never underestimate the power of prayer.

This experience happened to us during our first year on the mission field. We have now been privileged to serve God overseas for 25 years (in Africa, Papua New Guinea, and currently in Fiji). We give God all the glory!



By Pam Smith

“The Eternal God is your refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”

Deuteronomy 33:27 (NKJV)



Melanie in Sorrow and Rebellion

Melanie sat and watched the passers by. How different they all seemed to be, yet in many ways they were like copycat robots going about their daily lives. Why their clothing even looked the same. Looking down at her own clothes, caused her to

think — was she any different? The young teenagers mannerisms showed they had all gone through the same training school. The aged tottered about, many with fear written all over their faces and those who didn't were covered in a cloud of sadness or freely gossiping about others they rubbed shoulders with. Seldom did she see a smile on the faces of the passers by; no instead they showed haste and worry and that constant yearning for love and contentment. In each person she discerned ways that they were desperately trying to cover up — their was hunger for peace and happiness, acceptance and a real reason for living. Then the screaming of a naughty child drew her attention. Only about three years old she already knew how to embarrass her mother into giving in to her tantrums. Fearful of what others would say, Mum tried first to distract her little one from the toy she so wanted, it didn't work. Ignoring her and walking away, failed as well. Speaking firmly seemed to make matters worse and eventually, the toy was bought and the child wilfully snatched it with a satisfied tearful face and they walked on. Glancing at her mirror image in the nearest shop window, Mel noted that the struggles of life showed in her features also.

It was then her mind flitted back over the years, much of which seemed so wasted whilst she too rebelled against "The Song" of love tugging at her heart. Grandma's beautiful wrinkled face was visible again in her mind's eye. It seemed every time memories washed over her, it was always there. What was it all about? What was it about Grandma that always drew her to the place of longing to be loved. Mostly she was able to cover it all up; fill in the gaps of misery with other things and escape into a world of pseudo happiness, unfortunately it never lasted. However Grandma's beautiful features always did. Tears welled up in her eyes as she remembered Grandma saying "Remember my precious one, I will always love you and so will Jesus." Was that what was drawing her?

Her home life had not drawn her by the same peace and love. How she hated the constant arguing of her parents. They seemed to keep their marriage together now simply by both doing their own thing. Getting used to her rebellion and wilful ways over the years, they had at long last given up even noticing her comings and goings. After all what could they do and they had enough of their own sorrows to deal with. Poor friendships led her away from the love and acceptance she so longed for as well. It seemed no matter where she looked there was no peace and certainly no true joy.

When her dear Grandmother had died of cancer, the service had been beautiful and the lovely words of those who knew of her faith were another tug at her heart, but the anger and sorrow drove Melanie further from the love she so craved. After all Grandma was the only one she had been able to talk to, the only one who seemed to care, to listen without condemnation. How can there be a God, why would He take Grandma and with such a horrible disease? This drove her into further rebellion and she began mixing with some people whom she would have been better not associating with. It was during this time

when made more bad choices and became pregnant. Her baby was adopted out and an indescribable grief drove her still further from the love she so longed after.

How she hated this constant grief and sorrow. As she sat watching the passers by, Melanie was still conscious of the deep longing to find her child. Every girl who passed by with blond hair and blue eyes was given a deep appraisal — was that her — could this one be her? How she longed to know what had happened to the little girl she had managed a quick glance at eighteen years earlier.

Her mind flitted over the constant changes in the relationships she had had. What she had deemed as love had really only been a need to be needed or purely satisfying the lusts of the flesh. She knew that now. Her longing to be loved drove her on, it controlled her relationships and friendships. It left doubts and fears that controlled all aspects of her life. How to escape that was the question? "What would you advise Grandma?" she thought. Again the words overwhelmed her "remember my precious one, I will always love you and so will Jesus!" Something softened in her heart and tears streamed down her cheeks.

It was at this moment that James and the children joined her, his gently touch on her shoulder and the concern on his face made her smile. "It's OK," she said, "I've just been thinking about the past again." He drew out his handkerchief and handed it to her. "Remember my dear, we love you, what is past is past. We are building a new life together. Besides," he said "remember also what your Grandmother used to say, you are precious (and so you are), we love you and so did she. Come to think of it so does Jesus." They sat on the bench seat with their arms around each other and the children on their laps. Something was stirring in Melanie's heart, for now as she watched the passers by, a love permeated her heart for them and she longed that they too would discover what she had. Her Grandmother's prayers had been answered, for when she had come to the end of her self will, she began to read the Bible for herself and that's when she felt the healing stream of Jesus precious love. That's when His Song of love broke through the hardness of heart and bitterness of spirit. She joined a Church fellowship and eventually met this loving man, who God used to truly show her the true forgiveness she so desperately longed for. James loved her not for what she had done, or for what she could do for him. He simply loved her because truly she was precious and he saw in her what she and others never had. She was a woman of beauty and great faith. His love drew out a great love in her for him. Melanie loved to please James, she delighted in being his wife.

How marvellous God was and what a change He had made in their lives. She quietly prayed for her daughter, "wherever she is Lord, please sing Your Song of love into her heart."

By
Wendy Davie

Remembering the past - helped me cope with the present!

He giveth more grace! What do those words mean? To me it means, God enables us to cope during a particular situation so that we don't crash under the pressure and stay down under.

The words 'He giveth more grace' came home afresh to me years back when our pastor's wife took the Bible Study. She finished the study by saying that no matter what happens, He giveth more grace. — Thank God for that!

How easily I became discouraged at times when a particular sin troubled me, when little things irritated me, or when the 'biggies' like depression and sorrow hit me! The very next week I needed to ask the Lord for 'grace' (or His enabling), over and over again. No big thing entered my life, for a change, but several 'little' things were bugging me. I kept crying to the Lord for 'more grace' and thanking Him that truly He giveth more grace and He would continue to give more grace. Yes, He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater as the author, Annie Johnson Flint says in her poem. I thought back over my life to some of the times when the Lord had given more grace to enable me to cope with His help. Some things I needed to forget and some things I needed to remember — to remember God's grace!

Grace
sufficient to
meet my
every
need

He gave more grace for my parents, when I was born prematurely after my mother was knocked over by the baker's cart! He gave more grace when as a toddler, I blacked out many times, and one time never regained consciousness. He gave more grace when the ambulance bearer pronounced me 'clinically dead'. Praise God, He answered prayer and I sat up. The ambulance driver encouraged my mother with the words, 'where there's life, there's hope'!

He gave more grace as a child, when the kids at school called me names — 'Monkey Face' and 'Hairy Canary' and when my pet cat died. He gave more grace as a teenager — when I was plagued by 'nerves' and needed three months in what they called the 'nut house'. The 'shock treatment haunted' me for years. He gave more grace, as I contemplated marriage and my boyfriend broke off with me. **"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"** Amos 3:3 (KJV)

He gave more grace, when as a young mum 'Baby Blues' arrived for a visit. As more children came along, He gave more grace when the two babies messed their pants and the three year old couldn't find her shoes and we should have been at church ages ago.

He gave more grace, when it was suggested I have an abortion. He gave more grace still, when we said 'No!' and trusted the Lord to see us through. He gave more grace, when my little baby spent nearly four months in hospital.

He gave more grace, as a new missionary — when the roof of the 'outdoor Charlie' leaked and I had to sit on the toilet with an umbrella up

to save having a shower at the same time! And — when the rats found my Christmas present before I did! He gave more grace when the neighbour's dog licked the side off the birthday cake!

He gave more grace, when I decided to surprise someone and do the church flowers. I found out later she had already done them and I had thrown out her arrangement! Maybe she needed more grace than I did!

He gave more grace, when we watched our little girl suffer in hospital for six weeks with Rheumatic Fever and when our little boy was in a tractor accident. His leg/thigh was squashed underneath — plus there was the added trauma of watching him suffer in hospital.

He gave more grace, when someone re-did a job I had done, because they didn't know I had done it. I wouldn't have done it if I had known they were going to do it! I wouldn't have exhausted the resources of my already tired body!

He gave more grace, when our home was broken into and nothing seemed private anymore! He gave more grace, when a drunken woman slobbered all over me, told me she loved me and pleaded with me to kiss her in return! He gave more grace, when someone nearly put their fist through my face!

He gave more grace, when no one turned up for church. My husband was in the pulpit, I was at the organ, and our three children were the congregation. The first hymn was "To God be the glory, great things He hath done" and the Devil whispered, 'Oh yeah! What great things?

He gave more grace, when the phone would ring, and often still does, as we sit down to have a 'hot' meal! Why couldn't it ring when we have a salad?

He gave more grace, when our one and only son left home the night before Mother's Day, 1988, to 'do his own thing'! He gave more grace, when we thought we were going to lose our daughter as well as our grandchildren during difficult births. He gave more grace, when our last 'birdie' flew the nest in 1990, to enter Bible College where her sister was studying. I was thrilled at her decision, but missed her friendship and help terribly.

So many instances crossed my mind when the dear Lord had given me more grace. As a child, as a teenager, as a new bride, as a young mother, as a new missionary, as the Pastor's wife: I thought back to my child-bearing years — a mother of three toddlers — then later three teens. Then as a grandma, and now as 'Darby and Joan' because all the children have left the nest!

He had given more grace, when I lost three babies through miscarriage,

my first born being born at home, dead, too tiny to live.

He had given more grace, when I became orphaned as I left my teenage years behind. Then one sister was found dead and one was killed in a car accident. Around Anzac Day each year we have our own 'war' as it were. My dad died on my sister's birthday, 5th May. My sister was killed Anzac Day, 26 years to the day my mother died! Her husband was also killed and his brother as well! So many were killed or died of ill health around that time.

He had given more grace, when I stared death in the face many times, was in intensive care plugged into various heart machines and suffered for years after a stroke. He had given more grace, when we watched loved ones suffer with cancer, heart attacks, stroke, depression etc. He had given more grace, in times of rejection, sorrow, depression, fear, sickness, pain, those 'nitty gritty' times and during suffering and hurts of all kinds. I still suffer today in 2006 and am now legally blind in one eye — with not much hope for the other one.

Truly, in every area of my life since I came to Christ at the age of seven, He, my Lord and Saviour, Master and King, has given me MORE GRACE — GRACE SUFFICIENT to meet my every need — Grace to heal every hurt!

I praise His Holy Name and thank Him from the bottom of my heart!



By
Glenda Rosser

Memories That Heal

By Sally Vincent

The hurt is too deep
Best left buried and forgotten
Never to be discovered or revisited.
Look instead to the future
Call on that inner strength you've since found
Forge ahead
Look for new dreams and horizons.

Best buried, but not completely forgotten
Remember instead the little moments that stand out in time
The smile here, the laugh there, a lot of fun and a joke shared
And maybe, just maybe, years down the track
What's buried so deep will begin to flower
And instead of a hard lump
Roots of comfort, compassion and love
will begin to grow and spread
Until one day you can look back
And instead of seeing sadness and hurt
You'll see what was hidden from sight before
The love and the happy memories that once drew you to them.

Where once you would have not been able to cope or understand
Now a maturity that has been forged through past pains
Takes over and you can quietly reflect
and maybe shed a tear or two
But that's okay
No longer now a burning desire for the whys?
But a gentle and more peaceful okay it's happened
But with help from above and from friends all around we'll get
through it just like we have before.
Together we'll walk through the storm
and looking back, see the rainbow.

Rescued Lamb

By Margaret Roberts

It's almost evening;
bright rays are growing dim,
And yet in darkness I see the light of Him.
As night evaporates
with dawn's new beaming rays,
To you my Lord and Saviour
I give you thanks and praise.

You chose the most pathetic lamb
to take into your fold,
Ignored the burrs and matted wool
of one you chose to hold.
How could you see preciousness
in such a soiled soul?
Your mercy has now set me free;
Your grace has made me whole.

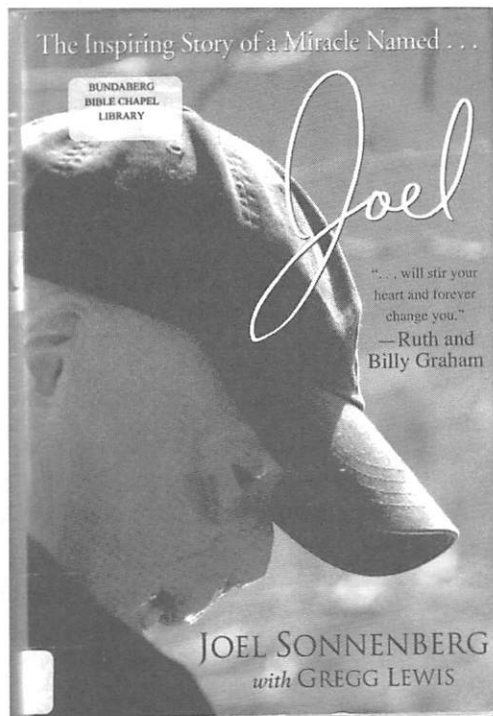
What fearful judgement did I now rightly deserve?
What dreadful punishment
had been held in reserve?
But through your mercy
all my sins are washed away
And as a new child I am 'born again' this day.

So help me Lord to light a path to you
As I reflect your love in all I say and do.
Then when at last my life on earth is past
Please take this rescued lamb to be with you at last.

Book Review



Delighting In the New Nature



JOEL

By Joel Sonnenberg with Gregg Lewis

An inspiring story of tremendous tragedy and grief followed by the immense faith, hope and love of the Sonnenberg family. Despite overwhelming odds, Joel survived an explosive collision with an 18-wheeler. Escaping the flames before they claimed his life, Joel's body was transformed. He was burned on over 85 percent of his body and lost his eyelids, fingers, toes, and hair. This is Joel's own extraordinary account of how a two-year-old boy has grown up to be a young man after a horrific tragedy changed his life forever. Despite all that was taken from him, this book chronicles the astounding life and thoughts of a young man whose faith restores him into someone who has much to give. Joel considers his disability to be a special gift from God. When reading his story, you will be inspired by his love for God and his can-do attitude. Its message is that no matter how tragic the circumstances in life, they can be overcome with a

positive attitude and knowledge that God has a purpose for your life. Joel Sonnenberg has influenced more people in his short life than many do in an entire lifetime. He is now an internationally known speaker, has appeared on national television since the age of four, and has received commendations from presidents, senators and governors.

"My search for a healthy self-identity and an accurate self-awareness has sometimes seemed like an epic quest because of my circumstances. When you appear more alien than human, there's a deeper significance to the universal human questions 'Who am I?' and 'Where do I fit into this world?' I don't like to look in a mirror because the image I see looking back at me is not the complete picture I have of myself. I've actually learned that God's Word acts as the best possible mirror for me. I see myself as I relate to God. The Bible focuses not on the surface, but on the spirit inside. Scripture also provides me with a crystal clear picture of what I should look like, who I should be modelling myself after, and what I should be working toward. The question isn't just 'Who am I?' or even 'Who do I truly want to be?' The real question is 'Who does God want me to be?'"

Our book review was presented this issue by Cathy Rehbein

CYCLONE LARRY

By Barbara Holmes

A category four, when it slammed into the coast,
Causing massive devastation combined with flooding rain;
The lovely town of Innisfail, directly in it's path,
Bore the brunt of Larry's fury and will never be the same;
The banana crop was ruined, the cane and small crops too;
Many homes and livelihoods, and habitats destroyed,

All because one summer's day a mighty wind blew!
They could just stand and wring their hands,
not knowing what to do,
But with dogged determination, they plan to start anew!
Cyclonic winds are raging now, in the hearts of men,
If, on the Rock of Ages they are built, then they will stand!
For no howling wind of circumstance can ever pluck them
from their loving Father's Hand!



My Testimony

I am a Christian and the wife of Mark, who is a very special man. My story is meant to bring glory, honour and praise to God! I know that nothing the world has to offer i.e. 'the best counsellors, psychiatrists or programmes' could have brought me the life of wholeness and security I now have in Jesus Christ.

Neil Anderson explains that New Life brings a New Identity in his book *Victory Over The Darkness*! quote *Being a Christian is not just a matter of getting something, it's a matter of being someone. A Christian is not simply a person who gets forgiveness and goes to heaven...A Christian in terms of our deepest identity, is a saint, a spiritually born child of God, a divine masterpiece, a child of light, a citizen of heaven. Bring born again transformed you into someone who didn't exist before.*"

2 Corinthians 5:17 (NIV) says ***"Therefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature, the old things passed away, behold, new things have come."***

My first memory is of being chased up stairs by a drunk man. I remember falling and crying — of being unsafe and frightened and mum not being there: I was about four. Mum had four children, that was all she wanted, she says she never really liked children. One boy and three girls, the youngest Janet died having her tonsils out. Mum decided to have another child to 'replace' Janet and from an early age I heard her tell everyone, Dianne would never had been born if Janet had lived.

Mum had a tough life, the oldest of eleven children, her own father died in his early forty's in a fight with the police. He had been in the army for a period and Grandma was left with all those children in the inner city of Sydney. The story goes that she ran around with American servicemen and neglected her children. Welfare stepped in and removed the children to homes and foster families, where they spent their young lives. Mum being the eldest at fifteen met a man, married and had her first child at sixteen. As Mum's life progressed, brothers committed suicide, others became hobo's and her only sister was committed to a mental hospital, where she died. Two brothers and Mum survived to old age. Mum divorced because her husband sexually interfered with my two sisters. My brother left home at sixteen and went into the navy to escape, my sisters fourteen and fifteen were placed in a Salvation Army flat because they were trouble Mum said and she had a new boyfriend. I was a toddler at this time. As I said my first memory is at four, the man must have been my Dad!

Mum and Dad fought all the time, arguments, physical fights, police coming and Dad in the back of paddy wagons crying; begging Mum not to do this. Many dark scary nights, Mum and I hiding in bushes so Dad wouldn't find her. I was not really abused in the home, I was just ignored; I would know to be quiet and invisible, because my presence upset Mum all the more. She dressed me up pretty and loved to parade me for people, I learnt how to act; I wasn't game not too. I hated my Mother! That's when I began to have conversations with evil in my room and vivid nightmares.

I started school in a strict Catholic school; I didn't fit in. Life at home was lonely and scary and life at school was also. I tried to act like the other

kids, but it didn't work for me.

Mum and Dad visited friends one day. After I was paraded, Mum shared once again her favourite saying, "children should be seen and not heard". I was sent out side to play in their backyard, no other children; just an old man that was in the yard. He suggested a game — I should run and jump, he would catch me. I was being given attention and having fun whilst he was abusing me. I wasn't told to keep it a secret — I just knew to. My shame grew that day.

One night when I was about ten Mum and Dad had one of their many drunken brawls. I had been asleep and woke to hear Mum yelling over and over — "if you don't stop it I'll tell her!" I just knew that meant me. I tried to block out the words and pulled the blankets over my head, I was shaking and very scared. Mum came to my room and demanded I come to the lounge room, where Dad sat looking very pale and saying, "No don't do this" I also cried and pleaded. As I knelt at her feet she said, "Do you know who your real father is?" I said, "Yes" and pointed to Dad. Then she said, "No he's not," that was it. I was sent back to bed. Next day as I passed her in the hall she said, "Forget what I said last night."

At times I embarrassed Mum and she would belt me with a strap. I began to refuse to cry. No matter how hard I was belted. Mum caught on and would tell me she would keep belting me till I did cry.

As I matured physically boys started to show me the attention I craved. My story doesn't get any prettier from here — for many years the only thing that changed was that I was now making the choices: I lived a sick life. Physical abuse by a boyfriend "that loved me so much", he would beat me black and blue and threaten to murder me. That ended one night when I was dumped a bloody mess outside a hospital, the police were called, but I wouldn't press charges because I believed he would kill me if I did.

I adopted out a son when I was sixteen. On to crime, prostitution and drugs. I wanted to die. I suffered panic attacks and struggled for air — I would have to breathe into a brown paper bag. Many times I tried to live a different life. So much stuff to carry including grief over my little boy. SURELY GOD WAS PUNISHING ME.

God sent a messenger to me, a man who told me of HIS Jesus. He talked so openly of his faith and invited me along to church functions. I thought he was a weirdo, but my curiosity found me sitting in my car outside his church watching people arrive. I saw smiling faces and people hugging; this was really weird, but each Sunday I would sit in my car and just observe. I saw they had something I didn't and I wanted what it was. One day I went in after everyone had left and the pastor introduced me to Jesus and after many tears of repentance; I entered into a personal relationship with Him! That was in 1988; I was born again, I had a Heavenly Father and a new family. I received great teaching — I was loved and disciplined and slowly came to realize that I had a new identity. Now I was able to choose to act in accordance with my new identity. God released me from my pain and my shame, my bitterness and un-forgiveness. I can honestly say I love my Mum and I know God does also. I pray before her death that she will accept His offer of salvation. He has given me a hope and a future a purpose and a

love for those that are hurting.

Jeff Murnain, a dear friend and brother in the Lord, used to quote to me the verse from Luke 7: 47 (NASB) — *“Those who² have been forgiven much, love much.”* There is redemption and sanctification in Jesus Christ, and there is absolutely no need to live in pain and shame if you are in Christ.

I want to encourage you, if there are areas in your life that are causing you pain and preventing you being free — ask God to direct you to someone who you will feel comfortable to share with. God has not left us alone: He has put us in a family of believers, whom He equips and works through. We don't have to be victims of our circumstances or our wrong choices.

God met me where I was at, and has blessed me abundantly more than I could ever have imagined. I have a wonderful husband and four great children. God has led me to study Christian Counselling and He has used my journey to equip me to minister to others in prisons, in a Christian drug and alcohol rehab and in particular to Christians, who are

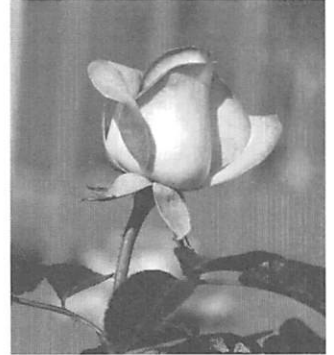
struggling to walk victoriously.

Jeremiah 31:3-4 (The New Living Bible) — Long ago the Lord said to Israel *“I have loved you, my people with an everlasting love. With unfailing love I have drawn you to Myself. I will rebuild you, my virgin Israel. You will again be happy and dance merrily with tambourines.”*

My journey is not over, but I am no longer fearful or alone and I am sure of my destiny! **TO GOD BE THE GLORY FOREVER AND EVER. AMEN!!!!**

¹Victory Over The Darkness
by Neil T. Anderson © 1990
by Regal Books, Page 45.
²Italics (mine) for understanding.

By Dianne Macrae



MY CONSTANT COMPANION AND DEAREST FRIEND

Having been sick for a long time with what was called nervous dyspepsia (the name given for my continual vomiting bouts, sick stomach and dizziness,) it was decided to put me into hospital. It was the kind of hospital people shunned and I fought strongly against going into it until my kind brother-in-law had a long talk with mum and I.

I was sixteen years of age and it was considered a dreadful thing to end up in a place like this. My mum suffered more than I did I think. I found out years later she had cried to my sister on the phone. Being the kind of hospital it was, caused me to sense rejection by even my minister and Christian friends. I felt completely cast off — like an old garment. The thought of shock treatment horrified me. My family advised me to do all the doctors suggested and my pastor advised strongly against it as it was considered to be of the devil. I was being pulled in two directions. I obeyed my parents. Sometimes it haunts me (many years later) and I hand it over to Jesus and He delivers me. Three months of shock treatment was a long time. Jesus had been my Saviour from an early age, and I had become so dependent on Him. Talking to Him in prayer was as normal to me as breathing. Jesus was my closest friend and constant companion. During my time in hospital I learnt that Jesus allowed me to suffer that I may grow in the likeness of Him. He used me from my ‘sick’ bed as I sought to witness for my Lord and tell the patients of Jesus and His love. From a child I had loved the beautiful chorus

‘Constantly Abiding — Jesus is Mine,
Constantly Abiding — Rapture Divine,
He never leaves me lonely,
Whispers oh so kind,
I'll never leave thee, JESUS IS MINE.’

I would sing this chorus at the top of my voice in the shower, much to the annoyance of some of the patients. One morning as I was having my quiet time, some new words came to my mind. I believe the Lord put them there. I put pen to paper and wrote my first inspirational poem:-

Jesus is my Saviour,
And helps me every day,
He always stays beside me,
And says in a loving way —
‘You're my little lamb,
Won't you follow me?’
And I answer ‘Yes dear Lord
I'll always follow thee.’

Jesus loves me dearly,
And speaks to me each day,
He helps me gain some blessing,
As I read His Word and pray,
He guides my life continually,
And is faithful to the end,
And whenever I'm in trouble,
I just kneel and pray to Him.

I sang the above words to my much loved chorus ‘Constantly Abiding.’ Jesus never turned His head away from me or His back on me while I suffered. He never rejected me. I knew for a surety — ‘Underneath were the everlasting arms of Jesus...’ Thank you Lord that you were always there. You walked right beside me as my constant companion and dearest friend.

By Glenda Rosser

RECIPES ... TO TEMPT YOUR TASTE BUDS...

Christmas Chocolate Fudge

- 1/3 cup of currants
- 60 ml grand marnier liqueur
- 2 cups good quality dark chocolate
- 200 gm unsalted butter
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup of brown sugar
- 250 grams coarsely crushed digestive biscuits
- zest of 2 oranges
- 1/2 cup roughly chopped almonds
- 1/2 cup almond meal
- 2 tablespoons of Dutch cocoa

1. Soak currants in grand marnier liqueur for 1 hr.
2. Melt chocolate and butter in a heatproof bowl over a pot of simmering water
3. Beat eggs and sugar with an electric mixer until thick and creamy
4. Fold in melted chocolate, currants, liqueur and remaining ingredients until just combined
5. Spoon mixture into a 18cm x 32cm baking tray lined with baking paper, cover and refrigerate overnight
6. Remove from tin and using a hot knife cut into 4 logs. Roll each one into Dutch cocoa and cut into small squares.

Christmas Tree Cookies

- 360 grams of unsalted butter, diced and softened
- 2 cups plain flour
- 1 cup of rice flour
- 1 cup of icing sugar
- 3/4 teaspoon of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 packet silver cake decorating balls

1. Place dry ingredients into a bowl. Add diced butter and vanilla. Rub in butter with fingers until mixture comes together to form a soft dough. Knead lightly to form a ball.
2. Cover with plastic and place in the fridge to rest for 30 minutes.
3. Roll out dough on a lightly floured board until 1 cm thick. Cut dough with tree cutter and place on a tray lined with baking paper.

Decorate with silver balls.

4. Bake at 170° C in a pre-heated oven for 15 minutes or until golden

Source: www.freedom.com.au/ideas/recipes/recipe_xmas_03.asp

Peanut Butter & Fudge Ice-cream Pie

- 300g pkt chocolate chip biscuits
- 40g butter, melted
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 1 litre vanilla ice-cream
- 1 1/3 cups (375g) crunchy peanut butter

1. Grease a 24cm round loose-based flan tin
2. Blend or process cookies until mixture resembles course breadcrumbs. Add butter and milk; process until combined.
3. Using one hand, press cookie mixture evenly over the base and around the sides of the prepared tin; Refrigerate for 10 minutes.
4. Beat softened ice-cream and peanut butter in a large bowl with electric mixer until combined.
5. Spoon pie filling into crumb crust, cover and freeze the pie for 3 hours or overnight.
6. Drizzle pie with hot fudge sauce to serve.

(Use good quality ice-cream; various ice-creams differ from one to another, depending on the quantity of air and fat in the mix.)

Fudge Sauce

- 200g dark chocolate, chopped coarsely
- 50g white marshmallows, chopped coarsely
- 300ml thickened cream.

1. Combine all ingredients in a small saucepan; stir over the heat without boiling until smooth.

Warm a large knife under hot water, quickly dry it and cut the pie while the knife is still hot. Enjoy

Thank you to the person who kindly wrote this out for us to use in the magazine.

Have you got a favourite recipe to share?
Please post or email to us at the address on the back page.





DEAREST DADDY I LOVED YOU!

Seeking to forget the hurt of parting...

Acceptance and Rest

Some of my most precious memories through life have been seeing my Christian father, my husband and then my children — kneeling in prayer. Precious moments bring with them precious memories.

I guess seeing my dad kneeling by his bed or the lounge had special significance to me, especially as I watched from my childhood up. My Dad's Christian example was the best inheritance a father can leave his children. Provided with godly grandparents, and then parents, I inherited a godly heritage.

My Dad meant the world to me. He had many "pet" names for me — one of which was "Toby Jane". I knew he loved me (though I guess when he spanked me I didn't always think he did!) — not that he ever spanked us seven girls much. He told Mum, he wasn't going to hit us, he wanted us to love him!

He had ways and means of reprimanding us though. He just had to look at me a certain way and I nearly burst into tears. I hated to hurt him in anyway. One thing he couldn't stand was my sister and I squabbling over 'swapping scraps'! We used to cop a clout over the ears with a rolled newspaper for that!

He often sat me on his knee and we played games together — quiet games. He wasn't a young father — being the father of seven. One game he loved to play with me was crawling around the lounge room floor trying to grab my ankle. He'd say: "I'm just looking for a piece of meat and then he would grab the back of my ankle!" (Actually I hated this particular game, but he would nearly kill himself laughing.) I loved hearing him laugh.

When I cried in pain in the night, it was my Dad who rubbed my legs with metho to try and give me some relief. When my throat was so sore from tonsillitis, it was my Dad who mixed up the lemon, butter and honey and gave it to me — but I don't think he handed out the awful things like castor-oil, hypol, or that horrid senna tea!

We laughed, chatted and prayed together as a family. The 'Family Altar' was a natural part of our home. I remember how sad Dad would seem when we had to leave (before devotions were finished) to get ready for Sunday School.

My spiritual need was met at an early age by the greatest father of all, my Heavenly Father, and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. During my 'tender' years I learnt to love the Lord and His precious Word, the Holy Bible. Through life Christ has

been the answer to my every need and His precious Word has been my guide and comfort.

At the time of writing, Father's Day is upon us once again and I remembered afresh the happy times I had with my Dad before his sudden home call in 1968 — just two years and one week after my Mum had died suddenly.

I had seen him once in the four months previous having been in New Zealand for the birth of our first full-term baby. It had been so hard leaving him to go to New Zealand, as he was very ill and I feared he would die while I was gone.

The Aussie reunion with him later that year when our daughter was one month old was so precious. I handed little Melody Faith to her grandfather for his first nurse. As Melody lay in her grandfather's arms; I knew God had given me a precious privilege. He had spared my Dad to see our first child — his granddaughter. "In my heart there rang a Melody — A MELODY OF LOVE!"

Little did I know his first nurse would also be his last. He died not long after. He had been so faithful to His Lord, his wife and seven daughters; and seemed to adore each one of us. I am sure that the day God looked down and carried him so tenderly home to the promised land, that my Dad would have heard His Lord say: "Well done, Jim!"



As I type this article I hear his voice echoing in my memory as he used to sing the words by Fanny Crosby, "Some day the silver cord will break...and I no more as now shall sing, but oh the joy when I shall wake within the presence of the King!"

My Dad loved singing for his Lord. He may be 'absent from the body' now, but I know he is present with the Lord. He

loved His Redeemer and I know he is beholding Him now — his Christ whom he adored. I know He is happy with the Lord, and his wife, daughter Betsy, and grand-children up there with him in heaven, and I know he never laboured in vain. Death always brings with it sorrow, so therefore life has never been the same without him.

My Dad had winning ways. He was very special — the dearest man on earth to me.

DEAREST DADDY, I LOVED YOU!

By Glenda Rosser



IN THE GARDEN

By Barbara Holmes

How lovely to hear a Kookaburra laugh
 In the canopy way up above,
 With the fluting call of a Magpie,
 And the gentle coo of a dove!
 Although all appears to be calm and serene,
 Things are not quite what they seem!
 A Butcherbird suddenly sounds an alarm,
 Ringing out loud and clear,
 A warning to all his feathered friends,
 A Goanna is lurking out there!
 They 'bomb' the hapless reptile,
 Who seeks a place to flee,
 And finding a refuge close at hand,
 He scrambles up a gum tree!
 The alarm is sounding in our world today,
 And it's getting louder with each passing day,
 We live in perilous times,
 The convulsions are seen everywhere,
 Earthquakes, Tsunami, Crime and Terrorism,
 Driving men to despair.
 The eye of the cyclone is quiet and still,
 Though all is in turmoil outside;
 If we seek our refuge in God, up above,
 In His blessed peace we'll abide!

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Little White Dress

"Finished at last!" I sighed as I put the little white dress aside, feeling happy at my first attempts at sewing a baby dress. I was so excited to be pregnant — so very joyful to be having our first baby. I was secretly hoping for a little girl, so I added plenty of ribbons and laces. I was proudly showing my husband the dress, when sudden pains caused me alarm. The pains strengthened and weakness took over my body. As I laid down on the bed my mind worked overtime. "My baby," I murmured: "Surely nothing is wrong with my baby!" I wanted the baby more than anything else in the world. I had just lost my mother and having a baby had kind of given me comfort in my recent loss. The pains worsened and we rang the doctor. He did some tests and said everything was okay. I wanted to believe him, but something told me otherwise. By nightfall I knew why. My baby was miscarried at home. I held the little babe in my hand — still hot from the heat of my body. I ended up in hospital for a curette and a weeks rest. Then days after I came home I lost the placenta. I hadn't been curetted properly. So, that meant another trip to the hospital for my husband so they could examine the matter. I couldn't understand why God had allowed me to lose the baby when I wanted her so much. (I automatically believed the baby to be a girl). I puzzled over many things. I was very confused. Thoughts of the coming baby had filled my thoughts day and night. I now wondered if I had been making my coming baby my 'idol'. I was placed in the same hospital bed my mother had died in the year before, which made my loss harder to bear. To some people, miscarried babies are only a foetus. To me though, my baby had been a very real person. Someone who I was longing to love and care for. I summed up my thoughts in the following way.

My baby...My precious baby...My tiny, tiny baby ...
 I wanted you... I loved you...
 I held you in my hand...
 To some you were just a foetus —
 A mere, mere, foetus.
 But to me, your mother,
 You will always be remembered as —
 My baby...My precious baby...My tiny, tiny, baby!

Although I had been a Christian for many years, I didn't understand why God was doing this to me. I considered I must have done something terrible for Him to take my mother, and now my baby. I was afraid to give of myself to love people anymore, in case God took someone else from me. I didn't realize that God in his loving kindness and mercy had taken my loved ones to be with Himself in heaven. I put the little white dress up for sale and hated parting with it. I was sad for a long time that my baby hadn't been able to wear the wee dress. Then I remembered — my baby had worn a little white dress! The Bible says in Revelation 3:4b: **"They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."** (KJV)

I considered my babyworthy', and therefore she was wearing a special dress. My baby had gone to be with the Lord in heaven and was walking with Him dressed in white. She had become a jewel for my Lord's crown. I can now thank the Lord, not so much for the sadness and the heartache of that time, but for Himself amidst the sorrow. Truly, I love the Lord and can now thank Him because of the "little white dress".

By Glenda Rosser

Seeing God's Purposes In The Past

Sometimes only hindsight can provide insight...Susan firmly believed that people should have a reverent attitude when sitting in church. When her daughter Christina kept whispering and laughing right through her own wedding ceremony, Susan was visibly shaken. She knew her daughter had a rebellious streak and didn't care much about God, but this behaviour was outrageous. So she began to pray for the new pair that they might see the light.

Two years later Christina and husband David decided to move to America, and Susan felt very upset by this decision. Not only for herself, but also for her daughter. Christina would lose the influence of her family, and with it her last vestige of Christianity. Susan feared that America was even less godly than England, and that her daughter was entering heathen territory.

As time passed, Christina made many friends and through their influence drifted into new age beliefs. When Susan eventually came to visit, Christina told her with enthusiasm about the god within her and that some day she would be born again as another being. Susan was now convinced that her fears had been realised. She felt very disillusioned and started questioning God. Had He not heard one word of her prayers?

Then one day Susan received a phone call. *"Mum, I've finally found the truth! I've been born again and am now a Christian!"* "You always were a Christian," Susan puzzled. *"You were brought up in all the traditions of our Church!"* "Ah, but I wasn't a Christian," Christina replied. *"I didn't understand why Jesus died for me on the cross. I might have been a bit religious when I was younger, but I never understood the consequences of my sin. I never knew Jesus died for me personally. Oh Mum, I wish you could see what I can now see! This is so fantastic. I'm a new person, and I walk with Jesus every day. Will you come to my baptism?"*

This was not at all what Susan had prayed for; this was far too fanatical for her taste. Being baptised again, well, that was total sacrilege! All she had wanted was a daughter who would live a good life, regularly go to church, and be respectful toward God: but not this! Susan politely declined the invitation.

Then things got worse. Because Susan was a passionate teacher who loved her profession, good schooling was very important to her. So when her daughter informed her that she was going to home school her four children, she was horrified once again. They would miss out on so much! Socialisation with peers was so important! Although Susan was happy that they now had more opportunities to spend time with her in England, she continued to find fault with the way her grandchildren were being brought up. Everything was so focused on Jesus as Lord and Saviour that it made her feel most uncomfortable. She didn't like fanaticism.

Then, twelve years later, Susan died. Did she go to be with God? Christina didn't know. She was realistic enough to realise that her mother may have been purely religious, because she had always resisted Christina's faith and had never been concerned with the salvation of souls. Yes, Susan had gone to Church and had been keen on upright living, but she had never worried about eternity and where people would spend it. She had simply believed that most western people were Christians by birth through being baptised into the Church, and that they would all go to heaven if they lived a good life. She had even considered her husband to be a good Christian man, and yet Christina knew that her father did not see himself as a sinner, and that by his own confession he had no need for Christ. God alone knew her mother's heart, and Christina kept hoping against hope that one day she would see her again.

On her flight home Christina was lost in reflection. Her mother had once told her how upset she had been at Christina's wedding, and how she had started praying for her daughter and new husband. At the time it hadn't meant much to Christina, but now in hindsight she realised that God had done so much more for her than her mother had ever asked for. God had led her to a far country in order to bring her to salvation — both of which her mother had perceived as disasters. He had led the children to be home schooled, encouraging their faith, developing godly personalities, and eventually taking them to university and great careers serving God — but again her mother had not grasped the treasures this had provided for her grandchildren.

Had Christina's mother known the Lord personally, she would have been able to look back on all these things in a different light. What had been perceived as obstacles and disasters at the time of happening, would have become occasions for praising God's foresight and blessings. Susan would have realised the truth of God's Word: ***"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose."*** (Romans 8:28, NKJV)

Suddenly it hit Christina. She had read this verse so often, but now it took shape and became reality. She too didn't have to understand everything God was doing! Her part was simply to trust and obey, and God would work in all of their lives according to His perfect plan. Christina felt thankful and greatly encouraged. She was eager to get home.



By
Margret Lepke

Welcome to our Naturopathic Forum

Homoeopathy: Effective & Safe



Margret Lepke
www.drlepke.com

Homoeopathy is quite popular in Europe. London even has its own Royal Homoeopathic Hospital, but in Australia most people know little about this form of treatment. I am therefore hoping that you might find this introduction useful. Homoeopathy is so effective, totally safe (even for infants), relatively cheap, and great for home treatments, that it is too good to miss out on. All you need in order to get started is a bit of understanding, a reference book for remedy selection, and a homoeopathic first aid kit containing a good selection of remedies. Homoeopathic medicines are approved by the Therapeutic Goods Administration and are available (or can be ordered) from most health food shops. Due to space restrictions, this article has been divided into two parts: Part 1 will give you an overview of the basic principles of homoeopathy, and Part 2 (next issue) will follow up with actual remedy suggestions for general first aid and children's complaints.

The word *homoeopathy* was derived from the Greek words *homoios* (similar) and *pathos* (suffering) due a law of similitude discovered by Samuel Hahnemann three centuries ago. Hahnemann was a German doctor who was so disgusted with the destructive medical practices of his day that he went looking for gentler and more effective cures. In the process he re-discovered the ancient principle of 'like cures like', which had originally been observed by the Greek physician Hippocrates in the late 5th century BC. Hahnemann published his work in 1798 and gained many followers, but his medical colleagues continued to shun his work. Today's world acknowledges Hippocrates as the father of modern medicine, yet the principles he discovered are still being neglected.

Homoeopathy works on the basis of similarity and a minimal dose. It matches a patient's symptom picture to the symptom picture of a remedy, so that illnesses are treated with minute doses of exactly those substances that, if taken in large or toxic doses, would produce the same or very similar symptoms as those now present in the disease. In other words, the potentised homoeopathic form of an otherwise symptom-inducing substance will act as a remedy.

Two examples may help to explain this principle: If you take Ipecac syrup at normal strength, you will soon start to feel poorly and experience waves of nausea and vomiting; yet your tongue will remain clean. If, on the other hand, you have NOT taken Ipecac, but experience the same kind of symptoms due to another cause (including the clean tongue), then infinitesimal doses of Ipecac will quickly arrest your problem. Coffee is another good example: too large a quantity of strong black coffee will in most people cause restlessness, nervous irritation, palpitations, hypersensitivity, intensification of mental activity, and eventually insomnia. Yet if you experience these symptoms due to another cause, homoeopathic dilutions of coffee (called *Coffea*) would most likely calm your nervous system and help you get some sleep.

Homoeopathic remedies were originally produced by hand. Many

practitioners still make their own preparations, but larger companies now use technology. The first step is to prepare a *mother tincture* by steeping 1 part of the basic substance (e.g. a herb) in 15 parts of extraction medium (usually an alcoholic solution). This tincture is then diluted and succussed (shaken onto a hard surface) numerous times, depending on the potency that is required: the greater the number of dilution processes, the higher the potency. Remedies are offered in low potency (6x or 3c) for acute complaints such as colds, vomiting attacks, wounds etc.; in medium potency (30c) for more established conditions such as recurrent migraines or entrenched pain; and in higher (200c and above) potencies for deeper constitutional treatment best left to experienced prescribers. Brauer also produce a range of combination remedies for specific complaints such as allergies, coughs and colds, teething etc.

Dosage varies according to the type of remedy used: liquid, syrup, tablet, pilule or spray. All of these are absorbed sublingually (under the tongue), although tablets may be chewed and then retained in the mouth for 1 minute before swallowing. A normal liquid dose is around 6 drops under the tongue for adults and 4 drops for children, but when oral administration is not possible, the remedy can also be rubbed onto the chest. For frequent dosing of children 20 drops can be given into 1 cm of water in a glass and then dispensed using a clean small eyedropper full per dose. Syrups vary in strength and instructions for use are found on the bottle. The usual dose for tablets is two for adults and one for children, although the small round pilule form requires four for adults and two for children. And finally, there are oral sprays, of which adults take four and children two sprays. This is a more recent but very convenient introduction to the homoeopathic market, and many clients prefer it.

Experiments suggest that unlike herbal and western medicines, homoeopathic remedies do not act on the basis of biochemical compounds, as do herbal and pharmaceutical medicines, but on the basis of energy. Thus tiny amounts of natural substances can stimulate the body's own healing power and at times achieve extremely fast results, especially in critical situations. Karen Nieber, professor of pharmacology at the University of Leipzig, inadvertently proved the efficacy of homoeopathy when she set out to expose it as quackery. She argued that mathematically speaking, dilutions with potencies higher than 23x could not contain a single molecule of the original substance and could therefore have no possible pharmacological effect. Yet the results of her research proved just how effective homoeopathic substances can be, and in 2003 she won the \$20,000 Hans Heinrich Reckeweg award for her research. You can read more about her experiment at the following URL: http://www.quantec.ch/english/biocommunication/biocommunication_homeopathy_quantec.html

Practical suggestions will follow as Part II in the next issue. Until then, as always, I wish you health and happiness and hope that you will want to learn more. May God bless you richly until we meet again.

Moving On

"No!" I screamed, my body shaking uncontrollably, as my worst nightmare unfolded before my very eyes.

I returned home from visiting relatives to find my husband Ken collapsed on the floor, unconscious. He was rushed off to hospital in the ambulance and thus began the agonising wait while tests were carried out; only to hear the words "He's had a far worse haemorrhage than the last time." "Oh God," I cried, "He's been through all this before. He doesn't deserve this."

History was repeating itself. Five years earlier Ken suffered a major cerebral haemorrhage and was flown by helicopter to the Royal Brisbane. The doctors had told me that he most likely would not survive. But a precious Christian nurse told us to "Look beyond the medical to the miracle. God still works miracles today" We held on believing and praying, together with people all around the globe who knew us. By the grace of God and His miraculous healing power, He returned Ken to us.

However, here we were again, Ken was being flown by the 'Flying Doctors' down to the Royal Brisbane and we had to follow by car. Same midnight hour: same car and precious family inside: same incredible thoughts filling my head.

As I looked out into the darkness of that horrible night, my head spinning, trying to pray, trying to look for words to plead with God, I was hushed each time by Him and these words. "Sshhh, you know I love him even more than you do." Six times I heard God's still small voice inside my head, "You know I love him even more than you". It is hard to put into words the knowledge that God, my Heavenly Father, wanted me to rest in his arms, and trust in His all wise, all knowing nature.

The days that followed are as real and vivid now as they were then, my husband lying on that hospital bed in the Intensive Care Unit, things attached to him, going in and coming out of him. Watching the faces of our boys as they tried to say 'Goodbye' to dad, knowing from this moment they would never see him again. The incredible heart wrenching pain saying my last goodbye. Walking down the corridor of the hospital for that last time, no husband by my side. I had to leave him there. His body was still lying in that hospital bed, but he had gone to be with his Lord. These memories will never be forgotten. They are etched in deeply into my memory forever.

Almost a year later, the loss, the emptiness, the memories became too much and I fell to the ground, crying, heartbroken, trying to pray

and wanting answers. All that I could pray was "Lord, I don't know what to do, but my eyes are on you." There that day, by God's mercy and grace, began an incredible journey of healing my broken heart, repenting of my anger and bitterness towards God, overcoming my feelings of despair and hopelessness, and seeing a new vision that one day I would dance again, in the arms of Jesus.

Through the love and care and prayer support of precious family and friends, Christian councillors, a book given to me by a good friend "When Wallflowers Dance", through seeking the Lord with all my heart, and spending much time in His presence, through the reading of His Word and prayer; I am coming to the place where I am ready to 'take hold of what Christ has for me'.

In July this year, I wrote in my diary about the pain of the past. Philippians 3: 10 – 12, spoke to me at that time.

"My determined purpose is to know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in His sufferings. v 12, not that I have already obtained all this, or have already been made perfect, but I press on to take hold of that which Christ took hold of me...I do not consider myself yet to have taken hold of it, but one thing I do: forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus".

We need to acknowledge and press past negative feelings, disappointment with people, disappointment with God, rejection, betrayal, abandonment, unforgiveness, resentment, offence, self-pity, revenge, hard-times, trials etc and **'take hold of what Christ**

has for us'.

When you have lost someone you love so dearly, you never get over it.

Forget the past?????? Some memories I try to, some I can't and some I will hold onto forever. Memories are to be treasured, and will remain a part of my life, my heart forever, and I will bring them out at times and remember, and cry, yet thankful that God gave me those special times to be able to remember.

BUT TODAY... "I WILL PRESS ON TO TAKE HOLD OF ALL THAT CHRIST HAS FOR ME".

By Leanne Williams

God Has A Plan

In Genesis chapters 39 – 50 the Bible tells a remarkable story about a young man on a roller coaster ride: what a wild ride it was. Plunging him from great heights to the lowest depths, up again, down again, and up again to a victorious grand finale. Along the way seventeen-year-old Joseph would have had good reason to question God's goodness. Just imagine how you would feel, if you were the favourite child of rich and influential parents and your siblings sold you into slavery because they were jealous of you? And how would you feel if you had worked your way up in your career, and suddenly you were thrown into prison for something you didn't do?

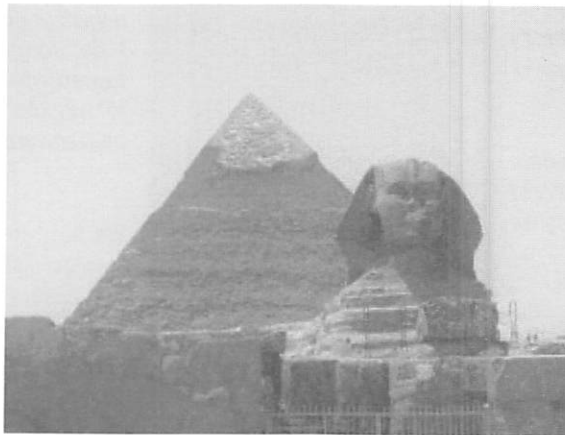
Joseph was his father's favourite, and his brothers hated him for it. When he told them of a dream in which they were all binding sheaves in the field, and then his sheaf arose and stood upright while all of their sheaves stood around and bowed down to Joseph's sheaf, they hated him even more. *"Shall you indeed reign and have dominion over us?"* they said in derision. One day, when they were far from home tending their father's flock and Joseph came to see how they were doing, they plotted to kill him. Just at that time a caravan of traders passed by, and one of the brothers saw an opportunity to make money. He convinced the others to sell Joseph instead of killing him, and Joseph ended up as a servant in the house of Pharaoh's chief of police.

Reaching an all-time low, Joseph may well have felt that God had deserted him, but God's plan was right on track. In spite of his troubles, Joseph remained faithful. Then God prospered everything Joseph did, even blessing the Egyptian's house for his sake, and Joseph was promoted to a position of oversight. The roller coaster was moving upward, but not for long. All of a sudden Joseph plunged downhill again — and this time because of his faithfulness. He was a particularly handsome young man, and his master's wife had cast her eyes upon him. She repeatedly tried to seduce him, but Joseph was honourable and kept resisting her advances. Feeling scorned and angry, she falsely accused him before her husband, who promptly sent him to prison. This was the second time Joseph was stripped of all that he had; but he was still in God's hand.

Now God prospered whatever Joseph did in prison, giving him favour in the eyes of the prison keeper and promoting him to be in charge of prison activities. God works in remarkable ways! One day Pharaoh became displeased with his chief butler and baker, banishing them to the prison where Joseph was. Then God gave these men dreams they could not interpret, and when Joseph saw their downcast faces and enquired as to their sadness, they told him what they had dreamt. Joseph explained that only God could interpret the meaning

of dreams and through God's Spirit, was able to tell each man what lay ahead of him: the baker was to lose his life, while the butler would be reinstated to service. Joseph asked the latter to remember him before Pharaoh so that he might be set free himself, but he waited and waited, and nothing happened for two whole years. It must have been a real challenge for Joseph not to become discouraged, but God's plan required for Joseph to be exactly where he was.

The servant had forgotten about Joseph; but God had not. Two years later, Pharaoh himself had two dreams that none of his magicians could explain. Suddenly the butler remembered Joseph and told Pharaoh about his ability to interpret dreams by the power of God. So Joseph was called, and God gave him the interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams: Egypt would experience seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine. Joseph also outlined a strategy by which Egypt could be saved, and Pharaoh was so impressed that he gave him charge over all the land, except for the throne. Joseph was thirty years old when he became governor of Egypt and the second most powerful man of his time. Finally the roller coaster ride had taken him all the way to the top. It would have been easy to forget God when there was no need for His help, but Joseph never did.



During the years of plenty that followed, Joseph made wise provisions for the land so that Egypt had bread when the famine settled in. Surrounding countries soon ran out of food and people began travelling to Egypt for grain. Joseph's brothers also came to buy provisions, and as was the custom, they bowed down before the governor with their faces to the earth, never realising that they were bowing before the brother they had sold into slavery. Thus the dream Joseph had had so many years ago was fulfilled. A dream that had fanned his brothers' hatred and contributed to their decision to sell him. God's plan was all encompassing.

When Joseph finally revealed himself to his brothers, they were overwhelmed by his faith, insight and forgiveness: ***"Do not be grieved or angry with yourselves because you sold me here; for God sent me before you to preserve life. God sent me before you to preserve a posterity for you in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you who sent me here, but God; and He has made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt... Do not be afraid [of me], for am I in the place of God? But as for you, you meant evil against me; but God meant it for good, in order to bring it about as it is this day, to save many people alive."***

Joseph's life had been like a roller coaster ride, but God had been in control at every turn. After being humbled, Joseph became the saviour of many people including his own family, who settled in Egypt and became known as the children of Israel. Does this mean that God has a plan for all of mankind? The answer is a definite "Yes": *"He[God] has made from one blood every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and has determined their preappointed times and the boundaries of their habitation, so that they should seek the Lord, in the hope that they might grope for Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being, as also some of your own poets have said... Truly, these times of ignorance God overlooked, but now commands all men everywhere to repent, because He has appointed a day on which He will judge the world in righteousness by the Man [Jesus] whom He has ordained. He has given assurance of this to all by raising Him from the dead."*¹

Whether we realise it or not, none of God's plans can ever be foiled. He is just as much in control of world affairs as He is in control of personal lives. We may not be a Joseph, but God's love for us is infinite. As a matter of fact, *He loves us so much that He gave His*

*only begotten Son to die for our sins, that whosoever believes in Him should not be condemned but have everlasting life.*² Those who have trusted Jesus for their salvation can therefore say with confidence,

*"We are more than conquerors through Him who loved us, for neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."*³

"If God is for us, who can be against us?" The answer is obvious. What perfect security!

Genesis 45:7-8 and 50:20

¹ Paul's speech on Mars' Hill in Acts 17:26 -31

² John 3:16

³ Romans 8:37-39

By Margret Lepke

We were not redeemed simply to get us out of hell and into heaven.

No it was also in order that God could make our hearts beautiful with the life of Christ.

The place of His habitation —

His sanctuary.

We become occupied territory.

**Only God in a man makes man functional because it takes God to be a man
and it takes Christ to be a Christian.**

This is mutual availability.

Major Ian Thomas

PROJECT 200

The Heart of a Woman Inc. is a not-for-profit organisation, which is legally required to have members.

Our goal is to have 200 financial members (@ \$25 each per year) to cover the current postage costs (not printing).

PROGRESS UPDATE:



No. of members: 62



A \$20 annual investment covers the cost for

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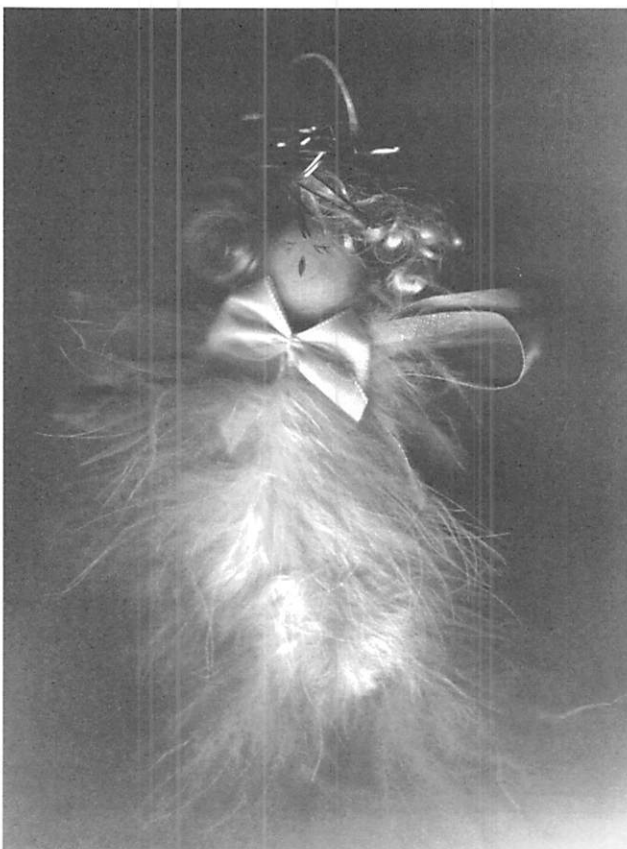
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Feather Angels

- 2cm — 2.5cm Wooden bead
- 10cm piece of white feather boa
- Curley doll hair
- Length of gold ribbon (approx. 4cm wide) for wings
- Length of gold thread to hang — 25cm long
- Narrow gold ribbon — 3mm wide

1. Hot glue piece of feather boa into the hole of the bead.
2. Draw a face on the bead.
3. Tie the gold thread into a loop and glue into the other end of the bead.
4. Glue on some curly hair.
5. Tie the narrow gold ribbon into a small bow and glue under the "chin" of the angel.
6. Tie the wide ribbon into a bow for the wings and glue at the back just below the bead.



If you would like to submit any easy craft ideas to "The Heart of a Woman Inc" for publication, please forward them to Mrs. Jenny Reynolds C/- PO Box 1176 Bundaberg, Qld 4670

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My Talking Heads Revisted



The ladies decided to get together again and Anne had now been moved to a Prison Farm, so that was where they all met. Nicole had tried to prepare them, especially Becky, and in spite of their ill ease, after enjoying a cuppa on the lawn they started to settle a little and began talking about what they had learned over the previous weeks.

Jenny started, she was very subdued and almost in tears as she spoke, *"Anne I would like to apologize to you and to anyone who is in prison really. You see I was in my own little prison. Because I had grown up in such a lovely Christian family, there was always a tendency for me to think I was OK. However over these last weeks God has shown me that I was holding within my heart a kind of pride and definitely self-pity — hanging onto grief I should have long ago let go of. One more thing He convicted me about a verse in 2 Corinthians 5:14, which tells us that we are to be constrained or controlled by the love of Christ. I was holding anger and bitterness in my heart towards my family and so was unable to love them as I should and even though I prayed for them, I was neglecting to effectively pray because of my sin."*

"Isn't that interesting" said Sandra, *"I certainly was feeling much the same way, although a little different. I too have been holding onto a type of self-pity. God has shown me that what was driving me was not a passion for Him, but a passion for others to love me. When of course that does not always happen, I have allowed myself to become downcast and bitter towards others — even other Christians. Then again, because of my upbringing, I also was tending to carry everyone else's guilt. I struggled to forgive others and also myself, however Jesus Christ has shown me that when He forgives and cleanses me, I am totally cleansed. It is unbelief in Him, which causes me not to forgive myself."*

Glenda's eyes were sparkling with tears beginning to form. She sat quietly looking at the grass for a minute before realizing that all eyes were now on her. *"Sorry,"* she said, *"I was just thinking of how cynical I was of what you two originally called your problems when we first met. I have been mistaken in thinking that people who grow up in their own families would not have any problems. I guess if anyone needs to apologize, then it should be me — to all of you. I thought I could live my life independent of the Holy Spirit, but He has shown me that our Lord is the perfect example and that even He lived His life seeking the guidance of His Father in all things. Thankyou for your support and prayers these weeks: at long last I really do feel like I belong — I belong to the family of God."*

At Glenda's last sentence, Nicole reached out and touched her new friend's face gently. *"So do I Glenda and it is much safer and lovelier than the one I grew up in. Thank you all too for your prayers, because I have had the most wonderful two weeks, simply because I have learned to hang onto the Lord's forgiveness and every time a memory has come to mind, I turn the evil one away by saying 'Christ Jesus died for that and I am now His cleansed vessel — get behind me Satan, for the blood of Jesus Christ has washed me clean.' It has brought such peace."*

Anne was grinning from ear to ear, her eyes fixed on her friend — here like never before, she knew they were one in their experience and belief. They had supported each other in the spiritual battles they fought in trying to control their memories and thoughts: and their

friendship and bond was very strong. She sighed and looked around at each present. *"Hey,"* she said, *"thanks for coming to my home, thankyou for your apology Jenny — you're forgiven, I understand completely. As Nici said about the past thoughts, we have just had our socks blessed off us lately. It is quite an exercise to constantly practice bringing all our thoughts and imaginations to Christ. Verses we found helpful are found in 2 Corinthians 10:4 & 5 (NASB), can I read them out loud."* When they all nodded she picked up her Bible and read — she sounded just like an angel as the words, so powerfully, touched every heart. ***"For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but divinely powerful for the destruction of fortresses. We are destroying speculations and every lofty thing raised up against the knowledge of God, and we are taking every thought captive to the obedience of Christ."*** Remember the other problem I had was keeping myself separate from the world in here. Well since they moved me, I must admit it has been easier, however I have been reading one of the readings we were given over and over again. Remember Colossians 3:1-17. The first four verses are so beautiful and have such depth of meaning. *"If you are then risen with Christ, seek the things from above, you know that is where Christ sits on the right hand of God. Yes, set your affections, that is the things you are passionate about, up there with Him, not down here and on the things of the earth. When I Anne, died in Him, that is — I asked Him into my life and became born again, my life was hidden with Christ in God. So that when Christ, who is my life, appears at the rapture of the Church, when He comes for us all, then I will also appear with Him in glory."* I know...those are said in my words, but I had to make it personal for me now didn't I?" Her grin was so infectious and they all smiled with her.

It was now Becky's turn and they all waited expectantly for her to say how she was travelling. She didn't hold them in suspense — *"guess what,"* she said, *"I have given my heart to the Lord. I guess what really got me was that piece I was given to read about the interview in South Africa. However when you prayed for me, God touched my heart by the closeness you had with Him and I went home hungry to read more,"* so I read all the Bible readings I was given and then kept going. It was when I was reading the book of John that God spoke to me about His amazing love and forgiveness. I gave my heart to Him and then I knew what you meant by the peace you felt in your heart. As I prayed it dawned on me that those people who did such dreadful things were bound by Satan and did his bidding. I had been bound by him also and my unforgiving heart was what he wanted me to have, sadly by not making a decision for the Lord — I was also doing Satan's bidding. It never before occurred to me that my unforgiving and angry heart was just as much sin as what that man did when he brutalized my poor neighbour. So since then I have been striving to pray for him and all those who are bound and to love them just as Jesus loved me."

They all cuddled each other, had the most wonderful prayer time and promised to meet again the next week at the same place, it was time to begin studying and praying together — that would help them to remain faithful. Yes the prison was the perfect place, as it was a constant reminder of where they had come from and how wonderful it was to now be set free.

By Wendy Davie

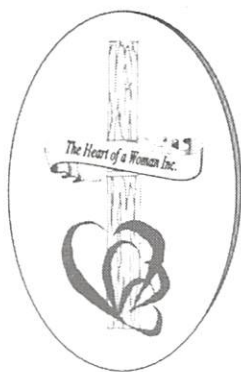
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Our Vision:

*To share God's truth and
encourage each other
in our Christian faith.*

What we believe:

- The Bible is the inspired Word of God. We seek to follow its doctrine.
- In the trinity of the Godhead.
- Christ, Himself as our sinless Lord.
- Filled with all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, indeed, being God come in the flesh.
- The personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit.
- The creation and fall of man.
- Christ's death, burial and resurrection.
- The need for all to be born again in Him.
- That we were created in Christ unto good works.
- The resurrection of the body.
- The judgement of both the living and the dead
- The eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.
- That Satan is real and so is hell.
- That Jesus Christ will return as He has promised.

Upcoming Magazine Themes:

Summer 2006 ... "Jewels In The Desert"
Autumn 2007 ... "Slave or Free" ... Closing Date: 16th January 2007
Winter 2007 ... "Near to the Heart of God" ... Closing Date: 17th April 2007

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