

The Heart of a Woman Inc.

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From the Editor's Desk:

Many years ago I was lent a book called "Don't Waste Your Sorrows" by Paul E. Billheimer. At the time it was published by Navigators and it impressed me so much, that I have never forgotten it. Sadly this book is now no longer in print, but can on occasions be obtained by checking www.ebay.com.au. As writers, each of us know of sorrows too personal and difficult to share, but through them our Lord has been teaching us many things. Life will always have depths of sorrows for us to bear, but if we allow them to overwhelm us, we lose all joy in living and relating to our family and friends. We have been blessed as we prayed, studied and wrote; may you, our readers also know the blessing of how to hand your sorrows over to the only One who can relieve you of them. To do anything else simply wastes them and prevents us from learning through them and blessing others who may be struggling also.

May God bless you now and always with His loving presence

Wendy Davie (Editor-In-Chief)

Don't Waste Your Sorrows

By Barbara Holmes

Nothing happens to us by chance, our God is in it all,
All the sorrow that befalls us is just His loving call,
For us to take an inventory, and search our hearts anew;
Perhaps you can't forgive someone who has offended you;
Remember then, our Saviour, when nailed upon the tree,
Asked His Father to forgive the likes of you and me!

If we'd never had a sorrow, or if we'd never had a care,
How then could we give comfort to the sorrowing ones 'out there'?

Each and every one of us, at sometime or another,
Has lost a friend, a husband, wife, or sibling,
a father or a mother.

We've felt the searing pain and loss,
the loneliness and fear,
Yet through it all, though sight unseen,
our Saviour was so near!

It is not easy to rejoice when going through a trial,
But later, when our friend's in need,
then we can go the extra mile
To help relieve the suffering one,
because we have been **there...**
We've known the pain, and can reach out to show how much we care.
Jesus suffered more for us than we can understand,
That we may know all suffering ended in the Promised Land!



How many times during the day are we able to overhear

someone using God's name as a swear word? Sometimes some of us may have found ourselves doing just that too, you see it depends on the company we keep and our belief system. For me though, it always breaks my heart to hear it and even though the most common usage is "Lord" or "God," I must admit it hits the hardest when folks stoop to use the wonderful name of "Jesus Christ" in this disgraceful way. I have spent much time meditating on this phenomenon and so I was drawn to look up the name "God" in the World Book Dictionary. This is what it says: "god = a being that is thought to have greater powers than any man and considered worthy of worship" or "God = The maker and ruler of the world; the one Supreme Being who loves and helps man; the one Supreme Being considered with reference to a particular attribute: the God of justice, the God of mercy." To me the very name of God indicates that He must be the Almighty, the Creator not only of the universe, but also of all that dwells within. He must be able to see all things, to know all things, have power to do miraculous things, to be in all places at the one time and most of all He must be given the right and authority by us to be God; in other words to have the last say in all things—both in life and death. He, as God - must receive all the glory and should not have to answer to any one of us; after all we are the ones whom He created.

Over the centuries people have always worshipped something. We read the names of the planets and many of us would never have known that they too, are the names of some of the Roman and Greek gods. Venus was depicted as a very beautiful woman and she was the goddess of love and beauty; Mars, the god of war; Jupiter was renowned as the

Who is our God?

king of gods; Mercury, known as the messenger of gods, was depicted with wings on his heels; Thor was the god of thunder and Bacchus the god of wine. Now these are only a small number of those that were and still are worshipped in different ways. There are hundreds of gods worshipped within some eastern religions. People are taught in some cultures and religions to worship spirits and find themselves controlled by fear of these gods and the so-called traditions surrounding them—many made up in the beginning specifically in order to control others, sometimes women and children, but overall anyone who may rebel. And we must not leave out some of the Christian faiths, for we too fall short. It is important for us to understand that when

**As God
"He can no
longer stand
their sin — He
sees it all"**

we place any other being above the Almighty, be they one of the early Christian saints, apostles, or a godly person who has shown great love toward others—then they too have become godlike.

Just like us, the Israelites (or Jews as we call them today), found their people involved in worshipping other gods. They had been told over and over by the Almighty God not to do so. By making friends with neighbouring countries, disobeying God and accepting their cultures as part of their daily lives and intermarrying with them, they also discovered their belief system becoming undermined and a changing of their faith led them to debauchery. They had lost the truth and unfortunately also the ability to discern what was truth and what was lies.

In Isaiah 44:6 He firmly corrects their thinking patterns. "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel and his redeemer, the Lord of hosts: **I am the first and I am the last, and beside me there is no God.**" As we continue reading through this chapter, we find the Lord appealing to their common sense. He explains how they grow trees such as cedars, cypress, oak and the ash and then proceed to use them in many different ways. The same tree may be used to burn in the fire for cooking and keeping warm, whilst part of it is made into furniture or another part is carved into a god, which they then foolishly bow down to, saying ¹"Deliver me for you are my god."

Traditions and customs are sometimes very hard to overcome. As people we like the security of what we have always been accustomed to and often neglect to have the courage to look at favourite traditions and customs in accordance with the truth of the Scriptures. Some of us may have tried to discern the truth, only to discover down the track that even our interpretations are coloured by our upbringing and feelings of safety. Maybe that is why Jeremiah, another Old Testament prophet, tells of the ²Sign of the potter's house. The Almighty takes him to a potter's house and allows him to watch a pot being made. The pot was faulty and of no value and so he, as the potter, broke it and remade it into one that was useful. Jeremiah is told by God "that He can no longer stand their sin - He sees it all, He knows the gods they have made and knows they are deceived for these are not gods at all. He, as God, then tells how He, as the Heavenly Potter will cause them to know the truth and that is - that His name is the Lord." My heart tells me of a loving God who wants to shock Israel, and us in fact, into understanding this very truth. **He is the Almighty, He is in control and He is the Potter and we are purely the clay. He will show mercy and compassion to whom He will. For it is His right as God.**

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Paul helps us to understand this truth a little more when he says ³“**Are you going to object, ‘so how can God blame us for anything since He’s in charge of everything? If the big decisions are already made, what say do we have in it?’ Who in the world do you think you are to second-guess God? Do you for one moment suppose any of us knows enough to call God into question? Clay doesn’t talk back to the fingers that mould it, saying, ‘Why did you shape me like this?’ Isn’t it obvious that a potter has a perfect right to shape one lump of clay into a vase for holding flowers and another into a pot for cooking beans? If God needs one style of pottery especially designed to show his angry displeasure and another style carefully crafted to show His glorious goodness, isn’t that all right? Either or both happens to Jews, but it also happens to the other people. Hosea put it well:**

‘I’ll call nobodies and make them somebodies;

I’ll call the unloved and make them beloved.

In the place where they yelled out, ‘You’re nobody!’

They’re calling you ‘God’s living children’”

So here we are - God’s lumps of clay. He has made each one of us different, yet with similarities. One of which is, that we will all at some time in our lives have to endure suffering. For each one of us our suffering is the worst, others may sit back and watch and think unkind thoughts toward us, but the truth is, for us, during the suffering we must endure, it is unbearable. Suffering can be anything from the loss of a beloved pet, no friends, family members dying, children going astray, no children or grandchildren to bless us, ill health that torments us constantly etc, etc, etc. Can any of us be immune to it? No!

So how do we live the life of an overcomer during our deep sorrow. The only way is to turn to the Almighty and thank Him that if He is in control – how

much worse would it be if He were not? His safety umbrella covers us and He knows our suffering and has gone before. We also need to understand and accept that, in truth, no other human being can take our suffering away, or experience it in just the very same way that we do; but knowing God loves us, He sometimes sends others to comfort in some small way. Don’t have great expectations of them, just thank God that they are there and allow Him to carry you through the grief.

For my dear sisters—one day you will discover there is a light at the end of your dark tunnel.



¹ Isaiah 44:7C (KJV)

² Jeremiah 18 & 19 (NASB)

³ Romans 9:19-26 (Message)

By Wendy Davie

Sculpture

*I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day.
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded to my will.*

*I came again when days were past:
The bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more!*

*I took a piece of living clay,
And gently pressed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art
A young child’s soft and yielding heart.*

*I came again when years had gone:
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
And I could fashion it no more!*

Author Unknown

* “Once in a while, we get phone calls from the City’s “Children’s Welfare Center,” especially this time of the year. They ask us to go a certain place to help some children in trouble. Sometimes, we go to the villages of fire victims or flood victims. Several weeks ago, I went to a village where the flood was the worst last summer. It seemed that not only every house of the village was damaged, but also more than a few people, especially children, died by the flood. I was asked to find orphans, so I went into number of houses. At one place, I found a sick mother and a child. She originally had two children, but one was dead. And beside a picture of the dead child, she was singing ‘What a friend we have in Jesus.’ She said that she learned to thank God more deeply, since she lost a child,. She said, **‘through my pain, I learned the Pain and Love of God who gave His only begotten Son’**

THE CARRIAGE OF SIN & DEATH

The Dark Horse Drawn Carriages

Close your eyes for a minute, if you please –
And consider with me what bends the knees.

Isn't it usually a sorrow or two –?

Drawn by dark horses in a carriage for us all to view!

Sometimes they come slowly one by one,
Whilst others shatter and clutter our lives like bullets
from a gun!

Dear Lord, I ask if you'll make it clear

As each separate carriage draws very near,
Why you allow these heavy burdens for me to carry,
How heavy they'll be and how long they will tarry?
Ah! Forgive me dear Lord, for I shouldn't ask why
Instead help me to trust you'll hear my every cry!

W. Davie

So what are the Dark Horse Drawn Carriages?

SIN AND DEATH must come first. For each person who is born into this world, carries in their being these sorrows. It is important that we accept the truth of the Scriptures, which tell us that due to the sin of Adam and Eve, we too have inherited this same curse. Now the carriage of spiritual death and separation from God remains with us until we recognize our need and turn our hearts over to the Living God. Then this carriage drives on by and we are cleansed from the scars it has left. **"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned."** Romans 5:12 (KJV)

Tina's sorrows understood!

Tina and Frank had been living together now in a defacto relationship for the last twelve months. She was only seventeen and already had a two-year-old girl from a previous relationship. Who had fathered her Shelly was impossible for Tina to know—after all there had been so many encounters. Yes Tina was on the streets at the ripe old age of fifteen—well in truth, she had been brought up on the streets, as that was where her mother Sylvia had found herself also at the age of 15. Their lives were far from happy and they had learned to cover up the sorrows and sadness by living wild and carefree lives of sin and shame. Unfortunately to their horror it had not succeeded and so drugs became a very important part of their existence. At least when you were blotto on something the pain and thoughts of emptiness were far away—or so they believed. It was during one of these blackout

times for Tina, when Frank came into her life. He seemed to care—cleaning her up, feeding her and showing her a good time. She willingly gave herself fully to him and his strong tattooed arms... after all he loved her, or so he said and so she loved and depended upon his love. But after they had moved in together he had then let his demands be known. He was now her pimp and her work was demanding and no different than before, except that now she was answerable to Frank – after all she was his possession. What made it harder too, was that if she did not earn enough as far as he was concerned, she was in need of a dreadful belting, which always left her wondering what next. Just how far was he willing to go

with his brutality...she was so scared of dying, scared for her children, especially the baby boy who laid peacefully in the cot. Shelly always seemed to know when to run and hide, but Cain was only three months old and totally helpless.

She could stand it no longer and whilst Frank was out she took the opportunity of ringing Sylvia to ask her advice. Hardly had her mother answered the phone and Tina began sobbing.

Her sobs were racking her whole being, her mother could tell and she longed to put her arms



around her to comfort, but how could she help! At last the sobs eased a little and Tina began, "Mum, what am I going to do? I

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can't show myself like this, my face is swollen and bruised, I have welts like you wouldn't believe and I can hardly walk. He expects me to go out again this afternoon, but no one will want me like this!" Sylvia was quiet for some time, "Tina", she said "listen to me—I do not know all the answers, remember I too went through all the same things you are going through. I didn't know the answers then and I still don't. Maybe you should call the cops—now, I know they don't seem to care much for people like us, that's unless they want something, but there's been all this talk of abuse and how we don't need to go through it." Without letting her mother finish Tina broke into the statement "Mum, he'll kill me and maybe the children too! I am so frightened!" They talked for some time and eventually when Tina heard Frank's footsteps on the rickety stairs, she quickly said she had to go and hung up.

The door opened and Frank stood with something behind his back, she knew what it would be even before the flowers were held out to her. It was always the same—flowers, lots of flowery words and plenty of "sorry Baby, but if you would just not provoke me, it wouldn't happen!" She knew that after some time of this kinda talk, his gentle kisses and stroking of her head, would indicate to her that she would be expected to also satisfy his sexual desires. How she hated it all, it had changed her feelings towards him and she had gradually begun to feel like a lump of dirt. Still to keep the peace and protect her children, once again she allowed it all to happen. "After all," she told herself "what are women for anyway!"

That night a car pulled up beside her and a well-dressed man asked her to hop in. He smiled gently at her and asked if she had some time to spend with him. "You got the money—well I got the time," she answered. They drove to a rather flash motel and he brought her a meal, then as usual they headed up to his unit. Nothing up till now told her that tonight was going to be any different, and with a sense of *deja vue*, she simply thought that maybe this bloke would be worth a quid or two. But when they reached the room, there was a well-dressed woman already there. "Hey! Kinky—this will cost you" she spoke at last. They both smiled and then

told her that they didn't want anything from her, but were willing to pay for a time of conversation. Tina shrugged and raised her eyebrows, but then suddenly thinking out loud, she pointed to her bruises and said, "Hey, you gotta' know that I didn't get this from just sitting around talking, personally I don't care as long as I get paid and paid enough so it doesn't happen again." Julie looked at her kindly and then answered, "Didn't your pimp think you earned enough for him?" "Yea," she answered with a puzzled look on her face, "something like that, anyway!" she said.

Julie and Bob shouted her coffee and spent a good hour talking to her. They explained that Julie had once been in her exact position, with no-where to go and no one to turn to. During a break on a quiet night, she wandered into one of those evangelistic tents, after all she needed to sit down and there was as good as any. Whilst they shared the love of Christ with her, Julie gently massaged her back and put ointment on the bruises. As she was about to go, Bob



placed in her hand a sizeable amount of money and a small card she would be able to hide from Frank's prying eyes. Tina agreed to meet them again the next week for another chat and went out feeling refreshed like she had never done before. For once in her life, she was shown love and care and what's more, she didn't have to go through the using bit to earn it. Their tender words and thoughts remained with her all week. She did not even feel safe telling her mother, she just held them in her heart and waited with building excitement for their next meeting. Bob understood that he may have to wait in line and promised her he would wait all night if needed. She intended to do her best not to be late, so when the night came, she kept herself busy doing other things, so she would not get caught up with others.

After about six weeks of these meetings she was ready to step out for the Lord and ask Him into her heart, just as Julie had suggested she do. She had come to the understanding that she was a

sinner and it wasn't just being a prostitute that made her that way. She realized that never in her life had she even thought of God. She had used his name as a swear word, but that was it. Her life was lived wilfully and without any thought of accepting that there was a God who was righteous and that He loved her so much He sent His Holy Son, Jesus Christ to die on the cross for her. Tina also understood that not asking Him to guide her throughout her life was sin in itself. Yes, she longed for when they were to meet again and when they did, she prayed to God for the first time aloud, tears streamed down her face and they hugged each other with absolute joy. It was a lovely hour and she really didn't want to take Bob's money, but they all knew that until she could make the next step, it was imperative that she did so. In spite of the increase of her wages, Frank could see that there was a big difference in her and it disturbed him to such a degree, that his anger and violence increased. She knew for their safety it was time for the children and her to make that next move.

Bob and Julie had made sure she had extra money; they had advised her to hide it with the card in a safe place. The other thing they had suggested was that she should collect only enough food to feed the children on her journey. She was advised to catch the train and go at least two to three suburbs away before catching a taxi to their address. From there they would go together to both the police and the courthouse and set up the protections that would be needed. She would then be moved on to a safe house many miles away. Patiently she waited for Frank to finish what he was doing and head out on his morning rounds, she watched as he turned the corner and waited five minutes to ensure that he would not return. Quickly she picked up the children and retrieved her hidden bag and stepped smartly out the door. The station was in the opposite direction to the way Frank had taken and so praying constantly for protection, she walked quickly to the train. Once she was on and sitting as unobtrusively as possible, the tension began to ease out of her body. She had

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given Shelly a poppa and a box of biscuits and she watched her enjoying her feast, but the prayers were constantly on her heart. "Lord, You have brought me this far—please go with me all the way. Help me to fully trust You in all this." Cain wiggled in her arms and she quietly decided to feed him, as this would help sooth her nerves more. The minutes seemed to take ages, but soon she was in the taxi and heading towards the western suburbs of Sydney. When she arrived they greeted her with such love and joy, all her worries seemed to slip away completely, but they reminded her that it was only part of the journey and they must keep going to ensure her safety. One thing troubled her, her mother, she explained to them that she would be the first place that Frank would go to. "We know," they said, "that's why she is already safe. During the week we contacted her and she willingly agreed to come with us. She knew the gravity of the situation and is already waiting for you at the safe house." By the time everything legal had been completed and she was on her way, many hours had slipped by. The emotions were already building

within her. Excitement, freedom—yet also a feeling she could not as yet understand. She turned to Julie who was her travelling companion, "Tell me," she said, "why the grief, I even feel like I really loved him and possibly still do. He is the father of Cain you know, I feel like I am deserting him and betraying him somehow. Yet I just want to live on my own and start a new and wholesome life and live for the Lord—I really don't know what to think!!" Julie held her hand and explained that all these emotions were perfectly normal, but now as a Christian you must learn not to be ruled by the feelings and emotions, but simply by the facts of God's truth. They prayed together and then helped Shelly draw a picture of their new home.

What a reunion they all had. It had been a long trip, but to Tina's absolute delight the Lord had been dealing with Sylvia's heart too and when Bob and Julie had visited her, she too was ready to seek the Lord. Together now they began to understand that the sorrows they had gone through in life would never be wasted. "Why, look at Julie, we can be just like her and get out there

when God leads us and help others going through the same sorrows we have experienced!" they agreed. God was so loving toward them, not only did He send His Son, but He also sent Bob and Julie when He knew they would listen to them. How they loved Him and thanked Him that He did not spare them the sorrows, but taught them through them and would use them in a special ministry toward others He also loved. They had lately read and learned the verse in 2 Peter 3:9 which told them that God did not want anyone to perish, but all to come to eternal life. They smiled at the thought that some might think God slack as the first part of the verse had said, for they knew in their hearts that His timing was exactly right. He sent their dear friends, when He knew they would listen, He had prepared the way and opened all the doors. Their lives were lived as one of praise and prayer to the Almighty who does all things well.

By Wendy Davie

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforts us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble, with the comfort which we ourselves are comforted by God."

2 Corinthians 1: 3 & 4 (NKJ)

***"The pain is a funny thing, it usually hurts the flesh, but it often enriches the Spirit and Soul.
That's what I learned through my pain"**

A Personal Testimony

My twin sister and I were born in 1970, placed as the fourth eldest in our family of ten children. We were all fostered out, as our parents were both alcoholics, with very little, if any, morals. As children, many miles separated us and the very different family backgrounds have never really allowed us to become close, but one thing appears to be common, we all suffered from simply being born into a very dysfunctional household and therefore all have an extremely deep need to be loved and cared for.

When my sister and I were only babies, my biological mother stole us both from the hospital. I am told she hid in the bush thinking she could escape detection. Eventually her need for drink drove her to the pub. Whilst there, my sister was thrown out a window, which of course brought the police involvement and the end of our short existence with her. From then on we were moved from one foster home to another—approximately sixteen in all and only two of these could I say gave us any sense of hope. In our teens my sister and I were separated and she enjoyed a peaceful

and loving home life.

During our shifts from one placement to another, our memories involve violence, mental, physical and sexual abuse. We were locked up, left to go hungry and fed dog food at times. Therefore as twins we quickly learned to survive by protecting each other, rebellion, anger towards our carers and discovering that we could trust no one—not even the children's services. We cried together, comforted each other and

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strengthened each other. Impulsiveness, determination and strong wills kept us going. Unfortunately this reaction only led what may have been good foster homes to eventually give up and feel they could not cope with us, but what could we do about it all, after all we were only children who had learned nothing but deep sorrow and hopelessness. The sad thing is, that all these lessons we learnt were far from what God would have us know. With next to no knowledge of how to communicate with others, manipulation became a way of life for us both. This deep, deep desire to be loved and wanted remains an on-

going problem and in fact has led me at times into some very bad situations. In my adult years, struggles as a mother and to enjoy motherhood have been my constant companion. It has been a steep learning curve as each new situation arose. I don't think in our early years, we were ever really guided by loving parents showing by their example: and not having a teachable spirit certainly did not help.

In our teens, my darling twin sister became a Christian and we spent a lot of time talking about her faith, but sadly one day she was killed tragically and as you

could imagine, this threw me into further rebellion. I would have to truthfully say that I have struggled emotionally ever since. At my worst times suicide has not been far from my thoughts and missing my beloved children has only exacerbated that. Yes my sorrows have been deep, too deep and to tell of them all would mean the writing of a book, but at the end of it all, I know that God is with me always and He will see me through. I long for love and peace and look forward to the light at the end of the long tunnel. Please pray for me, because this still seems an impossibility.

Name withheld for the sake of privacy.

Don't Cry

By Jane Cruickshank

Do not fret, my child...

*Your heart and mind are hid in me,
You walk the path that I have made,
And though, for now, you cannot see,
I walk with you and know the way
Before it comes to be.*

Do not fear my child...

*Though tossed with woe and full of tears,
The timing and the pain are mine,
A gift from me: I know your fears,
And though in dark you cannot see,
I'm always near.*

Do not cry my child...

*You will find, though now you feel so weak,
And all you want to do remains undone,
Each task will have its time, each test its song.
This time has fruit so precious and so rare,
That makes you strong.*

Do not rage my child...

*In time, you'll see my plans for you are full of love.
I, your Father, care for you so much.
Mid all the pain and strife and mess you see,
In love I paint the dark and light,
It's I who hold the key.*

So come my child...

*Take now my hand, come in and rest
And watch the waves and fire go by.
Held in my arms, this storm we'll crest,
And though the flood is mounting high,
I'll shield you in each test.*

A Dialogue With God

I knelt before the Father,
Stretched my arms toward His face.
"Oh Lord," I cried, "You are the God
Of mercy, and of grace."

"Why do you make me suffer?
Instead of sun, you send me rain.
You tell me that you love me,
And then you give me pain."

"My child," said He, "I love you.
Be at peace and know I care:
But my plans for you are eternal,
Although you may not be aware.

I do not cause your suffering,
(Only good will come from me),
But it is true I will allow it,
For reasons only I can see.

Trials breed endurance,
And make your spirit strong. ¹
And though the pain is real now,
You will not suffer long.

I let my own Son suffer,
And because His love was sure,
In heaven there's a great reward
For those who patiently endure!"

The Lord almighty reached out,
As I began to cry:
He cupped my face inside His hands
And looked into my eyes.

"I know your tears," He whispered.
"I bottle each and every one. ²
I'll be with you on your journey,
Just as I was with my Son.

I know that life is difficult,
But one thing is always true,
Despite the pain of suffering,
I will always – deeply - love you".

¹ Romans 5:3-4 ² Psalm 56:8

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Now these are the most blessed of all, but sometimes we find the hardest to bear. They can involve anything from sickness and loss of life to something I find the most difficult. When one of our brothers or sisters in Christ is going through times of sorrow, grief, or sin. The Spirit of God lays upon our souls—sorrows unbearable. I have found myself grieving for weeks over another's sin. It is as if God Himself has revealed to me a little of His grief and has laid it upon my heart to pray fervently, both for the one who has fallen and the natural consequences that are to come. Then there was a time when for weeks I prayed day and night for a little new born baby, when God revealed to me that left as she was, she would surely die. Thanks be to God the problem was revealed and to this day this lovely young lady, brings glory to His over-ruling grace and healing. But all of us would know of the daily trials we need to face. Whilst sheltered under the safety umbrella of the Almighty, He allows these trials to strengthen and test our faith. By accepting them as God allowed, we grow to be more like His Son, and His peace, joy and assurance fills our souls.

Hannah...Using her circumstances!

1 Samuel Chapters 1 and 2 tell us the story of Hannah, the mother of Samuel the prophet. Hannah was a wife to Elkanah, as was Peninnah. Verse 2 immediately tells us that, **"Although Peninnah had children, Hannah did not have any."**

If an Israelite woman was childless, it was shameful for her and thought to be because of sin in her life. Children were acknowledged to be a direct gift from the Lord. Children, said to be "on loan", are truly a blessing from the Lord. Mums and Dads – treasure each moment that you have your precious children.

Verses 4-5 tell us that whenever Elkanah made a sacrifice to the Lord, he **"gave some of the meat to Peninnah and some to each of her sons and daughters. But he gave Hannah even more, because he loved Hannah very much, even though the Lord had kept her from having children of her own."**

It's easy to see the dynamics in this family, isn't it? Hannah was obviously

Elkanah's favourite wife, even though she did not have children. So we can see Peninnah feeling jealous of the depth of Elkanah's love for Hannah, and we can also see Hannah's sorrow at being childless and her possible jealousy of Peninnah.



lived under all kinds of conditions. I know what it means to be full or to be hungry, to have too much or too little. Christ gives me the strength to face anything.

What a challenge to be able to say this with Paul, in our consumer-oriented, self-centred, God-outed society!

Hannah desperately wanted children. And it seemed that Elkanah had little understanding of the depth of her sorrow when he asked, ³ **"Why are you crying? Why won't you eat? Why do you feel so bad? Don't I mean more to you than ten sons?"**

Each wife wanted what the other had. And ¹ **"Peninnah liked to make Hannah feel miserable about not having children"** confirms our suspicions about the family dynamics.

Are we sometimes just not satisfied with what we have, and unable to accept the circumstances in which God has placed us? The apostle Paul says ² **"I have learnt to be satisfied with whatever I have. I know what it is to be poor or to have plenty, and I have**

Many women have shed heart-wrenching tears at their childlessness, perhaps carrying a soul-destroying grief throughout their lifetime. You may be married yet not fallen pregnant; you may not be married so you are childless by circumstance; or perhaps you may be childless by choice. Only God knows the heart of each woman and understands the depth of her distress. If you are in this situation, then I urge you to take your grief to God, who alone can provide solace.

(Continued on page 10)

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On the family's annual pilgrimage to Shiloh after the sacrifice had been made and the meal shared together, Hannah left the group and went to pray at the temple. Perhaps her heart had been drawn even closer to God during this time of sacrifice. She had been given her extra portion of meat by Elkanah, which revealed his deep love for her, yet her empty arms ached and she was broken-hearted.

⁴ **"Hannah was crying as she prayed, 'Lord All-Powerful, I am your servant, but I am so miserable! Please let me have a son. I will give him to you for as long as he lives, and his hair will never be cut.'" In her distress, Hannah acknowledged the omnipotence of God and also her own distress. She pleaded with God for a son, promising to give him to God's service for his lifetime.**

Even Eli, God's priest at Shiloh, misunderstood Hannah's motives. He saw her lips moving and berated her as if she was drunk. After Hannah replied to him, his response was, ⁵ **"You may go home now and stop worrying. I'm**

sure the God of Israel will answer your prayer."

Verses 19 and 20 tell us **"the Lord blessed Elkanah and Hannah with a son. She named him Samuel because she asked the Lord for him."**



But the story doesn't finish there. Hannah brought Samuel to Eli and said, ⁶ **"a few years ago I stood here beside you and asked the Lord to give me a child. Here he is! The Lord gave me just what I asked for. Now I am giving him to the Lord, and he will be the Lord's servant for as long as he lives."**

Hannah did not forget or renege on her promise to God. She and Elkanah returned home and ⁷ **"the boy Samuel stayed to help Eli serve the Lord."**

Hannah visited Samuel each year and brought new clothes for him that she had made. Can you imagine how much love was put into each stitch?

Each year Eli blessed Elkanah and Hannah saying, ⁸ **"Samuel was born in answer to your prayers. Now you have given him to the Lord. I pray that the Lord will bless you with more children to take his place."** ⁹ We later

read that the Lord blessed Hannah with three more sons and two daughters.

Hannah had a deep sorrow, which she could have allowed to cause great bitterness of spirit in her life. Instead she took that sorrow to the All-Powerful God who answered her prayers and gave her the grace to give her precious son back to God for His service.

God is the master weaver, who works together each event in our lives to achieve His master plan. How do we handle our sorrow? For God's glory: or to sink deeper in the well of our self-pity?

¹⁰ **"For we know that God is always at work for the good of everyone who loves him."**

- ¹ Samuel 1:6a;
- ² Philippians 4:11-13;
- ³ 1 Samuel 1:6b;
- ⁴ 1 Samuel 1:12;
- ⁵ 1 Samuel 1:17;
- ⁶ 1 Samuel 1:26;
- ⁷ 1 Samuel 2:11;
- ⁸ 1 Samuel 2:20;
- ⁹ 1 Samuel 2:21;
- ¹⁰ Romans 8:28

(All references taken from the Contemporary English Version.)



By Annette Lawson



SQUEAKY DOORS

Apply a few drops of washing-up liquid to the door hinges.

REMOVING BROKEN LIGHT BULBS

Turn off electricity at the main switch, push a cork into the jagged edge of the bulb and twist out anti-clockwise.

DRILLING OR NAILING INTO PLASTERBOARD

Use a strip of sticky tape when drilling or nailing into plasterboard to prevent the edges crumbling or breaking away.

Moments With Melissa



There are many different sorrows in one's life that we may suffer, mine happens to be a very aggressive form of arthritis, that has left me quite afflicted so that there are many basic day to day tasks, I find very hard to do. I can't even leave the house by myself, because I cannot drive anymore. I have a lot of time to think, which sometimes is a bad thing! Most of the time I am all right with this and feel God's love and His provision of strength. But sometimes, (as I guess any hard situation does), it gets me really down and I feel totally useless. I ask God "how can He possibly use me, in the condition that I'm in?" Just lately I have felt this way and have cried out to God about this, and He has answered my prayer.

Every Tuesday night I lead a teenage girls Bible study group. They are so accepting of me and my condition and treat me as no different to anyone else, even going so far as to invite me to a Christian youth concert that is held in Brisbane every year, (every year the church takes a bus load of youth from Bowen to the concert, it's at least an 18 hour trip!), with every promise that they would look after me the whole time and make sure I didn't get crushed in the mass crowds! They are really very sweet!

It is through one of them, that God has answered my prayer. While wallowing in my self-pity of uselessness; God used one of my girls to touch me in the most loving and awesome way. On this particular night, after our study had finished, one of the girls stayed back a bit longer than normal and we talked privately for about half an hour. She shared many deep things that were burdening her and I helped her carry that load and gave her a listening ear. After we finished talking, she gave me a letter. We said our good-byes and I set about reading it.

In her letter she shared many insights. I want to share a couple with you as they served as a great encouragement to me. She said that she greatly admires me and that I am a superior influence in her life and she hopes to one day have the knowledge and peace with God that is very evident in my life! This totally blew me away! I was so grateful and awestruck and I'm sure she had no idea what her words really meant to me. But God knew that I needed them at that time and He reminded me through one of my girls, that He could use me in any and every situation. I was crying out to the Lord to use me, and He answered that prayer. I'm not useless at all, but one of God's tools that He uses in His own way!

I read these verses the other day in my quiet time, and I really feel they were for me. Isn't it great that God's Word speaks to us so directly and fully!!

Psalm 119:67 **"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I obey your word."**

Psalm 119:71 **"It was good for me to be afflicted, so that I might learn your decrees"**

Isn't it a shame that some of us have to be laid low to fully rely on the Lord! I know that I am being moulded into the person God truly wants me to be; and I know that I wouldn't be this close to God if I hadn't had any great sorrows in my life. So for that I count every sorrow as a joy, because now I truly know my Lord and Saviour and what kind of God He is. I encourage everyone to earnestly seek Him in every sorrow: you will not be left unsatisfied!

"Be joyful in hope, patient in

affliction, faithful in prayer." Romans 12:12

When I'm having a particularly bad day, I listen to this song really loud. I sing at the top of my voice usually with tears running down my face! The song is called "When the tears fall". It's from "Devotion" the new Newsboys CD. It lifts me and makes me want to praise the Lord through everything.

I've had questions/Without answers/
I've known sorrow/ I have known pain/
But there's one thing/

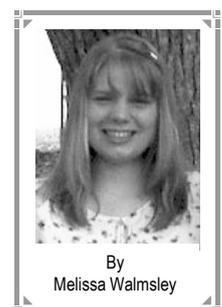
That I'll cling to/ You're faithful/
Jesus, You're true...

When hope is lost/ I'll call You
Saviour/ When pain surrounds/ I'll call
You Healer/ When silence falls/You'll be
the song within my heart...

In the lone hour/ Of my sorrow/
Through the darkest/ Night of my soul/
You surround me/

And sustain me/ My Defender/
Forever more...

And I will praise You/ I will praise
You/ When the tears fall/ Still I will sing
to You/ I will praise you/Jesus, praise
You/ Through the suffering/ Still I will
sing...



Lent for Awhile

By Edgar Guest

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of Mine," He said,
"For you to love the while he lives, and mourn for, when he's
dead.
It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three. But will
you till I call him back, take care of him for Me?
He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and should his stay be
brief,
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.
I cannot promise he will stay since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I wish this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.
Nor will you give him all your love, nor think the labour vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?"
I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done,
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter him with tenderness; we'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known; forever grateful stay.
And should the Angels call for him much sooner than we've
planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes, and try to understand."

* "Christians are living half—on—earth and
half — in — Heaven anyway.

That's why there is pain on this earth...hanging between Heaven and earth."

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Adversity....

Adversity is not pleasant. We would all avoid it if we could, but like it or not it's there. The Lord Jesus said, ***1 "These things I have spoken to you, that in Me you may have peace. In the world you will have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."***

Generally speaking, we live soft lives in our 'lucky country', so when adversity does come we are ill-equipped to deal with it. It takes adversity to toughen us for the battle, and remember, ***2 "we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."*** But we are not left defenceless. We are exhorted to put on *the whole Armour of God*; so that we will be able to withstand the onslaught of our arch-enemy, the Devil, (some of his names being also Satan and the god of this world); who disguises himself as a *prince of light*. He is delighted if he can catch us off guard with those little (?) troubles and frustrating things of life.

Someone put it aptly: "It's not the hill that defeats us, it's the sand in the shoes!" We all have our 'Achilles heel', a chink in our armour, a character weakness, which Satan is well aware of, and he watches us closely, for an opportunity to send in his fiery darts, for he knows our weaknesses better than we do.

As the *prince of light*, it could be that he is at his most dangerous. Like the Serpent in the Garden of Eden, he tries to beguile us with seemingly harmless things. That TV program which is so enjoyable, entertaining, and relaxing after a hard day. But what of the content? What are we taking into our minds, which is lulling our consciences and blurring our vision of right and wrong? The here and now *is important*, eternal issues are at stake.

Our loving God allows adversity to come into our lives to keep us alert and watchful. If life was all plain sailing we would become complacent. "Smooth seas won't make a sailor!" If life is comfortable all the time, like Christian in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrims Progress,' we would fall asleep in the harbour! Can we look back on

our lives and see how God has brought us through those trying and difficult times, and find that we are stronger and more firmly grounded in the faith, in spite of it all, or has it made us bitter and resentful? ³ Think then of the murmuring and complaining of the children of Israel, and what happened to them. Instead, may ⁴ He give us grace to praise Him and thank Him for His wonderful works to the children of men!



What is the Armour of God?

THE GIRDLE OF TRUTH

Jesus is the WAY, the **TRUTH**, and the LIFE. As we well know there is truth and there is falsehood. The truth is not pleasant to those who are going down the wrong path. Truth, like light, illuminates. Darkness hides, truth and light expose. In the book of ⁶ Psalms we read that His Truth shall be our Sword and Buckler. Truth will prevail in the end.

THE BREASTPLATE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

The **BREASTPLATE** protects our heart. According to ⁷ Alexander Cruden, "*The word 'heart' is used in Scripture as the seat of life or strength; hence it means **mind, soul and spirit, or one's entire emotional nature and understanding***" We are exhorted to keep our hearts with all diligence (above all keeping), ⁸ for life's issues spring from it. The importance of this cannot be underestimated, for what we feed our minds on, will flow into our hearts and come out in our lives. By turning our hearts and minds over to the Lord, who alone ⁹ "*is able to keep us from falling,*" we put on the **Breastplate of Righteousness**. *Righteousness means being made right with God.* We are made right with God by being washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross to cleanse us from all sin. In other words, by acknowledging the fact that I am prone to sin, I just can't help myself, neither can I save myself, He alone is able and He did it when He took my sins upon Himself; when He died on the Cross. He did not stay dead though, for on the third day, He rose to life and is therefore now able to keep us from sin as we hand over our lives to Him, moment by moment, hour by hour, day by day. We sin, when we take our eyes off Him, but He has promised that ¹⁰ "*if we confess our sins to Him, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*"

SHOES OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

Our daily walk should be to live out **THE GOSPEL OF PEACE**. It is our *burden of responsibility* as Ambassadors of Christ, individually and corporately. What is the message we are sending out to those around us? As it has been said, "we may be the only Bible some people ever read" It is a solemn thought. As I contemplate what the Lord has done for me, it should make me eager to introduce Him to others. The love, joy and gratitude, welling up in my heart should spur me on. May He give me grace not to be half-hearted.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH

The **SHIELD OF FAITH** fends off all those little insinuations sent to undermine us; as well as the big ones which threaten to overwhelm us. They come in when we least expect them. The enemy of souls is wreaking havoc around the world. As the god of this world, his time is short and he knows it and is going about trying to cause as much trouble as he can; *but God is in control!* Let us not forget the exhortation, ¹¹ "*above all taking 'The Shield of Faith' with which you will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.*"

THE HELMET OF SALVATION

The **HELMET** protects the *head, the mind, and the intellect*. In Isaiah 26:3 we are told that by keeping our mind focused on God, He is able to keep us in perfect peace. Wandering thoughts are dangerous. If we allow our minds to dwell on, for example, the wrong done to us by another, we will become bitter and that bitterness can have a devastating effect, not only on ourselves, but on those around us. Looking around at the state of the world will only discourage us, that is why we are told ¹² "*to take captive every thought to the obedience to Christ.*" ¹³ We are told not to be anxious about anything, but to take it all to God in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and our **hearts** and our **minds** will be guarded by a peace which is beyond our understanding. This then, is our **Helmet of Salvation**.



THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

We do not only have armour to protect us against our enemies, but we have also two offensive or defensive weapons: **THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT** (which is the Word of God), and Prayer (our direct link with God).

¹⁴ "*Your Word I have hidden in my heart, that I might not sin against You.*" The only way I can hide the Word of God in my heart is by reading it and meditating upon it, then the Holy Spirit can bring it to my mind when I need it. When Christ was tempted by Satan, in the Wilderness, He answered each temptation with Scripture. ¹⁵ "*For the Word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the division of soul and spirit, and joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*"

PRAYER

If you're ever in a fix, read **Philippians 4 and 6**, as the verse from our childhood goes, (see The Helmet of Salvation). And

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when we pray, let us not forget others who are also going through trials and tribulations. (When Amalek fought with Israel in Rephidim, Moses, Aaron and Hur were on the top of the hill to observe the battle. When Moses held up his hand Israel prevailed, but as he tired he dropped his hand and Amalek prevailed. Aaron and Hur took a stone and placed it under him, then they held up his hands,

“But God is ‘only a prayer away’.”

standing one on either side of Moses. ¹⁶ **“And his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. So Joshua defeated Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.”**) How often, when we’re tired, little (and big!) troubles and frustrating things take place. Satan is watching closely, waiting for us to lose our temper, become discouraged and give up. But God is ‘only a prayer away’. The Church’s overwhelming need in our day is **prayer**. How weak we are without it! We are exhorted to persevere in prayer. He has promised to answer us. It doesn’t take much imagination to see, as we look around us, how sadly we lack in this area. ¹⁷ **“... you do not have because you do not ask. You ask and do not receive, because you ask amiss, that you may spend it upon your pleasures.”**

¹⁸ **“Behold, the Lord’s hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy, that it cannot hear, but your iniquities have separated you from your God; And your sins**

have hidden His face from you, so that He will not hear.”

¹⁹ **“If My people who are called by My Name will humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land.”**

With this indictment upon us, it is up to each *individual member of the Church* to take a long hard look at his/her prayer life (and our life in general). It is no good looking at my neighbour. It is up to **me!** If each and every one of us will take up the challenge, then with God’s help, we will triumph. We have His Word on that. Finally, let us take heart: ²⁰ **“Fear not little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom!”**

¹ John 16:33; ² Ephesians 6:12; ³ Numbers 14; ⁴ Psalm 107;

⁵ John 14:6; ⁶ Psalm 91:4b (NKJV); ⁷ Cruden’s Concordance;

⁸ Proverbs 4:23; ⁹ Jude 24; ¹⁰ 1 John 9;

¹¹ Ephesians 6:16 (NKJV); ¹² 2 Corinthians 10:5;

¹³ Philippians 4:6 & 7; ¹⁴ Psalm 119:11 (NKJV);

¹⁵ Hebrews 4:12; ¹⁶ Exodus 17:12b, & 13;

¹⁷ James 4:2b, 3 (NKJV); ¹⁸ Isaiah 59:1,2 (KJV);

¹⁹ 2 Chronicles 7:14; ²⁰ Luke 12:32 (KJV)



By Barbara Holmes

* “I feel that there are only two kinds of people on this earth.

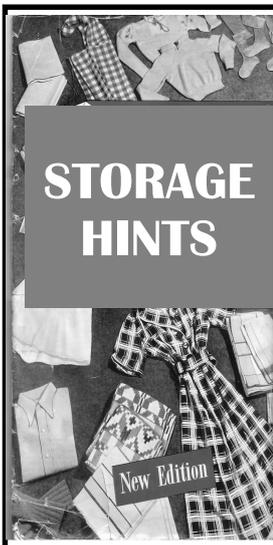
When the pain of life comes, one kind ask to be taken up, like the penitent thief on cross

And another ask to be taken down like the un-penitent thief”

“Is it nothing to you all who pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like to my sorrow, which is done unto me, with which the Lord has afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger.”

Lamentations 1:12 (NKJV)

This book was written by Jeremiah who was mourning over the destruction of Jerusalem



SECURE DRAWERS

To hold small bottles upright in your drawers—fix a length of elastic to the inside front of the drawer using thumb tacks.

EXTRA HANGING SPACE

Add a rod halfway down one side of your wardrobe to provide double hanging space for short garments such as shirts.

TO HANG BELTS, BAGS & OTHER ACCESSORIES

Install a few large shower curtain hooks along the hanging rail of your wardrobe to hang belts, bags, ties, scarfs and other accessories.

RECIPES ... TO WARM YOU FOR WINTER ...

MUFFINS WITH MUSTARD, EGG & CHEESE

Serves 2

- 2 English multi-grain muffins, split
- 1 tomato, sliced
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup Skim Milk
- 2 teaspoons grated cheese

Toast muffins on both sides, top with tomato and keep warm. Lightly whisk together eggs, milk, mustard & cheese & pour into a small saucepan.

Cook without stirring until mixture sets around the edges, then stir occasionally until scrambled.

Spoon over muffins, sprinkle with chives & serve.

SWEET CORN & ZUCCHINI SOUP

Serves 6

- 1 onion, chopped
- 400g zucchini, chopped
- 1 x 420g can creamed corn
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups buttermilk
- Cracked black pepper, to taste

Cook onion in a small amount of water in a large saucepan until softened.

Add zucchini, corn and water and bring to the boil.

Cover & simmer for 15 minutes or until zucchini is tender.

Puree and return to a clean saucepan.

Add buttermilk and reheat without boiling.

Season to taste.

MARINATED LAMB WITH JASMINE RICE

Serves 4

- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh coriander
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon finely grated ginger
- 1 cup Natural or low fat yoghurt
- 1 tablespoon cornflour
- 400g lean lamb, cut into strips
- 6 spring onions, chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon cumin
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 4 cups cooked Jasmine rice

Combine garlic, coriander, parsley, ginger, yoghurt, cornflour & lamb together, cover and refrigerate for 1 hour.

Cook onion, cumin & nutmeg in a large frypan until softened. Add lamb and marinade and cook on a medium heat for 20 minutes or until lamb is tender.

Serve with rice.

BUTTERMILK PANCAKES WITH MANGO PASSIONFRUIT SAUCE

Serves 4

Buttermilk Pancakes

- 3/4 cup self-raising flour
- 2 tablespoons castor sugar
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1 cup Buttermilk

Mango Passionfruit Sauce

- 200ml fresh or canned mango puree
- 1/4 cup fresh or canned passionfruit pulp
- 1 tablespoon castor sugar

Combine the flour & sugar in a large mixing bowl.

Gradually whisk in egg & buttermilk until smooth.

Heat a non-stick pan & cook 1/4 cup of mixture until bubbles form around the edges.

Flip over & cook on the other side until golden.

Repeat with remaining mixture to make 12 pancakes.

For the sauce—combine mango, passionfruit & sugar together.

Have you got a favourite recipe to share?

Please post or email to us at the address on the back page.



A Bruised Reed That He Will Not Break

Over and over he tumbled. He and the horse entwined and then separated. The quail flew off in a whirr of wings unaware of the damage its sudden move had caused. Timber snapped as the horse slid and then scrambled out of the gully below. Its hooves pounded as it picked up momentum. Their drumbeat disappeared, blanketed by the aftershock of thick silence. The squawking of the cockatoos in their evening roosts began again, tentatively at first, then crescendoed as normality returned. The stillness of evening crept in as darkness dropped its curtain.

Emily's eyes opened suddenly but she lay still enjoying the early morning freshness. Even in this drought, the dawn was beautiful. The gnarled gum tree drooped its leaves, the branches silhouetted and sparkled in the mauve light of the coming sun. It was going to be a hot one today. For eighty-five years, she and the tree had shared the dawn and Emily never tired of the routine. The kookaburra first, then the hooded magpies. Mafia she called them. After that, the Social Club—the upright, friendly magpies. It was the chirruping of the willy wagtails at an intrusive crow, that halted her dreaming. She never liked to linger in bed, not even now there was nothing to do.

“Just sit in your chair on the verandah, Mum, and enjoy the view. We'll get things done.” That's what they always said whenever she started to work in the kitchen now. Always bustling her. “Careful, Mum! You'll burn yourself!”

Freedom came when they went out on the horses, checking the fencelines and the water tanks or separating the weaners. The never-ending chores of the sixty thousand acres of flood plain and two thousand breeders were tattooed on her memory. Different faces, different years drifted in and out in a confusing kaleidoscope. The family didn't understand—thought she'd lost her mind. She saw their guarded looks. But it was the memories confusing her, suddenly intruding with no manners; no order and some were so potent that she'd break into words. Old conversations. Forgotten emotions.

Mug of tea in hand she nursed herself into Arnold's squatter's chair and opened her Largeprint Bible. She couldn't read much these days, wavy lines would come and go. Her head lifted. She loved this view of the Fortress, a moulded maze of boulders, grotesque and

harsh, rising steeply out of swirls of khaki eucalypts clustering round the creekbed at its base. Hamilton's Place was landmarked for miles around by this guardian. Bryson's son shared her love of its mystery. It had been the fortress that forged their relationship, times of exploring, of searching for treasure.

She glanced back to the page. It was her favourite portion, “*God is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.*” She could hear Jamie reciting it after her...his blond hair tousled by sleep, his blue eyes intent with the challenge. His hands clenched in hers till he got the last word and then the joyful leap of victory—a big hug of joy. “I did it, Gran. Another verse. I got it right!”

She missed those days. He was wriggling. Always wriggling. Never stopping. Wriggling into bed in the early dawn. Wriggling onto her lap at morning tea to dunk a biscuit in her mug. Wriggling with Trixie the red heeler they kept in the houseyard...Angry words buzzed in her mind blurred with angry faces. Jamie on a horse. Was it Montgomerie? No, that was Arnold's horse. Major. Jamie on Major...“I want to stay here. I'm sixteen. I can work!...not s t u d y ... n o university...Gran needs me!” She had said nothing though her heart was breaking. To lose another seemed too much to bear.

Bryson didn't understand her need. “He'll be back, Gran, when he's worked off the anger.” She had heard Jamie's horse return long after she was in bed. A flurry of voices and a yell. She hadn't got up. Better to let Bryson sort it out his way. More horse hooves sounded but she was too sleepy to work it out.

The chirrup of the wagtail brought her back to the present, cheeking her again with his tail flicks and little jumps. She put her “Gran” mug on the verandah beside her and pushed herself out of the chair. Just as well she was skin and bone, with no extra weight. “A thoroughbred, you are,” Arnold would say from behind, his whiskery chin digging into her shoulder, his hands spanning her waist. “Nothing of you, but

lots of go!” But Arnold was gone. “...a very present help in trouble.” Frank Williams' comforting voice echoed the words in her mind as the workers lowered Arnold's broken body into the hole. Frank was the Flying Pastor and had flown in specially. His Cessna buzzing over the house reminded her of eagle's wings but for the sound...“I'll carry you on eagle's wings and draw you to myself.”...Trampled in the yards during branding. His crumpled body lay so still on the dirt but she knew Arnold's soul had soared on eagle's wings.

The first sunrays hit Grand Old Duke making the huge rock on the top of the Fortress look majestic in its dominance. “Look, Gran. I'm standing up high, I can reach the top. I'm the Grand Old Duke of York!” and they would march back down again singing the rhyme.

The knee twitched, probed by a curious ant. Ugly swelling raised purple on his bleeding forehead.

She'd go up there today, right now. Her feet still moved, didn't they? She picked up her Bible. Not the Largeprint, it was too heavy. Her old King James. She always took it with her up the Fortress. At the top she'd shout the words to the sky, “*My Rock and My Fortress. My God in whom I trust!*” and they'd resound, “whom I trust...I trust...I trust.” She loved the power of it on her soul.

Another memory interrupted. Jamie, holding her hand swinging it to and fro to a favourite song she had taught him. “*I'm too young to march in the infantry, ride in the cavalry, shoot the artillery.*” Her feet took up the pace. A bookmark drifted from her Bible and pillowed on a cluster of grass bristling from a bed of stones. A surprised cricket flicked up, bumping her cheek in its haste. She swatted too late. Parrots chorused her arrival at the trees. “They're singing for joy, Jamie. Excited with the new day.”

“This is the day. This is the day that the Lord has made.” Songs would fly out of Jamie
(Continued on page 17)



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as her words linked with his memories. "Let us rejoice and be glad in it." And she and Jamie clambered up the path. He was so slow. "Little steps. Little steps, Jamie. It won't be long." A mauve and white crocheted cross slid from the Bible and caught between two dead twigs embroidered by webs. The spider moved quickly to this new prey but stopped, disappointed.

Emily paused at The Cleft. "See Gran. It's like Grandad's postcard." Arnold sent it to her in the war. She used it as a bookmark in her Bible. "The place where Rock of Ages came from, Gran."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee." The gleaming mahogany coffin on its clinical stand mocked her as the words resounded through the church. Jenny, her little Jenny, was dead. Taken from her in the city. "Too far to Hamilton Place, Emily. The family's here. It's best." But "best" was agony. She had fought Him then, the Lord, whom she had never questioned. "Rock of Ages." The name haunted her as she floundered in days of grief but the Rock had won. "Emily, hide yourself in Me." And she had slept on the flat solid rock under the gnarled box tree.

Her dress caught on the branches of the box tree as she stooped to walk between it and the rock face. Dull blue threads dangled on the twiggy bark. Her hem drooped where the pull started. She'd fix it tomorrow. Once, Jamie's handkerchief caught there and he flicked it up with a stick. "See Gran, this can be a flag," and he'd held it up high. "I'll put it at the top when we get there, Gran."

Tickled by careless flies, his fingers flickered. His arm moved and a little grey lizard scuttled away. A trickle of blood wandered over the ridge of his left eyebrow and dropped in the sand.

So tired. Not Jamie. He wasn't here. She was tired. Where was Jamie? He had been here a moment ago clambering beside her. The kookaburra laughed down at the cattleyards. Perhaps the rain Bryson wanted would be coming after all. She rubbed a scratch on her arm and blotted it lightly with the orange floral hanky Jamie had given her for Christmas. It was worn and frayed now but eyes of love cared nothing for that. It was precious.

"Jamie? Where are you?"...are you?...are you? The rocks echoed lightly. "We can't play too long"...too long...too long. The echoes cut short. Her voice didn't carry so well these days. "Breakfast will be soon"...soon...soon. And she heard the gong clanging wildly to prove her true, jolting her to the present. Jamie was

grown now. Leaving her.

She looked around her dazed. On and on it went. Not breakfast. Not wake-up. Alert. It was the Alert Call. Fear smothered her...The fire was coming. Close to the house. Too close, and she'd clanged the gong over and over, desperately crying, "Please, Lord, let them come." And they had. Horses galloping, bodies leaping from saddles and the sacks thwacking over and over each hungry inroad of flame till there was nothing but a smoldering mess of haunting black as far as the eye could see. She could hear the horses now and their thwacking. Voices yelling, "Here!"...Here...Here.

"Cooee!"...Cooeeeee...Cooeeeee...

He shifted his leg and a groan tore from him. His mouth grimaced. Freckles stood out on his pale face. Tousled blonde hair mingled with dried blood and sand.

Emily's slippers caught on the coarse flat rock of David's Stronghold. "Nothing can harm us here, Gran, can it? It's like David's rock."

"You are my rock and my fortress..."

His leg moved again. Eyelids flickered, then drooped.

So long since she'd seen him sleeping like this. Her Jamie. But? Fear fluttered again. Her Bible slid from her weak grip and tumbled to the path below. She slid to the ground. It was Arnold. Sobs surged from her, deep groaning sobs, stilling bird symphonies. A ray of sun broke over the Grand Old Duke and bathed them both in golden light suspended with motes of dust and pollen floating in the still morning air. Her head pillowed on his chest. Once leathery legs were now bony and frail, skin taut. The soles of her slippers were studded with burr and stones. Grief-exhausted, she slumped. Hopeless.

They found the two of them there, their pose a photo of former times distorted by age.

"She's here. Both here."

"Arnold," she mumbled.

"You found Jamie, Gran. He'll be okay."

But God had not healed Arnold and Jamie was gone. Lost they said.

Arnold groaned.

Fingers wriggled in hers.

Eyelids opened.

Blue eyes. Not Arnold's eyes. Jamie's.

They said, "Well done, Gran." But Emily was elsewhere, lost in the comings and goings of her mind. The battle was done. "He hideth my soul in the cleft of a rock and covers me there with His hand. And covers me there with His hand." She was in the cleft of the Rock.

"You are my Rock and my Rock and my Fortress; a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear." Arnold was gone. Jenny was gone. But not Jamie! "G'day Gran," he'd said when he woke. "Bout time we had another walk up there."

Words drifted to her from the steps. The Flying Parson, no longer so young and Bryson. "He'll have to stay now. Can't part 'em. Wants to work here. Called off the search for Jamie to find her. Found 'em both. Broke my heart to see them like that."

"O the Grand Old Duke of York,

He had ten thousand men,

He marched them up to the top of the hill

And he marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up

And when they were down, they were down.

And when they were only halfway up,

They were neither up nor down."

Jamie waved the hanky flag from the top of the Fortress. Cheers broke from her. She was up, very up. She sat in her squatter's chair, a smile beaming from her face.

"Funny. Gran's more peaceful since that awful day. Like she's come back to life. She hasn't been up there for years, not since Dad died. It's as if she knew Jamie was there... never said he was missing...thought he was Dad...confused." The words floated over her blending with her dreams.

In the light of the setting sun, God painted a glorious red and orange sky, The Fortress silhouetted dark against the backdrop. A lone bird slid across the sky and was gone. Emily loved ending her days like this. "Look Gran, the sun's nearly gone to sleep. Who tucks that bird to sleep, Gran?" She felt complete.

By Jane Cruickshank



BAD CHOICES AND CONSEQUENCES

- Did you know that no matter how good a Christian we are, there is not one sin that each one of us, given the right circumstances, could not fall into?
- Have you realized that even though we may be Christians, the flesh is ever so strong and unless we commit ourselves daily unto the Lord, moment by moment, we open ourselves to bad choices and their consequences?
- Have you discovered that even though you may be striving to walk in the Spirit, you are rubbing shoulders constantly with others who may not be: their bad choices and consequences are burdens we often bear?
- Has it occurred to you that there are really only two types of people in this world. Those who are Christians and those who are satanists. We cannot sit on the fence. Making no choice is making a choice after all and if we do not have Jesus Christ as Lord of our lives, then we will be controlled by the devil and wickedness. This is the worst choice of all and the consequences of that choice are beyond endurance.

Don't Waste Your Godly Sorrows

What is godly sorrow?

“Godly sorrow brings repentance that leads to salvation and leaves no regret, but worldly sorrow brings death. See what this godly sorrow had produced in you: what earnestness, what eagerness to clear yourselves, what indignation, what alarm, what longing, what concern, what readiness to see justice done...”

2 Corinthians 7 v 10 & 11

The word used for “sorrow” in these verses is ‘LUPE,’ which refers to grief or pain of body or mind. ²The Amplified Bible refers to godly sorrow as *“the grief and the pain God is permitted to direct.”* We could say it was godly grief or sorrow for sin. In other words, when we do the wrong thing and God speaks to our heart about it, we feel grief and pain. This pain continues until we do something about fixing it up.

Why not waste our godly sorrow?

Because if we allow it, the fruit of godly sorrow is repentance which leads to joy! Our sorrow

over sin can be turned into the joy that only repentance brings. ⁽¹⁾ Warren Wiesbe says: *“Regret involves the mind primarily, and remorse involves the emotions. But repentance includes a change of mind, a hatred for sin and a willingness to make things right. If the will is not touched, conviction has not gone far enough.”* ⁽²⁾ W.E. Vine puts it this way: *“Repentance signifies to change one’s mind or purpose, involving a change for the better, an amendment and always repentance from sin. This change of mind involves both a turning from sin and a turning to God.”*

The joy comes in because repentance restores our relationship with God; things are once more how they should be. This doesn’t mean to say that we won’t have the consequences of our sins to live with, but we are forgiven and clean before Him.

In our Corinthian reference above, the writer Paul uses seven nouns to help convey the energy and the “explosive” nature of the church’s repentance following his earlier condemnation of their behaviour. He explained and commended the role of godly sorrow which had led to:

1. **Earnestness** (to set matters right)
2. **Eagerness** (to clear themselves)
3. **Indignation** (at the shame brought on the church)
4. **Alarm** (at God’s anger, expressed though Paul)
5. **Longing** (for Paul’s favour and return)
6. **Concern** (for Paul and against his opponents)
7. **Readiness** (to see justice done)

Paul was content knowing that his first letter to the Corinthians had its intended effect. It caused them sorrow because he had reprimanded them for wrongdoing. He says, ***“Yet now I am happy, not because you were made sorry, but because your sorrow led you to repentance. For you became sorrowful as God intended and were not harmed in any way by us.”***

Godly Sorrow at Work:
The Story of David and Bathsheba.

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The Old Testament gives us a real-life account of how godly sorrow can lead to repentance: the story of David and Bathsheba. This tragic story is found in 2 Samuel chapters 11 and 12. It opens with the sins of lust and envy and culminates in murder as King David commits adultery with Bathsheba and then makes several futile attempts to cover up his growing list of wrong-doings. Along the way he manages to include many of his servants in his tangled web of lies and deceit.

David fell into sin heavily and publicly. The whole nation of Israel would have become aware of David's indiscretions; this knowledge dragged down his good name and compromised his integrity, damaging his testimony as the friend of God. The story plays out to the end and we see no evidence of guilt or remorse on David's part. In fact he goes to great lengths to cover his sin when he finds out that Bathsheba is pregnant. Many years earlier Moses, after giving the children of Israel God's Ten Commandments had told them, ² **"We need the fear of God to keep us from sinning."** It appears that David by putting his own desires above those of God—even knowing they were wrong, had lost this fear.

God uses the prophet Nathan to confront David with the truth about what he had done. He didn't rush right in with accusations although he had a right to. Instead he tells David a story about the rich but greedy man who bullies his poor neighbour, stealing his pet lamb to feed a visiting traveller. We can easily imagine the feelings of 2 Corinthians 7:11 being aroused in David's unsuspecting spirit as he listens to Nathan - those feelings of earnestness, eagerness, indignation, alarm, longing, concern and readiness to see justice done. ³ **"David burned with anger against the man and said to Nathan, 'As surely as the LORD lives, the man who did this deserves to die! He must pay for that lamb four times over, because he did such a thing and had no pity.'"**



God is using the prophet Nathan to cause David godly sorrow in order to bring about repentance. Then Nathan says to David, ⁴ **"You are the man!"** We feel that slice of pain in our own souls as we put ourselves in David's shoes, reliving the times we have been faced with our own guilt. ⁵ Nathan lists off David's sins and accuses him of despising the word of the Lord and even making ⁶ **"the enemies of the Lord show utter contempt."** Our sins always have repercussions in the spiritual realm and David acknowledges this when he confesses to Nathan, ⁷ **"I have sinned against the LORD."** The LORD had taken away his sins; nevertheless David's fleeting moment of sinful pleasure caused a lifetime of sorrow as the consequences of his actions began to play out.

One of the immediate consequences of David's sin was the death of their baby son. David pleaded for the Lord to change His mind, to no avail. After his son had died, David ⁸ **"went into the house of the LORD and worshipped."** Was it here he began to pen the words of Psalm 51?

Psalm 51: Or How Not To Waste Your Own Godly Sorrow

1. **A cry for God's Mercy** (v 1—3): David throws himself on the mercy of God which had never failed him before.

2. **Confession of Sin** (v 3—6): He readily confesses his sin before God, acknowledging God's right judgments. He had sinned against Bathsheba and Uriah and the effect of his sin was felt by the whole nation; but David admits

that his sin is more than sin against man, ⁹ **"against you, you only, have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight."**

3. **A plea for cleansing** (v 7—12): David wants God to cleanse him and hide His face from his sins in order that the close friendship he had with the LORD be re-established.

4. **David's promise to the**

LORD (v 13—17): Here David vows to the LORD that if God will cleanse and restore him—he will witness to others and sing God's praise.

5. **A prayer for restoration** (v 18 & 19): The psalm finishes with a short prayer for the restoration of Zion and the establishment of authentic worship to God by his people.

The key verse could be verse 17, **"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise."** While this psalm is an intensely personal window into David's soul, there are elements in the psalm that also make it applicable to each of us individually. Haven't we all sinned against man, against God (v 4 & 5)? Don't we each cry to the LORD for mercy (v 1), knowing that we don't deserve God's forgiveness? Isn't cleansing (v 2 & 7) and renewal (v 10) what we seek from the LORD as we confess our sins? Don't we all ask for restoration of that former closeness of walk with Him (v 10—12)? And doesn't His ready response towards us cause us to witness (v 13), sing (v 14) and praise (v 15)? Haven't we each longed for His church to be built up so that corporately we live clean lives before Him (v 18—19)?

¹⁰ God is merciful and gracious and forgives us, when we come in repentance and faith as David did. David's godly sorrow led him to repentance and to praise.

Don't waste your godly sorrow; rather let it produce the fruit of a broken and contrite spirit. Only then will you experience God's marvellous grace as He cleanses and forgives, turning your sorrow into joy.

¹² 2 Corinthians 7: 9; ² Exodus 20: 20;

³ 2 Samuel 12: 5 & 6; ⁴ verse 7; ⁵ verse 9;

⁶ verse 14; ⁷ verse 13a; ⁸ verse 20; ⁹ verse 4;

¹⁰ 1 John 1: 9

(1) Wiersbe, Warren W. 1991, With the Word, Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville.

(2) Vine, W. E. 1963, An Expository Dictionary of New Testament Words, Oliphants Ltd, London & Edinburgh.



By Liz Lennox

A Personal Testimony

I'm just a normal Christian woman, who has always liked being in the background and longed for peace. One would think this would protect me from too many sorrows, but in spite of this desire, I have suffered greatly over the years.

Firstly with my first marriage and subsequent divorce, then in later years in ways I cannot express. My heart has been broken through those I loved and trusted making foolish choices in their

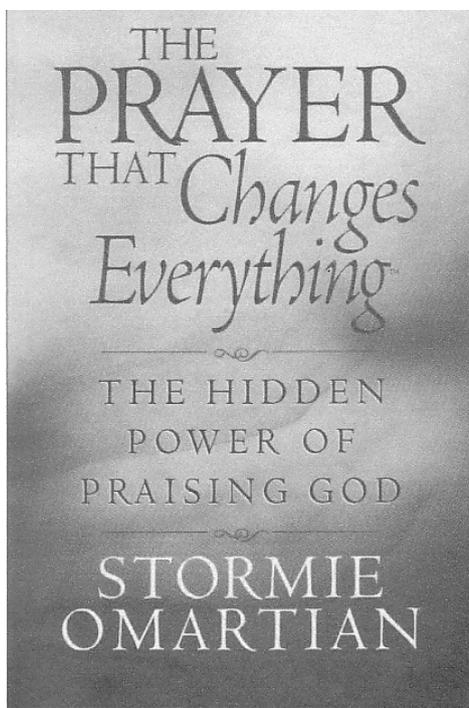
lives. The consequences and their ripple effects sometimes are overwhelming.

I have spent hours thinking and praying and have now come to the conclusion that I too have a choice in my life. God has granted me such peace and given me this verse ¹ ***“And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”*** to remind me of His constant presence.

What was my choice? I could sit and wallow in self-pity like a pig in mud or I could use every available moment to spend time with Him in prayer. I recognized that the latter was the only choice I should make, for to wallow is simply wasting the sorrows that He has allowed to enter my life.

¹ Philippians 4:7

Name withheld for the sake of privacy.



“The Prayer That Changes Everything” ***(The Hidden Power of Praising God)***

By Stormie Omartian

Every now and again you come across a life that is radiant, revealing a warmth, a quiet tranquility.

In her book, “The Prayer That Changes Everything,” Stormie Omartian relates how this hidden power can bring about such a transformation.

Having had a mentally handicapped mother, her own life was one of violence, abuse and extreme cruelty.

Leaving home in her early teens Stormie coped with this emotional pain through drugs, alcohol and sexual abuse. This lifestyle led to depression, despair and to suicidal plans.

A Christian woman encouraged Stormie to turn her life and problems over to the Lord.

Later, being led to a Christian husband, they began worshipping at a vibrant church that both taught and exhibited the power of praise through prayer.

Sharing some valuable experiences the author then presents 15 practical aspects of when the need for such praying is ‘crucial,’ then going on to a further 15 truths relating to the ‘critical seasons’ of life.

As Stormie expands this subject, the reader begins to grasp the enormity of the power that can be released through praise, and how a deepening of the Christian life, along with a more effective Christian witness can result.

This book makes for captivating reading. Practising the principles outlined can energise a mighty power, pulverising the enemy and resulting in glory to God.



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Price: Approx. \$18.00

THE CARRIAGE OF THE DEVIL'S HEARSE

How many of us forget that we are really part of a heavenly battle. In this section we endeavour to reveal to you just a little of the battle surrounding us. Hebrews 6:12 (KJV) says, ***“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”*** As in all armies, we find a hierarchy in the devil’s army.

- Did you realize that the “principalities” spoken of here are demon princes who control wickedness in all the countries of the world? For each country there is a wicked prince of demonic power. (Reference for this is found in Daniel 10:1-12.)
- Have you considered that the next part of the hierarchy—“powers” may be demonic powers sent specifically to afflict Christians and to take away their joy? We see this in Peter’s life when he denied the Lord three times and then went through a dreadful time of deep sorrow. (Matthew 26:33 & 34 and 69—75).
- What about the demonic “rulers of the darkness of this world”? What else could it be when old people are bashed and robbed? When young girls are gang raped, when even the very thoughts that come into our own minds at times—that shock us, are so constant? When there appears to be no kindness and gentleness toward others, but self-centredness rules this world? When children are interfered with and some disappear with no trace, etc, etc, etc. (Reference to this can be found in 2 Timothy 3:1-5 and 1 Timothy 4:1-3. Verse 1 specifically calls them ***“seducing spirits and doctrines of demons.”***)
- Consider this, could the demons spoken of as “against spiritual wickedness in high places”, be those who afflict the Church? One would be tempted to say—“but how can this be?” Unfortunately there are some in the ministry who are not even Christians. Once again read the references in Timothy and understand, we can be led astray. Paul says in Galatians 1:6-9 (NASB), ***“I am amazed that you are so quickly deserting Him who called you by the grace of Christ, for a different gospel...but even though we, or an angel from heaven, should preach to you a gospel contrary to that which we have preached to you, let him be accursed...”***

Yes, this war that began prior to the garden of Eden continues on and each one of us are pawns ready to be used if we are not aware of and alert to what is going on around us.

Push For Life!

A man was sleeping at night in his cabin when suddenly his room filled with light, and God appeared. The Lord told the man he had work for him to do, and showed him a large rock in front of his cabin. The Lord explained that the man was to push against the rock with all his might. So, this the man did, day after day. For many years he toiled from sun up to sun down, his shoulders set squarely against the cold, massive surface of the unmoving rock, pushing with all of his might. Each night the man returned to his cabin sore and worn out, feeling that his whole day had been spent in vain.

Since the man was showing discouragement, the Adversary (Satan) decided to enter the picture by placing thoughts into the weary mind: *“You have been pushing against that rock for a long time, and it hasn’t moved”.* Thus, he gave the man the impression that the task was impossible and that he was a failure. These thoughts discouraged a n d

disheartened the man. Satan said, *“Why kill yourself over this? Just put in your time, giving just the minimum effort; and that will be good enough.”* That’s what the weary man planned to do, but decided to make it a matter of prayer and to take his troubled thoughts to the Lord.



“Lord,” he said, “I have laboured long and hard in

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your service, putting all my strength to do that which you have asked. Yet, after all this time, I have not even budged that rock by half a millimetre. What is wrong? Why am I failing?"

The Lord responded compassionately, "My friend, when I asked you to serve Me and you accepted, I told you that your task was to push against the rock with all of your strength, which you have done. Never once did I mention to you that I expected you to move it. Your task was to push. And now you come to Me with your strength spent, thinking that you have failed. But, is that really so? Through

opposition you have grown much, and your abilities now surpass that which you used to have.

"Now I, my friend, will move the rock."

At times, when we hear a word from God, we tend to use our own intellect to decipher what He wants, when usually what God wants is just a simple obedience and faith in Him. By all means, exercise the faith that moves mountains, **but know that it is still God who moves mountains.**

When everything seems to go

wrong ...just P.U.S.H.! When the job gets you down...just P.U.S.H.! When people don't react the way you think they should ...just P.U.S.H.! When your money is gone and the bills are due ...just P.U.S.H.! When people just don't understand you...just P.U.S.H.!

P = Pray

U = Until

S = Something

H = Happens

Thanks Heather Driver for sending this piece in.

The devil's hearse comes in all shapes and sizes!

Someone once said to me, 'Cat got your tongue?' and I was thoroughly embarrassed. Many years later I learnt that there is something far worse: Satan could get hold of my tongue. "Never!" You may think. "Surely not us! Loving and well-meaning Christians?" The answer is "Yes." I have been caught myself and have seen it happen to others, causing real sorrows. The devil is very cunning and tries to catch us where he can, especially when we are ignorant about his wiles. Some people see him behind every tree and attribute to him everything negative that may happen to them, whilst others don't like to acknowledge his activities at all. But, be that as it may, the Bible makes it clear that we live in a spiritually hazardous environment and the Apostle Peter warns us to ¹ **"be vigilant; because your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Resist him, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same sufferings are experienced by your brotherhood in the world"**.

Satan is a liar and a deceiver, and the father of all lies. Remember how subtly he twisted the truth in order to appeal to Eve's desires in the very beginning? And how he filled the hearts of believers to lie to God? (I am thinking of Ananias and his wife Sapphira.) Satan even got

Peter's tongue to mind the things of men rather than the things of God, so that Jesus rebuked him, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The Bible teaches that the devil deceives the whole world, which lies in his power through bondage to sin, and that he does this by propagating false ideologies and philosophies, and even twisting Bible doctrines. Jesus called the Pharisees children of the devil, because they were teaching their own rules instead of the commandments of God; and Paul warned his fellow believers about heeding the doctrines of demons. Satan disguises himself as an angel of light when it comes to false teachings, and Paul condemned anyone preaching false ways of salvation.

But Satan is not only a liar: he is also a tempter, trying even to entice Jesus with food, the pride of life, and an alluring offer of power - the kingdoms of this world. Did you notice that Jesus did not rebuke the actual offer, only the temptation? The kingdoms were Satan's to offer, since he is the god of this world, which is filled with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. But the devil is more than a tempter: he is also an afflicter and a



persecutor. He asked for access to Job, and he asked to sift Peter. He entered Judas to betray the Lord, and he constantly seeks to persecute God's people through those who do his bidding. Just think of the many persecutions Christians have had to endure, and in some parts of this world - still do. Did you know that Satan accuses the brethren day and night before God and spreads lies about them through his own children? He can even hinder us from doing what we have purposed to do for God, as Paul experienced time and again when he wanted to visit the Thessalonians.

Paul knew that the devil would take advantage of believers whenever they gave him occasion. Therefore he urged the Corinthians to forgive, comfort, and re-affirm their love to a person who had formerly grieved them by sinning, but was now showing remorse. He warned that, if they did not forgive and reinstate this person, Satan could take advantage of them all. And it's not only the inability to forgive that the devil exploits. He uses anger to tempt us to sin, and even lack of sex in marriage, just to cite a few of Paul's examples.

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There are many emotions in the interpersonal realm that leave us vulnerable. We tend to take at face value what happens in our relationships and see conflicts, misunderstandings and quarrels as being generated purely by the participating persons. And, of course, in a way that is true, because all of us are responsible for our actions and words. But there is a spiritual realm beyond our physical actions and reactions, which we overlook too easily. Let's not forget that the devil is always about to take advantage of our weaknesses and sinful tendencies! He is on the prowl to produce death (and I use that word here in the sense of separation). Whilst God wants us as believers to be united and to act as one, Satan wants to separate, disperse and kill. So how does he do it? By using our fleshly emotions and our tongue! Those of you who have read "The Screwtape Letters" by C.S. Lewis, or other stories that illustrate the devil's modus operandi, will know exactly what I am talking about. Unfortunately, it seems to be much easier for us to notice evil influences in the behaviour and communication of others than in our own, because we tend to be so engrossed in our emotions, that we lose our spiritual discernment.

When we first became believers, there were lots of things in our lives that needed attention. And even those of us who have grown a little since those early days are still being conformed to Christ's image: a process that will continue right up to the end. The battle may even

intensify the nearer we draw to the Lord, (for it is then that we spot most dirt on ourselves). That means that none of us can become perfect on this side of life, and none of us can afford to sit back and become complacent. Being in this world, yet not of it, is a task that requires caution and discernment, and the Bible warns us to be aware about the many traps along the way.

Think about your own past and present relationships for a moment, or those within your church. Can you think of a situation where self-seeking, anger, jealousy, an unforgiving spirit, or power-broking, wreaked havoc through the tongue (words); and where the devil was busy in the background fanning the flame? What could have been done to prevent the consequent breakdown? Had everyone been aware of and applied the ²principles of love and ³put on the armour of God, would things have turned out differently? I am sure that it would be a most profitable exercise for each one of us to rein in our tongue: that very small member of our body that brings to light what is in our heart and can so quickly kindle a huge forest fire. Instead of giving ground to the devil, let's be transformed by the renewing of our mind through the Word of God and by bringing every thought and word into line with what God would have us do. As the Bible says, ⁴**"Your word I have hidden in my heart,**

that I might not sin against You." As a matter of fact, the whole of Psalm 119 is a wonderful praise of God's Word and its benefits to us.

In closing I would like to suggest a practical exercise involving four imaginary gates for your mouth. I know from my own experience that it's not easy to keep it up, but it is definitely worth doing and can prevent many a sorrow. Draw four rectangles onto a piece of paper, each representing one particular gate, and then name them **Truth, Kindness, Necessity,** and **Confidentiality.** Now put them in a visible spot as a constant reminder, and only allow your words to leave your mouth if they pass the requirements of each gate. Ask yourself, is what I am going to say 100% true? Is it kind? Is it really necessary? Am I going to say something that may breach confidentiality, or am I broadcasting gossip? We involved the whole family, including the children, and after twenty years we are still using our gates - well, most of the time! May the Lord bless you richly as you watchfully live for Him!



¹ 1 Peter 5:8-9 (NKJV);
² 1 Corinthians 13:4-8 & Galatians 5:22-26;
³ Ephesians 6: 10-18;
⁴ Psalms 119: 11 (NKJV)



By Margret Lepke



ANTS

500g salt 1 litre water 10kg bran or sawdust 4 or 5 litres molasses
Mix till crumbly and spread around plants and shrubs you wish to protect from ants.

BEE STINGS

Gently remove the sting, taking care not to squeeze more poison into the wound. Dab on some honey.

MOSQUITOES

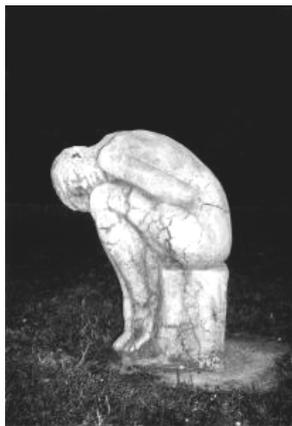
To Repel: Dip a rag in creosote (available from hardware or some paint shops) and leave it where mosquitoes are a problem.

Remember The Battle *and do no more!!*

AN OUTLINE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

Now Job was a godly man. He loved God and always desired to do what was right in all of his life. In fact he felt deep concern for what his children did also and just in case they committed sins while enjoying their lives, he always made sure that he made sacrifices and prayed continually for them. Job was really totally unaware of the Heavenly battles, and so from day-to-day, he continued in the best way he could to serve the Almighty God, to praise Him in all his days and simply get on with life. He led a busy life and was always there for others. He was known as a counsellor and a good friend to many. He never by-passed someone who was struggling, without doing his best to help all he could. He was a rich man; who had many children and a station any modern day farmer would be proud of. Life was good and he and his family were happy.

On two separate occasions—(unknown to Job), ¹ the sons of God came to present themselves before the Almighty and we are told that Satan was among them. God asked him both times where he had been and what he had been doing and Satan smugly replied “oh, just going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it!” Of course the Almighty knew all this and the wicked one’s hidden agendas, so He then asked “Have you noticed my servant Job, he is perfect and upright, because he fears Me and turns away from all that is evil?”



The first time Satan intimated that the only reason Job was like this, was because God had a hedge around him, prospering all Job’s hands worked on and protecting him and each member of his family also. So God told Satan to go ahead and afflict his possessions and he would soon see

that this was not the case. In one day, Job’s cattle were stolen, his sheep burned to death, all his servants except three killed and worst of all his eldest son’s house collapsed killing all his children. Job was overcome, never had he imagined that anything so terrible could happen and all on the one day. He rose from where he was sitting and in absolute sorrow he tore his coat and shaved his head, (as was the custom for those suffering great grief). He then fell to the ground and worshipped God—“I came naked into this world from my mother’s womb, and naked I shall die. The Lord has given me all these things and He has the right to take it all away – May His name be blessed forever!”

On the second occasion Satan claimed that Job would certainly fail if God’s protection over his body was removed, so once again the Almighty was moved to allow affliction for Job, but again He said “thus far and no further, you will not be able to take his life!”

Poor Job woke with boils covering him from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head! His bones ached and he didn’t feel at all well. He took a broken piece of pottery and went out into the ashes pile and there sat and began scraping the poison from his skin. His wife, who had not only been watching all this sorrow, but was still grieving over her children’s deaths, could take no more and she cruelly snapped at him. “Are you mad, do you still try to hold to your integrity? How can you believe in a God that would do all this to us, after all what have we done to deserve it? Why don’t you just curse Him and die?” Job looked at her in shock, they had been married for many years and he didn’t think she would think this way, he truly believed that their

faith was agreed upon. Why—hadn’t she always supported his work!! “You are speaking like a foolish woman, I never expected it from you, surely you understand that each one of us receive good and bad from the hand of God?” Satan was furious; Job had not sinned with his lips as he thought he would. He would have to try something else.

Now Job had three special friends and as soon as they had been made aware of his sorrows, they set out to visit and to try and comfort him the best way they knew how. When they arrived they were shocked at his appearance for they didn’t even recognize him at first. They too tore their coats and sprinkled the ashes over their heads in deep grief and for seven days and nights they quietly sat and watched with him. At times they cried as they watched, but fatigue got the better of them and often they drifted off to sleep. It was during one of their sleeps that a ² demon visited Eliphaz. It frightened him terribly, causing him to shake all over and as it passed over him all his hair stood up. For a time there was silence, but then the demon spoke in an awful voice that Eliphaz knew he would never forget. Unfortunately for him, he really thought it was an angel from God and so he accepted without question all the wrong thoughts that were told to him. The demon informed Eliphaz that Job had sinned for this was the only possible cause of such dreadful suffering. He told him that Job was a man of great pride who thought he was more just than God. The demon added that because God was so pure, He never trusted any of His servants, not even His angels, so why would He trust Job. Worst of all he said, that after death there was no life to look forward to, therefore his conclusion was that excellency and wisdom were simply a complete waste of time.

By the time the week was up, Job thought he could trust his friends, hadn’t they

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shown friendship and compassion by sitting and weeping with him! So at last he began to utter his frustrations. 'I wish I had never been born, why didn't I die at birth? I don't understand why I lived at all! At least then I wouldn't have had to suffer like this. I curse the day I was born and suckled at my mother's breasts. Death brings peace to all - small and great, rich and poor - yes they all know rest at that time, how I wish that I could have rest in death, yet for some reason I do not die. This is something I have feared all my life, suffering and pain, and now it has come upon me.' Now in truth, Job really only wanted a listening ear, he had come alongside many in their time of need and probably had done nothing more than just that. Therefore he expected that his friends, who knew him so well, would be able and willing to do the same for him, but that was not to be the case.

Instead of listening, caring and praying for him, these three useless friends proceeded to preach at him. Basing their conversations on the wrong presumptions that the demon had given them, they spoke with a dominating spirit and although their words were splattered here and there with Scriptural truths; they were based on falsehood and lies, so instead they were hurtful and cruel - all of which added to the afflictions that Job was suffering. Poor Job pleads for pity ³ **to him who is afflicted, pity should be shown from a friend.** In the midst of his replies we see faithfulness to His God - acknowledgement of God's purity and holiness; correction to the lies proclaimed by his friends and prayers constantly being uttered to God. ⁴ **"If I have sinned...why do you not pardon me?"**

Bildad now tried and stated that their fathers would all agree with them too, so why wouldn't Job listen! Job answers clearly - "you don't know what you're talking about; we would all be sick and in sorrow constantly if it is sin that has caused this! God is righteous - man is not and cannot be. Both the righteous and wicked suffer," and he immediately turns to God and expresses his confusion over the matter in prayer.

Zophar's turn soon comes, he is an angry legalistic chap who believes he is speaking for God and so all his words, although cruel and harsh, are right to be spoken. However by his very words, he

shows he hasn't really been listening to Job and especially to the Spirit of God. Job himself becomes angry at such stupidity, "don't you see around you - the wicked are not punished immediately, I've seen it - can't you?" In exasperation he says, ⁵ **"Oh, that you would, all of you just have the wisdom to be quiet!"** His trust in God is evident as he adds, ⁶ **"even though the Almighty kills me, I will still trust Him. My life and my ways are my defence before Him. Because He is my salvation, I know hypocrites will not have this same blessing."** Once again his heart bursts into prayer for by now he remembers that they have claimed there is no resurrection of the dead, so he proclaims, ⁷ **"my days, as are all of mankind, are appointed by God and after death our bodies will be changed - that is what I wait for!"**



And so the talks continue. Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar with their wrong presuppositions bring Job to the point of frustration. He is sick, in pain, has lost all his children and his living. His wife in the midst of her grief has turned to anger and unbelief, which has brought more sorrow upon him, so in his state of confusion and emotional pain he turns to justifying himself. Firstly though he makes a very clear affirmation of the greatness of God. He maintains his own righteousness and deplores wickedness; he tells them of his search for wisdom and his discovery that wisdom is found only in fearing the Lord and rejection of all evil shows great understanding. He is now at his lowest ebb and is humbled by all his sorrows. Once again he proclaims, he has broken no law of God to his knowledge. He has not committed adultery, he strives to turn from all pride, he has shown nothing but kindness to the poor and afflicted and to his knowledge has not lacked compassion towards others during their sorrows. He has not worshipped false gods or shown revenge and has not made a practice of lying. He concludes his final speech with a plea that the Almighty would hear his cries and that if faults can be found in him, that they would be written clearly in a book in order that he would know of them and so make his life right before God.

It is now when a brash younger man, who had been listening patiently in the

background, speaks out and he attacks Job for justifying himself rather than God. Unfortunately he makes another grave error. (In Job 9:33 we read of how Job recognizes God's absolute holiness, but also of his own absolute sinfulness. He adds also that to his knowledge and understanding there is no one who can mediate between them either, if this were the case, he longs to know of him. As the book progresses, we find this longing increasing - someone who understands both God and man and so can draw them together.) Well, Elihu, young, bold, knowitall that he is, ⁸ suddenly claims that he is Job's longed for mediator. Interestingly enough, as with the other three useless comforters, we find elements of both truth and lies and eventually he goes so far as to charge Job with rebellion against the sovereign justice of God. In other words 'Job you have sinned, now accept God's punishment instead of resorting to speaking so rashly.' He goes on and on, re-reinforcing all the wrong presumptions the demon left with Eliphaz until the Almighty God knows enough is enough and He speaks with great authority - face to face with Job.

It is thrilling to read of the questions God directs to Job. He takes him back to Creation and asks—

- Were you there when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell me if you know
- Who laid the measures of it - do you know?
- Where are its foundations fastened?
- Or who laid its cornerstone?
- Or who shut up the sea with doors? Saying thus far shalt thou come, here shall your proud waves be stayed!
- Have you commanded the morning since your days, and caused the dayspring to know its place?
- Have you entered into the springs of the sea? Or have you walked in the search of the depth?
- Have the gates of death been revealed to you? Or have you seen the doors of the shadow of death?
- Have you understood the breadth of

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the earth? Tell me if you know.’

From chapters 38 to 41 God questions Job with piercing and humbling questions. He brings him back to creation in order that he might truly understand that God is the Creator, the Potter and that Job is simply the clay. He shows Job that He is truly Holy, He is truly Pure, revealing to him that these are not just words we use, but have a depth of meaning we cannot understand. His name is the Name above all names and in spite of Job being righteous, his ⁹ righteousness is like filthy rags compared to the Almighty God.

At one point Job answers, ¹⁰ **“I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further.”**

In Chapter 41 God explains the might of the devil and by questions once again He helps Job realize that he cannot fight him, only God can. It is written in picture language and so Satan is called

‘Leviathan’ or dragon. God asks Job—

- Can you catch him with a hook, or lead him about with a cord?
- Will you by speaking nicely to him be able to make friends with him?
- Can you make an agreement with him or make him your servant forever?
- Will you play with him as you would a bird, or bind him in some manner of control?

To all these questions he had to answer NO. He cannot fight the evil one, only the Almighty can. He is the only one who can restrain him, (thus far and no further!). Job prayed for a mediator, Elihu foolishly thought he was the one. Throughout the Old Testament we find promise after promise of the mediator who was to come—Jesus Christ the Anointed One.

Now in Job 41:8b, The Almighty wisely says ¹¹ **“... remember the battle, do no more.”**

Job comes to the conclusion that God can do everything and that no thought can be

withheld from Him. ¹² **“Therefore have I uttered that which I understand not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”** It was here that Job’s relationship with God becomes personal for he faces his own wretchedness and willingly dies to his own desires.

God heals him and replaces all his family and living. He asks him to pray for his friends and we are told that the blessings that he has at the end are far more than he had at the beginning.

¹ Job 1:6 & Job 2:3; ² Job 4:12-21; ³ Job 6:14; ⁴ Job 7:21; ⁵ Job 13:5; ⁶ Job 13:15 ⁷ Job 14:14; ⁸ Job 33:6; ⁹ Isaiah 64:6; ¹⁰ Job 40:4 & 5; ¹¹ Job 41:8; ¹² Job 42: 3-6

Lessons we learn from Job ...

1. As the clay, we do not have the right to question God—He is the Potter and the only one who knows all things.
2. Like Job, we often forget that we are part of a spiritual battle and there are many aspects of it which we cannot see or know about.
3. God is always in control. No matter how much Satan accuses us of, the Almighty places His hedge around us and will always say “thus far and no further”.
4. When suffering it is always wise to remember that it may be coming from the wicked one. It is not always because of our sin, it may be in order that the Glory of God may be known in the Heavenlies.
5. When Satan is not allowed to afflict us physically, he may cause great sorrow because of the words of family or friends. We need to be assured that we are not one of the ones causing further pain to others we love and care for.
6. Listening is a skill that is not a natural gift, it is one that we must ask God to train us in. When we feel the need to be constantly talking, we will not always be the best comforters to others. If we think we have all the answers—we probably have none.
7. To have expectations of others or ourselves will always leave us open to grief and pain.
8. It is wise to test the spirits as 1 John 4:1 says, for some dreams, visions and words that come to our mouths are not always from the Lord. 1 Timothy 4:1 says that in the last days, many will depart from faith in Christ, because they have taken notice of seducing spirits and doctrines of demons.
9. Believe the Scriptures. Trust God through all your trials and pray constantly for His strength and understanding.
10. Never be afraid to go back to the truth of Creation—for in doing so it helps us to remain humble before the Almighty.
11. Remember always that we do have a Redeemer. God came in the flesh and He does understand and can therefore be our mediator before the Almighty—Jesus Christ, the Righteous One.
12. Remember too that by dying on the Cross of Calvary, He carried all our sins and we as His children have been forgiven. The battle has been won.
13. Job 41:8b **“Remember the battle, do no more!”** We cannot fight Satan, that is why Jesus Christ did it for us, we are simply to trust Him and by faith follow in His footsteps and talk to the Father about all things.

By Ruth Marie

Natural Medicine



Frequently Asked Questions



By Margret Lepke
B. Soc. Sc. [Hons.],
Dip. Prof. Couns [AIPC],
Dip. Th. [ACT],
DN, MATMS, MNHAA

Menopause – the dreaded word.

What can I do without resorting to HRT?

You can do a lot of things naturally. First of all, if you haven't arrived at the menopausal stage yet, you can engage in some preventative measures. Having plenty of calcium earlier in life, for example, will help your bone density later on. Young adults need around 1200 mg daily, whilst older women should have around 1500 mg. Milk products, sardines, whole grains, green vegies and nuts are excellent sources of calcium.

Exercise helps too! Eating plenty of phyto-oestrogen containing foods is also helpful, such as alfalfa and soy bean sprouts, linseed meal and sunflower seeds (a product called LSA at the supermarket health food section contains linseeds, sunflower seeds and almond – 2 tablespoons daily is an excellent supplement and will keep your bowels regular as well). Many other foods contain plant oestrogens as well. In the herbal realm we primarily use Black Cohosh and Sage for hot flushes, Don Quai, Red Clover, Chaste Tree (a hormone balancer) and False Unicorn Root (for the emotional symptoms), but also many other plants according to personal needs. Black Cohosh is

available from pharmacists or health food shops under the brand name *Remifemin*, and a Red Clover extract is available under the name *Promensil*.

Since we are all individuals with individual requirements, some women may do very well on natural supplementation, whilst others require stronger, preferably natural (bio-identical) hormone replacement. And it is not always oestrogen that is needed. Many women require progesterone as well, or even by itself. These treatments are prescribed by specialist doctors and manufactured by compounding chemists, and many women prefer them to synthetic hormones. Dr. Sandra Cabot runs centres for natural hormone replacement therapy (HRT) and has written a book on menopause, which I can highly recommend. It gives extensive information on traditional HRT, but also a detailed account (often in helpful table form) of natural alternatives including diet, specific foods, vitamins and minerals, herbs and their use for various symptoms, and much more. If you want to thoroughly inform yourself of all your options before making a

decision, this is the book to get: *“Menopause: Hormone Replacement Therapy and its Natural Alternative”*, Dr Sandra Cabot MD, Women's Health Advisory Service, 1991. ISBN 0 646 03768 4. It is available from most bookshops or health food stores, or directly from the publisher, PO Box 217, Paddington, 2021 Australia. I am hoping this will be of help to you.

Till we meet again in the next issue, I wish you good health!

Please Note:

You are invited to contribute to further articles by asking questions. Please mark them Natural Health FAQs and send them to us here at the magazine, or email them directly to Margret via her website www.drlepke.com where you can also find further information and useful links. Whilst Margret is unable to answer you personally, she will endeavour to respond in the issues of our magazine.

* “Life is like an egg. There is a life in it, and yet, if it is left alone, it will decay and perish sooner or later. If it is gathered and covered under the wing of our Heavenly Father, new life will spring out. That’s what I am experiencing through this battle against cancer. I can not do much now, but something wonderful, something tremendous, is taking place in me.”



Your Doctor's Insights



Grief: A painful but very necessary process

Few of us will get through life without knowing the intensely painful experience known as Grief. Grief is a normal human reaction, usually experienced after the loss of someone or something that is very dear.

Death of a parent, spouse or child are the commonest causes of grief, but it may happen as a result of other things. The breakdown of a marriage, retirement, loss of a job or the diagnosis of a serious illness can all result in profound grief. Some older people grieve over their operations such as hysterectomy; people grieve over their lost fertility. Children may experience profound grief over the death of a pet, or losing a favourite toy.

Grief is a very complex process, which produces a wide range of differing emotions. These can be hard to understand and frightening.

Although each person will experience grief in his or her own personal way, most people go through similar stages. Understanding these stages, and recognizing them, can help friends and relatives give the support so necessary for those affected.

The grief reaction can be seen as a four-part process.

- Denial
- Anger
- Sadness
- Acceptance

Denial is part of the initial shock of losing someone or something. It is difficult to believe that you will never again see or talk to a dead person. When a serious illness such as cancer is discovered, denial may take the form of "this can't happen to me." This length of this stage

of the grief reaction varies enormously. When a death has occurred, seeing the body often helps.

Anger can be the hardest and most confusing stage of grief. "It's not fair that this should happen to me," "If there is a God, how can He be so cruel?" are common reactions. There may be a strong feeling of guilt associated with grief. Some people direct their anger inwardly and blame themselves. Anger may be directed at the doctors, nurses or hospital looking after someone who has died, and sometimes anger is felt towards the dead person themselves, for leaving others behind to cope.

Sadness is an inevitable and essential part of grief. During this stage it is normal for thoughts and memories of the dead person to totally dominate one's mind. There is no doubt that crying is a great help in expressing unhappiness. Unfortunately there is reluctance among some groups (particularly males) to display this emotion.

Acceptance can be seen as the time when the grieving person begins to resume a relatively normal life. Going back to work, being able to socialise and make new friends are all signs that the grieving process is over.

Not everyone will experience all these emotions, but most will. The length of the grief reaction varies enormously from person to person, but is unlikely to be over in less than six months.

Grief is a painful, but essential process. If it is not allowed to happen there can be problems, often many years, later.

If someone close to you is grieving, encourage them to talk about how they

feel and about the person they have lost. Telling them "you must be brave," "you'll get over it," "life must go on," doesn't really help. Letting them know that you understand their pain is probably the best way to help.

The use of sedatives and tranquillisers to help cope with grief is not usually a good idea, except when there is a major disturbance to sleep.

Your Doctor's Insights

Has been presented by the

"Evans Street Surgery"

Inverell, NSW

© is applicable and we thank them for the permission given to us for the ability to use their items.

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.

BARRIERS THAT CAUSE US TO WASTE OUR SORROWS

Have we discovered yet what it means to waste our sorrows? Surely it is an accepted thing that we all will go through sorrows at some time in our lives and therefore to waste them, we also need to accept that they must be there for a purpose! How foolish and unkind it would be to believe that – we have a God who delights to send them to us to punish us, or to teach us a lesson of some kind. So why then do they come and what should be our reaction to these sorrows?

It is only safe to say that firstly we cannot give you an answer to this never-ending question. But we can say, that our loving God is forever protecting us from what could be far worse. As Christians we believe that He has, as it were a safety umbrella covering and sheltering us, but at the same time, allows us to go through trials in order that we might be drawn closer to Him and become more like His Son.

Therefore the first barrier we tend to place between God and His mercy during sorrows would have to be: -

1. Refusal to acknowledge God as the Potter and we as His clay. If we do not acknowledge Him as the Creator of all things, the One who was there from the very beginning, the One who sees all things and the One who wishes to reach out with His loving care and surround us with His presence during sorrows – then they are certainly wasted.

2. Self-pity or “Why me?” Ah – what a common brick to carry and how quickly we can build this barrier! Each and every one of us at some time or other will hit rock bottom and decide unconsciously to hold our own “pity party.” When is this most likely to become part of our lives? – Usually when we are at the depth of the sorrow, or when

we are tired. Sometimes those of us who suffer constant illness of some kind – just get tired of it all and want a break. It also becomes a part of our lives if we are inward thinking and do not reach out to others in some way or other. This too, wastes our sorrows.

3. Our temperament should come next. (For more information in this aspect, it may be helpful to borrow or buy Tim La Haye’s book on “Spirit Controlled Temperaments.”) There are four basic temperaments and each of us may have different parts from each of them. Some of us though may be very strong in one or another. The extroverted temperaments are Sanguine and Choleric, whilst the introverted temperaments are Melancholy or Phlegmatic.

Now Mrs. Sanguine will simply laugh through life. She is so busy doing so, she hardly notices her sorrows, or at least not for long. She is the life and soul of the party of life and quickly moves from sorrows, or turns them into pseudo happiness.

Mrs. Choleric, well she tends to become angry. She may blame others, but especially God. Interestingly though, as she is a goal orientated person, she may simply choose to move onto some goal and work hard to remove the pain. It may be a cleaning of the house, or a new project, but unbeknown to her, bitterness and anger simmers deep inside and at some time or other it will come out.

Mrs. Phlegmatic likes to pretend there are no sorrows.

She will build walls so that the pain cannot affect her. Maybe she loses herself in books or some craft, but whatever it may be it is simply to hide from the pain of sorrows and never deal with them at all if possible. They often do not seem to understand the pain of others, because they have never allowed themselves to feel their own.

Mrs. Melancholy is the deep thinker. Her sorrows and pain hit the hardest of all and she finds it difficult to leave her sorrows at the foot of the cross. She may try to lose herself in craft, as she



is a naturally artistic person. However the moment her work is completed the pain resurfaces and once again she worries and wallows. This lady enjoys her “pity-parties” and likes to invite all who would foolishly enter the

door with her. She blames herself and can often tend to cause her own sorrows, by taking the blame off others and placing them upon her own shoulders instead.

Each of these temperaments has their own special barriers and unless we learn to hand these weaknesses of the flesh over to the Lord Jesus Christ in confession, then we shall always waste our sorrows.

4. Lack of acceptance. How often too, do we think that life should be without pain and sorrow? Unfortunately because we seldom feel them whilst young, unconsciously we think they shouldn’t exist, as we get older. And so when we find them coming in upon us, it tends to shock us a great deal and of course the first thing we as women do, is break into tears and look for someone to take it all away. This is an unrealistic approach to life. Life will always

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have pain and suffering and it is only by the grace of God that we seldom suffer these things as children. As old age approaches, we need to accept that they will become our constant companions. Until we do, this approach to life causes the wasting of sorrows.

5. The inability to forgive and so put the past behind us. Now this barrier tends to grow the tallest of all. It brings with it bitterness, resentment and anger as its foundations. Whilst ever we carry the bricks of this wall, we will always waste our sorrows.

6. Building walls. The building of walls has already been spoken of in the temperaments. It is a form of self-preservation, a protection in order that the pain we bear, might not hurt us. It simply says, "I will not allow myself to think about the pain or the cause – because it hurts too much." In our minds we have this ability to build walls. Some of us do it purposefully, whilst for others the mind takes over and blanks out memories. Yes it too, is a wasting of sorrows.

7. Burying of the head. This is just another form of self-preservation, and has the same result.

8. Withdrawing from others and becoming totally unsociable. When we have been hurt beyond what we think we can bear, do we shut others out? Never bothering to ring others, refusing to visit or be visited? Now not all are open to this kind of barrier, but if you find yourself keeping to yourself purposefully and not trying to make new friends; check that it is not shyness first, but be aware that it may be the barrier of isolation you use as a form of protection to your hurting heart and accept that this too is a wasting of sorrows.

9. Blaming others. Oh what a handy barrier this is! A tool of the modern age, it encourages us to turn

away from our own weaknesses and never face the fact that compared to God, who is our Creator - pure and holy, each of us is capable of wickedness, weakness and impurity. This tool especially comes in handy when God is trying to draw us unto Himself, so it definitely wastes our sorrows.

10. Rebellion. We have left this barrier to last, but it is certainly not least amongst them all. It was the original sin in the Garden of Eden and carries with it the sin of **Pride**. These bricks come ready made into our barriers and whilst ever they are part of our lives, we have no contact with the Almighty. Therefore naturally any sorrows and pain that enter our lives are wasted, but they also prevent us from ever enjoying the joy of the cushion of comfort that God could give us during these times. With them also come the lies of the devil. He tells us there is no God, and therefore there is no Heaven or Hell. Hell is here on earth and death brings nothingness and therefore peace. It is not to be feared and the common language that attracts our souls is "I did it my way!"

So what barriers do you carry? What are mine? We all lean towards one or another and some of us are known to use more than one. You see, the problem is we have neglected to learn the lessons the Lord taught whilst He walked upon this earth. As God, He was holy and without sin. He had the ability to do all things for He was God come in the flesh. He too suffered greatly; in fact, His sorrows were greater than any of us have had to bear. Yet moment-by-moment, day-by-day, He prayed to the Father and leaned upon His guidance and strength. The Bible tells us in

Hebrews 5:8 & 9 (NASB), ***“Although He was a Son, He learned obedience from the things which He suffered. And having been made perfect, He became to all those who obey Him the source of eternal salvation”***. We recall Him in the Garden of Gethsemane crying in great sorrow and depression, ¹***“Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt”***. We are told that the sorrow of separation from the Father, the agony of carrying our sins upon His holy shoulders, yes and even the very thought of the physical pain He was about to bear caused Him to sweat great drops of blood. (This is a medical condition that is only brought about by horrific stress.) Although our sufferings

may have been great, most of us come nowhere near His pain.

So what was inside the cup He was to carry? Come with me and take a

peek :-

“Oh Lord! How awful, it is my sin, my determination to live independently and leave you out of my life! My rebellion and pride and Lord look – it’s all the barriers I have built, and all the sorrows you’ve allowed in my life, that I have unnecessarily wasted. Father please forgive me and turn my sorrows into joy and use them to your glory. Thank you for Your Son and everything He has done for me!”

Amen

¹ Matthew 26: 36-46



By

Wendy Davie

* “When pain comes, I cried out inside ‘Please take me God!’ not a few times, and immediately I repented. I don’t want to be such a weak Christian asking to be taken up on account of the physical pain. There is mental and spiritual pain which is so much more unbearable.

*“In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you”
1 Thessalonians 5:18 (NKJV)*

The God of Comfort

I have been through the valley of weeping,
The valley of sorrow and pain;
But the God of all comfort was with me,
At hand to uphold and sustain.

The richer the cluster that grows.

Well He knows that affliction is needed,
He has a wise purpose in view:
And in the dark valley He whispers,

As the earth needs the clouds and the
sunshine,

Our souls need both sorrow and joy,
So He places us oft in the furnace,
The dross from the gold to destroy.

When He leads through some valley
of trouble

‘Hereafter thou shalt know what I do.’

As we travel through life’s shadowed
valley,

Fresh springs of His love ever rise,
And we learn that our sorrow and losses
Are blessings just sent in disguise.

So we’ll follow wherever He leads us,

His omnipotent hand we can trace:

For the trials and sorrows He sends us
Are part of His lessons of grace.

Let the path be dreary or bright,

For we’ve proved that our God can give comfort,
Our God can give songs in the night.

Oft we shrink from the purging and pruning,
Forgetting the husbandman knows
That the deeper the cutting and paring

Author Unknown



* “Talking about answers to prayers,

I have heaps of, heaps of testimonies of God’s Answers.

They may not be fantastic stories, but to me, and (I am sure) to God, they mean a lot.

There was a little boy whom I had hard time to talk to.

He wouldn’t talk to anyone. I talked high and low, hard and soft, but he didn’t answer. (Actually, he reminded of myself when I grew up. I guess I was angry to someone,) and so was this boy.

But last week, he talked to me. And do you know how I did it? I laid down beside him and talked.

And it worked.

I might say that **I went down to his eye-level.**

To the children’s eyes, we adults, even a 5’4" small adult like me, are giants, and even scary giants. No wonder he didn’t talk until I went down to the floor.

I talked with him a whole hour, in fact, we both took a little nap together.

Why don’t you try that sometime?

After all, wouldn’t that be the reason why Jesus came down to earth?”

* All Excerpts from “**Praise through Pain**” The Letters and Sermons of YOON KWON CHAE
Permission has been given for this quote to be used.

THE CARRIAGE OF SORROWS - THE GODHEAD BODILY

Quietly He walked from the throne room. He and His Father had known from the beginning of time that this moment would have to come, however now that it neared, the dreadfulness of it all overwhelmed Him.

Mary lived with her parents in the city of Nazareth and because of her godly attitude, she was to be their chosen vessel. As her wedding to Joseph neared and all their preparations had been put in place, God chose this moment to send His angel Gabriel to tell her of His decision. He informed her that she was to become the mother of the Saviour of the world. "How can this be?" she had asked. It puzzled her greatly, simply because she was a virgin and intended to remain that way until after their wedding. Her love for God and His holiness was too great for it to be any other way. The angel told her simply that the Spirit of God would Himself place His seed within her womb and the child to be born would therefore be the Son of God. Her heart sang for joy, yet there was concern in her thoughts too—how would Joseph, her parents and friends accept all this? Peace flowed through her though, for she knew that God would take care of all concerns. She and Joseph married and the Son of God, who was called Jesus was born. It was only after His birth that their marriage was consummated. They both knew in their hearts that sorrow would some day pierce their very souls, but the peace of God remained with them. Jesus grew and became strong in spirit, filled with the wisdom of His Heavenly Father. Until He was thirty, He had taken on the work of His earthly dad, and did all He could to learn, watch and wait for the coming of His sacrifice.

He watched the children fighting and God's heart of love tore at His inner being. He listened and watched the sacrifices in the temple, the teaching of the

priests and God's Spirit of Holiness, truth and justice again tore His heart some more, for He knew their wickedness. His own family members didn't believe in Him and the sorrows grew.



The Carriage of the Heavenly Realm was always close by, for He had constant communication with the Father and many times He knew of the Spirit's leading into some very close shaves and difficult circumstances. These were only adding to the sorrows of mankind's sin, for He knew it to be embedded, unbreakable and totally binding their souls.

When confronting the wickedness so entrenched within the temple and priesthood—He thought He could stand it no longer, but again His strength was renewed and He carried on."

The carriage of bad choices and circumstances on two particular occasions came too close for comfort and remained a searing pain in His very being.

For some hours Jesus spent time praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. The long awaited time was on the door step. How He wished He did not have to go through what was to be. Three times He fell on His knees and begged His Heavenly Father "must it be so!" His depression and sorrow was so great that His

sweat was like great drops of blood.

The carriage of the devil's hearse arrived.

There in the Garden, amongst His friends, Judas came and kissed Him and He knew His time had come...He could say nothing more than, "who do you seek?"... "Well I am the one you want, leave the others alone!" However in spite of God's nearness His sorrows grew in numbers. For then in the midst of the yelling and shouting at Him, He was very much aware of Peter. He had been warned by the Lord previously, but still fell into the hands of the evil one and he found himself so scared that eventually he denied his Lord and Master for the third and last time. Peter's heart broke at his own wretchedness...but Jesus watched with sadness in His own heart also, it really did feel as if it were being torn in two.

This carriage remained now till the end. They brutalised Him, tore His garments from Him and thrashed Him within an inch of His life. Some spat in His face and mocked Him. Finally they placed a crown of Jerusalem thorns on His head. These pierced His skull and He felt the blood running down His face mixing with the tears of sadness, pain and sorrow.

Constantly He prayed to His Father for strength. No-one else could see the demons prancing and ranting around them,, but He could! Some had their claws in the backs and shoulders of those punishing Him,. It was all so macabre, so awful and His tears flowed in sorrow—not for Himself, but for those He could see were so bound by the wickedness of the evil one. His sorrows only grew, for the cross was placed outside the wall, but overlooking

(Continued on page 33)

Jerusalem (His beloved city for which He had previously cried)—He began to feel the weight of the sins of the world upon His shoulders. This was something He had dreaded most—after all He was God come in the flesh and up until now He had known no sin in or on His being. “Father”, He cried, “why have you left me?” He knew the reason of course, but these words He spoke in order that those who were called would understand the gravity of it all.

It was now that the carriage of sin and death picked Him up. To those who watched, they really had no idea of what was truly happening.

However as He looked up into the Heavens and commended His Spirit unto the Father—it was then that He bore it all. His Father’s pain was unbearable, so much so, that at the moment of His son’s death, darkness covered all the earth and quakes were felt worldwide.

His friends buried their Lord and were overwhelmed with sorrow, they had forgotten Him saying that it had to be so, but that He would rise again. Three days later when some of the women visited the grave it was to discover that this prophecy had already been fulfilled.

Once again the Holy Son of God, marked now with the piercing of the nails in His hands and feet, entered the Heavenly throne room. He sat on the right hand side of the Father and quietly nodded to the Holy Spirit as He left to enter the hearts of the chosen ones. Our Lord and Master began His next work—He started praying constantly for us all and for all those whom the Father would call. He sees the wicked one and his demons trying to take away our joy, and when we fail Him, His heart is grieved anew. “Father,” He says, “remember I died for her, she belongs to us now, please forgive her and strengthen her ways!”

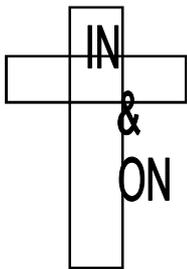
“For we do not have a high priest who cannot sympathise with our weaknesses but one who has been tempted in all things as we are, yet without sin”.

Hebrews 4:15(NASB)

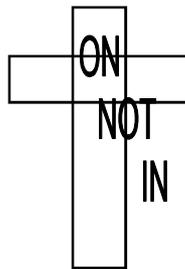
By Ruth Marie



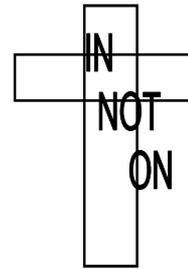
***“Three crosses standing side by side,
Of broken law a sign.
Two for their own transgressions died,
The middle one for mine!”***



This thief died in his sins



Christ died for our sins



This thief understood that Jesus was King & was about to enter His Kingdom

“He who believes in Him is not judged, he who does not believe has been judged already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God”

John 3:18(NASB)

Thanks to P. Thomas for permission to use this piece

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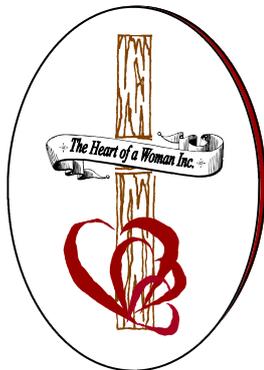
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Our Vision:

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.

This magazine has been given to you by:

If you feel the need for personal contact with any queries concerning your spiritual life, or burdens you bear, please feel free to either contact the church above or write to us at 'The Heart of a Woman Inc.'