

Hearth to Hearth

Woman to Woman

Vol. 3, No. 5

“And ye are complete in him.” Colossians 2:10

Sept./Oct. 2000

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Girlhood Chores of Yore

There were a lot of fun times as I was growing up, but life was not all fun and games. I enjoyed evenings. Daddy would turn the radio on to Amos and Andy and Fibber McGee and Molly and similar programs and Mama and I would embroider or play table games together. Mama always did things with me in the evenings while Daddy read the newspaper.

When I was very young my mother started to teach me how to do things around the house. She was a nurse and was away from home working much of the time. My siblings were grown and each had a job. Sometime in the mid 1920s Mother taught me to do the ironing. She taught me to be particular in

everything I did.

Ironing in those days was much different from today. We didn't have a real ironing board, though some people did. Our task was done on a wide, padded board placed from the kitchen table across to the back of a straight-backed chair. First the clothes were dried, sprinkled and rolled up tight so the dampness would penetrate the cloth evenly (many of the items were starched) and placed together in a large basket. Then I got some folded newspaper and some waxed paper to put on the board. We had an electric iron, but it was different from the ones today. The heat could not be regulated. The iron laid flat, so there was a metal plate for it to rest on. There were two prongs in the back of the iron to plug the cord into. A dampened fingertip tested the iron quickly (with caution) as to the heat. If it sizzled, the iron was hot. The newspaper was for testing to see if it was too hot for the clothes. If so, it was allowed to cool down. When it was usable, the plug was pulled out and ironing begun. The plug was reinserted as necessary to keep the iron hot.

Before I was ten years old I was doing large ironings. Imagine the fun I had ironing my mother's cotton poplin nurse's uniforms! Everything had to be laid flat, doubled, on the board. Mother was quite stout so they were big and

starched stiff. I had to smooth them out so the side underneath would not be creased while ironing. If the iron began to stick it was run across the waxed paper. When one side was finished, the process was repeated on the other side.

Mother was not working for awhile and how happy I was to have her at home, but alas, it wasn't for long. The day came when she had to go back to work. I missed her so much. I was about eleven years old at the time. She made out a list of things for me to do each day, and when I got home from school I looked at my list. First, I was to make all of the beds

for our family of six, tidy up the rooms and wash the breakfast dishes—there was no time for making

beds and washing dishes before ev-

eryone left early in the mornings for work. One of my girlfriends, Ger-

trude, and I sometimes worked together after school. She had

dishes to do also, so we would do dishes together at one house

and then go to the other house and do those. By the time all this

was done, it was time for my next chore, which was to start supper and

set the table. After supper there were dishes again—doing the dishes was always

my job unless there was company.

I was permitted to experiment with food in the kitchen. I used to make fudge sometimes and at times I would make up my own recipes. One time I ended up with “tootsie rolls”!

Another time I decided to bake a spice cake for a surprise. Those old recipes were different from today; instead of list-

ing exact measurements, it might say, “Use Crisco the size of
(Continued on page 3)



Our Mission Statement: Believing that we can find completeness in all areas of our lives only “in him, who is the head of all principality and power” (Colossians 2:10), it is the mission of *Hearth to Hearth* to provide a forum for Christian women to reach out to each other in friendship, with joy and hope; and to encourage each other to find our completeness in Christ as we sojourn here on our way to the kingdom.

MAIL CALL:

Since your Mission Statement is: “to provide a forum for Christian women,” I hope you will accept some encouragement from a lowly man who reads your publication—namely me. Being a Conference and then a self-supporting pastor for more than twenty years now, I know the commitment required to meet publishing demands. Thank you for your commitment to spread hope through the Word of God.

We both know there are many subjects to write about which are good in and of themselves. However, there is one subject that is not only good in itself, but knowledge of this subject is absolutely essential for the salvation of any man, woman, or child. None of us should talk about that which is good in itself at the exclusion of that which is absolutely essential in God’s plan of salvation... You are balancing these factors well, as evidenced in your publication; so... it is only a suggestion, but are you going to publish essential articles on the “seal of the living God”? ND

[We are delighted to hear from one of our male readers! Thank you for your suggestion. We will definitely consider this for possible future coverage. Ed.]

I was just looking at the May/June issue of *Hearth to Hearth* and wanted to mention how much I like your “Reflections of Springtime: Following the Sun.”... Now is the time when orange tiger lilies and purple clover and blue thistle combine on the hillsides and roadsides—wild things that are so beautiful. Every plant, even if thwarted and misshapen, seems to develop a beautiful balance, whether symmetrical or not, as it reaches toward the sun. Since God’s arrangements are perfect, the best flower arrangements, I think, capture some of that casual balance. I am reminded that people, too, are somewhat that way! In spite of imperfections or lack of symmetry in our personalities and characters, God sees something in each one that is beautiful. Often He will bring us together in ways that allow us to complement and bring out the best in each other. Together we may then take on a casual balance that is pleasing to us as well as to our Creator! WV

I enjoy reading *Hearth to Hearth*. I like the way it is written and put

together—in a simple, easy to understand way. Sometimes, though, it makes me feel as if there is something wrong with me. It’s as if everybody in the world is living a happy, care-free, sunshine-filled life—everyone, that is, but me. So what is wrong with me that MY life is not like that? Is everyone else just pretending? I really would like to know. TN

[Would anyone care to comment? We will print as many of your comments as space allows in the next issue. Ed.]

Greetings to you. Please send me the *Hearth to Hearth* newsletter. I am looking forward to it. Thanks. TN

I just love the story on the front of the latest newsletter “Real True Friends.” So many detailed examples of true friendship that show the reader exactly what she means when she is talking about this authentic friendship, a real one. It

makes me so “hungry” to keep on reading. I love it. I also like the sweet poems; the reminders of qualities of friends in the Scriptures. Thank you for the wonderful newsletter. WV

I enjoyed very much reading *Hearth to Hearth*. I read it cover to cover and it was so uplifting... I will share it with people at church. We have hundreds of members and I intend to make a few friends. After being a member for 3 or 4 years I think I can now. I know what I am missing. You see, a long time ago I would not have even bothered to write you. Not because I am stuck-up but more so a feeling of inferiority or something I cannot describe... I am finding that I enjoy reaching out where before I was afraid. Do you think that *Hearth to Hearth* helped me to overcome this? I do. It showed me something I was missing and even how to reach out and be

Remembering to “Forget Not”

Many times in Scripture God has told His people to “remember.” Sometimes He put it another way: “Forget not.” David was inspired to say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.” (Psalm 103:2) He went on to recount a great many of the Lord’s benefits, such as forgiveness, healing, redemption, mercy, kindness, righteousness and judgment. It is a good thing to recall past mercies from God’s hand. In the midst of dark and foreboding circumstances it is a good thing to draw upon memories of God’s remarkable loving favor and thus find sweet comfort.

Often our spiritual rest is disrupted by troubles of today and fears of the future. The psalmist asked, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.” (Psalm 42:5) He goes on to say in verse six: “...therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.” When David’s hope faltered, he recalled God’s goodness to him: “I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.” (Psalm 77:10) Remembering God’s past workings caused hope to spring up in his heart and praise to burst forth from his lips.

I believe David was inspired to write of his experiences—his disappointments and fears as well as his faith and confidence—for the benefit of Christians of all times. When my hope is lost amid the troubles of the moment and my confidence in my experience with God is at a low ebb, I can read where God helped David, and it causes me to recall where He has also helped me.

This time of year when summer is nearly over and fall about to begin always seems a good time to pause for reflection. It is an appropriate season to stop and remember the good times, the good things—and the not-so-good times and things—which have made up the year, even our lives, thus far. The theme of this issue of *Hearth to Hearth* is “Memories.” Various individuals have shared their memories with us so we, in turn, could share them with you. Perhaps there will be one that will strike a chord in your heart, one that will remind you of something in your life and bring a smile (or perhaps a tear) as you read and remember.

Grace Cox

vulnerable to make a friend. Thank you, thank you, thank you. OH

I received the latest copy of *Hearth to Hearth*, and I liked the article on the sanctuary. The rest is chit-chat that I could read in any denominational paper... There is almost always a big write-up about Esther, her mom, her daughter. The paper sure is a family affair. PA

[We agree. *Hearth to Hearth* is still too much of a “family affair.” Please send us *your* comments, *your* insights and *your* articles; with (or without) pictures. Ed.]

My daughter Katie and I are the new owners of Creative Christian Education Service, which has been assisting parents in home schooling since 1976. We have used this service for over 12 years with our kids and others, and have been very pleased. Now the Lord has opened the door for us to purchase the company. We are in hopes that you will put this info in *Hearth to Hearth*. Theanna and Katie Benefiel. HC 76, Box 267, Marshall, AR 72650 Phone: 870-447-2423.

[We are happy to include this letter for the benefit of our home schooling readers who might like to contact Theanna and Katie for information regarding their home schooling materials and services. Ed.]

We received the [back] issues in the mail today. My daughters were elated. They love to read and picked them right up to read. I read the “Real, True Friends” story and it was so touching. [July/Aug. 2000] We look forward to more issues. Bless your efforts and thank you so much. OH

PRAYER REQUEST:

Our son, in Russia working for the Salvation Army there, met and married a Russian lady. He has applied for a spousal visa for her, but we have one concern. Ordinarily it takes from six to nine months for the paperwork to go through. We need a miracle if the visa is to be issued in time for their trip home [to Australia] planned for early in December. Would you pray for this and ask your friends to pray also, please? God is a miracle working God, and we accept His will in this matter. He says to ask for anything in His name and He will do it, so we are praying that this is within His will too. They are planning to go into college next year and to do this Julia needs to

have that visa. Otherwise it will probably be the following year.

Please remember our family in your prayers. Many problems beset us just now. Emotional and spiritual healing is greatly needed by some members, and wisdom and courage by others. God knows the details; please pray for us.

PEN PALS:

Promoting and fostering friendships among Christian women as a means of encouragement and spiritual growth among us is one of the aims of *Hearth to Hearth*. If you would like to enlarge your circle of friends, if you would like to reach out to others on a one-to-one basis, if you enjoy writing letters (or at least are willing to), send us your name, address, E-mail address, if any, and tell us something about yourself. You can then be listed in this space as a potential pen pal.

EDITOR'S NOTES:

Moving? Please don't forget to notify *Hearth to Hearth* of your new address!

A special Thank You to those who have seen fit to help with the costs of printing and mailing *Hearth to Hearth*. We are thankful that, through the blessing of God, we are able to continue offering it free of charge to all who would like to receive it.

Please note our new mailing address: *Hearth to Hearth*, P. O. Box 633, Trenton, TN 38382. Please direct all future correspondence to that address.

Ministry of Encouragement: In our July/August issue we reported that the “Ministry of Encouragement” would be undergoing some changes. A few weeks ago three members of our editorial team met together for a day to discuss this and other topics. After much prayer and discussion, it was agreed that the newsletter itself is a ministry of encouragement. As stated in our Mission Statement, its purpose is for women “...to encourage each other to find our completeness in Christ...” Every feature is designed with that in mind, and it is our aim that every article included in the newsletter work in some way toward accomplishing that goal. For this reason, and others, we have decided to discontinue the “Ministry of Encouragement” as an additional outreach.

Do not feel abandoned, however! The editors are available to anyone who

feels spiritually discouraged and would like to contact us to discuss some aspect of Christian living. We also know several other ladies who are always available to provide encouragement to others. We, as a group or individually, will be glad to pray, study and share the love of Christ that has been shed abroad in our hearts and be of help in any way possible. Please feel free to call upon us.

(Continued from page 1)

an egg,” or “a pinch of salt,” or some other thing. This cake recipe said, “5 teaspoons cinnamon, salt...” and listed other spices. I put in 5 teaspoons of each one, including salt. It was a beautiful cake until we tasted it—ugh! The whole thing had to be thrown out!

Every Friday it was my job to clean the house. We had a vacuum cleaner for the rugs and carpets. My girlfriend across the street had to do the cleaning on Friday also, since her mother worked too. Mary would come out on the porch in her dust cap to shake the rugs and we'd holler back and forth as we worked. We had red brick Congolium in the front entry, all the way down the hall past the closet and cellar stairs, through the large breakfast room and the kitchen. It covered all that space and I had to scrub it on my hands and knees every Friday. Most of it wasn't too dirty, but sometimes at the stove and kitchen sink it would be greasy. It was a lot of work cleaning the grooves by rubbing them with my fingers.

Our beautiful living room furniture was made of mohair. There was the sofa and two chairs—one a high back—besides Daddy's special chair; it was more like a velvet. We had a brass wire swivel brush to roll over the mohair to prevent or kill moths and eggs. Every Friday I had to run this over the sofa and chairs and take the cushions to the porch and run the brush over all of them and let them air out. Then each room, including the dining room, had to be cleaned.

No, life was not all fun and games when I was young!

Mattie Laurell

[Mattie Laurell is a regular contributor to *Hearth to Hearth*. She makes her home in Chunky, Mississippi where she enjoys reading, studying her Bible and writing articles.]

Precious Memories

I moved from the group of women visiting together in Elvira's kitchen, wandered into the living room, and sat down on the sofa. As I admired the delicate workmanship of the small, antique coffee table in front of me, I noticed a half-open child's book, perched between the table legs. It looked as if it had been carelessly tossed there by the owner and temporarily forgotten. Its covers were worn, but the pictures and lettering were still bright and cheery.

I might have reached to rescue it if a voice behind me hadn't asked at that moment, "Do you know the story of that little book?" Surprised, I turned to see a pleasant looking woman about my age standing behind me, her hands lightly resting on the back of the couch. I shook my head, and as I did so, she came around to sit beside me. Gesturing toward the book, she explained, "Elvira keeps it there, exactly as her only son left it one day, as a comforting reminder of him. You see, he was killed in an accident many years ago."

The simple narrative moved me, and I looked back at the still life of table and book with a new awareness of my hostess. It might have been a morbid story if it had been anyone's story except Elvira's. This lady was no recluse, hiding away behind darkened windows, living only in the past. Bubbly, vivacious, loving, and serving were all terms that described her. She loved company, she helped to make hospital favors for the church, she directed weddings and receptions (including some catering), she worked full-time, and she still had plenty of herself to give to several nephews and a niece who lived nearby. Yes, she had suffered grief and loss (she was also a widow)—her past held intense emotional pain. Yet, she was not bitter or full of self-pity. Why?

In reflecting from time to time on that evening, I've concluded that there are two ways in which we can allow memories to affect us: (1) they can drive us into apathy, constant melancholy, and cynicism, or (2) they can inspire appreciation and praise for God's deliverance and love.

Elvira's memories were colored with thanksgiving to her God, evidenced by the love overflowing from her heart. Yes, she was wounded terribly when her son and

then her husband died; anyone would have been. Some memories bring tears and pain. That doesn't mean we're handling them in the wrong way. Especially in the case of death, a void is sometimes left that can never be filled. We miss them! We are not weak because we don't understand why. Remember that Jesus wept (John 11:35), and Jesus asked "Why?" (Matt. 27:46). We identify with his [sic] human nature.

Even though all such responses are part of our humanity and are not condemned, they can be destructive if they spring from a bitterness of the soul. When that is the case, then our thoughts of the past become part of a vicious cycle—we wrestle with grief because we refuse to accept what has happened, the non-acceptance creates more questions, the questions spawn more doubts, the doubts mature into skepticism, which moves us farther away from God. When this happens, that wonderful ability of our minds to recall past events becomes an avenue by which the devil drags us into unbelieving hopelessness. But, this need not happen to anyone!

Like Elvira, we can grow sweeter. Like her, we can overcome the obstacles that prevent complete trust in the Savior. Elvira's power to overcome her painful past lay in her ultimate submission to and trust in God's will. We, too, may claim that triumph! It is the triumph of one who chooses to thank God for scores of blessings already given, for the myriad of prayers already answered, and for the countless times He has turned evil into good on our behalf. It is the triumph of one who refuses to charge God with cruel and unfair treatment and of one who recognizes that the Savior is not the one who stalks about seeking whom he may devour.

**Like Elvira,
we can grow
sweeter.**

Our remembrances can then be like beautiful, sparkling gems that delight our souls and enhance our lives. It's up to us! As the old hymn says it,

Precious memories, how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul,
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.

Geraldine Woodell

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A Stone Called Ebenezer

A favorite author of mine once said something to the effect that we have nothing to fear for the future, except as we forget how the Lord has led us in the past. As we look back over the way God has led us, we can't help but be encouraged! Has God ever let us down? Of course not! When we look back, and remember how He has led us, we can

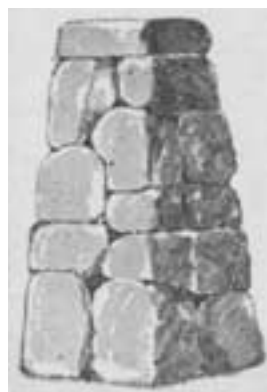
**“Then Samuel
Took a stone,
and set it
between Mizpeh
and Shen,
and called the
name of it
Ebenezer,
saying,
Hitherto hath
the Lord
helped us.”
(1 Samuel 7:12)**

know that He will always be there for us in the future. When my children were growing up and I was a single mother, the Lord provided for us over and over again. Just when I thought there would not be another meal or that an important bill would have to go unpaid, God provided for our needs. For many of those years, I was not even a practicing Christian, yet God revealed His loving care and met our needs. One night my son and I were going home after visiting my sister and we had a flat tire on a very bad stretch of the desolate road we were traveling. By this time, my son, who was 10 years old, and I had given our hearts to the Lord, so we immediately bowed our heads and prayed. We asked the Lord to protect us and to please send someone to help us. It began to rain and it was very dark. We got the trunk open and the spare tire out, but we could not find the jack. While we were hunting, several cars passed us without stopping, and then a jeep flew past. The driver slammed on his brakes, skidded to a stop, turned around and came back to help. He “just happened” to have the exact jack that we needed! He set to work changing our tire while I held the umbrella and flashlight. Introducing himself, he said, “By the way, my name is Michael,” and I said, “Glad to meet you Michael; my name is Milli. This is my son, Chris, and we think you are an angel!” He smiled, stopped for a moment to look at me and said, “Hmm, I would **like** to be an angel.” You know, my son and I were very fearful that night. Looking back on that experience builds our faith in God. He sent a really good young man to help us, and to keep “not-so-good” people from harming us.

“Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.” (Deuteronomy 32:7) “Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where *is* the good way, and walk

therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.” (Jeremiah 6:16)

God tells us to “remember” and see how He has led us in the past. He says to “look back” and find the old paths. He will lead us in the right paths as long as we are listening to Him and keeping our eyes on those “old paths.” I am sure that Abraham remembered how God had led him. “Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.” (Romans 4:3) Abraham had faith, and no doubt he kept that faith alive by remembering how God had led him in the past. Jacob fled from home after he deceived his father. When he slept that night he saw the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven, and when he awakened, he realized that all of heaven was interested in him. (The story is recorded in Genesis chapters 27 and 28.) He set up a stone pillar at the spot and called it “God’s house.” Later, when looking back, he saw how the Lord had led him and blessed him. Years later still, his son, Joseph, could look back and see how God was working for his good when his brothers sold him into Egyptian captivity. (Genesis chapter 38) That must have been a very fearful day for Joseph but, even at that young age, Joseph knew God well enough to stand strong, confident that God was leading him as He had led his fathers in the past.



Many times you will find God saying, in His Word, “Remember...” He knows how easily we forget, and He knows how important it is for us to look back so that we don't become discouraged and disheartened. Over and over again the children of Israel forgot all the blessings the Lord bestowed on them. The minute things became difficult they forgot how God had already delivered them from much larger problems. We also forget from one day to the next what God has done for us. Satan comes in like a flood to discourage us, but God promises that if we will trust Him, He will keep us. (Isaiah 59:19)

The story is told of a family who sang in church the song, “Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing,” with the words, “Here I raise my Ebenezer,” and they all wondered whatever in the world was an “Ebenezer.” They went home and studied, finding the above-quoted text in First Samuel. They decided that each time they realized a special blessing or recognized God's leading, individually or as a family, they would briefly write the event on a stone. They made a box to hold the stones and periodically they would each choose a stone—an “Ebenezer”—from the box

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Understanding God's plan of Redemption

With our Redeemer Within the Veil

A process and experience

The sanctuary portrays the *process* whereby fallen, sinful humanity may be restored to the image of God; whereby the children of men may become sons and daughters of God! This process is shown to be a covenant relationship between God and His people—a relationship whereby we, as individuals, may be transformed into His likeness and bear fruit to His glory. In its final analysis, it pictures the *experience* of Christ as He came from heaven to woo His bride then returned to heaven to intercede for her, and to “prepare a place” for her. (John 14:2, 3) It also graphically delineates the steps (*experience*) His bride will take as she responds to His proposal and prepares herself for the wedding.

Courtyard recap

In the courtyard of the sanctuary the children of Israel were continuously reminded of God's plan to purify them and make of them a “holy nation.” There were three agents of purification depicted there: the blood, the water and the fire, and ever present to help with the application of each was a priest, or possibly even the high priest. Aaron was available to help with the daily ministration of the courtyard and it was his prerogative to work in any capacity he chose. The end result of the courtyard ministry was justification of the penitent, a “new birth” experience, freedom from the *penalty* of sin, all of which come by faith in the sacrifice that God provided. Sadly, this is where many people stop in their Christian walk, and as they see that they are not having true victory in their lives, they keep returning to the courtyard in an



endless round of sinning and repenting. In Hebrews 6:1, Paul tells us plainly that we need to leave these “elementary principles” (NKJV) behind and move on to “perfection.”

When the victim was slaughtered, its blood was applied in many ways, but each of these procedures had something to do with covering, purifying and finally removing sin from the lives of God's people. (The Hebrew word which is translated “atonement” in our Bibles, actually means “to cover.” The *result* of this covering makes us “at one” with God.

The laver, constructed from the mirrors of the women (Exodus 38:8), represented the law of God which, though it plainly reveals the sin in our lives, is powerless to do anything about that sin. As the laver was filled with water from the Rock in order to become a basin for the cleansing (symbolizing baptism) of the blemishes which the “mirror” (symbolizing the law) revealed, so we must be filled with the “living water” of God's Word in order to facilitate an inner cleansing from the sin which the law reveals in our lives.

The fire (“The Lord thy God is a consuming fire”; (Deuteronomy 4:24, Hebrews 12:29) on the altar, which was continually consuming a lamb (depicting Christ and His continual, unchanging covenant with us), is also the means of consuming *our* offering of ourselves in dedication and service to Him.

When “self” is completely consumed on the altar, the smoke (symbolizing our prayers of repentance and consecration) arises as a “sweet savour” unto God. (Leviticus 1:9) It was the fire from *this* altar—the fire kindled by God Himself, which was never to go out—which was used in all the services of the sanctuary.

The veils

Each of the three enclosures of the sanctuary—the courtyard, the holy place and the most holy place—must be entered by way of a veil. These veils represent the barriers that sin has

erected between man and God. Jesus, by His sinless life, death and resurrection, has made a way through these veils. In Hebrews 10:20 we are told that the way through the veil is “His flesh.”



By faith, we can enter into “that within the veil” by following the example of Jesus, “the forerunner.” (Hebrews 6:19, 20) So,

let us enter now, by faith, into the holy place.

Entering the holy place

As we enter, we are completely awed by the beauty of the room while our nostrils are invaded by the fragrance of sweet incense. It is not a large room; only 18x18x36 feet (height, width, length). At each end, as well as covering the ceiling, are tapestries of “blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of cunning work: with cherubims.” (Exodus 26:31) The “cunning work” was done with threads of gold. (Exodus 39:3)

There are three golden articles of furniture in this room: the table of shewbread on the right, the seven-branched lampstand on the left and, directly in front of us and backed by the veil leading into the most holy place, is the altar of incense. The walls, which are plated with gold, shimmer in rainbow colors as the light from the flickering lampstand bounces off the beautiful tapestries and dances through the smoke-filled room. It is as though we have entered heaven itself and are surrounded by a myriad of cherubim. The sanctuary/tent *does indeed* represent a work taking place in heaven. The earthen floor is here to remind us that we have only entered heaven by faith.

In the Old Testament sanctuary



type, none but Aaron and his sons were allowed to enter this room. This was to symbolize the fact that not until after Christ's ministry on earth and His death on the cross, was there a way opened for *us* to enter this place. Paul tells us in Hebrews 9:8 that while the earthly tabernacle was yet standing there had not yet been made a way into the heavenly tabernacle. By His death and resurrection Jesus has made a way whereby we may, by faith, enter into this heavenly experience here and now. (Hebrews 10:19, 20; 4:14-16) This is because "ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." (1 Peter 2:9) As priests of God, we may enter and work in this room—we may enter into *His* work.

A closer look at the furnishings

Let us take a closer look at the furnishings in this room, each item of which represents our Savior's life and work as well as the life and work of those who reflect His image here on earth. Our attention is drawn first to the beautiful lampstand—a leafless, golden olive tree with its "knobs" (buds), "flowers" and "almonds." (Exodus 25: 31-36) This olive tree, while depicting Christ whose whole life bore fruit to the glory of His Father while bearing no pretentious leaves, also represents

the born-again Christian who does all that he does in Christ's name. (See Psalm 52:8; Jeremiah 11:16; Hosea 14:6; Romans 11:24; Revelation 11:4; Genesis 3:7;



Matthew 21:19; Luke 13:6-9) The almond-shaped bowls filled with olive oil and burning brightly typify the life, Christ's and His people's, filled with the Spirit of God—the oil of the Holy Spirit. (See Zechariah 4)

Directly across the room from the lampstand is a beautiful golden table wearing two crowns (Exodus 25:24, 25; 37:11, 12) and laden with two equal stacks of bread—the table of

shewbread. (The Hebrew word for "shewbread" means "bread of the presence.") The bread represents Christ, the "Bread of Life" (John 6:35; 48) and the "Word of God" (John 1:1-4), present in the life of the believer. (Each of the twelve tribes is represented in the twelve loaves.) As we receive His Word into our lives, we are receiving Him; "eating His flesh." (John 6:53-58) The crowns speak of royalty—Christ our king and His kingly people. (Revelation 1:6; 5:10)

Next we note the crowned altar of incense sitting before the veil leading into the most holy place with a horn at each of its four corners. It is a small altar—just one cubit (18") square and two cubits high, but its horns suggest power—the power of prayer, for the incense burned on this altar represents the intercessory prayers of Christ and His followers. (Psalm 141:2; Job 42:10) This altar has no fire of its own. Morning and evening (Exodus 30:7, 8) burning coals are brought in a censer from the altar of burnt offerings in the courtyard—from the fire kindled by God and kept ever burning. Incense, God's own special recipe (Exodus 30:34-36), is placed upon the coals, its smoke filling the room and its fragrance permeating the air for many miles. This all-invasive aroma aptly portrays the far-reaching, all pervading influence of prayer. As we are charged to "pray without ceasing" (1 Thessalonians 5:17), so the incense on this altar is to be kept burning day and night. It is the life of Christ that is so appropriately characterized by the various ingredients making up the incense and nothing short of His righteousness dwelling in us makes our prayers rise as a fragrant incense to our heavenly Father. This is the only way whereby we may pray "in Christ's name."

Elements of spiritual growth

In this room we have discovered three essential elements of growth without which we will remain infants, retarded in growth and development, never bearing fruit to the glory of God. When the rod of Aaron was placed in this room it budded, bloomed and bore ripe almonds overnight! You can read the whole story in the 16th and 17th chapters of the book of Numbers. Note carefully that of all the rods placed in here, one for each of the twelve tribes,

there was only one that bore fruit. That is because only the owner of that rod had experienced the cleansing of the courtyard prior to entering this place.

A continual feast of the Bread of Life from the golden table, a continual infilling of the Spirit of God from the golden lampstand, combined with a life of continual prayer to God on behalf of ourselves and others at the golden altar—always and only in the name of, and through the merits of Jesus our



Lord and Savior—will result in our sanctification and freedom from the *power* of sin in our life. This is the work and

the experience of the ministry of the holy place.

The most holy place

Just beyond the altar of incense is the tapestry leading into the most holy place—the mysterious shrine where dwells the shekinah—the visible presence of God. No one is allowed to enter this place save the high priest, Aaron, and he only once a year. We know, however, that the room is a perfect 18 foot cube, and contains the sacred ark of the covenant. This ark, a symbol of the throne of God in heaven, is always kept hidden from our view. While Aaron is officiating here on the yearly Day of Atonement, the people waiting outside are filled with awe, wonder and fear as he steps into the presence of God on behalf of the whole encampment. Today it is enough for us to realize that we are standing very close to this hallowed spot with the glory of the shekinah bursting out above the magnificent veil.

The lid of the ark, called the mercy seat, is made of solid gold (Exodus 25:17-21). On it, at either end, hover two beautiful cherubim while additional cherubim look upon the scene from the ceiling tapestry and the wonderful veil. Beneath the mercy seat,

(Continued on page 14)

MEMORIES OF GRANNY

The older I become, the more I miss Granny and wish I had paid closer attention to the lessons she taught me as I spent time with her day by day. I was very fortunate to live close enough to my grandmother to see her every day if I wished. She was a lady, in the truest sense of the word, with many talents and amazing stamina. I have yet to meet a person who worked as hard as she did. I'm not sure how she ever managed to get it all done. A widow for most of my growing-up years, she opened her home to a number of family members, and I myself lived with her for several years. I can remember walking over the mountain with her to see her daughter, my Aunt Elsie, and as we would walk along Granny would point out different plants and explain to me their uses. We walked together a lot—to visit different churches, to visit friends and family, to the store, to gather wild greens in the early spring. We always had pleasant times together as we walked along, just Granny and me.

Granny was also an excellent quilt maker. My brother and I would thread needles for her when her eyesight was no longer adequate for the task, and she would give us cross-stitch embroidery projects to work. On cold winter days we would all sit by the fire in the grate and stitch away!

Her home was located on a relatively flat parcel of land situated in a mountain hollow in southern West Virginia. It was surrounded by beautiful trees, rolling lawns, bountiful gardens and spring fed streams. Granny raised the biggest dahlias that I believe I have ever seen. The road to her house was several hundred feet long and all along the drive she had a row of spectacular flowers, big and bright and beautiful. She also had smaller flower gardens located around the house so that when you looked out any window you always saw some color and beauty. In my memories, it is one of the few places that feels like "Heaven on Earth" to me.

I can see my grandmother at work in the kitchen making her delicious yeast rolls; I can see them rising in the pans, smell them baking and even remember the taste of them!! I have tried to make those yeast rolls, with her very own recipe, but sadly, I do not have the touch for working with yeast.



There was an out-building on the property called the "washhouse"

where, I was told, the water was heated on a big wood-burning cook stove and the washing was done on a scrub board. I only remember Granny using an electric washing machine for laundry; however, and the "washhouse" being used for the preparation of

sauerkraut! Yumm-yumm-good! She also preserved picked beets, another of my favorite foods. She always prepared the very best tasting food! I remember many meals made of homegrown foods that would rival those served in the best restaurants—maybe because I prefer simple, honest-to-goodness food.

Her gardens were acres in size and several in number. She raised many vegetables and raspberries and strawberries. During strawberry season, people came from miles around to pick their own or to purchase those she had picked. Groundhogs loved to get into Granny's gardens and ravage her beans and other vegetables. I remember her scattering some seeds close to the groundhog's den so he would have his own bean patch and not raid her garden!!

My grandmother was a true woman of God; her faith was very strong. She was definitely a guiding light for my life. I wanted to be like her in so many ways. When I was growing up I never cared about eating meat and finally gave it up at the age of 12 because I wanted to be a vegetarian like my grandmother.

I am sure that I would be an entirely different person this day if it were not for my relationship with my grandmother. She was my friend, my teacher and, best of all, she was MY grandmother!!

Rhonda Dearden

[Rhonda and her husband, Will, live in Westbrook, Maine. She enjoys reading, counted cross-stitch, flower gardening and cooking, especially for crowds; walks on the beach, the smell of saltwater; BIG old trees and porch swings. Editor's note: Rhonda is my niece, and I remember her grandmother well; she was *my* own mother! Grace Cox]

MEMORIES OF DAD

My dad was a very forceful man, extremely honest; a good man. People in the community knew he was honest and respected him. When I was a little girl, he owned a water softening business in Florida, and he would take me with him sometimes on installations. I would proudly stand up by him in his truck and nobody held a candle to my dad!

Dad was the only one in our family who liked buttermilk. He would pretend to pout and say, "Nobody will drink buttermilk with me. I have to drink it all alone." I couldn't stand it. I would climb up on a chair and say, "I like it, Daddy." He would pour me a small glass and grin. I could hardly swallow it; I would almost gag. But Daddy was the apple of my eye and I would do that for him (and I learned to love buttermilk!).

Dad loved a crowd. We always had people over after church and on Saturday nights—sometimes a lot of people. He loved watermelon as much as he loved all those people and you always found them together: Daddy, people and watermelon!

Dad loved his children. As it happens with some people, he didn't always know how to say it, but we knew it. He would have given his shirt off his back for us, and if all the facts were known, he would have probably given his life for any one of us kids. He sacrificed a lot of things for us. All

four of us went all the way through church school; not one of us ever attended public school.

When Dad believed in something, he stood for it no matter what it cost him. Sometimes it cost him his friends, and sometimes the people at church looked at him like he was some alien, a troublemaker. Unfortunately, as I grew into my teens, I was one of those people. To my young, unconverted heart, Dad was a troublemaker and a pain. I resented the way people looked at us because of "his standards." Why couldn't he just go along and not cause all this tension? Why did he have to ruin all the special times we used to have with all this nonsense? But God had a better plan. Today I remember my dad with pride, and I am so glad he was my dad.

In today's world, Christians have choices to make that differ from the world's choices and perhaps even differ from the choices of other Christians within their own church. For instance, the world says to stand up and be your own woman. Don't let a man control you. God says, "Love your husband, respect him, listen to him, and honor him in the Lord."

It isn't any easier today than it was for my dad, to stand up for what you believe when everyone around you, it seems, differs from you. I still struggle with feelings of not wanting to be different. I remember those feelings of childhood and sometimes shudder; I dread being misunderstood and I don't want to lose my friends.

The memories I have of my dad are like a memorial. He stood for truth proudly. When he was convicted in heart and soul, he stood. When he was misunderstood, he stood. When he lost friends, he stood. When they looked at him with disdain and disgust, he stood.

I want to be just like my dad!

Milli Lewis

[Milli Lewis is a homemaker and mother to five (all grown but one), who lives with her husband Jimmy in Batesville, Arkansas. She works as a Life Skills Instructor with retarded adults. For fun and relaxation Milli likes to camp, swim and write.]

MISSION TRIP MEMORIES

Over Spring Break this year [May, 2000], I went to the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona with my church. We spent a week ministering to the Hopi people through music, crafts, sports, and our "power bands."

The power bands were bracelets that we used to illustrate God's plan for the Hopi people. In using the power bands, the people could understand what we were talking about. Each power band is composed of a knot, a black bead, a red bead, a white bead, a blue bead, a green bead, a gold bead and another knot. Here is what each bead and knot means:

- » 1st knot—Birth
- » Black bead—Sin
- » Red Bead—Blood of Christ washing us clean
- » White bead—Our hearts are white as snow
- » Blue bead—Baptism
- » Green bead—Growth in Christ
- » Gold Bead—Promise of Heaven
- » 2nd knot—Death

Our first stop was in Winslow, Arizona where we spent Saturday night and all day Sunday before continuing our journey to the reservation. On Sunday morning we attended the First Baptist Church of Winslow. After church we started setting up for our musical, "Room 77," which we were presenting that night at the church. "Room 77," the musical, is based on the lives of high school students. The students find an article in their school newspaper that states "Got a problem? I can help. Need to talk? I'd like to listen. Meet me in Room 77" Justin, one of the main characters, goes to room 77 to see what the whole thing is about. There he talks to the Man who is in there, only he can't see the Man. The Man helps Justin understand that he needs to try honesty. Then,



Jill, another main character, goes to Room 77 also. The Man in Room 77 helps Jill find peace in her life. Justin and Jill then go to find the Bible club president, Marty, to ask him about the Man. With Marty's help, Justin and Jill discover that the Man in Room 77 was, in fact, Jesus. After the performance, we drove two hours to the Reservation.

Each day, Monday through Wednesday, we worked on our service activities. Each morning we headed for the cemetery where we worked until lunchtime, cleaning it up. Because of all the wind in Arizona, most of the graves were covered with dirt, so we uncovered them. I was on the crafts team which made quilts with the Indian women during the afternoons. (See photo of quilt above.) Making the quilts gave us a chance to spend time with Hopi women while they taught us the art. One of the quilts was no ordinary quilt. On its squares we put our favorite Bible verses and quotes. It was hung in the Hopi Community Center. Another one will eventually be hung in the Lighthouse room at our church. ("The Lighthouse" is the name of our high school ministry.)

Most of the guys in our group spent time with the Indian children in the afternoons, playing sports and working with puppets, though a few of them helped with the quilting. There were Bible studies for the men and for the jail prisoners, too.

On Thursday morning, we drove to Canyon de Shelly. While there, we participated in a song and prayer service, and some members of our group were baptized in the water there. Afterward, we drove back to the compound, and that

night we packed our things and prepared to go home the next day.

On Friday morning, we put our duffels in the truck and drove home. It was a very long ride and it rained most of the way.

Going to visit the Hopis in Arizona was a great experience for all of the young people and adults who went. It was tough being in a strange place and sleeping on the floor, but we survived! Personally, I learned several valuable lessons. For example, on Saturday night, as we were driving to Arizona, I started to get homesick and wished I had not gone. When we stopped, my friend, Erika, and I prayed together and my feelings of homesickness left me. For the rest of the week, I didn't get homesick. "And if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." (1 John 5:15) On Thursday night, during sharing time, I realized that through prayer and faith I can accomplish anything. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Philippians 4:13) On the trip I also overcame my fear of heights by climbing the cliffs behind the church where we were staying!

Michelle Kemp

[Michelle, a grandniece of Grace Cox, was 15 years old and a sophomore at Liberty High School in Bakersfield, California, at the time of her trip. She attends Riverlakes Community Church with her parents and sister, April. She loves talking on the phone, e-mailing, writing poetry, reading and going to church. At her school she is in the Web Design class and helped create the web page for her school. Her own personal page is at <http://www.khsd.k12.ca.us/liberty.webclass.kemp/.htm>. She would be delighted for you to visit it.]

THE "PREPARATION DAY"

One of my fondest memories from early childhood involved the "preparation day." On that day each week, Mother and all of us children cleaned and polished until our house shone. The next day's clothing was laid out and the shoes were polished. Plenty of tasty food was prepared, all our toys were put away and baths were taken. Before the setting of the sun, Mama, Daddy and we four children were seated in the living room singing praises to God for bringing us safely through another week to another blessed Sabbath day.

It was especially nice to have our daddy home. He sold Christian books and other gospel literature from door to door and evenings were the best time to find people at home, but on preparation day he came home early to be ready for the Sabbath. After Daddy had read a selection from the Bible, I would take my special Sabbath dolly (we had special toys for the Sabbath that we did not play with at any other time) and my younger brother and I would snuggle up next to him; each of us sitting on an arm of his big chair. Then he would read to



us—one story after another from our Bible or bedtime storybooks. Our older brother and sister (six and eight years older than I) would either listen in or find a good book of their own to read. Sometimes Mama would play for us on her violin.

Daddy was laid to rest over twenty years ago and Mother's violin, the one crafted by her own father, has long been still as well. We children have grown and scattered and our children have children, but the memory of the "preparation day" and the serenity of those long-ago Sabbath evenings will linger in my mind forever.

Esther McDaniel

LEARNING FORGIVENESS; FINDING REST

When I was a child my family moved many times. Adjusting to new communities and new schools was very difficult for me as I was a shy, insecure little girl. It was hard for



me to make friends and fit in with other children. I would withdraw into myself, and I cried a lot. When we moved to Chicago my new school was frightening to me, and I was intimidated by my new surroundings and the strange children. When recess time came I would stay in the schoolroom and cry rather than going out on the playground. There was a teacher, Mrs. Moran, who was very kind to me. She seemed to understand how I felt, and she would stay in the room and talk with me and draw me out. Gradually she gained my confidence and helped me to feel less fearful, and I began to go to the playground with the others.

By the time I was a teenager, resentment and bitterness had grown in my heart. It made me angry inside that I had to undergo these periods of readjustment to new situations because of my parents' decisions. I carried these feelings well into my adult years. Deep down, though, I yearned for better things. I met a lady who studied the Bible with me, and Matthew 6:15 seemed written just for me: "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." I realized that God required me to forgive others. Jeremiah 29:13 became very precious to me, as did Philippians 4:6, 7 and Acts 17:27, 28. As I continued to study, learning to trust in God, the sweet Spirit of Christ subdued the angry, stubborn spirit within me, and I was able to forgive and find joy, rest and peace in Christ who is my all in all.

Jean Patton

[Jean is a widowed mother and grandmother living in Trenton, Tennessee. She delights in studying her Bible and sharing Christ at every opportunity.]

FIRESIDE MEMORIES

Some of my most pleasant childhood memories are centered around the fireplace in my parents' bedroom where we gathered on long winter evenings. My mother always had a quilt in progress mounted in a frame that was suspended from the ceiling, and she would loosen the cords at the corners of the frame, letting the quilt down to the right working height. (My mother's hands were never idle; when she sat down, it was always with something that needed to be done—mending, shelling beans, stringing apples for drying, cracking walnuts.) While my father told fabulous stories about people and events in bygone times, my mother worked on her quilt. Family history came alive to the crackle of the flames and the warm, gentle glow of embers in the grate.

Grace Cox

A CUP OF COLD WATER

Several years ago, during a term of mission service in Africa and while we were living in Bulawayo, arrangements were made for a young girl to come down from Zambia to Bulawayo for plastic surgery. Her face had been badly burned in the fire. (In the wintertime, the Africans sometimes keep a fire going in the hut during the night to keep warm, and little children will occasionally roll into the fire in their sleep.) The father brought the girl down and they stopped at our house. If I remember correctly, the man asked me for a glass of water which, of course, I was happy to give him.

After he got back home, I received a letter from him thanking me for that glass of water. I could hardly believe that the glass of water had meant that much to him!

He seemed to be quite an old man and his handwriting wasn't very good, but that letter was precious to me! I have saved it all these years—since 1963 or 1964. After several years it began to get damaged, so I put clear contact paper over it and it is with my keepsakes.

Verna Peters

[Verna Peters, Esther McDaniel's sister, is a lecturer in secretarial science at Pacific Adventist University in Papua New Guinea. She is a mother and grandmother who has spent 30 years in foreign mission service—mostly in Africa.]

THE BLUE COAT

Times were hard for a poor family living in the hills in the early 1930s. Depression years. There was no money for new clothes, not even enough money for food, but the family was getting by—thanks to the Lord for a good garden that summer, for chickens to lay eggs and for cows to give milk. It was fall. School had started. Soon the weather would be turning cold, and each child would need a coat. Each child **had** a coat that would do for one more winter. Each child, that is, except one daughter who had outgrown hers, passing it down to the next girl younger than she.

Mama had a coat... a pretty coat it was, bright blue. Papa had bought it for her years before, the first winter after he returned home from the Army—from France, where he had fought in the Battle of the Argonne Forest, helping America win World War I. So many years later her pretty blue coat

was no doubt out of style, but style didn't matter to Mama. She had never seen a women's fashion magazine or a big-city department store ad showing "the latest." She was delighted with the coat; it was the nicest one she had ever had, and she still felt special on the rare occasions that she wore it. But now... There had been frost that Sunday morning, the first frost of the season. It reminded Mama that one of her daughters still didn't have a winter coat for school.

I watched as she went to the trunk, raised the cover and lifted out the coat. She stroked the soft, warm fabric, held it to her face for a moment, then slipped it on. She walked over

to the dresser mirror and looked at herself wearing the coat. She turned this way and that, buttoned and unbuttoned it, smiling faintly at her reflection. The years, hard work and childbearing had taken their toll, yet the mirror showed a still-pretty woman with an unaffected charm. Soon, with a deep sigh of resignation and, so I thought, a tear trickling down her cheek, she took the coat off, carried it to the table and spread it out. First with her scissors and then at her treadle sewing machine, she set to work. Before many hours had passed, Mama's pretty, bright blue coat had been transformed into a smaller replica of itself. Her deft hands had sewn love into every stitch, and now she was satisfied; all her children had warm coats for the winter.

Juanita Kemp

[Juanita, who is Grace Cox's sister, is a wife, mother and grandmother, living in Mojave, California. Reading and thrift store shopping are her favorite pastimes. She is active in the Mojave Seventh-day Adventist Church where she has been a member for 45 years.]

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

I am now in my golden years, and my best memories are of my parents and home when I was a child. With what joy we children rushed home after school! My mother was always there waiting with our evening meal on the table. Our family, father, mother and seven children (I was the oldest), gathered around that big, long table to share the food and the happenings of the day.

My father always looked at the bright side of everything, and his cheerfulness made our home a happy place.

Reba Simmons

[Reba lives in Trenton, TN. She enjoys her two daughters, their children and grandchildren. She loves animals but, due to the constraints of apartment living, she has only one pet; a perky cockatiel that has recently begun to talk. She participates in a twice-weekly Bible study group and loves to read her Bible every day.]



IN MEMORY OF IAN

Ian Benjamin Landry, born 15 April 1987, died 15 April 1987

In John 1:46 Nathaniel asked his brother, “Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?” Philip answered simply, “Come and see.” Yes, it can, and did. Can anything good come out of death? Can death bring you to Christ? Yes, it can, and this is my story; come and hear.

I met my husband, Steven, in Germany; he was in the US Army, stationed at Mönchengladbach. I worked for the British Army, and we met at a birthday party. A year later we were married and soon afterward he was transferred to Ft. Steward, Georgia, USA, where he was to serve for a year. I was not a Christian at the time, although I believed that Christ existed, and I believed in God, His Father, though He seemed “too big” for me; somehow frightening. When we met, Steven was studying the Bible with a friend of his and receiving *Signs of the Times*, a Christian magazine that interested me very much.

I became pregnant with our first child and on April 15, 1987, seven months into the pregnancy, I went into heavy labor. After 13 hours, when I was very weakened from labor and still had not dilated more than three centimeters, the doctors finally decided that a C-section would have to be performed. Steven was by my side, and I remember that the anesthesiologist asked me about the name I would like to give to my son. (An ultrasound had been done; we knew that our baby was a boy.) Then I felt some pulling and pushing. The anesthesiologist became worried and asked the doctor if he needed some help. They sent Steven out of the room and I didn’t know if I should scream, or what. But I couldn’t even say a word. I was waiting for the cries of my baby. Finally, they put me all the way out.

When I awakened I saw the faces of my husband and the pastor and Steven’s Company Commander. I asked if my son was all right, and Steven told me that he would be. Well, I suppose, in the worldly sense, I thought he *was* all right, that he was alive; I didn’t understand at that time what he really meant. Finally my husband broke down and told me that our son had died.

I was asked if I would like to hold my son, and I said Yes. I didn’t know at the time what that would mean for

me in the future. What a blessing it was for me to hold my baby in my arms! He looked like an angel. Really, he did. The attending nurse took some pictures of him. This also proved to be such a blessing for me! Later on, in the support groups I attended, I learned that very few mothers had the opportunity to hold their babies that did not survive; neither did many have pictures of them.

I wanted to die. I cursed God. Yes, I hated Him for what He had done to me. What had I done that was so bad, I asked, that He had to punish me that way. I didn’t even want to hear His name anymore. I fell into a very deep depression. I wanted to be with my son. Yes, I wanted to die.

Following my son’s birth I was extremely ill; my temperature climbed very high and I lost a lot of blood. Nothing the medical people did for me helped. I had so many IVs the nurses could no longer find usable veins. Finally, after a few days, the doctors told me that, if I wanted to be able to see my son one more time, I would have to get well and, to do so, I would have to have blood transfusions. Well, I decided to do that because I did want to see him again.

My husband and I decided to send Ian overseas for burial. I couldn’t bear for him to be buried here in America, to me a foreign country. I didn’t know anyone; I was just living here while Steve was assigned to a post here. I didn’t even know if I wanted to stay here for the remainder of Steven’s assignment. After all, they had killed my baby. Poor Steven! He had to make all the arrangements alone—going to the funeral home, buying the casket, shipping our son’s body and arranging for the burial in Germany. He was all alone. We were flat broke so he had to ask the Red Cross to help us with the finances. We had lost a son and in the midst of our grief we had to worry about how to bury him. How cruel and unfair it seemed! My parents in Germany bought the burial place.

Before he was born, I had knitted a white outfit for him. White? Usually, don’t you use blue, green or yellow for a boy? But I wanted to make his in white. Now, our little son was dressed in his white outfit that I had made for him, and he was lying in this little casket. He still looked like an angel. And so he was buried in Germany, in the plot that his grandparents had purchased for him.

I went into a deep depression after that. Remembering, it is as if I was in a trance. It was especially difficult for me to deal with all the baby clothes, the crib and

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OR WHAT.**

other items that had to be put away. I refused to read the Bible, and actually mocked it, trying to find fault with it. It must have been terrible for Steven to see me so depressed. It must have caused him deep pain to hear me cursing God and mocking the Bible. Steven had found himself drifting away from God, but the death of our son had brought him back into a personal relationship with

**I REFUSED
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God and Christ. I know that he felt the same pain as I did, but he was dealing with it differently. His pain was drawing him closer to the God and Savior whom he already knew. Without my loving husband, I could not have made it through that time.

Steven is a very mellow person, not at all violent; but one time, after I refused to read the Bible and mocked it and tried to find fault in it, I started to cry, and cry, and cry, and couldn't stop crying. He finally slapped me right in the face and told me

to get a grip on myself. I know that sounds like a bad thing for him to have done, but it wasn't a mean thing. He was desperate for me to recover from *my* desperation. The slap was meant to bring me back to reality, and it actually helped. As I learned later, many marriages end in divorce after a couple endures such an experience as losing a child. Ours seemed to grow stronger, and the praise for that belongs to God, because it was His working in Steven's heart and, finally, mine that drew us closer to each other.

Well, eventually I decided to go with Steven to church—a Sabbath-keeping church. Wouldn't you know, it was Mother's Day weekend... and the pastor was talking about mothers and children. What a turn-off; I was so upset! For a while that was the end of it. Steven gave up on me and told me that, when I was ready, he would love to study the Bible with me. It took me (and the Holy Spirit) about 3 months, and finally I asked my husband to give me Bible studies. The hardest study for him to give me was on the subject of what happens when you die. It was difficult for me because I had been thinking the whole time that my beloved son was in heaven. But with a lot of prayers and studying I finally came to what I believe to be the correct Biblical understanding of it, that "...the dead know not anything..." (Ecclesiastes 9:5) I finally asked the Lord to come into my life and to heal me of my bitterness and depression. I was baptized together with my husband on our first wedding anniversary, October 10, 1987.

I met some very, very wonderful Christian people in the church we attended in Georgia; it was hard to say

good-bye to them when we left for California. There I was introduced to home schooling and promised myself that, if I ever had children, I would teach them at home.

My emotional healing process was slow. I turned to helping other children and volunteered with the Red Cross because they had helped us in our time of need. I attended two different support groups and found a great deal of comfort within those groups. Each one there had gone through the loss of a child—some as babies, some as toddlers, children, teens and even adults—and I knew that they understood what I had experienced and was experiencing. Gradually I was able to come to terms with the loss of our Ian, and I truly do "know that all things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Romans 8:28) My parents and grandmother are taking good care of Ian's resting place in Germany, and I have learned to love America. Every year on his birthday we send flowers, usually red roses, overseas.

I was fearful that my body had been so damaged during the birth of Ian that I would never have another child. I prayed earnestly for another son and promised the Lord that I would be like Samuel's mother, Hannah, in the Bible; that I would give my son to Him and would raise him for God. Steven and I have been blessed with three more sons: Zachary ("for God has remembered"), David ("love" or "beloved") and Nathaniel ("gift of God"). By the way, Ian is Scottish for John, which means "God is merciful." This next school year will be my seventh year in home schooling. In addition to our own children, our home is blessed with foster children. At the time of this writing, we have two little ones: Elijah, 22 months, and Frank, 2 ½ years, living in our home.

While I was pregnant with Zachary, I was blessed to work with a wonderful lady here in California who was a fine hobby artist. She asked to see my pictures of Ian, then offered to draw his portrait for me. I accepted, and after three months she gave me the completed work. It took that long instead of the usual several days, she told me, because she had to work through her tears and it was slow going. It is a beautiful work of art, and we have it hanging in our living room.

I have my husband's permission to include his testimony to our son at the funeral home, the last time we saw him: "I've got so many things to say, but so short on words. There are so many mixed emotions among us. But yet there are no words that can describe our feelings

**I FINALLY
ASKED THE
LORD TO
COME INTO
MY LIFE AND
TO HEAL ME
OF MY
BITTERNESS
AND
DEPRESSION.**

toward the loss of our baby. Psalm 127:3 came to mind and it reads like this: ‘Behold, children are a gift of the Lord; The fruit of the womb is a reward.’ April 15, 1987—the day we finally received that great gift—we also suffered its loss.

“As I lift my eyes towards heaven seeking comfort, may I rejoice in the sounds of the Scriptures. Luke 20:36: ‘for neither can they die anymore: for they are equal unto the angels; and are children of God, being the children of the resurrection.’ My wife and I lift our Son up today, in the hands of our heavenly father, may Ian Benjamin Landry rest there for an eternity. We love you son. Mom and Dad”

I have to cry as I read that again. I can still see the pain in Steven’s eyes that day. He says that I am a packrat, but I could never throw it away. We also played a song at that time, but everything is foggy and I have a hard time remembering it. I believe it was from Keith Green regarding children. I have tried to find that tape for a long time, but have been unable to do so.

Yes, something good could come out of Nazareth. Nathaniel’s doubts turned to conviction upon meeting Jesus, and he said, “Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.” (John 1:49) Yes, something good can come out of death. My doubts also turned to conviction when I met Jesus my Savior as a result of the death of our son.

**I AM AT
PEACE
NOW.... I
KNOW
THAT I
WILL SEE
HIM AGAIN.**

I am at peace now. I know the truth; I know that I will see him again. It gives me great comfort to look forward to the day—the resurrection day when an angel will bring him to me—when I will again hold Ian in my arms, restored to me in the bloom of health and life.

Addendum: By the way, we had an autopsy done on our son because I wanted to know why he died. We needed to be aware if Ian had any health problems that might affect our future children. As it turned out, the child was in distress and was caught in the pelvic bones. He couldn’t go either way; that was why they had to pull so hard on him even to deliver him by C-section. In the meantime, he had already swallowed a lot of fluid and he actually drowned. They tried to help him, putting a tube into his lungs, but it was already too late. He only lived one-and-a-half hours.

Marion Landry

[Marion lives in California with her husband and children as described in her story. We appreciate so very much her willingness to share their very personal experience. We believe it will bring comfort and blessing to other parents who have suffered similar experiences.]

(Continued from page 5)

and read what was written on it. Thus they remembered God’s past dealings with them.

What a really good idea for family worship! Would our Ebenezer have to be stones? While a stone does represent unchangeable permanence, it would not have to be a stone. A special journal in which are recorded our experiences of God’s guidance and care in our lives, or even pieces of paper on which the events are written and saved in a special place would serve the purpose: To help us remember how He saved our lives from danger, put us in someone’s path just when they needed encouragement or direction; how He showed us Scripture texts that we needed exactly at the right time, or money showed up from nowhere when we were down to nothing.

So let’s set up our own Ebenezer—whatever it takes to help us remember.

Milli Lewis

[Milli is the mother of five children, a homemaker who lives with her husband Jimmy in Batesville, Arkansas. In addition, she works as a Life Skills Instructor with mentally retarded adults. She likes to go camping, swim and write. You won’t want to miss her “Memories of My Dad” appearing in *Hearth Kettle* in this issue.]

Continued from page 7)

enclosed in the ark itself, are three items. (Hebrews 9:4) They are the ten-commandment law of God, written on tables of stone with His own divine finger characterizing its immutable nature; a golden pot of “hidden” manna (Revelation 2:17) reminding us that all our nourishment comes from God; and Aaron’s miraculously budded and fruited rod. The history of Aaron’s rod reveals a rod, initially belonging to Moses, whereby God showed great signs and wonders to the Egyptians. This rod prompts us to allow God to use to His glory whatever He places in our hand. (Exodus 4:2, 17) And it is a continual reminder of the power of God to bring buds, flowers and fruit from these dead sticks—you and I.

In a pocket in the side of the ark (Deuteronomy 31:26) is recorded all of the “law of Moses.” (Joshua 8:31; 1 Kings 2:3; 2 Chronicles 23:18; 30:16; Luke 2:22; John 7:23; Acts 13:39; 15:5) This law, with its sacrificial system and its ceremonial ordinances met its fulfillment in the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary and was therefore “nailed to His cross.” (Colossians 2:14) It’s position “in the side of the ark” as well as the fact that it was written down by Moses in a book (Exodus 24:4) in contrast to being written on tables of stone by the finger of God, reveal its perishable nature.

In the next issue we will discuss further the work of our High Priest in this holy shrine. For now we must be content to realize that when His work is finished in this place it will result in the glorification of His people and their removal from the very *presence* of sin. How I long for that day!

Esther McDaniel

Treasures of the Heart

My memories often wander
To those peaceful country lanes
Where traces of my childhood
Bring a haunting, sweet refrain.

Times were grand, yet simple
(As childhood days should be),
And with each new tomorrow
Came a special joy for me.

To live again these moments
That occupy my heart,
Gives life a precious meaning
And each day a brand new start.

So when I find a need for
A happy thought or two,
I wander to my childhood
Where skies were always blue.



Catherine Janssen Inwin

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A Visit Back Home

Today, we went back to the old home,
My younger sister and me.
We walked once again in the meadow,
And we sat beneath the old maple tree.

We wandered once more to the woodland
Where the fern and the columbine grew.
We gathered flowers from the woodland
Just as children we used to do.

Today we went back to the old home,
But somehow it wasn't the same.
We didn't see Mom's face at the window,
Or hear Dad calling our name.

Two graves, side by side, in the church yard
Tell the story of sorrow and tears,
But someday we know that we will meet them
Where time isn't measured by years.

Merle Wickline Ward

The Hills and Valleys of Home

I yearned to go home one last time
The valleys to walk, the hills to climb,
To see the old house where I was born,
To visit the graves of those I mourn
And somehow recapture my childhood days
Before age overtakes me in its many cruel ways.

I find the garden; the fence is all down.
The peach tree by the gate is withered and brown.
The cellar of stone is in the same place
But the granary and crib have been erased.
With its three empty stalls the log barn is here
Though it seems much smaller and the hayloft is bare.
I try to find the strawberry patch
But the crooked rail fence is gone
The pasture green where new calves played
Is now a forest full-grown.

I find the stream that still runs down the hollow;
Was it wider then and not nearly so shallow?
When I was a child I went wading here.
The water still sparkles, it's cold and clear.
Overcome by impulse I lie face down
And again taste the water straight from the ground.
I walk along the bank over moss-covered rocks
'Til I reach the place, my favorite spot,
Where jacks-in-the-pulpit always grew,
Trilliums and violets and lady slippers too.

I recall the apple tree inside the back gate
Where Papa hung the swing. Why couldn't they wait?
I would like once again to swing high in the air,
Feel the thrill in my stomach, small twinge of fear.
I remember the wagon with wheels smooth and round

That rolled with ease over the ground.
Papa built it for me out of hickory wood.
I pulled my doll in it, and my cats when I could.
And the sleigh that in winter provided such glee
For the older children, then my brother and me.

I see an old house that has had better days.
The steps are sagging and rotting away.
I walk through the door, into the past,
Looking for memories, the kind that last.
I think of my papa who built this home,
Of the sacrifice it took. And now he is gone.
I think of Mama with her gentle, sweet ways,
How hard she worked here all of her days;
Of brothers and a sister, no longer around,
Resting in Spice Field, 'neath grass-covered mounds.

My old home place is fading away.
Hardly a trace can be found today
Of the lively family that once lived here.
I pause to wipe a bittersweet tear,
Then I walk down the steps and across the yard
(Such a short way shouldn't be so hard).

Well, I've come back home one last time.
It has been a good trip, but I'm saddened to find
That the valleys are deeper
And the hills are much steeper
Than ever they were when I was a child,
And with the passing of years
And the shedding of tears
All things tame grow wild.

Grace Pennington

Faded House

I wonder if a faded house
Stands yet atop that hill.
We went there many times when young
And I can see it still.

We trudged with laughter up the lane,
And then around the bend;
Our hearts would skip a beat or two
When we got to the end.

In winter snow lay all around
And smoke rose to the sky.
The trees were white with branches low;
The chimney reached up high.

In spring new daisies framed the house
And the windowpanes would shine—
A grandma would sit on the porch
To drink her tea and dine.

But summer was the grandest time
At that house upon the hill;
We searched for crickets in the grass,
Picked berries by the mill.

And then in autumn came the change—
The world turned red and gold;

The crisp leaves rustled underfoot;
We gathered wood for cold.

That faded house may now be gone—
Or hidden by high grass—
But I would know it anywhere;
Some memories never pass.

Joan Stephen



Memories And Dreams

My dreams are woven on life's giant loom
Out of memory's wool from my childhood home.
Soft as the goose down on which I sleep,
Bright as the quilts of patchwork I keep;
Sweet as the rose that shares its perfume,
Clear as the light of the harvest moon;
Strong s rocks that hold mountains in place,
Tender as the smile on my mother's face;
Gentle as the touch of babies' hands,
Soothing as water lapping silken sands;
Precious as diamonds, worth more than gold
Are memories and dreams of family and home.

Grace Pennington

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