

# Hearth to Hearth

Woman to Woman



Vol. 5, No. 6

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

Nov./Dec. 2002

## **Happy Homemaking and Family Harmony**

# Tips for Increasing Cheerfulness

*Vijai P. Sharma, Ph.D*



Martha Washington, wife of the nation’s first President, was determined to be cheerful and happy whatever situation she was in. She believed that cheerfulness, to a large extent, depended on the disposition of a person and not on his or her circumstances.

“Determination” and “belief” are the two major operatives here. You must be “determined” to be cheerful and you must “believe” that your cheerfulness or happiness largely depends on you and not on your circumstances.

Some view cheerfulness as a personality trait or part of one’s temperament. It might be more meaningful to view cheerfulness as an acquired trait, a habit of the mind.

When you keep on repeating a physical action it becomes a behavioral habit, such as the smoking habit. When you keep repeating such mental actions as thinking a particular thought or believing a particular belief, it becomes a mental habit, like cheerfulness or hopelessness.

Though our thoughts, perceptions and interpretations are mental actions, they do manifest themselves in our physical actions and outward expressions. Your cheerfulness would reflect in such external things as your speech and facial expressions. So if you are a person of cheerful disposition, others would notice it right away.

The word “cheer” is derived from the root word, “chere” which literally means the face. Perhaps people in olden days began to equate joy, mirth and friendship with a brightened smiley face. After all, cheerfulness does show in the facial expression, the look and the demeanor of the person.

Cheerfulness is like having spring season all year long. The joy, mirth, laughter and other momentary expressions of cheerfulness are like weather events of that all-year-long spring season.

Cheerfulness has a social value. A cheerful face is one of the best forms of greeting—makes the other person feel wel-

come and appreciated. It makes them feel good about themselves and is rewarding to the person who initiates the greeting. Mark Twain once said that the best way to cheer yourself up is to try to cheer somebody else up. And, it all begins with a smiley face.

Someone said cheerfulness is infectious. Don’t avoid catching it from someone else. Even better, become a “carrier” of it and infect someone else.

Once fully developed, the cheerful temperament can stay with you forever. In fact, if the emotional development has progressed satisfactorily through the various phases of the life cycle, cheerfulness should increase and not decrease

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answers to "Some hard questions" were excellent. You and your staff have surely been through a very stressful time learning about all this fraud, but praise the Lord, you have not allowed it to smother you and you are looking ahead with courage and God's continued guidance! Again, thank you for your inspirational magazine. Keep up the excellent work! God bless you and all your staff.

*Tennessee*

[Perhaps we did not make it clear that the "severe flooding at OBREC" never happened. The photographs were staged to make us believe the story, which was a lie. Since there had been severe flooding in the area at that time, we truly believed that OBREC had been affected. Not so. *Editor.*]

Thank you for having the guts to tell everyone the truth. May God bless you lots and lots and lots.

*New Jersey*

Someone gave me an old copy of *Hearth to Hearth*. I am very pleased to see this ministry to women. Please send me a copy of your Guidelines for Writers. I am also interested in receiving *Hearth to Hearth* on a regular basis.

*Washington*

Thank you for the *Hearth to Hearth* newsletters... I want to let you know that God has blessed you with this, a fine newsletter... Many fine articles in them. But I want to ask you—have you tried the experiment with a T-bone steak in a bowl of Coke? It's in your May/June 2002 newsletter, "Water vs. Coke." I tried this experiment with a "cheaper" steak, beef chuck top chuck boneless chicken steak. All that is one steak for \$2.99 a pound. It did NOT work at all. I left it sealed in a canning jar for about two months in Coke. I put a dog bone in with it. I didn't want to pay \$8.99 a pound for a T-bone.

*Massachusetts*

[No, I have not tried that experiment. Being a vegetarian, I don't believe I have ever had a T-Bone steak in my house. Thank you for sharing the results of your experiment. We should have checked further before printing something from the Internet. *Editor*]

I was very shocked about the news about the orphanage. But let us be thankful that injustice was no longer allowed to continue. God loves those children and also Lawrence and we trust in Him to work out His perfect will.

I really enjoyed the article "Some Hard Questions." It really made me think and I loved the part about the sponsor (Sally Specht) feeling cheated and so very disappointed and pointing out how much more our heavenly Father will feel disappointed and heartbroken if we aren't at His table in Heaven, after investing so much time and energy on us in such a loving manner. Oh, how I pray we will all be there, wearing the lifesaving robes of Christ's righteousness.

*Australia*

I just finished reading every article in *Hearth to Hearth* and really thought you did a fine job putting everything together. I especially liked the articles by Esther and George McDaniel. The little middle pages with the short stories were fun. Thanks for all your hard work.

*California*

### PRAYER CALL:

1) Pray for the family of Patty Osborne. Remember especially her husband, James, as well as the foster children who were in the home at the time of Patty's death. (See Editorial.)

2) Pray for Mattie Laurell as she adjusts to a new home situation which leaves her lacking in spiritual fellowship.

3) Pray for Pastor Maurice and the orphans he is caring for in Homa Bay.

4) Pray for the people of Asia that they may receive Christ as their Savior, that the role of women may be elevated in their society.

### EDITOR'S NOTES:

» **You may drop a card** to Mattie Laurell at: Rt. 1, Box 617B, London, AR 72847. Better yet, stop by for a visit. Just be sure to phone first and speak to Connie. The number is: 479-885-6404. She would love to hear from you. Keep in mind that she may not be able to reply to everyone.

» **The cheerful face** on our front page belongs to Ginger Jewett, of Sacramento, California. It was submitted by her mother, Sally Specht, whose invaluable aid in securing articles and graphics for each issue of *Hearth to Hearth* is very much appreciated.

» **We have been slow** in answering correspondence and sending receipts for donations due to extenuating circumstances. Thank you for your patience.

### Our Method:

*Hearth to Hearth* is published bi-monthly and sent free upon request. Voluntary donations are appreciated.

### Our Mission:

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, joy and hope; and to encourage each other to find our completeness in Christ as we sojourn here on our way to the kingdom. By this completeness in Christ we become better wives, mothers, daughters, homemakers, neighbors and friends. As an outgrowth of this completeness, we will desire to share the love of God through our efforts to meet the needs of others and to relieve the suffering of those for whom Christ died.

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# The Little Woman Who Could

*Onycha Holt*

She was known to everyone around her—far and wide—as the little woman who could do just about anything. Why, she could make a sestertius\* stretch further than from here to Fish Market Street. She could get three things done at once and never skip a beat. She could be tender and kind to an ill neighbor, but as strong as an ox and stretched to nearly twice her five-foot stature when it came to stopping a gang of bullies from stealing an old man’s only sack of food. She could make them turn tail faster than a scared cat! I know, because I’ve seen her do it. And she could talk faster than a tax collector counting his money, when it came to needing something you had. She never took advantage of you though, but only tried to strike a reasonable bargain that both could be happy with.

There were two things she couldn’t seem to do, however, no matter how hard she tried.

She told me about the first, one evening, after the homes all along her street finally quieted down. The voices tapered off, one-by-one; the kitchen sounds slowly gave way to cleanly-swept hearths, cleared tables, and washed dishes; children’s teasing yells settled into sleepy yawns; the last donkey clip-clopped home as she and I sat under the stars, catching a whiff of the salty breeze and sharing the joys and chuckles of the day. We had known each other since childhood, and I had come to help care for her daughter for a few days. Our conversation slowly wound down and, after a particularly long stretch of quietness, when I

was about to follow the rest of the dark town and crawl into bed, she said, “No matter what I do, where I go, or who I ask, I just can’t seem to find God.”

Thus began a long, low conversation about our gods and also about the Jewish priests, with their aloofness, their abuse of power, and their avoidance of the plainest needs of the widows and of the poor.

And before the night was over, we discussed the other heavy burden she carried—heavier than the first—that of knowing there was nothing she could do to stop the torment her daughter experienced. Try as she might, no one she asked, no one she pleaded with, no one she met, had any answers for her. She put up a good fight during the day for her daughter’s sake, but nights were especially hard for her, and I too felt an anguish born of the helplessness of not knowing what I could do, where I could turn, or even what I could say to comfort her in her grief and sadness.

The new day dawned as it always does, and she and I began the normal routine of breakfast, dressing, and planning. It wasn’t long before she was out the door, on her way to the market, and I stayed with home with Elena, a sweet child whom I have never once heard complain.

Rachel came home with fresh food to fix for dinner, and also with news about a stranger that was heading our way. This man was a Jew, but was coming to Phoenicia for some unknown reason. It was also rumored that he had special powers, and that a crowd always followed him because he could perform miracles. Miracles! Who needed a miracle more than she did? Her eyes began to light up and, quicker than a flash, she was out the door again, saying she would not be back until she had found him. He was her last chance and she was not going to lose it! After all, couldn’t she talk rings around the shop-keepers when she only had a few quadrans to feed her family with?

Elena and I waited and waited. Dusk was beginning to fall. It seemed to me that Elena appeared to perk up and have more energy later in the day. Why, she even started singing, as if she had great news to tell her mother! And while I was trying to sort that out, I heard someone else singing and running along the road toward our house, as if she, too, had great news to tell.

Before I could make any sense out of it, Rachel burst in and swept right past me to

*(Continued on page 9)*



## Come Sit at the Feet of Jesus

# *The Fall and Restoration of Eve*

## Part VI

*Esther McDaniel*

By disobeying God's direct command to not eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, Adam and Eve greatly sinned against God. When they heard the voice of God as He walked in the Garden, they hid themselves from His presence. However, God knew where they were hiding. He had seen the whole sad spectacle unfold. I'm sure His heart was heavy as He searched them out and called them to answer for their crime. He knew what they did not know. He could see the end result; all the ruin, pain and sorrow that they had bequeathed to their posterity, as well as the ruin of the beautiful world that He had created. And He understood completely the separation that sin causes. It would separate them from Himself and from those they loved. God also knew the plan that must be set in motion in order to heal the wounds that sin had caused, and set them on the road to intimate fellowship with Himself and with others. His beloved Son would have to come and live and die among mankind, pay the penalty for their sin, and attempt to help them see that God truly does love them and that Satan is the tyrant who doesn't want them to know God's love. Surely His heart was heavy as He called to Adam and Eve. The beings He had created to be His companions in love and fellowship now feared His approach.

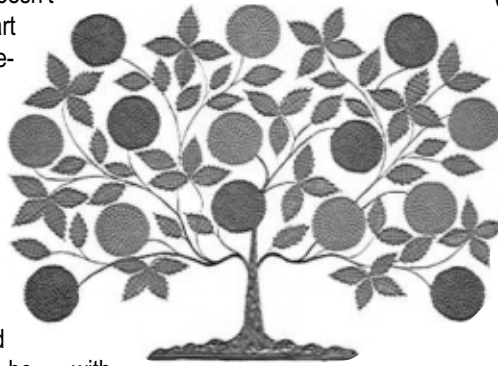
Sadly, He "called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou has done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." (Genesis 3:9-13)

Adam and Eve were called before the tribunal of God and they could no longer tell the truth. In effect, God was asking them, "Did you sin against Me? Did you do what I asked you not to do?" And the only viable answer to the question would have been, "Yes." Yet how did they answer? Adam immediately placed the blame on Eve—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me..." How twisted his thinking had become in a short time! It was because he "loved" her so much that he had eaten the fruit to begin with—he could not bear to be separated from her. Now he is blaming her. How quickly had his love turned to selfishness. Eve cast blame upon the serpent, saying, "The serpent beguiled me..." But who was it that had placed the tree in the garden? Who was it that had made the serpent, and even the being who had spoken through the serpent? And who was it that had made Eve? In placing the blame on his companion, in placing the blame on the serpent, Adam and Eve had ultimately placed the blame directly upon God. Adam's words, "The woman whom thou gavest..." must have truly pained the heart of God.

Sisters, one day we, too, will be called before the tribunal of God. The Scriptures are very clear: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Corinthians 5:10)

Will we, like Adam and Eve, cast blame on others, or on our circumstances? Will we say things like, "My parents were hypocrites; they taught me to lie"? "I was raised in the slums; I didn't have a chance"? "I was abused as a child; it is impossible for me to trust anyone, let alone God"? "My father was a tyrant; how can I possibly conceive of a God of love"? These obstacles, though difficult to overcome, are no excuse for sin. In casting blame on others, we, too, are placing the blame directly upon God.

We must decide who is to blame! Will we, with Adam, blame God for the circumstances and the people in our lives which have made it difficult for us to believe; to trust? Will we, with Eve, blame the serpent (Satan), and claim, "the Devil made me do it." How will our excuses sound when we stand before the Great Judge of all the earth? God has promised, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." (Proverbs 28:13) What a wonderful God!



God's love is so marvelous that it reaches down to the very depths of the universe to you and me, and raises us back up to a relationship with Him, one in which we can once again walk and talk with Him and find joy in intimate fellowship. In order to accomplish this, we must take responsibility for our own thoughts and actions. If they are not in harmony with the character of God, confess them and turn from them. God is faithful and just to forgive us and to then cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John 1:9) He is even willing to cast our sins into the depths of the

sea (Micah 7:19), forever to remain there, or to fling them far to the east or to the west (Psalm 103:12). We have a loving Savior who is compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, full of mercy to the thousandth generation, and forgiving of iniquity and transgressions. What have we to fear?

Previously in this series, we have discussed five lessons which, if learned, will help us avoid making Eve's mistake so that we may keep from sinning against God and reclaim for ourselves the victory that Eve lost. Let us paraphrase these five lessons for review:

Lesson #1: Stay far away from forbidden fruit by allowing God to use us continually in His work.

Lesson #2: Refuse to reason with the serpent—choose instead to submit to the thoughts of God.

Lesson #3: Do not trust the evidence of our own senses—rather, trust in God's Word.

Lesson #4: Avoid coveting anything that God has withheld—maintain surrender of our minds and thoughts to God.

Lesson #5: Don't hide from God—but believe and hope in His mercy.

This brings us to the sixth and final lesson of this series:

LESSON #6: Because God has provided a way for us to keep from sinning, we must recognize that our sin is our own fault. No one else and nothing else is responsible. *We must take responsibility for our own sin!*



## A Page from My Experience

# My Special In-laws, My Special Blessings

*Sally Specht*

Dad, age ninety-three, was in the hospital. He had been in and out a few times in the last couple of years and we were pretty sure this would be the last time. He was doing very poorly and was having difficulty breathing. It was the day of our academy graduation and we had stopped in to see him before attending the exercises.

It was almost time to leave when I had a strong feeling we should stay with Dad a little longer. The nurse had just given him a shot of morphine and he seemed more agitated than usual. As we stood by his bed, I had his hand in mine and Wally, my husband, was stroking his head. He riveted his eyes onto mine as if to say, "Help me, I'm dying." I felt so sad and frustrated that I couldn't help him. He stopped breathing and began sucking air; then his eyes rolled back. I said, "Wally, I think he's gone." We were so sad.

When the nurse came in, Wally moved around to the end of the bed. She took Dad's vital signs and looked up at me. I was standing on the other side of the bed crying, so she asked, "Was this your father?"

Without thinking I just blubbered, "No, he was my science teacher." From Wally at the end of the bed came a little choked laugh, which seemed to break the tension, but I hadn't meant to be funny. My mind was in a fog and, at her question, it just went back to the first time I had met my father-in-law.

Carl Specht was a very intelligent man who taught math, science, geometry, and physics in Colorado and California for forty years, but most of that experience came after I met him as a fourteen-year-old girl. I was in a boarding academy and very homesick when I found myself in a general science class taught by him. Some years later, I married his son. Carl was a wonderful father-in-law, and I loved him very much. He loved me, too. Sometimes

his daughter, Charlene, would say, "You are his favorite child."

Carl came to live with us when he was eighty-seven years old. This was a very difficult time for him, as he could no longer live by himself and manage his own finances, plan and prepare his own food, and handle the numerous other aspects of independent living. So in one week's time a large garage sale of his household goods took place, and his house was sold, also. The Lord blessed as we proceeded to make this much needed change in Dad's life and ours.



**Mabel, Carl and Hazel**

Moving in with his kids after being independent was quite an adjustment. Although he had his own room and his own familiar things around him, he was in a daze at first. He loved gardening, and he always had a big garden at home. He had brought all his gardening tools with him, so we gave him a plot of plowed ground and he got busy planting and tending a large garden. Before long he was bringing in more produce than we could eat.

When camp meeting time arrived, we decided to take Dad with us. During camp meeting, we always got together

with other families and shared our meals, so I thought it would be nice if Dad could pick some corn from his garden to take along. He came into the house a little later and said he had picked 150 ears of corn for us. I thought he must be a bit confused as that seemed like a lot. I went into the garage to check, but couldn't find any corn. Where could he have put it? I went back inside and questioned, "Dad, where is the corn?" He told me he had put it in a cooler out in the garage. Well, I went out again and looked in the ice chests, but still no corn. Finally I looked in two large five-gallon water containers, and there they were, all 150 ears of corn, just as he had said! It was just like him to be concerned about keeping it as cool and fresh as possible, and to be thoughtful enough to find the best place available, in his view, in which to store it! Needless to say, we fed lots of people corn at that camp meeting!

My mother-in-law, Mabel, died when she was seventy-two. She had a stroke and lived only three weeks afterward. I wasn't employed at the time so I chose to stay with Dad and Mom during this terrible time. I was the only one with her when she died. Both Charlene and Wally had been there, but they had to get back to their jobs. Dad had just left the hospital room when she breathed her last.

It was such a sad time for all of us. She had been like a second mother to me, always so supportive from the day Wally and I began dating. What a wonderful woman she was. In her letters to us, which she faithfully wrote, she would always include something about our staying close to Jesus, remembering that Jesus is our best friend, and so on. She was always cheerful and fun loving, and she had such a great laugh. It was a true pleasure to be around her.

When we were going through their things after they were both gone, I

found a big box filled with letters, old newspaper clippings about family marriages, job changes, etc., and other memorabilia. It must have contained almost every letter I had ever written them. I enjoyed reading them and chuckling again over some of our children's cute sayings when they were little. She had kept it all.

When Mother died, Dad was still young, handsome, very healthy and full of life. He was quite a catch. One of Carl and Mabel's best friends was Hazel, Mabel's sister, who had always been there for them. She was "Auntie Hazel" to all of us, a true friend and Christian lady. Hazel had been a widow for forty years. We were not ter-

*(Continued from page 1)*

during the senior years. Only the people who have been cynical and negative throughout their life tend to become grumpier.

Cheerfulness in old age is a sign of a successful and happy life. It shows that the old person has it all under control. Someone said there is nothing more beautiful than cheerfulness in an old face.

So, if cheerfulness is a habit of mind, what might be the mental actions? What should be repeated over and over again to form such a habit? One such mental action is to think cheerful thoughts. But first, learn to identify your thoughts. Thoughts are part of your internal speech. It is the talk you do with yourself inside your head.

In order to develop or strengthen the cheerful habit, your self-talk should be positive rather than negative, optimistic rather than pessimistic, affirmative rather than denigrating, and approving rather than dismissive or condemning.

We say something in our head about every single thing we experience in a day's span. For example, as you read this article, you may be talking to yourself about it cheerfully or cheerlessly. The talk of a cheerless person may consist of saying something like,

ribly surprised, a year later, to hear of their upcoming marriage.

I remember them coming to our house a few months after Mabel's death and Dad acting a bit twitterpated; so I crawled into bed one morning with Hazel and said to her, "Auntie Hazel, don't think you have to be obligated to Dad; he will be fine. This is not your job, you know." She just gave me a darling little sly smile that said it all.

They had a beautiful little wedding on my birthday in November. What a special day that was. Dad was happy again, and life was good.

Carl and Hazel were married almost twenty years and had some wonderful times together. They had taken some

"Sure! Dr. Sharma, like you can be cheerful all the time. How can you be cheerful when your child cries all night, your spouse won't take any responsibility around the house and you have a boss who is determined to make your life miserable?"

### **The Path to Cheerfulness**

The voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, and act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. To feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and courage will very likely replace fear. If we act as if from some better feeling, the bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab and silently steals away.

*William James*

To continue with the example, the talk of a cheerful person may consist of something like this, "This is very interesting. This confirms what I had believed and practiced all along. No matter what the circumstances, keep your spirits up and keep plugging. You still cut up and try to be pleasant around others. It doesn't cost anything to smile and be nice to others."

"Whatever is, is" is the motto of the cheerful people. They accept unfavorable circumstances and put the best face on them. Cheerless people tend to feel angry, frustrated and punished by

trips and Dad had even gotten to go back to his homeland, Germany, during those years. When we moved Dad in with us, we had to move Hazel into a rest home because of Alzheimer's disease. She continued to be happy and sweet even though confused. She died three years later with her children by her side.

I could never have desired three more wonderful people as in-laws. Now these three are no longer in our lives, but what precious memories, what a wonderful heritage they have left for us and for our children.



[Sally, who has a zest for life herself, is currently vacationing in Hawaii with her husband, Wally.]

those circumstances. So, more of the similar circumstances follow them.

Just like most people try to develop physical immunity to viruses and germs, we should also make an effort to develop emotional immunity to such events as the frustrations, disappointments and setbacks of life. So, develop your emotional immunity.

Cultivate an optimistic outlook. Constantly recharge yourself with everyday sensual pleasures, like the laughter and smiles of children walking by, strolling around the garden and opening yourself up to its sensual delights, taking a pleasant walk, talking with people or simply enjoying stretching and exercising.

Mind can enhance the enjoyment of things or it can kill it altogether. For example, two people see the same sunset, a rainbow in the sky or a rose on the bush; one might be filled with joy and gratefulness while the other may be too wrapped up in his or her conflicts and tensions to be moved by such phenomena.

There is a Chinese proverb that says, "Keep the tree of your heart green and perhaps the singing bird will come."



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## Health is Wealth

# Fearfully and Wonderfully Made (Part 3)

*George McDaniel*

Good health—something we all want, at least to the extent that we feel good and don't have pain. However, most don't pay any attention to health until they become sick. This frequently happens as we grow older and the cumulative effects of years of poor choices begin to be felt. The earlier in life we begin to put good health principles into practice, the better off we will be. However, it is never too late to begin learning and practicing right ways of living, as long as we still have the ability to reason and are able to make decisions for ourselves.

The body is an amazing organism. It can suffer years of abuse and mistreatment, and begin to break down; but if proper lifestyle changes are made, it can recuperate and regain much, if not all, of its proper function. Even people who have been given up by the medical profession, and told death is certain and imminent, have recovered their health by learning to assist the body's innate ability to heal itself. One prominent example of this is Dr. Lorraine Day, MD. She is an orthopedic surgeon and was for 15 years on the faculty of the University of California, San Francisco, School of Medicine, as associate professor and vice-chairman of the Department of Orthopedic Surgery. She was also Chief of Orthopedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital.

About 10 years ago she developed breast cancer. At the time of diagnosis, it had already invaded the muscles of her chest wall. The outlook was grim. She states, "The doctors told me, 'You have cancer. You're going to die.' But they were wrong. I refused chemotherapy, radiation, and mutilating surgery, the treatment methods all surgeons are taught, and got well by using natural remedies." (Note that she did have surgery twice to remove the tumor itself—but no radical mastectomy or lymph node removal.) Over the years, she had seen many cancer patients die from their treatment, rather than from their disease, because chemotherapy and radiation suppress the immune system, which is the same system that a cancer patient needs to get well. Instead, she chose to rebuild her immune system, using the simple natural therapies designed by God and outlined in the Bible, so her body could heal itself. These therapies are the same ones we are going to investigate in future articles.

Anyone who is currently under a doctor's care for health problems should not make any changes in the program without consulting the doctor. It is very important to know the reasons for everything one does. Remember that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It is a matter of good vs. better or best and one must prayerfully do much study to discover the best.

By the way, Dr. Day has made some videotapes on her experience. Two of them are: "Cancer Doesn't Scare Me Anymore," and "You Can't Improve on God." Incidentally, she also made two videos on AIDS in 1992, at the time she was struggling with the cancer. It is very informative to note the difference in her appearance at that time and four years later when she made the videos on cancer. In the earlier videos, she looked exhausted, haggard, and possibly in her mid-sixties. (Actually, she was mid-fifties.) Four years later, she appears 15-20 years younger, full of energy and very much alive. That, in itself, reveals much about the benefits of the program. Check out her web site at [www.drday.com](http://www.drday.com) to learn more about her.

The major cause of disease is a weakened immune system. This should be obvious, since a healthy immune system will enable the body to fight off disease and quickly repair any damage done. There are many factors that can cause a weakened immune

system, but they can be summed up in one word, stress. Stress can be physical, mental or emotional. It can come from outside the body or from within. Stress is the body's reaction to a stimulus that upsets its natural balance, its normal function, and disturbs mental or physical health. Any illness that results adds to the stress. Some people are able to handle stress well, while others are easily affected by it.

One example of things that cause stress is toxins, both those produced by the body and those present in the environment. Our body's defenses are being overwhelmed by ever increasing amounts of toxins in our air, water, food, medicine, etc. Other stressors include: family problems, death or serious illness of loved ones, pressures at work, financial pressures, crowds, noise, traffic, pain, temperature extremes, lack of sleep, substance abuse, smoking, nutritional deficiencies, dehydration, terrorism or the threat of it, uncertainty about the future, etc. The list could go on almost endlessly. Even though we can't totally eliminate

### Health vs. Wealth

We squander health  
In search of wealth  
We scheme and toil and save;  
Then squander wealth  
in search of health—  
and all we get's a grave.  
We live and boast  
of what we own,  
we die, and only get  
a stone.

*Author Unknown*

stress from our lives, we can minimize it and learn to deal with what we can't avoid.

In trying to understand how to keep ourselves in good health, it is helpful to know what constitutes life itself, in so far as it is possible for us to do so. To state it very simply, the difference between a living organism and a dead one is that the living organism is electrically active. Not just the brain cells, but also every cell in the body produces electricity and functions by electricity. Whatever we can do to maintain that electric current will result in health. What ever lessens that current will result in sickness.

It is my understanding that some researchers have actually probed living cells, trying to determine what it is that constitutes "life." They were looking for some spark of life or some living entity that could explain life. Nothing has been found, and probably never will be.

The understanding of most scientists today is that life is merely the result of certain complex biochemical reactions. This is the reason why one frequently hears or reads statements that someday soon a scientist will create living matter in a test tube. A Christian who believes that the Bible is the divinely-inspired Word of God, knows that life is the result of divine action. Genesis 2:7 says, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." That being that God formed was just an inert, although very complex, statue until God gave it life. God is life. (See John 5:26) He gave it to Adam and Eve. From them it passed down to their descendants. The life we each possess came originally from God. The life force is, of course, much weaker in us than in Adam. This is the truth of the origin of life. It is infinitely more than just the result of a series of biochemical reactions.

As we continue to study the topic of health in future articles, and as we contemplate the other issues that are dealt with in this publication, it would be well to remember the words of Jesus as written in Matthew 6:13, 14: "Enter ye in at the strait [difficult] gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

The way that leads to life, to God, is neither easy nor popular. In order to enter that way, we have to give up our wants, our thoughts, our ambitions, and seek the will of our Heavenly Father. If we don't want to meet those conditions, our lives may be easier for awhile, but then we will have entered the way that leads to failure and eventual destruction and will have no one to blame but self.



[George is a retired registered nurse who enjoys doing research into how the body functions and how to keep it in optimum health. He makes his home in West Virginia.]

(Continued from page 4)

Elena. It was hard to tell who was hugging whom, but it was obvious something wonderful had happened. They pulled me into their circle and soon we all collapsed on the floor, where the story unfolded with shouts of joy!

Rachel told me how she watched Him coming her way, and of her dismal thoughts of being only a heathen in His sight, but her love for Elena propelled her toward Him. This Jew had healed others, she just had to get His help

*It was hard to tell who was hugging whom, but it was obvious something wonderful had happened.*

too! He was her only hope, and she was not going to let this moment pass. So, she spoke loudly to Him. He did not turn His back on her and kick dirt upon her, as a Jewish priest might have done, but He did keep walking on. She implored Him again for help, and, wonder of wonders, He answered her! Even though He was saying no, she persisted, spurred on by the fact that there was no

disdain in His voice, no withering look on His face, and no impatience with her. His companions, though, were a different story, and tried to shoo her away, which made both of us laugh—obviously they didn't know her reputation! When He praised her faith, she said something happened inside her. His look was so full of love for her that it filled her completely with joy and peace. She knew this must be what God is like! Both she and her daughter had been healed in the same moment!

Sleep came hard that night. Finally, Elena drifted off, her face a study of peace and contentment. Rachel and I rested again under the stars that night; she, thinking and reminiscing about how in her search she not only had found healing for her daughter, but for herself also, and I, thinking that this marvelous little woman who before could have done almost anything, had now done everything by meeting the Son of God!

Signed:

*Emelia of Chesley Row*  
Third month, twentieth day  
In the reign of Herod Philip



[\*A sestertius is a coin equal to one quarter of a denarius. This story is based on Matthew 15:21-28 and Mark 7:24-36. Onycha Holt is doing well following her surgery and is thankful for the prayers of her friends, the care of her family and, most of all, for the sustaining power of God.]

## Barbie, My Ray of Sunshine

I believe my life has been most impacted by the women who have touched it. I am eternally grateful and forever linked by the heart to my mother, sisters, daughter, and now, my beautiful granddaughters. But, it is someone I met just three years ago who taught me a greater appreciation for all my blessings, and she doesn't even know it. Her name is Barbie, a 47-year-old woman who has Huntington's-Chorea disease.

While visiting my father in the nursing home, I spotted Barbie sitting tied in her wheelchair, waiting for someone to feed her. Her arms were flailing wildly, and she made strange, guttural noises. As no one appeared to feed her, I asked if I might. Thus began a long and meaningful friendship. Each bite eaten was a reward; feeding Barbie is very tedious.

As I learned more about her, each of her losses made my life seem more precious. She was stricken in her late thirties, and her husband, not being able to handle the grief, divorced her. Her only daughter, who also carries the gene, rarely visits her. But Barbie has a zest for life unequaled by most far luckier people. Her frequent smiles would light up a room. The taste of a square of Hershey's chocolate melting on her tongue brings shrieks of delight. A gift of a small stuffed animal is treasured, and just having me sit and read to her inspires a look of great devotion.

Upon learning Barbie had not been out of the home for over two years, I begged the administrator to let me take her for an outing. After signing the necessary papers, the nurses loaded her into my car. It was a beautiful summer day. I opened the sunroof, put a pair of sunglasses on Barbie, cranked up the radio, and we drove around the shores of Grand Traverse Bay for over three hours, laughing like teenagers. The sight of her turning her face to the sun, trying to sing to the music, made for a day I will always treasure.

On each return trip to Tendercare, I see Barbie decline. But no one can take that day from us. Thank you, Barbie, for being my friend. May the sun always shine on your face. I love you.

*Vicki Kritzell, Ohio*

## Shepherd of One

The Shepherd of One rose early. She didn't want to be late. She dressed quickly, ate a small breakfast, and gathered her items to leave. She didn't have much to teach the lesson with, just a quarterly with a few pictures in it. No matter—she knew the story well. So, with a prayer in her heart, she left; and, driving carefully, she arrived at church at 9:15.

The eldest lamb, meanwhile, had rushed through breakfast with spilled milk and a frantic search for her sister's left Sabbath shoe. Finally everyone threw on his coat, and dashed out the door, all the while arguing whose turn it was to sit by the window. Father settled the issue with raised voice, and oldest lamb, middle lamb, and youngest lamb rode discontentedly to Sabbath School, each determining in his own mind the seating arrangement for the ride home.

Arriving at 9:40, each lamb went his separate way to Sabbath School. Eldest lamb was greeted at the door of her Sabbath School with a smile by The Shepherd of One. Today, nothing is remembered of the Sabbath School program, the songs sung, or the room's décor. Memories remain, how-

ever, of sitting at the Shepherd's table, often as the only student, and listening to a Bible story that had only a picture or two for illustration. The Shepherd of One may have been unaware of the heavenly gathering around that table, of the holy atmosphere it held for a little lost lamb, but the lamb has never forgotten.

At 10:40, eldest lamb reclaimed her coat, and with a Sabbath School paper in hand, went out the door to rejoin the noisy world of adults. The Shepherd of One folded her papers and sighed as she turned out the light, wondering if all this effort was worth it for one little 7-year-old. Would she ever remember any of this when she became an adult? Nevertheless, as she closed the door, she knew she would return again the next Sabbath morning, armed with a lesson and a smile, ready to implant the love of God deeper in the hearts and minds of little lost lambs. And for her willingness to share this love in a small Sabbath School with little resources, I am very grateful.

*Onycha Holt, West Virginia*

## A Twinkle in Ogden

Marjorie Perrins Greenwell's 92-year old fingers have that look of aged delicacy; the skin, like rumpled silk, fragile and thin. But those same fingers hammer across piano keys, banging out boogie-woogie, caressing out waltzes, or Bach? Chopin? Name it!!

"Do you recognize this?" said Greenwell, as she stroked a delicate minuet. "Want to learn piano? This is Hi-diddle-diddle, the D's in the middle," and she pointed to a white key between two black ones. That's how you teach fingers where the keys are, she said. "Teach silly little rhymes!"

Her fingers have been making her living in Ogden since she was in high school teaching others her art. Her fingers took her to the San Francisco Conservatory of Music where she studied under Ernest Block, a noted composer and performer. With this talent, she came home, and in time had two grand pianos in her living room. She had as many as 50 students at one time, but only takes 29 or so now, starting the little ones out with rhymes to help them remember the names of the keys (All Cars Eat Gas, and Every Good Bird Does Fly)!

What you have just read are excerpts from an article, written in 1998, by Charles Trentelman for the "Wasatch Rambler." [A weekly publication from Ogden, Utah.] This wonderful lady was my Aunt. She's the one who gave me my love of music and laughter; going to her house for lessons was always the "fun" part (can't say as much for the "practicing" part). I'll always remember her giggle, and the twinkle in her eye. It is now 2002. In January, she performed her 40-minute Medley of the beautiful "Classics," (and even threw in a little "St. Louie Blues") for a Church Ladies Convention—those fragile fingers never forgetting a note. In February she turned 96 years old and still taught 6 or 8 students. In June, that "Twinkle" went out in Ogden. Be thankful for your Blessings—She was mine.

*Susie Carter, Colorado*

# of Blessings

## Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven

When asked to write a paragraph about a person who impacted my life, I could only think of how my children have been so special to me.

April Ann never made it home from the hospital. I watched as my tiny baby grew in strength and desire to live; yet I never had a chance to even hold her. Laurie was such a joy and so determined. She taught me to think and find ways to handle her mischievous ideas and dreams. Lanette was so frail and tiny I used doll clothes on her and prayed for her to gain strength and health. A doll cradle was her bed until she was six months old. She has always been so generous. Joshua taught me love was not just a word. It was doing instead of saying. He wanted to change the world and thought he could, with love. He was killed in 1986, while hiking up an Alaskan glacier. Wesley was my little scientist and was so eager to learn. He is always eager to please. Shane was born with determination and love for everyone. I watched him struggle for his very life. He was born with spina bifida, but that never stopped him.

So you see, I have learned so much from my children. I loved them all distinctly and differently. They taught me love, patience, wisdom, compassion, kindness, generosity, and how to forgive and forget when things went wrong. I thank God every day for His gifts to me, my children.

*Alice Fredrick, Arizona*

## The Tie That Binds

My grandmother is currently in the hospital undergoing tests. Despite her age, something no one is allowed to discuss openly, this is the first time she's been admitted to a hospital for illness since about the 1940's. Seeing her there in bed, forgetting her own discomfort at the sight of one of her own, has reminded me of two things. One, I've allowed this hectic life to rob me of time with her for far too long. And two, she is quite a unique and spirited person.

She is very family-oriented: proud of the strength of her posterity. She is both gentle and fierce. Specifically, gentle and loving towards anyone in her family, yet fierce towards any who would threaten the same. She has made the concern of her loved ones her lot in life, worrying about their well-being, praying for their safety, ignoring their faults. She loves hugs, even extending hers to the attending nurses for their kind service. She can be quite selfless. But then again, we all know where we get our stubborn streak from.

Looking very fragile in her hospital-issued gown, I don't want to think about what tomorrow may hold for her. What I do know is that she is a true matriarch. Sustained by her own distinct brand of faith she is the tie that binds, the glue that holds this diverse family together. It is my prayer that she continues to hold us together for many good years to come. But if not, I comfort myself knowing that when the time comes to say good-bye, it will only be for a little while.

*Pat Kroeger, Kentucky*

## A Father's Example

My father, Kenneth Herman Griffith, passed away 25 years ago this month (October) at the age of 63. I remember Daddy as always cheerful; the life of the party. Yet he had a no-nonsense side to him as well. Daddy struggled with a weight problem, at one time carrying nearly 300 pounds on his 5'7" frame. He would try so hard, weighing each portion before putting it into his mouth, carefully adding up the calories and losing several pounds. Then he'd hit a plateau and all his good resolves would fly out the window.

Daddy worked hard, long hours, but, with six mouths to feed, he just couldn't seem to get ahead. Though I knew there was no money for extras, I never felt poor (largely due to my Mother's talent of . Our home was always filled with love and laughter.

I received a love of nature, poetry and art from both my parents, but Daddy, especially, gave me the inspiration and the permission to be myself, pursue my dreams and to not apologize for who I am.

While Daddy had to deal with ridicule, misunderstanding and even slander, he held his head high and went about the business of caring for his family, along with the "strays" that Mother and the rest of us often brought home.

I have not been back to Daddy's grave since the day we laid him to rest. I see no purpose in visiting the site, but I know that the angels have marked that grave and on that day when the last trumpet is sounded, he shall awake, incorruptible (1 Corinthians 15:52), and I shall be comforted in his presence.

*Esther McDaniel, West Virginia*

## Her Heart Safely Rests

I was married at age 22, not knowing exactly how wonderful and honorable was the man I married. After being married to him now for 18 years, I know that turning to and trusting God in leading me to this decision was the best thing I ever did. I saw glimpses of how sweet and kind Dave was while we were dating, of course, but these past 18 years I've seen unconditional love, unfailing faithfulness and an incredibly strong commitment to God and our family; a dedicated father to our two daughters, who are our most precious gifts from God.

Dave is a person who always tries to be a friend to those who don't have friends. In our church, sometimes, there are people who are alone and don't have friends and he will always go out of his way to do things for them and include them. These acts of kindness show me what God is like.

I think one of the most important choices a person makes in life is who they marry. I would have to say that the man I married is the person who has shown me what unselfish Christianity is all about. During my college years, when I was dating, I was becoming very discouraged about men. Then I gave up my way and let God lead and He gave me just what I needed. I thank Him and praise Him for this wonderful gift.

*Ginger Jewett, California*

## **Encouraging News from Homa Bay**

*Vicki Kritzell*

As you will recall from our Aug./Sept. issue of *Hearth to Hearth*, there was a disturbing chain of events at OBREC, culminating in the dispersal of the orphans to various locations, and the closing of the orphanage. At that time, we were unsure what our involvement with the children would be, if any.

Much has transpired over the past two months, and we have more information to relate to you. Most importantly, it seems we are going to be able to continue to help some of the children without the worry of involvement by Lawrence Allosso Kojwang (who seems to have completely disappeared from the area).

We have had many reports from both officials and visitors to the area, as well as from Pastor Maurice Odhiambo and Eliud Ogutu Otieno, a former teacher. These reports support each other in being accurate.

### **We have had many reports from both officials and visitors to the area...**

Pastor Odhiamobo has been investigating the whereabouts of the children. He learned that the government notified parents, or other extended family members, to come for the children who had been taken in by the Pentecostal church orphanage at Homa Bay. The children who were taken to the orphanage in Kericho have also been sent away. Many of the children who had been sent to these two orphanages were not orphans, but some were. He worries that these will suffer at the hands of relatives. Some of them have been brought to Pastor by relatives who cannot care for them. Hopefully we will learn more of the children in the near future.

Pastor discovered that Beryl, the little four-year-old girl with AIDS, has been taken by one of the workers from the Pentecostal church orphanage. He reports she is being well cared for and is doing better. He has also been searching for a little girl named Auma, and is hoping she and some of the others will come to him.

At present, Pastor has 17 of the children living with him. The children range in age from four years to teenagers. He also has three children of his own, bringing the total in his household to 22! These children have come to him because they have nowhere else to go, and he will not turn them away. Pastor Maurice has related he loves these children and must find a way to keep them from the streets even as he struggles to feed his own family. His wife, Edith, supports this undertaking. In a recent conversation, he shared some of the heartbreak and loss these children have endured. Surely it would bring tears to the hardest of hearts. During the nightly devotion, one of the children was discovered to be crying. When he questioned the child, she could not understand why, if God loves her, He would make her mother and father die and leave her and her siblings to suffer so. Other children then joined in, searching for answers from one they have grown to trust. Their spiritual growth requires an end to this suffering so they might feel the love and compassion of God in their lives instead of constant pain and despair.

Pastor feels he can manage this brood on about \$400 US a month after he gets the necessary household items he lacks. Obviously, going from a household of 5 persons to 22 requires the addition of many items. He has given us a list of the most urgent, as

follows: Cooking pots, cups, plates, spoons, an electric kettle for boiling drinking water (1,500 Kshs, or about \$20), thermoses for keeping the morning tea hot for the school children, basins for bathing and washing clothes, “decker” beds, sheets, blankets, mosquito nets, school uniforms, school bags, shoes, towels, chairs, benches, and a large table. One can only imagine the needs generated by adding 17 children to a family in a matter of weeks.

### **Their spiritual growth requires an end to this suffering so they might feel the love and compassion of God in their lives instead of constant pain and despair.**

There are two ways to address this issue. We can try to sponsor each child who is with him, guaranteeing them a home, or we can rely on donations that come from the heart. We feel the best approach is a combination of both: raise enough money initially for Pastor and his wife to purchase the aforementioned basics, and find sponsors for each of the children to guarantee a monthly flow of income. It should also be noted the children are continuing to come. We have changed the number three times in as many days! (The children presently in his home are: Night Akoth, Maureen Akinyi, Daniel Matiku, Millicent Adhiambo, Elgah Akoth, Paul Gumbo, Joel Omondi, Fredrick Odhiambo, Winnie Akoth, Winnie Atieno, Jerome Obudho, Felix Juma, Collins Ogola, Evans Omondi, and Joshua Akumu. Just today, October 28, two more children were brought.

These boys are Antony Abuor, who is very young and has AIDS, and Francis Ooko. Five of these boys are brothers! All are true orphans.) Of these children, Jerome is the only one currently sponsored. It is likely that Pastor will need to search for a larger home for his new family.

### **It is likely that Pastor will need to search for a larger home for his new family.**

A recent visit by a deputy from the Homa Bay Police Department left a good impression on the officer. He was pleased with the care the children were receiving, but suggested Pastor try to provide beds so they don't have to sleep on mattresses on the floor. He has been able to buy six beds, but needs more. We received a request from one of the older boys who is away at school to ask Pastor if he, too, might stay at his house while not in school. He told us he is tired of sleeping at Lawrence's home on rags on the floor. He says, "I want to stay with Pastor Maurice when it is holidays. I went there and saw how orphans he has are eating well and they are clean. We love the pastor." Pastor informed us today he would gladly take him in when he is on break.

Because of your generosity, faith, and continued support, we were able to send Pastor \$400 in October. With that amount, plus money he has received privately for his own needs, he has managed to do the following, for which he has faxed records:

- House rent 2,500 Kshs
- Mattresses (4) 4,800 Kshs
- Shoes (4 pr.) 2,400 Kshs
- Bed sheets (3 pr.) 1,950 Kshs
- School socks (6 pr.) 450 Kshs
- Uniform for Joel 800 Kshs
- School bags (3) 1,350 Kshs
- School fees (5 children) 2,500 Kshs

The remainder was spent on food items, including rice, corn, beans, assorted vegetables and fruits, eggs, milk, cooking fat, salt, sugar, and spaghetti. Wheat flour was also purchased to make chapatti, the flat bread used to scoop the food and juices into the mouth. At the current exchange rate, \$100 US converts to 7,614 Kenyan shillings.

Eliud Ogutu Otieno, a teacher who worked at OBREC for a very short time and has been instrumental in providing assistance to us, has brought four children into his home. These children will probably be joining the others soon as Mr. Ogutu has a very small home. It should be acknowledged that this is a difficult time for his family as they recently (in August) lost their beloved daughter Azel. Mr. Ogutu has used his faith in

### **"I want to stay with Pastor Maurice when it is holidays. I went there and saw how orphans he has are eating well and they are clean. We love the pastor."**

God to remain strong, allowing him to open his heart and home to these children. He has been fortunate to find another teaching position in Homa Bay, but is anxious to help Pastor create a home for as many children as they can accommodate. We expect Mr. Ogutu will be very involved in this new project.

We are hoping some of you will once more open your hearts and help Pastor provide a home for these children who have already had their lives so disrupted. As Dr. Hilary Murray, one of the women who helped fund the original OBREC (which was dissolved in 2000) said, in a recent letter:

"There is one thing I know for sure; there are many, many children

in Nyanza Province and throughout Kenya who are suffering and need help. I also know there are very few people in Homa Bay who are truly concerned for the well being of these children and are willing to care for them. If you find one, as you believe you have in Pastor Maurice, you have found a rare and precious gift and through him you can start to make real and lasting improvements to the life of a child. I would encourage you to continue with the work." Hilary travels to Kenya frequently, and her words are powerful. It is also important for you to know we have many contacts in Kenya now who can keep us informed of the conditions our children are living under.

The old saying of "one door opening when another closes" is a challenge to our resolve. Will our faith allow us to pass through this door, and continue to support these children whom we have grown to love so? Or will we let our bitterness from the experience with Lawrence ruin the only chance they have? I believe we will open the door. We have an opportunity to make a difference in how these young lives turn out. They so need something good to happen. Please join us. If you are currently sponsoring a child, and wish to transfer your sponsorship to one of these children,

### **We have an opportunity to make a difference in how these young lives turn out. They so need something good to happen.**

just drop us a note with your check. If you aren't a current sponsor but wish to become one, please do the same.



[Vicki is currently in Michigan, helping her sisters with fall cleaning at the home of their elderly mother, who has been sponsoring little Beryl.]

# Beauty for Ashes

## Life as a Woman in Asia

[Note: The photos accompanying this article were supplied by the Indian mission featured on the bottom of page 16.]

The greatest challenge for a woman in Asia today is to simply survive through a normal life span. From birth—and even before birth—to death, a burden of oppression follows her through all the stages of her life, threatening her very existence.

What would it be like? Imagine living as a woman in Asia...

There is no rejoicing on the day you are born. To your parents' and relatives' deep disappointment, you are a girl. Boys are highly valued in your Asian culture and much more desirable than girls, because they are a sort of "insurance" for the joint family unit, working to provide for all.

If you survive the first few days of your life, you should consider yourself fortunate already. Each year thousands of baby girls are murdered by their own mothers, simply because they are female. This sort of infanticide has gone on for hundreds of years. When demographic studies were first done in 18th century India, some villages were found to have six times

as many boys as girls, while others had no girl babies at all. But with today's modern technology, you may not even have the chance to be born. If your parents are well-off enough to afford a gender determination test through ultrasound or amniocentesis, there is a good chance you will be aborted once it is determined that you are female.

Though a 1996 law has made both gender determination and abortion illegal in India, it has been estimated that up to 50 million girls and women are missing from the nation's population today because they were aborted. Between two and five million baby girls are aborted every year in India.

If you somehow make it past babyhood, you will still face the challenge of simply getting adequate nutrition. You will be fed less than your brothers, and at each meal you will probably have to wait to eat, along with your mother and sisters, until all the males are through. Your brothers will receive higher preference when it comes to health care. If you ever need hospitalization, you will most likely not receive it. It is no wonder that in Nepal and Bangladesh, one out of every four girls dies before age five; and that 25 percent of the girls born in India every year die by age 15.

When you reach school age as a young girl, you will probably only attend school for a short while before your parents pull you out to help at home. You are needed to help tend and feed the animals, collect their feed, clean the home and look after your younger siblings. By age 10 or 11, you may be putting in an eight-hour work-day. You may even be forced to work in a factory, just like 7.5 million other girls in India.

Your brothers, on the other hand, will continue their education for many more years, perhaps even finish high school and go on to the university. In Pakistan, 90 percent of the women over age 25 cannot read or write; in one rural state more than 98 percent of all women are illiterate.

As you grow toward womanhood, there is another threat awaiting you: prostitution. If your family is poor, they may be deceived by promises of a good-paying job or marriage proposal for you. They may unknowingly hand you over to a life of shame and ill-repute. You may be kidnapped and sold, never to see your family again. You become like 80 percent of all India's prostitutes, who were sold, like slaves, between the ages of 14 and 16, for prices ranging from 40 cents to a thousand dollars. This degrades your status in this culture even further. You lose your dignity—and your future. Who can rescue you from a life like this?

Even if you escape the deception of the prostitution traffickers, you face another pitfall if your parents are followers of

Pastor Kolli with the widows he ministers to



as many boys as girls, while others had no girl babies at all. Since 1900, the national ratio of women to men in India has continued to drop. Out of 1,250 women recently polled in the state of Tamil Nadu, more than half had killed baby daughters.

If your mother (or a close female relative) does choose to kill you, she may do so by forcing poison or a chemical fertilizer down your throat. She may smother you, or perhaps simply let you starve to death. But cruelty isn't her motive. She may actually believe that this is the wiser, more compassionate choice rather than raise you and condemn you to life as a woman. Or perhaps she believes, as many do, that sacrificing a daughter will guarantee her a son.

the devadasi cult. The word literally means “female slave of the god.” If your parents are dedicated to this particular deity, they will marry you to this god in a secret ceremony and dedicate you to temple service, sentencing you to life as a temple servant and prostitute. You will be one of 1,000 young girls—even infants—who become devadasis each year in India, adding to hundreds of thousands already throughout the nation.

If, by the time you reach your teenage years, you are still alive and leading a reputable life at home, your parents will begin the search for a husband for you. Once your marriage is arranged (the norm in Asia rather than the exception) and the engagement is announced, you will find yourself married off on rather short notice to a man you probably never met until your wedding day.

Whether your parents are rich or poor, this is likely one of the moments they have dreaded the most. Today, your wedding day, is one of the primary reasons you were so undesirable at birth, why you have always been viewed as a burden and drain on your family’s wealth. Today they must pay the groom’s family your dowry. It must be a sizeable sum of money, plus jewels, land or other assets, for it is necessary to arrange a proper marriage to maintain family honor; and the larger the sum, the greater the honor. Your dowry is a terrible burden that will totally deplete your family’s life savings and probably put them into debt, perhaps even up to 10 years’ worth of income gone in a matter of a few days. A Dowry Prohibition Act exists in the laws of India, but the tradition is too strong not to follow.

Suddenly, in a matter of hours, you are the property of another man—your husband. You are expected to honor him as your personal god. You now live in a strange village with strangers who are now your family members, all of whom you must respect and obey, for you have the lowest position in this joint family unit. You are expected to take all sorts of orders, insults and abuse, particularly from your mother-in-law and any of her daughters; and you will be blamed for anything bad that happens to the family. You have no property rights. In many ways you are viewed as a slave, regarded as property that can be disposed of. Your only fulfillment will come when you can bear sons and prove your worth.

If your family paid an insufficient dowry to satisfy the greed of your husband’s family, or if you do not meet their expectations of a model wife and they want their son to marry better, it could mean great suffering on your part... even death. You are especially at risk during the first seven years of your married life. With dowry deaths increasing every year in India—one every 88 minutes—your chances of survival are growing slimmer by the hour.

If you do become another victim of dowry-related violence, most likely your husband’s family will burn you to death and then proclaim it was a “kitchen accident.” Newspapers report this sort of thing on a daily basis. However, you could also be drowned, strangled, smothered, hanged or poi-

soned; with the evidence often destroyed before the police can recover it. And there’s a very good chance your case won’t even make it to the authorities—for every reported case, 299 go unreported.



If you don’t die at the hands of your in-laws, you may die at your own. If you can no longer endure the harsh treatment, torture and pressure you receive from your husband and his family, you may prefer to end your life. Nearly 2,000 Indian women do so every year.

In your child-bearing years, your opportunities for a healthy life will not improve. If you are

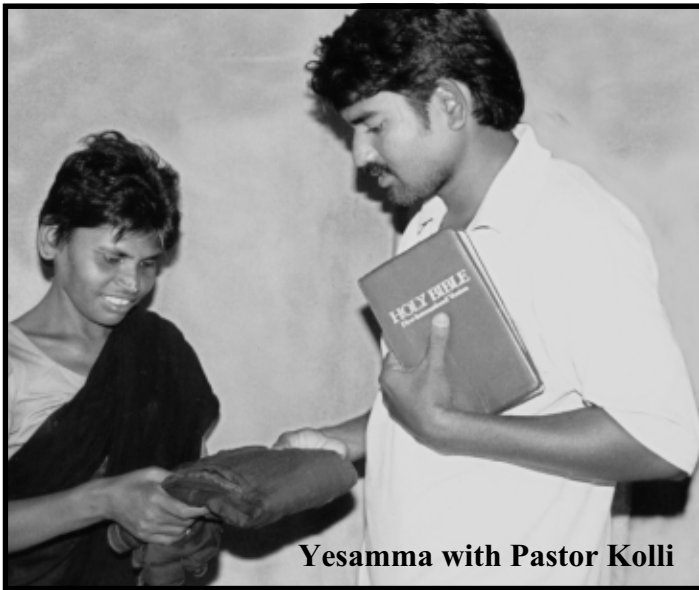
like the average Indian woman, you will have up to nine pregnancies and bear five children who survive. You will spend 80 percent of your reproductive years either bearing children or nursing them. With the 14-hour days you work and the loads you carry that are heavier than you are, your body will be spent by the time you reach your late thirties.

But of all the pitfalls that await you throughout your life span as an Asian woman, there is one that you probably fear most of all: widowhood. Losing your husband is an event to be dreaded, for you face not only personal loss but a complete upheaval and restructuring of your life.

You may be blamed for your husband’s death, perhaps because of sins you committed, either in your present life or a past one, especially if he was young. You will be regarded from now on as the of bad luck, a liability to your family and community. You will have to rely on your children’s generosity; and if they refuse to care for you, as often happens, you will have to resort to begging around temples if you want to survive.

Now that your husband, your “personal god” is gone, you no longer have any reason to adorn yourself. You will probably shave your head, shed your jewelry and wear only plain white or dark clothing. You lose not only the companionship of your husband, but the respect of your society.

You are now truly alone. You will be expected to seclude yourself and withdraw from society. You will never remarry, and you are excluded from all religious ceremonies and festivals. You spend your remaining years in virtual non-existence, for your culture has no use for an old single woman like you.



**Yesamma with Pastor Kolli**

For some women, there is an alternative to the indignity and hardship of this solitary confinement. You may be one who chooses it.

Sati literally means “true or virtuous one” and symbolizes a woman’s ultimate rejection of widowhood. It is an ancient but illegal Hindu practice where a widow embraces death by voluntarily joining her husband’s body on his funeral pyre.

By choosing sati, you believe you will avoid the shame and humiliation of widowhood. You believe your death will bring you merit and glory, give you salvation, and raise you to the level of a deity. Your family-seven generations before and after you-will also reap these benefits. You’ve heard of others who have chosen this fiery death and how thousands now travel to their villages to pay homage and worship these

deified women at shrines. You wonder, perhaps, if sati isn’t a better choice than widowhood. Perhaps death is a better choice than life.

In a society that gives her second-place status from birth to death, there doesn’t seem to be much reason for a woman to even exist. She is degraded by society from the moment she is born; she is trampled and despised her whole life through.

But Jesus saw women differently. His coming into the world was announced to a young woman. And He chose that same woman as the vessel through which He would be born. Throughout His ministry, Jesus made it a point to reach out to women on the fringes of society-adulteresses, prostitutes, those who were demon-possessed, those considered “unclean” and defiled because of illness, even the “untouchable” Samaritan woman at the well. After His resurrection, the first person to whom Jesus appeared was a woman. To all, He extended the hope, dignity and peace found in salvation through His death on the cross and conquest over death and hell.

To the women of Asia today, Jesus offers the same. Their society may consider them of little value, but to Him they are precious-worth the price of His own life. He became sin for all, and in exchange they have the opportunity to receive righteousness and eternal life... beauty for ashes.

Wherever the Gospel takes root in a society, a woman’s value and dignity increase dramatically. This is happening everywhere on the mission fields of Asia.



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## The Pleas Keep Coming In

[Although our primary goal is helping fund the orphanage in Homa Bay, Kenya, and we don’t wish to let those children down who have been through such trauma, we are painfully aware of the worldwide needs of widows and starving children. As a Christian publication, we hope to bring the needs that specifically touch this ministry to the attention of our readers. *Editor*]

### India

“Our merciful Lord is using you and your ministry in a great way and He will certainly give you more rewards than we expected. We care for 30 children in the orphan’s home and 15 widow women. All these destitute people are fully depending upon me and

we provide food and clothes for their needs. One of our widow women, Narasamma, has curled hands.\* We are giving her food and other needs and looking after her carefully. Another orphan widow woman, Yesamma, also depends upon our congregation for help. Daily we provide food and medical needs. Recently she fell sick with Typhoid. We took her into the hospital and spent Rs. 8000/ for her recovery. Doctors confirmed that she is suffering with TB and needs regular medical treatment. We are also looking for the funds to provide

food for these destitute orphaned children.

“Daily I and our orphaned children and widow women are praying the Lord to choose a kind-hearted person to



**Children from India  
thanking God for His care**

support these people and encourage them in the Lord. We are prayerfully requesting you to pray for these orphans, especially the two widow women. We believe that your prayers will give us comfort and blessings.”

**Pastor Timothy Kolli**

[\*Children are often maimed by their parents in order to beg more effectively in some cultures. Perhaps this was the case with Narasamma. Please note that the photos accompanying the previous article were supplied by this ministry. Lynnford Beachy of Smyrna Gospel Ministries is hoping to visit this orphanage in the spring. *Editor*]

### **Malawi**

(6/10/02) “Here is my family photo [not shown] and the children. These photos were taken after church and we have to give them food to eat. We need more support for the rest of six months coming until we plant new crops. This



**Children from Malawi enjoying their meal while sitting on the ground**

disaster has made Malawi nation to be involved with famine. We planted maize in good time but long after planting we hardly had any rainfall and all our crops dried up with the sun. And in late time the rain began to fall and it rains more than is necessary. All the land was covered with floods of waters and all our seeds were washed away. That is why we are crying to our beloved brothers and sisters in Christ. More people are eating husks which in other words means dry covering of certain seeds—worthless outside part of maize. This is what we are eating here because we cannot manage to buy the real maize. Here in Malawi government price of maize is a 50 kg. bag of maize is 850 mk. Therefore we need

more assistance from your ministry and I refer you to let some brothers and sisters of your country to assist us as soon as possible.”

(7/04/02) Reminder, physically we are in a crisis of lack of food. Enclosed are the newspaper articles concerning the starvation here in Malawi [not shown]. This means we are in an awesome situation. Our God is of every nation, race and continent. He provides to anybody no matter where He comes from. Yes, we know you are also in financial problems but what you can bear with is that Malawi as a country depends on the assistance from UK, USA, Denmark, Canada, Germany, France, Japan, Sweden, World Bank, etc., which means in comparison to these countries with us, we are 100% poor and lack assistance. From you, therefore, I ask you with the mercies of God to tell other people about our situation. We as a church need food to give to the 10,650 people in our community and church members around Malawi.”

**Bishop Fred Ndalama**

[Note: A Canadian couple, due to declining health, can no longer support the above two ventures, so have introduced them to us. It should be noted that the situation in Malawi is extremely grave. The starvation of its people is second to none in Africa, and was recently the subject of a documentary produced by CNN of shocking conditions. Brother Benny Kayamba of Zambia is currently on his second visit to this orphanage. *Editor*]

### **Uganda**

We have received word from Pastor Alfred Mukhooli in Uganda who is hoping to create a home for orphans in that country. (Pastor Mukhooli is also working with Pastor Maurice in Kenya, in trying to sort out that situation and get the work in that country on a solid footing after being so tarnished by Lawrence Allosso, who was instrumental in taking it there in the first place.) Pastor Mukhooli writes:



**Pastor Alfred Mukhooli and family in front of their kitchen in Uganda**

(4/9/02) “Now sister bear with me to ask you as concerning the following idea: I have sought to start an orphanage to help the community for indeed many families are in a problem due to calamities, abrupt death, etc. Can you get us a donor or a sponsor to help us carry on such a project? For I am really convinced that to go with the gospel only, without thinking of needy people, will not work well. So if you will answer me, I will break down the costs of starting such a project. Now we are molding bricks ourselves.

(5/6/02) “This idea came because, as I carry on the gospel work I meet with such critical needs; mostly of children without parents who really need our help but, as you know, our income as gospel workers is very limited. The little I get I am sharing with needier ones; but it is not sufficient.

“As concerning the cost of beginning, I am preparing a plan of this simple and humble building where I can accommodate these kids. I will send it soon. God bless you richly. I remain your dear brother in the Gospel.”

Recently someone sent a gift earmarked for orphans in “India or Africa.” We were able to send some of it for these orphans (as well as the other two groups listed above). Here is the response:

(10/18/02) “I have received the money you sent and I have been visiting the homes of these orphans, because some had problems recently. We had El Nino rains and heavy winds and it really destroyed the houses and food of many people, so that I can say that

what I received covered ¼ of the needs. Another child was admitted. I will send you soon their names.”

**Pastor Alfred Mukhooli**

### **Romania**

The news from the Apold Orphanage is much brighter. Cordella Brummett arrived there on September 19 to find many exciting developments unfolding. First of all, she wants to thank everyone for their donations, prayers, and purchase of their hand-crafted items made to raise money for the care of the children.

In the Nov./Dec. issue of *Hearth to Hearth*, we shared a story about a little



**Stefan with Villy and Dorin as babies**

boy named Villy, who was abandoned by his parents and weighed five and a half pounds when he was seven months old. He was tenderly nursed from

the brink of death by the Christian Romanian woman who founded Day Break, named Ioana. Villy has become a permanent member of Stella (Brummett) and Stefan Zafiu’s family. A child once left to die is a thriving, loving son to a couple who wants him! Along with Villy, Stella’s 13-year-old sister, Vashti, joined the household last November. She is learning Romanian and doing her school work via home schooling. She volunteers at the orphanage in her spare time. Rounding out the household are their 2-year-old foster child, David Dorin, who is learning to speak English, and an adopted kitten!

With the help of a group from Holland, a garden has been planted. Ioana believes in keeping down costs by raising as much of the food as possible.

The arrival of several new children was also reported. Two of the girls, Alexandra and her half sister Laura, are especially thriving. On arrival, it was thought the girls were retarded. Quite the contrary. With the loving care and teaching of Ioana, both girls have advanced to be first in their respective classes. Stella has given Alexandra piano lessons and she has excelled in her playing. In May, she won a contest in a

competition in Transylvania, with the chance to go on to Bucharest.

The children and staff of Apold are indeed making their mark on the world!

[We are providing the addresses to which contributions to the above orphanages can be made, if desired. *Editor*]

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Uganda - East Africa

#### **Romania:**

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Tappahannock, VA 22560

### **From the Internet**

## **Although Things Are Not Perfect...**

*Author Unknown*

**A**lthough things are not perfect  
**B**ecause of trial or pain  
**C**ontinue in thanksgiving  
**D**o not begin to blame.  
**E**ven when the times are hard  
**F**ierce winds are bound to blow;  
**G**od is forever able  
**H**old on to what you know.  
**I**magine life without His love  
**J**oy would cease to be;  
**K**eept thanking Him for all the things  
**L**ove imparts to thee.  
**M**ove out of “Camp Complaining”;  
**N**o weapon that is known

**O**n earth can yield the power  
**P**raise can do alone.  
**Q**uit looking at the future  
**R**edeem the time at hand;  
**S**tart every day with worship  
**T**o “thank” is a command.  
**U**ntil we see Him coming  
**V**ictorious in the sky,  
**W**e’ll run the race with gratitude  
**X**alting God most high.  
**Y**es, there will be good times,  
and yes, some will be bad, but...  
**Z**ion waits in glory...  
where none are ever sad!

## **“A TREE TO BE DESIRED”**

### **Part IV**

*A Temcat Study*

It isn't more facts we need, friends; it isn't more light. We need to surrender to what we already know; we cannot be our own god. We must decide “Who is God around here anyway?”

The final test? Well in one corner we have the popular side; here

*The two trees were not there by accident; they were part of God's wise plan.*

are ranged all the proud and those wise in their own eyes. They claim they are going to “honor God” and He is going to bless them. They are going to do great things for Him. They are going to set aside a day of their own choosing, just for Him, and then force everybody, rich and poor, bond and free to keep it. (See Revelation 13:16-18) They are going to make great sacrifices to Him, but in their own way. “Sure God is God, but I am greater because I'll tell Him how I am going to serve Him. He'll have to accept me on my terms.” Who really is their god? Why Satan, of course, is the god of this world! He's the only one they are honoring.

“Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.” 2 Thessalonians 2:4

In the other corner are those who declare; “Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is He that hath

made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.” Psalm 100:3

“And if it seem evil unto you to serve the LORD, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the LORD.” Joshua 24:15

How do they show Who is their God?

“And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.” 1 John 2:3

“Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.” Revelation 14:12

The two trees were not there by accident; they were part of God's wise plan. The two days are not accidental either; it is the TEST that God has chosen to finish the judgment of the living and bring this whole nasty sin mess to an end. It is decision time and everywhere people are making decisions that are going to seal their destiny.

Now tell me what if, back in Eden, the two trees were placed in the Garden and not explained to Adam and Eve? Suppose God sent an angel with the job to warn them about the “Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil” and he decided, “Oh, they are happy with what they know, I won't bother them with this information as it might make them upset.”

Ridiculous, you say, and rightly so! Well, it is God's plan to use the

Sabbath/Sunday issue to allow people to choose whether they will serve Him or not. So it IS certainly God's will that EVERYONE be informed about what issues are at stake, is it not? God could not be fair if people had to choose something, but had no idea what or why.

In the final judgment no one saved or lost in the entire universe will be able to point out anything that God could have done better, or any way in which He has been unfair. So, the clear message of the Mark of the Beast is God's information to go to every reasoning being on earth.

This being the case, do you really think that all the powers of hell and wicked men in confederacy can prevent this message from going out? “For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.” 2 Corinthians 13:8 Truth is like a mighty mountain; we can smash ourselves against it but never can we move it!

*Truth is Truth even if no one likes it or believes it.*

Truth is Truth. It doesn't cease being truth just because it offends us. It doesn't cease being truth if we don't like it. It doesn't cease being truth if we don't believe it. Truth is Truth even if no one likes it or believes it. We'll all find that out sooner or later whether we like it or not!

If we fall on the Rock we will be broken. If the Rock falls on us; it will grind us to powder!

Take courage, Sisters. First lay hold with your own soul on the truth, and surrender completely to your Creator God, then work for your family and then out to all the world. Carry the message that cannot be stopped. Carry the last invitation of mercy from our great God of mercy to this dying world. Though every power of men and devils should conspire to prevent this message from going out—to do so is impossible!

We need to look beyond the things of earth that loom so large before our eyes and see the big picture with the eye of faith! Cast off the chains of earth and break off every yoke of satanic bondage. Realize that the entire unfallen universe is on our side. Get to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent (John 17:3), and you will

have more and more holy boldness to be a voice for Him, crying out His message. It's ALL or nothing; it's all about "Whom you will serve?"

*God created us  
free and He wants us  
free; if we obey Him  
we will be free.*

"I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." Deuteronomy 30:19

"Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord GOD, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways;

for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezekiel 33:11

What will God say about the faithful ones?

"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in." Isaiah 26:2

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32

Yes, the TRUTH of God and freedom are synonymous. God created us free and He wants us free; if we obey Him we will be free!



[This article was written by the editor of the Beside Still Waters website: <http://www.temcat.com>. She states: "No one will be helped by knowing who I am but they can be blessed by browsing the website. The old Irish missionaries used to tell people who asked them who they were that, 'It matters not who we are but it matters who we serve.'"]

*Hearth to Hearth Ministries*

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