

Hearth to Hearth

Woman to Woman



Vol. 6, No.6

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

Nov./Dec. 2003



Spotlight on Orphans

A Memorable Visit Shared

By Esther McDaniel

The six-hour bus ride from Nairobi to Kisii was tiring. Kenya buses, unlike our

produce carried on their heads, young boys sporting packages of roasted ground nuts (peanuts), popped corn, biscuits (cookies) or other snacks, men toting bottles of water, soda or juice, some carrying watches, calculators, sunglasses, or other wares fastened to large displays. All were vying for our attention; trying to make a sale.

American ones, have two seats on one side of the aisle and three on the other, making each individual seat several inches narrower. There must have been at least one more row of seats also, because the leg room seemed much more cramped as well. I couldn't tell you if it was the lack of springs on the vehicle or the condition of the road, perhaps a combination of the two, but the jarring seemed constant—sometimes enough to make my teeth rattle.

Finally we reached Kisii and the search for a van to take us the rest of the way to Oyugis was begun. Had we caught the earlier bus from Nairobi we could have ridden the whole way by bus but we were running late and the later bus only went as far as Kisii. The van was an experience all its own—one that was repeated many times during my visit.

A “bus evangelist” stood in the aisle near the front of the bus playing his old accordion and singing at the top of his voice. The music was not unpleasant but the accordion was extremely “weathered” to the point where I wondered how he could coax a tune out of it at all. Then the preaching began. Since his language choice was Kiswahili, I did my best to tune him out. On and on he expounded, though, from my vantage point, few seemed interested. Now and then he would play and sing another tune, presumably to wake his audience up. Then the preaching would begin again. At some point I noticed that he was walking down the aisle with some kind of plant in his hand, giving samples to all who would take one. My interest began to be piqued. He did this again and again with several different plants. Finally he passed out a sheet of paper with typing in both English and Kiswahili. Due to my apparent lack of interest, I'm sure, I did not receive one but, looking over the shoulder of the person ahead of me, I realized that he was some sort of natural healing “expert,” inviting people to his clinic. My appreciation for his efforts increased somewhat.

No matter where you are, it seems, all you have to do is get yourself to a road and you can flag down a van that is going your way. If you see three or four people standing in the open side doorway it's a good indication that the van is packed. That doesn't mean they won't stop for you, though. They can always squeeze in one more—or two, three or more. Even when you explain that you will wait for a less-crowded

(Continued on Page 4)

Inside This Issue:

Editorial

For Time and Eternity Page 2

The Heart of God Page 6

Giving Thanks—A Year-long Celebration Page 7

Shepherding Our Flock (Part 2) Page 8

Recipe Corner

Stuffed Manicotti Page 9

Dreams Out of Time Page 10

A Trunk of Memories Page 10

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Page 11

Homecoming Page 16

Periodically the bus would stop to let off or collect passengers. At such times the “walking markets” would envelop us: ladies with large bowls of sweet bananas, carrots, or other

For Time and Eternity

By Grace Cox

“Where has the time gone?” is the question being asked by nearly everyone I meet. Here we are, nearing the end of another year. It is surprising to me that the holiday season—Thanksgiving through New Year’s—is right at hand, when it seems only a few weeks ago that it was the holiday season last year! The pages of the calendar, the hands of the clock, seem to turn faster and faster with each passing day and week, month and year.

We yearn to glue some of the pages of the calendar together, to lock the hands of the clock in their present position since we can’t turn them back. But it would do no good! Time is not dependent on the calendar hanging on the wall or the clock on the mantel. Time is the substance of our lives, put in motion by our Creator for our good. By its passage we mark our accomplishments (or grieve over the lack thereof), remember the happenings of the past, plan for the future.

Scripture reminds us repeatedly about the importance of time and the way we relate to it and use it. In my concordance under “Time” it says, “See also Day, Eternity, Generation, Hour, Season”; apparently all are synonyms for “time.”

Jesus said, “The time is fulfilled; and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.” (Mark 1:15) He also said, “Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.” (Mark 13:33) And again, “Father, the hour is come...” (John 17:1)

MAIL CALL:

I read your article [Spotlight on Orphans] in the latest *Hearth to Hearth*. I could hardly stand reading about the naked four-year-old girl. I wish we could adopt her. I wake up at night and pray for her—we live in such a sad world.

North Carolina

I am interested in sponsoring a child. I would love any info you could send me. Also, I hope you don’t mind but I forwarded your e-mail to family and friends who might also be inter-

ested in sponsoring. I told them to contact you if they are.

Paul said, “. . .knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand...” (Romans 13:11, 12)

The passage of time, considered from the perspective of such texts, reminds us that Time as we know it is, in fact, coming to an end! There is a line from a poem that says, “Only what’s done for Christ will last.” How true! All temporal things will pass away, but what we do for Christ (and what He does for us!) will carry into eternity. Some of the articles in this issue speak to that topic in one way or another, though the content was not consciously planned with that theme in mind.

May each reader be blessed and inspired by Esther’s article about her recent trip to visit the orphanage. So graphically does she portray for us her observations and experiences that, with just a little imagination, we can see and hear for ourselves what it was like to be there.

The work that we have undertaken to help some of the orphans in Africa is being done for Christ, and surely there will be those in God’s eternal kingdom as a result!

As we near the end of another year, and as we contemplate the new year soon to begin, may our hearts be drawn upward in praise and thanksgiving to God. Surely we have much for which to thank Him, and we praise Him because He is worthy.

CA

Also, how about both of my daughters’ classes sponsoring a child? I was thinking of approaching their teachers to see if they would be interested. I thought it might be a wonderful experience for both the class and a sponsored child.

Michigan

[We are always happy when you spread the word and overjoyed when a group of people come forward to sponsor a child. Currently we have two

groups that are doing so. You are correct that it is a blessing to all concerned.

Editor]

I am more and more impressed with the orphanage all the time. Glad they got the package I sent plus many others as well. I was impressed to send my money double and so glad our extra dollars help out so much. God blesses our offerings and much is accomplished over there; much more than it would be here. Praise the good Lord! God is so good! Those children are receiving an all-round education at the orphanage. They are preparing for a work for the Lord in their corner of the earth. Tell that pastor and his wife we love them for what they are doing.

Oregon

I share the *Hearth to Hearth* at work, and many of my coworkers read it when I take it in.

North Carolina

A hearty thank-you for the wonderful letter, newsletter, receipts and, especially a new photo and letter of our adopted grandkids! Thanks so much for all your love and effort—it is very much appreciated! You are doing your utmost to make us feel like a part of a big family, doing a wonderful work together for these little ones, as Jesus would want us to do. And in doing this, we’ve done it unto Him. May He continue to bless you and give you the energy and wisdom you need to carry on in this great ministry.

California

That was a nice story...[“Melissa’s Mite,” Sept./Oct.] The whole story rang very true and easy to imagine. Our grandchildren don’t know how fortunate they are.

Ohio

I am excited about the idea of sponsoring an orphan. I am going to discuss this with my husband.

Mississippi

I want to let you know that my sister is going to sponsor Jared and Linda. I also have tentative people wanting to sponsor Evans, Able and the two sisters. They all wanted to discuss it with their spouses first. I have two other families who want to talk with me about sponsorship, too, but didn’t have time on Sabbath. So, I will let you know as soon as I have definite answers from all these folks. But, please do let Jared and Linda know that they have a family! My sister and her husband and two kids went shopping Saturday night to pick up things for them already. A soccer ball was first on the list... and we are going

to go together tomorrow to our local community services building to find storybooks to send. This is so much fun.

Also, my children go to my sister's house everyday to be home schooled along with her two children. So, they are actually going to be incorporating writing letters to our new family members into their school day—along with learning more about Kenya.

Her children (Chris age 8 and Izzi age 6) are also contributing \$10 per month each to help sponsor the children. That is over half of what they are able to earn each month. Very sweet.

California

I would like to be on your mailing list for the *Hearth to Hearth* newsletter.

South Africa

Thanks for the good September issue of *Hearth to Hearth*. The theme of how much God loves us and wants us to be close to Him came through in "The Beggar's Clothes," "The Heart of God," "Shepherding Our Flock," and "Beyond October." The little episode about "Melissa's Mite" was sweet too. I guess my favorite, however, is all about the orphans and what is going on at the orphanage. Thank you, too, Vicki, for a job well done.

California

Enclosed are our sponsorship fees for October for our children Winnie and Andrew. We have also sent an extra \$15.00 for each so the Pastor can go purchase new outfits for them (other than school clothes). We will send more extra money next time, if this is not enough, to include play shoes also. Please let us know! We are so excited about our new daughter and son! We will have our first letters and little love package on the way soon! God bless you!

California

Another month has come and gone. Oh, how near we are to the final movements, which are to be rapid ones! May the dear Lord help and sustain everyone who loves and obeys Him. Time is so short! Here is my offering for my granddaughter, Vivian, in Kenya, for her [support] at the Pastor's orphanage.

Oregon

I was so happy to receive all the letters telling about the children. Thanks so much for the pictures; they are so good. We are always praying for these children and for each one of you that

has made this happen. I know it's a lot of work. God bless each one.

Tennessee

I am enclosing an extra \$20.00 for Esther McDaniel to buy something for our daughter that she needs. Surely hope the money arrives before she leaves since I have no idea what [the child's] needs may be. Also, I am sending \$100 to go toward Carolyn Auma's foot surgery.

Tennessee

[We are glad to report that all the money is now in for her surgery. We are only waiting for the surgery to be scheduled. Editor]

Mama, it was God's plan for you to come and visit us and He is the one to care for you, so we have to praise Him for caring for your life till you reached home safely.

Mama, I hope during your visit to us you really enjoyed it very much. Moreso, I your son, I enjoyed it nicely. To all of that, Mama, when I remember how we were with you in the Centre, talking, advising me, the time you took me to the hospital, I found myself shedding tears.

Kenya

I receive your newsletter and I enjoy it very much. I would like to request this also for a friend who would also like it... With thanks and God bless all the work you are doing.

Australia

EDITOR'S NOTES:

» **Please be aware** that *Hearth to Hearth* is totally separate from Smyrna Gospel Ministries. They print this newsletter for us by special arrangement, and their address is used for bulk mailing purposes only because it saves us money. That address is not to be used for correspondence with *Hearth to Hearth*.

» **Please pay careful attention** to the addresses listed in the box to the right, and direct your letters appropriately. Your doing so will help us a great deal.

» **Address Correction:** In the box on Page 3 in the last issue, Sally Specht's address for "All Donations" was listed incorrectly. Please note the correct address in the box at right.

» **Have you moved?** If so, please send us your new address right away! By doing so, you will not miss any issues, and we will save on postal charges for returned mail and address corrections. Thank you!

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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(Continued from Page 1)

vehicle they will do their best to convince you that there is plenty of room for you and your friends. There is usually a young man along to assist the driver in making sure the van is full to overflowing with people and their cargo, as well as to collect fares. He is adept at signaling to the driver when to stop or go using a series of rhythmic beats on the side or roof of the vehicle. He is also adept at pulling himself up into or onto the van after it has already gotten well underway.

You never know what or who your traveling companions might be in these vans. Could be a live chicken being carried home from market in the arms of its new-found owner. Perhaps a bag of maize or a load of furniture. One van I saw had a loveseat-sized couch roped to the front of the vehicle and another to the back. Other bundles are often strapped on top. If your purchases take seating space you must pay for the seat. (I'm not sure of the cost of baggage roped to the outside of the vehicle.) This evening, by the time we reached our destination the van was empty except for the driver and those of us whose destination was the orphanage—Pastor Maurice, Pastor David Clayton and Brother Howard Williams of Restoration Ministries in Jamaica and myself. What service, to be delivered right to our gate! I wonder what the driver thought when that gate opened quickly upon our arrival and very many children came tumbling out, some climbing right up into the vehicle in their eagerness to greet us with broad smiles, exclamations of delight, hugs and kisses. What an almost overwhelming welcome! None could have been sweeter. Soon all of our luggage was being carried in through the gate by eager helpers and we were left to continue our greetings and size up our new surroundings. I was especially thrilled to finally meet our boy, Duncan, whom we have been sponsoring from the very beginning—October of 2001.

Once inside the gate, I realized that the buildings form a square with a large courtyard in the middle. I learned that this neat compound once served as a hotel or, as I would call it, a motel. The main building, sporting a large sign that reads, "Hope for Children Centre," consists of one large room, which is used as their living room. The floor is smooth cement and the smoothly-finished walls exhibit framed and neatly lettered verses of Scripture. Near the top of the wall is a border of foam pictures, depicting Bible stories and other religious symbolism, sent by one of the sponsors. We entered through the door leading from the courtyard. To our right, the end of the room was curtained off as living quarters for Pastor Maurice and his family. Their beds are simple 4" foam mattresses placed on the floor.

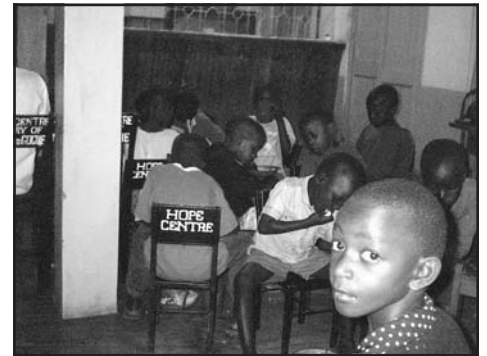


Esther with her Kenyan son, Duncan (left), and other children, shortly after her arrival at the orphanage.

Their clothing is kept in suitcases on tables opposite the beds. The tables also hold other personal items.

At the opposite end of the large room, in the right-hand corner, is a small room that was apparently once a reception area. The walls come up solidly only part way while the tops of the two interior walls are open except for a wrought iron latticework. This small room now contains a treadle sewing machine, a board for ironing, some shelves, and several stored items including food items.

In the left-hand corner of the large room is a table holding a borrowed TV and VCR along with several videos. (Note that videos must be in PAL format, which is usually unavailable in the United States.) There are three varieties of chairs in the room. All of them carry the words, "Hope Centre," neatly lettered in white paint across the back. The larger of two sizes of steel straight-backed chairs contain the additional phrase, "In Memory of Mattie and Goldie"—a memorial to my mother and mother-in-law



Straight-backed steel chairs being put to use in the living room.

who passed away within a week of each other this summer. The third variety of chair is also a steel chair, but larger and with wire meshed seat and back. This variety is only comfortable to sit in when the back and seat are covered with foam pads, yet they are currently being used without the padding. Once the pads can be purchased, they will have some relatively comfortable "easy chairs" for their living room. There is also an old couch and stuffed chair in the room, both of which are in very bad condition. Half of the seating area of the couch is uncovered springs. Yet the children use these pieces of furniture also—the only truly "comfy" type furniture they have.

On the opposite wall from the door leading in from the courtyard is a door leading out to a large veranda that runs along the front of this building—a truly beautiful place, graced by flowering trees and bushes, facing the brick wall that runs across the front of the property. The few painted bent sapling chairs make this a wonderful place to sit and meditate or to visit with a friend.

Returning to the courtyard, I followed as Pastor Maurice and Duncan gave me a tour of the rest of the facilities. To our right was the small building used for a kitchen, with its packed-dirt floor and open fire. Next was another small building used as a woodshed, where the wood for the kitchen fire is stored. After that came the pit latrines with their neatly lettered signs pointing the way for "ladies" and "gents."

After the latrines, we turned the corner to view the row of rooms opposite the main building, which form the back side

of the compound square. The first four rooms are the girls' rooms. Each room is equipped with two bunk beds and a nice-sized closet. Most rooms house at least 10 children. After the girls' rooms there is a breeze way leading to the back of the property and the gardens with their neat rows of healthy-looking plants.

Beyond the breeze way is a room marked "Office," which contains a large desk and a double-sized bed. The desk was a good place to put the computer that I had taken them, though there were no useable drawers. The bed was the best one on the property and I found it to be very comfortable. The office served as my room during my stay. Past the office were three more rooms, which housed the boys. They were exactly like the girls' rooms and served as many children in each.

On the fourth side of the compound there was a long tin building with a crumbling cement floor. The first room we came to was the chapel. It is not as large as the living room, and is really not large enough for their needs. This room is where they hold their morning worship services as well as their church services on Sabbath. The nursery school is also held in this room. There are several bent-sapling chairs, plus a few benches, but some chairs must be carried back and forth between the two buildings.

Beyond the chapel is Caleb's room in which David Clayton and Howard Williams stayed during their short visit, and just past that room is a small room containing their meager, but growing, library.

This is but a poor description, which cannot in any way capture the charm and appeal of this lovely home for so many children. God has truly blessed in providing so well for their needs.

One major need that became apparent during my visit was the need for a vehicle of their own. Try to imagine standing beside the road waiting for a van to come by. You need to go to Kisii to purchase groceries and check e-mail. Every van that does come by is already packed full, with people hanging on outside the vehicle.

Finally you start walking toward Oyugis (the opposite direction) in the hope of finding a vehicle before it heads out on its journey. I was only there a week but I think we did this three times! After perhaps two hours you are finally settled into a van and on your way to town. All along the way the van is picking up and letting off passengers (all taking a real toll on your valuable time). You get more and more crowded as they pack as many people in as possible. Depending on your destination, sometimes you have to flag another van going in a different direction, an act which may be repeated more than once before you can complete your journey.

The day we took Duncan to Western Province to get his necessary eye exam and order for glasses (something he has been anticipating for over a year), it began to rain and a wind came up. I caught a cold. Pastor and Edith caught it too, except they call it "flu." We were fortunate that Pastor was able to flag down a panel truck where we could sit in the back, on

the wheel wells, out of the rain (but not before we had gotten wet and cold). The vans, of course, were already full of people trying to escape the rain. They are in a rain belt there, which is why they are able to grow such nice crops. Nearly every day I was there it rained in the afternoon—buckets full of rain—turning the compound to mud.

When you are in town, you have many things to accomplish. Edith, for example, must purchase foods and other necessary items for the children. There are no big supermarkets. You go into the market to buy vegetables to serve 80 people. You need, perhaps, eight or ten cabbages, but you have no shopping cart in which to put them. You must take as many as you can carry and find a safe place to stash your things until you can return home.

Wherever your shopping takes you throughout the city, you must return again and again to this spot with the small amount that you can carry, and deposit it there. Sweet bananas, mangoes, carrots, beans, rice, ugali meal (by the case), chocolate powder for tea, milk, dress fabric, ground nuts, school supplies, clothes and shoes for various children, and the list goes on and on.

When your shopping is completed, you must find a van to carry it all home for you. Your bundles are strapped on the top, or squeezed in among the passengers. Then you get into



Esther visiting a large, local produce market; admiring the variety of fruits and vegetables available.

the van and sit, and sit, and sit. That van will not leave the lot until it is crammed full of people. As long as there is room for one more, that van will NOT leave. I have sat for over an hour, waiting and waiting for the van to leave. By the end of such a day Edith is terribly exhausted—and so was I

I am happy to say that a vehicle has already been purchased since my visit. It is a relatively new Toyota Hiace, which was owned by a rich man who wished to sell it to purchase a bus. He gave us a good price because he wished to help with the orphan project. Unfortunately, though \$2000 of the money for the van has already been donated, we still must raise another \$5000 to pay off the balance. I am confident that

(Continued on Page 13.)

The



of God

Part 6

God is after Warmth in our Fellowship with Him

By David Clayton

We are not too lowly or wretched or unclean for God to personally minister to us. Jesus washed His disciples' feet. Would God, the Almighty, wash my feet? Well, the first time the thought hit me I didn't even want to consider it. However, I was compelled to reflect upon it because the Bible says that Jesus is the express image of the Father's person. Jesus came here to show what the Father is like, so the thought came to me that if God could leave His throne, and put aside His glory, He would wash my feet. That's how He thinks about me! Now it might seem like blasphemy to think about God that way, but when I study the life of Jesus, I cannot escape it.

Talk about making communication with the Father more real! I would never say that my Father is my servant, but I would say that He is meek and lowly in heart! Jesus says, "I am your Master and I've washed your feet." The point is that even though He is our Master, He wants a relationship with us that is such that He could wash our feet. Grasping this concept changed my relationship, and my concept of Him, forever; and will change yours also.

God wants us to recognize the importance of having the right concept of Him. He wants to draw the universe back to Him, not as "hired servants," but as warm sons; as loving, beloved sons. He wants warmth in that fellowship, and He's after it, and He'll not be satisfied until He has it.

One morning Jesus cooked breakfast for the disciples. They were out fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, and when they came in that morning He had fish and bread, which He had prepared for them with His own hands, ready for them. He said, "Come and dine." (John 21:12) God has promised to provide for your needs. He may help you to find a guava in the bush or somebody might come and give you ten dollars. But for

Him to come into your kitchen, provide the food, and personally prepare it for you, tells you that His heart is close and warm towards you. Today, God is veiled, but look into His heart, which shows His real character. We must relate to God, not on the basis of what we see outside, but what we see as we look at His heart. And the heart of God is wonderfully beautiful.

God appreciates the things that we do for Him. For instance, when the widow dropped two mites into the box, what did Christ say? Even though it was small, He noticed it, didn't He? No matter how small, He appreciates what we try to do for Him. When Mary spent her three hundred pence and bought an alabaster box of ointment, and poured the ointment on Christ's head and feet, everybody criticized her. However, He was indignant towards the wrong attitudes of the critics because He appreciated Mary's gift so much.

God also feels the needs and pains of those who are not recognized as His children. In the church we all claim to be His people and He's supposed to love us and feel for us. But how does He feel about the little man out on the road who is drunk every morning? What about him and the other wrecks of humanity that we pass, in whom the image of God is so defaced you can barely recognize them as human beings? Well, Jesus walked forty miles to Tyre and Sidon to find a woman whom the Jews would never talk to. She had a demoniac daughter, and Jesus traveled the forty miles there to cast the demon out of this woman's daughter; somebody that the so-called "people of God" would have despised.

"Amid the universal rejoicing of the triumphal entry, while palm branches

waved, while glad hosannas awoke the echoes of the hills, and thousands of voices declared Him king, the world's Redeemer was overwhelmed with a sudden and mysterious sorrow. He, the Son of God, the Promised One of Israel, whose power had conquered death and called its captives from the graves, was in tears, not of ordinary grief, but of intense, irrepressible agony." (Great Controversy, p. 18)

Have you ever seen someone uncontrollably crying when a close loved one had unexpectedly died? That is what I see being described here: "intense, irrepressible agony." He was sobbing. It wasn't just little tears slowly running down His face; He was sobbing. He was crying over Jerusalem! He was crying over those who would be forever lost. Jesus was in intense, irrepressible agony because He is exactly like God in His feelings.

We must relate to God, not on the basis of what we see outside, but what we see as we look at His heart.

You cannot see God's tears, there is too much light about His face. But what goes on inside that heart? To think that Jesus was crying, to think that that is what the Father feels when He looks at us, to think that He cares about us so much, shakes me up. I never thought about God in that way before. Yes, I thought of a great Almighty sadness, an unfeeling sadness, some kind of principle of sorrow, but feeling that makes you sob? That is what our Father is like! "For in every doctrine of grace, every promise of joy, every deed of love, every divine attraction presented in the Saviour's life on earth, we see 'God with us.'" (The Desire of Ages, p. 24)

(Continued bottom of next page.)



Giving Thanks A Year-long Celebration

By Sue M. Weir

How often I wished that The Question would be forgotten amid the festivities. I don't know that it often was. Memories are vivid from my childhood and as fresh as Thanksgiving Day last year.

Thanksgiving dinner! Family and friends gathered around a big table laden with many delectable things to eat! It has been traditional: a feast in our home, a time of thankfulness. However, before the blessing on the food was offered, before the feast could begin, the head of the household predictably asked that each person seated at the table tell one thing we were thankful for.

My heart would pound as I frantically tried to think of something to say before it was my turn. When I had finally thought of the perfect, simple, generic "Thank" to publicly offer...sure enough...someone before me would say that very thing! By this time my hands would be sweating in anticipation of my turn. Always, at the very last second, I would frantically come up with something, anything, that no one else had already mentioned. I have always been most thankful...when my turn was over.

Sad, isn't it? When someone asks me what I am thankful for, shouldn't dozens of praises be just waiting to jump off my tongue-without hesitation?

As I think about what I am thankful for, my mind often grabs hold of life's woes, making me feel as if I have nothing to be thankful for! All I have to do is look around me to realize that I am truly rich indeed, and blessed in so many ways.

Even the poorest among us can be thankful for some of the very same gifts that the richest among us have. God

shines the sun upon us all, providing warmth and cheer. He allows the rain to pour down to quench our thirst, bathe our bodies, and water our gardens. The fresh air we breathe is a priceless gift, one that neither rich nor poor can live without. The birds and butterflies are as much for my enjoyment as for both those less fortunate and those much wealthier than I! These wonderful things, and many more, are among the countless gifts I can be thankful for on any given day.

How sad that I would wait until a festive, happy occasion to try to think of something I am thankful for! And even then feeling forced to express thankfulness rather than eagerly choosing to put my heart's thoughts into words!

The Bible tells us to give thanks always for all things! No matter what our situation in life is, from the time we wake up in the morning until we go to sleep at night we are surrounded with mountains of gifts from God. Each new day is a treasure to be thankful for. Every moment of each new day is filled with blessings, although these blessings might not always come in bright, happy little packages.

Trials in our lives are blessings too, given to us for a reason, though often we cannot understand why. Each dismal blessing is an opportunity to grow and learn, and for those, let's give thanks as heartily as for the joyful blessings "In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. (1 Thessalonians 5:18)

Instead of a once-a-year occasion, I can make thanksgiving a year long celebration! Upon awakening each day, I want to challenge myself to see-really see-the "treasures" in my life. I want to

cultivate the habit of dwelling upon my blessings, always giving thanks to the One who has given them to me.

It is a spiritual law that the more we give the more we will have. As I share aloud the joy of the blessings in my life, praising the One from whom they flow, others will be encouraged and uplifted. And like a pool that is refreshed by the continual inflowing and outflowing of water, my own experience with God will be kept fresh and sweet.

Without even trying, I will find myself truly celebrating Thanksgiving... all year long! You can too!



[Sue Weir writes from Angwin, California, where she lives with her husband, Eddie, and ten-year-old daughter, Jenna. Two older daughters, Christina, 18, and Melissa, 17, are away at school.]

(Continued from previous page)

The following two verses stand out in stark contrast to each other. Our own choice will determine which describes our experience. "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." (John 1:5) "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." (Isaiah 9:2) What will you respond to? "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee." (Isaiah 60:1) May God help us that these words will not fall upon stony hearts, but that we may truly come to appreciate what they mean.



[This is the conclusion of a six-part series. Pastor David Clayton may be contacted at Restoration Ministries, PO Box 23, Knockpatrick, Manchester, Jamaica, WI. His phone number is 876-904-7392.]



SHEPHERDING OUR FLOCK

Part 2

By Nancy Campbell



The Good Shepherd “feeds His flock.” (Ezekiel 34:15)

God doesn’t leave His sheep and lambs hungry but makes sure they are well fed and satisfied. We demonstrate to our children what God, their Shepherd, is like when we make sure they are well fed, spiritually and physically. Many mothers have shared with me that they hate cooking and think it is an unimportant task. However, feeding is a very important part of shepherding.

It is interesting that the sheep is the only animal that cannot find food and water by itself. Camels can smell water from 100 miles away, but a sheep relies in its shepherd. A sheep will even eat poisonous weeds, if the shepherd does not protect it. Mothers, our children will eat the poisonous weeds of humanism and anti-God philosophies that infiltrate this world, if we are not diligent shepherdesses to watch over their souls. We must guard what their souls feed on. We are the spiritual protectors of their souls.

On the physical side, children will live on junk food if we let them. They don’t care about their health, only what tastes sweet and nice. It is our responsibility to provide wholesome food for them to eat. Don’t have poisonous junk food in your home. Provide a healthy pasture.

I believe that mothers should be nutritionists. We should read and study to find out the healthiest ways of feeding our children. There is so much “junk” food and processed food available today. It is fast and doesn’t take much time in preparation, but I do not believe that it is the food that God intended us to feed our families. God has provided wonderful foods for us to enjoy, and He planned for us to eat them in their unrefined and natural state. Of course, this takes a lot more time in preparation.

It takes time to grind the wheat and make your bread each day, but it will nourish your family far more than the foodless, chemically infested white bread you buy at the supermarket. It will take longer to prepare a nutritious breakfast of home-cooked cereal such as oats, millet or corn, but it will sustain your family for the day far more than refined, sugary, packaged cereals. It is much cheaper too. It will take longer to prepare a healthy dinner for your family for the evening meal, but the time spent will result in healthier, happier children.

It is interesting to notice how many times God talks about “feeding” in His Word. And He doesn’t feed His sheep “junk” food—He leads them to good pastures! It is so important to make sure we feed good and wholesome food to our families, even if it takes longer to prepare.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters... Thou preparest a table before me...” (Psalm 23:2, 5)

“They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.” (Psalm 36:8)

“I will feed them in a good pasture... there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord GOD.” (Ezekiel 34: 14, 15)

“For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters...” (Revelation 7:17) Read also: John 21:15-17; and 1 Peter 5:2.

If God is interested in feeding, shouldn’t we be too? Feeding people is part of His nature! We show forth something of God’s heart when we take time to feed our families. It is God-like. Let’s do it with joy.

The Good Shepherd protects his sheep. (Acts 20:28; 1 Peter 5:2-4)

Most animals have a way of defending themselves. Some can run with speed, some give off poison, some bite, some release a horrific smell, and so on. But the sheep? It is a totally defenseless animal. It has no protection against its predators. My father has sheared over a million sheep in his lifetime and has never been bitten by one of these animals. Mother, you must protect your lambs from predators that would seek to destroy their souls.

There are times when our children, especially our older ones, do not like our intense watchfulness over them. However, they also need to know that this is the heart of the Chief Shepherd. God likens us to sheep because they are meek and also vulnerable. Sheep have one bad point: They go astray easily! Isaiah 53:6 says, “All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.” Isn’t that so true of us, too? Now the sheep don’t willfully go astray. How does it happen?

My husband, who had nearly 2,000 sheep on their family farm, tells me how he watched a whole flock of sheep go astray. One sheep finds a hole in the fence and gradually the other sheep follow. They continue grazing with absolutely no intention of going through the hole—they don’t even know the hole is there or that the other sheep have gone through! But gradually, the flock slowly gravitates toward that hole. The ones at the far end of the flock are slowly getting closer, but they don’t even know it yet! Eventually, without realizing, all the sheep have gone through the hole into the other paddock! Isn’t this what happens to us? We are hardly aware of going astray, but ever so slowly we imbibe the spirit of the world. No wonder we need a Shepherd to watch over our souls. No wonder we as “mother shepherds” need to watch over the souls of our children.

The Good Shepherd uses a “rod.” (Psalm 23:4)

The Middle Eastern shepherd always carried a rod. In fact, it never left his hand. It was actually a club, which was carved and whittled from a young sapling, shaped to fit the owner’s hand. The shepherd used this rod to:

a) Discipline. The shepherd would hurl his rod to alert a sheep of danger, to save one from eating poisonous weeds, or to bring back a wayward sheep. This emblem of authority and discipline was also a comfort and protection to the sheep to save them from unnecessary problems or even death. This is the reason we discipline our children - to save them from walking the wrong path, from going down the broad way that leads to destruction.

b) Protect his sheep. A skilful shepherd could throw his rod at a lurking wild animal with perfect aim. It was a weapon of protection. No wonder David confessed that the rod was a comfort.

c) Scrutinize. When the shepherd counted his sheep, he used the rod to touch each one as they entered through the gate. The Bible calls this "passing under the rod." (Leviticus 27:32; Ezekiel 20:37) Not only did the shepherd count the sheep with the rod, but also he would carefully examine the sheep for disease, sores, and the health of the skin. Have you ever heard the expression, "Don't pull the wool over my eyes"? As we shepherd our children, we must watch over them intensely to make sure they don't pull the wool over our eyes. We look beyond the "wool" that covers things that may be festering underneath.

The Good Shepherd uses a "staff." (Psalm 23:4)

The staff, a long stick with a hook on one end, is a symbol of compassion and long-suffering. It is used to:

a) Intimately draw the sheep to himself. The shepherd uses the staff to reach out and draw a sheep close to him. If a newborn becomes separated from its mother, the shepherd will use the staff to gently lift the newborn to the mother. He

doesn't use his hand as he doesn't want his smell upon it. Remember, the ewe knows her lamb by its smell.

b) Guide the sheep. The shepherd uses his staff to guide the sheep along a dangerous path or along a new path. He doesn't beat the sheep but puts pressure on the sheep's side to guide it. Sometimes a shepherd will actually hold the staff against the side of a special sheep as they walk along, just so they can "be in touch" together.

c) Rescue the sheep from thorns and brambles and steep cliffs where they have fallen. (Luke 15: 4-7)

The Good Shepherd "seeks out the lost ones." (Ezekiel 34:11,16)

Maybe there is some member in your family who has strayed from the faith and from your home. Don't give up until you find them and bring them home. The Chief Shepherd does not give up until He finds the one that is lost. He says, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken and will strengthen that which was sick." (Ezekiel 34:11, 16)

God also knows what it is like to have children who rebel against Him. Isaiah 63:9,10 says, "He bare them and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled, and vexed His Holy Spirit." Read also Isaiah 46:3, 4.

May God anoint us to be gentle but protecting shepherdesses in our homes.



[Reprinted from *Above Rubies*, a magazine and web site devoted to encouraging mothers and families. Used with permission. Visit them on the Web at www.aboverubies.org]

Recipe Corner

STUFFED MANICOTTI

- 3 T. olive oil
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1/4 green pepper, minced
- 1 small carrot, peeled and minced
- 1/4 tsp. marjoram
- 1 tsp. dried basil
- 3 cloves crushed garlic
- 1 large zucchini, diced
- 2 T. fresh parsley, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups. canned tomatoes, drained and chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup canned spinach, drained and chopped
- 1 pound firm tofu
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 10-12 manicotti shells, cooked until almost done, rinse in cold water
- 4 cups tomato sauce or favorite spaghetti sauce

Procedure:

Heat 3 T. olive oil in a large skillet. Add onion, green pepper, carrots, marjoram, and basil. Cook over medium heat until vegetables are tender.

Add garlic and cook 1 minute longer. Add zucchini and cook, covered, 5 minutes longer.

Add parsley, 1 tsp. salt and tomatoes. Cook 10 minutes to allow flavors to blend.

Stir in spinach and continue cooking, uncovered, until all liquid is cooked out of vegetables. Remove vegetables from heat and allow to cool 10 minutes.

Place the tofu, 1/2 tsp. salt, and lemon juice in a blender and blend until smooth. Stir tofu into vegetables.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Spray desired baking dish with non-stick cooking spray. Fill each manicotti shell with tofu/vegetable mixture and set side by side in baking dish. Spread tomato sauce evenly over manicotti.

Bake covered 20 minutes or until sauce begins to bubble.

Stuffed Manicotti is good served with a fresh spinach salad!

SPINACH SALAD

- 16 ounces fresh spinach, torn into bite sized pieces
- 1 large carrot, peeled and shredded
- 1 small tomato, diced

Procedure:

Mix spinach, carrots, and tomatoes in a nice salad bowl. Serve with your favorite salad dressing.



Submitted by Sue Weir

Dreams Out of Time

By Vicki Kritzell

It was a picnic at my mom's and dad's house. I don't remember the house as being one from my childhood, but there we were. My little sisters were playing in the yard when Grandma and Grandpa Shaffer arrived. I was worried that there wouldn't be enough food, but all of a sudden a group of women I was not familiar with appeared and began fixing all sorts of good things. My Aunt Helen was overseeing everything, bossing everyone around as she had her whole life. Tiny Grandma Thom twisted her apron and worried over the preparations.

Soon my favorite cousin Kenny (against whom I measured all men when I became of dating age) appeared, looking blonde and fit. Aunt Retha and Uncle Bob were there, sitting across from me and sharing a laugh. My children were there, too. It seemed strange that they could be older than I.

As the afternoon wore on, my sisters' children appeared with their spouses and little ones. My grandchildren frolicked with them and I played as well, being close to their ages. Other cousins, aunts and uncles wafted in and out, looking young and thin without lines in their faces.

It was a wonderful day, sunny and bright and full of love. A cloud of warmth surrounded my heart.

When I awoke, I was overcome with a need to cling to that dream. It brought with it a message of comfort. Though many of the loved ones in my dream have departed this world, they remain in my life as long as I can dream. They are young and healthy, without the pain and suffering they endured. My father can walk again, and my mother's eyes are sparkling with the vitality of youth, her hair untouched by gray.

I also came to the realization that someday, when I am gone, my children and grandchildren may dream of me. A happy dream, full of sunshine and joy. Maybe I will look younger and will be playing with them in those sleep times. They will remember me with happiness, the dreams having pushed

away the signs of aging they will have to witness. It makes me feel content. I will live forever in the dreams of those I love.

I believe I may even inhabit the dreams of people I have never met. Many of my dreams have images of people who are unfamiliar to me. I wake up wondering how I could be so at ease with these residents of the night. I believe our subconscious minds photograph faces everywhere we go, storing them to be brought to our attention when we are not too busy to notice. It is in our dreams that the pictures are taken from their files, and these people who are seemingly strangers become a part of our lives. This is also a comforting thought: perhaps these unknown friends are dreaming of me as I am of them.

Such dreams remind me of heaven. Babies lost will be held in their mother's arms again; beloved husbands and wives will be reunited; sisters and brothers, mothers and fathers, will congregate in God's kingdom to be together for eternity. Hardships and losses endured in life are erased. Age is of no consequence, only goodness of heart and spirit.

Perhaps a dream is a gift, allowing us, with uncluttered mind, to view the face of a loved one departed, until we meet them again. This gift of tranquility and peace should be treasured.

As a postscript: yesterday I picked up my three-year-old grandson for our weekly date. He always bursts out the door with excitement as soon as I arrive. He threw his arms around my legs and looked up at me with his big blue eyes and said, "Grandma, I had a wonderful dream last night!" I replied, "Oh, Elijah, what was your dream about?"-imagining it was a dream filled with sunny playtimes. He smiled the most beautiful smile and said, "You, Grandma. I will love you forever."

The cloud of warmth was back..

[Vicki Kritzell, our usual Hope for Children Center reporter, writes from Clyde, Ohio.]

**I will live
forever in
the dreams
of those
I love.**

A TRUNK OF MEMORIES

By Joan Clayton

Going through my trunk one day
I stopped to read and then
Memories of my life appeared
Blessing me again.
I lingered on some photos
Of those no longer here.
I thanked God for the time I had
With those I held so dear.



I found my Grandad's Bible
Its pages old and worn
My name is written in that book
On the day that I was born.
I closed the trunk remembering
Our lives are short at best.
So fill your trunk with goodness
And God will do the rest!

[Reprinted from *Happiness*; September 27, 2003, issue. Used with permission of the author. Joan Clayton is the author of several books, including a book of poetry, *From My Heart*, and a devotional book, *Each Day is a Gift*. Please visit her web site at www.joanclayton.com where you may learn more about Joan as well as preview these books.]

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made (Part 5)

by *George McDaniel*

Nutrition

Most of us equate nutrition with diet, which is the food we eat. However, a more accurate definition of nutrition would be the nutrients that reach the cells in a form that can be used for maintenance, repair and energy supply.

The best place to start in obtaining good nutrition is with a good diet. Other things to consider are the body systems that process the food and deliver it to where it is needed-these include the digestive system, circulatory system, nervous system and endocrine system. These all have to be working well in order to utilize well the nutrients obtained from our food.

A good diet will contain a balance of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals, vitamins, fiber, enzymes and other nutrients. While it is true that we don't need a Ph.D. degree in nutrition to have a good diet, we do need a basic understanding of what to eat and what not to eat in order to have good health. This is especially true if we live in the western industrialized countries where large amounts of money are spent advertising highly processed, so-called food products, which contain little nutrition and can be harmful to our health.

The best diet is the one that most closely resembles the original diet given to man by God. This includes fruits, seeds and vegetables. Fruits result from a fertilized blossom and are carriers for the seeds. This includes such things as squash and tomatoes, which we sometimes think of as vegetables. Seeds would include nuts and grains as well as other seeds. These are the parts that when planted produce new plants and trees. Vegetables include roots, leaves, stems, blossoms and buds. All of these should be eaten in a condition as close to natural as possible, with as little refining and processing as possible. God made man out of the earth and He provided for

his sustenance the plants that grow from the earth. Fruits and seeds, especially, contain elements essential to the growth of new plants. These elements are also necessary for the growth and maintenance of humans. For example, thiamin or vitamin B1, is essential for the growth of the roots of a plant. If thiamin is lacking, roots will not grow. This is why seeds are a good source of thiamin. Humans need thiamin to aid in the metabolism of glucose. It also is needed for the nervous system and other uses. People can eat seeds, including nuts and grains, to obtain thiamin. This substance is largely found in the bran and germ of grains. If the grain is refined, adequate amounts of it can't be obtained and deficiency disease can result. Much the same

The best diet is the one that most closely resembles the original diet given to man by God.

can be said of the other vitamins, which are necessary for both plant and human development.

Minerals are also needed for human life to exist. They are extracted from the soil by plants and are necessary for the development of the plant. Plants also manufacture carbohydrates, proteins and fats to use in forming their own structure and to provide energy for the plant's own use. Not surprisingly, humans also need these substances, and for much the same purpose, which is to provide for growth and maintenance and as a source of energy. It is obvious to me that God provided the amazing plant as the source of nutrients for man.

There are areas in the world where it is difficult to find adequate plant foods to sustain life. In such places where it is necessary to eat animals, including fish and birds, for food, I believe it is best, if possible, to follow the guidelines given by God to Moses in Leviticus 11 as to which animals are suitable for food and

which are not. Some nutritionists consider flesh foods as ideal sources for protein and certain vitamins, and even consider a diet lacking flesh foods as inadequate. We need to look at the facts.

First, human beings are designed physically to consume a plant-based diet. If we compare the physical design of humans with that of grass eaters, such as cows, or meat eaters such as cats, we can see significant differences. They also differ physiologically. Cows' teeth are designed to chew grass. Their stomachs produce little acid and are divided into several sections to thoroughly digest grass, which contains much fiber. Their intestinal tracts are very long so as to enable them to extract full benefit from their diet. Cats, on the other hand, are typical carnivores. They have sharp, pointed teeth, suitable for tearing flesh. Their stomachs produce strong acid to digest the high protein diet. Their intestinal tracts are short, allowing for rapid elimination of waste. Cats and other carnivores also produce an enzyme called uricase, which helps to deal with uric acid, which is a by-product of digestion of meat.

The teeth of humans are designed for biting and then chewing fruits, seeds and vegetables. The acid in human stomachs is lower in amount than cats but stronger than cows. It is suitable for dealing with the amounts of protein from a plant-based diet. The human intestinal tract is also suitable for dealing with a diet higher in fiber than that which is found in meats. It is longer than that of cats but shorter than that of cows. A high meat, low fiber diet results in slow transit time of food residues through the intestines, which can result in constipation and production of toxic substances from bacterial action on protein residues. The extended contact of these toxic by-products with the colon is thought to be one cause of cancer of the colon. Humans also do not produce uricase, so are unable to metabolize uric acid. It is de-

toxified and eliminated slowly by the liver, but any excess is deposited in joints and muscles and can result in gout and some forms of arthritis.

Other reasons for not including meat in the diet include: 1) Most of the meat available in the stores is from animals raised on “factory farms.” They are fed a carefully designed diet including antibiotics, hormones and protein derived from animal sources. This causes rapid weight gain but is a source of many problems. The mad cow disease in some parts of the world is only one of the problems. 2) The animals are usually kept confined in pens and not allowed to graze freely and obtain exercise. 3) The hormones and antibiotics they are fed can affect the consumer. 4) In addition, when the animals are brought in for slaughter, they are aware that they are in danger. They produce hormones from the fear and anger they feel as they are driven into the slaughterhouse. I watched a steer one time being driven into a slaughterhouse. He was wild with fear and anger and kept trying to escape. These hormones have a stressful effect on the one eating the meat.

Some think that eating meat is necessary to keep up their strength. A look at the animal world will show us the fallacy of this. The tiger is a strong and fierce beast but it fears the elephant. The elephant is much larger and stronger and eats only plants. Many other animals we admire for their strength eat only plants; mostly grasses: oxen, horses, buffaloes, etc.

In selecting what to include in one’s diet, it is best to choose from a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. Try to include green, yellow and red vegetables. The deeper and more intense the color, generally the more food value the vegetable contains. The same can be said for fruits: Eat a variety with different colors; red, orange, yellow, blue. The pigments that give various colors to fruits and vegetables have recently been found to be important to human health and have names such as carotenes, anthocyanidins, flavonoids, lutein, zeaxanthin, cryptoxanthin and isothiocyanates. Many of these substances act as antioxidants, which can protect cells from being damaged.

Limit each meal to three or four varieties, but include as much variety as you can over several days, since some things are higher in some nutrients and others will make up where those lack. For instance, seeds are usually high in vitamin B complex and certain minerals, but are low in vitamins C and A and other minerals, such as calcium. Green leafy vegetables are relatively high in calcium, vitamin C and vitamin A, so in combination they complement each other. The same is true in regard to protein. Seeds and leaves both contain amino acids, the building blocks of protein. Those of the leaf complement those of the seed so that together they provide a more adequate source of protein.

If you feel your diet needs to be changed, do it slowly. Become informed. Don’t rush into a change without first having a plan. A good place to start is to eliminate the commonly-called junk foods. These are the highly refined and processed foods that consist mainly of white flour, sugar, artificial flavors and colors and hydrogenated or partially hydrogenated fats. Most of the vitamins in foods are contained in places like the bran and germ of grains and in, or just under, the peel of other foods. These are the parts most frequently removed in refining and processing. Many vitamins are sensitive to heat and are destroyed by cooking, or are dissolved in the water used. Some foods are made more palatable by cooking, such as beans and potatoes. Use as little water as possible and do not discard it. Many vegetables can be cooked with steam. This preserves more of the vitamin content. Beans, grains and other seeds can be sprouted. This actually increases the nutrient content of the seed.

Once you have replaced refined foods with whole foods in your diet, you are ready for other changes such as eating more raw foods instead of cooking so much, or sprouting seeds to eat. If you can go to a bookstore, or a health food store, you can probably find books that can give you information on many topics relative to nutrition; then experiment to find out what you like and what works

for you. What works for you and gives you better health and more energy may be different from what works for someone else. Just try to approximate as closely as you can the ideal diet given man by God.

Young people up through their 20s or even 30s can seem to be able to eat anything, drink anything, keep late or irregular hours and schedules and still have good health and lots of energy. This is due to the ability of the body to adapt and overcome these abuses. The time will come when it will catch up with them. It is much better to begin young in learning good health practices. Those who do will be able to hang onto that good health and abundant energy much longer into older age.

Some people think that if they take a vitamin/mineral supplement, it doesn’t matter if their diet isn’t so good. This is a fallacy. Most vitamin preparations

on the market are synthetic. They are manufactured in a laboratory. Vitamins, as taken in food, come with many other plant substances that help make them effective. Synthetic vitamins, or even vitamins extracted from natural sources and concentrated, do not have the same beneficial effect on the body as the complete natural food source with its combination of beneficial ingredients.

One of the most misused terms in the supplement industry is the word “natural.” It doesn’t have to mean “made by natural processes.” It can mean “resembling a natural product.” Let the buyer beware. Knowledge is the best defense against being misled. This is not to say that all supplements are worthless. Some can be beneficial. Once again, know what you are eating and why you are eating it.

In the next issue, I plan to continue this subject by examining how the body processes and uses the food eaten.



[George McDaniel is a registered nurse who enjoys doing research into how the body functions and how to keep it in optimum health. He writes from Pineville, West Virginia]

**Don't rush
into a change
without
first having
a plan.**

(Continued from Page 5)

the God who has so quickly provided the right vehicle has already planned for the liquidation of this debt.

Now, with their own vehicle, the waiting will be eliminated. The vehicle can be driven directly to the spot where the shopping needs to be done and items can be loaded into it as they are purchased. There will no longer be a need to be continually backtracking to some spot where their things are being held. The children will have a way to get to school when it is raining. It is good for them to walk when the weather is nice but when it is raining it is quite a long walk!! Now a trip to Kisii, for e-mail or ATM use, which used to take up most of the day, can easily be accomplished in a morning. I am excited to see the way God has provided for this need.

David Clayton made the following observation during his visit to the Center: “Each child seems to know his duty very well and carries out his or her task willingly and cheerfully. One noticeable feature was the way the older children looked after and supervised the younger ones. The atmosphere of a family was very real.” I also found this to be true.

There are so many memories of my trip stamped indelibly in my mind. In an effort to share as many of them with you as possible, while trying to save space, I have recorded them randomly—just as I remembered them:

» The children clapping and cheering as Pastor opened the box containing their new purple T-shirts.

» My clothing being removed from the line and returned to me only after each piece had been carefully ironed by Edith or one of the girls—even my underwear.

» Pastor Maurice reaching into his pocket again and again for money to give to children for various needs. This reminded me of the often-repeated request in USA, “Dad, I need my lunch money.” (Most of the children, however, come home for lunch.)

» Maria riding to the Center each morning on the back of a bicycle; professionally dressed and ready to teach nursery school.



The new purple T-shirts proclaiming “Hope For Children” and then “Hearth to Hearth Ministries” across the bottom.

» Caleb (Pastor’s right-hand man and a member of the orphanage Committee) standing on the veranda in front of the girls’ rooms, carefully polishing and brushing the younger children’s black school shoes before school—of course they would be dusty by the time the children arrived, but they knew they had been polished and polished shoes would certainly last longer.

» The children, quickly eating their breakfast and hurrying off to their various schools dressed in their colorful, neatly-ironed-but-often-in-need-of-repair school uniforms, many with their books slung over their shoulders in plastic bags. When questioned as to their needs, nearly all requested a school bag, which I told them we’d try our best to provide when the new school year begins in January. (This is also a good gift idea for sponsors.)

» The small, walk-in type closets in each room with their painted walls, no hooks or rods, and most with the children’s clothing and personal effects stored in the best way they could find: stacked on the floor. A few had metal boxes, all need them.

» Edith opening a can of plum jam with her only can opener—a 16 inch (or longer) knife.

» Boys and girls being sent home from school to have their heads shaved when their hair was no more than 1/16th inch long.

» Emily (the secretary/treasurer of the Committee, who is also volunteering full time at the Center) stopping her kitchen work long enough to nurse her year-old daughter who, more often than not, was being toted around by one of the children.

» Boys happily hoeing the collards and tomatoes in the very large garden.

» Eunice busily stirring white maize meal in a very large kettle over an open fire until it cooked enough to be turned out into a large cake of ugali.

» Vegetable soup bubbling in the large pot over the fire.

» Caleb kneading chapatti dough, with his fists, in a very large kettle setting on the ground out in front of the kitchen..

» Edith rolling out chapattis while Eunice and Emily fried them, stacked three high, on small stoves at either end of the outdoor worktable.

» Pastor Maurice, quietly and with no fanfare, taking a small, disruptive child (a visitor) by the hand and leading



Carringtone, Duncan, Vincent and Marwa ready to leave for school. In the background are the woodshed, then latrines on the left, the children’s rooms on the right.

him around wherever he went; including him in his activities, in a loving disciplinary action.

» Girls and women filling plates for the children, with several different items, by sliding the plates to each other across the kitchen's packed-dirt floor.

» Children filing to the kitchen to collect their food: sometimes a cupful of porridge or soup, sometimes a plateful



Edith's sister, Mirim, at work in the kitchen.

of ugali or rice and vegetables, sometimes bread with peanut butter, then hurrying off to some selected spot in which to eat it. Some might be found sitting along the wall of

the long veranda in front of their rooms, others standing in the courtyard, or maybe choosing a location in the play yard behind their rooms.

» Edith, standing out in front of the kitchen, passing out three or four small sweet bananas to each child as they file by.

» Getting my first taste of passion fruit. Yum!

» Maria smilingly and animatedly teaching her 16 or 18 nursery school students while speaking to them only in English. Some lessons are also taught in Kiswahili, I understand.

» The nursery school students cheerfully and excitedly replying to Maria's questions in unison with memorized English responses.

» The choir singing beautiful-sounding songs in Kiswahili, complete with various body movements.

» A dozen or more girls carrying water from the river in yellow five-gallon-sized buckets balanced on their heads.

» Boys hauling water up from the deep well using a very long rope and a small weighted bucket.

» Mirim (Edith's younger sister who is now helping full time at the Center) scrubbing the floor of the large living room each morning before breakfast.

» Children and adults eating their meal of ugali, sukuma week (collards) and hard-boiled eggs cooked in a tomato sauce, as well as most other meals that could not be drunk from a cup, with their fingers. Usually a spoon or fork was provided for my use, though, if it happened to be forgotten, I did my best to follow the local customs. After all, my daddy told me long ago that "fingers were made before forks."

» Young boys playing with, and fighting over, a very moth-eaten-looking eight-inch-diameter-sized ball. They could really use a new one or two.

» Girls happily playing jump rope with the new rope that I had taken for them.

» Caleb making sure the voluntary morning and evening worship programs got underway.

» Awaking at 5:00 a.m. to the sound of Caleb and the earliest-rising children singing as everyone gathers for morning prayers.

» Girls washing dishes in large plastic basins out in the courtyard and draining them in a large, rectangular, two-basketed wire mesh bin.

» Clothing quickly being gathered from lines and bushes in various parts of the compound when the sky looked like rain was imminent.

» Every-meal tea that seemed to be a very watered-down version of what we would think of as hot chocolate.

» Someone holding a basin under each person's hands and pouring water from a pitcher over them to allow us to wash before meals.

» The consideration of the children who always allowed me to go first whenever I made my way to the pit latrine.

» The small-to-mid-sized, soon-to-be-a-mother resident dog lazily sleeping away her days.

» Julia (one of the members of the Committee) attending church services on Sabbath and giving me a warm invitation to visit her in her home—an invitation I am very sorry I was not able to take advantage of.

» Several frightened and disappointed older boys quickly jumping far away from the "new" office computer when it went "bang/flash," even causing the room lights to



The choir favoring us with an impromptu song shortly after our arrival at the Hope Center

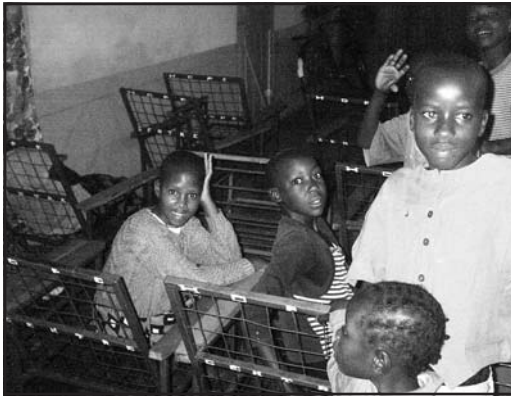
go off, the first time I plugged it in. Unfortunately, the switch in the back had not been switched from 110 to 220. Fortunately there was a man in Kisii who knew how, and had the parts, to repair the power supply.

» Girls washing, rinsing and wringing clothes by hand in large basins on the courtyard lawn.

» Emily, Eunice, Edith and Esther (my "adopted daughter" visiting from Uganda)—the 4 E's—with other helpers

from time to time, sorting beans, washing and chopping greens and other vegetables, as well as doing other food-preparation tasks.

» Two older girls blowing through a metal pipe and adding more kindling in an effort to coax the cooking fire into flames very early in the morning.



These "easy chairs" will be comfortable seating once the foam cushions can be purchased.

wearing only shower thongs on their feet and no gloves on their hands.

» Pastor Maurice making an announcement between Sabbath School and church that the scheduled speaker was still preparing, then calling me outside and informing me that I was the one to speak... Surely I should have known it would be expected of me.

» My boy, Duncan, singing a special song in my honor for the Sabbath worship service. Feeling disappointed that, since I was sitting up front he sang with his back to me and I was not able to photograph him.

» The Pathfinders (a club for both boys and girls similar to Scouts) doing a series of drill steps, all dressed in their new purple T-shirts.

» Miles and miles of extra people with all kinds of wares brought into town, filling every available space, on market day.

» The seemingly endless produce market with its countless people tending the innumerable variety of piles and piles of fruits, grains and vegetables mingled with many bins of tiny two to three inch fish.

» A homeless eleven-year-old street boy, who had lost track of his older brother, following us and begging us to take him with us.

» Traveling in a crowded van with four people hanging on at the side door and two hanging onto the back.

» Rushing into a public toilet in the city, carrying no money and not realizing I'd be asked to pay. Finding my thoughtful Kenyan son, Duncan, waiting for me at the door when I came out, with the necessary coin ready.

» Children, working as a unit like a giant vacuum cleaner, combing the compound for litter in preparation for the Sabbath.

» Five small boys and one small girl unashamedly playing and bathing in large basins in the middle of the compound.

» Pastor Maurice getting used to his new digital camera with children vying for a turn to be photographed.

» Caleb and Duncan using an ax to split wood for the kitchen fire while

» A boy carefully using one of the crude African brooms to wash down the veranda in front of the boys' rooms.

» Saying good-bye to Esther and my two handsome Ugandan grandchildren as they boarded a van heading in the opposite direction the morning of my departure.

» Solemn, tearful good-byes, hurried last words, lingering hugs and a thoughtful farewell letter from a dear girl prior to my reluctant parting.

» Being interrupted at the e-mail bureau by a young woman, just finishing her two-year Kenyan assignment with the Peace Corps and obviously happy to see another white face. Loath to leave her Kenyan family, yet anticipating a new adventure, after a brief visit with her family in Kansas she was bound for a stint in China.

» The boys in the choir all dressed up in their new suits, purchased for them by Pastor Maurice from his own funds because he feels his boys need suits too and the choir was a good place to start. The girls in the choir also have matching skirts and will soon have the needed tops as well.

» The primitive African brooms, used to sweep and/or scrub all areas whether it be the large floor of the living room, the after-meal-preparation debris from the courtyard, the children's rooms or the latrines.

» The neighbor's not too welcome chickens coming over to help themselves to the basins of kitchen scraps waiting to be dumped.

» A lone cow tethered out in front of a small shop across the street from the Center.

» Boys cutting grass in lawn areas using machetes.

» Giving mini computer slide shows to happy children, being amused by their surprise that there is so much green in America.

» The choir members singing their special warm-up melody while making their way to the front of the room; Pastor, Caleb or Carrington (a promising older orphan) sounding the pitch for the four-part harmony of the special number about to be sung.

» Pastor's unique, spontaneous smile and his oft-repeated, heartfelt exclamation of "this is so good, this is sooooo good."

» Visitors coming almost daily with requests for help for orphaned children that they are concerned about. Pastor's obvious regret at having to turn so many away.



Christine carrying fresh collards from the garden.

[Esther has more memories of her trip to share in our next issue. Vicki Kritzell, our Hope Center Correspondent, is still on the job. She will be writing this column again after the next issue.]



Homecoming

By Grace Pennington Cox

I turn the key in the old rusty lock,
The door swings open wide.
"I'm home!"




I call across the threshold,
But only emptiness replies.
Mama could be in the kitchen
Fixing my favorite food.
Papa could be out back
Chopping some kindling wood.
Where is my brother, the dreamer?
Is he upstairs reading a book?
Or out in the woods playing Indian?
In a moment I'll take a look.
I wander down the hallway
And peek in all the rooms.
They're just as I remembered.
O, but it's good to be home!
I sit down at the dining room table
In the place that was always mine.
I look around and see all the faces



Of those I left behind.
I climb the narrow stairway
To the room I still call my own
Where many happy hours were spent.
During childhood, long since gone.
I touch the iron bedstead,
The quilt with stitches small.
Where is the girl who slept here?
Is she there in the glass on the wall?
Will I see her as she was then
Before her hair turned gray?
Will I see an aged reflection,
Or the girl of yesterday?
I gaze out my bedroom window
At the trees, and the yard below.
Why do the weeds and briars
So close to the house seem to grow?
Why does a full-grown forest
Seem to stand in the place
Of the wide green pasture



Where cows ought to graze?
Why does the garden
Where food should be growing
Seem with bushes and brambles
To be overflowing?
Why can't I hear footsteps
In the kitchen downstairs?
Why are no axe blows
Ringing in the air? 
Where is the book that
Brother was reading?
Why are no drums
In the forest beating?
Why does my heart
Suddenly clutch with fear?
Why does it seem that no one is here?
O! why does it seem that no one is here?



[Grace lives in Tennessee, but likes to visit her old home place in West Virginia.]

Hearth to Hearth Ministries

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