

Hearth to Hearth

Woman to Woman



Vol. 7, No. 3

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

May/June 2004



Psalm of Trust and Gladness

By Rhonda Stewart

Countless people throughout the world have memorized the twenty-third Psalm. By taking hold of the promises presented there, many have

found comfort and peace that carried them through the stormy seasons in their lives. Truly most of us can testify to the same power in the simple wording of Psalm 23. We desire to be led into a closer relationship with the Good Shepherd upon Whom this Psalm was based. By taking a closer, deeper look into the words of truth found there, The Shepherd Himself will become more real to us, and our fellowship with Him more sweet.

The Lord is my Shepherd

Webster defines “shepherd” as: “One who tends sheep; one who watches over and guides; a pastor.”

In Psalm 80, Asaph addresses his prayer to the “Shepherd of Israel”: Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." (Verse 1)

Jesus said that “I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep....[I] know my sheep, and am known of mine.” (John 10:11, 14)

Peter tells us, “Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.” (1 Peter 2:25) And Paul says, “Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, Make you perfect in every good work to do his will... through Jesus Christ.” (Hebrews 13:20, 21) The Lord was the psalmist’s Shepherd; He

was the Shepherd of the New Testament, and He is our Shepherd!

I shall not want

“But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” (Philippians 4:19) God knows every problem, each temptation, all the circumstances of our lives, day by day. He is victorious over every challenge! We may trust ourselves to the tender, overseeing care of our Shepherd, not wanting for anything because we trust Him to know and supply our needs.

To God’s faithful ones, with whom He will share the glories of His eternal kingdom, He promises: “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither

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Editorial

FAITH AND HOLINESS

By Onycha Holt

I've been thinking lately about the year 1549 when Friar Diego de Landa arrived in the Yucatan. He was 25 years old and had come to Christianize the Mayan people. What he found was a culture that intertwined blood and pain with a conception of holiness. Mayan kings displayed severed heads on their dress, the losing team members in sacred ballgames were beheaded, and human sacrifice and blood-letting were practiced for various reasons. A limestone carving on loan from the British Museum and on display at the National Gallery of Art's exhibition, "Courtly Art of the Ancient Maya," shows Queen Lady Xok pulling a rope studded with sharp spines through a hole pierced in her tongue. Her husband, Shield Jaguar, stands supportively nearby. Can we possibly attain to holiness in this manner? I have been pondering the Maya and their religious practices lately, not only because of the special exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, which includes masterworks from around the world, but also because of Mel Gibson's new movie.

We know that all who live godly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution (1 Timothy 3:12), and that Jesus counsels us to take up our cross and follow Him. (Matthew 16:24) On the other hand, being persecuted does not necessarily mean one is living godly, does it? Consider the Shiite Muslims standing exultantly atop the mosque in Fallujah, ready to die in defense of their city and beliefs against perceived American persecution, or the suicide bomber in Jerusalem, dying with zealous conviction.

How can we know that our life is pleasing to God? I believe it starts by understanding the wonderful character of God and the depth of His love for us and, when we truly comprehend this, it changes us. We gladly bear the burdens of others, walk the extra mile, and do good to them that despitefully use us, because we know this is how God is. We know this, because this is how He treats us. We can't begin to measure the depth of His love for us. It goes far beyond our highest conception, and then rises ever higher, when we consider what we deserve.

Martin Luther discovered the sacrifice our heavenly Father desires is not found in the fires of Molech, or in self-denial in a monk's cell, or on a Mayan pyramid temple site. He was forever changed when the beauty of faith and holiness, not pain and holiness, became clear to him. He was set free and experienced a God of love and forgiveness in place of a god that demanded penance and suffering. Here is what he says in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians:

Commenting on Chapter 1 verse 3, he states: "The fact is, the more a person seeks credit for himself by his own efforts, the deeper he goes into debt. Nothing can take away sin except the grace of God..." and then, on Chapter 3 verse 6, he remarks, "Men fast, pray, watch, suffer. They intend to appease the wrath of God and to deserve God's grace, by the exertions. But there is no glory in it for God, because by their exertions these workers pronounce God an unmerciful slave driver, an unfaithful and angry Judge... Faith truly honors God. And because faith honors God, God counts faith for righteousness."

In this issue, you will read about Tina's freedom. We can all praise God for her faith and rejoice with her in her new life with God. You will also read about Esther's pen pal in prison, who has not yet gained a personal relationship with our Heavenly Father and with Jesus Christ, His Son. As you read about his experience, will you join us in prayer that God's peace and joy, and faith will replace his doubt and criticism?

In fact, this issue is full of beauty and inspiration. I hope it will strengthen your faith in our Heavenly Father and bring you peace and joy, also, as you attempt to live a godly life.

May you be rich in God's blessings always.



MAIL CALL:

I started reading *Hearth to Hearth* this morning and started with your article, "Love in Action." What a precious woman! I have material I purchased to make a small quilt for my Mother. I bought the material ten years ago and I am willing to admit I will never make the quilt. It is 100% cotton and I would love to send it to Madonna. I am anxious to read the rest of the newsletter. Have a great day!! *Minnesota*

Thank you, friend Sue, for adding me to the mailing list for the *Hearth to Hearth*. I am enjoying most of the articles. The "A Page from My Experience" section is great. I also checked out the link for the Girls of Faith website and really enjoyed visiting that site. *Oklahoma*

I am the director of Women's Ministries at the Berean Church in Battle Creek, Michigan where Janet Perry visits quite a bit. At our breakfast Sunday she shared with us your program. We would like to sponsor a child. Please send me information. *Michigan*

We just received the newsletter—it was wonderful! How much work you put into it, and your heart of GOLD always comes through loud and clear! I liked the article about Madonna Wilson, what a dear lady! And, of course, your latest news about the orphanage and orphans was wonderful too! Beryl looks so cute too with her doll! And how Alice Fredrick coped with her trials for her son Shane is really inspiring. I could make more comments, but need to stop. *California*

I can appreciate the work that is being done for the orphans, and I can see that we need to reach out to others, in our own neighborhoods or afar, and try to make a difference in the world for Christ. It seems, though, that the paper is now overloaded with the orphan project, with too many pages (in my view) devoted to the orphanage. Lately there is even an additional feature ("Up Close and Personal") that indirectly involves that project also. What I would love to see is more of encouragement and success stories through Christ's love, and more of the Word. And I would like to see more poems. I have always loved the poetry. *Virginia*

Every time I get some extra money I think of the orphanage. I am so happy my little bits of money can go to help someone in need. When I was a member of OA (Overeaters Anonymous), at the end of the meeting we'd stand in a circle and clasp hands and say, "I put my hand in yours and together we can do what we could never do alone!" To me, this sums up what all of us are doing for the children, even though we are all miles apart. *New Jersey*

Thank you for your letter [Vicki's] and also the letter from our Molly. We were so delighted to get it, she is beaming in the photo. She looks

so lovely in one of my skirts and the purple tee shirt that Esther brought them. We can't wait to hear more about the plans for the new Orphanage!

Australia

I read the article about Madonna needing material to make dolls. I have plenty of material if you will give me her address I will send some out to her ASAP. Loved reading your articles [Vicki's], keep up the good work.

West Virginia

I really liked Bonnie Applegate's story about the deer [Mar./Apr. 2004], and thought her spiritual application of the "hooked" incident was truly insightful. Will we see more of her work in *Hearth to Hearth*? I hope so!

My heart goes out to Alice Fredrick and her son. How inspiring to get a glimpse of someone's courageous attitude and abiding faith in God regardless (or maybe because) of the circumstances they face. It really helps me to see my own little "woes" in their proper perspective! Please keep us informed about her son's progress. The rest of the issue was good too, though tipped a little heavily (I thought) toward the orphanage project. I appreciate the articles on health ("Fearfully and Wonderfully Made"). I know a lot of time and work go into researching and writing these. Sometimes, though, they are too technical and too lengthy. It is my opinion that shorter would be better!

Tennessee

I just loved the article about Madonna Wilson. What a wonderful and inspirational lady she is. I really enjoy the columns about the sponsors, and can't wait for the next one! Keep up the good work.

Pennsylvania

I enjoy *Hearth to Hearth* SO much. You and the other staff members are such a blessing to others!

I have started lifting George's articles on health to put them all together in a booklet form, and I have found that in doing that I mess up other articles, so I thought of a suggestion! Would it be possible to put his articles in the center of the magazine or in the very back?...

May God continue to bless all of you as you continue to inspire the rest of us to draw close to our Saviour.

Tennessee

[Suggestions are always welcome. Place in the magazine is often determined by length of article, but we can try. George's articles are, admittedly, long at times, but worth studying. We are happy to furnish an extra issue to anyone who can use it. *Editor.*]

What a wonderful story about Madonna Wilson. Though I have been corresponding with her for nearly a year, I learned so much about her from reading this article. I enjoy all of the articles about the sponsors very much. I am considering retiring from teaching after this year and would like to send some of the many books

I have accumulated over the years to the children. Most are for children of six to seven years of age.

Colorado

I'm a long-time reader of *Hearth to Hearth*—since its beginning, actually. I've noticed what appears to be a shift in emphasis, and have been wondering about it. I thought there used to be a nice "balance" of articles, with most illustrating how each role women fulfill can be a stepping stone to our completeness in Christ. During the last year or more, it seems that the paper has been geared mainly toward the orphanage and those who participate as sponsors rather than a newsletter of encouragement for women in general. Is it just me, or do others feel that way also? Is *Hearth to Hearth's* mission still to encourage the completeness (in Christ) of women in the various areas of our lives?

Virginia

[We would like to hear more comments on this subject. The orphanage project has generated more enthusiasm for the ministry of *Hearth to Hearth* than anything that we have previously tried. In fact, it is always possible that we may take on other orphanages in other places, in the future, if things continue as they are. If you are among the silent majority, please let your voice be heard on this important issue. We appreciate all input, positive or negative. *Editor.*]

Thank you for your magazine, *Hearth to Hearth*. I save it to read when I have moments of waiting.

Maryland

It is very exciting to read about the new opportunities opening up for the orphans at the Hope for Children's Center. I'm sure their hearts are thrilled at the thought of having their own place. It is clear that God is blessing in wonderful ways.

Kentucky

I'm so happy to hear that the Hope Center will have a new home in the near future. God is really blessing. I keep you all in our prayers.

Tennessee

PRAYER CALL:

1) I just need to let you know that my brother Lee passed away around 8:00 last night, April 14, 2004. Please pray for the family. They are taking it hard.

Alice Fredrick - Arizona

2) Continue to pray for Vicki Kritzell's mother who has, again, been hospitalized due to complications from surgery.

EDITOR'S NOTES:

» **A disclaimer:** Frequently we use articles that we find in other publications and on the Internet. We are careful to give appropriate credit, including the web addresses. Such usage and credit is not meant to imply that *Hearth to Hearth* necessarily agrees with or recommends

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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.

Our Staff:

Publisher:

Esther McDaniel

Content Coordinator:

Sue Weir

Contributing Editors:

Onycha Holt

Victoria Kritzell

Treasurer:

Sally Specht

Assistant Treasurer:

George McDaniel

Our Address:

The return address printed on the newsletter is for mailing purposes only. Please direct all correspondence to the following addresses:

All donations:

Sally Specht, PO Box 741, Angwin, CA 94508, Phone: (707)-965-1379; E-mail: sspecht@puc.edu

Orphanage information:

Vicki Kritzell, PO Box 211, Clyde, OH43410, Phone: (419)-547-8147, E-mail: kritz@winesburg.com

All other information, including anything for publication:

Esther McDaniel, PO Box 647, Pineville, WV 24874, Phone: (304)-294-8424, E-mail: esther@smyrna.org

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shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” (Revelation 6:16, 17)

Think of it! Our tender Shepherd is also the “Lamb in the midst of the throne”! We will never have to worry about being hungry or thirsty again. If we trust and believe on Him, claiming all the promises by faith, the Shepherd of our souls will supply all our needs throughout eternity.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures

“As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep... I will feed them in a good pasture; and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel.” (Ezekiel 34:13,14)

Our Shepherd seeks us out, and takes care for us. He doesn't leave us to be the prey of predators in the rough, swampy lowlands, with hard, stony ground all around us. He leads us to the highlands where we may lie down and safely rest in soft, beautiful, green pastures. We need no more to run hither and yon, searching for truth; He will feed us with the best food, with the truths of His Word.

He leadeth me beside the still waters

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” (John 14:27)

Our Shepherd promises to lead us by waters of quietness. We need quietness! The fast pace and loud roar of the world around us will turn hearts and minds away from God. It will harden our hearts and scramble our thinking and take away the peace that we so need. It will try to turn us into “machines” instead of beings that know and love God. People search for a “master mechanic” to fix their broken “machinery,” or try the “do-it-yourself” approach, but the brokenness remains.

We need the “Master Mechanic”! Only He can repair our brokenness! “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” (John 14:27)

He restoreth my soul

David knew, once he acknowledged his great sin, once he realized his brokenness, that he needed for God to restore his soul. He prayed, “Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.” (Psalm

51:10) Such a prayer of sincerity, from the depths of the heart, will be speedily answered. “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.” (Psalms 34:6)

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake:

“Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Lead me in the truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.” (Psalm 25:4, 5)

God yearns to show us, to teach us His way and His will. The paths of righteousness are revealed in His Word. Signposts, delineating His paths, are found in His ten-commandment law. By reading and following the signposts, we stay on His paths of righteousness, and His name—His character—is glorified in our lives. We do it to please Him, because we love Him, and because we want to walk in the paths of safety that He has laid out for us.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

Oh, what is the valley of shadow of death? Is it not the world in which we should be just pilgrims passing thru on our way to the heavenly Canaan?

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me

“There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be

I Met the Good Shepherd

By Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

I met the Good Shepherd, just now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again;
I marveled how gently His burden He bore;
And as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep.
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed;
And what is this wound they have made in Thy side?

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Thy wounds make me love Thee, my heart shall be Thine;
With Thee I will journey, my Shepherd divine.



[From Hymns for the Year, 1867; found on the Internet at <http://www.cyberhymnal.org>. Set to the tune of “Away in a Manger.”]

with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.” (Joshua 1:5)

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” (Isaiah 43:2)

All manner of wickedness and evil shall come up against us, for we fight not against flesh and blood but against powers and principalities and spiritual wickedness in high places. (See Ephesians 6:12) But our Shepherd said, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” (Matthew 28:20)

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me

The rod and the staff are visible indications of the shepherd’s presence and continual guardianship of his flock—truly a comfort to them. His rod could be used as a weapon against predators trying to steal away some of the flock. His staff was for support, and the crook at the end of it could be used to reach and rescue a sheep that had fallen into a deep place or was caught in a thicket. Sometimes, the shepherd and a favorite sheep would walk along beside each other, the shepherd lightly resting his staff on the sheep as a way of communicating closeness and friendliness between them.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies

Now the figure of the shepherd is changed to that of a gracious host, and the psalmist becomes a guest at a banquet! His host is none other than a king—the King Jehovah, the Lord of hosts! Though our enemies have encamped about us, their plots against us cannot succeed in the presence of our Shepherd.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” (Revelation 3:20) Christ, the good Shepherd, wants to come into our hearts and feed us from His banquet table now and throughout eternity.

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over

We know that oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. If our lives are anointed with the heavenly oil, if we are filled with God’s Spirit, our cup of joy in the Lord will surely be full to overflowing! A cup that is full to the brim cannot be carried about without spilling. If we are filled with God’s Spirit, the blessings of His joy and gladness and peace will “splash” onto the lives of others as we walk in His paths of righteousness.

“The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.” Isaiah 61:1)

God has given us the Spirit of Truth that we may not be bound yet again in the error of darkness, but be actively telling the world about the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life

God’s grace and mercy will sustain us through life’s present hardships and struggles. We can trust that His goodness and mercy will surely go with us into the future. “For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.” (John 1:17) “David said... I am in a great strait: let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great.” (2 Samuel 24:14)

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The psalmist is well satisfied within the care of the divine Shepherd. He has been nurtured with fresh pastures and peaceful waters; protected from predators; invited to a royal banquet; anointed with the oil of joy. He is the recipient of all the Shepherd’s goodness and mercy. He closes on a note of utter gladness, confident that he will remain with the Lord, his Shepherd, eternally.

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle [body] were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” (2 Corinthians 5:1)

Oh, my beloved, if we would just grab hold of all the promises written in His Word, sure victory would be ours. No tears, sorrow, heartache and pain will be known in God’s eternal kingdom. Peace like a river shall be ours, not only then, but now, in this life also.

“For I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.” (Psalm 121:1-2, 8)



[Rhonda Stewart is a wife and grandmother who loves to share her Shepherd with others. She writes from Columbus, Ohio.]

The Detour

By Grace Cox

The path the Shepherd had made for my feet
Seemed way too narrow, and the grade too steep,
And my daily cross too heavy to bear.
I yearned for a lighter one, more delicate, to wear.
A detour sign beckoned so I turned off the road,
Took a broader path, and lightened my load—
I abandoned my cross! It had wearied me so.
Now my feet sped along down the detour road.
From my new vantage point I admired the view
Of the world around me. It was all brand new!

Then all of a sudden right under my feet
Loomed a precipice and a chasm, oh, so deep!
I stopped in time, wondering what to do,
Looked around for the Shepherd, nowhere in view.
I'll wait for a moment, consider my plight,
Review my options, determine what's right
For me to do. And then, just like a wayward sheep
I grasped for a thing just out of my reach,
Lost my footing, tumbled over the edge,
And found myself caught in a bramble hedge.

I knew I was helpless, no way to get free
Of the thorns and briars that imprisoned me.
I thought of the Shepherd and yearned for the fold
As darkness engulfed me, and the air turned cold.
I called out to Him, "Please save me!" I cried,
"I will, I love you," the Shepherd replied.
With the crook of His staff He reached over the cliff,
And lifted me up, up from the abyss.

He carried me back to the straight, narrow way,
And retrieved my cross from where it lay.
"I'll walk in Your footsteps, Your voice will I heed.
No more detours—I know where they lead!
I will carry my cross, daily taking it up.
It's nothing compared to Your bitter cup!"
I thanked my good Shepherd for saving my soul,
Sang praises while He led me back to the fold.



[Grace writes from Trenton, Tennessee. Her poetry and articles have been a blessing to *Hearth to Hearth* readers from the very beginning of the magazine.]

Coach's Corner

Ask Trisha

Question: I'm so overwhelmed by all the tasks begging for my attention. I want to spend my time wisely. What kind of tasks should I focus on?

Blurred Vision

Answer: "Everything on earth has its own time and its own season." Ecclesiastes 3:1

Imagine you have a very large glass jar, piles of rocks, gravel and sand, and a jug of water. Your aim is to fit as many rocks, and as much gravel, sand and water into the jar as physically possible. In what order do you put the different types of materials into the jar?

The answer is to put in the big rocks first. Then, when you pour in the gravel, you'll fill up all the spaces between the rocks. Next, the sand will fill in the spaces between pieces of gravel and, finally, the water will fill all the remaining spaces to full capacity. The big rocks represent the tasks and projects that are most important to you. These need to be put in your schedule (represented by the jar) first, before anything else. These are your top priorities. Your top priorities must be things that will still matter to you one year from now. They must also be things that you have control over, and will improve the quality of your life and the lives of those around you. Even though they may not be urgent, they are very important, and if they aren't focused on, they will eventually become urgent.

Make a list of your top five personal priorities, which may include spending quality time with your family and friends, your hobby, and contributing something to your community. You can also do the same for your work priorities. Put copies of this list where you will see them often. Say no to anything that steals time away from doing your top priorities. Having this list will help you focus on the tasks that are most important to you.

"I wish I could stand on a busy corner, hat in hand, and beg people to throw me all their wasted hours." Bernard Berenson.

"The talent of time is precious. Every day it is given to us in trust, and we shall be called upon to give an account of it to God... Only one day at a time—think of this. One day is mine. I will in this one day do my best." Ellen White.

Trisha



[Trisha Cupra is a Christian Life Coach at Genesis Life Coaching. If you have a question you'd like answered in *Hearth to Hearth*, please send it to the *Hearth to Hearth* Ministries address or email direct at: Trisha@FoolproofLiving.com. Visit Trisha online at: www.FoolproofLiving.com.]

Up Close and Personal

With Janet Perry and Brenda Mulling

By Vicki Kritzell

Janet Perry was born in lower Michigan into a family of six children. Janet remembers being very poor. Her family did not have electricity or an indoor toilet until she was twelve, when they moved into the new house her father built for them. She attended her first eight years of school in a one-room classroom located at the back of their little church. From there, she went to boarding school at Cedar Lake Academy in Michigan, where she met Esther [McDaniel] and began a life-long friendship. Janet says she and Esther were both “Griffith” girls, not related by blood, but joined at the heart. Esther has been her faithful and loving sister, and Janet has been “Aunt Jan” to Esther’s children.

In 1963, Janet went to Hinsdale, Illinois where she attended nursing school, receiving her LPN license. In 1968, she married a former classmate from Cedar Lake Academy, David Mulling, and they had three children. Her daughter Brenda and her love of horses are the inspiration for this story.

Brenda fell in love with horses when she was tiny. When she was about six, her parents got Brenda a pony. At ten, she received her first horse and, from that point on, Janet made sure Brenda always had a horse, even though they moved many times. Even when the family lived in American Samoa, “Ren” found a horse that her father leased for her from a native man. Brenda’s horses were her friends, and Janet felt they saved her daughter from many of the teenage rebellions most children go through.

Brenda first learned of the Curly Horse from a lady in Oregon when the family was living there, and immediately fell in love with them. As an adult living in Michigan, Brenda breeds these Curlys and has had up to 14 at a time.

When Janet became involved with the orphanage, Brenda decided to donate a foal as a special love offering for the children. The following story, written by Janet’s daughter, Brenda, tells the tale of this special horse and two very special women.

A HORSE NAMED RED

By Brenda “Ren” Mulling

In the spring of 2003, a very special colt was born. He had a great destiny. This colt was going to help many children have a better life. When he entered this world on June 9, 2003, Red was so small that he could walk under his mother without touching her belly. He was perfectly proportioned in

body with a very beautiful curly red coat. His head was so delicately shaped he looked like a filly. Red’s birth came one day after his brother Airen, who was huge in comparison. Red looked more like a graceful deer than an awkward colt.

As Red grew older, he played with the rest of the herd of Curly horses. It was decided early on that his was to be a special life. His intense curiosity and friendly nature, which is common to the breed, led him to be chosen for the offering. All of his fellow foals would be sold, but Red was destined for something greater. He was designated for the orphans of the Hope for Children Center in Oyugis, Kenya. Now, since the orphanage is in Africa and Red was in Michigan of the USA, he could not go there himself. It was decided that 100% of the money made when he went to his new owner would go to the orphans.

All summer Red grew. Janet was thrilled that the money from Red’s sale would go to the children but, as time went on, no one stepped forth with an offer to take Red home. Fall came and Red had grown as tall as his brothers and sister. When the cold weather caused the grass to stop growing, Red needed to be fed hay and grain, making it very costly to feed him. Since none of the profits from his sale would offset his expenses, it became apparent that Red had to go, and soon.

On December 16, 2003, a lady stopped by to see what horses were available. She wanted to buy one for her daughter for Christmas, but

she did not have much money. While meeting all of the horses for sale, she was told there was no set price for Red. She offered \$100 and, although she knew it was not very much money, it was all she could afford. Her offer was accepted, and Red was to be delivered on December 24 as a Christmas surprise for her little girl.

Red would be going to a new home, to help a little girl learn important things like responsibility, compassion, leadership, independence and wholesome fun. Red’s new girl would be showing him in 4-H with other kids and their

(Continued on page 11)



Red, born June 9, 2003.

A Page from My Experience

OUT OF DARKNESS

By Tina Pryor

I never thought I would be a Christian. I used to laugh at people who attended church; I thought they were weak. I now believe that it takes a stronger individual to live for God than it does to live for the devil and to live in sin. My mother sent my siblings and me to church when I was little but she never went with us. I think sending us to church was her way of finding a little peace and quiet in her life.

My beliefs about Christianity began to change when I was taken away from my mother at the age of ten. This tragic event made me

wonder, "If there is a God, why is all this bad stuff happening to me?" At only ten years old I did not understand why this was happening. My deep confusion caused me to search for a source of help. I turned to the devil!

Somehow I thought the devil could help me; I'll never know why. I suppose I was simply young and ignorant. At that very young age I started to worship the devil. I prayed to him instead of to the one true Almighty God. My friends and I conducted séances. We tried to conjure up evil spirits. My life, needless to say, started going downhill.

At the age of thirteen my grandma and grandpa went to court and won custody of me. I continued to secretly practice Satanism even after I moved into their home. I

wanted to feel as satanic and evil as I could. I dyed my hair black and put on black lipstick and black make-up. I also had the number 666 tattooed onto my arm (later, of course, I had it covered up). I felt safe and "cool" this way. I felt like nothing could hurt me. I needed something to protect me, something I could shield myself with; the devil became my shield.

In time the devil really started to take a toll on my life. At times I felt as if I were possessed. I slipped into a deep state of depression; I continually cried for no apparent reason. I was always angry, and I just did not feel right. I began hearing voices when I laid down at night, and often when I was alone I felt like something was taking over my mind, as if I weren't myself anymore. Words could not even begin to describe the feelings I experienced.

Eventually I became terrified of the dark. I often heard things in my house, walking and moving around, and once I even saw a demon. He was standing over me while I lay on the couch. I knew there was something wrong with me, but I did not know what it was. Whom I saw myself becoming frightened me.

I met my husband when I was 14, though we did not get married until later. My life then started to change, but just a little bit. My future husband was far from being a Christian. Most of the time he did not really believe in God, but he was not worshipping Satan as I was. We

had bad drug and alcohol addictions. We partied all the time, getting high quite often. My husband, in his own way, was trying to help me. He knew that what was wrong with me was because of my connection with the devil. I think he often thought I was crazy. He would sit with me for hours while I cried uncontrollably. He begged me to tell him what was wrong, but I did not know.

Life for us was a battle for at least the first three years. I was mean to him and constantly tried to hit him. I cursed at him and screamed at him. Neither of us understood why. Amazingly and thankfully he stayed by my side the whole time.

When I was 18 a friend of mine told me about God. I listened and, though my temperament slowly started to change, I was still not ready to give up the world. My husband and I still partied, and continued using drugs and alcohol. We listened to worldly rock and roll music. I still thought that I needed these things to live and to have a good time.

One day my dad introduced me to the pastor of a church. I began attending church, and to this day I still go there every Sabbath. As I began going to church and learning about God a major conversion took place in my heart. My pastor shared with me the truths of the Bible. He told me of the love that the Father and His Son have for me, which is what really touched my heart. To know that God loved me, even after what I had been doing to Him, changed

"If there is a God, why is all this bad stuff happening to me?"

me. How wonderful that He loves me and willingly forgives me for every sin I have ever committed! He not only forgives, but He also forgets. When I first realized this, I thought to myself, "Whoa! Could He really love me this much?"

In March of 2003 I was baptized. I thank God constantly for my pastor and for my church. If it were not for the pastor and for the truths that he searched out and shared with me, I would probably not be where I am today. I gave my whole heart to God. I quit smoking, quit all of the drugs, and even gave up the music that we so dearly loved. None of these things are more important to me than God and His Son. Once I gave my heart to God, they were so easy to give up. I'm so happy now!

No drugs, no music, no anything can compare with what I have and what I feel now. Jesus is now my best friend, a friend in whom I can place full trust and confidence because He will never leave me nor forsake me.

*No drugs,
no music,
no anything
can compare to
what I
have and
what I feel
now.*

I thank God daily that I am not who I used to be. I know that God is who softened my heart and changed me. Through His love and mercy I have been set free from the satanic powers of the occult. In Christ, I am

"a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Corinthians 5:17)

My husband gave his heart to the Lord just as I did, but he stopped attending church several months ago. Just as my husband stood faithfully by my side in times of doubt and discouragement I will remain by his side. I pray daily that he will be reunited with our heavenly Father very soon.



[Tina writes from Roseville, Virginia. Personal testimonies are appreciated. If you have a testimony that you would like to share, or wish to comment on Tina's story, please write. See the box on page 3 for the address.]

Life's Stormy Journey

By Sue M. Weir

Life is a journey...
A passage from one experience to another.
Within these experiences
Are countless and unpredictable storms.
Storms of varying degrees of intensity,
Occasionally separated by glorious beams of brightness
Majestically piercing through the dismal clouds,
Delivering warmth and hope...
Only for a moment at times,
But at other times for a season.
Time and again my life's storms have carried with them
Torrential tears that have beat painfully against my cheeks,
And winds of strife that have relentlessly whipped around me,
Attempting to break me down.
My storm damaged heart has oft been in need of repair.
Occasional storms seem to put down roots,
Intending to conclude no time soon.
Discouragement and disappointment take hold
Leaving me feeling anxious, weak, and helpless.
Hope begins to fail.
I feel certain I will be lost, in the raging hurricane of life!
It is often in a moment of desperation
That I am forced to look beyond myself for rescue.
As I search frantically about for help,
It is then that I see I have not endured the storm alone!

There have been others experiencing this tempest with me.
Some have traveled through the storm close by my side...
They have felt my pain, they have heard my cry,
They have shared my heartache.
They have been reaching out, offering rescue, all along,
But I was blinded by the tears and did not see.
And there are still others who have shared my storm...
Other who from a distance
Were able to do nothing more than
Observe... feel... and send messages of encouragement,
Messages I did not hear, for I was deafened by the winds.
All wrapped up in life's current storm
I am often unaware of the fact that I am not alone.
If only I could have faith in the One who put me here.
If only I could trust in those who care...
If only I could see the beauty and the mystery of the storm,
And rather than panic my way through
Keep looking forward,
In search of the rainbow
That surely waits my awestruck admiration...



[Sue Weir writes from Angwin, California, where she gets much fulfillment out of being a wife and mother. We appreciate her many contributions to this ministry.]

Creativity in Home Schooling

By Rebekah Joy Anst

The Teacher

Boredom was an unknown ailment in our house, thanks to Mom. With the energy of 10 monkeys on NoDoze pills, she started one project after another and completed at least half of them. Her curiosity is insatiable. I remember her standing over a boiling cauldron of black walnut hulls, hands and bare feet stained dark brown. She was making dye. Not because she needed it, but because she wanted to know how dye was made.



Library books stood in shifting stacks on the kitchen table, ranging in subjects from herbal concoctions used in China, to crochet stitches known only by people over 95. She taught us to question, to wonder why and how about everything. How does a caterpillar change into a butterfly? Put it in a lunch box with leaves, and watch! How does a potter's wheel work? Get a book, and follow the directions. What does oatmeal do to your face? Put it on and let it dry, and you'll find out. Mom wasn't afraid of trying anything.

I was born with dyslexia. I saw everything as though I were looking in a mirror. School had not been an easy thing for mom either. She is deaf in one ear, and partially deaf in the other. But she was undaunted at the prospect of teaching me how to read. She brought home all the research she could get her hands on, and set out to experiment on me. We drew in the sand with our fingers; we did finger painting and shaped letters with play-dough. We made our own play-dough with peanut butter, powdered milk, and honey, and ate it when lessons were over. We read *Matt the Rat* over and over and over until I had it memorized. I was only four years old at the time. I had lots of fun and had no idea I was "in school." By the time I was six years old, Mom had "retrained" my brain. I have very little manifestation of dyslexia left. I read and write voraciously, thanks to Mom's creativity. I'm so glad she didn't just shrug in hopeless sorrow and send me off in the short, yellow bus to special education classes in public school! I might still be there.

The Curriculum

I never knew mom to spend much money on curriculum. She always looked for old school books at second-hand stores and garage sales. It's amazing what up-to-date curriculum you can find in those places. However, to tell the truth, we did very little bookwork. Less than you would believe! Instead, we counted out the change in our five-gallon penny-bank, and had spelling contests, drawing contests, and wrestling contests regularly.

Dad told us historical stories at the dinner table and quizzed us on previous "lessons." In the wood-shop we learned to read a tape measure and figure angles and planes. In the kitchen we learned measurements and a bit of chemistry. In the garden we learned the difference between a bushel, a peck, and a five-gallon bucket. And last, but not least, in the creek we learned the reward of faithful labor!

Learning was a way of life for us. Occasionally, in the dead of winter, during a cold spell, we would have two or three weeks of intense bookwork and lessons. Every one of us would progress a grade during that time. Not because we learned that fast, but because the rest of the year was filled with the practical aspects that the bookwork only talked about.

Each one of us had weaknesses and strengths. I loved to read. Gabriel loved math. Nathan loved science. Shalom loved medicine. Shoshanna loved art and music. Mom allowed us to pursue and excel in whatever area we were good at. Whenever I got bogged down in math, Dad would sit down at the table with us and teach a math lesson to us. Whenever the boys got frustrated with reading, Mom would read halfway through a Louis Lamour book aloud and let them finish it.



I think in many ways home schooling was easier for Mom than it is for many of you out there, simply because Mom started back in 1977 when there was "no way to home school." Even Abeka Books wouldn't sell curriculum to home schoolers back then, so Mom had to be creative. There was no home school group in our town to compare ourselves with. We were it. There

were no home school magazines or books and no support groups.

Now that I'm grown and home schooling my own children, I'm glad my Mom had to be creative. Her slapstick way of doing things has given me freedom as a mother to use what I need of "traditional" home schooling and let the rest go. My children's love for learning is my first concern, and learning will last a lifetime if creativity is at the heart of it.

Joe Courage

Joe Courage is two-and-a-half years old. He likes to sing and play drums. Most of all, he likes to "do school." I'm not concerned about teaching him to read yet. He has priorities, you know! Right now he is learning to love reading. You might say Joe is learning to learn. He begs me a dozen times throughout the day to stop my work and "do school" with him.

School doesn't mean a rat race in which he must compete with time and tradition to stay up with other kids his age. School isn't a boring hour of lifeless schoolbooks at the kitchen table. No, for Joe Courage school is the best fun he knows. Joe and I (his mama) sit on the couch with a pile of books and read *Curious George Learns the Alphabet*, and how caterpillars turn into butterflies. Joe shows off by pointing to all the As and Bs. He counts the caterpillars. He jumps off the couch and imitates *Curious George* riding a bike.

We read out of a Bible storybook and Joe makes up a song, "Let there be light, let there be sunshine, it's good, it's good, it's good..." Then we get out the color crayons and draw a picture of Daddy. Joe can make the number 1 all over the page. We chant some phone numbers. Joe is proud of the fact that he knows his great granddad's phone number by heart. School is over. Joe Courage sighs in satisfaction and jumps off the couch to play outside for awhile. Soon I hear him tromping in the front door again... "Do school, Mama?"



[Rebekah Joy Anst is the firstborn of Michael and Debi Pearl, publishers of *No Greater Joy*, a free magazine dedicated to helping parents with the task of parenting. Joe Courage is their first grandchild. Rebekah's copyrighted article is found in the Nov./Dec. 2003 issue of that publication. Used with permission. They may be contacted at No Greater Joy Ministries, Inc., 1000 Pearl Road, Pleasantville, TN 37033 and on the web at: www.NoGreaterJoy.org.]

(Continued from page 7)

horses, learning and having good times. Red would grow with her and give her confidence. So even though the children of Kenya would only get \$100 from the sale of Red, his mission would continue as he and his new owner learned together.

A New Year has begun. The mares are growing large with their babies. There are five mares this time. Which one will be holding the special foal? Which baby will be chosen to help the orphans of a different land? Although Red's sale only generated \$100, it was a welcome offering, and he is a special blessing to a little girl who might otherwise have never owned a horse. Ren is hoping, as she makes out the papers on this new foal, it will fetch an amount closer to its true value, (about \$1500). But she realizes, whatever amount it brings, the children's special horse will have fulfilled its mission.

There will, again this spring, be a Curly horse foal offered, as unique as the children they hope to provide for. Intelligent if given a chance to learn, caring and inquisitive by nature, Curly Horses are a delight to anyone who knows them. Curlys have a hypoallergenic coat, making them per-

fect for all people to enjoy. They are used most often as children's mounts because of their gentle temperament, and also because their size (14 - 16 H) is perfect for any rider. Ridden Dressage, Hunter Jumper and Western, Trail, Driving and Endurance; they can do it all with a calm attitude and stamina. Curlys come from Mustang stock, so they are true red-blooded Americans. The curly coat helps protect them in cold climates and their special mane and tail helps them shed heat in the summer. The soft, fur-like texture of their coat is used for spinning and gathered when the horses shed in spring.

Curly Horses are a miracle in the horse world, and one special foal in the spring of 2004 will be a miracle in the lives of the children at Hope Center.

Note: As the foals are born this spring, we will be updating you on the one who is selected to be the Special gift. If anyone is interested in learning more about these horses or is interested in buying one, please contact *Hearth to Hearth* and we will forward your inquiry to Janet and Brenda. Delivery to certain parts of the USA is a possibility.



The Loong Way Home

By Esther McDaniel

Some of the most enjoyable work I do involves sending Bible lessons to prisoners in various states all over the United States, grading them and answering their letters. I have truly been blessed through this correspondence on many occasions. It is thrilling to see what God has done in the lives of some—even among those who are serving life sentences or on death row. Yet, a letter that I received the other day evoked many and varied emotions along with much soul searching.

“How are things going with you?” the letter begins. Then the writer relates how very depressed he’s been for the past six months. He goes on to say, “I had an appointment yesterday for my very first parole interview and I refused to go to it.” He explains that “Going to a parole interview requires standing in that hallway anywhere between 30 minutes and two hours and I’m not going to do that just to be told what I already know—I will NOT be paroled. America has passed laws to keep child sex offenders locked up even after they finish their sentence. I have a better chance of winning the New York Lottery than I do of making my first parole date—and I don’t have a lottery ticket!!!”

Although it should be mentioned that he has a health condition that would make such prolonged standing difficult, even painful, what really got my attention was his next paragraph: “As I said, I’ve gotten to the point where I simply don’t care anymore. I’m tired of the fight; I’m tired of running the race. I don’t care anymore, and I quit. On that final day I will demand an answer to one question from

God: Why was I ever born? I don’t expect a satisfactory answer.”

While most prisoners who take the Bible lessons don’t reveal to me the reason they are incarcerated, this one did so several months ago. Threats were being made on his life by other prisoners—a common thing, I understand, when it is discovered that one is in on child molestation charges—and he was risking rejection from me in an attempt to get someone on the outside to call the warden and request his removal to another unit, which I did.

As my mind was working over the question he posed, I couldn’t help but recall a library book I had just finished reading, entitled, *Mayada, Daughter of Iraq: One Woman’s Survival Under Saddam Hussein*, written by Jean Sasson. This book, which was published by Dutton Books in October of 2003, is the story of a young divorced mother who was thrown into an Iraqi prison on false charges.

Mayada’s story is unique in that it is the story of a woman who is the daughter of one of the most distinguished families in Iraq. On both sides of her family tree her ancestry figures very heavily in the history of Iraq even back to the Ottoman Empire. Mayada herself, on several occasions, had been awarded recognition and gifts by Saddam Hussein, for her skill in journalism and her articles printed by the local press. Her mother even had a hand in choosing Saddam’s personal wardrobe. Yet Mayada ended up in one of his prisons, and this book describes her life there and the lives of the other twenty women in her cell, only one of whom was actually guilty as charged (of using her twin sister’s passport). It

is a well-written and gripping story, which includes vivid word pictures of the extreme tortures these prisoners endured, and I could not help but contrast their brutal treatment with the treatment received by my admittedly guilty prisoner friend.

While I continued to ponder the best way to respond to the letter before me, his question kept repeating itself in my mind: “God, why was I ever born?” Indeed, why were any of us ever born? Before I could sit down and reply to his letter, pointing out that he had, assuredly, committed a heinous crime for which he was being justly punished, I was reminded that I, too, am a sinner, and my crime is worthy of death. I have committed high treason against the government of the Eternal God. Any suffering that I may pass through in this world where Satan rules, is certainly nothing compared to the punishment I deserve for the many crimes I have committed against my God and His government. I deserve death. Eternal death!

Why *was* I born?

I can easily empathize with my friend in his depression. This past year has been a very difficult one for me. I’ve had my own share of pity parties recently.

But *why*?

Recently I learned the stories of two young women whose lives and legends play very heavily in the history of the Virginia territory—an area close to where I now live. In the year 1755, during the French and Indian Wars, two unrelated women, living in settlements along the New River, were captured by Shawnee Indians. Both women escaped their captors. One, Molly Marley, escaped with her young child. Eventually, after wandering around in the woods, unsure of her location and eating only berries for many days, Molly finally collapsed near a

creek at the foot of a mountain now known as Molly's Knob. Her child wandered down the creek until she found help, but all that the child could say was, "Hungry Mother! Hungry Mother!" A search party arrived at the foot of the mountain to find the child's mother dead. The creek became known as Hungry Mother Creek, and a State Park in the area is now known as Hungry Mother State Park.

The other young woman, Mary Draper Ingles, so the story goes, was taken captive along with two young sons and her wounded sister-in-law, Elizabeth Draper. Three days into the journey, Mary gave birth to a baby daughter. After working hard to win the admiration and confidence of the Indians, in an effort to keep them from harming her children, Mary finally arrived, along with the Indian party, at a large Shawnee settlement far up the Ohio River. Her children and sister-in-law were separated from her and adopted by Shawnee families in other settlements.

Mary finally escaped, with an older Dutch woman, and traveled 800 miles on foot, following the rivers, back to her home. She arrived there 42 days later, in early winter, having been gone five months. On her trek home, she traversed a rugged land with no provisions and scanty tools. After fording many rivers, scaling several mountains and, twice, fighting off the Dutch woman who tried to cannibalize her, she crawled the last snowy mile, naked, skeletal and bleeding to arrive more dead than alive. Yet she recovered to bear four more children and die at the ripe old age of 83.

It is true that many of the details of these stories, having been told and retold over the past 250 years, are understandably unclear, and all the facts

are not known. However, as I pondered the question posed by my prisoner pen pal, I couldn't help but contrast what I had heard of the stories of these two women. Why was it that the one died after only "several days," in warmer weather when berries were plentiful, while the other endured such astounding hardships and survived?

I came to the conclusion that the one had a distinct goal in mind and the will to reach it while the other lacked direction and, with it, the will necessary to survive.

Truly, why am I here? Why was I born? Do I have any goals in mind? Do I have the will to reach those goals?

My heavenly Father gave up heaven's best gift for me when He gave His Son as my ransom. I did nothing to deserve this gift. I am a traitor! I am worthy of death! Yet Jesus came. He traveled the rugged terrain of human experience. He lived and died a captive in human flesh. But He escaped the tomb! And He did it all to make a way for me. Why?

The answer is simple: God's love is on trial and the magnitude of that love can only be seen when one comes face to face with the fact that He gave His dearly beloved, only begotten Son to ransom His enemies.

Why are His enemies worth, to Him, the price of His Son? Surely He would not give His Son for something or someone not valued as much as He. What an awesome thought! I am worth that much to God! I, a rebellious traitor, am equal, in His eyes, to His Son. Not because of who or what I am—God knows I'm totally worthless as I am. He also knows what He can do with me if I will only let Him. That is why I was born. That is why He paid

such a high price for me. It is His glory, His joy, His greatest desire, to make something beautiful out of this miserable lump of clay that I am. I was born to become the child of the King of the Universe!

And where is God when I am bruised and bleeding by the trials of my pilgrimage? Why, He's right beside me; His Spirit even dwelling in me, binding my wounds, comforting my spirit, urging me onward, just as He was with His other Child when He traversed that long, horrendous path to the cross.

I have a goal. In my mind's eye I see the glories of my heavenly home awaiting me. I see my Heavenly Father and my Elder Brother anxiously anticipating my homecoming. Will I continue to allow myself to become disturbed and/or depressed by the obstacles I encounter in my journey? Will I lose sight of my goal and give up the fight just a few days short of my journey's end?

Will I rail accusations at God when life doesn't go according to my plan; when the going gets tough and I can't see the way ahead? Will I swell the ranks of the enemy in blaming Him for my difficulties, even for my sins against Him?

I hope I will remember my high calling. I hope I will keep in mind the price that was paid and how much love was behind the gift. Surely I can trust the One who loves me so much! I hope I will not lose sight of the goal! The choice is all mine. The way home may seem ever so long, but I must never quit!

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in me will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. (Philippians 4:13; 1:6)

Where is God when I am bruised and bleeding by the trials of my pilgrimage?

The way home may seem ever so long, but I must never quit!



Spotlight on Orphans

JAMBO!

By Vicki Kritzell

This energetic Kenyan greeting (“Hallo to you!”) was on several of the picture postcards recently mailed to sponsors from their happy children. The children’s sweet letters often ask about their American “brothers and sisters,” and always express thanks to God for finding them a wonderful family. According to their teacher, the primary class of Sacramento Seventh-day Adventist Church nearly “jumped out of their skins” with excitement as each received a carefully printed letter from Mary and Washington, the children that the class sponsors.

We now have families for all but 20 of our children, with each praying fervently to be next. Pastor recently shared a quote from Rachael, one of our older girls: “Pastor, I hope you know that we are children who have been rejected by our parent’s families. Most of us were even told to go to the streets. The people in America have saved our lives and they have become our immediate relatives. We really feel good when we hear they are doing well. This is why we must thank God for adding one member to our big family.” He continued on to explain this is why the children wanted so badly to send a card to Kendra and Lynnford Beachy (Esther’s daughter and husband) when their son, Zachariah, was recently born. Not being able to select just one, they sent three! What a blessed baby to be loved by so many children so far away.

I was happy to be able to inform you that Selphine (the young girl who gave up her place at the Center so her little sister Dodo could be admitted), was now at the Orphanage with her youngest sister. Well, as it turns out, there was a little gender confusion on

my part. The “her” in this case is a little brother! So, Selphine, Dodo, and Martin are happily together once again, part of our big family!

The Orphanage was a hub of activity for the month of April when all of the children, including the high school kids, were home for their break. The new secretary, Everlyne, is very skilled with the computer and a tremendous asset to the Center. She is teaching many of the children how to use the computer during their holi-



Esther Polline Okango learning to use the computer.

day. Pastor Maurice and Edith love having all their little “chicks in the nest” and will miss the older children when they return to boarding school in May. As in January, we are struggling a bit to get the boarding fees together for all 21 of them, especially since some lack sponsors. There have been many extra expenses of late, including a hospital bill for one of the 13 children who had malaria, and drugs for the remaining children to prevent them from catching it. They all sleep under mosquito nets, but can still be bitten.

It was reported that 28 people have recently died from malaria in Oyugis, most likely those who couldn’t afford a mosquito net or preventa-

tive drugs. Many of these families try to ward off disease-carrying mosquitoes by hanging medicinal plant leaves in their doorways. According to Kenyan news sources, it is estimated that up to 34,000 people will die from the disease this season.

The *African Standard* of April 15 reports thousands of Kenyans have been forced from their homes during the current rainy season. As many as 43 schools have been flooded, with a price tag in the millions of shillings to reopen them. Hundreds of acres of crops have been destroyed, sure to push up the price of food in the months to come. Many people have been killed by rushing water, including a family of 11 who were washed away while traveling to the wedding of a relative. Kisumu, which is fairly close to Oyugis,

has sustained tremendous losses, even reporting fresh graves being swept away. According to the Health Minister, the larger danger ahead is that of water-borne illnesses. Contamination from corpses of both humans and animals will make many sources of drinking water unsafe. So far we have had no problems at the Orphanage. Please pray for the continued safety of our children.

You will be happy to know the land has been purchased for our new compound! It is located some 13 miles from our current site. Fresh water is available, with electricity nearby. The first work to be done is the installation of pit latrines and construction of a fence around the perim-

eter of the compound. This work is already begun. There has been another donation made to secure a piece of land adjoining the first. This will give us room for farming and future expansion. There is much to do in drawing up building plans and ordering necessary supplies. We hope to have basic structures (dormitories, dining hall and kitchen) ready for occupation by December when our lease is up. A mission trip of workers to help complete the construction in November is in the planning stage. We do need to be moved before school starts in January. If all goes well, we are hoping to establish a school on site to save thousands of dollars in school fees.

All of this work has kept Pastor extremely busy. In addition to the building project, he has been trying to contact any relatives that might be surviving the Orphans at the Center. This is very difficult, as many of the children have been brought by sympathizers or simply came on their own. Others were picked up from the streets. If there is a relative, they must sign a document that will protect the children from exploitation and will assert our rights as their guardians. As such, we will provide education through High School, a loving and nurturing environment, and proper health care. It is necessary for them to understand we will not provide burial ceremonies, and we will prevent the removal of the child against his or her will.

In some cases, the parents may have had a small plot of land, which relatives often sell, keeping the money for themselves. Recently an uncle of one of the girls tried to sell her dead parent's land. He reasoned that because she was a girl, she did not have claim to it. Pastor blocked the sale and one day Rachael can return to the small piece of land that is rightfully hers.

Carolyn Auma had surgery in early April to correct her crippled foot. During this same time, I spent several days at a hospital in Michigan with my mother, who experienced several setbacks following surgery.* We discussed how different Carolyn's experience would be from Mom's. My niece, who lived in Kenya for a time, told me that when you take a family member to a hospital there, you are expected to take care of them. Instead of having nurses and doctors fluttering around her bedside, Edith and two of the older girls traveled with Carolyn to take care of her after the surgery. They had to take supplies needed for Carolyn's hospital stay, including money to purchase food for her. There was probably no medication to ease Carolyn's pain. But Edith loves these children as if they are her own, and reported Carolyn came through the surgery just fine. She is wearing a plaster cast for several weeks, and before summer is over she will be wearing a shoe! All of the children prayed for her and are very excited that Carolyn is going to have a normal foot. Soon, she will be able to run and play like all of her "sisters and brothers."

Some folks have written asking what needs are most pressing at the Center. We asked Pastor Maurice to have Everlyne prepare us a list. Many of the children still do not have Bibles. There is also a need for blankets (\$7), bed sheets (\$7 a set), steel folding chairs (\$11 each) and large folding tables (\$70). There are only

two small tables in the dining room, but no tables for eating or doing school work on. There is one table in the office, which holds the computer. They have also laid down a small rug to help keep the dust down. The children remove their shoes before they enter this room! They have such pride in their home. It is thrilling to imagine the excitement as they help build the new Orphanage.

There are tremendous advances being made daily because of your support for these children. Without your love, prayers and donations, many of our vibrant, healthy children might not survive. The progress at the Hope for Children Center reminds me of a previously-printed article called, "The Daffodil Principal." [*Hearth to Hearth* Mar./Apr. 2002] Had the person who

planted all of those daffodils, one bulb at a time, not been able to visualize the final beauty of her project, she may have quit. But with her vision, she persevered and helped nature create such a vivid and beautiful site it impacted and inspired many people. Such is the progress at the Orphanage. These children of God have come forth one at a time. The

seeds of spiritual and educational growth are being planted, and they are growing into a thing of wondrous beauty. Surely someday they will impact and inspire many people, and possibly help change the future of Kenya.



Vivian Akinyi standing on the new office floor covering.

✿
[*As we go to press, Vicki's mother has again been hospitalized. Please keep her, and her family, in prayer.]

Lesson from a Tree House

By Debra K. Matthews

The Bible has a lot to say about God providing for our needs, but it also talks about us getting out there and doing our part, such as working to earn a living, or setting about to prepare a meal or other tasks. Do you ever wonder, though, when it's time for us to do certain things, and how to know when to just turn it all over to the Lord and let Him do the work?

I remember reading about Moses and the children of Israel when they came to the Red Sea. Things looked pretty frightening to them with Pharaoh's army hot on their trail, and a sea and other things blocking every route of escape. At this point, the Bible said:

"And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." (Exodus 14:13, 14)

Then the Lord told Moses to stretch out his rod over the sea, and God caused the waters to divide, making a safe escape route for the Israelites to cross over.

In this case, the Lord did the fighting for Israel. When Pharaoh's army tried to pursue after them, the Lord brought the waters back down and drowned the entire enemy army.

Other times though, Israel was instructed to do the fighting. Over and over again, we see times in the Bible when the Lord fought the battle, and times when He told his people to fight.

One awesome story to me is when Joshua went up against the Amalekite army in Exodus chapter 17. There was a partnership going on in that battle. Moses went up on top of a hill overlooking the battlefield, and lifted his hands toward heaven while Israel and Amalek fought. While he kept his arms up, Joshua and the people of Israel prevailed, but when he let his arms down, Amalek prevailed. So Moses' brother and a man named Hur had him sit on a rock, and then they stood on either side of him to keep his hands up until the Israelites finally won.

One time, when I had been praying and asking the Lord about different Scriptures about Him doing things versus telling us to do something, I asked Him to help me understand how to know the difference. He didn't speak to me in an audible voice. Instead, I had a picture come to

mind. It was of a little boy and his father working together to build a treehouse.

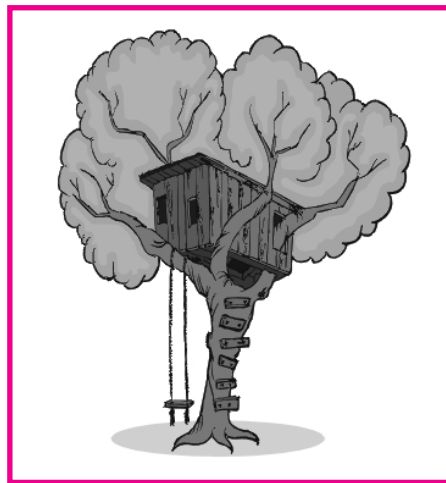
Someone once said "a picture is worth a thousand words," and that's exactly what this one was to me. As I considered the picture, I thought about how very young the child was, and that he wouldn't be able to do a lot of the work by himself. I mentally pictured the steps that they would go through to get the job done.

I imagined that, at times, the father and son would work side by side, putting boards in the proper places and nailing them down. Other times, when the little boy wasn't tall enough or strong enough, the dad would be the one to raise a board high over his head and nail it in place while the child watched or worked on something else.

Then I imagined the father sometimes just standing back himself and proudly watching his little son as he labored determinedly over a part of the project. Sometimes the son would do well, but occasionally the father would see the task was too big for his young offspring. I thought of him watching patiently as the child struggled and then, at just the right moment when the child would look at his father with that certain look, the father would step in with a loving smile and the two would finish it together.

As I thought about this laboring together of father and son, I thought how very much their building of that tree house is like our Christian walk. Throughout our whole life God works together with us in different ways. Like the father providing the wood to build the house, God does provide us with lots of things; sometimes meeting our needs outright, sometimes by giving us the skills and talents to accomplish things, and of course by helping us find good jobs to earn a living, too.

Some things He lets us do—as we are able. Some things that are too big for us, He does himself. But for the most part, He's there as a proud and loving father, co-laboring with us just for the joy of being with us and letting us be with Him.



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Fearfully and Wonderfully Made (Part 11)

by George McDaniel

Water 2

This month I will try to show how chronic dehydration can cause conditions which have been mistakenly considered diseases.

Much of the information contained in this article comes from a book entitled, *Your Body's Many Cries for Water*, by Fereydoon Batmanghelidj, MD. "Dr. Batman" (as he is affectionately called by his patients) began to study the healing effect of water in Iran after Ayatollah Khomeini came to power. As a political prisoner, He was put in charge of the medical care of other prisoners. Frequently no medications were available, so the only agent he could use was water.

After his release, he escaped from Iran and came to the USA where he continued his study of water. This book records his experiences of treating thousands of patients with different conditions and obtaining remarkable results just by having them increase their water intake.

When the body is chronically dehydrated a rationing system is put into effect to distribute the available water to the parts of the body that are most vital.

The primary regulator of water distribution is histamine. Histamine has several functions in the body. One of these is as a neurotransmitter; that is, a substance produced by the brain to enable messages to be sent along the nerves and to pass from one nerve to another and to the muscles. Histamine is one of many substances used for this purpose.

Histamine also functions as part of the immune system. If you ever had a cold or an allergy and suffered with red, itching eyes and stuffy, runny nose, you are familiar with this effect of histamine. You may have taken an antihistamine to help relieve these symptoms. Histamine also regulates the formation of acid in the stomach.

These are just some of the varied functions of histamine. It is no wonder then that when the body becomes dehydrated and histamine production increases to deal with water regulation that those other aspects of the body that are also regulated by histamine can also be affected.

When the body is chronically dehydrated a rationing system is put into effect to distribute the available water to the parts of the body that are most vital.

Here are some examples of conditions that can be caused by lack of sufficient water intake:

» Asthma and allergies - There are many histamine receptors in the bronchial tubes of the lungs. Since one of the sites for water loss from the body is the lungs, bronchial constriction produced by histamine reduces evaporation of water during breathing. This is a simple action taken by the body to preserve some water when the body is dehydrated.

People with asthma are also very sensitive to certain allergens. Usually it is exposure to these allergens that triggers an attack. However, if they are adequately hydrated, the response will not be so exaggerated. An acute asthmatic attack can be explained as

caused by an exaggerated response resulting from an increase in histamine in the body due to dehydration.

The cause of allergies is similar. Histamine has responsibilities in antibacterial, antiviral and defense against foreign materials. In dehydration, when histamine production becomes exaggerated for water regulation, an immune system activation of histamine-containing cells will release exaggerated amounts of histamine. It is this excess amount that produces the symptoms of allergies.

Asthma and allergies should be treated with a determined increase in water. These conditions should respond within three days to four weeks. With an increase in daily water intake, histamine production will decrease. To treat these with bronchodilators and antihistamines without increasing water intake is futile and dangerous.

» Hypertension (high blood pressure) - This is frequently referred to as "essential hypertension," because the cause is considered to be unknown. It is treated initially with a decrease in dietary sodium and the use of diuretics to get rid of water from the system.

Stress and anxiety can cause high blood pressure. Just being in the doctor's office can cause a temporary elevation of blood pressure. Another cause of temporary high blood pressure readings is due to the technique used for measuring the pressure. Some practitioners inflate the cuff well above the systolic pressure, then let the air out until the sound is heard. Every major artery has a nerve associated with it that monitors the flow of blood through it. When the cuff is inflated to a high

level, blood pressure will be raised to try to force blood through the obstruction. Thus, a temporary elevation in pressure, caused by circumstances, can cause a person to be put on medications who doesn't need them.

Dehydration is a major cause of essential hypertension due to the adaptive mechanisms at work in the circulatory system. The blood vessels have been designed to cope with fluctuations in blood volume and tissue requirements by opening and closing different vessels. When the total fluid volume in the body is decreased, the main vessels also have to become narrower, otherwise there would not be enough fluid to fill all the space. Gases would separate from the blood to fill the space and "vapor locks" would occur, stopping the flow of blood.

Shunting of blood flow is a normal routine. When we eat, more circulation is directed into the intestinal tract and less is directed to other areas. It is diverted from places like the brain and muscles. This explains the sleepy feeling we get after eating a heavy meal. The body accomplishes this by shutting down capillary beds in the affected areas in order to direct more blood to where it is needed more urgently.

As the body becomes chronically more dehydrated, these mechanisms are used to direct blood to where it is more urgently needed. The process begins by closing some capillaries in less active areas. If the drought continues, water is taken from inside some cells and from water held outside the cells. As the total circulating volume decreases, the blood vessels become narrower. With some capillary beds closed, and the vessels themselves narrowed, there is increased resistance

to blood flow, and only an increased force behind the circulating blood will ensure the passage of some fluids through the system. Simply stated, blood pressure rises to get the blood through to where it is needed.

In order to maintain adequate water outside the cells so that there will be water available to get into the cells, the body retains sodium.

Dehydration is a major cause of essential hypertension due to the adaptive mechanisms at work in the circulatory system.

Keeping sodium in the body is a last resort way of retaining some water around the cells. The sodium is not the cause of the hypertension, but is a part of the water-regulating mechanism in the face of dehydration. When hyper-

tension is treated with diuretics, this eliminates some of the sodium and takes with it some water, but this doesn't cure the problem. It only makes the body more determined for salt and water absorption, which is never enough to correct the problem. After awhile, diuretics are not enough to keep the blood pressure down and other medications will be given. These are usually beta blockers and calcium channel blockers which decrease the force with which the heart beats. How long can one go on like this? Long enough to ultimately become very sick and die.

The best treatment for essential hypertension should be to treat it at the very beginning with an increase in water, not to take medications to get rid of the water. Water is itself a good diuretic. If prolonged dehydration has caused complications of heart failure, water intake should be increased gradually to make sure that fluid collection in the body is not excessive. It takes the body time to adapt to new conditions, but eventually the excess salt will be flushed

out, blood vessels will expand and capillary beds will open up. Blood pressure can then return to normal.

Another important component for controlling hypertension is exercise. The more muscles are exercised, the more their capillaries will open and hold a greater volume of blood within the circulation reserves. The capillary bed must remain open and offer no resistance to blood flow. In this way regular exercise contributes to normal blood pressure.

A third aspect relating to control of blood pressure involves an adequate diet, especially in respect to two minerals, potassium and magnesium. A diet that contains adequate amounts of these two minerals will help in maintaining normal blood pressure.

» Dyspeptic pain (gastritis, duodenitis, heartburn, colitis) - The lining of the stomach, called the mucosal layer, contains glands that secrete acid, digestive enzymes and mucus. The mucus is secreted to protect the stomach lining from the action of the acid and digestive enzymes.

The mucus consists of 98% water and 2% "scaffolding" substances that trap the water. In this mucous layer a natural buffer state is established. The cells below it also secrete sodium bicarbonate that is trapped in the mucous layer. As the acid in the stomach tries to go through this layer, it is neutralized by the bicarbonate. The result of this reaction is the production of sodium chloride from the hydrochloric acid and the sodium bicarbonate. Too much salt alters the water-holding properties of the scaffolding material of the mucous, making it less sticky and less homogeneous. This allows the acid to get through to the mucosal layer, causing pain and, eventually, an ulcer.

Experiments have shown that when a person drinks a glass of wa-

ter it immediately passes into the intestine and is absorbed. However, within one-half hour, almost the same amount of water is secreted into the stomach through the mucosa. The act of digestion of solid food requires copious amounts of water. The acid is poured onto the food, enzymes are activated and the food is broken down into a fluid state that can pass into the intestine for the next phase of digestion.

One result of the resecretion of water through the mucosal layer is washing excess salt out of the mucous layer. The mucous layer is thus rehydrated and made thick and sticky again. The efficiency of this shield depends upon a regular intake of water, particularly before eating a meal of solid food, which would stimulate the production of acid. The only natural protection from acid in the stomach is water, from the base upward.

A good program to follow to obtain the necessary amount of water for digestion and for the body needs is to take one to two 8 oz. glasses (250-500 ml) of water one-half to one hour before meals and again at least two hours after meals to allow time for digestion.

Additional water can be taken to provide what is needed by the body (8-10 glasses or 2000-2500 ml). Water should not be taken with meals because it dilutes the digestive juices and slows down the process of digestion. If adequate water is consumed between meals, the need for drinking liquids with the meal will not be felt.

The secretion of acid in the stomach is regulated by histamine. The receptors in these cells are called histamine type 2 receptors, usually abbreviated as H2 receptors. The standard treatment for dyspeptic pain is the administration of antacids and medications such as Tagamet or

Axid that block the action of histamine on these receptors. They are known as H2 receptor antagonists. These can cause many unwanted side effects.

In the first place, acid in the stomach is needed for digestion of protein. It should not be neutralized or blocked. Also, most antacids contain aluminum, which has been implicated as a factor in Alzheimer's disease, which causes a degeneration of the brain. It usually occurs in the elderly, but is not limited to them.

H2 receptor antagonists block not only acid in the stomach, but affect other histamine receptors throughout the body. These medications can help relieve the pain, but do nothing to relieve the condition. If the condition progresses to the development of ulcers, surgical removal of part of the stomach may result, leaving the person permanently handicapped for the rest of his life.

The act of digestion of solid food requires copious amounts of water.

The pain of gastritis, duodenitis, heartburn and colitis should be recognized for what it is, a symptom of dehydration, and treated with an increase in water intake. This

will prevent the development of complications. If ulcers develop, increased water plus an adequate diet will result in healing. Some other causes of pain in the stomach and abdomen include the following:

1) Alcohol - Alcohol is a poison and can kill cells which it contacts. It also causes dehydration. Alcohol can cause the development of gastritis (inflammation of the stomach), hepatitis (inflammation of the liver) and pancreatitis (inflammation of the pancreas). These conditions can be very painful.

2) Heavy use of irritating spices.

3) Wrong combinations of food at a meal - Some people are able to

eat anything with no problems, while others have to be very careful in what they eat.

4) Cancer of the stomach can cause pain.

Any stomach pain not relieved by water, that continues for more than just a few hours, should be checked out by a medical specialist.

I have covered these four conditions, asthma, allergies, hypertension and dyspepsia in some detail so you can see how the actual cause is, in many cases, a lack of adequate water in the body. There is not space enough to cover all ailments in such detail, but I will mention a couple others briefly.

» Chronic pains in the body - Chronic pains in the body that can't be easily explained as due to injury or infection should first be interpreted as signals of water shortage. They should be treated with water first before taking other medications. The reason is this: histamine and certain other associated water distribution regulators, such as prostaglandins and kinins, can cause pain when they come in contact with pain-sensing nerves.

These pains include the ones already discussed as well as rheumatoid arthritis; back pain; headaches, including migraine headaches and headaches due to indulgence in alcohol; leg pain on walking, called intermittent claudication pain; and anginal pain. It is all too easy to regard these signs of dehydration as complications of a disease process and begin to treat them with complicated procedures and medications. The first thing that should be tried in all these situations is an increase in daily water intake.

» Elevated blood cholesterol - It may seem strange to associate this symptom with dehydration, but this is how it works: Cholesterol is used by the cells as a defense against the osmotic pressure of the blood that draws water out through the cell

membrane. The cell needs a certain amount of water to maintain its normal functions. Cholesterol deposited in the cell membrane makes it less permeable to the passage of water.

There are receptors in cell walls which are activated by a hormone called vasopressin which can filter water into the cell. Vasopressin also narrows blood vessels, raising blood pressure, and producing increased pressure to push water into the cells.

So we see that elevated cholesterol levels are a result of the body trying to maintain normal cellular functions in the presence of dehydration.

From this brief study we can see that many symptoms that are regarded as diseases are actually

symptoms of dehydration, which should be treated by an increase in daily water intake. If the symptoms

are treated with medications, the real cause goes untreated and permanent, irreversible damage can occur.

We all want good health. Why don't we try the simple remedies God has freely provided for us. One of these is pure water, wisely used.



From this brief study we can see that many symptoms that are regarded as diseases are actually symptoms of dehydration, which should be treated by an increase in daily water intake.

[George McDaniel, a Registered Nurse, writes from his home in West Virginia.]

(Continued from page 3)

everything that might be found in such publications or on the web sites.

» **Care to share** spiritual truths that you have gleaned from the natural world? We thought an enjoyable theme for our summer issue would be "Stories" or "Lessons Learned" from nature during any season of the year. We encourage each of you to consider sharing a special story of an experience in nature, or an insight into God's ways that may have brought you closer to God somehow. It can be as short as a paragraph, or as long as a page. Submitting your articles by mid-May will allow time for editing. We will print as many as space and editorial guidelines permit.

» **Beginning this issue**, we are publishing a new column by Trisha Cupra of Australia. (See page 6.) She will give insights into how you may have a more abundant life by answering your questions regarding personal issues. This is a *Hearth to Hearth* exclusive, so please submit your questions. Note the instructions at the end of the column.

» **We love** to receive your letters! When corresponding with us, please check the addresses in the box on page 3 and address your correspondence to the correct department.

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