

S.I.L.L.Y.



S I S T E R S I N T H E L O R D W I T H L O T S O F
Y O U N G ' U N S

Goodbye "Mayzie Bird"

"I don't just want my kids to be moral. I don't just want them to know all the Biblical rules for behavior. I don't just want them to leave home with good grades, no drug addictions and no premarital sex. I want them to leave my home with a hunger and passion to know God personally and to be used by Him to accomplish great things for His kingdom. I want them to personally hear God's voice and have his Spirit's gentle touch and impression on their hearts as they struggle with the issues of their lives."

—Sally Clarkson

Sighed Mayzie, a lazy bird
hatching an egg:

"I'm tired and I'm bored

And I've kinks in my leg

From sitting, just sitting here
day after day.

It's *work!* How I hate it!

I'd *much* rather play!

I'd take a vacation,
fly off for a rest....

If I could find *someone*
to stay on my nest!"

—Dr. Suess, from
Horton Hatches the Egg

Do you ever feel like Mayzie? For the first few years that I had children, I think my long-suffering mother could have changed her name to "Horton". If you are familiar with the story, you know that Horton the Elephant is the unsuspecting "someone" that Mayzie finds to sit on her nest. That was my mom.

I continued to work when my older children were small. I had many reasons, but the one I'm least proud of was that I simply found it too confining to stay home. Even when I wasn't working, I often found reasons to need a baby-sitter. I couldn't take them all to the store, or I needed some time to myself, or I needed to clean the house. God used drastic measures to break me of this habit.

I quit working when I found out I was expecting our fourth child. Shortly after we were reduced to one income, my van broke down. Without extra funds to fix or replace it, I was stuck at home for 4 or 5 days at a time while Brant was flying. I also didn't have the money for quite so many shopping trips, vacations, or eating out. At first, I thought I'd go crazy, but gradually I became more content. Although I now have a van that runs great, it still sits in our driveway for 4 or 5 days in a row sometimes. God delivered me (and my mom) from my old urgency to leave my nest.

Don't get me wrong, all mothers *do* occasionally need a break. We need to spend time away with our husbands, especially. The key to this, I think, is that our focus is on our nest, not on when we can next get away from it!

MICHELLE AND HER MAN (PART 2)

By Sister Laura Hawbaker



Michele is sad. Michele, perky, vivacious, proud of her man, is now grieving the loss of her man. Michele's man died on Valentine's Day, less than two months after I had met and was impressed with the devotion this couple had for each other.

According to the obituary Michele's man's name was Mark, he was 48 and he died of heart failure. The survivors included a brother, sister and a fiancée, Michele Waturbury.

After reading the obituary, I couldn't get Michele out of my mind. How was she doing? Was she sad? Should I go visit her? I was sure she didn't remember me, and besides that, what in the world would I say to her? I finally put my trepidations aside, purchased a few gifts and headed to the care facility to visit Michele.

Several residents were milling about, talking and laughing, just inside the entry, but Michele was not among them. A nurse offered to bring Michele to a visitor's lounge where we could talk.

Michele was a different person than the cheery gal who had captured my attention a few weeks ago. The light was gone from her eyes and she was very quiet. "Michele," I said, "I hear your friend died."

She put her hand to her heart and softly said, "My man."

I gave Michele the gift bag and she went through the trinkets making little exclamations of delight. She especially admired the gaudy, acrylic red miniature flower bouquet, and I sprayed a little perfume on her wrists. Then she carefully packed everything back into the bag and just quietly sat there.

"O.K. Now what?" I thought. I made a few inane remarks about the weather and Michele's day. Michele's responses were terse and once she closed her eyes. "Are you tired?" She shook her head no. "Just sad?" She shook her head yes.

Then Michele laid her head on my shoulder. I put my arm around her and shut my mouth. Once again, Michele taught me a lesson. Some sadness is just too deep for words. Sometimes a person just needs a shoulder to lean on, someone to sit silently by your side. Michele's man was breathing celestial air where the number of chromosomes no longer matter, but Michele was here on earth needing a friend. Michele and I sat quietly for a few moments, then I prayed with her, told her Jesus loved her and I loved her. "Can you give me a smile?" I asked. She looked at me and grinned, a flicker of the spark back in her eyes.

When I left, Michele was showing her friends some of the things in her gift bag. I plan to visit Michele again. Maybe I can bring a bit of cheer to her life, but if our first two encounters are any indication of our relationship, Michele will be blessing me as much (probably more) than I bless her!

Since I Became a Mother...

My work, it is much drudgey-er,
My waistline has got pudgier.
My windows are much smudgy-er,
My thoughts, they all seem sludgy-er.
My steps are getting trudgey-er,
God, help me give joyfully....
Instead of growing grudgey-er!



Asa James Kurtinitus



Birth Announcements

- "Cory Landon" on January 28, to Emily and Vern Champ of Waysnbrough
• "Asa James" on February 28, to Chris and Joy Kurtinitus of Dallas Center
• "Nicklas Joel" on February 22, to Ashlee and Evan Niswander of Waysnbrough
• "Jaden Seth" on February 25, to Mary and Caleb Heckman of Waysnbrough

Musings of a first time grandma (Congratulations on little "Jaden", Sister Laura Hawbaker):

Psalms 139: 13-14 "...thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy works..." This was the scripture I prayed for my grandchild when he was yet unborn. Now that he is here, a tiny little miracle of life, I say "Amen, and Amen! Praise the Lord, marvelous are thy works!"

WORTH READING

CONTRIBUTED BY SISTER CARA LORENZ

“Weeping
may
endure for
a night,
but joy
cometh in
the
morning.”
Psalm
30:5



“Morning Will Come” by Sandy Day

In 2005, our family buried our son Joseph, when half-way through the pregnancy, his little heart stopped beating. It was our first close encounter with grief. A dear friend gave me a copy of this book and it was so healing to me as I read it. To someone who has not experienced a miscarriage or the loss of an infant, it is very hard to explain how you feel and how you grieve. This book spoke to my heart as I read other mothers’ stories and was reassured by the fact that I was not alone in how I was feeling.

The author and her husband buried a stillborn son themselves . The inside cover of the book: “A book of hope and encouragement for those who have suffered through miscarriage, stillbirth, early infant death, or are dealing with infertility”.

Visit www.calebministries.org for more information and you can also order a copy of this book on the site as well.

Consider ministering to a hurting sister by sharing this book with her!



Kids Korner

Sometimes for fun, I add 6-8 drops of food coloring in bath water for my two-year old. It makes bath time fun and we get to experiment with mixing colors too, such as 3 drops of yellow and 3 drops of blue make green water. (The purple comes out looking kind of gray though unless you use lots of food coloring.) Just make sure you stow the food coloring up high until you can take it back to the kitchen cupboard. It could stain everything including your child's skin. Another warning: Once you start, they like colored bath water all the time! -Sister Erin Inman, Colby, KS

SQUID for Dinner?!?

That’s what my kids were asking, when I followed a nifty suggestion from my Family Fun magazine. You take raw hotdogs, cut in 2 inch chunks, then thread uncooked spaghetti noodles through them lengthwise, so that half of the noodle is sticking out of each end of the hot dog chunk. Stick several spaghetti strands through each chunk. After you’ve made several, carefully place in a big pot of boiling water, and cook according to the noodle directions. I tossed mine with alfredo sauce, and served by candlelight for a more convincing effect. No slurping the tentacles!

Beefy Taco Dip

1 pkg (8 oz.) Cream Cheese, softened

1 cup (8 oz.) Sour Cream

3/4 cup Mayonnaise

1 lb ground Beef

1 envelope Taco Seasoning

1 can (8 oz.) Tomato Sauce

4 cups shredded Lettuce

2 medium Tomatoes, diced

1 small Onion, diced

1 medium Green Pepper, diced

2 cups (8 Oz) Shredded Cheddar or Taco Cheese

Tortilla Chips

In a mixing bowl, beat cream cheese, sour cream and mayonnaise until smooth. Spread on a 12 – 14” pizza pan or 9” x 13” serving dish. Refrigerate for 1 hour.

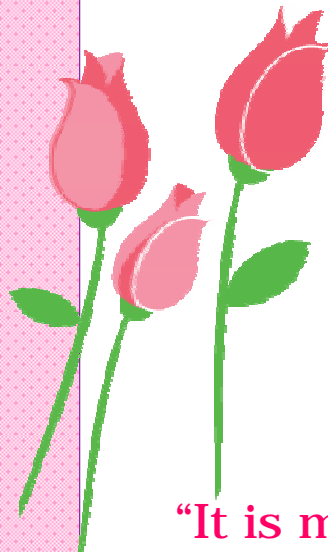
In a saucepan over medium heat, cook beef until no longer pink; drain. Add taco seasoning and tomato sauce; cook and stir for 5 minutes. Cool completely. Spread over cream cheese layer. Refrigerate.

Just before serving, sprinkle with lettuce, tomatoes, onion, green pepper and cheese.

Serve with chips

Yield: 16 – 20 servings

Rachel Keeney, Shrewsbury



“So often we think we have got to make a difference and be a big dog. Let us just try to be little fleas biting.

Enough fleas biting

strategically can make a big dog very uncomfortable.”

— Marian Wright Edelman

“It is much easier to fight for one’s principles than to live up to them.”

~Alfred Adler

Tips Appreciated Online resources from Sister Cara Lorenz

*gift elephant.com You can use this site to help you remember all the birthdays and special occasions that are so easy to forget. The ‘gift elephant’ will send you reminders of special days. There are also several other neat options on this site...check it out!

*hippopost.com.....If you’re like me, I don’t do very well at sending photos to grandparents and special people. At this site, you can upload a photo and then send a postcard to whomever you like. You can send 2 per day and the best part is that it’s free!

*freecycle.org This is another great option for ‘cleaning out’ and giving to others. You can post things you have to give away and you might also find some items that others are giving away that you need! Everything is exchanged at no cost between free cycle members.

Grandma, Read to Me

By Sister Mary Sue Moss

Those words warm my heart and spring me into action. DVD's and computer games are a poor replacement for reading aloud, huddled together on a chair or couch big enough to hold a crowd. As a grandmother I usually don't have enough weekly contact to read chapter books to the grandchildren. But mothers, you can and you should. Do you want your young teens to gather round? Then announce that after lunch you are into chapter three of Little Britches. Don't make the time mandatory; make it so exciting that no one wants to miss. I still remember reading Where the Red Fern Grows by Wilson Rawls to our three. When the hunting hound is in his last throws of death I was crying too hard to continue. Jerry took the book and his voice cracked as he tried to take the story forward. And we are not big fans of dogs. But we were knit together as a family in a way only read aloud stories can do.

"DVD's and computer games are a poor replacement for reading aloud, huddled together on a chair or couch big enough to hold a crowd."

There are scores of good books available. I have my favorites after thirteen years of reading out loud to a mixed group of school children ages 6 through 18. It is not realistic to huddle with two dozen students but they do sit close with their chairs all grouped together. Standing with the book in my hand I start each reading by giving the name of the book, the author, and illustrator if given. The students don't find that part especially interesting, but maybe, just maybe they might be able to locate that particular book when they are reading to their own brood years later.

Every child should hear Carry on Mr. Bowditch by Jean Latham. To us landlubbers it opens the world of ships and life on the sea in the 1800's. The Ralph Moody series of eight books—a treasure that can go on for six months of reading—shows character without preaching and is a must read for anyone who dreams of having a horse. Start with Little Britches and don't quit until you've completed Horse of a Different Color. Don't limit yourself by reading only children's books. A Man Called Norman by Mike Adkins shows a sensitivity to "weird old folks" and is a hilarious read, written for adults. How about End of the Spear by Jim Saint? Even elementary age students can catch enough of the story to laugh at the funny parts. And preschoolers giggle just because everyone else does. It draws everyone together.

Are your children quite young? Sarah Plain and Tall by Patricia MacLachlan has four not-so-large books in a series with a very characted plot. The Little House books by Laura Ingalls Wilder are so much more fun to read than to watch. Throw in Caddie Woodlawn and Magical Melons by Carol Ryrie Brink for another duo of true stories in the early 1900's. One story in the Caddie Woodlawn book called "Pee Wee" is a single chapter that I read to the students every April 1. It has us all in stitches. The original Winnie the Pooh is a chapter book called The House on Pooh Corner by A.A. Milne.

There are a plethora of good books. Ask other mothers. Beware of starting a book that you have not read through as it might have some language you don't want little ears to hear. The Little Britches series have some mild cowboy words that I don't read out loud. Try not to stumble. I usually have a word like "fiddlesticks" or "rotten eggs" to slip into the cowboy conversation when emphasis is needed.

I have given you my top ten read aloud stories. Honey for A Child's Heart by Gladys Hunt will give you a hundred more suggestions for all kinds of reading. Don't neglect reading aloud. It is a tie that binds.

Gossip Poem
(Author Unknown)

My name is Gossip.
 I am a direct descendant of the father of lies.
 I have no respect for justice.
 I maim without killing.
 I break hearts and ruin lives.
 I am cunning and malicious and I gather strength with age.
 The more I am quoted, the more I am believed.
 My victims are helpless. They cannot protect themselves against me because I have no name and no face.

To track me down is impossible. The harder you try,
 the more elusive I become.
 I am nobody's friend.
 Once I tarnish a reputation, it is never the same.
 I topple governments and wreck marriages.
 I ruin careers and cause sleepless nights, heartaches, and indigestion.
 I make innocent people cry in their pillows.
 I make headlines and headaches.
 Even my name hisses. I am called Gossip.

Before you repeat a story, ask yourself:
 Is it true?
 Is it harmless?
 Is it necessary?
 If it isn't, why repeat it?

Please pray for Timothy Lorenz, son of Kevin and Cara Lorenz. Cara writes: "He continues to have health struggles and there are many un-



answered questions. He has been having bowel problems again for the last 6 weeks or so and without doing extensive testing, his doctors can't seem to find what is wrong. (Praying that it isn't the beginning of another blockage) He also has had very poor weight gain for the last 6 months, has very poor muscle tone, etc.

We know that we serve a God of miracles and we are certainly praying to that end!"

Cheese Danish

- 2 cans of crescent rolls
- 2 8oz packs cream cheese
- 1 1/4 c sugar- divided
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 3 TB butter melted

Preheat oven to 350. Roll out one can of the crescent rolls into a greased 9x13. Mix cream cheese, 1 cup of sugar, and vanilla then spread over crescent roll. Roll out the other can and lay on top of cream cheese mixture. Melt the butter and pour over top. Mix 1/4 cup of sugar and cinnamon then sprinkle that over top. Bake for 30 minutes A good and fast Sunday morning treat; great with coffee.

~Sister Jessica Meyers



A Miniature Mansion Can Be Joyous

I sit down to write this amid the constant state of disarray. I was running around here and there trying to get the house in a little better order while the children are sleeping and before my husband gets home from work. As I stepped over toys while trying to put dishes away, I tried to remind myself that there really are good things that come from having a runty residence. With five people living in a two bedroom, 1000 sq. ft. home with no basement, it is frequently a source of frustration for me. For those of you, like me, who need a reminder once in a while so you don't drive yourself (and your family) crazy with discontentment, here it is.

"For those of you, like me, who need a reminder once in a while so you don't drive yourself (and your family) crazy with discontentment, here it is."

There is no room for extra stuff, so you just get rid of it. There is a constant purging of anything that does not have a purpose. A nice table just for pretty, children's toys that do not get played with, and pictures on the wall with no heart strings attached, all get put in the attic in hopes of an expansion in living quarters someday. Better yet, these extras leave the premises! Who has room to let these items collect (even if it is in a neat orderly spot) in hopes of getting rid of them *someday*? They've got to go right away.

We always have plenty of family togetherness! There is no chance to be anywhere *but* together! When there is a disagreement, the children cannot go sulk in their room because it is everyone else's room, too. They must learn to work it out, no matter how painful it may be.

Little houses mean little bills. I hear people complain about their heating bills and almost snicker. Sometimes I think we heat our house with body heat! There are less lights in a small house, and the hot water doesn't have to go as far to the faucet. Just think of the extra dates we get with our husbands...because we are not donating all our funds to the utility company.

Things we need are always only a few steps away. We can't go more than a few steps unless we are going in circles. I never would have thought the proper place for something to be put away would be behind the furniture in the living room, but it *is* always handy! Our children are always near too, so usually they don't get as deep in their mischief because we are so close in proximity.

Hallelujah, it doesn't take long to clean! Although it needs it often (okay, constantly), putting things away does not take long. Everything has its place and usually everyone knows where that place is. There isn't much dusting because we don't have all those extra "pretties". There isn't much flooring that isn't covered by furniture, so sweeping is a breeze. And just think, I can clean the living room, family room, office, and playroom all at the same time!

Although I have to remind myself frequently, it IS such a blessing to have a cubbyhole castle.
(Even if I do hope to have a larger one in the future.)

~Sister Rita Noecker

Love, Romance and Cheap Dates

A Wife talks with God....

"DO you see the way he is Lord?"

"Do you see the way you are?"

"Lord, are YOU saying there are things You want to change in me?"

"Many things. Are you ready to hear them?"

"Well I guess so "....."

"Tell me when you're really ready."

"Why me, God? He's the one who needs to change."

"The point is not who needs to change. The point is who is willing to change."

"But God, this isn't fair."

"I never said life is fair, I said, I am fair."

"But I....."

"Someone has to be willing to start."

'But.....?'

"How important is preserving your marriage?"

"Very important. The other options are unacceptable"

"I rest my case. Lets get on with changing you."

"Help me to have a good attitude about this, Lord."

"That's up to you."

"Do I have to pray for my husband even if he's not praying for me?"

"Precisely."

"But that's notOkay, okay ..I remember...Life's not fair.. You're fair!"

(Silent nodding from Heaven)

"I give up...Go ahead. Oh, this is going to be painful...Cha...change...I can't believe I'm saying this....."

(Deep breath) Change me, Lord!"

~Contributed by Sister Cara Lorenz

Brant and I on a bridge in Minneapolis, on our anniversary "get away"
Note: my 7-months pregnant belly!



Business or Pleasure?



Last August, I had HAD IT!
I was seven months pregnant, hot, bothered, and tired of everything. I needed to "get away", badly. The problem was, Brant didn't have any time off. Our anniversary is August 14th. (For those of you who don't know my husband, he is an airline pilot...among other things.) That week, Brant had a trip to Minneapolis, where he arrived in the city, and didn't leave again for 36 hours. Sensing my agitation, he asked my mom to watch our children, and I went along! When we got there, we were wondering, "What on earth is there to do in Minneapolis?" We soon found out. We strolled through a colorful farmer's market hand-in-hand, ate outside under an umbrella at a charming café, explored a flour mill museum, took a long walk through a beautiful park, and rode a river boat on the Mississippi through a loch! We packed a lot of fun, conversation and romance into that 36 hours. I would urge each of you to do the same if you have an opportunity. Not everyone's husband is a pilot, but many of you have husbands who travel on business at times. Go along for the ride! It's a great way to combine business and pleasure!

S.I.L.L.Y.

Dear Sisters,

Spring is coming!! This is one of my favorite times of the year...I can't wait to get outside and see what's starting to come up. Those little green blades poking up out of the soil fill me with awe for our Creator. All of nature speaks to us of redemption, renewal, rebirth and resurrection. Praise God for His Son, His Resurrection, and the hope that we, the heavens and the earth all share, of being made new again in Him. May God richly bless each of you with a Joyous Easter and a wonderful spring. As always, thanks so much to all of you who took the time to contribute to this newsletter!

Love in Christ, the Giver of Life,

Sister Bonny Jamison

Back Talk

In Response to the tip for feeding frozen blueberries to teething toddlers:

"I love all the cleaning tips in the newsletter...just what I have been needing to keep motivated around here! I especially like the school locker story...I don't remember ever hearing that one before!

I do not mean to be an alarmist, but there is one thing I want to mention...I gave all 3 of my kids frozen blueberries...with no trouble ...until Wade choked on one. My mom & I were both sitting there right beside him, & I was able to get him up & turned over & after a couple thumps it popped out of his mouth with no real harm done. Except of course, the few years it took off of my life expectancy.... I did still feed him the frozen berries, because they all love them that way, but I made sure from then on that he only had the smaller ones! Anyway, you can send this out to everyone if you want, or not, I just wanted to share that with you! It was the only time I've ever had a child choke, even through all the daycare years! It was pretty scary for my mom & I, but we were just so glad that we had stayed in the kitchen with him that time! It didn't affect Wade at all, just picked up another berry & kept on eating!" ~Katie Fruth, Defiance, OH

Bottom Line: Babies and toddlers should ALWAYS be supervised when they are eating, and moms should know what to do if choking occurs. Look up <http://firstaid.webmd.com/choking-treatment>