

## Other articles I wrote as His Spirit led me:

2011

### Beautiful Feet

--By Koriane

It started a year ago. My family had recently moved, and were very busily building our life in our new location, setting up a house and caring for a baby and 2 young children—and of course wondering what we could do now to carry on with “the mission”. For the most part it was pretty clear what it entailed for us: raising our children and supporting our family! There wasn’t too many other ways we felt we could wisely stretch in to do more. But the Lord had a few ideas up His sleeve.

Five years ago while strolling my 9 month old baby outside, a memorable moment happened. The Lord’s thought and words began to come to me clearly, in a definite way, unsolicited, telling me what my “mission on Earth” was. It was a great encouragement and vision enhancer. I now had focus, and determination to do what He called me to do. The mission field He wanted me to reach isn’t on any maps, and speaks as many languages as there are in the world. These people are in every town, and in just about every house. He gave me then the 10 points and aspects to my commission, a “Mission to Minors” –to children the world over, starting with the Family’s children, raising them for Him. And now starting to reach farther.

Now I can’t reach them all! But here in my new location, as busy as we were, He wanted me to continue taking some steps, and ensured that I did. He’s how and what.

My feet began to get some odd unknown affliction. It was very uncomfortable to wear shoes, and they really didn’t look great. Having pretty looking feet is important to me, though I’ve never had what I’d consider that. But functional and comfortable feet is better than what I was having now! And it just got worse. I was desperate for relief. We planned to go to the doctor the next day.

Then the verse came to me that night, “How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!” (Rom.10:15) With the accompanying thought: If your feet aren’t beautiful, it’s because you aren’t “preaching the gospel”. Hmmm, good food for thought.

The Lord had been giving me ideas and visions of things He wanted me to do, and though it was unlike anything I’d done before, I was ready to try—especially if it relieved me of the constant discomfort in my feet!

So that night I woke, and the baby miraculously slept well, and I made a start in the new projects He wanted me to do, to continue in my “mission to minors”. I set up a blog, and began posting. (See: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/>) And shortly after, for thoughts in a bit of a different vein, I started sending out emails of encouragement to parents. (Write: [re5.coffee4carers@gmail.com](mailto:re5.coffee4carers@gmail.com))

When He asked me to write, for me to do the authoring of them for the most part, that was strange and new for me! I hadn’t done that. I wanted to just use all the cool things that others write. But this was part of His new plan for me. I said okay, but He’d have to do the miracle—a big one—and tell me what to say! And even a bigger miracle of giving me time to do it, time which I had less than none of.

Well, the next morning, after starting in the night to do the computer work towards these projects, we didn't need to go to the doctor. My feet cleared up over night, at least well enough to be a marked difference and be on their way to complete healing. It confirmed I was taking steps in the right direction. And if I ever started to get slack again, and not fighting to take the time in the night hours to invest in my mission and commission, my feet would start to act up. I got the point after a while. It was what He wanted me to do, as different or new as it seemed. I've since learned of others who do the same—post, and email parents—and things on the TFI sites for feeding are more and more people writing the thoughts the Lord gives in their own words. But I didn't know about these things then. I had to take the step alone in a way, even if I felt I was the only one.

Next I got a business card printed with my initiative on it: *Heart 4 Kidz*, advertising my site and email friendship and support, as well as putting a quote at the back—my little witness—to a country that is getting more and more away from accepting God in their culture. I give the card to parents I meet along the way. I even put a few at the gym. There is a card holder with about 8 different businesses being advertised—and one place was empty. I slipped mine in there, and the manager was happy to keep mine there. After many months now, for the first time I saw today that a few had been taken! Yea!

The quote on the card is part of something that He'd given to me a year and a half ago. As I held my new born in my arms—his, and my, favourite place for him to be—Jesus thoughts washed into my mind, cleaning out the thoughts of the world towards children. To many they seem to be a problem, or what causes problems. It's strange to those who haven't heard the comments and mentality of some folks, which is really coming from the enemy.

The Lord's thoughts are the reality, and I cried as He whispered to me: "Children are the solution to this world's problems." Later when I had a chance to type, He expounded and articulated it. Here are a few quotes.

*Children are God's solution to this world's problems—if responded to in the way He intended us to.*

*If each individual focused a bit more on the treasure of wealth within little lives, and the great opportunities they provide for us all, if we'd let them change our world, our character, our hearts, I believe we'd see the mountains of pain, hardness, and problems caused by our own lacks melt away. And the growing generation of youth would create a wonderful world to live in.*

*Our children would create for us the wonderful world that we're dreaming of, if we'd all give each child on this planet the love, time, care, resources, training, learning opportunities, and divine guidance they crave and need. We'd receive so much more in return.*

*By letting a child change your focus and your attention and bring love into your lives and those around you, you are activating the solution God intended for that little one to be for you.*

(For the full version: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/post/3237971024/children-are-the-solution>)

I celebrate now the first anniversary of the miracle of these two small droplet size mission projects, as well as others sprinkled along the way, like:

Taking gift bags to moms in the hospital on special days (Valentine's, Easter, Christmas) , with useful items and words of encouragement in their journey of motherhood.

I've given my card and offer to be a moral support to those that need it, to the one working with underprivileged families in a community center. She writes me when she feels I can help be the friend a struggling mother needs.

My children and I with great joy started a little Bible'n' Fun class and activity time that we invite children their age to. It's a "small beginnings" thing, but just right for us right now. I'm making a 30 week/class plan, with stories and ideas, memory verse, prayer and praise ideas. If you'd like me to send these simple "Sunday school" type classes to you too, just write! And as soon as they are done I'll give you the batch of them. (email: cha.koriri@gmail.com)

Together with Jac Elan, we're making a cool Bible Flannelgraph set, that can be used for any stories told. We'll make it available—to you and to the world—as soon as it's done, for a small price or donation to help him in his work, and towards other "mission to minors" projects that He leads in. (Or if you feel moved to help now with it and other things in the works, towards helping to feed children worldwide, wonderful! My login is: chakoriri, or paypal: mike.chalsey@gmail.com)

And the call and ideas haven't stopped, there's more cooking, new things He's started! Fun! There really is no greater joy I've found than living to give Him to His precious little ones.

Let's win the world, through letting Him use us to love the little ones into His arms!

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### ***From a Woman's heart, to yours!***

Congratulations on becoming a father! As it's been said before, parenting children "is not for the faint hearted." It's true. So you are a brave and kind-hearted man. Good on you!

I hope you don't mind that I take moment to write you a note. I spent every minute I could during this past week writing thoughts from my heart, to your dear wife. For some reason I've felt compelled to. The words would just keep coming to me, and I'd jot them whenever I got a chance. It turned out much longer than I had planned for it to be. But I hope it's of some help. If not, please forgive me for intruding.

I have a few things that sprang from my heart to my mind that I wanted to say at this monumental time in your life. Something to shed some light from a woman's prospective, and what she admires about her man, at this special time.

I think when a couple has a second or more children it can be called, “an addition to the family”, but the first child, now that’s a huge leap—into a new universe you never explored yet! A radical change. A catapult.

I think that mothers have one of the toughest, yet most rewarding and equally important jobs on earth. But the fathers of children—the husbands can have just as big a job. The test of love and giving comes for the mother in ways like, giving up sleep, time for personal interests, new feelings of responsibility and the weight to make the right decisions, the numerous challenges, and just being stretched to the limit and beyond, physically, emotionally, mentally and so forth. Once a child has been part of her life, things will never feel the same again. It’s a real giving, a real change.

The fathers have the struggle in other ways. And I wanted to share something from my heart with you, for whatever it’s worth. Sometimes honestly saying things of a personal nature takes more humility and is more intimate than getting nude! But since we’ve never met, and may never, what have I got to lose?

I loved my husband, in a stable “I know he’s right for me” kind of way when we got married. I had had enough emotional ups and downs of feelings for others that never worked out. I didn’t want any more feelings. But something calm and stable was good. We think the same in lots of things, so that helped us click well. We were right for each other and shared the same dreams and passions. And on the romance story could go... and is still going, three children later.

But to see a side of him that I didn’t know he had, after we had our first child, and then our next and our next, made me love him in new and deeper ways than ever. He had to, in essence give something up that was the dearest to him, in order for a child to get the best. He gave up me, in a lot of ways to another “man” albeit a very tiny one, our son.

Instead of my arms being free to hold him, they were more often than not needing to hold our little child, who had so many discomfort issues. We couldn’t relieve him of all that troubled him, but at least we could cuddle, and care for him through it.

Instead of having the evenings for free, fun and frolic or friends and whatnot, he had lots of free time—without me there. Mostly to work though, as hard working as he is. I could do nothing but sleep when I finally crashed in bed, with my baby at 8 o’clock or so at night. Many times that was the only sleep I got for the night and the next day, those few hours before midnight, before fussing and issues began. If I ever gave up that little bit of rest to try and socialise or be the perfect wife, I was done for, for the next day or two.

It’s dangerous even to be so tired. Once I was so exhausted I fell asleep holding the baby while on the edge of a bed, and God sent His angel to help. I woke to see the baby half-way out of my arms, half suspended in the air, obviously being held by some guardian angel. I grabbed him quick. God cares—and we need to do our part, whatever we can, to be what is needed—getting rest and whatnot. I swam upstream, and just said to all, I can’t do anything at night. I’m not available. I and my baby depended on it.

Instead of me being able to do all the cooking or house work, and he just do his job and call it quits, he had to use his sometimes late nights to help out, or do the cooking and dishes and so forth when

around. In some ways it was doing double duty for him. But for me it wasn't any easier, and it felt as if he was the one with all the free time! It wasn't really true, but it was just different jobs. I envied the fact that he could just go and use the bathroom whenever he wanted to, and take daily showers, finish things that he started and so forth. My new baby life was lived split seconds at a time. He could turn from a smile to a scream with a need in an instant. I had to be ready to stop and start, wait and go, at all hours, no matter what I was doing. And learned to do things very fast, because I might only have a minute to do it in—and the next chance often was days or even a weeks away. But it was all part of my being “recreated” into a mother, not just a woman. I needed to learn patience, giving, caring for others more than myself, and all those good thing that it takes to be a mother.

Instead of having a day off together each week, watching movies, going on long walks, taking naps, I was full on spending the day trying to help our little one, and doing all the millions of things I had to, if I ever had a second—laundry to wash, meals to cook, and all the many care needs the baby had. My husband kindly deferred to our needs. There wasn't much choice, but still the way you give can make or break a situation. He did it graciously, and kindly.

I was soooo busy, you have no idea. I had this fanciful dream that when babies are born they sleep lots, and then the mother has free time on her hands. Starting with having to go through a sudden C-section and the weeks of pain and rest for recovery, while caring full time for an uncomfortable baby, plus learning the challenges of breast feeding and the pains and mechanics involved, kept me really hoping. I was usually on the go 17-19 hours a day, no rest. The stress was plenty. If I didn't have milk, he didn't have food. If there was a noise that woke the baby right before he was finally asleep, he stayed away for another 4-5 hours again, without sleeping. If the laundry wasn't dry in time, he didn't have anything to wear and it was winter! (We didn't have a dryer.) He HAD to have clothes. If I ate as much as one bite of something that didn't agree with the baby's tummy when it turned into milk content, he got a painful rash and hours of fussing and crying. And the “fun” part was I didn't know what foods they were. I had to think about each bite. And I was ravenously hungry, and had to have the water and food I needed right when my body asked for it, or come next feed, the milk wasn't there, or not enough.

Then to see my husband, in the small times we had together when he wasn't working, helping to wash the diapers, even spoon feeding me one time when I was holding the baby and feeling my body going crazy, saying I needed food NOW! Touched my heart, gave me a new boost of love, admiration and respect for him.

We couldn't talk hardly, as even a faint whisper would wake our amazing-eared boy. (His ears were so good that when a little older he could hear the ambulance siren before I could. He'd tell me it was coming, and then after a bit I would hear it!) But as a baby that meant no more typing for me for at least a year. I couldn't even write with a ball-point pen, the click of the tiny ball that touches the paper would wake him! Pouring water from a jug, anything! (Forget trying to flush the toilet when he was napping!)

My husband learned to read my lips, my hand motions, and guess my needs. He truly waited on me whenever he could. It's what I really needed then.

These things that he gave up and did for me, truly putting my and the baby's needs first, showed me, more than the romantic song he wrote for me to propose marriage, that he really did love me. And I grew to love and respect him as never before.

Stress is really the killer. I was stressed all the time, the circumstances were tough in some ways—but I think they are no matter where you are, or who you are! But my dear kind husband helped to be the stability. He never answered back in the way I communicated when I felt pressed beyond limit. He understood that things were just pushing me beyond what I was accustomed to handling. He's still this wonderful, calm, understanding way. He saw past the difficulties, to what we would become, and grow into, with his caring for his family.

The children totally love their daddy. They enjoy being with him more than with anyone else or doing anything else. He's patient, tender-hearted, gentle, and knows how to have fun with them. Seeing his interaction with them, and how love is at the core of his communication and care, makes me the happiest woman in the world. As I tell him, he's the best man a woman could want, and the best father children could have.

It's come at a cost, of course. He had to embrace the new change, the new "us" that it was no longer just him and I. He chose to do it together, to focus together on these little ones, and giving them the best and most loving start to life that we could give them. This means the world to me, and because of this, as his wife I can say with all my heart, he's been a better partner than I could have dreamed possible.

In some ways it's like the wife is going off on a navy posting. —Except the husband gets to see her more often. She's been called off on a mission, and is struggling with lots in order to win the battles each day for the good care of the baby. And it can be a real act of giving on the man's part, to give her up in so many ways to be there for his child. But she feels that too, that she is giving not just the time and care, but her body, from head to toe, and her time, 24/7 to raise a child for her husband, as a gift, and to their union together. Both give in tremendous ways.

For me it really divides the men from the boys, to see them pass this test. Any guy can like a girl, love a girl, and make a baby with her and all the fun in-between. But it's what the man does after that, the giving, kind, selfless ways they act that proves their maturity. And helps to fortify their bond of union and love in the woman's heart.

All that to say, I wish you both the best. And since "God is love" when you let Him be a part of your life, He'll pour down all the love that is needed to make you a happy team! "It takes a lot of love to make a house a home" as the saying goes.

I pray that this time of adjustment and giving won't tax you beyond what you can handle. That the love you share, and the love you also now give to the "little you" will carry you through these beginning days and years.

Love takes on new additional forms in a marriage that has taken the wonderful and brave step to include new little ones!

A toast to: New life—New love! And a wonderful future for you and yours!

With you, on this parenting journey,

Chalsey

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## Secrets

### *--From One Mother to Another*

We've never met, but I feel as if I'm there with you, and I have so much to say. I apologize, I don't even know your name. But somehow you started to matter to me. I merely heard in passing from my husband who studies at CIT, that a teacher—Francis, your husband—has recently become a father. I feel the words welling up of things I want to say to encourage you as you face the greatest challenge and greatest joys known to mankind: mothering and raising a child. What started as a letter to you, something from my heart to yours, I'm afraid has started to turn into a mini-book. I'm sure you won't have time to read it all in one sitting. But I think you'll find it interesting, at least. It's really only a brief of all I'd like to say. Perhaps it's the letter I wish I'd received when caring for my first child. The shortcut would have been welcome. So for what it's worth I'm taking a little brave step and putting my heart and thoughts, experiences, tears and joys in an envelope here—with the hope that in some way it will empower you, invigorate you, and give you courage and strength; that it might help you and your family somehow, sometime, in some way.

(I'm a mother of 3 young boys, and have cared for babies and children of others for the better part of the last 20 years. If you want to read my blog that touches on topics of motherhood, see: <http://h4kz.tumblr.com/> or if you just need a friend feel free to write a line anytime to: [cltdooley@gmail.com](mailto:cltdooley@gmail.com). I also send out stress-relieving inspirational type of emails to parents with young children, each week. Should you want me to include you as well, just write to: [Re5.coffee4carers@gmail.com](mailto:Re5.coffee4carers@gmail.com))

I wish I could do more than just type words for you to try and find the time to read... I could hug you, cook for you, clean the house, wash the dishes, hang out the new mountains of washing, help hold the baby so you can take a shower, or whatever your biggest need is. But though all I can afford now, amid my own busy life is to send you something, please know that were I given the chance, I would back it up with real, tangible, care.

Somewhere amid the diapers, soiled clothes, dishes and women's make up and toiletries still waiting to be used there is a new fountain of love and joy beginning to spring up. Maybe not billowing out yet, but growing by the day. You've just entered a totally new universe. It's so different than what you imagined it would be. And no one but those who are there, can completely relate to and understand just what it's like. —Parenthood. It is my belief, from the bottom of my soul, that **those that are mothering new little lives are indeed doing the most important job on earth**. When we stop to think about it, we see how true it is.

Some of my first thoughts after the long and difficult birth of my first child, and then the proceeding challenging time of adjustment were: "People who haven't had children, and are longing for them,

have no idea what they are talking about!” It was a pretty big deal to me—and this was at 30, after many years of caring for children. But as the days, weeks and months began to pass I noticed something else that seemed to be the biggest and most wonderful secret that was ever kept from me. I’d never know it was possible to feel so much love for another human being, for a child. It’s what gave me the strength to endure the strength-taking tasks of caring for him. And when I felt my grace running low, I prayed for more love. It helped carry us through the challenging times. (He was constantly colicky—getting my teeth brushed each day or two was about the only “free moments” I seemed to score at that time. Ha!)

Here are some secrets that I’ve discovered while on this journey of my own. Each thing mentioned is backed with many hours, days, months and years of having to learn it and experiencing it. I express them now as some of my thoughts that might help to free you to both enjoy this time with your child, and to give them the best start in life—filled with as much love and nurturing care as is possible. You may not see eye to eye with me on everything. I imagine you won’t. But if something in here helps in any way to make things in the short term and long term easy, better, and more joy-filled, I’d be so happy.

YOU, the parent, the mother who has given your very body for the creation of this baby, not anyone else, is in charge of your baby and child’s care. There will be a million opinions and professionals saying this or that. Listen, yes. But don’t get pressured into doing something you know or suspect isn’t best for them. Find what works for you and yours. You call the shots. When you have to answer to your grown child for the way he was raised, (or to a judge for a young person who’s lost their way) it will hold absolutely no weight at all to say, “but a friend/ relative/ book/web site/professional said that I should do this or that—even though I felt it wasn’t right.” Learn what you can from these sources. But I’ve noticed a pattern in all I’ve seen and read—there are as many ways to properly care for and educate and raise children as there are children. Each one is unique, and the mother who spends the time with them, and has nature’s instincts on their needs knows best, when it comes down to it.

The first child is ground breaking and can seem the most challenging time of all. Please don’t feel too daunted or weighed down. You are not only learning a zillion new things, but also forming the foundation for your family, and how it will look and be. And the behaviour and training and love that the first one has will be mirrored by any siblings. It’s a give-all time. You can’t expect perfect balance in every other area of life. It needs your focus. It is the most important thing for right now.

Children and their needs are more important than a perfectly tidy house, and well folded laundry. Things will never be perfect. Spend as much time with them as you can. It really will go faster than you know it, before they are grown. You can’t rewind if you miss enjoying them for these young and cute years.

There is no such thing as “off schedule” for a baby. He’s right on schedule with whatever he is needing. There are dozens of things that dictate his body’s needs and demands. He can’t do anything about it if he gets wind or gas pains that wake him up, if that day he’s growing extra and needs more milk, if a dream startled him awake, if his teething makes him need more sleep. Whatever he needs for sleep and feeding and body functions that’s what his schedule is and should be. It’s us that need to be on schedule with them—giving them what they need when they need it. (I’ve never woken my children,



as a rule from sleep. If I ever did, they got sick. They are on a regular pattern and “schedule” naturally. And are nearly never sick. I thank God for that.)

Babies need lots of closeness and holding. They need to sleep with the mother. They need to nurse often, whenever they want. The very act of touching causes them to grow physically. All they’ve known their whole life yet (within the mother) has been extreme closeness. It’s scary for them to feel so alone physically. Putting them off to sleep elsewhere for the night, or to schedule “feedings” or to let them cry to “get used to things” is cruel, poor care, and inhumane. Anyone who promotes it or pushes a mother to it is out of touch. (And can be fatal too. SIDS is a real thing.)

You and your child will bear the weight of the decisions of your care for them. No one on earth will bear it for you. No matter how much “pressure” you can feel under from someone, in reality, they won’t be there to dry the child’s tears or pick up the pieces when things go wrong. Only you will. You make the decision of what is truly best.

The babies won’t remember much of this babyhood time, but the bond you build now and your ways of interacting and communicating form their character and your relationship with them when they are older. A couple has their life ahead of them, (and can think of creative ways to keep the romance alive in your growing family’s early years.) This new little one has but a few short years till his character is formed—they say just the first 5 years is what moulds kids for life. With my first son now 5 I understand this

Babies don’t know how to be naughty. They don’t cry because of temper tantrums. They don’t fuss to be demanding or “spoiled”. It’s nearly always a physical discomfort thing, that feels more than they can bear at the given moment—tiredness, pain, thirst, hunger, wind, elimination pains, teething discomfort (which can happen long before the teeth come through), diaper too hot on their private parts (papers nappies do it—sometimes just taking my baby’s diaper off for a few minutes was enough to stop the crying and make him feel better), and a zillion other things. Rescuing them from what seems unbearable at the moment shows your love to them, and builds trust. Trust builds the foundation for an obedient and happy child.

Babies and young children’s “behaviour” is most often affected by how they are feeling physically. Lack of enough water—even as a little tiny baby—can cause a lot of fussiness and when older, tantrums, sickness, pain in the abdomen, and so forth. (My babies craved it from day 1, and get plenty regularly now.) They need training and discipline and to know that mom and dad have boundaries and teach them what is good and not good to do, yes. But we should assess the causes too. They don’t like to cry. They don’t want to be naughty. Children love to please. We can make it easy for them by giving them what they need to feel good physically, and showing our love for them and that they are a joy to be with, praising them for their good moves. Happy children are good children. Just getting things that they want won’t make them happy long-term. It’s fun when it works out. But besides appropriate care, your love and time with them, positive interaction, and helping them to know God’s constant love for them, will iron out so many possible rough times.

I encourage the natural way of feeding—breast milk for as long as they need and want it. I estimate that it takes away %90 of the tears and troubles, short term and long term, compared to those who are

bottle fed. If everything is working right, and the mother has enough milk, then it's a total gift. There's a string of life-long benefits, which I'm sure you have read (including being a natural pain reliever, sleep relaxer, immune system booster, and their body's teeth and bones for life are shaped by it). I have a ton of experience in the realm of breast feeding—and especially with the mother's diet and how it affects the baby. Should you need help or thoughts in this department, and aren't finding what you need to know elsewhere, I'd be happy to be a help, if I can.

“There's always more wind”. You can think they've had a good burp, and can sleep well, but then are puzzled when in five minutes they start to fuss again. Nearly all the discomfort and sleep disturbances is often more wind/ gas, and it can really hurt. Holding them up, yet again as soon as you can, and gently rubbing between their shoulders, or under the left shoulder blade, was the key to so many fusses. And as odd as it seems, a mother eating dairy and cows milk can be one of the hardest things for the baby, if there seems to be colic issues. Cutting that out of mother's diets while lactating (and getting calcium other ways, with dark green leafy veggies is a great one), has proven a great relief for so many. Sadly I didn't learn about this till my 3<sup>rd</sup> child. But thankfully he's had a relatively easy ride comparatively to those baby days of his brothers.

Mothers need sleep, and it's a source of depression to just be tired beyond exhaustion. Some ways to get a least a bit: Nurse lying down when you can, and allow yourself to drift off if you feel like it. Go to sleep at night with the baby, at the time they do. Sleep with the baby. Nursing is done easily, and you can sleep again right after (or even during) the feed. Give up hopes and plans of night time work or friends or movies and what not. You can catch up in the later years. Get some sleep, and have what you need to make it through the next day. A happy mommy who has enough milk from good sleep, and can care cheerfully for the baby and home is more important.

Feeling loved by their parents is the basis of being able to shape their behaviour and character. You need to have a standard that you can develop over time for what you expect of them, what your family goals and guidelines are. But it won't go very far if they don't know without a shadow of a doubt that you do all you do out of love for them, and will never do anything that isn't in their best interests, no matter who or what tried to push you into it. If you want them to respect you as their parent, they need to see and know in their heart and mind that it rings true that all you do and choose is for their best—not just trying to make them conform to something. Children off in a dark room, crying about going to sleep doesn't teach anything. It's just plain poor care. And fear is such a terrible thing to cultivate in children. Memories or the effects of nightmares can last a lifetime. Children and babies made to wake and conform to rigid schedules I feel shows selfishness on the part of adults, wanting things to be predictable, not wanting their life to be disrupted. It will be disrupted. And those that throw their own wishes to the side for a time and embrace the joy of giving a new little life their turn instead, is the making of a wonderful parent.

Because I'm passionate and whole-souled about children getting the best care, I can't in good conscience condone anything that has proven harmful (or even fatal) for millions Here are a few things that spring to mind just now. Perhaps you know of more:

Young kids alone at night—many cultures throughout the ages have realised this, and sleep either as a family, or at least with the mother, as the New Zealand Maoris. (Jewish history, Canadian Inuits, Native American Indians, South American tribes, Chinese old inns, and on goes the list.) How would I ever get

any sleep if I had to be roving around the house room to room caring for all the night time issues. With kids close by I can care and sleep hand in hand.

Public school system—the lack of exercise, fresh air & sunshine, poor social training and experiences, excessive sitting, lack of parental closeness and training, methods that are not in line with each child's unique ways of learning used, extreme boredom suffered by children, prevent this method of “educational processing” to be an optimum option. It can result in a strained or simply non-existent close relationships and good communication with your child, leading to painful teenage and youthful struggles. Parent guided education and home based learning, when at all possible, is ideal. It just makes common sense that it works best, as millions have proven along with their now grown/ graduated /well-adjusted/benefit to society/ adult children.

Immunization—as one head doctor in a Melbourne hospital said confidentially to a mother: “It's not medically sound. I'd don't immunize my children”, there are countless accounts and confessions of the lifelong harm it does, and the childhood ruining affects it has, from being handicapped for life, to deaths, to a variety of (and unnecessarily so) difficult childhood and behaviour issues that those kinds of poisons put into bodies causes.

Open television—has proven to stunt brain growth, as well as dictates your child's thoughts, words, behaviour and reactions. I'd rather get to know the real them. It's far more fascinating. The inventions and jokes my young kids come up with, all on their own, are amazing, and greatly entertaining.

Sugar & processed foods filled with preservatives & artificial additives and the like—causes odd and bad behaviour, countless chronic health difficulties, bedwetting, pains, ADHD, handicaps, “conditions” and on goes the list. We eat no sugar at all, and only fresh foods. Happy healthy boys are the reward.

Our life is by no means hiccough-free. We've had our share of hard knocks, while doing our best to raise and care for our young ones. But I shudder to think how it would be were the negative effects of the above mentioned, introduced into the mix. I imagine it would make things unbearable. And to think what kind of person I might turn into while trying to cope. Makes me understand some of the people I hear about... Poor parents!

A perk in our life, after consistently being there with them each evening, putting them to bed in an enjoyable atmosphere is that going to bed at night is a joy, a highlight, something the children look forward to. It is a time filled with cuddles, talking, beautiful stories, prayers, and good sleep usually (unless some health or dream issues trouble them). The proof in my life that love, prayer, giving my all, and care, works is wonderful. Our children are happy, close to us parents, enjoy each other's company, are creative, like learning, smart, kind-hearted, obedient, ahead educationally, healthy. (Like a nurse in the hospital said about our son, when needing a sudden operation a few weeks ago, “He asks more intelligent questions than some adults!”)

I glanced at a blog today, where parents would write in about problems, and a kind hearted motherly figure would answer their questions and give some helpful advice. The scenario written about was heartbreaking and makes me down right angry. It told of a 9 month old put in a room alone in a cot, screaming and crying, each night, up to even 2 hours—till he's so worked up he's vomiting and so

forth!?! To help him learn to put himself to sleep. The question that I wrestle with is what is dulling their motherly instincts or disillusioning them that their care-instincts should be ignored? What force is so strong to control and stop a mother from doing what is right and Godly—the gentle, caring, nurturing, loving ways? We need to listen to our hearts—not the blaring voices and pressures of the current society—God’s put it in us to know, and to want to seek to find what is truly the best.

My heart feels like expressing strongly: If an adult was yelling out for help, crying out in pain, or in despair, and we simply put them in room, walked out, so they could "learn to soothe themselves", without helping the real cause, it would be ludicrous. Crying is not the issue--there are real problems in life that need to be dealt with. So why in the world do we inflict such things on tiny human beings who can't even talk yet, get around, or relieve themselves of troubles in anyway?

As a man I read on the news who lived past 100 years old said, one of the keys to longevity was to "embrace change". That is the key there. It's painful for us as new parents to move on from what we used to know as our life, and to instead live it to give life to another. But if instead of struggling to maintain what we've always known, the freedom we had, if we instead take the leap to give all to make these little, helpless, hungry for love and care, growing human beings a wonderful life, we'll know so much more joy in return.

I always figure, looking back at my own life and all its hard times, loneliness, struggles, teenage times of hardly-a-friend, that our children will face many of the same things. Most of their life they too will feel alone in the battles of life, sleep alone, cry tears of despair. There is only these first few of years of their life when they can feel close, be held, nurtured and all. It's all they may know, depending on what turns their life takes. Let's not withhold what little we can give them.

There of course the very real safety issues. I’ve learned that “sleeping” for a baby isn’t auto pilot. They aren’t more safe when asleep and can be left alone. They can gag, choke and whatnot, silently, without you knowing that their life is in the balance, while alone. I’ve always stayed with my babies when they slept, except for short things here and there around the house. My second son would get these air bubbles in his chest that caused great pain if I didn’t put him up immediately. He’d be sleeping peacefully, and then his eyes would suddenly open. I had but a split second to make him upright before it was unbearable. If I did it successfully, then he’d burp and often go back to sleep again, if not it was a big scene to care for. This could only be done if I was at his side at all times in his naps. One time my 1 year old was in a friend’s room in a different apartment in the building for nap, who had more of a casual approach to watchfulness. He was left alone for 20 minutes or so. Woke and played with the key and locked himself in the room. This was on the 8<sup>th</sup> floor! Wonderfully the window porch was adjacent to another room’s window porch, and that the bedroom window wasn’t locked shut. Someone crawled in and unlocked the door and got him out. I didn’t “loan” him out again. He was cared for only by me at sleep times from then on.

I’ve learned through hard experience that it takes more than a being women to make me a mother. For lack of a more tactful phrase, somehow along the way, in order to give and get the best for our children we need to cultivate our own set of “balls” character-wise. To have backbone, clear vision,

definite goals, and know what we will and will not allow for our children. There are many sources that try to destabilize us, make us feel insecure and try to rob us of our God given authority and right, and responsibility to our little ones. But if in the end it's something that gives our children the short end of the deal, then it's not right. It's our call. We'll bear the brunt of it for life, one way or the other. We choose our priorities and what we get out of life. I've chosen long term goals, while working through the struggles of today. Nurturing children to create a better world for us all tomorrow.

Besides all the many physical needs, there's the emotional needs, the things of the heart and mind. Children need all the help they can get to build them up, to give them the courage and confidence to face life in this big and uncertain and often unkind world. It baffles me, puzzles me and just plain bothers me to see the kinds of things that are produced & published so-called for "children". From fear instilling pictures and movie scripts to witchy fairy tales, to ghost and spook decor at a child's corner of the library, to picture books showing things no child should ever have to see (even "Bible stories for Children" has not proven to be what it's made out to be, choosing stories that aren't appropriate and illustrating them), and on the list goes. No wonder our country's children are plagued with paralyzing fear, hate sleeping at night due to haunting nightmares, and come up with some pretty awful ideas and crimes at early ages. If instead we wisely chose forms of input and entertainment, books, stories and such that cause joy and confidence to be born in them, their and our lives would be much improved.

I remember having to withstand the disdainful looks when my son was just a year old, being asked "what was his first movie?" Answer: He doesn't watch movies... But then a few years later I met a couple whose young son seemed to be mentally impaired, and the diagnosis was that he's seen too many videos as a baby and toddler, that he'd retreated into a fantasy world. I was glad I'd stuck with our inner feelings, no matter what the others were doing at that age with their children.

It seems to me that the grown ups are trying to do everything they can to "minimize" children--to not take so much time, resources, schedule disruption and so forth. But that is the very cause of children often seeming to be a "nuisance". They've been pushed to the side, treated in ways to help them be "independent" in as many ways as possible, from as early as a tiny baby having to put himself to sleep in a room alone, and whatnot. Why are we then surprised and heartbroken when they toughen, harden, and go their own way, cutting their own path way in life.

The way the world is today, and the people and type of characters that fill it, the decisions that are made, all that ails people, and the depth of sorrow known by so many, the problems, the great accomplishments, the wonderful inventions and so forth, are due mostly to—though of course not entirely—on how each adult today was raised as a child, the thoughts and dreams they cultivated, the care given or lack of it, and the level of empowerment the parents had to raise their children right, the tools and options available, the support physically and morally, and if the children were given an anchor in life—a link to a loving God who made them, and will always be with them. (I don't mean Church—just a personal relationship with Him.) If us mothers of little ones today take the task in hand with courage, strength, conviction, and seriously think about what truly will be best for the young ones in our care, the world of tomorrow could be quite different.

Some may think, "yes, but life in the 'real world' is different." Well, things are the way they are because they've been built one hour, one day, one child at a time. So if we who truly care, can put our hearts, heads and hands together to give all our children what is truly best, then though it won't right every wrong on this planet, it will help to make their life in the "real world" something worth living.

My greatest desire on earth is one thing only: for the best care and nurturing to be freely given to the new little lives and children worldwide. It may be a great ambition to fundraise for poor orphans in far off countries—but what are we here doing with the little ones in our arms right now? The drug addicts and criminals today were once little darling innocent souls craving for love and care. New ones are in our arms right now. How will we care for them? What will our future be like, when we are aged, and the world social climate is shaped and in the hands of our grown young ones then?

Even when we are committed to doing our utmost and best, things are not problem-free. Life is for learning. I would have gone the distance to the moon and back to ensure relief from the problems my babies and children faced—if I knew what the matter was! I know more now than then, but not all. Nothing is totally smooth sailing. But if we can at least veer towards doing things in the time tested ways, that cultures internationally have proven for millennia to have positive results, and avoid the problem causers that have been introduced into western culture in the past 1 or 2 hundred years, then things will be challenging enough, but not unbearable with long-term problems that are unnecessary, really. Let's be free to give ourselves and our little ones the happiest, healthiest time possible. Live natural, love freely, eat healthy and whole foods, nurture not box in our children to a mold that neither they nor we parents see is best. Let's enjoy life with them!

Looking at the mess this world is in, corner to corner, the methods and ways that have been introduced into modern culture, shows something is sorely amiss. But to try to break out and do things that your heart and your motherly instinct says is good and right for your child will come with a personal cost. You may feel at times the world is against you—and maybe some of it is. I probably will eventually face opposition—as all those who decide to better the lives of others seem to. But it really shouldn't stop me from trying, after all, that's the creed of good mothers: to give their all to help those who can't help themselves, regardless of personal cost. But I also realise that to only "go with the flow" and the pressures of well-meaning (or even not so well meaning) people and books, will cost oh so much more. And that's a price I don't want to pay.

**Never before in the history of the world has there ever been a child like yours, nor parents like you. Each new baby is like a new universe. Perhaps this is why most mothers have their "all alone" feelings and struggles. Because in many ways we are—no one has walked the exact path we are on. No one. But rather than letting that thought depress and discourage us, it can liberate us. We are exploring new territory, discovering new things no one else has before. And we have the God given authority and right to help our children in the best ways we can. We can try what works, and learn along the way what doesn't. And really, in this we are never alone. Billions have faced the same general battle ground, and oddly all have felt just as alone. When you hit upon a solution and what works for your little one—whether it be in health or education or behaviour dealings or what not, don't expect the world—or even your closest friends—to applaud and support you. It's nice if they do. But seldom have I had that luxury. I've stopped hoping for it and depending on it. But time was the tester, and when the proof shows up that it was right, and the children are the better for it, then**

**that's reward and applaud enough. And if it's good and loving and right, God applauds louder and longer than anyone anyway. And believe me, that's one commendation you don't want to miss—because His rewards to us for mothering His little creations will go on and on!**

I am taking a risk here at sharing these things from my heart—with you, whom I have never met—with the slim chance it might help in some way. If not, please forgive me. I mean well... uh... maybe I seem to be just another "well-meaning person" bombarding you with information overload, and feel free to check me off as such, if I seem so to you. (There really are more books, websites, magazine, and pamphlets of "helpful information" than any of us parents actually have time to read in our whole life time!)

Or perhaps I'm just a dreamer, longing for the day when all children are cared for and trained as priceless treasures, princes, princess and heirs of the country, and the brave women who lovingly bear and raise them treated as the beautiful queenly mothers that they are. But I'm more than a dreamer. I'm working day and night to build it into reality. If you and I can only start with our little ones now, that's helping to change our little corner of the world.

With love and care,

Chalsey

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### **Dew of Youth**

I remember the first time I saw my very aged grandparents. I was I five years old. I remember pondering the sight of the white and grey hair that they sported in the autumn of their lives. Then the terrible thought struck me later on, and all I could do was run crying to my mother. I never wanted my own mother to one day be old and grey haired. I couldn't bear the thought of her long brown hair changing and her to appear so drastically different.

That was nearly four decades ago, and still to this day my mother is still life-filled and brown haired. I'm old enough now to realised that change happens slowly and as the parents age, and their children as well, they can accept the new look one day at a time; it can grow on them, and it's not a sudden or difficult thing. It can even look good; wizened and lovely in a new way, depending on their countenance and how they carry themselves, really.

"The hoary (white/grey hair) head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."  
(Proverbs 16:31)

So the colour of the hair doesn't really affect weather the person sporting it shines with beauty or not; the way they've lived their life, the thoughts they've nurtured or shunned, the good health habits they've held to, and the very spirit within them is what collectively over time manifests itself in the beauty of their outward appearance.

Still, I take it as a nice gesture of the Lord to grant a child's heartfelt, tear-expressed desire, to always have a youthful looking mother. Now when my own children express these feelings to me, wanting me as their mother to always look young and lovely, with long brown hair, I know where they are coming from. I can't do anything about whether my hair changes colour, as Jesus said in Matthew 5:36: "Thou canst not make one hair white or black". But is there something I can do about maintain youthfulness and beauty for as long as possible?

I've been noticing, to my startling surprise at times, the speed that some people appear to age; and again the fact that some of my friends when seen a decade or two later, haven't aged in appearance at all! It's puzzled me and I am out to find the secret. It's mysterious. Is there a pattern that I can see when analysing different people's lives?

I grew up surrounded by good Christian families, who not only believed in Jesus and took the Bible for the truth that it is, but who also gave their lives to helping to spread the good news of the Gospel in the varied and humble ways God called them to. They lived what they believed. Smiles and youthful looking people were what I knew. I thought that was the norm. I found out when older that this wasn't always the case.

I met some people a few years ago and it was a while before I saw them again. I knew from chatting with them that they were in rather trying and stressful situations; and I'm unsure where their faith stands. A year had passed and I saw them again. I had a shock! They appeared so very different in age, so much older—in only one year. I couldn't believe it. I kept seeing this happening. People I saw a year or two later seemed to have taken on many years of age. What was causing it? Was that really the norm?

I saw a recent casual picture of a friend of mine after many years had passed, and to my equal surprise, there wasn't an iota of change, it seemed. "You haven't aged a day!" I told them, and meant it heartily. There was not cosmetics or face-lifts involved, as they aren't into that. So what was the element of preservation?

Well, I'm still on the hunt for the secrets, but I have found out a few things.

I noticed some things the forever-young had in common: They were hooked up to the recharging station; the source of life and youth and all beauty. Without this, the stress, monetary toil, and fear takes its toll on the body, and this together with the health-and-beauty taxing products and substances that are taken into the body in some form or another, ruin the body faster than it can repair itself. It is like going out of "Shangrila" (an imaginary place where the appearance of youth lasts for centuries, and when one leaves that land, their real old age then begins to show).

I'm convinced, after study of scriptures, that the most beautiful being ever in existence is wonderful Jesus Christ. And He will always be. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."  
(Hebrews 13:8)

## **Beauty of the Lord**

ZEC.9:17 For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!



PSA.27:4 One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in his temple.

PSA.29:2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name; worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

PSA.96:9 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

2CH.20:20 And they rose early in the morning, and went forth into the wilderness of Tekoa: and as they went forth, Jehoshaphat stood and said, Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem; Believe in the LORD your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper.

2CH.20:21 And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the LORD, and that should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the LORD; for his mercy endureth for ever.

1CH.16:29 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come before him: worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

Beauty built into the symbol of the priesthood, a demonstration of Jesus our eternal high Priest. Jesus is the high priest--Aaron was the first one of the Israelites there, and he was to be made beautiful in appearance to resemble God, and our high priest Jesus.

EXO.28:2 And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother for glory and for beauty.

HEB.3:1 Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus;

HEB.4:14 Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

### **God Loves Beauty-Vision show this**

When Moses and the 70 elders were on the mountain "they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness."

Beings around God's throne "sparkled like the colour of burnished brass" (Ezekiel 1:7)

The throne described as having "the appearance of a sapphire stone" (Ezekiel 1:26)

Also seen in the Lord's throne room was "the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about" (Ezekiel 1:28)

Just looking at the world around us, the beauty in everything that God made, shows us that indeed He loves beauty. "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." (Genesis 1:31)

Jesus said he would go and prepare mansions for us who love Him. (John 14: 2) In John's description of his vision of Heaven, he said the "Holy City" was "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband"

(Revelation 21:2). Also “the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. ... And the twelve gates were twelve pearls... and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.” (Revelation 21:18-21)

### **Aging Versus Forever Youthful**

PSA.110:3 Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Psalm 103:5

Bless the Lord... Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

Hebrews 1:10-12

And, Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands: They shall perish; but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

Psalm 110:3

[Lord] Thou hast the dew of thy Youth.

### **Beauty Tips**

Isaiah 61:3-4 says Jesus will be sent “to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the lord, that he might be glorified. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.”

ZEC.9:16 And the LORD their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his people: for they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign upon his land.

Isaiah 28 tips on beauty

“Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower” because they wore the “crown of pride” and were “overcome with wine”. (Isaiah 28:1)

“In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people.” (Isaiah 28:5)

Psalm 90:17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish though the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

God brings beauty and revives

HOS.14:5 I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

HOS.14:6 His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

HOS.14:7 They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

### **Jesus' Appearance on Earth**

ISA.53:2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

ISA.53:3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

ISA.53:4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

ISA.53:5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

ZEC.11:7 And I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock. And I took unto me two staves; the one I called Beauty, and the other I called Bands; and I fed the flock.

ZEC.11:8 Three shepherds also I cut off in one month; and my soul lothed them, and their soul also abhorred me.

ZEC.11:9 Then said I, I will not feed you: that that dieth, let it die; and that that is to be cut off, let it be cut off; and let the rest eat every one the flesh of another.

ZEC.11:10 And I took my staff, even Beauty, and cut it asunder, that I might break my covenant which I had made with all the people.

ZEC.11:11 And it was broken in that day: and so the poor of the flock that waited upon me knew that it was the word of the LORD.

ZEC.11:12 And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver.

ZEC.11:13 And the LORD said unto me, Cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was prized at of them. And I took the thirty pieces of silver, and cast them to the potter in the house of the LORD.

HEB.4:14 Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

HEB.4:15 For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

HEB.4:16 Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

EXO.28:2 And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother for glory and for beauty.

EXO.28:3 And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom, that they may make Aaron's garments to consecrate him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

EXO.28:4 And these are the garments which they shall make; a breastplate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a brodered coat, a mitre, and a girdle: and they shall make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, and his sons, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

EXO.28:5 And they shall take gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen.

EXO.28:6 And they shall make the ephod of gold, of blue, and of purple, of scarlet, and fine twined linen, with cunning work.

Jesus is the high priest--Aaron was the first one of the Israelites there, and he was to be made beautiful in appearance to resemble God, and our high priest Jesus.

HEB.2:14 Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil;

HEB.2:15 And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

HEB.2:16 For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.

HEB.2:17 Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

HEB.2:18 For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

### Chapter 3

HEB.3:1 Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus;

PSA.110:4 The LORD hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

HEB.5:1 For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins:

HEB.5:2 Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity.

HEB.5:3 And by reason hereof he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins.

HEB.5:4 And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

HEB.5:5 So also Christ glorified not himself to be made an high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to day have I begotten thee.

HEB.5:6 As he saith also in another place, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.

HEB.5:7 Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared;

HEB.5:8 Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered;

HEB.5:9 And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him;

HEB.5:10 Called of God an high priest after the order of Melchisedec.

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Diary of an X-tremely praiseful temp-single mom:

August, 2007

## Day 1:

Praise: Thank you Jesus for the fun time with our little boys, making cookies together for my birthday. It was quite a fun time. And oh, that surprise snack of strawberries and peaches, with cream was such a treat, and was even more meaningful since I'm "alone" this birthday. And then that little party/fellowship time with the guys that happened, and them serving a drink that I really enjoy...

Extreme praise: ...Even though I wasn't there for the little fellowship party in the room next to mine, nor did I know about it till the morning.. I'm just glad that they were able to have fun on their free night. But it was good too, cause I was very tired after the 3 hours of rocking and comforting and putting the baby to sleep. Thank You for the miracle of our toddler being happy and content for that whole time, as he kept himself busy, mostly claiming the keys for us, as he decorated the bed and floor with the key promise box, as well as some books and toy, dinner plates, and a few other things. Even when his tummy hurt later on and he vomited on my sheet, still he didn't cry, and soon happily went to sleep.

## Day 2

Praise: We had a good sleep, and even slept in till 6:30, that was nice.

Extreme praise: Even though the room looks like a hurricane hit it, I'm still in my G's, my shirt is wet with breast milk, and the young guy is here now to take the toddler, thank you that he's looking beyond and even has a vision to help clean up with the toddler a bit... at least the key promises, that will take a good while. And also, thank You for the tricks I've learned to do with my feet, to help my toddler, as I hold and nurse/ burp my baby, or have him in the sling. Today I mastered folding up his fold out bed with one foot! And taking off his sandals.. well with two feet for that, kissing his toe "goodnight" with my toe and giving a little tickle, while rocking the crying baby, lifting the toilet seat to empty the potty; pushing laundry baskets out the doors, into the elevator, into the next apartment and to the laundry room; scooting trash bags out to the big trash can while holding the baby and armful of things to carry; taking the lid off the potty and helping pull the toddler's pants down or up, and the praise list for new feet skills could go on...

## Day 3

Praise: What a nice Thai dinner. I do like sticky rice.

Extreme praise: (11:30 pm) Ah, dinner. Thank You that it didn't go bad in the warm weather, while it sat on the shelf till I could get around to it, and that I woke now to eat it. The baby was pretty happy tonight, at least calm while I held him. Such a wonderful blessing. I didn't dare put him down, though,

but kept holding him, and he was fine. Then when he was almost asleep I.. famous last words.. lied beside him. I'm so thankful that I don't have an insomnia problem.

Day 4

Praise: These black shorts are such a God send. I'm so glad they fit, and are just perfect for the hot weather.

Extreme praise: (2 weeks later) These black shorts are such a blessing, I don't think I've taken them off hardly, day or night—since I fall asleep so well, before I even know it or can shower . Today I was able to fit into my blue plaid skirt, it finally fit me again. That was nice. (10 minutes later after burping the baby, "There you go, oh that was a good burp, and you got your spit up out...and Thank the Lord it didn't go on the carpet, but landed in my lap... Let's see, I'll need to change the skirt, what shall I put on..oh, how about the black shorts...)

Day 5:

Praise: Oh, and this black skirt fits me as well. TYJ that I discovered it by a miracle in my "abundance" style closet.

Extreme praise: (2 minutes later, after the baby sprayed out a big poop as soon as his diaper was removed). Thank you Jesus for these faithful black shorts I can keep using.

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### **The Forgiveness Diaries**

I should have learned by now to just "give it up" instead of holding onto my hurt feelings or grudges. I have to let it go at some point, eventually. So why do I wait years till finally forgiving and forgetting? I don't know.

I know in theory to forgive. I've read about it. I pray for it. But it can be so hard to really let something go, especially when I don't understand why something happened. If someone explains their human side, and lets me in on where they were coming from, and asks humbly for forgiveness, then that's easy. But that's not how it usually happens. For one, most of the time they don't know how I feel. And I'm not about to let on!

I remember one time years ago when I was able to cut the strings of some burning weights. He says in His Word, "I will be with thee". So I asked the Lord in a genuine way, "Where were You when each of these things happened?" He told me where He was at, what His thoughts were, why He allowed it, and so forth. I don't actually remember all He said, because of what I asked Him next. I prayed for Him to make me forget each thing that was bothering me. I actually didn't think it was possible. But He did it. Gone then, still gone. Whatever seemed so big at the time is wiped from my thoughts.

But it's not always that simple. I had something nagging and troubling me for, well, an embarrassing 27 years... oops. It's not always a wave of a magic wand. I sought long for relief, and prayed so much to be able to let it go. I thought if only I could have the courage to write the person and get their apology that that would help. But they've known enough hard times since. To be reminded yet again of their faults wouldn't help. Besides, forgiveness should be able to happen independently, with or without others begging me for forgiveness—even though that could feel pretty nice. A couple weeks ago, our wonderful Jesus cut the weight. I simply heard these words as He spoke them in an assertive way, "Move on". Holding on to something from my past was making forward progress slow and difficult. Ah, it felt great. It was like a weight was released and I can move ahead without a rope tied to the past.

Now for the present. Some things from a year or two ago were still bothering me. You could call it holding a grudge, bitterness, negative thinking, or whatever the label. The videos and audios would play often in my mind, reminding (or telling) myself how short-changed I was, how misunderstood, how hurt, how wrong they were, and so forth. It was the "I would have been a heroine if I hadn't become a victim of injustice" scenario. I knew it was unhealthy to coddle these feelings and memories. I needed to get off the treadmill. I was only continuing to cause myself hurt through reliving the experiences. How many years would I let this next round go for? Knowing I just don't hold the power in myself to forgive I fervently prayed, alone, as well as with my husband.

As I sat on the bench one day at the park watching the children play, I was communing with the Lord in my heart. A thought came to me. There's a wonderful promise in the Bible, "When though walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned". A hint of a thought came, that I feel the lingering "burn" of a happening in my life when I let it cause me bitterness. In not letting it go and moving on I was letting the heat settle on me, hurting me further. To move on past it is to let the flames "not kindle upon me". Then I got the rest of the thought. The verse does **not** say:

"When thou passest through the water you won't get wet

And through the rivers, there will be a bridge over them

When thou walkest through the fire, it won't be hot,

And the flames will be extinguished before you reach them"



No, no. WHEN is the name of the game. We WILL go through hard times, and it will be difficult. But, He'll be with us, and it won't be more than we can manage with His help. And there will still be life afterwards.

*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)*

It was a great help, thinking about that. But still, it was in theory. I know not to hold on to the hurt... Sometimes I need something more. This time He used a real life example.

My tooth had been hurting off and on for months. I've never had a tooth ache before. But this one would wake me in the night with pain. Drinking water hurt. I couldn't take a bite of anything at all without pain and immediately using dental floss to take out whatever got stuck between then teeth, where what seemed like a cavity must be. To make a long story short I couldn't go to the dentist without my health card. Finally one day it arrived, and a date was set for an appointment. It's common here to have to wait even a few months to get to see a dentist, with a health card. So while waiting for the day of the dental appointment, bearing with the pains, one day it simply crumbled. The walls fell off of my tooth. It had apparently now had such a large "cavity" it was completely hollow, and now with its walls off it was nearly non-existent. I finally felt relief! All that had been crammed inside that big hallow cavity was released and it was great. But when I finally got the dental care, it was deemed far too broken to do anything more but have the remains pulled. "You're lucky it doesn't hurt" the dentist said. And the tooth was pulled within minutes.

That was a first for me. See I have such good teeth, that just one glance from dentists over the years, while getting a routine check up has left them shocked. So when I got my first and only filling 15 years ago, that was surprising, and had an impact on me. I was having a particularly difficult-to-deal-with personal situation. The Lord told me that the metallic filling was to remind me to "be strong in the Lord". He was shaping my character through the situation. And it was also like a medal of honour for going through the hard times, and coming through victorious. I didn't mind the filling then, having that new perspective to remind myself of. I can look back at those times positively. They changed me for the better.

The filling is actually between two teeth, one on either sides of the teeth. One tooth is fine, but the other cavity on the other side of the gap, covered by the filling, had kept on eating away until the whole tooth broke and needed pulling. This was what I needed to cement my lesson on forgiveness—at least this time around.

When difficult things happen and we grow from it and see the good we can get out of it, it's like the first tooth—going strong, with an addition of a medal of honour attached, for our victorious passing through those difficulties. When I keep holding on, letting the negative thoughts eat away at my heart and mind, it's like the "root of bitterness\*", it doesn't build up my life, but breaks things down, and needs to be uprooted. Now every time I get those thoughts at the door of my mind, taunting me to

think on those hurts of the past, I simply remember my new gap, where used to stand a faithful and strong tooth. Stop. Don't go there! Losing one is enough.

\* Looking diligently ... lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you. (Hebrews 12:15)

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## **Forgiveness Diaries**

*By Koriane*

I should have learned by now to just “give it up” instead of holding on to my hurt feelings or grudges. I have to let it go at some point, eventually. So why do I wait years till finally forgiving and forgetting? I don't know.

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I remember one time years ago when I was able to cut the strings of some burning weights. He says in His Word, “I will be with thee.” So I asked the Lord sincerely, “Where were You when each of these things happened?” He told me where He was at, what His thoughts were, why He allowed it, and so forth. I don't actually remember all He said, because of what I asked Him next. I prayed for Him to make me forget each thing that was bothering me. I actually didn't think it was possible. But He did it. Gone then, still gone. Whatever seemed so big at the time is wiped from my thoughts.

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As I sat on the bench one day at the park watching the children play, I was communing with the Lord in my heart. A thought came to me. There's a wonderful promise in the Bible, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."<sup>1</sup> A hint of a thought came, that I feel the lingering "burn" of a happening in my life when I let it cause me bitterness. In not letting it go and moving on, I was letting the heat settle on me, hurting me further. To move on past it is to let the flames "not kindle upon me." Then I got the rest of the thought. The verse does not say:

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No, no. WHEN is the name of the game. We WILL go through hard times, and it will be difficult. But, He'll be with us, and it won't be more than we can manage with His help. And there will still be life afterwards.

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My tooth had been hurting off and on for months, but I wasn't able to get it taken care of immediately, due to waiting for my health care card to arrive in the mail.

So one day the tooth simply crumbled. It had apparently had such a large "cavity" it was completely hollow, and now with its walls off it was nearly nonexistent. I finally felt relief! But when I finally got the dental care, the tooth was deemed far too broken to do anything more than have the remains pulled. "You're lucky it doesn't hurt," the dentist said. And the tooth was pulled within minutes.

That was not a common occurrence for me. See, on the overall I have good teeth, and just one glance from dentists over the years, while getting a routine check-up, has left them shocked. So when I got my first and only filling 15 years ago, that was surprising, and had an impact on me. I was having a particularly difficult-to-deal-with personal situation. The Lord told me that the filling was to remind me to "be strong in the Lord." He was shaping my character through the situation. I can look back at those times positively. They changed me for the better.

The filling was actually two fillings, one on either sides of the teeth. The tooth towards the front is fine, but the filling on the tooth beside it, towards the back must have gotten a crack in it and the cavity beneath the filling had kept on eating away until the whole tooth broke and needed pulling. This was the object lesson that I needed to cement my lesson on forgiveness.

When something difficult happens and we grow from it and see the good we can get out of it, it's like the tooth that had a cavity but its filling continues on strong.. Whereas when I hold on to hurt, letting the negative thoughts eat away at my heart and mind, it's like the second tooth that just keeps rotting, or like a "root of bitterness,"<sup>2</sup> The experience doesn't build up my life, but breaks things down.

Now every time I hear those thoughts at the door of my mind, taunting me to think on those hurts of the past, I simply remember my new gap, where used to stand a faithful and strong tooth. Stop. Don't go there! Having to lose one tooth to drive the point home is enough.

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah 43:2.

<sup>2</sup> Hebrews 12:15.

Here is a true mystery story, that happened to me. I wrote the account of it for an Australian short story contests. It was a total wild attempt—but if I was to win, it would be 5,000. I wanted it to set aside for the books and CDs I'm working on creating for children, parents and caregivers. But though I didn't even win an email back... there were over 3,000 people competing! At least my husband's sister liked it and published it on her site, "Transnational Literature" with other's writings.

<http://dspace.flinders.edu.au/jspui/bitstream/2328/25554/1/Signature.pdf>

Every word of this story is true—all except the parts that indicate that I am no longer alive..heh.. and that my son is grown (since he is still 6 years old—the "Carl" of the story.) The "book except" is also writer's licence, and a mere parable of sorts. All else, as spooky as it is, happened according. Photos included.

\* \* \*

### **A Signature– In Blood –Based on a true story**

Like waking from a dream, his remembrance of childhood difficulties faded, locked where young children's memories are kept as they awake with growth and maturity.

Carl was a strong middle-aged man. After hiking and climbing for an hour, he had at last reached the spot depicted in the photograph. He looked carefully at it. It was of a young woman sitting on a rock atop a mountain at a sunset. This was no ordinary mountain. It was deep in the ancient Rock City of Petra. Countless tourists visit each year to take in the unusual sights and setting. But this late in the day, at the highest point of the city, it was quiet. Carl settled on the very rock his parents had. He'd made it in time before the sunset began its panoramic painting on the sky's canvas. He needed to be alone just now. It was a sacred moment.

Hoping to find relief for his grieving heart, he pulled out the cherished jar. A tear attempted to fall, but was quickly danced away in the wind – along with the precious ashes he tipped out. Fond memories flooded his mind.

Carl clenched in his hands the torn out pages from his mother's old diary. Her story had been his reason for coming here. He'd wanted to see it for himself. Unsure of whether or not to believe what she'd written, he read over it again. It intrigued him. And he wanted to feel her near once again.

\* \* \*

I leapt out of bed to the startling sound of a child's scream. It wasn't the first time, nor was it to be the last. The agony, the mystery, the gripping pain that summoned all my sinew in the pre-dawn hours. Like trying to stop a phantom ghost in a dark room, there was little that could be done to rid our lives of these torturous attacks.

I couldn't stop my son's crying. I attempted to hold him as he writhed in pain on his bed. It was a nightly struggle – sometimes lasting a minute, sometimes an hour. The cause was unknown; the cure escaped us. The best the doctor could do was instruct us to merely try what worked. How many more of these emotion-wrenching moments my motherly heart could survive, I didn't know. Night and day I

was devoted to giving my young son the best, and discovering the cure for his ailment as soon as was humanly possible.

Telling him stories was the most effective way to cope. As the bout was subsiding, and the sun began to rise I chose on that day to tell him of the mysterious Rock City of Petra, where my husband and I had our honeymoon. There was little of that memorable time that I could share with my three-year-old, apart from a few points of humour and geographical interest. However my memory takes me back now to the full experience.

The Flower Hotel holds a unique memory of its own. The name scarcely resembles the reality of the accommodation. The air was thick with the feeling that we were not alone. It seemed the ancient dwellers from millennia past haunted the area yet. I tried to brush off the feeling while setting down my bags in the room.

Already edgy, I squealed as an unexpected guest ran across the room, out of sight, out of reach. 'Perhaps the lizard will help to lessen the mosquitoes ...' I was straining for something to calm my senses.

'There won't be any hot water ... nor breakfast served ...?' My husband was on the phone to reception. The lone hotel manager declared a vacation of sorts, blaming 'The holy month of Ramadan' for the lack of service.

The bathroom appeared to have been well used, and that more recently than any maid servicing. The delicate curled remains patterning the floor demonstrated the fact clearly.

The sheets seemed clean, but the air uncomfortable. I always was rather sensitive in that way – feeling what didn't meet the eye in the physical. I slept lightly.

After warding off relentless humming pests, we made it through the night. But as the light peered into the room, what I saw on my pillow gave me no relief. The eerie atmosphere seemed to envelop me. I froze slightly.

My initial thought was, 'Whatever or whoever is haunting this room has left their signature on the white pillowcase!' I tried to brush off the unsettled feeling with a quick mental explanation, 'I must have smudged a mozzy in the night, in my sleep.'

I didn't want anything to mar our time together in this exotic place, as we took the first steps of our marriage. I wanted to be happy and relaxed. I reminded myself to be just that. I was married – finally. I was on honeymoon. Soon we would be off hiking where I had long wanted to explore – the ancient Rock City of Petra! *Think happy thoughts!* I tried the best I could.

The day started out crisp, but not for long. As our trek began I donned a native head covering to shield me from the strong Middle Eastern sun that relentlessly burned down.

We walked down a narrow passageway – a split between two tall, towering sheer rocky walls. There was no other way in. The safety and security of the city in times past depended on guarding this narrow entrance.

Soon the city's unique design began to come into clear view. This city was one of the most spectacular ancient dwelling places I've ever seen. There were cave-like rooms and large temple-sized buildings carved out of the rocks, surrounded by stark formations and geographical design. Remains of delicately carved pillars showed both the artistic talent of a bygone people, and gave a pictured glimpse into times past. There was more to be seen than could be fully observed and studied in one day. It felt like a trip back in time as we made our way along the wide path, as if a mere veil of time passage was shrouding our ability to see and hear its former occupants from long ago. One could almost feel their presence yet.

The hot sun burned down. Discretely we drank water, since it's against the customs of the land to have even a sip during the daylight hours at this time of their year. It was the holy month of Ramadan, during which they fast food and water for religious reasons, till sundown. For lunch we sat out of sight in the remaining ruins of some former building structure.

We walked on and soon began our hike up the rocky rough pathway up the mountain. Besides seeing all that could be seen, our plan was to reach a certain point before sundown. Wanting to please, I went along with my husband's wish to watch a spectacular sunset from atop the highest part of the Rock City of Petra, overlooking a vast valley. If I had known what it would have meant later on, I may have thought more about it, and perhaps objected.

With a race against the sun we made our way up as quickly as possible to the summit. The path was made of rough, natural rocky steps. As vigorous a climb as it was, we couldn't linger, giving place to fatigue. We powered on and reached the top in perfect timing. I think my husband enjoyed the view more than I did. The sheer cliff overlooking the breathtaking abyss wasn't completely comfortable. But in its own way it was exhilarating. The perfect rock was chosen to pose on and photograph the experience.

With pictures taken in the chosen locale, and the sun sinking fast into the horizon, we made a dash for it. We had to get down the rocky and precarious pathway before dark. Thankfully we made it safely down just in time, to the wide and long pathway leading out. But the adventure wasn't over.

In the light of day, it could be a brisk fifteen minutes return walk. But in the pitch dark, it seemed to take forever. You've never known blackness, thick darkness, till you've been far away from any city lights, surrounded by tall sheer natural rock walls that block out even what faint starlight could have lit your way.

Without a flashlight, nor as much as a stick, we held onto each other and took one small step at a time, hoping to make it safely to the end before too long.

There are natives that live in the area, taking up residence in some of the rock-carved places. We suppressed the fear that tried to grip us, reminding us how totally defenceless we were – to man or beast. We sang every song we could think of. Occasionally we looked above to see the overhead ribbon of starry sky that wasn't blocked by the towering rocky sides of this pathway. It was our only guide to show the way to go.

Our confidence took a blow when we suddenly noticed a group of men sitting silently in the pitch dark, right where we needed to pass. We trembled, and held hands tightly. Their presence was known to us

only when we suddenly heard them try to hush us, and light their cigarette lighters to see who was passing by. We can only imagine it was some type of spiritual experience they were attempting to have. We held our breath as we kept walking, wondering if this was to be our last moment. Nothing untoward happened. With relief we continued our whispered singing, once far enough down the pathway.

Then at last! Ah, light never looked so good. The dim street light at the end of the tunnel-like pathway looked nearly ethereal. We had made it, alive and safe. We felt greatly relieved.

Somehow that experience almost felt like a message or prelude to our marriage and our future life together. It was as if that experience was saying to us: Things won't always be easy, you may not see clearly what to do all the time, you might just have to take one step at a time, but just keep holding on to each other, and keep looking up. You'll make it.

I didn't mind the hotel room as much that night. We were safe. After braving the freezing shower in the cool night air, I slept well from the long tiring day.

I wouldn't have thought too much more about it, as the years went on. But what happened next is inexplicable. In a chilling way it reminded me of the dusty book on my grandfather's shelf that seemed to come to life when I dove into its pages. Perhaps it was more than a book. Perhaps it was an experience, a reality, and had returned to haunt me.

When young I would curl up by the fireplace and read my favourite parts again and again. It told of love and hate, of princes and princesses, of villains and of a hero, who defended his ladylove, to the death.

*Screams and ugly taunts called to the princess from the shadows. Hideous creatures slithered, lurched and lunged at her. Fangs and venom flashed in her view with every bolt of lightning. She had to make it back. The castle on the hill seemed so far away; the night so long and dark. All she held was one sword. Using it deftly it seemed to take on a life of its own. Those after her, were forced back.*

*She could see the prince ahead, faintly, as the moon cast his shadow on the pathway in front of her. He knew the way, and had walked it before. He had the confidence of a conqueror.*

*One foul claw grabbed suddenly out of the mire and caught hold of the princess' dress, attempting to drag her into the slime; in a moment of panic she dropped the sword and screamed out. In an instant, all that remained to be seen of the beast was the claw that dared to harm her. The warrior prince had moved quickly.*

*'With dress torn, wounds bleeding, she trembled and wept in gratitude. The prince picked her up, and carried her the last stretch till they had arrived at the castle. He kissed her and said:*

*'I told you I'd return.'*

*She nodded. Remembering well that terrible night, when he had been surrounded by those very beasts that nearly took her life. They taunted, beat, and seemed to kill her valiant prince. As she saw the blood flowing from her dying hero, she was beyond despair.*

*She was to marry him. And he was to rid the realm of all who sought her life. Without him she was now prey to unrestrained horror. Echoing her soul-wracking cry, came the evil laughter of the beasts. 'She's ours now,' they said with delight, drooling at the thought of victory.*

*Springing to his feet, as if finding a second life, he told her the way to escape, and promised to defend her should anything befall her. Swiftly she began her trek to the refuge of the castle. And after all that had happened, now together, they had made it.*

It seemed more than a story. Was the castle real? Perhaps I was the princess or would be one day, I fantasised. Should villains attempt to capture me, I hoped to be rescued valiantly. My young mind would dream of a wonderful life with a perfect prince. But what type of life *would* unfold for me? And would I have a hero to defend and rescue me?

The clock of life ticked on. I grew up, married and started a family. I have an enviable life in many respects. Even the toughest moments in a day could seem like yearned-for bliss to those who have little or nothing. But regardless of state or fortune, life works its magic on us all, and to-the-man, at times we all can feel we're tackling or enduring things that take us to our limit, and perhaps a bit beyond. None are exempt from growth or heartache, from sorrow or pain, from loss or loneliness, from health struggles or accidents, or from being handicapped in some way – physically, mentally, socially, financially, health wise or whatnot. My life is no exception.

I finished my short version of the humorous and educational aspects of my story about our trip to the Rock City of Petra while telling it to my child, now pulling out of one of his early morning bouts. I told of the funny lizard in the room, houses carved out of rock, of a pretty sunset, and the beautiful stars at night. I kept everything very light and upbeat. I was trying to cheer him up after all. He liked knowing about us, his parents, and about interesting places to explore.

Grateful his pains had fully subsided, it was time for us to rise. The day now upon us, there was plenty to do. With my toddler also now awake, there were children to dress, beds to make, a breakfast to cook, laundry to wash, and on the list went. Good sleep or not, I had to be up and running, and giving the young children my best. The race of the day was on, to give the best care possible, and hope that it would improve the following night's sleep. There was always a chance, a hope, that things could improve; that the solution could be discovered, if I tried hard enough.

But I was oh so alone. The doctor, the dietician, my husband, my friends, my parents – no one knew what would alleviate the troubles. Since the bouts struck at night, I was the sole soldier at the battlefield, and face to face with, exactly what, I didn't know. I was as good as told, by some, that it was my imagination. 'The children are fine! What are you talking about?' friends would say.

I cried so many bitter tears. The aching lonesomeness was nearly as painful as dealing with the condition itself. I wrestled it day and night, convinced I was the only one who felt the relentless scourge of the mysterious battle that my oldest, and then my second child as well were struggling though. However, I was proved wrong that morning. Nothing was farther than the truth. I wasn't alone.



Something inexplicable caught my attention while tidying up the room. I looked over at the wall next to my bed – the place I wished I could have been warmly, comfortably sleeping in till morning. Instead of wrestling for relief with my brave son.

There it was again – this time on the white wall. The same signature that had been on my pillow that morning in the Flower Hotel. Sure, I tried to tell myself at that time that it was nothing but a mosquito smudge. But I never really convinced myself. I've lived in the tropics, and I have struck too many mozzies to count. Never once did the scarlet remains shape a finely written letter of the alphabet. I knew better than that.

I looked closely at the wall. I was speechless. Coincidence indeed, after recounting parts of the story to my son that very morning, to see it again: the unmistakable letter, 'Z' written in blood. And this time with the sword of Zorro drawn likewise beside it. It was a delicate signature and symbol, as clearly identifiable as it was mysterious.

This time, rather than feeling fear, a hint of an amused yet puzzled smile played on my face. Then followed a flood of tears. I felt a warm comforting feeling. I wasn't alone fighting the countless, heroic battles that all mothers do. Perhaps I was being watched over. Perhaps I had a personal 'Zorro' who cared for me. I felt renewed strength. As I went to sleep that night I felt reassured. The reminder on the wall next to me was what I needed. No, I didn't have that longed for serene night. The situation didn't change. My children's pains continued to startle us from sleep and torture my emotions for the next two years. But I felt a new surge of strength. I could cope. We were going to make it through, and in time, when the time was right, find consistent relief.

I sit here now today. A couple years have passed. Solutions have been found. My children now, thank heaven, sleep peacefully through the night. Though time has gone by, the fortitude that the experience imparted to me still strengthens me, as I tackle each new challenge of life. I hold on to the memory that a 'Zorro' stepped through the laws of physics to let me know he was with me. He had returned, as the story promised.

\* \* \*

Carl paused the reading. He didn't have much time as the daylight was fading fast. He tucked the diary pages away and began his quick descent down the rocky steps.

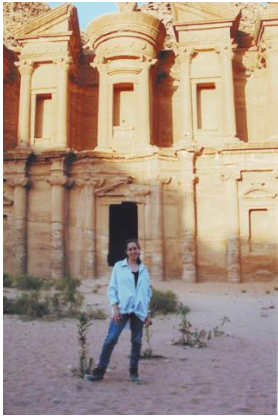
He missed his mother, but comforted himself with a thought and half a chuckle. 'I guess it's just that she made it to the castle.'

With his large flashlight Carl lit the pathway and made it swiftly down the mountain. Stopping under the street light, as he reached the end of the trail, he read the last portion. He needed his mother's reassurance. His life had twists, turns, and new challenges of its own.

His mother's entry concluded: 'The next time trauma shakes our serenity – with pain, illness, fear, bitter loneliness, catastrophe, loss – I'll remember my hero, to whom these feelings were no stranger. We'll make it.'

Joining him now in the dim light was a strong-hearted and beautiful woman – his wife, and their son. Together they pushed the wheelchair back to the hotel. Carl put his arm around her, and patted his son's shoulder. As if reading his mind, his wife whispered, 'We'll make it.'

He knew they would.



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A fake yet true article I wrote:

### **Inverted Buttocks caused by Excessive Sitting**

As a last resort, I finally I took my 2 year old son to the doctor. His problem? No matter what technique I tried, his pants wouldn't stay up. He was always had a "moon". I tried tucking in shirts, a belt, pants that fit—nothing worked.

The doctor nodded pensively, then proceeded to ask: "How much active activities does he do on a daily basis?"

Oh, I was very careful to make sure he always had his 1 ½ hours of outdoor play, weather permitting.

Hmmm, the doctor said. And handed me a paper. "Let's make a list of all the other things done in a day, that require him to be sitting, or sedentary."

Together we listed 54 things, such as: taking a bath, nap, car ride, potty, video, snack, colourings, books, preschool learning activities, toys time, potty, video, snack, toenail clipping, story reading, puzzles, night sleep, breakfast, potty, video, snack, card games, stroller ride to the park, cutting & pasting, play time, potty, video, snack, flashcards, painting, getting dressed, duplo, brushing teeth, dinner time, ... and on went the list.

Further questions were asked to properly diagnose the problem.

Doctor: Does he sleep well at night, without rolling, tossing, crying and discomfort?

Me: Never

Doctor: Does he enjoy the evening meal time?

Me: Are you kidding? You'd think the chair had spurs on it. He springs from it. He can't relax, and would rather run circles around the table.

Doctor: How regular are his bathroom "movements" ?

Me: Oh, he's almost always constipated, and leaps from the potty in pain at times.

Doctor: What is his general behaviour and mood?

Me: He often acts loud, rambunctious, yelling, irritable, angry, difficult to please, trouble getting along with others...

Doctor: Is he always like that?

Me: No, not on the days he's feeling well. He'll be the calmest, most polite, gentle boy you ever knew.

The doctor gave the diagnosis:

"He's developing inverted buttocks, from excessive sitting and lack of movement."

I was shocked! Anxious to hear the remedial steps, to reverse the condition and bring proper development and growth, I listened intently:

"Take these five simple steps, and you'll see improvement, as fast as the first day or two. Keep up with it, or the reversal of progress will start to set in once again. You'll also notice the other side effects beginning to clear up."

- 1.) Double or triple -up the "seating required" activities, multitasking, to cut down the time spent. (For example videos/ reading/ flash cards can be done while eating or on the potty, and so forth.)
- 2.) Have a 2 to 1 ratio: 2 active activities, to 1 sedentary. And no more than an hour of sitting at a time. (For example for every 10 minutes sitting there should be 20 minutes of active time.)
- 3.) Plenty of water every hour no less, and more fruit and veggies than anything else.
- 4.) If you are planning a learning activity, see how you can add action, movement and exercise to it. (For example, rather than showing pictures of animals only, act them out. Have him run to get a book from across the room to read, and then repeat to place back and choose another. Jump while learning to count. Do action songs to teach body parts. And so forth...)
- 5.) Outdoor and free movement play indoors should be no less than 4-5 hours a day. (For example 1 ½ hours in the morning, and 2 in the afternoon, ½ hour of indoor games as a family activity, and "running and jumping" breaks throughout the day, or before every meal or snack.

The following morning, with my mind set on the goal of a calm and enjoyable dinner with my family—toddler included—and possibly and better night's sleep, I vigorously kept these guidelines. The result was truly astounding. I experienced just that, for the first time ever. It was a beautiful moment!

And the pants, well, they never really stayed up on a long-term basis. But the doctor reassured me that this time it was a result of his now more toned abs.

Humor2Health @doubleUdoubleUdoubleU.Giggle'n'Grow.Kom (fake of course)

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## To Vita

### From Koriane (of Michael, Lebanon)

Here's a "just for fun" article, should it be enjoyable, for laughs. Mate was gone for several months, and in an apartment often alone in the evenings, with newborn and toddler, as others needed to be in the upstairs apartment, who cried each night for a good while with tummy and whatever issues.

Thus the following true and funny tales. As written by my toddler.

### Toddler Activities

--By C.W. Dooley (at 1 yr and 11 months)

*Tried and proven ideas of how to keep busy while Mom rocks or nurses your crying baby sibling.*

- Play "Naaman" with mom. Stand by your wash bowl for as long as you like, rubbing a bar of soap over every part of skin you can reach, and then put on a second, third and fourth layer. Mom will need to wash you at least 7 times to get it all off. Think how clean you'll feel!
- Take a clean roll of toilet paper (I've learned it's better to use clean, rather than used paper, plus a new roll has more on it to play with.) Unroll slowly and spit on each square, and throw that piece away. This is great for those times when you seem to have a LOT of time on your hands with the baby fussing for awhile, and the toys are all cleaned up for bed time.
- Another fun thing to do with toilet paper is unravel it and spin in circles. See how many times it can wrap around you. Or make a neck scarf out of it. I'm sure you'll find just as many creative ideas as I would have come up with, were my mom to have let me continue.
- For those times when you still have energy at bed time, look around the room and see anything that could possibly be climbed up on, things even that you've never tried before. Moms have a way of worrying about safety and silly things. Best to wait till her back is turned. It could be to put a rolling wagon on a big chair and see how long your balance holds. It might feel kind of like snow boarding when it gives way. I didn't get to that part yet, but maybe next time. Or climbing and jumping off your low bed. Or an upside-down bathtub

works good too as a stool, for trying to reach the cleaning fluid that's normally out of your reach, when you are in a cleaning mood.

- Grab the nearest stool around and finally get to reach all those “put on a high shelf so the toddler doesn't get them” things. One sure way to combat boredom.
- Get a step ahead for the next day. One night I was looking around and spotted my “morning to do list”. Mom had recently made my bed for the night. (It's a fold out so has to be made each night. She does it early on, as at bed time the baby is usually fussing, so she can't make it then.) Anyway, I wanted to get ahead start on the day, so as is my job, I took all the bedding off, right before sleep time. I felt really on top of things, and doing my part to help with the chores.
- Make your mom's day by cleaning her bathroom for her. Get any sponge you can find—the only one I had was the one for washing the toys—and get scrubbing. I used the nearest bar of soap and lots of elbow grease and started vigorously on the toilet seat. And then I discovered the neatest thing. I didn't have to keep getting water on my sponge from the bidet, there was water right there, right in the bowl of the toilet. Handy for getting the job done quickly.
- Do some practical math with a large bottle of water. Hold the tiny cap in one hand and pour the bottle into it. See how many caps it can fill. I found it usually is about 2 till the bottle is empty. Well, a little bit spills, but then even that can provide some more fun cleaning it up, with a water spray bottle and broom.
- Get a floor scrubber, that's been faithfully around for, well, too long by the looks of it. It's a such a multi-purpose cleaning tool. I found it works great for carpets, bedspreads, cribs, shelves, toys, tables, chairs, cushions, and just about anything you can get your hands on. The room will have such a shine when you are through.
- To really end the day feeling nice, toiletries are really the way to it. If you can get your hands on a bottle of lotion, you can spread a soft layer all over, as if you are icing a cake. It feels great. And those liquid bath soap dispensers make bathing so much easier. If I had a go at it I'm sure I could use one full one per night. Mom seems to think it's too much, and you have to be careful for slipping as it makes your tub very slimy. That's the only real draw back—besides not being able to rinse it all off. Toothpaste is another winner. A little at a time, so it's not too strong, but keep at it, brush and get more, brush and add more. Or just skip the toothbrush part and put it directly in your mouth. It's very refreshing.

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A Voice...

By Chalsey Dooley

The goal of proper training of children isn't merely to give them a good start in life, to stock them with experiences and skills that enable them to survive life and all the hard knocks it will provide, nor even to assist them on the road to a successful and enjoyable life. But the primary goal of raising children should be to enable them to be a benefit to society, to be contributors in the world. And unless things change, and this becomes the first and foremost goal of the parents in the world today—and not only parents and caretakers, but toy manufacturers, film makers, curriculum & textbook creators, and everyone that contributes to shaping their young lives—things will only continue to deteriorate.

If us parents, who bear the weight and brunt of the life-decisions of our children, are crippled through pressures, opinions, media, well-meaning friends and loved ones to go against what our heart, mind and conscience tells us is best for the young ones in our care, and we are compelled to surrender to options that lessen the quality of life for them, then in the world of tomorrow—when they are the leading work force, and we are too old to stop their influence—we'll reap the sad and sorry fruits of those decisions.

We must not be cajoled into less-than optimum options for training our children, that cause their love for life to die, their creativity to vanish, their empathy for mankind to be buried, a joy for learning killed, their senses and conscience calloused, their hopes and dreams silenced, and their devotion to just causes worn away.

If we are seriously concerned about our future, the wellbeing of our loved ones, and the preserving of the planet, we must raise solution finders, and initiative takers. Continuing to train, raise and educate young ones in the same way things have “always been done” will continue to reap the same results: a world torn up with sadness, hurt, pollution, crime and loss of vigour for life. And things will only get worse. To only do the accepted, will bring about the expected.

Being able to cope with varied situations and personalities, demonstrating grace & self control, knowledgeable about the world, competent in unexpected circumstances, possessing positive self-esteem, good people handling skills, keeping one's cool when others have lost theirs, having confidence & determination in the face of opposition, treating people of all walks of life with respect & dignity, having good communication skills, the ability to relate to people of varied ages, temperaments, religions and statuses, holding leadership qualities, the ability to give the needs of others priority, undaunted in pursuing one's dream of bettering the world, simply because it is the noble & honourable thing to do—and finding satisfaction in doing so. This—and more—is what being “socialized” in the best way means to me.

Look at the youth of today. Look at even the supposed successful grown ups. The lack of hope, and aching hearts, pain and loneliness are killing what little is left. Things are deteriorating by the day. If we keep doing things the same way, year after year, we can expect to reap the same sad results.

I am committed to using every means, resource, program, book, experience, training course, team and tool that has a positive effect to give my children not only the best start in life, but that enables them to positively live out their life, provides them with the propulsion to live out their dreams, and cultivates determination to pursue what is for the betterment of the world at large. Today, basing their training from my home is what provides the best quality of life. Tomorrow the tools I use may be different. "Home schooling" does not stifle in any way, it propels! It propels them to reach their goals in record time, equips them to tackle the challenges of their day, sets them free to reach for new and better horizons than have ever been reached. And, should they choose to, change things for the better.

With my blood, sweat, tears, heart and life will I endeavour to pave a solid pathway for my children to begin their own journey on. They deserve the best. I will give no less.

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This morning, after writing a friend of mine last night, who is starting to teach, I woke with a thought--I usually do. But if I HAD to teach a large group of young children, knowing now what I know and am continuing to learn about the needs of growing young ones, and ways of learning, and if I could set it up just as I wish, I would:

--Divide the students into 5 smaller groups, and have assistant teachers with me (young people, or their older brothers and sisters)

--Divide the large room into four sections, plus a play area outside for active play

And it would have:

One table and chair set up, for 4-5 students at a time, where I would sit and do the focus lessons of the day, using both manipulative, materials, and some worksheets.

A reading corner set with carpet and bean bags, good natural and other lighting. Head phones for audio books, and other books to read.

A long counter area for several students to stand at and work on projects, changing it each day: puzzles, coordination exercises, art, crafts and skills, and so forth.

A visual media corner, with headphones, to show short shows on educational themes, nature documentaries, language enhancement, character building visuals, and so forth.

The outdoor play area could also have a covered zone, so on rainy days the play can continue. Active games would be played with my assistant, and free play in the area as well.

A toilet in the back of the room to be used freely by the children, one at a time, as needed, no permission necessary.



Drinking water and hugs given at the start and finish of the learning HOUR. It would last for an hour at a time, or hour and a half. The teams rotating in each area for 15-20 minutes at a time. Each part of their brain and body being used and stimulated in this enriching multi-method learning experience.

Group active games and play engaged in for learning, for laughter and interaction and friendship would also be included, when the right times called for it—at the beginning, or the middle or the end, or at times the whole of the time—such as drama, music and dancing, dress up, culture and country learning, and so forth.

1 ½ hours of outdoor play and exercise and nature exploration outside of any classroom setting both in the morning and the afternoon. Time sitting and/ or learning, matched minute for minute for active play and movement, and time to just “be” out in nature settings.

The learning hour repeated later on in the day, after outdoor time, and meals and toy play.

Now that’s what I’d call learning time... if they HAD to be bunched together, as a group, with only peers their own age to socializes with and copy, and without their parents to be their guides, friends, role models, and bond with.

Or perhaps the outdoor play, and other hours of the day (in a perfect world) they can be with their family... and the learning hours are the only 2-3 hours they have in that “classroom set up”. If it was made in this way, I can see it being enriching, under the circumstances. Dreams....

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### **12-APR-2019\_Thots on dirty dishes and soul saving**

We’re all like a bunch of dirty dishes, before being saved. Some have the food caked on, and haven’t had any water on them. These are harder to wash. They require soaking first, then the dirty food comes off and they can be clean. Others have been in the sink, water has been on them. They have slime and grime, but the food washes quickly off.

If dishes are washed right away, it’s easy to clean them.

So it is different with each person’s salvation—some take time to soak and think about it more, before being willing to let go and come clean.

Others who have gotten more truth into their mind or had tears of hard times, or other “readying” things that have kept them soft, though grimy, they can get clean and more ready, want to receive salvation.

Depending on where they are they might have grease or other substances on them, requiring various types of cleaning and time it takes to wash them and get salvation.

The young children are like newly soiled dishes. Get them before the soil of this world's sin hardens on them like a covering or coating and armour making it much harder later. Get the refreshing water to them now. Let the children come to Him early. He seeks and speaks early to us, before too late.

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### **26-July-2022\_Pointlessly obedience, unless you understanding the intention of the instruction**

“Push a chair over and you can get a banana,” I said to the two year old angelic boy.

He promptly obeyed. Finding the closest piece of furniture used for sitting—which happened to be a heavy piano stool—he pushes it with all his might across the floor. It screeches all the way. He stops when it has reached the drum set a few feet away, so he can no longer push it.

In his mind he has done just what I said and is now entitled to a banana. He did obey the words I said, but missed the meaning or point of what I was saying.

He asked for a banana, and rather than just handing it to him I thought to give him a hint of how he could get one for himself. The box of bananas was just a bit higher up than he could reach in to get one. He'd need a bit of height.

A strong and sturdy chair sat just a few feet away from the bananas. I knew he was able to capably climb up on these types of chairs, as he did so before meals. I also knew that he was capable of pushing these very chairs, as he had done so a day or two before, all the way across the kitchen. I wasn't asking him to do something he didn't have the knowledge and ability to do.

But for some reason he didn't get the reason for the chair pushing, that through the pushing and use of the chair it would enable him to get a banana. Since my instruction was brief, he would need to think about it.

Well, after he was done exhausting himself on his piano stool pushing task, I decided to hand him the banana. He did do his best to obey, after all. So in his mind, when he just pointlessly did what it seemed the command told him to do, he was rewarded with his desire. But for future reference, just pushing a chair wouldn't make him have fruit—unless I intervened and gave it to him. Just doing what it seemed I said would not bring the desired fruit, unless the intent of the instruction was understood.

It made me think of the Lord. He too wants us to bear fruit, have fruit, and to be fed and satisfied ourselves. He tells us what to do. But if we too miss the point of the instruction, the reason to do what He is saying, we too might go off and do something that is rather random. We might wonder either why fruit didn't come when we did what He said. Or we might assume that it was right what we did and what brings good fruit, if God in His mercy simply hands us the fruit, because He saw we, in our ignorance were trying.

The boy obeyed right away, and did so with all his might. These are good things. But unless he got the point of the instruction, what the real goal was, he would be pushing the wrong thing in the wrong direction—which happened to be in the opposite direction of where the bananas actually were.

He wasn't going to be bothered by the fact that it didn't make any sense, and seemed like pointless effort, nor trouble himself with the fact that his deed was taking him away from the fruit he desired. He simply went by the short first instruction, asking for no further counsel or clarification.

Nehemiah 8:8 talks of this:

**NEH.8:7** Also Jeshua... [etc] caused the people to understand the law: and the people stood in their place. **NEH.8:8** So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, **and gave the sense**, and caused them to understand the reading.

Perhaps if we just read some little command or hear some little instruction from the Lord, but our understanding misses the intent of the instruction, we too will just do the nearest thing that seems to resemble what we think the Lord said. And when we are rewarded we'll get the wrong idea that it was the right thing to do; or if we are not, we'll be bothered that God didn't bless our obedience to His will.

So what did Jesus tell you to do? What is one thing He has said to do? Do we know the intention of it, the other part of the instruction, even perhaps the unspoken part of the command, the key element that will make us do things the way that actually brings the right fruit?

Take for example:

"Go ye into all the world" if we stop there, we'll just be tourists. Or go out to preach, but settle down at the first stop, and forget that we are to keep going and going, as He keeps telling us to, so we bear more fruit than just in that one little place. He might give one "banana" some people we bring to Jesus there, because we did go out and obey. But the first place we lay our hands on and push and work at, like pushing a plough, might not be what He fully had in mind. We need to ask Him what direction to go, what to push and work in, and realise that the intention was to bear much fruit.

If the boy had done that, I could have led him how to reach a whole box full of bananas, just like Jesus can help us bear much fruit if we listen and think beyond the few actual words and commands to see what He's meaning, what He is thinking, and what would actually be "ticking the box" and actually work.

So if things aren't working, fruit isn't in hand, and there is little to no satisfaction for our efforts that we think are in obedience to Jesus, maybe we need to stop and pause and think and pray what does He really mean?

Another example, that He taught was the instruction to "love your neighbour". Because relatives usually lived next to each other, it was almost like "love your extended family and those living right near to your house". But Jesus taught that it was also those living in a neighbouring land, and most importantly, the person, whoever it is, that happens to be right beside you at that moment of the day.

So those who didn't help the wounded man on the way to Jericho may have invited their brother or uncle who was living beside them over for dinner the day before and could say "I loved my neighbour". But the intention of the instruction is to love whoever needs you, whoever is right within your sight and your ability to do something about it. –Even if it means getting a bit dirty while at it and thought of poorly by the other more "righteous" people.

If Jesus says, "Feed My sheep", one might go off and be a shepherd for the rest of their life. But the meaning, the intent was to give the Word of God to those who were wanting to follow Jesus. Those who follow and let Jesus the Good Shepherd be their leader, need food for their soul, and need to be cared for. Peter's mission was more along the line of ministering to the followers. Whereas others, like Paul, was to reach the unreached, and the "untouchables" according to their traditions.

Take this other instruction—one of the most important—for example:

“Be fruitful and multiply”. Does it mean having children, and lots of them? Yes, but in God’s Family and tribe, all taught the ways of the Lord. Sure those who have children are doing the words of the instruction. But what is the intent? To have children for God. They need to then be taught of their parents to love and follow in God’s way, and then have children who they also teach to go in the right way. Otherwise it will be like that woman who had gone bad, and had lots of children, and many many grandchildren. And all of them were led astray by the world, and were responsible for so much crime and a very great cost on the country and government.

It doesn’t help just start reproducing, if you don’t realise the intention of the instruction—for God’s people to grow and get stronger, and all their children to be taught of the Lord. Just sending them all off to a God forsaking school that pollutes their faith and turns them away from their parents who might have been able to lead them aright. First of all the parents, who are children of God, need to “honour their Father and Mother”—The Holy Father and the Holy Spirit. Then their children need to honour their parents and listen to the Godly instructions they pass on them from God; and they need to oversee and make sure that the grandchildren are also being taught in God’s way and are bringing forth good fruit in their lives. That is truly “being fruitful and multiplying” to increase God’s team and family.

What do you read in the Bible? Sure, instant obedience, with enthusiasm is going to make God smile. But is it what He actually means for you to be doing—that is, the way you are assuming, and just to do what the black and white letters saying? He might reward you, rather than scold you for disobeying, but to get big and lasting fruit, the thing you and He really are after, the real goals reached that would help you to not only have what you need, but enable you to help others as well, you need to make sure it’s what He means, beyond just the short text. If you couldn’t be bothered to think and pray and get His actual intention beyond the instruction, you’ll miss out on the abundance and ability to access that abundance that is there ready for the full obeyers.

I guess if someone just wanted what they wanted, and as quickly as possible, then doing whatever quick thing they could to get it would be enough. But if they want to fully please the Master, they will find out what He means by what He is saying, and go perhaps even in the opposite way than what is right in front of their eyes. They will want to understand the heart of the instruction and then follow through, and will thus be fully rewarded, perpetually.

If the boy had realised this, then he would have the freedom to access any and all bananas any time he wished. But that takes wisdom. To know something beyond just the text or short information. What to do with that information to reach the intended goal.

Without the wisdom of the Lord, helping us to wisely interpret His commands, and see what His heart is really after, then you just have people all over the place trying to do something they think is right, but are only getting further from their desired goal. There is no satisfaction that way, just activity and exhaustion, and hoping for a hand out from Heaven.

Maybe that too is why He said to those who had done all these works in His name, according to some instruction they thought Jesus said, but missed the point; He said they’d miss the reward because they failed to know Him. They missed what He was actually thinking and directing them to. They only did what they saw in front of them, but missed doing things in the way that would bring both them and Jesus true satisfaction, and enable them to bear full fruit, on and on.

So to know what He is thinking, we might have to ask Him what He means by what He said or what was written 2-4,000 years ago to others. "Jesus, how am I to live that now, in this day and age, in my personal circumstances? What do You really mean by it? What is the pith, the intent of it, so I can hit the goal on target?"

What He then tells you might seem to go in the completely opposite way of what He's told someone else to do, but both instructions might lead to the same and desired goal.

Sort of like when Joshua led the armies to re-attack the city of Ai. One team was to lie in wait and hide, the other was to attack plainly and appear to retreat. Then the hiding in wait team was to slip into the city, once everyone had left to chase away the seemingly retreating army. They all were to attack and take over, but each one had to do completely opposite things for awhile in order to win.

So what is Jesus telling you to do? Find out what is truly right for you and for the wins today. What will actually get you to the whole box of fruit, not just a single piece to reward you for trying to do something at least, and that's all there is to it.

There is a whole load of fruit He wants you to find, but you have to get it in His way, in His direction, how He is leading. He'll lead you if you look to Him for more and more specific instructions telling you just what He means by what He said in the general, short initial instruction.