

## 365 Days of Praise

--Diary excerpts from 2017-2020--

I read somewhere the idea, from some man of God, about keeping a note each day of something you are thankful for—something the Lord did for you. So, since I was very much in need of learning the art of praising, I decided to start a “Praise Diary”.

I didn't add something every day, but after 2 ½ years of jotting down praiseful thoughts and memories of special events, I have 70 pages for my personal review of a few ways Jesus has touched my life and helped me through. I have selected some entrees for your enjoyment too.

Perhaps you'll like to try this “Praise Diary” for yourself, whether on file or in a notebook, or through art, or a recorded audio note, or in photo or video form. Enjoy praising Jesus with every living breath!

**Psalms 111:4** He hath made his wonderful works to be **remembered**: the LORD is **gracious and full of compassion**.

**Psalms 143:5** I **remember** the days of old; I **meditate** on all thy works; I **muse** on the **work of thy hands**.

**Psalms 25:6** **Remember**, O LORD, thy **tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses**; for they have been ever of old.

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There were some rays of hope beginning to shine in our house that has been too full, too messy, and very uninspiring. We had to first take the time to purge out the old unused items and stuff that was more suited in the waste bin. We had to choose to keep the good, needed and helpful. Then we could begin to carry out the plans we had made, the visions we'd had: What did we want our main large room to look like? With a vision of what were going to do, it gave us the motivation and incentive to clean things up and give up what we no longer wanted taking up space and which was stopping us from reaching our goal.

Then we prayed for the Lord's supply—and got looking online for what was needed: a nice-looking cabinet with glass doors, and a good working, decorative clock, where the first two items on the list, requested by the children.

It was amazing how fast it happened! These very things were being sold for a very low price, and within days we had them both set up in the corner of our living room. The light of order and beauty was beginning to shine; the rest of the shadows of the disorder in the room would be transformed in time too, as we kept going with our forsaking and organising.

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One day while the children were playing with Lego, while I was cooking in the adjacent kitchen, there was a lovely rainbow on the wall. It had never been there before. There is a small circle rainbow, about the size of a large coin, that shines in the hallway, and beside the stove, as the sun moves. It comes through the peephole of the front door. The glass in it acts as a prism letting the light through it, and shining it out again with pretty colours. Now, on the opposite side of the kitchen we suddenly observe this new, and larger lovely rainbow. Since it's never been there before, we tried to figure out what was causing it. “What is acting as a prism to let the light through it and cause beauty to whatever it is shining on?”

At last we discover the rainbow is shining out from the corner glass of the cabinet door that is at just the right angle to both let in the sunshine, and then project the coloured light into the kitchen's open side door and on to the wall. We enjoyed it, until the sun was too low in the sky and this timed occurrence was no longer visible.

When our mind is clean and clear—like a crystal, and filled with light (God's Word, His thoughts, His truth, and love), then we then can shine that out like beautiful colours of light that others can notice in our words, on our face, through our smiles, in our actions and the way we are. We absorb the good of the Lord and then shed it out to others in ways they appreciate, and that makes the circumstances around them a bit more beautiful, and their hearts, and their outlook on life less drab.

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Though sounding close to the same as “prism” the word “prison” means a vastly different thing. It is a holding place; a drab place; an unsightly place. It is filled with dirt and sorrow, frustration, anger, stench, and a dark gloomy place. When we keep things in our minds that clutter and confuse and soil up our thoughts, then we are no longer a crystal that is clear and clean. If we lock up anger and bitter feelings within our mind, deciding to keep them captive with the key of “unforgiveness”, then we can’t shine beauty in other’s lives. Our mind becomes a prison, with the criminals bound there right within us—and these ungodly thoughts can make criminals of people today. If they would only let the light of God’s love and truth, His mercy and compassion, His Word and light cleanse and purge them, then they could shine beautifully on others and the world around them.

Let it go—those unneeded, unsightly, dirty, evil, unpleasant, ungodly, harboured sinful thoughts. Throw them out with the trash and let Jesus clean and clear them out as the light of His Word moves in. The windows of our minds—our view of things—will change for the better, and He’ll make a prism of our mind and spirit, and give us liberty and freedom from the things that have us bound. We will be free to enjoy Him and His happy life, and free to set other’s free from their fears and gloom, as we shine with rainbow light from Heaven.

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When I was 11 years old my earache felt unbearable. We swam lots in our pool, and I loved to go under the water. It felt like I entered a whole new world—a world where light shone all around making it a heavenly atmosphere. All the troubles of the “real world” somewhere out there, weren’t visible. Except for the minor discomfort of not being able to breathe, it was lovely. I would sometimes just sit at the bottom of the shallow end of the swimming pool, attempting to keep myself down with swimming hand motions. My friend and I would “sit and have a chat” pretending we could do so. But once in a while I got some side effects, such as an earache.

I remember lying in bed on the top bunk looking out into the room, as I rested my ear on a hot water bottle. The tears were streaming down my face as I felt rather miserable and in pain. We were living out in the mountains, far from a city, renting a house that would seem like a mansion to many people on earth, surrounded by nature only. There were occasional sightings of interesting wild animals—such as an armadillo, or monkeys in the distant trees, or a bright green parakeet in the tree—and a few snakes too. Seems no matter how lovely one’s circumstances, there’s always a thorn in the rose bush—or the occasional snake in the grass. Or in this case, an earache from swimming.

We can’t make there be nothing at all that troubles us, but we can choose to focus on the good. Sometimes it helps us realise the good, when something worse happens. We stop our fussing then—or should—and choose to be brave through the smaller discomforts. I learned that when I was lying there crying. “I wish it had been the other ear... then at least everyone doesn’t have to see me crying, as I face this way to lie on the hot water bottle...” I lamented that day.

We’ll, sometimes getting a wish helps you learn you had it better before. Sure enough, before too long, that ear stopped hurting—and yep, the other ear hurt badly. Oh! Now I was facing the wall, and couldn’t see what was going on, I felt lonely, and had the double trouble, one ear and then the next. Oops. I guess I shouldn’t have wished for that or complained as much, but instead used the time to thank God for all the many good things I did get to enjoy and have the privileged of. As soon as that second ear hurt, I knew good and well what I could learn from that situation. I knew I shouldn’t have complained and said, “I wish it was the other ear.”

I was soon well again, though my ears needed a longer time of inner healing. It was discovered later that my eardrums, both of them, had a hole in them. Amazingly enough I could hear fine and it didn’t affect me at all; other than no swimming or showers for quite a while; and carefully my hair was washed over the sink, when I had a glob of wax put in each ear.

I’ve kept that lesson in my heart since then—or if I forget, I seemed to get reminders again. Such as last year when it was discovered that a rat had been getting into our house and munching on our fruit! We’ve had trouble with mice for years, and have done the best we can to keep them under control. But sometimes it just gets too much, and the smell is very hard to bear, in the corners they take a liking to. I must have reached the limit and been complaining. But when we saw those large bites, and the larger droppings, I seriously crashed. It was too much for me. All of a sudden mice,

tiny little timid mice, seemed bearable—comparatively. I remember breaking down and crying for a long while, praying for God to have mercy and take them away. With nothing more to be done, but to do the usual (that hadn't done much good before) and my husband set a rat trap and set poison too, we hoped for the best.

The rat was caught, and no other has been coming since then. Yes, we still have mice. Even today one was in a box in the cupboard with rags and dustpans, and there was evidence on counters of one having been there while we were gone on vacation. But I can keep from plunging into despair over this unending battle by reminding myself “at least it's not worse—it could be rats!” So I just keep working towards making conditions unfavourable for the little beasts, and our kitchen as safe as it can be. The situation has pressed us to make new and better changes that we might not have done, had things been too easy.

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Though there are hard things in life, we can see that the Lord, our Shepherd, makes sure things aren't harder than we can manage, and eliminates what could make it truly unbearable—and I guess in His wise care, unnecessarily so.

I've been deaf, or nearly deaf, twice in my life, probably totalling a month in all of not being able to hear. I couldn't hear my baby that was right beside me fussing to be nursed in the night, so my husband had to wake me up for it. Both times seemed to be complications from a flu of some sort. The ear doctor was surprised to find out that I felt no pain whatsoever. I guess having young children to care for, plus being sick, and then on top of it being nearly deaf was enough—I didn't need the pain on top of it all too. I know that was our kind Heavenly intercessor that granted that bit of mercy, sparing me supernaturally.

Our beloved tree in our back yard had to get cut back to a stump; the owner had it done, to make it take a lot longer before it would grow up to touch the power lines. He was planning to do—but thankfully never did--some procedure to make it never grow back again. This was a pain we could hardly manage at the time. The smell of fresh eucalyptus leaves in the morning air was something we always enjoyed; about the only nice smell we could enjoy, as we are chemically sensitive and have to have a scent-free home. Besides, without the tree scenting the air, the morning traffic fumes wafts in to our yard and turn my stomach. One morning soon after it was cut back I went outside to have some exercise and rather than the lovely tree smell, there was nothing but nauseating fumes. I couldn't even continue with my plan. Rather, I went into the wooden shed for a cry and prayer to manage this unpleasant change.

The next day something very heart-warming had taken place. In this wooden shed, which had also had a strong smell, and was unable to be used at certain times when the sun was heating it; something had changed. All of sudden, the strong smell of the treated wood on some of the beams, no longer gave a smell. The shed was free of the unpleasant smell. With something too hard to bear on one side of life, my loving Lord eased the pressure valve on the other, and gave a sweet reminder of His loving care. He did the seemingly impossible. My tears and struggles don't go unnoticed to Him, when I admit how weak and in need of His help I am. When I seem to crumble, yet look up to His limitless ability to do all things for me, He shows His care. I don't expect things to be pain free or trouble free. I've got to learn things too, and gain experience, inner strength and wisdom. But when things really are pushing me over the edge, I know I can count on Jesus to balance out the scales and lighten the load of trouble on one side, and heap on a bit more blessing on the other side. (And thankfully, the tree has grown back again into a large bush of sorts, and the morning aroma once more greets us.)

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My son was crying one morning while on vacation, as something had suddenly dawned on him. He's not one that takes life—or even a moment for granted. He wants to not miss a single thing, and enjoy and learn and notice everything possible, that is good. All of a sudden he realised that he had not stargazed as much as he wished he would have, the night before.

“The Lord gave us a clear night, and we didn't take advantage of it and look at the stars as much as I would have liked to!” he lamented through his tearful sobs.

A parent would like to be able to rewind and fast forward or pause life, to help their children through. But none of these options are built into life. They have to live time as we know it, just the same as us. —Unrepeatable, irretractable,

and all in good time, at the same pace and speed. Once the package of a day has been opened, and used, it's is done. You might get a new day package the next day—if you are one of the blessed ones who are still alive to live it; but you can't get a retake, extension, or refill on yesterday.

What can be done? Just live this moment, this one moment, to the best. At least we have now! We may not have gazed at the stars for as long as we wished, due to being busy with other things like making and eating cookies, having time watching a cool documentary about the planets and stars with daddy; but the sun was still about to rise, and it would be a lovely sunrise to see, as it came up over the ocean horizon.

I suggested that he at least not miss this next event, and seize the beauty that was happening right then. But, no, he was too sad to enjoy the now—too much to lament over the past. I had a lament too, though not as deeply felt. I had a feeling the day before to not turn on the stove at one point, but I brushed it off, and it so happened that it was a time that the pot got very burned. I was unable to watch it well enough, and it was a long hard scrub to get it somewhat clean. I couldn't go back and erase that mistake, but I could do better and be more watchful for the next meals. And they turned out really good, too, much to my surprise! I think the Lord just helped me know what to cook, as I had prayed.

Well, since my son wasn't in the mood to get up and seize that joyful moment then, we instead settled down to snuggle under a soft blanket and read something from the Bible and pray for the day. When we were done, oh no! Now what? The tears started again—the sunrise had been missed!

Was this going to go on all day, crying about what was missed, and thus not enjoying the current blessings? Realising that this pattern could go on and on, and soon the whole day would be a waste of lamenting, he got up and made himself a snack; choosing to enjoy the now. I was glad for this. Perhaps the prayer and Bible reading did help after all, and a wise choice was made to look forward rather than backwards.

We had a terrific day—and even got to see whales breaching and splashing out in the ocean, at a time of year they usually aren't there. That night the sky was again clear, and so the telescope was set up for stars and planets to be seen. It was a night that daddy had to be out anyway, and so the night before would have been the best time to have that cookies-and-video time with daddy. God had made it up to us. The next morning the sunrise was amazing. We made sure to all see it. The few and shining clouds reflecting the sun's rays was one great way to start the day.

Even though we were leaving and going home that day from vacation, because of the lovely and exceptionally warm weather and sunshine, we enjoyed so many activities, all packed into a small bit of time.

Then, as if to say, "Not only can I make things up to you, but I can exceed your hopes by far!" the Lord had a special surprise for us as we drove home.

The starry heavens looked particularly wonderful. The stars seemed so clear and bright as we drove, so much so that we wanted to stop and take a good look. On the way we stopped at a remote rest stop without any lights. Awe inspiring is all that we could say when we saw the truly countless stars, and clearly could see the milky way. We couldn't remember when we saw so many stars. That would have been enough for us, but what happened next just about knocked our socks off, and will be remembered perhaps for the rest of our lives.

Have you ever seen a shooting star? Have you ever had someone next to you see one and you missed it? Well, you know how special it is when everyone sees it at the same time. Imagine one that is going on long enough for someone to tell someone else "look!!" and they look, and then they turn to someone else and say "see there it is".... and still the shooting star is going on. Well, when all five of us were looking at the sky, and one by one seeing this huge, amazing meteor going across the sky, we were astounded! It was so, so big, and just kept going. It was golden, then shone red and green, and just kept burning. When it was nearly at the horizon it burned out with a bit of a puff.

It was so big and bright and long lasting, and colourful we thought it could be a flare—only it wasn't. Others wrote up online about it, having seen it too, in many locations, at that exact time: 6:30 pm. We felt the Lord knew where we were, what angle we were looking at, what the needs of our hearts were, and gave us a show!

"You like looking up? Here is a little something I can do for you!" He seemed to say.

Looking up, and looking forward, to the light, and up to Heaven will bring great things—and ensure we don't miss out on the best things. He's got plenty in store for those that love Him, and love living life the way He leads.

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(Rushing to leave on a trip) I didn't remember the hair brush, but at that point I couldn't really be bothered. Perhaps you have those moments too. That night, ... I take down my very knotty hair—all clumped together. With nothing else to use but a single hair chopstick, I see what I can do. ... I don't know how, but for the first time ever, I was able to get my hair (that is quite long) completely knot free, in a short amount of time, with nothing but the chopstick. I think the Lord had a hand in it. I felt His loving care. Perhaps He can't take away every reason for a tear, or every difficult circumstance, as it's important for some reason that He doesn't; but to help wipe away one tear and fix one thing that is important to me, in the special way that only He can, gives life that supernatural sparkle; that togetherness feeling of Jesus and me on this adventure together.

Through helping care for a mother, the Lord cares for her children, for she is better able to manage and make things enjoyable for them.

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I was feeling very messed up mentally and emotionally. I felt the crushing weight of all that I needed to do, and should be doing—all at the same time. I felt on the verge of burnout. Besides that, some things were getting to me and pushing me over the edge. I shouldn't have been letting myself think some of the thoughts I was, and that was most of the reason I think I was pulled down. Whatever the case, I needed some fixing up and didn't know how the Lord would pull me out of it this time.

I cried, I prayed, and I tried to hold on. But I was feeling I was crumbling in many ways. We were travelling to town a few hours away, and would stay two nights there and then return, due to the hard wear and tear travel is on me and the kids too.

The place the Lord worked out for us to stay at couldn't have been better. It was so healing for us. It was beautiful, natural, relaxing, away from town; and the weather was very balmy too. It was desperately needed. I still wasn't myself yet, but at least the situation wasn't making things worse. The river we walked down to was calm and shallow and crystal clear.

The way the sun shone through the poplar trees at sunset, reflecting off the water was simply heavenly. Stress was leaving. Before we left on the last day we planned to have one last trip to the river. The boys played in the sand, and looked at the nook that had a cute school of small fish. Then I saw the time, the place, the conditions were right. It was not like me to ever get into water, really. But I felt the urge that I was meant to do it. So a few layers off, keeping on my underlayers I slipped in suddenly and gently into the water. I sat in the place where fish were swimming nearby to me.

Ah! That water had something special—or maybe it was my heart and mind that were getting washed. I felt I was getting water baptised or something, as when I came out I was renewed. I felt physically and mentally and emotionally refreshed and new. I could carry on after all. I had the "recharging" I needed. All stress and pent up feelings were left in the water. Most of what it was that was troubling me has been wiped from my memory and thoughts. All I remember is the joyous feeling, and the thrill of wanting to keep on keeping on.

When it seems I reach the end of the path or the rope I'm holding on to spiritually and emotionally, and I really see no way in the natural to get a renewal of strength and courage, somehow the Lord always brings it, in one way or another. I go as far as I can go, and then He puts more ground in front of me and restocks my supplies.

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The thing we dread most about car travel is the car sickness from the fumes. We try to do what we can to keep enough air coming in, but it's not easy. The other vehicles emit more than their share, so combined with our vehicle's odour, it gets a bit much at times.

On the way home we found a surprising way that made none of us suffer from car sickness. We didn't expect it to happen—it was just a game my husband had suggested we play. It turned out to be such a benefit.

The game was: one person would think of a chorus of a Christian song or hymn, and whoever knew it would sing it. The last word of the chorus was thought about, and a song or hymn that had that word in it would be the next song to sing. Then the last word of that one was to be included in yet the next song. And on it went. So we ended up going on and on singing songs of praise, and songs about the Lord. Our mood was high, we were happy—singing is actually an immunity booster—anyway, for some reason while doing so, not one of us suffered nausea. Praising God in song did the trick!

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Secretly my husband motioned to me to come for a moment, he had something to show me. He didn't want to alert the curiosity of the children, as it was a surprise for one of the boys.

I went into his studio and he pulled down from the highest shelf a black pouch. Before he could open it I already guessed. "A flute?!"

We were both thrilled, though not totally surprised. My seven year old son has been praying for one for at least a year or more. It's something that he's been wanting very much. An inbuilt desire and the way he is made, to play this instrument, I think. Some children might go around tapping rhythms on furniture or anything, and they do well with—and crave the use of—drums. Others can't stop humming music, day and night, and composing or playing music on piano pairs well with them.

This boy frequently feels the need to blow, and wishes for instruments that are played in such a way—flute, recorder, trumpet, cornet, and so forth. When I see him start blowing, being a mother that is wired to help provide the needs of her children, to me it's as much of a need as if he was hungry or thirsty, or wishing to learn, or feeling the need for exercise. So I too have been praying for a flute, as that was top on his list.

To buy one would have been hundreds of dollars, and coupled with the fact that someone told my husband it's better to start learning it around ten years old... it was something that seemed far off in the future. I could hardly imagine having to wait for three more years! I felt he needed it now. And I guess someone else did, too. Our dear loving Jesus made the moves that in His love He does, and had someone with an extra flute just decide to give it to us. Perhaps as part of conversation my husband had mentioned to them the musical interests of our boys, and later the thought came to them to give this to us, I don't know. But whatever it was that brought the fulfilment of this prayer, it made for a lovely surprise!

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[The walls in the kitchen by the stove] had a terrible grimy appearance, all the way up to the ceiling. I had tried to scrub it a few times, but nothing would budge. It was really, really stuck on. A yellow grease "varnish" covered it all, with the added "decor" of gnats, cobwebs and dust, sticking on to this "glue".

One day after a long session of prayer in the morning, the thought came to me to "try one more time" to see if the wall would come clean. I took a sponge and some water and began wiping. It was a magic moment. As my sponge moved over the wall, without using any cleaning fluid, and not even hot water all the time, with nothing but some occasional baking soda, the grease released its hold. It was surrendering to God's power or something. It was just leaving the wall. I wasn't even using "elbow grease", but just moderate wiping and gentle scrubbing with the scratch pad on the sponge. Within a very short time the yellow grimy wall was completely clean and white—along with the side of the stove that was just as greasy or more. Until then this had never been possible. It has been a couple years that I've been groaning/ cringing over the awful sight of the wall—it's one of the first things guests see when they enter the house, if the kitchen door is open.

I called the children to see the miracle. They were in awe. (My eldest son who has recently acquired a knack for scrubbing tough things, confirmed that even he couldn't clean that wall; he tried and said it wouldn't budge. "How did you do it?" he asked, amazed.) We just stood and stared at the white wall, with amazement and praise. Miracles

happen! The Lord washed the stains away and made it “white as snow”. Every time I walk into the kitchen, just looking at that white wall is thrilling and a wonderful reminder about the Lord’s love and care—and how He knows just what things really matter to us; and when the time is right, and He wants to give us a surprise and gift, He knows just what to do.

And having good prayer time for one’s family and mission works, saves time and money too!—In interesting and unexpected ways.

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I remember now several weeks ago, perhaps even a couple months, how I felt cold all the time. I felt as if the inner heater of my body just wouldn’t turn on. I was cold in the day, and cold when in bed sleeping under covers, with a hot water bottle and heater turned on. I didn’t know what to do. There weren’t any other blankets to put on, so I tried to put on more sweaters. But always this dull cold feeling remained. I had to actually do with less blankets, after awhile, as one of the children needed them.

The Lord did the miracle for me. I remember crying and praying and saying to the Lord, “I’m just so cold all the time.” He heard and changed things. I remember a night soon after that I was overwhelmingly warm—I even broke into nearly a sweat! Wow, that felt good. Then after I had less covers on, I still was comfortably warm, night after night. And still have been. Jesus shows His love and care in these special ways. To some He might supply more blankets; to others He just gives the warmth. I rather like it when He shows us that He can still meet our needs and answer prayers, without needing physical items to do so. He’s able to supernaturally satisfy us, with or without visible and tangible aid.

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It was the third time I had done this special time this week—that of having communion to remember Jesus’ gift of love and life for us. The first time was the morning when my tummy was having pains. I was going to work on a Bible audio project, and these pains started. I wondered if it was due to what I ate for dinner, or what. The children said their tummies felt odd too. Usually with stomach troubles, the best remedy is to fast, and only drink water and sometimes water with apple cider vinegar added. So I was thinking I needed to fast that day to give time to heal.

But the thought of making a piece of bread and using some coconut kefir drink (healthy natural, alive drink), and taking communion to pray for healing, came to me. So I prepared that. The children and I prayed together and took part of the bread and sipped the drink for the “wine” in the ceremony; we thanked Jesus for His gift of love and life, and prayed for healing.

I wasn’t expecting what happened next. I knew healing would come, but the fact that it came so suddenly and fully was a pleasant surprise. My stomach was not only totally fine, but far better! I felt more hungry than I have felt in a long time! I felt naturally hungry and eager for food, and could eat and digest so well, all day! I was better than normal.

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I wondered what special miracle would happen to day, after my time of communion with Jesus. Not that He has to do something wow each day. It’s just been fun noticing what He does to show His love. Today, for the first time, after years of this never ever happening, the neighbour’s dog did not bark at me! I stood there by the fence in our back yard and spoke with the dog. It just looked at me, mute. This happened twice. Usually it’s sticking its mouth as far into the crack between the wooden fence posts as it can and showing as many teeth as it can, while barking as ferociously as it can manage. Sometimes the barking would start as soon as I would walk out the back door, about 30 meters away from the dog’s fence. It’s always been a thing, and an unpleasant one too, for years, that as long as we are in our yard, nearly always will there be this barking session. It’s hard to work in the garden plot beside the fence with this disturbing barking. But when it calmly, mutely stood there looking at me, just a few feet away from this dog, I knew this was nothing short of a miracle. How lovely.

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The only time in a 24hr period that this particular project on my list could get done would have to be before about 4:30 AM in the morning, latest; and starting no earlier than 1 or 2:00 AM. Due to the sound of cars and the birds singing. This was the only time there was a chance to easily record speaking audios, as the background sound would be heard otherwise.

So, when I went to bed that night I prayed for the Lord to have His way and wake me up at a good time. Since my husband had gotten it all set up, I didn't want to have to tell him I just slept and didn't do it after all, and it was a waste!

I woke then in the night, and all was still and sleepy in the house. I brought my laptop into the studio, turned on the heater, and got set up. The computer clock said it was just a few minutes after 2:00 AM! I was so glad. "Wonderful!" I thought, that will give me at least two hours to work, if all goes well."

It was a time consuming and tedious job, but the more I could work towards it, the sooner it would be completed.

At 2:30 I remember hearing a magpie singing. "Oh dear, they are starting this early?" They sit in the tree right outside this room and sing to greet the day. I was happy for them to do so—just later when it was morning time! For now I really needed quietness. I was doing all I could. There was nothing left I could do. I was giving up sleep and all.

When 4:30 came I noticed it had been so very quiet the whole time—not even a passing car that I could remember, nor another bird singing. I kept going. And going. I was able to work until 6:00 AM! Neither the cars nor the birds had done as usual—for that morning only had I seen this happening.

I had thought that I wished I could have four hours to work on this project, and the Lord granted it. Somehow He told the birds to hush and wait—like they have never done before, to my recollection; and somehow cars going to work must have gone some other way; no thud thud of early morning joggers, or the frequently barking and howling neighbour's dogs, etc, etc. My dear Saviour said, "Peace be still" and there was "a great calm".

After a short rest, I then was up for the day, caring for the children and home needs at 6:45; and was able to keep going on until bed time at 8:00 that night. "The Lord is my strength."

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One time I counted and had made 9 pieces of flat bread. I served them. Mike handed them out and counted 9 pieces. At the end of the meal there was left over and counting them plus what each one had eaten there seemed to have been 10 pieces! Great! Because there was that one extra one appearing, that meant there was enough for the kids to have it for breakfast and I didn't need to cook—it saved me time to do something I needed to do. He knows how to help in the little special ways.

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I had worked much all day, online, researching for a book I was creating—on visitations of Jesus to people throughout history and especially these days. For some reason there is a different in the way I feel, whether I'm just typing on a computer, or if it's on line, on the internet. I was feeling very drained and tired. Like some invisible rays had been burning into my head. The materials was inspiring, but the physical cost wasn't pleasant and would hinder forward progress. I went to sleep spent.

That night, something wonderful and unexpected happened. I woke up at 3:30 in the morning, feeling rested and refreshed and ready to work again! I got typing the book, and doing more research. I kept going and going. I had much energy that day and the computer work didn't affect me poorly. By early evening that day I was playing running games and jogging with the boys in the yard, with lots of energy. Then that following night I was extra warm, even though the window was open, I didn't have sufficient blankets for the winter night, and I wasn't even wearing the robe I have been sleeping with each night for warmth. I have the materials to make the needed blanketing, but wasn't going to do the sewing until days later, when I'd finished a good part of the book project. Yet, Jesus kept me warm.

Then yesterday when I had the full day to sew, working on the bedding needs, the weather was so warm. I needed to be out in the shed, and sometimes turning on the little heater makes the weak electricity of our house overdo and



shuts off my husband's computer. So I was just going to brave it. But the weather was wonderfully, unusually warm, while I worked out there, and I didn't need the heater anyway.

I love the way He knows just what I am doing, and wishes to accommodate, as I choose to use my day, all my day, my whole life in service out of love for Him.

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I made flat bread with some new flour. I had one piece fresh from the pan. It was really nice. When I was nearly finished making the bread I carefully counted how many. There were 8 pieces. That meant 2 for each of the boys and my husband. None for me at the meal time. I had already had a piece, and that was enough; or should be.

When mealtime came I served up the food, and passed out the bread. To my happy surprise, there were suddenly 9 pieces of bread. I was very happy at the Lord's loving touch. If I missed counting a piece, well, still it was a nice surprise. But knowing that it's happened before, I was trying to be real careful at the counting. It touched me that the Lord gave me a piece like that.

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I'd ordered some meat with the online delivery service we often use. But the meat we ordered wasn't available. That lowered the cost of the food, but the boys really did want some. I didn't tell them that it didn't come in. Two days later at a rare church service, chicken was served. It was the only cooked food there they could eat. The Lord had thus provided some meat for them this way.

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A few days ago something rather curious happened. I was taking a good, not too short time in prayer and Bible reading out in my room/ shed that is in the back yard. These sessions always include tears, it seems, as I get things out of my heart and tell them to Jesus; as I remember how much I need Him and can do nothing without Him. And I seek to have Him reveal things from the Bible to me. I had been undisturbed the whole time. A nice gift from the Lord, by keeping everyone fine and happy and safe and all.

Just as I was finishing up, my youngest boy, 9 years old, comes in and says all surprised, "Mommy! You are everywhere! I went into your bedroom and you were there working on your computer. Then I came out here and you are here!"

Who was that? What was that? But it is encouraging how if the Lord needs to send angels around to be around for the children where I am not—or a decoy of where I am, so I can still be undisturbed in my quiet time, that's fine with me. Perhaps this gift of an angelic presence taking on our form might be a help some time in the troublesome days ahead. Imagine if I was incarcerated and an angel came and helped me and the others miraculously escape, the Lord could make it appear to our guards that we were still in there! Or someone after me finally finds what they think is me, but it's not—only an angelic apparition to give the real me some time to get away. There are endless things the Lord could do. Nice to know this is an option to pray for, should it ever be needed in the future.

I've often felt so stretched with the children, wishing there more of me's around, then I could tend to all their needs, and that of my husband, and the house and cooking, laundry and all better. When I hear things like this from the children—and it's not the first time they've mentioned it, where I seem to be somewhere, yet the real me is in another place—it makes me smile a bit, like an angel or two are helping to fill in for me, taking on a form that the children would be comfortable seeing, with the right "air".

Thank God for His angels empowered to help us in all the ways needed.

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When I was sewing, the bobbin just kept going and going and never ran out, even though I was using the stitch that would normally use it up fast. When I was done there was just a little bit left on it, just enough to do a few hand stitches that I needed to do. So every cm of it was used, and never ran out too fast.

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I am not hungry, nor have I used the toilet for 3 days (major, and no discomfort). Eating only a little it seems, of the menu suggested by a spirit helper. At last obeying. I am doing it now as my declaration that I believe—in them, and in obeying. Maybe it's a little like what they feel—not hungry or thirsty, but still have to work hard.

I can see that it could be something the Lord could do when needed in the end, take away the need to eliminate much when it's needed. It reminds me of a time some time back when I was all clogged up it felt, and then it just seemed to vanish from my insides and I felt all comfortable and stomach thin, etc. Whatever caused it, I felt the Lord's special hand in it.

(Note: Dec 2020, it happened again, where it went for days with hardly needing the bathroom, or it would just vanish, and 3 days without serious use. I couldn't use the toilet most of the time, due to full time care of the baby in his unwellness. Lord took it away.)

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A few nights lately, though my blankets are thinner than they have ever been, and the heater has to be off in the night, I have felt so warm I was sure the heater was on.

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My husband was away on 31<sup>st</sup> of July for a one day trip to Townsville, in Queensland. He got a flight sponsored to go to a concert of music he had composed. I was in the kitchen thinking the he would probably like to be calling me. But there was no way. My phone was out of charge, and I couldn't charge it; he'd taken the only wire with him. I was thinking about what I was going to say when he got home and was possibly going to be bothered that I hadn't kept it charged and where I could hear it, etc. I was thinking: "He lost his wire, took mine, it wore out, then bought himself/us a new one—and takes it when he travels..." so basically his fault. I didn't want to make him buy a new one, to save funds, but I didn't like the thought that he'd be blaming me for his being unable to phone. Just that moment, breaking my thoughts, my phone rings! It's him of course, the only one that phones my phone. I talk, and don't worry about how it's being powered, or when it will go dead and all that. Then I pass it to each of the boys and they talk a bit. As soon I say good bye, click, all is black again. I still haven't told him yet about this special miracle. I guess the Lord can make phone calls happen and power them when He knows it's best. We can depend on Him when things in the material world wouldn't work. He's in charge—literally.

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I was given a special ring recently, by a live-by-faith witnessing lady. We invited her to our house for dinner while she was visiting our city to witness. Her mission is to declare the name of Jesus—in any way. One way is through jewellery she offers, all with the name "Jesus" on them. I kept this ring, and wondered if or when to wear it. It didn't fit on my ring finger, and my middle finger was a bit big for it. The woman said to just push it over the knuckle and it would be good then; that is what she did, and it worked fine. I knew that to do that would make it more of a commitment in wearing it; it wouldn't come off easily. Perhaps that is why I delayed wearing it. My rings mean something, and I wondered what this one was for. One day when having prayer time the Lord said that was the day and I was to put on the ring. At first I had a hard time locating it. But I knew that if I put it off, it would remain undone for a long time. Today was the time. When I found it I took off the tag and then prayed, "Lord, please make this ring be the right size for me." Then it fit perfectly on my ring finger! I was very happy. It fits without slipping off. But if I need it off, it just comes off easily. It almost seems to change size according to the need. Special indeed.

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When we went to the snow the other week, it was beautiful. However, there is no bathroom there at all. For boys it's easier, but it was more of a challenge to find a place out of sight for me. I felt led to a certain part with bushes and explored the way to get there. To get over I'd have to cross a bit of a ditch that seemed filled with melted snow water and very mushy snow. I didn't want to sink into the water and get my tennies all wet. I didn't have snow boots on. So I

prayed, “Lord if this is the place you are providing for me, then help me to walk over this without my feet sinking in the water. Uphold me.” And then I took the step or two and stepped right on it, solidly, and walked to the other side. There was snow I was stepping on, but I knew right under it was water, as could be seen—and places like this were in other parts of this parking lot, and people were sinking into them, getting wet. I felt encouraged to step solid over this. The Lord was there and providing for me. And again, He helped me to cross dry over it again on my way back.

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I feel the Lord with me working on this book. The story I needed to find, was there in front of my eyes as I randomly cracked open the book of many stories, without an index of where to find it. Thank You Jesus, I am not alone.

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Today my husband was going to travel to do a Christian concert in a place a few hours’ drive away. And then drive all the way home again! He needed to leave early. I haven’t had a wrist watch for years. The clock in the kitchen stopped telling time again, needs a new battery perhaps. My clock on my main work computer has gone wild and not only says the wrong time but says it’s the year 1980—and resets back to the wrong time and date again if I try to change it. I depend on the children’s watches if I need to know the time these days.

Knowing a long drive and day was ahead of him, he was trying to sleep a bit more, but wanted to be awake by 7:00am. He asked me to make sure he was awake at that time. I of course had no way of knowing what time it is—unless I guess. But I do know that praying and asking the Lord does work. So I left the room to go and have my early morning hours prayer time, trusting the Lord would wake him up at the right time. The children were sleeping, so I couldn’t ask any of them to help.

After a long time of prayer out in my shed room I came back into the house due to an urgent need to use the bathroom. Then I went into the room my husband was sleeping in and said, “I don’t know what time it is, but is rather light outside, maybe it’s time to wake up now.”

Then I went into the children’s room to see them, and “beep-beep” their hour chimes were going off. It was exactly 7:00am!

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Yesterday morning I woke up late. Usually I run outside in the yard in the wee and dark hours of the morning, and at that time I give the bunny some fresh grass to nibble on. But that morning I just slept and it was light—after having a good prayer for the bunny the night before. Soon after waking and hear on odd sound. I found out later that it was the sound of his cage opening and him running out. I think he just missed grass too much!

I thought I would go out anyway to do some running, and not seeing at first glance anything odd, I thought the bunny was fine and still in his cage. But when I went out, to my dismay it was all open and there was no bunny in sight. My heart pleaded with the Lord. It means so very much to my son, who always has loved animals. This is his first pet, and he’s really loving it.

I went around to the front yard to see if he had hopped out the gate and under the car, which thankfully he has been found before. But no sign of him at all. On my heart pleaded in prayer, thinking of the deep, and long lasting sorrow that a little boy would have—nearly like losing a child, for him.

Then as I walked to the gate, that was part way open, to go through it into the back yard again to keep looking, at that very moment, as if on cue, little bunny hopped out the gate, to practically brush up against my feet as I walked to go in. Oh, how wonderful the Lord is! I picked him up and took care of him. I gave him some running and grass in a more closed in area, that was easier to keep him in.

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Michael, our sons, and Michael's brothers were playing cricket. This was the day after the 2 concerts, when relatives were visiting. I was walking and walking for exercise. I'd missed it in the past few days and needed some real detoxing from being out with all those people for all those hours. Then towards the end, my son runs up to me as I'm coming again around on my walking lap, "Did you see the emu that was behind you? We were yelling to tell you. He's gone off into the bushes."

I hadn't seen the emu, I hadn't sensed him, and I hadn't heard the yelling or seen that they were trying to get my attention, even though I could see them in the distances somewhat—as clear as they could see me.

So I went back to look in the bush area. And there was the emu, pecking around for food. I talked to him when I saw him. At first he seemed timid, but then walked out to the clearing where I was. Together we began our walk across the grass. We took a walk together. I had a friend to be with; an unusual one. We were several meters apart, but walking in a parallel line together, one step at a time, over closer to where the others were. When we got to where he didn't want to go any closer (perhaps so as not to be hit by a flying cricket ball) then he turned a bit and walked up the slopped side of the grassy area to explore and feed in other areas.

Later, when I was sitting by the river, and the game was no longer being played, the emu walked across, all the way over there for his last hello and good bye.

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The other day we saw our vinyl swimming pool lifting off with wind. It was taking off, level, like a flying saucer or something. I started screaming and praying as it looked like it was going to travel right over the fence to the neighbour's yard. I didn't want it hurting them or their car or something. Then it turned to be on its side, right by the fence. It's a metal pool frame, and still had on it a heavy metal ladder on it. It was the strangest thing to see. The good thing that happened was loosed the pool from the ground and showed us that we could clean it more easily. We then wiped it out, sprayed with a hose, and turned it up nearly on its side to dump the water out. That was the easiest cleaning, and most thorough cleaning we've ever had.

The other time the wind blew in, it also helped to blow to the side most of the red algae and dried it out, making it easy to clean. The Lord send a wind, and made things easy for us.

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The rabbit was running around in the wooden shed/class room. I had just set it up; took me hours the day before. And for the first time in these years I fully spread out the white carpet. But it has been rainy, and the rabbit needed some good, free running exercise, so the boys took him in there first thing in the morning. Then the most amazing thing happened. There is a little light brown, dirty looking mat at the door, for wiping one's feet on. I was worried about the droppings and drippings of the rabbit on the carpet, but every time he needed to eliminate, he'd go over to the little brown mat, and didn't soil up the white carpet! I felt the Lord's care in guiding him in this way, because it mattered to me. The Lord was blessing and doing what I couldn't do.

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When I stopped to listen to the Lord, meditating on the scripture Malachi 3:10, about tithes, I felt the Lord saying that He wanted a tithe of time each day. And a few moments later He'd told me about praying daily for the children, time "working in the garden", so He could do more for them. I think He wanted me to take time daily, using the "tithe of time" to pray for the children. So I started right after that. I was needing to get sewing done, but I thought I'd just use the time for focused prayer for the children while doing that. I was praying for the possible new drum teacher to get healed and for it to work out for him to start teaching one of the boys. A few minutes later my husband comes in to tell me that he had just phoned and had agreed to do the lessons regularly, and for free. Praise the Lord! The encouragement was wonderful. The Lord does want me to pray, and will move things for good if I do so.

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I had some time to work and was glad. I was focused on one project, but I had also promised to try to send a file to a young artist who needed the text to work with. I found out that to do so I would need to type it all up, fresh from heaven. My mind did not feel in the gear at all of that project. So I sat blankly, and said, “Lord I can’t do it”. Great words to say, when your hearts is saying you want to do it, and know that only He can help you; you have nothing of yourself and your own ability. Then I was shocked what happened next. Whoosh! Through me came the words at lightning speed. Nowhere from in myself. But before I could hardly catch my breath it was all typed up!

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We needed eggs. They are hard to find in these days when odd things are low or used up in the shops—like toilet paper, peas, and eggs. I didn’t know they were hard to find, but I knew the Lord wants us to pray for our needs, not just rely on money, thinking if we have it then we don’t need to look to Him. So I prayed, and had a feeling the Lord would answer our need; I felt that someone was going to come to our door to give us eggs. A carton was found at a different smaller shop. The next day also knock came to our door. And there was a friend and daughter holding a carton of eggs to give to us! Praise the Lord! I knew it would happen, as he’s teaching us to seek Him, not just think of money making ways to do things, but act like He is our father and to ask Him.

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Last night I needed a miracle to get dinner done at a good time. People were hungry, and I had no way of cooking the food easily, since the stove broke and it is to be two weeks until we get a new one.

Rice was in the slow cooker. I didn’t put it on early enough, as other food was cooking... I kept checking on it, but it wasn’t going fast and well. Every time I looked it was just brown rice at the bottom of a pot, that was mostly warm. I didn’t see how it would be done in time.

I remembered—and reminded the Lord—how He had made food cook fast for me before when I needed it done, and I knew He could do it this time as well. One time while camping and we needed to go meet relatives, I had only minutes to finish cooking the meal, or we’d be late. But when I opened the pack of noodles to cook, it said it would take 20 minutes of boiling. I didn’t have that kind of time. I needed it done in 2! The Lord knew and honoured our needs, and the noodles were cooked and soft and ready in those 2 minutes! —And we made it to the appointment on time.

Another time was when camping in a way far out place, cold wind was blowing and kept blowing the fire out on the camping stove. The water just wasn’t boiling. Some of the children were asleep in the tent, but I had to stand there with the many mosquitoes and the wind. The pot wasn’t even simmering or showing signs of getting warm enough for the tea my husband wanted. But when I asked Jesus to help, then within a moment, all of a sudden the pot was full-blown bubbling and boiling. Ah! I could then be done and go into the tent.

So I trusted, last night, that it could happen again. I told Him I knew He could make it cook real fast, if it was best. Though I was prepared that He could help us have the patience to wait the long time until it was ready. With nothing else that could be done to make things faster, I went out to work with the children on their projects. After a bit later I went to check on the cooking rice, and I was so pleasantly surprised. Instead of the hard brown rice sunken down at the bottom of the warm water in the slow cooker, I found a full to the brim cooker, filled with fluffy cooked rice! Perfectly cooked too!

We had a nice, very abundant, filled to the full dinner, and in good timing. He helped fill in the needs—cooking without a regular stove, and having a lack of time to do it. It was wonderful. Thank You Jesus.

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We were set up to watch a special Christian video. It had taken quite a bit of logistics to get it all to work with a computer and screen and sound system. There was only one computer we could use, my personal one, as it alone had the right port to do it. Wonderfully when I tried out the DVD on it—unlike most of the other laptops—the DVD worked and played right away. Then again as we tried it to check out the sound it worked quickly and well.

However, when we were at their house and getting it all set up, the DVD wouldn't play.

So we prayed. And I got the thought that the Lord wanted us to honour Him with praise. So I said: "Shall we fight with praise?" to the two men and 3 pre-teen/teen boys.

I can't say it was the most wild praise fest that followed, but we sincerely, quietly spoke out with things we were thankful for from the last week, that the Lord had done for us. We praise Him and spoke our gratitude.

Then after most people had said something aloud, I felt to try again. And this time it worked immediately.

I lifted my arms to praise Him, though I said nothing, I was really really thankful that He got Himself honour and showed all there that praise was the way to His heart.

Then just to make sure I was humble, I then tripped on the wire and pulled out the sound cord a bit. I got out of the way while the friend fixed that up again.

The Lord showed He wanted to be honoured first and foremost. Those there saw that praise is a way to fight the hinderances. I was kept humble. Even expressing to praise was humbling for me, but I knew it was what He was requiring. We had a good time, trouble free.

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Something special happened on my birthday this year, around the 13<sup>th</sup> of August. I have been forsaking things and wanting to need and use less. I just want to forsake all and follow Jesus. I fasted recently too, wanting to give up the world; wanting nothing of it. I had prayed for the loving gift of my facial hair to not be seen... but I'd be willing to keep it if it was better than I do.

The Lord gave something better. It has been over two weeks now, and my hair has not needed to be brushed. All knots are easily removed with my fingers running through it. This is such a gift. I know it's supernatural. A daily loving miracle. Here the grime gets our hair tangled. And especially in August in winter it can get bad. But to have long flowing, silky, shiny hair, without knots, and not to have used anything but fingers, is a heavenly gift.

It was starting to get good, and then after I told the first person about it, the week following it just got better and better. It was getting cleaner and shinier, looking and feeling even better. Thank You Jesus! A well-chosen gift.

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When dancing the baby to sleep, his pacifier fell. He hasn't always wanted it these days, though it does make him go to sleep comforted when he wants it. I picked it up. He didn't want it, it fell to the floor again. I left it. After a bit I thought to try it again, went to try to lean over again to manage to pick it up but there it was in his mouth. What? How did it get there? ... maybe someone was with us and helping me to put him to sleep.

There was not one fuss or cry. He was totally calm and cuddly.

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Yesterday at the park I was with the baby, and alone at the playground. I suddenly began to feel a wave of loneliness. "I'm lonely, Jesus" I said.

Then in a moment of time, as if the Lord commanded this need to be filled immediately, across the field a little boy starts walking, alone, to play at the playground—walking away from his family and the cricket game going on.

He had a smile and a sweet spirit. He brought his little airplane toy. We chatted and rode the rocking playground equipment together with the baby. I was touched at how Jesus filled that need so fast. Jamie was happy with this boy too.