

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER INTERNATIONAL

THANKSGIVING

God Will Provide

*"And my God will supply all your needs according to
His riches in glory in Christ Jesus"*

Philippians 4:19 NAS.





**Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside,
Founder and Publisher**



Thanksgiving Day Parade in Detroit, MI (years ago)

Dear Readers,

Thanksgiving has always been my favorite holiday! I love it for so many reasons. I love being with my family, relatives, the cooking and eating of the feast of traditional Thanksgiving American-Soul foods, the golden and rustic colors, football games, a special time of giving thanks to God, and the Thanksgiving Parades!

I want to share with you a very special Thanksgiving that I shall never forget. Growing up at home with my parents, Elder and Evangelist Minor Palm, Jr. along with my brother, Rodger and our baby sister Regina meant so much. They have all died... However, the precious memories about them and our lives are always with me.

On Thanksgiving Day in 1955, I was only five years old. My brother Rodger was three years old and Regina was about six months old. That Thanksgiving, Mama got up early and put our large turkey in the oven while we sat and ate a hot breakfast. Our radio was on in the kitchen and the weatherman warned that it was going to be a really cold and snowy Thanksgiving.

"We are still going to the Thanksgiving Parade!" said Daddy, sipping on his cup of hot coffee. "Your mother and I want you all to go to your first Thanksgiving Parade this year."

"Oh, yes!" Mama said. "I know Wanda and Rodger will just love the parade. Look at those big eyes and sweet smiles on their cute chubby faces," she giggled. Then she put some food in the refrigerator.

"What about Regina?" I asked eating the last spoonful of food. "Can a baby see the parade, too?"

"Wanda, Regina is our baby...and she will be wrapped warmly in blankets and have on enough clothes, too," Mama said standing up drinking her hot coffee. "You and Rodger must finish eating so we can get you dressed warmly to go to the parade."

Well, Mama made us first go to the bathroom while she waited downstairs in the living room for us. On the couch next to her, were our coats along with a stack of our sweaters, socks, gloves, mittens, scarves, boots, jackets, and extra pairs of pants waiting for us to put on. I could hear Daddy outside shoveling the pile snow. He also had our old car warming-up, too.

"Come on Rodger and Wanda; let's get ready to go to the parade," Mama said, helping Rodger to put on piles and layers of his clothing nearby. Daddy came into the house and helped Rodger to layer-up with sweaters, jackets and on and on. Mama helped me and I was so very thick with sweaters, jackets, my coat, two scarves twirled around my neck, then three pairs of socks, my red rubber boots, a scarf on my head, leggings (wool pants), and my knitted red hat...then...gloves and mittens, too. I couldn't move! Mama wrapped up Regina, too. We three children were padded!

Somehow we all made it to the warm car and off daddy drove us down our street to the parade in downtown Detroit on Woodward Avenue. There was lots of snow like the weatherman predicted.



"Rodger! Wanda! See all of the Christmas decorations!" Mama said with a voice of glee. *"See! Look!"* Mama hugged baby Regina wrapped in her fluffy pink blanket.

"Yes, I see," said Rodger laughing and pointing one of his fingers at the car window.

"I see all of it, too," I said. Then Rodger and I held hands and cheered, *"We will see Santa!"*

Daddy found a close parking spot near Woodward Avenue so we could walk to the route of the parade. He got the large baby stroller out of the trunk of our car. He opened it and he put Regina in front then Rodger sat behind her. Mama pushed the stroller and Daddy picked me up. Off we went down the streets of Downtown Detroit.

"Let's stop here, Honey," Daddy said to Mama. *"This is a great spot."* Daddy got Rodger out the stroller and Mama carefully lifted Regina out to hold her.

Soon people said, *"Oh, look at the baby! Can I see her?"* Mama tenderly peeled back each layer of the blankets and there was Regina's face.

"Oooh! How sweet! She's so cute! She's a doll!" People remarked when they peeked inside Regina's blanket.

Mama giggled. Then she said, *"That's our little boy, Rodger. He's three."* People waved at him and said how handsome he was. Daddy was holding him and he looked proud.

"And, here's our oldest child, Wanda," Daddy and Mama said. *"Say, 'Hi, Wanda!'"* They said and I did. *"Oh, my! She's a pretty little chubby girl,"* people said.

I wanted to see the parade. I did not care about their comments. *"Where is Santa?"* I asked Daddy. There was so much noise! A band was playing "Jingle Bells" really loud. *"I want to see,"* I shouted to him.

Daddy looked down at me.

"Pick me up, too! I can't see anything way down here. I'm too little. Pick me up, Daddy!" I said.

Daddy held tightly onto Rodger in his arms, bent down to me and said, *"Wanda, I am sorry...there is nothing I can do for you. I have Rodger and you...you...are too heavy with all of those clothes on...and..."* Daddy sadly looked at me and said no more.



There I was...down low and couldn't see the parade. I almost wanted to cry...there I was standing there. Regina was wrapped up in Mama's arms...Rodger was held high in Daddy's arms.

Then, a tall man came next to me and said, *"Little girl...Wanda, Wanda!"* I looked up into his eyes...they were sparkling bright blue and silvery! WOW!

He smiled at me and said, *"Wanda, Do you want to see?"* And, before I knew it, I was lifted high, high up. This tall fair-skinned man...white...lifted me up on his wide and strong shoulders. I smiled! I laughed!

I turned back to look at my parents. They nodded okay. Strangely, they weren't excited or angry at that man.

"Wanda, Wanda... I am here for you. I will always be here with you and for you!" He said. I held on to his wide shoulders with my legs anchored around his neck.

"Wanda, can you see?" he asked me. *"Do you want to see...More?"*

"Yes! Yes!" I happily said.

So, he handed me a pair of big binoculars. He adjusted them. *"Look and see now Wanda,"* he said.

I looked way down the avenue to my left and I could see Santa! There he was!



Next, I looked right in front of me. I saw more! WOW! I could see what was way down the street, what was coming next- a marching band and then I saw right in front of me!



"Wanda, what do you like best?" he asked. *"Do you like what is coming? Do you like what has passed? Do you like what you see in front of you?"*

"Well, I'd rather see what is happening...now. ...In front of me!" I said.

The man chuckled and said, *"Good, Wanda."* Then he let me keep looking at the parade until the end. He carefully let me down to the sidewalk. I handed him back the binoculars and turned around to look over to Daddy and Mama. They smiled at me. I look back to see the man...***He WAS GONE!***

Before we ate Thanksgiving dinner with my family, grandparents, uncles, and aunts, Daddy and Mama told me that the tall man was an angel. He was sent by God for me. They said that God cares about all of us. I learned that God will provide what we need in our times of trouble and great needs.

NOW...have faith! God is with you. He cares about you. HE WILL PROVIDE FOR YOU, TOO! HELP IS ON THE WAY! *"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" Psalm 46:1 KJV.*



Youth Staff Writer..

DONNA R. BROOKS



Thank You, LORD!

Scripture FOCUS this month is on BEING THANKFUL

Colossians Chapter 4:2

"Devote yourselves to prayer, being watchful and thankful."

2 Corinthians 9:11

"You will be enriched in every way so that you can be generous on every occasion, and through us your generosity will result in thanksgiving to God."

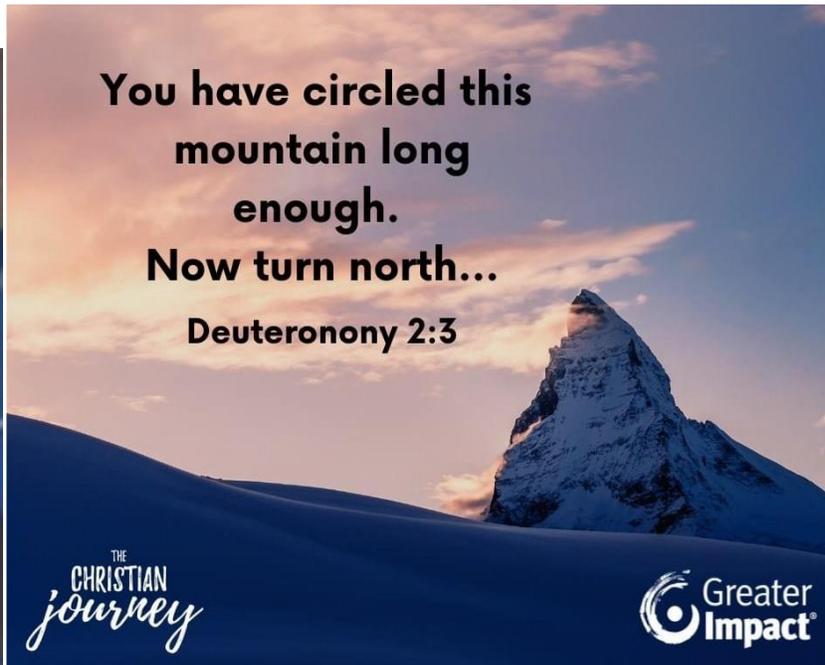
Psalm 106:1

"Praise the Lord. Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; his love endures forever."

Psalm 34:8

"Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good! Blessed is the man who takes refuge in him! "

**Blessings,
MS. Donna R. Brook**



Not for the Faint of Heart – You Have Circled Enough

Doris Homan

Author of The Christian Journey Part I & II

Myjoyandcrown.com

God asks some **BIG** things of us. He asked Abraham to leave his family, his country, and his culture behind and go to an unknown place and live in a tent among strangers. He called Moses to go and speak to a powerful leader and demand he release the children of Israel out of slavery; then led 2-3 million through the desert for 40 years. He called Hosea to take a prostitute for a wife; to love, forgive and bring her back repeatedly. He called a young shepherd boy named David to fight a skilled giant warrior. He called Nehemiah to return to Jerusalem, a city in ruins and rebuild the walls of the city. The Bible is filled with many more.

Child of God, what has He called you to do?

Though the task seems HUGE and FRIGHTENING, God does not leave us to do it alone, in our own feeble strength. He goes ahead of us to prepare the way, He fights for us with all the powers of heaven and He delivers the victory.

What a daunting task to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt and through the wilderness. The journey should have lasted about 40 days but because of their unbelief, hard and rebellious hearts, their journey lasted 40 years. After that wicked generation had passed, God said, "You have circled this mountain long enough. Now turn north,..." (Deut. 2:3) He then led His people on to the Promised Land... but the work was just beginning. The land was occupied; how will they make it their own?

Here is what God commissioned them to do (Deuteronomy 1-3):

Go (1:8, 21) – we must step out**

Possess the land (1:8, 21) – take action**

The LORD your God has given you (1:8, 21) – a gift unearned but promised to you**

Choose wise, discerning, experienced leaders (1:13) – choose your leadership well**

Do not fear (1:21, 3:22) – be steadfast**

He goes before you (1:33) – He will pave the way**

Fighting on your behalf (1:30, 3:22) – stand back, the battle belongs to the LORD**

Remember, how He carried you before (2:7) - past faithfulness and provisions**

He will guide the way (1:33) – have confidence on the journey**

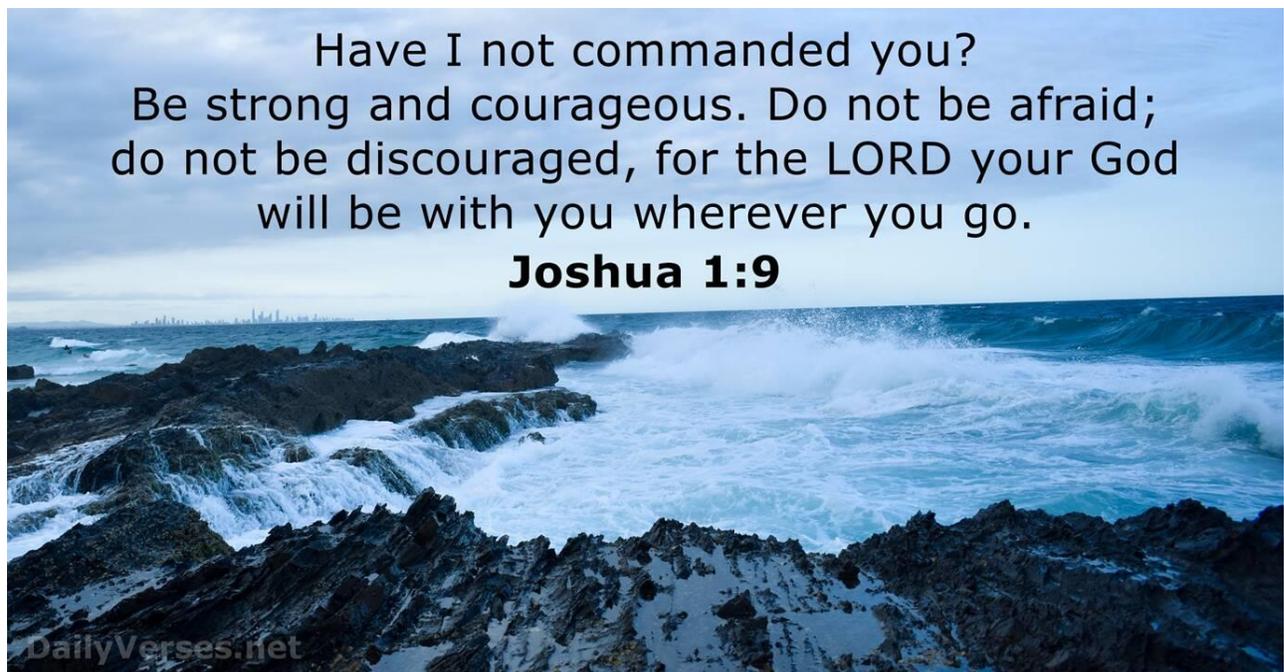
Blessed are those who followed Him fully believing (2:36) – there are blessings for believing Him**

They will inherit the land (3:2) – there is great blessings to those who stay the course**

With a warning – do not go in your own strength, for if you do, you will fail (1:42) – He is the Vine, we are the branches; He is our power source (John 15:1)**

There was a reason for the children of Israel to circle the mountain, they were not ready to proceed to the Promised Land; there is a reason for the delays in our lives. God knows when we are ready; His timetable is completely different from ours. The time spent circling, is a time of waiting, a time of trial and testing and a time of preparation. The lessons we learn in the wilderness cannot be learned in the Promised Land of milk and honey. When the time is right, God will say, “You have circled enough, Now turn...” it’s time to move forward!

God asks BIG things of us but He also does BIG things for us. He calls us to be brave and courageous on our journey. (Joshua 1:9)





MRS. KIZZY STATEN-GRAY, Staff Writer

Praise the Lord! Kizzy blessed us with some very wonderful, "Dinner Conversation Starters," on the next page. It can be difficult sitting at a large table at Thanksgiving trying to eat and be friendly with family members, friends and guests. You don't want to get anyone upset or feel awkward by saying the wrong things. So, read her list of suggestions on what to say that will be pleasant and interesting this Thanksgiving and Christmas.

HAPPY BLESSED THANKSGIVING!



THE GRAY FAMILY

Here is Kizzy with her husband Daryl and their five children.



Thanksgiving

Dinner Conversation Starters

Greetings Friend,

Holidays are a BIG deal in my home. We look forward to the laughter, bonding, board games, food and great conversations. I'm so happy to share with you a few of my favorite Conversation Starters. As a Mom and Coach I've learned the importance of listening well to the hearts and minds of loved ones. Time is fleeting so we much be intentional about the precious moments we share with our loved ones. Make this holiday most memorable. Happy Thanksgiving! Blessings,

Kizzy Staten Gray

Kizzy Staten Gray

Author. Speaker. Designer.

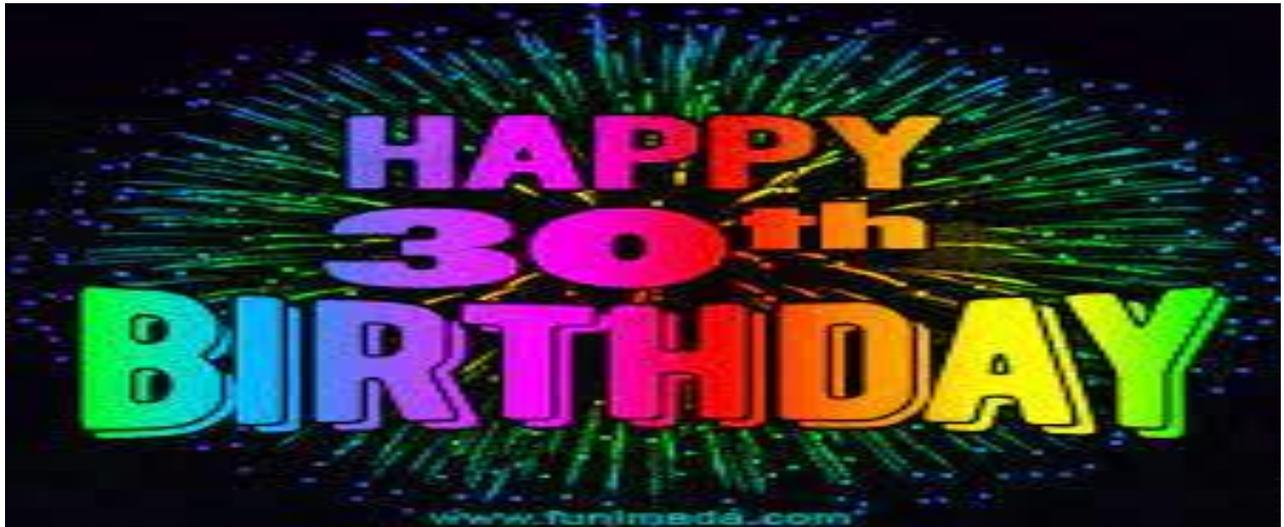
Keep Living By Example...

1. Who is the funniest person at the table and why?
2. If you could eat only one food on this table for an entire year, which one would it be?
3. What are 3 things you are most thankful for? (No repeats)
4. What's the strangest thing you've ever eaten?
5. What holiday movie are you looking forward to seeing?
6. Black Friday: yay or nay?
7. Where is your ideal Thanksgiving Destination and why?
8. What is your fondest Thanksgiving memory?
9. Suggest a new family tradition.
10. In what ways do you GIVE to others?
11. If you could have dinner with anyone living/dead who would it be? Why?
12. What's the best advice you've ever received?
13. Share about a time you had a need. How was it met?
14. Name something from your bucket list that no one knows?
15. If you could meet your great grandchildren what wisdom would you pass on to them?



www.KizzyStatenGray.com

Jordan L'Ecluse of Western Australia



Jordan is our
INSPIRATIONAL Reporter!

He has been featured in our newsletter for over ten years. His grandmother, Sandra Hickman, is on staff as our Australia Ministry Leader and Staff Writer. She has written many testimonies about Jordan. God has done amazing miracles for Jordan from his birth and on through these years.

Jordan is blessed to have a loving and caring family of prayer and faith. May God continue to bless his parents, Pastors Ray and Pastor Tari. Jordan is the oldest child of two brothers and a sister (brother-in-love).

JORDAN, WE LOVE YOU! YOU ARE AN AMAZING MAN OF GOD!

Your prayers are needed for...

Evangelist Annette Hoggs-Jackson,

the precious wife of

Pastor Sammy L. Jackson

of Daytona, Florida.



*Pastor Jackson is a Staff Writer for
The Lamp Newsletter International*

The prayer offered
in faith will make the
sick person well. The
Lord will raise them up.

James 5:15

Prayables

MOTHER NANCY MINSKY



My heart is so sad...I will always remember my beautiful and sweet friend, MOTHER NANCY MINSKY! She was one of my faithful prayer partners. We talked on the phone for hours.

Our friendship started over 10 years ago. She encouraged me to continue to write my poems, stories and articles for the Lord. Mother Nancy shared many stories with me. She loved her husband and family. I am blessed by her life!

Nancy Minsky has faithfully used her God-given gifts to serve the Lord. Nancy was a 1986 graduate of Central Texas College. She attended Philadelphia Biblical University for two years.

Minsky Nancy was a concert pianist, vocal soloist, Christian dramatist, compose, playwright. Nancy is a Biblical counselor (NANC, Larry Crabb). She was a ladies' Bible teacher and was certified to teach Precepts Level 3. Nancy was a published freelance writer.

Nancy is published in the numerous Christian and professional magazines and online publications: U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Savannah District Magazine, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Newspaper, Savannah Morning News, PCA News Online, Decision Magazine, Christian Jew Foundation Newsletter, Bible Fellowship News, atimetolovemag.com. Nancy wrote a monthly devotional newsletter, Those Who Minister, with worldwide distribution.

Nancy's faith in God inspired her to write and produce 68 plays and musical dramas, produced for commercial TV, military cable television, Christian radio, organizations, churches, and U.S. military installations in the United States, Germany and Italy.

She wrote the musical score and lyrics to her musical dramas. Nancy's plays have been translated into German, Italian, and Spanish for productions in Germany, Italy, and Puerto Rico. Nancy was a producer for musical theater and concerts in America and in Europe. Nancy wrote and produced 350 Sermon Starter (5 minute) dramas and she has written and produced over 100 hymns and music about the home and family in live concert and Biblical drama.

Nancy produced a music video and CD, "Nanna's Kids Singing Bible Songs," with her family and friends performing songs that Nancy wrote. It is set in beautiful historic Savannah and Tybee Island, Georgia. Nancy has also produced an accompanying CD. Her goal in producing and marketing the video and music CD was to provide people with a meaningful Biblically-based heritage, to encourage them to make Biblical principles a part of their lives. Nancy recorded a CD, "Keyboard Artistry of Nancy Minsky: Beside

Still Waters." Visit Nancy at: www.MusicalDrama.org This CD of hymns, and Nancy's original music, is played by Nancy in her unique improvisational style, to bless and encourage. Nancy has served as a choir director, church pianist, and organist for 37 years for civilian churches and U.S. military chapels in the United States and Europe.

This CD of hymns, and Nancy's original music, is played by Nancy in her unique improvisational style, to bless and encourage. Nancy has served as a choir director, church pianist, and organist for 37 years for civilian churches and U.S. military chapels in the United States and Europe. Nancy married Rev Dr Barry J. Minsky, a minister, retired U.S. Army Chaplain, and radio Bible teacher. Barry went Home to be with the Lord. Nancy resided in Savannah, GA. The Minsky's have three children: Paul, Debi and Joel; their spouses: Jeanne, Charlie, Sandi; and 11 grandchildren.

Nancy married Rev Dr Barry J. Minsky, a minister, retired U.S. Army Chaplain, and radio Bible teacher. Barry went Home to be with the Lord. Nancy resides in Savannah, GA. The Minsky's have 3 children: Paul, Debi, Joel; their spouses: Jeanne, Charlie, Sandi; and 11 grandchildren.

"I have ministered in three Gospel congregations. When my husband Barry was a chaplain in the U.S. Army, his first assignment was pastor of the largest congregation at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, Lieber Heights Chapel. I was the pianist, drama director, counsellor to the ladies, and pastor's wife. It was a great ministry. When Barry served at Southern European Task Force Chaplain for the U.S. Army, he also chose to pastor a congregation. The previous pastor did not teach the Word and the people left. Barry pastored and I served also. God brought back the people. One deacon said at a service, "Pastor Minsky doesn't teach like our pastor. Pastor Minsky teaches the Word!" The people were hungry for good Bible teaching. It is a privilege to serve the Lord." Nancy Minsky

Mother Nancy Minsky, truly loved to read THE LAMP NEWSLETTER INTERNATIONAL. She always got excited to see each issue waiting in her email for her to read. She was a supporter and tremendous encourager. After reading an issue of the Lamp, she would send me an email to express her feelings and thoughts about it. Yet, most of the time, she would call me from her home in Savannah, Georgia to talk to me for hours and hours to tenderly discuss what she read in the newsletter.

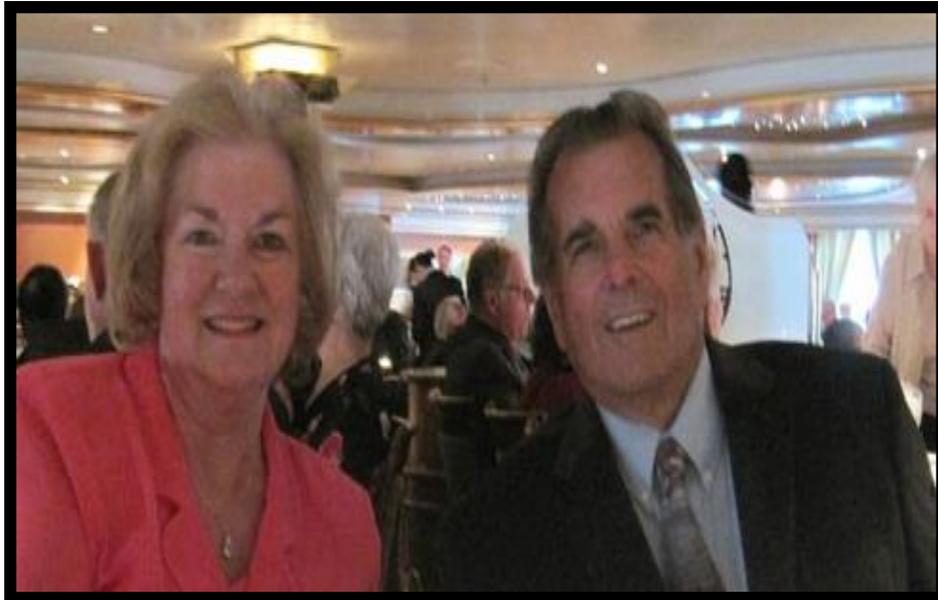
She always said she was paying for the phone calls because Mother Nancy spent time praying with me concerning my needs and concerns. She sung anointed and beautiful songs over me. I was so touched by her love and concerns. Mother Nancy invited me and Simmie to come for visits...we never had the opportunity to come...so, she continued to love me from a distant. Yet, she was and always will be close to my heart. –Wanda J. Burnside

In Loving Memory of the Late...

MR. DICK OSBORN

Special prayers for his beloved wife:

Renowned Author Susan Titus Osborne and Family



Mr. Dick Osborn's Memorial Service was held on Friday, November 5, 2021 at 1:00 PM in the chapel at the Fullerton Free Church, 2801 Brea Blvd., Fullerton, CA 92835. He loved life and requested that everyone wear bright, cheerful clothes for his "Celebration of Life."

His wife, Susan, requested in lieu of flowers that donations be sent to Fullerton Free Church, Disability Family Fund, in memory of Dick Osborn.

Mr. Osborn was very supportive and devoted to his wife, Susan. Susan is a bestselling author, speaker, book coach, and the owner at Christian Communicator Manuscript Service. Dick and Susan cherished many years of loving their children, grandchildren and family members. They were actively involved in worldwide missions, numerous church ministries, community activities and outreaches for children/youth.

Since 1980's, Susan has been my dear friend. She has played a major role in my life as a writer. Three of my stories are featured in three of her book collections. Every year, I received The Osborn Family Christmas Newsletter, which is always filled with updates about the entire family and yearlong events. I've loved being included as a family friend. My prayers are with you...Susan.

- Love, Wanda J. Burnside

CONGRESSWOMAN BARBARA ROSE COLLINS



Barbara-Rose Collins (April 13, 1939 – November 4, 2021) was an American [politician](#) from the [U.S. State of Michigan](#) and the first black woman from Michigan to be elected to Congress.

Collins was born in [Detroit, Michigan](#). She earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in anthropology from [Wayne State University](#).

Collins was a member of the Detroit Public School Board from 1971 to 1973, the [Michigan House of Representatives](#) for the [21st district](#) from 1975 to 1981, and the [Detroit City](#)

[Council](#) from 1982 to 1991.

In 1988, she lost a primary election to the incumbent [U.S. representative](#) for what was then [Michigan's 13th congressional district](#), [George W. Crockett, Jr.](#) When he retired, she won the seat,^[1] taking 34 percent of the vote in a crowded eight-way Democratic primary. This was [tantamount to election](#) in this heavily Democratic, black-majority district. She won handily in November and was reelected three more times, each time garnering over 80 percent of the vote. Her district was renumbered as the [15th district](#) after the 1990 census.

Collins was a sponsor of several bills that passed into law, including the Food Dating Bill, the Sex Education Bill, and the Pregnancy Insurance Bill. She also introduced the Unenumerated Work Act in 1991, 1993, and 1994.^[2] This bill would have required the [Bureau of Labor Statistics](#) to set value on unwaged work such as housework, care work, agricultural work, volunteer work, and work in a family business, and include that value in the [Gross National Product](#) of the United States. This measure had been called for in the Forward Looking Strategies resolution passed at the [World Conference on Women, 1985](#).^[3] Collins's bill was endorsed by the [Congressional Caucus for Women's Issues](#) and by 1993 had 90 co-sponsors; however, it failed to pass.^[4]

Collins was the subject of a [United States House Committee on Ethics](#) inquiry in 1995, under suspicion of 11 instances of misuse of funds. In 1996, after she lost the Democratic primary for re-election to [Carolyn Cheeks Kilpatrick](#), the inquiry was

GAC Political Pundits' Pop Quiz Answer:



Barbara-Rose Collins, the first black woman from Michigan to be elected to Congress, first petitioned for Juneteenth to become a federal holiday in 1996.

Today, President Biden made Juneteenth a federal holiday.

dropped.^[5]



My Grandmother...
MOTHER BLANCHE MCCANN

May 20, 1906 - November 11, 2002

These beautiful women are very dear!

Top Left: My Grandmother – Bottom Left: Mrs. Gardner is the Mother of Mrs. Michele Gardner Barnes, Staff Writer. She is also my Aunt. Bottom Right: Ms. Ramelle Vivian Eddins is the aunt of Ramelle T.Lee who is also a Staff Writer.

These ladies lived a truly amazing life. They were faced with many tests and trials. God brought them through with victorious testimonies. You can read about their stories in volume one of the anthology: **WHATEVER HAPPEDNED TO MAMAS?** See details on page 26.

-- Birthday Memorials --

November 2nd - MOTHER LORRAINE PALM GARDNER, (Left)

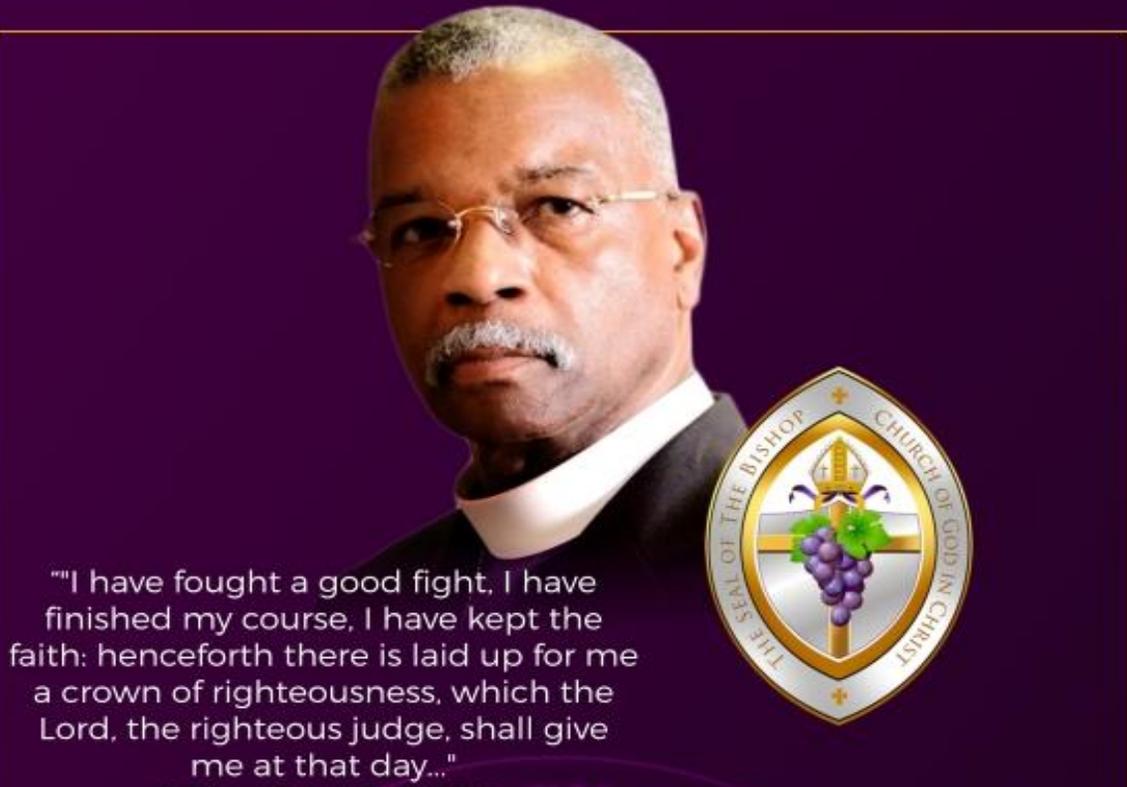
November 4th - Ms. Ramelle Vivian Eddins, (Right)



Mrs. Lorraine Palm Gardner



Ms. Ramelle Vivian Eddins



"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day..."

2 Timothy 4:7-8 KJV

Bishop
JOHN HENRY SHEARD

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF BISHOPS
PRELATE, FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL JURISDICTION MICHIGAN SOUTHWEST

MARCH 27, 1937-NOVEMBER 11, 2021

With sincerest condolences, the Church Of God In Christ regrets to inform you that Bishop John Henry Sheard, Chairman of the Board of Bishops and father to Presiding Bishop J. Drew Sheard, has transitioned from labor to reward.

While we mourn the passing of such a beloved, influential leader within the Body of Christ, we know that the Lord our God will comfort.

Please uphold the entire Sheard family, Greater Mitchell Temple, First Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Michigan Southwest, the Board of Bishops and the entire church in prayer during this difficult time.





VETERANS DAY is a federal holiday in the United States observed annually on November 11, for honoring military veterans, who are people who have served in the United States Armed Force.

Author Ramelle T. Lee, Staff Patriot Reporter/Writer



Honoring All Veterans on Veterans Day

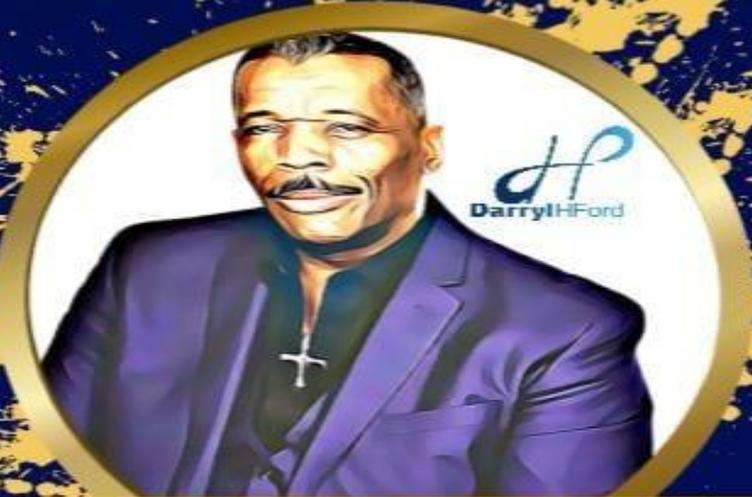
We thank you for your service and sacrifices. We are forever grateful!

Thank You, KIZZY STATEN GRAY! Kizzy is a Staff Writer of this newsletter!

She states, "My 1st official Military mug shot as a new enlistee! August 1993. Proud to have served my country and be a Veteran. Happy Veteran's day to my fellow soldiers who are serving and who once served!"

DARRYL FORD IS BACK!

PASTOR TERRENCE DEVEZIN AND PRESENTS



THE DARRYL FORD

RADIO & TV Experience!

STARTING NOVEMBER 22, 2021
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 4-6PM

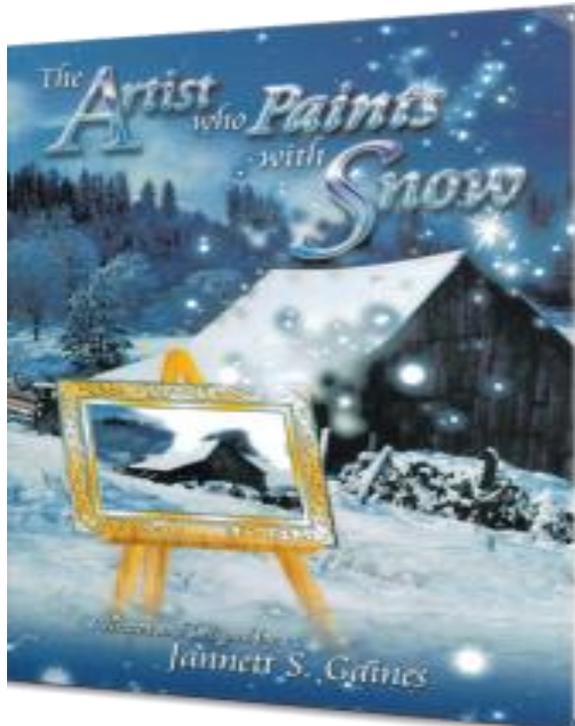
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Jannett S. Gaines newly released book...

The ARTIST who PAINTS with SNOW

Jannett S. Gaines is a genuine snow lover. She was born in Michigan, whose former state motto was “The Water-WINTER-WONDERLAND.” Gaines readily takes up for snow. She considers herself to be a snow advocate and defender.



DETROIT – With her debut publication, “The Artist Who Paints with Snow” (published by LifeRich Publishing), author Jannett S. Gaines invites readers to venture into the wonders of Snow.

Inspired by faith, this study presents a series of images of winter scenes and considers the question of the artist who created these scenes. Here, readers are asked to use their mind, heart and imagination to interact with the inspired observations of the writer.

The right hand side of the book presents an imagery of the artist's work where snow is used as a medium to paint. On the left, is the Snowflake Imagination Page where readers can write down any impressions or how they feel after reading the author's words.

The overall theme of the book is the power of a snowflake to change the course of individual lives and the environment, as well as the message that snow conveys individually and en masse. It will appeal to snow lovers and non-snow lovers alike. It can be used as a journal, a teaching tool or a therapy for the so-called “winter blahs.”

“The Artist Who Paints with Snow’ really is a must read. I emphasize ‘must’ because many people take snow for granted and many people are unaware as to the source of snow and the power snow has to change plans of people, the landscape of the earth, and how God uses snow for His purposes and to benefit mankind.”

[Click here to ORDER A COPY NOW](#)

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ISBN 13 (eBook): 9781489730312

Celebrating our...
49th Wedding Anniversary

1972 - November 4, 2021

Mr. Simmie Lee Burnside, Jr. and Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside



LORD, we give You all the Glory!

Congratulations...
Pastors Raymond and Tari Nsalange
9th Wedding Anniversary
2012 – November 2021

*Tari is one of Sandra Hickman's daughters.
They live in Australia.*



And now abide faith, hope, love, these three;
but the greatest of these is **love**.

1 CORINTHIANS 13:13 NKJV



New Song by Gospel Recording Artist...

Michael D'Aigle



DON'T LET FREEDOM DIE



Greetings to everyone near & far,

God gave me a song, and as I wrote the lyrics and composed the music - a sadness came over me that brought tears to my eyes. This song is a simple message to everyone living in the USA - and other countries as well - that freedom is not free. Our nation, America - has fallen; and we are going the wrong way - the wrong direction. The U.S.A. is in serious spiritual decline.

DON'T LET FREEDOM DIE

<https://www.reverbnation.com/fool4christ/song/32957321-dont-let-freedom-die>

God has shown me His heart, and allowed me to feel the deep sorrow and sadness that God has for America and is pleading with all of us - everyone - to turn from our wicked ways - and to repent - and to humble ourselves before Him for all of our sins and iniquities. The time is now for America to turn back to God in true repentance; before we reach a point where God will bring judgment on our nation for its many sins. I believe unless our nation truly repents and turns towards God - there will be a time that will shake the very foundation of this entire nation as never before. That time is very close at hand ...

Please listen to this song and ask God what He wants you to do at this time in our nation's history. If you are from another nation - please, please - pray for America and all of the people living here... Our nation is in great peril and in need of intercessors to lift her and its people up to God. Amen

2 Chronicles 7:14

"If My people who are called by My name will humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land."

In Jesus Name

Michael D'Aigle
a.k.a. fool4christ

You may find more music/videos/ministry at:
lightinthedarkministries.com
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**THANKING GOD FOR
A WARM HOUSE!**
By Ramelle T. Lee

*“O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
for his mercy endureth for ever,” (Psalm 136: 1 KJV).*

How quickly, things can change. This is what happened to me on Tuesday, November 2, 2021. It’s Election Day in the city of Detroit. The house began to feel chilly at 2:00 p.m. and I turned up the thermostat. However, the temperature was still registering below 54 degrees. I checked the furnace and the green light was not lid up. Hours went by and **NO HEAT WAS COMING THROUGH THE AIR VENTS.**

Houston, we have a problem! Finally, it was time for me to put on more layers of clothing and contact the furnace company and the gas company. The earliest time they could come to inspect the furnace was Monday, November 8th for one company or Wednesday, November 10, for the other company. I scheduled the earliest appointment date.

When I left home to stay with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Annette Lee, for several days, the



house was bone chilling cold. I prayed for God's protection over my house, the furnace, property and for me to safely reach my destination.

God was faithful to answer my prayers everything was resolved within a thirty-minute window, on the morning of November 8, 2021.

I'm so thankful and grateful for a warm house! Praise God for the many prayers that went out from those who were petitioned to pray for me. My heating problem was resolved without major cost or the need for replacement parts.

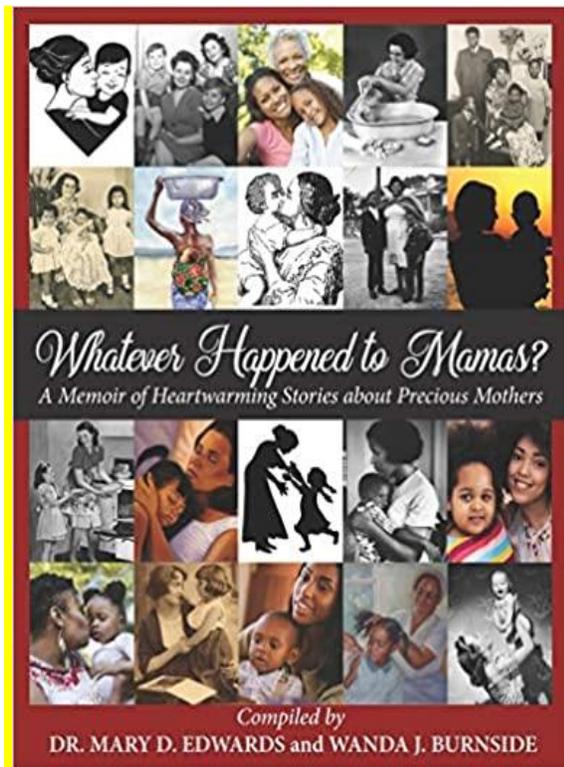
God is my PROVIDER! Yes, there were times that I felt anxious and uncertain about how my situation was going to be fixed. However, I had to trust God and trust the heating company to resolve my furnace issues.

PRAISING GOD, FOR A WARM HOUSE!

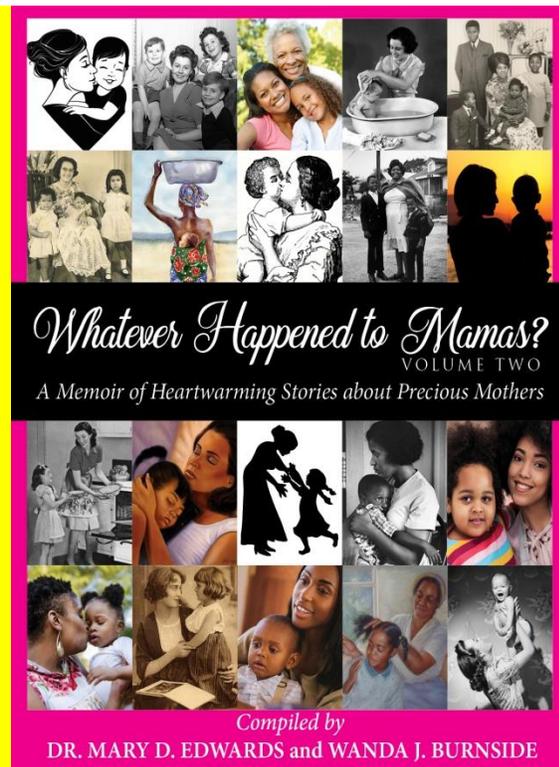


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Photo of Stuart Street Beach, Silver Sands Mandurah Western Australia



Sandra Hickman
Australia Ministry Leader
And Staff Writer

THE ONE WHO SEES ME

Amidst the giggling and splashing, I became acutely aware that we were now way over our depths, when suddenly— without warning something changed! I began to struggle in the water. My sister Gaye and her friend were further ahead in front of me, being pulled along by a strong current. ‘Carefree and Fun’ disappeared fast as fear set in! No matter how we tried, we just couldn’t turn around. Panic engulfed us! It was like being stuck on a treadmill unable to get off. I felt as though my body was not listening to my brain. We were caught in a rip tide!

Our mother always warned us, *"Don't go out too deep! Never go over your depth, stay in the shallows... listen to me girls... I am not joking! Never go past waist deep in the ocean."* But these were the wonder years. We thought life was invincible! We figured we were old enough.

I was 12 years of age, whilst both my sister and her friend were 14 years old. We felt so grown up! Now Mum’s warning was blowing away with the sea breeze as we swam farther out. I remember having mixed feelings of fear and excitement swimming out into the depths. I’d always been the cautious kid of the family, a bit unsure about the ocean, even though I was the stronger swimmer amongst us. Nevertheless, bobbing about in the water, we laughed and joked about what Mum would say if she ever found out. Yep! We knew we’d be in **trouble**— with a capital **“T”**!

In 1965, on the last day of school, God unknowingly used my year sixth grade teacher, Mr. Kirkpatrick, in a way that saved my life, along with the lives of my sister and her friend. He randomly instructed the class to sit quietly and listen. *“I know its summer and you'll all be off swimming at the beach. I want to tell you something about the ocean, about rip currents ...*

These currents are very strong, and they drag people out to sea. They are extremely dangerous!" With great deliberation he continued, *"If you get caught in a rip, you must never swim against it or you will tired out and become exhausted, you could drown. Never swim along with it as it will carry you out to sea. You must swim across it. Whatever you do, don't panic! Work out which way it's flowing, stay in line with the shore until you can swim across the current towards the land."* With furrowed brows he stressed, ***"I want you to remember this!"***

I never imagined the impact his profound words would soon have upon my life. When panic struck in the ocean, Mr. Kirk's words came flooding back, ***"...never swim against it, never swim with it, look to shore... swim across the current.....towards the beach."***

. . . These thoughts were hurtling through my head as water was filling my mouth. Each second felt like a lifespan. *"What should I do?"* Unintelligible prayers were beating somewhere in my heart as I was trying to process how to put my teacher's words into action. We were being dragged out deeper, the water looming darker, deeper and more dangerously beneath us! Terror gripped our minds, as our bodies were tiring. The other girls desperately tried to swim back towards me against the current, splashing wildly as choppy water rode over them.

"It's a rip, it's a rip!" I yelled frantically. *"Don't swim against it! We have to swim across it! Look at the shore ... try to get to the shore!"*

They were thrashing against the current, *"What? Sandra, what? I can't hear you!"* My sister yelled. Again, I shouted but they couldn't catch my words. Glancing wildly to the shore for some glimmer of hope, my heart surged as I saw two men with three young children standing on the shoreline. I had to do something! The rip was real, the danger and the fear were palpable!

In a split second decision, I set my sights on the shore and began swimming as best I could across the dragging current focusing on the beach as if it were a compass. Somehow, I finally broke free from the rip. I swam as fast as I could, sputtering and screaming loudly as waves swamped my face, and desperately hoping the men could hear me.

But, they were focused on their children. Our life threatening plight was going completely unnoticed. It seemed like they were miles away, my heart felt like it would explode! Then, finally, they heard me. Seeing how frantic I was, they knew there was some serious trouble. They immediately swam out to us.

As they got closer, I pointed backwards stammering, *"My sisterher friend....they're caught in a rip!"*

The older man shouted, *"Keep swimming to the shore!"* Relief flowed through me at the sound of his authoritative voice. It was kind of like hearing my dad, and knowing all would be well. My shaky knees sank gratefully onto the beach as I reached dry land.

God puts heroes in unexpected places. A classroom school teacher becomes God's messenger. Two strangers, placed like sentinels on the shoreline to rescue my sister and

her friend. The horrific thought of death and disaster was averted. Truly, God saved our lives! It was God's supernatural touching our natural! These three men were the fingerprints of God in our lives that day.

Reflecting back, I think of two Bible heroines, Esther and Hagar. In the book of Esther, God's name isn't mentioned once! Yet it is said His fingerprints are seen all throughout Esther's story. On the other hand, whilst Hagar's story is benevolently coupled with El Roi, 'the God who sees.'

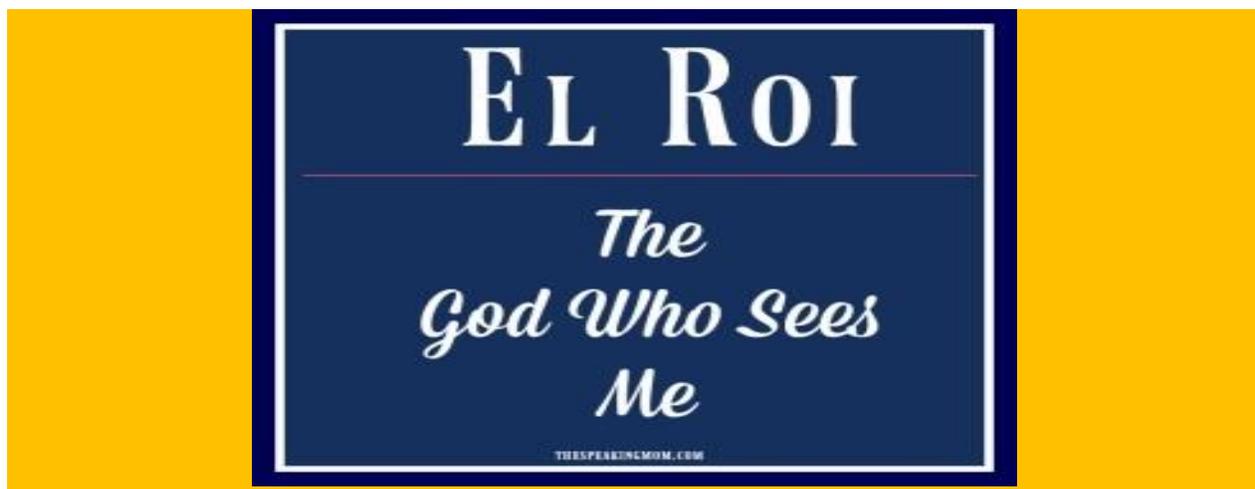
Just to think that HE saw me as a flailing twelve-year-old girl in the ocean that day still blows my mind. It has given me a faith which sees God's fingerprints everywhere. Even when I cannot see Him, I know He is always with me. The entire universe cannot contain Him, yet He resides in me! I never take for granted how different the ending could have been.

It's hard to think I wouldn't have grown up to become a mother, grandmother and great grandmother. When God saved me, He also preserved the generations of my family. We are currently serving God as pastors, preachers, church planters, prophets, seers, missionaries, evangelists, intercessors and writers, with more yet to take up their mantles.

Truly, God reached down and gathered our future in His hands, safeguarding His plans for us, which would have been lost with me in the ocean if not for God's intervention. Our imperfect, yet sanctified lives are the legacy of the unseen hand of God in the sea that day.

Joshua 24:15b *“But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”*
Genesis 16; Hagar and El Roi — the God Who Sees.

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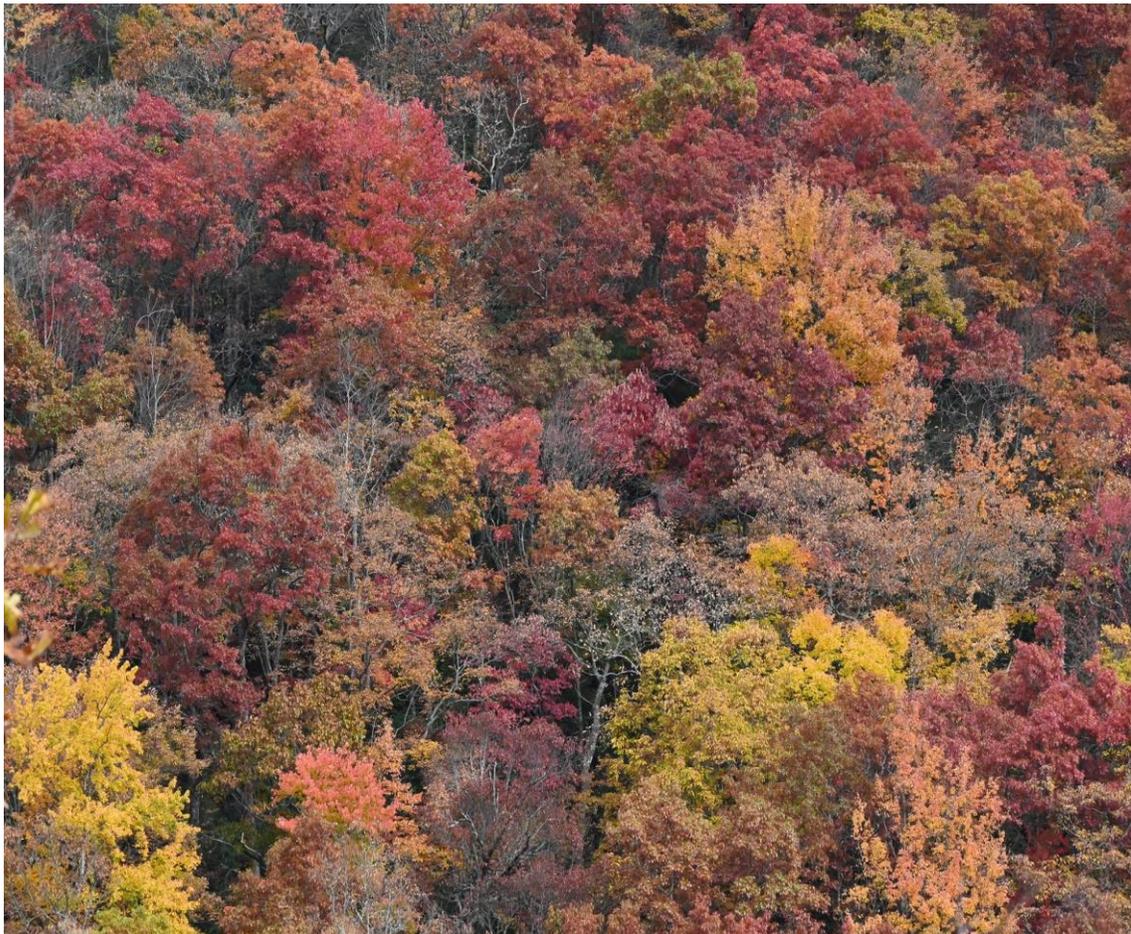
November fall colors picture of
trees in the North Georgia
Mountains

Photograph by,

Mr. Brian Toussaint

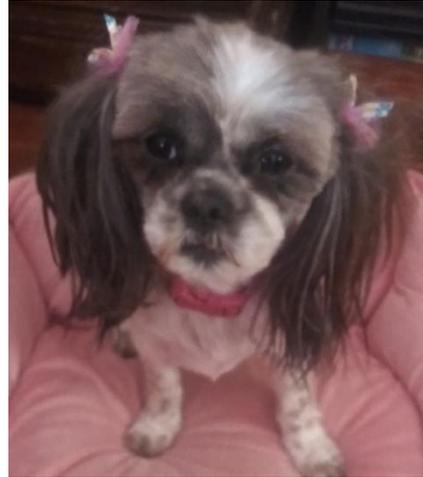
*Brian is the son of
Bruce and Carolyn Toussaint
He is married, a father
and grandfather.*

AUTUMN TREES





Mrs. Michele Barnes



Armani



A Very Thankful Thanksgiving

By Michele M. Barnes

May you and your family have a blessed Thanksgiving Day! It is not what you eat or who you eat with on that day. BE THANKFUL!



Enjoy your day!

A Thanksgiving Day Prayer

Dear Lord, we thank you for the many ways you bless our lives. We know that every good gift comes from your hands... and even though life is not always good, you are good all the time. We are grateful for your love and faithfulness and for meeting our every need. Please bless and keep safe all who we hold dear. May we live with an attitude of gratitude each day of the year and never take anything for granted. We thank you for Jesus, in whose name we pray. Amen

Debbie Kay, Hope For The Broken Hearted.com

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