



**Our 10<sup>th</sup> Year - 2008-2018**

# **THE LAMP NEWSLETTER**

*"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm 119:105 KJV).*

**MRS. WANDA J. MRS. WANDA J. BURNSIDE, Founder and Publisher**

*International Ministry Leaders:*

**MINISTER SANDRA HICKMAN, Australia**

**FIRST LADY CHRISTINE V. MITCHELL, the UK**

.....  
Contributing Writers: **AUTHOR RAMELLE T. LEE and MRS. MICHELE BARNES**

**MR. SIMMIE LEE BURNSIDE, JR., Manager**

**DR. MARY EDWARDS, Editor**



***HE LOVES ME ...***



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

Dear Readers,

Oh...do you remember your first kiss? I mean that kiss that made you tingle and feel like you were swept away! Let me tell you my own story... a love story.

In 1965 when I was only 15 years old and in high school, I got a kiss from a guy that I had the biggest crush on! Oh, my! He was really handsome, tall and all the girls stared at him. He was the star player on our basketball team. He wore the school's basketball sweater nearly all of the time. He caught my attention...he was cute...and so polite, too. Johnny had those eyes... that melt you away...oh...my... oh!

See, the real story is...he did not pay any attention to me. Johnny was a senior. This was his last year at our school. He was caught up in sports, sports, and more sports. So, he had those muscles and physique that made your heart beat triple fast. Now, as for me, I was involved in the academic things like the Future Teachers Club, French Language Club, National Honors Society, Honors English Class and other things like that. In fact, I was called a "Bookworm." Well, I guess I was...

Now you see there was one thing that we, Johnny, the basketball player, and I had in common and that was music. He was a saxophone player in our school band. I was a member in the school's choir. But, what good was that! The band was in the band pit and I was always standing in a choir robe on stage with the choir. There seemed to be no way he would ever notice or see me...

My brother, Rodger, was in the band, too. He could have helped to get Johnny to pay attention to me. Rodger played the coronet which is like a trumpet. Rodger was seated in the band near Johnny because Johnny was the saxophonist. But, Rodger was never a matchmaker, not even for his sisters... Regina and me!

My crush on Johnny got out of control, because the way I stared at Johnny made all of my friends and his friends know that I really liked him. I tried not to act stupid or weird around him. I didn't want him to know that I had deep feelings for him.

One day, when I was in the hallway giggling and teasing my girlfriends about something that we thought was so funny, I couldn't stop laughing. I pushed one of my girlfriends and told her to stop making me laugh so hard. She pushed me back and I bumped right into Johnny who was walking past us with several of his basketball team players. Then, I looked up, right into his face...and dropped all of my books out of my arms! I was shocked!

Johnny bent down and picked up my books with his strong hands; he held them in his muscular arms and smiled at me! Oh, Lord! He said, *"I'm sorry to bump into you. Here are your*

books." He handed them to me one by one, I nearly dropped them again! One of my friends reached and took them out of my weak hands.

I said, "No...I bumped into you...I'm...sorry."

"You did nothing...What is your name?" Johnny asked with a look in those eyes that melted me. I could not talk.

"Her name is Wanda....Wanda Palm," answered one of my friends to him. My girlfriends giggled.

"Wanda Palm? Palm?" said Johnny with a surprised look. "Palm! Your brother is Rodger Palm! He's in the band with me! WOW!" laughed Johnny, showing his beautiful white sparkling teeth.

"Yes...Rodger," is all that I could say.

"Well, I'll have to speak to my man, Rodger, your brother. He did not tell me he has a sweet and beautiful sister like you. How did I miss you?" Johnny said. He reached and took my hand...I nearly fainted!

I stood there...we stood there...Johnny, me, his friends and my friends. We were frozen in time...

"Hey Johnny, we've got to go! We got to get to the gym for practice. We've got a game this weekend!" said one of his friends.

"Come on man!" said another one of his buddies. His face was frowned up.

"Leave the little pretty princess alone, man! She's a freshman! Come on!" said a buddy, pulling on Johnny's arm.

I looked away from him. I was ashamed and hurt. "Thanks for picking up my books," I muttered in a low voice to Johnny. Then I start walking away with my girlfriends.

"Hey guys, go on without me. I'll catch up..." whispered Johnny to his friends. They laughed and joked around with him, but they did walk away.

"Wanda...wait...please..." said Johnny grabbing my hand again. "I want to talk to you."

I could not move. He gently pulled me close to him. Oh, my hand felt so small in his wide and thin hand. I looked around for my girlfriends...they were gone!

I looked up into his face. He looked down at me and said, "I've seen you around here at school. I wanted to stop and talk to you, but I never felt comfortable. You know, I couldn't see that happening because you're in all those honors classes and clubs. Me, I'm not. We're different, but I hoped somehow we could meet."

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't talk. I couldn't believe it.

*"I've got to go,"* Johnny said and then he bent down and kissed my hand. *"See you around. Can you give me your phone number?"* he shouted as he ran off to the gym for practice. He blew me a kiss and ran down the hall.

That is how we met. That was the beginning of us talking to each other at school in the hallways, lunchroom, outside of my study hall, after school and at music practice for the choir and band. However, we did not go on a date or outside events. Everything was at school.

Since Johnny was a senior and was about to graduate that year, things were tense. He had his basketball practices and games which were on the days of my activities. Then, there were the graduation plans going on for the seniors: meetings, sessions about graduating and the prom. We were two worlds apart.

But, one thing that brought us together was the school's Annual Spring Concert for April. This was close to Johnny's high school graduation. I looked forward to the rehearsals for the concert. We met and had time to chat. There were several rehearsals which were wonderful. My brother, Rodger, kept a watchful eye on us. I knew he was watching us, so he could tell on me to my parents.

They did not know about Johnny. If they knew that I was "associating" with an older guy that would be it! I made Rodger promise not to tell our parents. So far, he didn't.

The day finally came for our Annual Spring Concert. The school was decorated, students attended it, parents were there, friends came, relatives like grandparents, aunts and uncles came along and the entire school faculty was on hand, too. Back in those days, in the 60's, everybody dressed up. It was a special event.

Well, my parents and baby sister, Regina, were there for that night's grand event. Rodger was in the band and so was Johnny. I was in the choir and wore the usual red and white choir robe. The concert went along as planned. The music and various performances were very nice.

Then, one of my friends in the choir handed me a note. It read, *"Wanda, please help with the change for the decorations for the stage. Meet me in the balcony."* It was signed with one of my friend's name who helped with the decorations. I thought that it was odd, but somehow...I can't remember how...I left the choir and went to the balcony between a special musical performance. I took off my choir robe and left it in the hallway. I prayed that my parents did not see me.

As I walked down the hallway to the stairs to the balcony, two of my girlfriends came to help me. We went up the stairs and then opened the door to the balcony. It was dark. I barely could see. *"Come on, Wanda!"* whispered Alice.

*"Watch out!"* said Clara. Then they giggled.

In the distance...in the shadows of the dim light...I saw...Johnny! He walked towards me. *"Wanda...Wanda,"* he whispered.

*"Yes...it's me...Johnny?"* I said.

He reached out and took my hands. He slowly pulled me close to him. He was so tall...I felt so short.

*"Wanda, this was planned...for us...I want you to know...I love you,"* he said into my ear. *"I really do..."*

Then, he lifted my chin up and held it in his hand...then we kissed. It was a long, warm, moist, and tender kiss. He held me in his arms. Then, he lifted me up, held me...and kissed me again.

I did not want to stop, but...I said, *"Johnny, let me go...I must go..."*

*"Wanda, don't leave...don't!"* He said.

But, I did leave. I ran out of the balcony, opened the door and ran as quickly as I could down the stairs. I opened the door and...there were my parents and Regina, too! They were in the hallway having refreshments. I wanted to keep running right out of the school!

Well, I felt ill. I told my parents and they somehow got Rodger to come out of the band, so we could go home. Then, I saw Johnny coming my way. He came to me and said, *"What's wrong?"* I couldn't talk. I ran to my locker and got my coat. Regina came with me. Johnny came too. He helped me put on my coat. Before long, me and my family left the school and headed home.

I was sick and went to bed. Strangely, my mother came and sat on my bed. She said, *"Love can hurt."* I was shocked! She went on and said, *"You won't get over this. This is your first real feeling about love and so...have a good sleep. You've experienced what a man can give. It's precious, but not for you now. Good night, Wanda."*

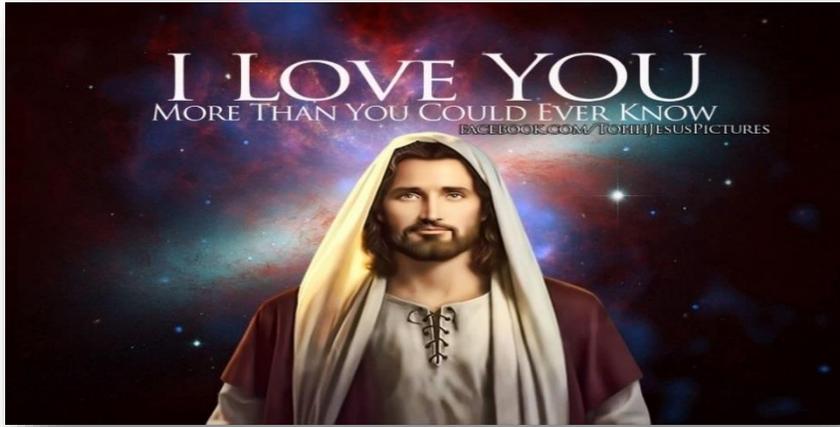
I was speechless. Who told mama anything? I could not bear that she knew! I started to cry.

*"I was young once, too..."* Mama said. *"He's here for now and not meant for later in your life. True love will come and last...not wanting more of you. There will be nothing on surface to attract you. It will be more from the heart and not from the eyes...what you see...but what you will need."*

Well, what Mama said was true. She died in 2002, 16 years ago. I married Simmie Lee, Jr. in 1972. What I need in my life, he gives from his heart.

However, most of all, I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ in 1955, when I was only 5 years old. Jesus is the Lover of my soul because He has never failed me. He isn't just for the eyes, but for my soul, heart, and total life. We have a special relationship. He provides for what I need.... now and forever. I LOVE YOU, JESUS!





## *The Lover of My Soul*

*By Wanda J. Burnside*



*I was so alone and afraid.*

*I never thought  
that anyone really cared...*

*For me...as I am...me  
...no pretending to be...*

*No trying to be...*

*No mask...*

*I can be free*

*I am broken*

*I am empty*

*I am afraid*

*I worry too much*

*I can't be what others want me to be*

*I can't do what others expect of me*

*I can't lay my feelings aside*

*I can't hide from what's inside*

*So, when I cried*

*I was not denied*

*The One who loves me  
The One who believes in me  
The One who cares about me*

*The One who died for me*

*Has come to me*

*And captured me*

*He rescued me*

*He freed me*

*He so loved me*

*So cared...*

*So wanted me...*

*Now, I am in His care*

*Forever in His arms*

*Forever...*

*In love with Him*

*For He came to live, die*

*and lives again for me*

*He is the Lover of my soul*

*He loves me and made me whole.*

*Thank You, Jesus!*

*Thank You, my Lord!*

*You are the One*

*Who I worship and adore!*



By Michele-Gardner Barnes

## There's No Greater Love Than God's Love

*"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you,  
ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you"*

(John 15:7 KJV).

In many places around the world, Valentine's Day is celebrated, which is only one day, February 14<sup>th</sup>. However, God's love provides a promise that covers **every day!** Yes, this is for ALL.

**However**, for those who have a commitment/relationship with Him there is more. This is because **He loves you!** No, not just for **one day**, No, **not just Valentine's Day**, but God's powerful love is available to bless you.

Oh, what a gift! A marvelous gift! What a blessing to be worthy of God's love! Hallelujah! Thank you Jesus! Where else can you find such a promise of **love**? Every day! God provides!



For years, I sang along with Diana Ross and Lionel Richie as they sang about an *"Endless Love."* Mariah Carey sings about the *"Greatest Love."* But I'm here to tell you, that there is a song above other songs that took me to the place I needed to be! That is with Gospel music artist, Bishop Rance Allen as he sang the words *"Something about the Name of Jesus."* This song blesses my heart! That's because whenever I wondered or was in doubt if God knew my heart or the burdens of my heart, I felt His love.

I knew to call on Jesus, for there is power in the Name of Jesus! This song empowers my heart! By the completion of the song, *"Something about the Name of Jesus,"* I feel that Jesus was not only near, but carrying me in His arms. Have you ever felt like you were in the arms of Jesus?

There were times that I was so weak that I believed only Jesus carried me through. Jesus **loves** me! Jesus **loves** you, too! Oh, *"The sweetest Name that I know"* as the words sang to my heart.

At that same time, I'm trying to live and believe the scriptures of:

- Samuel is a prayer of commitment.
- Mathews is a prayer of agreement.
- James is a prayer of faith.
- John is a prayer of confession.

For there are many more favorite scriptures, but these play a special role in my commitment, agreement, and faith. So, on this day and every day, I'm filled with so much **love** from God's mercy and His grace! I don't feel that I am always worthy, but I ask for forgiveness. God hears my cries!

For those who live alone, like me, as a widow or someone who is single, I'm yet walking with a smile. I am grateful to know the secret of fulfillment that depends totally on God. Oh, it is like the sun that greets us in the morning and the moon that glows protectively as we sleep. God's love will comfort us as we need Him. God's will is to every day provide what is needed for our lives!



*Enjoy this Valentine's Day  
and speak love to all you know!  
Share with them God's Words and promises,  
So, that they may abide and embrace each new day,  
For God's empowering love and words  
Will always light their paths!  
Copyright 2018*



## *Down Memory Lane*



**Christine V. Mitchell**  
**Staff Writer & UK Ministry Leader**



Love takes a trip down memory lane, sometimes with scenes of joy and pain. There are many kinds of love ~ the love of God, of people ~ friends, relatives and so on, love of things and much more. When life's events take a turn and separation takes place, it can be hard to deal with, all because of how much we love. Foods and treats are amongst the many natural things we love. For me, I absolutely LOVED chocolate! I really did. Well ~ this poem takes a trip down memory lane. I'll say no more!

### **My Chocolate Craze!**

One bite and I was had.  
There was no going back!  
"Take paper off!" I told my dad,  
When he showed me the pack.



A toddler then was I ~  
And far too small to know  
That from that tasty little bite,  
My appetite would grow!

It stayed with me, my crave,  
So when I went to the shop  
I'd count the pennies I had saved  
For my next "chocolate stop".



A bountiful array ~  
My eyes were open bright  
To Kit-Kat, Mars and Milky Way  
And pink Turkish Delight!



I loved them all ~ Mars, Flake,  
Bounty, Aero, Twix!  
Smarties, Crunchie, After Eight  
And Christmas stocking mix!

My appetite kept growing;  
I could not have enough.  
Naive was I, not knowing  
Life before me would be tough.

The taste was satisfying.  
I never would complain  
For there was no denying me,  
Come sunshine, snow or rain!

But what a disappointment ~  
As I was to find out  
When, later, my enjoyment  
Surely left me with no doubt.

In adulthood I had to leave  
My childhood chocolate days  
My body said "NO LACTOSE PLEASE"  
So there ended my craze!!

© 2012 Christine V. Mitchell



I love the way that GOD LOVES us, the way He works things out ~ even when it is hard to see it, in the upward journey of life and faith. Through all the ups and downs, appointments and disappointments, again and again, He proves His love. As I travelled down 'memory lane' during last year (2017), I was inspired to write this poem "Reasons", an expression of appreciation to the Lord for His WONDERFUL love. God is faithful. We can ALWAYS trust in His steadfast love.

## ~ Reasons ~

*I have reasons to be thankful  
For the many things You've done  
When I think about Your love for me  
Love that outshines the sun.  
I have reasons to reflect upon  
The path my life has taken  
The highs and lows, the trials and joys  
Times when I've felt shaken.*

*I have reasons why I've wondered  
Whether my feeble prayers were heard ~  
When time and again You were teaching me  
To trust Your holy word.  
So many are the reasons. Lord  
You could have turned away  
But everlasting love from You  
Surrounded me each day*

*Love that leads me to Your throne  
That never lets me go  
Love that sings a beautiful song  
And causes me to know  
There's a beauty in the shadows  
As the sun comes shining through  
That rainbows often follow showers  
With bright and colourful hues*



*That just around the corner Lord  
In tomorrows ~ not yet seen  
More love awaits me every day  
Because of Your beautiful dream  
A dream that's filled with thoughts of good  
Birthed by infinite love  
The love that sent Your Only Son  
To earth from heaven above*

*Love that says, "I am Your all  
Open Your eyes and see  
My child, the love I have for You  
Is for ALL eternity!"  
So I offer You this grateful song  
O Lord, my greatest Friend  
You're the reason I live and know for sure  
Your love will never end*



© 2017 **Christine V. Mitchell**

*"The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases"  
(Lamentations 3: 22-23, ESV)*





**Minister Sandra Hickman**

**Staff Writer & Australia Ministry Leader**

## *A Multi-Coloured World* *... The Colour of Love ...*



We live in a multi-coloured world. Not mono-chrome or black and white, not a beige one-size-fits-all society! We are not looking through rose-coloured glasses seeing everyone as one colour. We are God-coloured people, which are who Christians are. Either we believe that Jesus died once and for ALL, or we have screwed up our perception of ALL. Isn't ALL meant to be inclusive? And by wrong belief we put Him back on the cross, to die again... for what? Our misconceptions or refusals to believe the original purpose of the cross? Thank God that Jesus didn't die just for the Jews! Or we gentiles would be out in the cold frosty air ... or should I say the broiling heat of hell?

Every nation is coloured by their culture and looks. There is the white skin, blonde hair and blue eyes of Scandinavia in stark contrast to the blackest skin and tightest black curls of Sudanese Africans. The Australian

Aboriginal, the American Indian, the British Empire, the United States of America, Japanese and Asian people, the Middle Eastern and the Germanic races. There are many different people groups. And wasn't JESUS a Jew? HE connected the races of the world into the one Human Race.

This entire world is a kaleidoscope of colours and cultures, yet all people were all made under one heaven. Weren't all men created equal under one true God? Yet not all men seem to know this. The world has made pigeon holes for different races. At some level, we are all guilty of this. We have labeled the Scottish as being canny with their money and the Dutch as carrying a certain kind of attitude; the Australians as being too laid back for their own good; our Aussie catch-cry here is, "She'll be right mate!" no matter what. Human beings are made up of many differing races, skin tones, religions and cultures.

But when the ventricles of your spiritual heart begin pumping with the blood of Jesus, that same blood blots out all race, colour, dialect and culture! Blood-clots of goodness and acceptance will block the old former hardened hearts of this world, from allowing the dividing barriers of the nations being erected.

What Does It Mean To  
*Respond With*  
*Love*



In 2006, whilst serving as a missionary in Africa, I was invited to give a short word of encouragement to my black brothers and sisters. We were in a remote village, inside a tiny old and very humble white wooden church building located on a clearing out in a paddock of tall weeds. There was no electricity, only a lamp. The floors were just solid ground with its dust as a carpet. Our team was on a stage at the front, looking down at spiritually hungry faces all waiting for each of us to make a single meaningful statement to them. I felt the Lord inspire me to say this....*"Even though my skin is white and your skin is black, if we cut our skin don't we both bleed the same colour? Red? Jesus was a Jew and His blood was also red. And by His blood we were all made equal!"*

God knows, I personally hate racial prejudice and dividing cultures which arise to separate the world and sometimes, even the children of God. Whilst in Africa, coloured members of our team were denied accommodation in a guest house which was run by a "Christian" couple. They belonged to a large Church denomination established in South Africa. Only the whites were allowed to stay.

Christians, we now belong to the culture of Jesus! And that culture is universal; it is the culture of LOVE. The true Word of God becomes our cultural blueprint. National cultures will continue but they will no longer be a shameful obstacle. Now, we have to let Love adopt us. We must know that Love is relentless in its pursuit to adopt the whole world. Love will conquer all things. Love will drive out all terrorism and the ugliest and strangest world-cultures imaginable. Love will win! Love HAS conquered the devil and his temporary kingdom of darkness in this world. "Temporary"... because Love already won the victory at the cross of Calvary! Love single-handedly conquered hatred, racial divide, apartheid, cultural barriers and all hell-conceived lies about... "Who's the best?"

Love is the Soldier of heaven riding a white horse with "Faithful and True" emblazoned on His thigh! Love will be a beautiful sight to those who are waiting with their hearts open to receive His promise. But Love will be a dreadful and fearful vision to those who have been adopted by Hate and have no place for the one true Love! Let us, as the appointed lights of Jesus in this world be His true disciples, winning people for Christ by wearing 'His Colours' displaying the true culture of GOD'S LOVE.

*"Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in them  
~ Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing  
with one another in love ~ Above all, love each other  
deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins ~  
My command is this: Love each other as I have loved  
you." ~ Jesus ~*

*1 John 4:16; Ephesians 4:2; 1 Peter 4:8*



© >< 2017 SLH

# VALENTINE'S DAY

## *Many Times Produces Broken Hearts and Disappointments*



*While many celebrate Valentine's Day with activities with a sweetheart, lover, spouse, close friend or loved ones, there are numerous people hurting and feeling unloved. The hurting truly suffer great pain and sorrow. Since they are not included in these special celebrations, they feel rejected and abandoned.*

*On Valentine's Day, February 14, 1995, my husband, Simmie and I had a beautiful day together. He lavishly gave me roses, a box of candy, cards and gifts. I cooked a special dinner and baked our traditional chocolate heart-shaped cake. I had cards and gifts for Simmie, too. We had a wonderful evening.*

*However, that night, I received a phone call from a friend who was crying about how hurt she was because her boyfriend didn't take her to dinner for Valentine's Day. I tried to comfort her and told her that he must have a good excuse for not taking her out. Then, I received another phone call from one of my Sunday School students who was upset because when he arrived to his girlfriend's house another man was at her door with flowers and a large box of candy. I tried to calm him down and say the right thing and give him some good advice about what to do. After those two phone calls, others called with their hurting complaints and expressions of anger on Valentine's Day.*

*After I tried my best to bring soothing words to help those so deeply hurting, I cried...and cried. I sat on the couch in our living room...and prayed..."Lord, what more can I do?" Immediately He said, "Tell them and others...everyone...that My Love is MATCHLESS. There is no love like Mine. He whispered, "Matchless Love." His Spirit would not leave me... and so I sat there and wrote these words and scriptures below from God.*

*That was in 1995. It has been a ministry of outreach for 23 years. My husband and I have seen lives changed through His love. His love is Matchless. We have produced and distributed **more than 20,000 copies of this tract**. We also give gifts, flowers, candies and other items to bring hope and love to others here, across the United States, Canada, and around the world! The testimonies have been amazing! Praise God.*

---

---

## ***Matchless Love***



It is not ***mythical***  
(An invented story; an imaginary thing)

Neither is it ***mystical***  
(Spiritual ecstasy with secret, strange religious rites)

Although it is ***mysterious***  
(Incomprehensible)

It is so ***Miraculous...***  
(Supernatural extraordinary)

And so ***Marvelous!***  
(Wonderful, Astonishing)

that Almighty God, the Creator of:  
the spectacular Universe  
in its splendor;  
the wondrous Heavens  
in all its magnificence  
and the incredible, flourishing Earth,  
with its grandeur;  
created us to have fellowship  
and a personal relationship with Him!



by ***Wanda J. Burnside*** © 1995

---

---

## ***Herein is Love...***



“But God commendeth His  
love towards us, in that,  
while we were yet sinners,  
Christ died for us”  
(Romans 5:8 KJV).

“Herein is love,  
not that we loved God, but that  
He loved us, and sent His Son  
to be the propitiation for our sins”  
(I John 4:10 KJV).

“For God so loved the world,  
that He gave His only begotten Son,  
that whosoever believeth in Him,  
should not perish,  
but have everlasting life”  
(St. John 3:16 KJV).

“We Love Him,  
Because He First Loved Us”  
(I John 4:19 KJV).



## *The Ultimate*

by Wanda J. Burnside



*Who carefully folds each rose  
Into a very tiny bud?  
And tenderly watches them unfold  
In bloom with such love?*

*Who adds the roses' array of colors  
And selects their many shades?  
Who cares just how they are  
Shaped, formed and made?*

*Who chooses each rose's sweet fragrance  
That allures us and attracts the bees?  
Who takes the time to put on  
Every rose's shiny green leaves?*

*Who placed each piercing, prickly thorns  
On their slender stem?  
O, it is our Almighty God!  
For there is none like Him.*

*A rose and all of God's creations  
Are a magnificent marvel to behold.  
But you are far more beautiful and unique  
Then any spectacular prized rose!*

*For in God's own image  
You were formed and made.  
You are far more spectacular than a rose!  
He so loved you that His Ultimate He gave!*

*Not for an amazing and beautiful rose  
Did God give His Supreme Sacrifice,  
Or for any other of His creations  
Did He give His Only Son's life!*

Copyright 2004



## *Cling to God's Hope*

by Ramelle T. Lee



*God knows when your heart is weary.*

*Stay ever close to the Father.*

*He will wash your cares away.*

*Build your hope in God.*

*Let Jesus handle all of your sorrows.*

*He will wipe your tears away.*

*Carry the load no more.*

*Release the shame.*

*Release the blame.*

*Release your cares to Jesus.*

*God will never fail you.*

*Lighten that burden off your shoulders.*

*Allow the Holy Spirit to hover over you.*

*Breathe in the freshness of God's Word.*

*Let the peace of God usher in joy.*

*Let the peace of God replace your  
anxiety.*

*God answers prayer.*

*Let the healing begin.*



The best way  
to heal a  
broken heart  
is to give God  
all the pieces.

*Relax in the atmosphere of His presence.*

*Quench your thirst at His refreshing  
streams.*

*Drink in new hope.*

*God will take you to a place of rest.*

*Stay in His presence.*

*Jesus will fill the corners of your heart,  
with His healing balm.*

*He will save you from yourself.*

*Praise Him right where you stand.*

*Now... you have been made whole  
again!*

© 2004



**Author Ramelle T. Lee**  
**Contributing Writer**



# **BLACK** **HISTORY** **MONTH**

***Read the following***  
***AMAZING TRUE STORIES***  
***about the Escape and Survival***  
***of these Slaves in America***



***\*\*\* Information provided online through Google search \*\*\****

## BRIDGET MASON



### THIS DAY IN BLACK HISTORY

August 15, 1818 was the birth date of `Bridget (Biddy) Mason'. Born into slavery in Mississippi, Mason walked 1,700 miles behind her master's wagon traveling to Utah, and later California. Since California was a free state, Biddy contested her slave status in court and won freedom for her and her family. After she gained her freedom, Mason became a wealthy real estate investor and well-known philanthropist.

## WILLIAM and ELLEN CRAFT



**William Craft and his wife, Ellen Craft.**

*(She is pictured above in the black hat and gray suit)*

For sheer creativity and daring, few slave escapes can match the 1848 getaway masterminded by William and Ellen Craft. The two had married in Macon, Georgia, in 1846, but were held in slavery by different masters. Terrified of being separated, they devised an ingenious plan to flee the Deep South for Philadelphia.

The light-skinned Ellen cut her hair short, dressed herself in men's clothing and wrapped her head in bandages to pose as an injured white man. William, meanwhile, assumed the role of her loyal black manservant. On December 21, 1848, the Crafts donned their disguises and boarded a train to begin the long journey North.

The scheme seemed doomed from the very start after Ellen found herself sitting next to a close friend of her master, but her elaborate costume prevented her from being recognized.

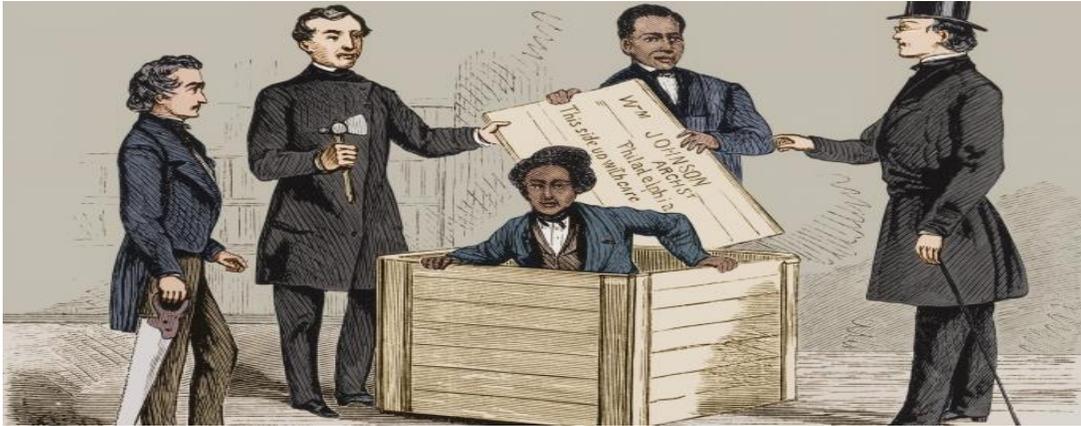
The Crafts spent the next several days traveling by train and steamer through the South, lodging in fine hotels and rubbing elbows with upper class whites to maintain their cover. Since she could not read or write, Ellen placed her arm in a sling to avoid signing tickets and papers, but her ruse was nearly found out when a Charleston steamer clerk refused to sell the pair their tickets without a signature. Luckily for the Crafts, the captain of their previous ship happened to pass by and agreed to sign for her.

The Crafts arrived in Philadelphia on Christmas Day and were sheltered by abolitionists before continuing on to Boston. Fearing slave hunters, the couple later set sail for England, where they wrote a popular account of their escape and raised a family.

Before the 13th Amendment officially abolished slavery in 1865, tens of thousands of American slaves went to extraordinary lengths to liberate themselves from bondage. Along with using support networks like the Underground Railroad, these runaways also devised their own ingenious and often surprisingly elaborate getaway schemes.

From a slave who mailed himself to freedom to a husband and wife team of impostors, learn the true stories behind five of American history's most audacious slave escapes.

# HENRY “BOX” BROWN

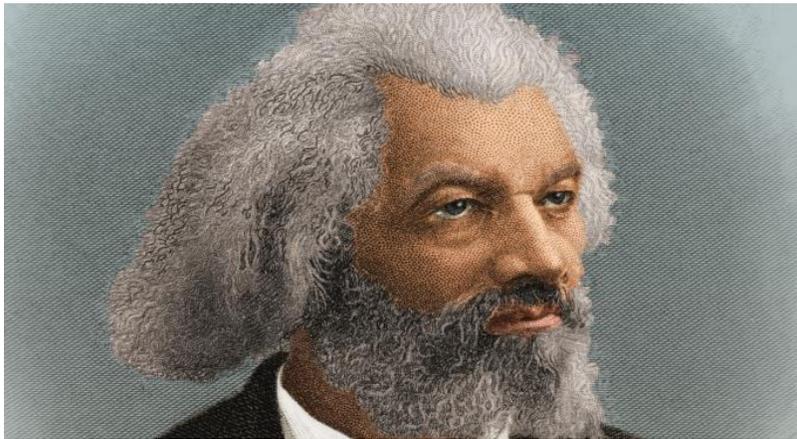


After his wife and children were sold and shipped away to another state in 1848, Virginia-born Henry Brown resolved to escape slavery by any means necessary. With the help of a free black and a white shopkeeper, he hatched a desperate plan to ship himself from Richmond to Philadelphia in a wooden crate. On March 23, 1849, Brown wedged himself into a three by two-foot box labeled “dry goods” and settled in for a long journey via wagon, steamboat and railroad to the home of abolitionist James Miller McKim. He only had a few biscuits and some water as supplies, and during one leg of the trip, his crate was placed upside down on the deck of a steamship. Brown was left sitting on his head for 90 minutes, his eyes “swelling as if they would burst from their sockets.” He nearly passed out before two unsuspecting passengers flipped the box over to use it as a seat.

Brown arrived safely in Philadelphia after 27 grueling hours inside the cramped confines of the box. His incredible story made him a minor celebrity in New England, but he was soon forced to flee the country after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. “Box” Brown later spent several years in Great Britain hosting a stage act that documented his escape. He eventually returned to the United States in 1875 and worked as a magician. As part of each show, he would climb into the same wooden crate that had once carried him to freedom.

*Sponsored by IMVU*

# FREDERICK DOUGLASS



In September 1838, 20-year-old slave Frederick Douglass fled his job as a Baltimore ship's caulker and boarded a train bound for the North. The young bondsman was disguised in a sailor's uniform provided by his future wife, Anna Murray, and carried a free sailor's protection pass loaned to him by an accomplice. He desperately hoped the papers would be enough to lead him to freedom, but there was a major obstacle: he bore hardly any resemblance to the man listed in the documents. When the conductor came to collect tickets and check the black passengers' papers, Douglass was nearly overcome with trepidation. "My whole future depended upon the decision of this conductor," he later wrote. Luckily for Douglass, the man only gave the phony sailor's pass a cursory glance before moving on to the next passenger.

Douglass would endure even more close calls as he made his way north by train and ferry. He encountered an old acquaintance on a river-boat and was nearly spotted by a ship captain he had once worked for. After several tense hours, he arrived in New York, where he hid in the home of an anti-slavery activist and rendezvoused with Murray. The couple later moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where Douglass established himself as one of the nation's leading abolitionists. He remained a fugitive slave under the law until 1846, when supporters helped him purchase his freedom from his former master.

## ROBERT SMALLS



Robert Smalls' incredible flight to freedom began in 1862, when he was working as a wheelman aboard the Confederate steamer CSS Planter in Charleston, South Carolina. When the Planter's white crew took an unauthorized shore leave in the early hours of May 13, Smalls and several accomplices sprang into action. After commandeering the ship, the slaves picked up their families at a rendezvous point and steamed into Charleston Harbor with Smalls at the helm disguised in the captain's coat and hat. Smalls knew both the ship and the mine-infested harbor like the back of his hand, and he was able to give the proper signals to win safe passage by Fort Sumter. Once out of the Confederate guns' firing range, he poured on the speed and made a mad dash for the Union blockade. Arriving under the white flag of surrender, the crew of runaways joyously offered up their ship to first U.S. Navy vessel they encountered. "Good morning, sir!" Smalls shouted to the astonished captain. "I have brought you some of the old United States' guns, sir!"

Smalls and his fellow escapees were hailed as heroes in the North, and their courage and cunning were held up as evidence that blacks could make good soldiers. Smalls later helped recruit as many as 5,000 blacks for the Union war effort and served as the pilot and then later the captain of the Planter after it was refitted as a U.S. Navy vessel. After the war, he returned to South Carolina, bought his former master's house and went on to serve several terms in the U.S. House of Representatives.

## HARRIET JACOBS

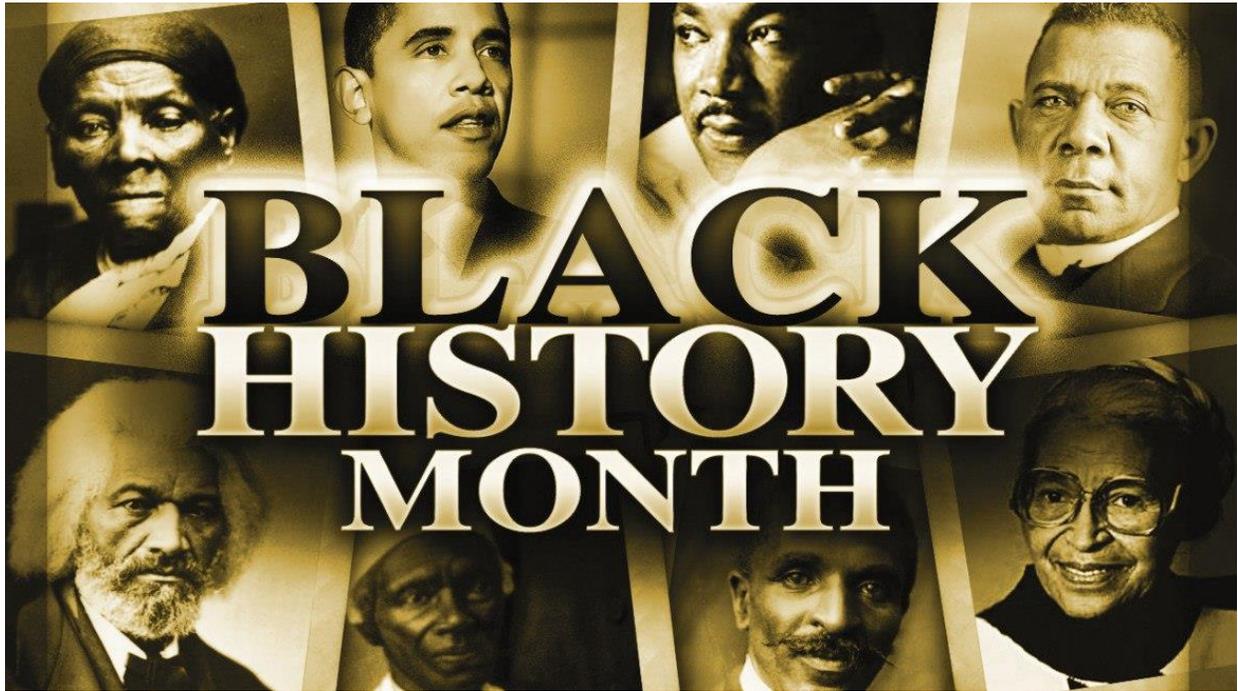


For Harriet Jacobs, escaping slavery meant hiding for several years in a prison of her own devising. Born a slave in North Carolina, Jacobs spent her teenage years living in fear of a cruel master who refused to let her marry and made repeated and increasingly brutal sexual advances toward her. When the harassment continued even after Jacobs had two children by another man, she resolved to make a break for freedom. In 1835, she fled her plantation and briefly hid in some friends' houses. Knowing her chances of making it to the North were slim, she eventually holed up in a small attic crawlspace in her grandmother's home. The rat-infested room was tiny—only nine feet long and seven feet wide, with a sloping ceiling that never reached higher than three feet—and Jacobs later wrote that it offered “no admission for either light or air.” Nevertheless, she would spend an astonishing seven years living in the coffin-like space, watching her children play in the yard through a small peephole and only leaving for brief periods of nighttime exercise.

Jacobs finally made her escape to the North in 1842, after a friend helped her secure passage on a boat bound for Philadelphia. From there, she proceeded by train to New York and reunited with family members. She spent the next few years working in New York and Boston but remained wary of being captured by her former master until friends helped arrange her purchase and manumission. Jacobs later became an influential abolitionist and published a searing account of her ordeal called “Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl.”

*\*\*\* Above information provided online through Google search \*\*\**

---



***I NEVER KNEW THIS!***

***What about you?***



She Was the  
Richest Black  
Girl in the World  
and It's a Shame  
We Barely Know  
Her Name

Did you Know?

Sarah Rector--By the age of 10, she became the richest Black child in America. She received a land grant from the Creek Nation as part of reparations. Soon after, oil was discovered on her property. By 1912, the revenue from this oil was \$371,000 per year (roughly \$6.5 million today). Despite various attempts to steal her land and fortune, Sarah resisted. She went on to attend Tuskegee University and eventually settled in Kansas City, Missouri where her mansion still stands.

## Girl Power

### **Readers.....**

***Tell us your amazing family story!***

*We would love to feature yours in one of our coming issues of THE LAMP NEWSLETTER. This is a great opportunity to showcase someone in your family who has accomplished something that is unique or different. This is opened to all.*

*Tell us about your grandparents, an aunt, an uncle or any relative.*

***Write your story in 1,000 words or less.***

*Email it to us with a copy of their photo to [wvision@hotmail.com](mailto:wvision@hotmail.com)*

***Deadline: March 31, 2018.***



Ramelle Lee, Wanda Burnside and Simmie Lee Burnside, Jr.

## **TREASURES from HEAVEN MINISTRIES: OUR 2017 CHRISTMAS OUTREACH**

*We were so very busy last Christmas. Since 2011, we had a Christmas bazaar. However, things did not work out for us to have it in 2017. We prayed and sought God for what to do. He showed us the various needs to give our ministry products to hundreds during the holiday. He told us, "You will reach MORE and MORE!"*

*God truly blessed us to diligently work each day in December to purchase Christmas items to bless others. It was amazing! We worked like never before to meet the various demands for people: men, women, children and the youth. We thank the Lord for the overflowing ministry products that went out during the entire month of December to:*

- **Brenda Puckett, COTS Mothers and Children. Coalition on Temporary Shelter**
- **Deborah Foster, Veteran Sisters Ministry (for female military veterans)**
- **Widows with Wisdom, Dr. Mary Edwards, Founder**
- **Minister Vinetta McBride, Tent City Homeless Outreach Ministry**
- **Carol Gardner, Children's Sunday School class at Going Forth Ministries**
- **Superintendent Elder Rodger Palm's Sunday School Dept. for their Bible Scholar award gifts at Greater Miller Memorial C.O.G.I.C.**
- **Rev. James Cameron and congregation of New Bethlehem Baptist Church**
- **Rev. Randolph Thomas, Sunday School Dept. at Greater Bethlehem Baptist Church**



*Dearest Minister Sandra Hickman and Family,*

*May this great holiday be a time of glorious celebration!*

*We are thankful that God united us. Our friendship is amazing and special. May God's blessings, protection, peace and provisions always cover Australia. Let liberty be shared and guarded everywhere across this beautiful land. May the rich pride for your country continue from generation to generation.*

*Sandra, we love you. You are truly dear to us. Happy Australia Happy!*

*Coming Soon...*

***THE LAMP NEWSLETTER  
WEBSITE!***

*It will feature  
previous and current issues  
of our newsletter and  
other information!*



***Our launch date is in  
March 2018!***



*Christine V. Mitchell  
Manager & Designer*



## *The Man in My Life*

**Dr. Mary Edwards**  
**Editor**



In less than one year after this was written, I met Rev. Eddie K. Edwards. We met in June 1982. He proposed in July. We were married on 10/16/82. Sweetest Day. God knew He could trust me with another man. When Jesus becomes our everything, He gives us everything. God's Son Jesus is more than just one of my associates. He's more than just a friend. In July 1976, we got married. He became my Bridegroom, and I became His bride. Since then, He has been The Man in my life. I love Jesus more today than I did 40 years ago. This is my story and I'm sticking to it.

When I married Jesus, I promised to love, honor and obey Him. Not just when things were going my way, but also when I didn't like the way things were going. I made a vow and I won't take it back.

When Jesus married me, it was for better or for worse. I thank God for Jesus' undying love. His love never changes. If I put on a little weight, Jesus still loves me. If my complexion is not as clear as it should be, Jesus still loves me. If I have a little dandruff, Jesus still loves me. If I lose my hair or it turns grey, Jesus still loves me. If I were knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, I could still rely on the love of Jesus. Maybe I talk funny. That's all right. Jesus understands my dialect. Maybe I don't always dress right. Jesus still loves me. Even when I don't always act right, Jesus still loves me. When I get lonely, He takes me in His arms and comforts me. Sometimes I forget to tell Him that I love Him. His love is unconditional. He still loves me.

Not only is the Man in my life The Perfect Bridegroom, but He meets all of my other needs as well. If I need a doctor, He's the Chief Physician. If I get in trouble, He's my Lawyer and pleads my case. Not only does He plead my case, He's also the Righteous Judge and makes no wrong decisions. They are always in my favor. He's

my Business Manager and my Banker. He's my Bread and my Butter. He's my Auto Mechanic.

He's my Lord and my Tailor. He's my Dwelling Place. He's my Confidante, and never tells my secrets. He's my Therapist and Public Relations Manager. He's my Body Guard and fights my battles for me. He teaches me and gives me understanding in all things. He's my Alarm Clock and my Sleeping Pill.

Not only does He meet my needs, He's so romantic. He's always whispering sweet things to me in that still small voice of His. And when I'm feeling down and out, I can always read one of His love letters to me. Talk about True Romance: The Man in my life has given me a whole book of love letters! He never brings me flowers. He doesn't have to. HE'S the Rose of Sharon and The Lilly of the Valley. He doesn't have to bring me candy for HE'S the Honey and the Honeycomb. When He kisses me, I can be sure it's a Holy kiss! There's only one word for our lovemaking – Agape! There's no end to our lovemaking. It goes on and on and on. He doesn't have to take me to the dance. We make good music together right where we are. We don't go out to dinner. He's The Feast and The New Wine.

Are you jealous and green with envy yet? Tell the truth. It's permissible. If so, you don't have to be. I'm not selfish. I'll share The Man in my life with you. It's not every woman that will share her husband with someone else. But I'm willing because Jesus wants to do the same thing for you. He's no respecter of person. It doesn't matter if you are male, female, young or old. He wants to be The Man in YOUR life. If you are not His bride yet, please continue reading and accept His proposal today. If you are already married to Jesus, share this message with someone else.

**Sinner's Prayer:** Lord Jesus, I need You. Thank you for dying on the cross for my sins. I open the door of my life and receive You as my Savior and Lord. Thank you for forgiving my sins and giving me eternal life. Take control of the throne of my life. Make me the kind of person You want me to be. Amen.

*NOTE: 40 years after this was written, I love The Man in my life even more.*



## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside,  
Founder and Publisher, THE LAMP NEWSLETTER  
Write the Vision Ministries and Media Productions, International  
P.O. Box 125, Dearborn, MI 48121-0125

**Phone:**

**(1)-313-491-3504**

**Email:**

**[wtvision@hotmail.com](mailto:wtvision@hotmail.com)**

**LinkedIn, Facebook, Twitter, Goodreads  
and  
[www.thecalledandreadywriters.org](http://www.thecalledandreadywriters.org)**

