

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER

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

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She was a REAL... Whosoever!



Dear Readers,

Isn't it funny how some things and some people just never leave your memory? We hold on to past memories for various reasons. When we keep those memories in our hearts and minds they live on. They have a special place in our lives.

Well, I have a memory of someone who stayed in my heart and mind for years. This person was a neighbor who made a big impression on me, my family, our neighborhood and wherever she went in Detroit and beyond. She was truly a very, very...VERY, VERY UNIQUE lady. Now, using the word "lady" is being kind and respectful to her...



In the 1960's, when I was growing up at home with my family, our neighbor, who I will call Mrs. Turner, was a character. This is putting it mildly. My dear mama used to shudder and hide at the sound of Mrs. Turner's loud thunderous voice and her wild uncontrollable laughter. My mama was a delicate, polite, charming, and gracious person. Mama was kind, tenderhearted, caring, well-mannered, gentle, just and very respectable. Most of all, she was a truly upright woman of God. Also, she was a missionary and a preacher's wife.

Now, Mrs. Turner was THE TOTAL OPPOSITE of everything that I said about my mama! In our neighborhood, Mrs. Turner would shout as loud as she could to people walking down our nice neighborhood block. She screamed at anybody who had done something that she was upset with. She cursed all of the time and made sure you knew she was using all of those ugly curse words to straighten you out. Mrs. Turner cursed at men, women and even children who made her mad.

On sunny days, she would sit on her front porch and yell over to other neighbors to either give them a piece of her mind or to ask them if they had some beer. Of course, the beer was for her. She didn't care if she had a bottle of beer or wine in her hand in the early morning, afternoon, evening or late in the midnight. One or the other; it didn't matter.

Our neighbors were people who kept up their property, cut their beautiful green grass, picked up any trash off their lawns. They helped other neighbors to keep the well-kept neighborhood gleaming. However, Mrs. Turner *Was Not* interested in being a housekeeper or a "good neighbor." She spent most of her time playing cards on her front porch with a group of drinking buddies that she invited over for a Friday night into Sunday all-day battle of vicious and loud card games. The music was loud. They were all loud....and of course, Mrs. Turner was the loudest voice of all!

If she thought one of those buddies were trying to cheat in their card playing, she would scream out, *"FOOL! WATCH IT! I'VE GOT ALL OF MY EYES ON YOU!"* Then, if she lost the game, a fight would break out! You could hear her shouting, *"WHERE'S MY GUN? LET ME GET MY HANDS ON IT!"* Next you would hear gunshots fired in the air... *"BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!"*

Mama and Daddy would tell my brother Rodger, Regina my sister and me to stay away from the windows. They warned us to not peek out at what was going on down at Mrs. Turner's house, but Regina and I could never resist tipping over to one of the windows in our parents' bedroom, gently push back one of the sheer white curtain panels, slowly pull up the shade and look outside. We saw people jumping off of Mrs. Turner's front porch and running down our street! They were running for their lives!

Mrs. Turner's wild, party, drinking and fighting life kept the police at her house and driving down our street. Sometimes she would be handcuffed and dragged down her stairs then pushed into the police car and swept away to the police station. However, within a few hours, she was back home yelling and cursing outside. Of course, she had a bottle of something up to her lips!

Other times, the police came to her house to take other people away in the police car. Something was always going on down at her house. Mrs. Turner did her share of knife fights, cracking bottles of wine or beer on somebody's head, and shooting a man or woman in their buttocks with a Beebe gun. Some way and somehow, she got out of any charges to keep her locked up!

A Turn

One thing that Mrs. Turner loved to do besides drink, fight and cuss was to sing. She sung loudly so you had to either hear her or run into your house and shut all the doors and windows to try to block her voice. She loved to sing Aretha Franklin's songs, the blues and Motown songs. You could catch her dancing, swinging her purse into the air and then losing her balance...and falling down...on the sidewalk. Sometimes she would lay there unto somebody came, picked her up and carried her down to her front porch to sleep if off.

My parents were deeply concerned about Mrs. Turner. Daddy, who was a deep-rooted *"Sanctified Gospel Preacher,"* as he always said, boldly confessed the Word of God and prayed about Mrs. Turner. Daddy worked during the day while Mama stayed home and

took care of things, which included us three children. When he came home from work, Mama whispered and told him about some of the things Mrs. Turner did that day. They both agreed she needed God's help.

It seemed as if from the day that they showed that great interest in Mrs. Turner, things sort of changed.

Mrs. Turner was a big flirt. She loved showing off her curves in front of men. She wore mini-mini skirts and an array of low halter tops in the summer. She might as well have worn a bikini swimsuit! Along with that, she wore the highest heeled shoes, too!

One day, I was sitting on the front porch when I saw Mrs. Turner. She pranced up and down the street wearing those clothes...and she got the whistles and stares, too! My daddy happened to be cutting our grass when she came down to our house. She said, *"Hello, Baby!"*

Daddy stopped pushing the lawn mower and said, *"I am Elder Minor Palm, Jr.! I am a Sanctified Gospel Preacher. I am a married man! I have a wife and children. I don't need a Jezebel! Go on!"*

"What? Did you tell me to go to hell?" shouted Mrs. Turner with her hand on her hip.

"No, I did not!" angrily yelled my father. *"Go home and put some clothes on! You are a LADY! Have some respect for yourself."* Daddy stood there and looked right at her.

Mrs. Turner looked at him. She dropped her head. She cried and ran down to her house. Daddy just continued to cut our grass.

A Change

A few days after that exchange with my father, Mrs. Turner was walking down the street with a skirt on that covered her knees. She had on a sweater on top of her halter top. Everything was covered up. I could not believe it! Regina told her she looked beautiful and then said, *"You always look beautiful."*

Mrs. Turner was touched by what Regina said and from that moment on, Mrs. Turner showed great kindness to Regina by speaking softly to her. She still cursed and fussed at everybody else, but Regina won a soft spot in her heart. Regina even sung her church songs when Mrs. Turner stopped to speak. Mrs. Turner always cried.

Now, our family went to church all of the time. We went on Sundays all day and to the week-day services on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights. Mrs. Turner sat on her porch and watched us drive off to church.

My parents asked her to come to church with us, but she said, *“Not yet.”* Then, a couple of months later, she was dressed-up and walked around to the little church on the next block. Sunday after Sunday she would go to that church.

Yet, she still drank and fought throughout the week and weekends...except for Sundays!

A New Life

Mrs. Turner tried to stay away from her drinking buddies and the outburst of fights. The police still came down to her house and sometimes...sadly; she was in the police car a few more times! But, life for her had changed.

One day, she ran down to our house and banged on our door as hard as she could. My mother was afraid to open the door. Mrs. Turner said, *“Mrs. Palm! Mrs. Palm! I’ve got my kids back! They’re coming home with me!”*

Mama opened the door and Mrs. Turner grabbed her. *“I’ve got them back! I’m gonna try to be a good mama like you!”*

Mama and Mrs. Turner sat on our porch and she told Mama about how the court had taken her children away from her for one thing or another. What a surprise to find out she had five children! Mrs. Turner cried and Mama did, too.

That evening when Daddy came home, Mrs. Turner ran out of her house to meet him. He was trying to park the car. He stepped out of the car and politely said, *“Good Evening, Mrs. Turner.”*

She said, *“Reverend, pray for me! Pray now! Tomorrow I get to try to be a mama again. Pray.”*

Daddy took her by her hand and walked her to our grass and prayed. Mrs. Turner cried and groaned so loudly. She groaned and groaned. Daddy prayed and prayed. Mrs. Turner shouted out, *“Lord, I AM YOUR CHILD!”*

REDEEMED!

My parents, Regina, Rodger and I had a special love for Mrs. Turner. We saw her try her best to work with her children. She had some real struggles and tests to stop all of her crazy and wild behavior. Satan did not want her to have victory! We continued to pray for her and her children. Mrs. Turner MADE her children go to church and serve as ushers and singers in the choir. She MADE THEM finish school and either get a job or go to college. They did! Mrs. Turner was the proudest mother I've ever known.

Mrs. Turner always was found singing church songs as she walked to the store, visited friends, went to her children's school and walked to church. **Yes, Mrs. Turner was a real Whosoever!** See the Bible clearly states in John 3: 16 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."

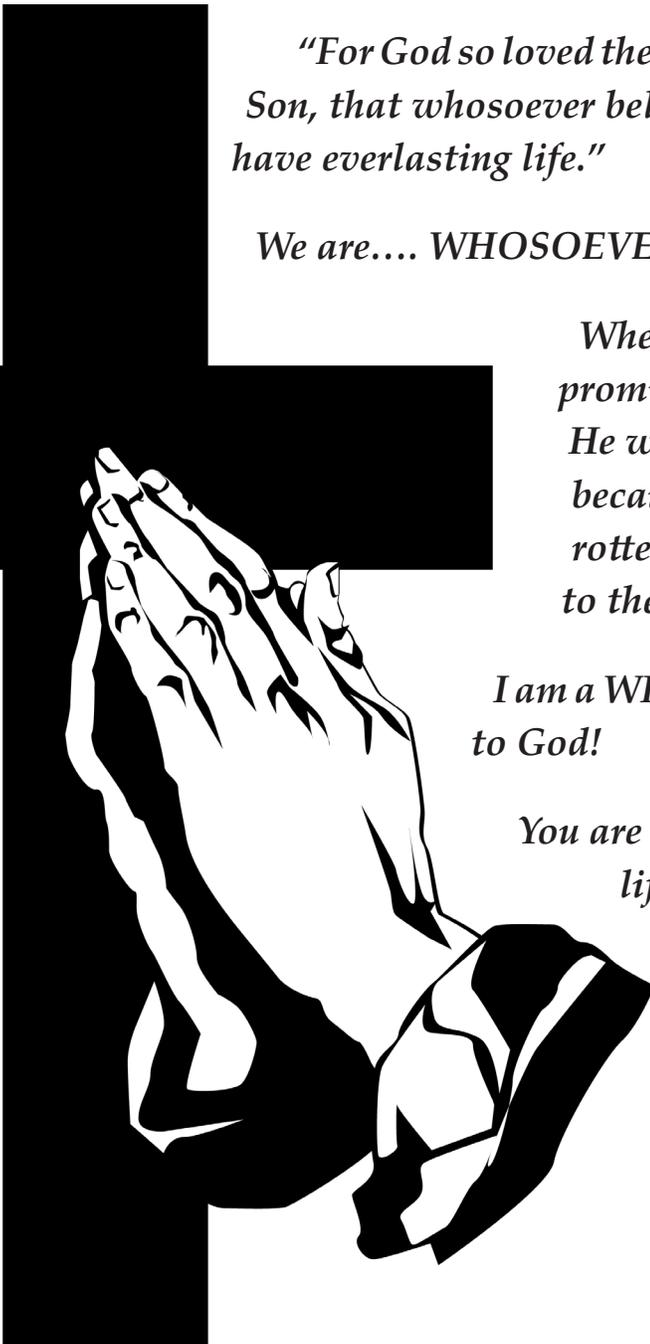
We are.... WHOSOEVER!

When Jesus hung on the cross, He promised a thief, a WHOSOEVER... that He would remember him in His Kingdom because the thief surrendered his broken, rotten, evil, corrupt, and condemned life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I am a WHOSOEVER! Praise the Lord! Glory to God!

You are a WHOSOEVER! You can give your life to Jesus! You can have eternal life! You haven't done anything that the Lord will not forgive! You can live forever! You can have a new life!

*Jesus is waiting for all...
WHOSOEVER MAY COME!*





While You Can

by Ramelle T. Lee

Look to Jesus, while you can.

Take Him by the hand.

He will save your soul.

*Hold up the bloodstained banner
for the Lord.*

*Take God's Word with you
everywhere you go.*

Obey Him, while you can.

Love Him, while you can.

Serve Him, while you can.

*Give your heart to Jesus,
while you can.*

He will give you eternal life.

That's His reward to you!

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MINISTER SANDRA HICKMAN, Ministry Leader
The Lamp Newsletter Headquarters - AUSTRALIA
Greetings from AUSTRALIA...

I asked Jesus, "How much do You love me?"
He opened His arms out wide
He said, "I love you this much"
Then nailed to a cross He died. © 2013 - SLH



The SON of LOVE

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son...."

We love the idea of love! What greater thing can there be?

Even Paul said, when referring to the virtues of abiding faith, hope and love.

"The greatest of these is love!"

Since the blood-stained door posts of the Hebrew slaves, God was already hatching His plan of Love Redemption for all humanity.... He was already thinking of us! I like to read John 3.16 this way ... *"For LOVE so loved the world, that LOVE gave His only begotten Son....."* I believe, not only is God the embodiment OF Love, His name IS Love!

1 John 4:8 NKJV says... *"He that does not love, does not know God; FOR GOD IS LOVE."*

When the Son of Love willingly gave His life to save mankind, it was not only a sacrifice by Jesus, but also His Father. The almighty God, who by His very name and nature, *was and is Love!* It was the quintessence of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, the divine trinity of Love! And it was for unconditional enduring passion that the Son of Love died for *man*.

We are the offspring of Love! Imagine if the whole of humanity caught this! What if love prevailed right across the earth? NO hatred, no greed, lust, or wars, no more death! But we can take heart that the time is coming when Love will prevail! When the coming of the Christ will herald the brand new Jerusalem, the city of Love! When Love Himself will sit on the throne of the earth. Heaven will descend upon humanity and LOVE will reign triumphant for all eternity!

Beloveds of Christ, you are His people, you belong to the Son of Love! You have access to the throne of Love.... LOVE Himself, your Heavenly Father, has called you out of the obscurity of mankind and placed you into His bosom. You have been saved, cleansed, delivered, nurtured, taught, groomed and polished for such a time as this! There will never be anything more beautiful or spectacular in your lifetime! The greatest miracle ever was when you gave your heart and your life to Jesus, the amazing, life giving, blood-shed Redeemer. The One whose blood flowed for you! For us all! All because we chose the Son of Love.... Who chose us first!

~ O glorious day, the Son of Love.... Come Lord Jesus come! ~

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HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY to the dear mothers in the nation of ENGLAND.

Mother's Day is celebrated in March.

**To all the precious mothers
living in the United Kingdom!**

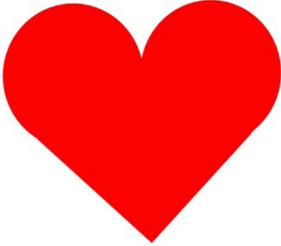
**We especially send our love to our
own special mother,**

**FIRST LADY CHRISTINE
V. MITCHELL**
THE LAMP NEWSLETTER'S
UK Ministry Leader and Staff Writer.

Christine is married to Pastor Frederick Mitchell. They have 4 adult children: 2 sons (1 daughter-in-law) and 2 daughters. God has also blessed them with two grandsons.



~ Love Is ~



*Love is like refreshing rain
Love can help to soothe the pain
Love is like the sweetest flower
Love contains enduring power
Love wants only to forgive
Love brings healing, helps us live
Love lifts up and won't cast down
Love brings smiles that lift a frown*



*Love is patient, love is kind
Love bring peace that frees the mind
Love does not envy or boast
Love seeks others' good the most
Love isn't rude ~ nor self-seeking
Love has power, is kind when speaking
Love does not get angry soon
Love keeps no account of wounds
Love does not delight in wrong
Love rejoices in truth's song
It hopes, believes, endures all things
It never fails ~ true joy it brings*



*Can we find this purest love?
Yes, my friend, in God above
His great love He will impart
As we open up our hearts
This pure love in Christ is shown
Greater love has no man known
He gave Himself for you and me
To give us life eternally*

--oOo--

(The second stanza is based on 1 Corinthians 13)

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A scenic waterfall in a lush green forest. The water cascades down rocks into a pool at the bottom. A woman's portrait is overlaid on the center of the image. She has short dark hair, is smiling, and has her hands clasped in prayer. The text is overlaid on the image in various colors and fonts.

Poetic Justice for God
Ministry

THE RIVER OF JOY CONFERENCE

PROPHETESS JOYCE HADDON

Harvest Time Christian Church

8204 East 9 mile

Warren, Mi, 48089

April-16-2016

at 5pm.

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT ESTELLE HUMPREY AT-(586)588-0057

FLINT WATER CRISIS!

Minister Charlestine Herbin, the grandmother of Hannah Pettiford, proudly reports, *“Miss Hannah is in the news again! She raised 126 cases of water with the help of her mother (pictured: Ms. Belinda Scales) to send to Flint MI .You can pull it up at*



His Glory Daycare in Greensboro, North Carolina and see a picture of Hannah and the water with her mother! I helped to make that sign.”

It is amazing to receive this wonderful report concerning little Miss Hannah! Miss Hannah is only 3 years old! Just 3 years old and in daycare, but she jumped right into action when she heard the special reports concerning the horrific news

on the infected water in Flint, MI. Miss Hannah was touched and said to her teacher, *“I want to help!”* And she did!

Minister Herbin reported that her granddaughter, Miss Hanna Pettiford, asked her mother, aunts, grandmother and people in their community to give these bottles of water for Flint. Miss Hanna stood outside her home with her mother holding up the sign her grandmother made. She got others to give bottles of water, too. She collected more bottles of water than anyone in her school. God blessed His Glory Daycare Center in North Carolina to load up a truck with these bottles of water and the other collection of water from the young students to go to Flint days ago! The people of Flint, MI were so thankful to receive this most needed donation.

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER will be participating in various projects to help the people of Flint in this devastating time. If you would like to help or know more about what we plan to do, please contact us at: wvision@hotmail.com. Thank you!

PRAY FOR AMERICA

2016 THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

As we all know, the presidential campaign for the election of the 45th president of the United States is in full motion or someone would say, commotion! The term commotion means: uproar, fuss, upheaval and other words. It also means: disorder...hullabaloo and so on.



We all have our own opinion and lots of comments concerning this election year. However, the Lamp Newsletter Staff who live in America is asking for the people of God to PRAY. This is most urgent! PRAY! PRAY!

God is calling for His people to humble themselves and pray!!

2 Chronicles 7:14(KJV):

“If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.”

Now consider this Word from God in Jeremiah 29: 11-14a (KJV):

“For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the LORD, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope. Then you will call upon Me and go and pray to Me, and I will listen to you. And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart. I will be found by you, says the LORD, and I will bring you back from your captivity.”

In America, we need GOD, the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, to take full control. So, people of God, let us humble ourselves, pray, go after God, and TURN from our wicked: evil, sinful, un-Christ like ways; and then God will hear our prayers and cries. We will be forgiven of our sin and God will heal: restore, mend or make a better America! That is the only way to have God’s blessings!

Wanda J. Burnside, founder and president – THE LAMP NEWSLETTER

PATRICIA L. TRAVIS

FINE ARTIST AND POET

Patricia Travis is a second generation, three-fold artist. She is an award-winning Fine Artist, Literary Artist and Performance Artist. She can draw, paint, create poetry at will and play the trumpet/cornet. Pat vividly recalls her first painting of six clouds in pre-school. It was that assignment that revealed to her everything she needed comes from going within. She is grateful for all of her gifts and knows they each come from the Almighty Creator, her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.



She studied and mastered Manual Drafting at Chicago Vocational High School. So she decided to major in Commercial Art. Pat attended the Columbus College Art & Design where she got formal training. CCAD awarded her a sixteen thousand dollar art scholarship. She received many art awards over the years. It was her talent that earned her the opportunity for her art to be exhibited at Studio 71 Art Gallery and shortly after a prestigious position to be their Gallery assistant.

In 1999, she was inspired to write a poem by a mutual artist friend. After her first poem won a literary contest, it boosted her confidence to write more. She has read her poems at literary events, home goings, libraries, schools and weddings. Over 3,000 of her poems can be read on poetry.com website. She has countless engaging poems for sale. Her inspirational poems are either on designer paper or/and laminated.

Ms. Travis is the C.E.O of P.ure A.rtistic T.alent where she markets her beautiful art and poetry to the world. She has original art and poetry for sale. She does face painting for events, creates murals (inside/outside), digital work: calendars, flyers, greeting cards, menus, newsletters, resumes and website design. Pat also reads poetry live at events and writes custom poems.

P.ure A.rtistic T.alent

FOUNDER: JESUS CHRIST

CEO: PATRICIA TR2016

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pureartistictalent.weebly.com

devotedpoet.wordpress.com

We are Praying for Our Bereaved...

May God comfort these precious families:

Mr. Daniel Gardner and Mrs. Juanita Gardner

Mother Ruby Combs, Mrs. Valerie Rucker

Elder Maurice Faust and
Missionary Annie Faust

Author Saideh Brown

Mother Margaret Smith

The Clements



We are so sad to hear of the passing of the Renowned Gospel Artist
Reverend Daryl Coley.

“O LORD my God, I called to you for help and you healed me” (Psalm 30:2 KJV).
WE ARE PRAYING FOR THE SICK and SHUT –INS...



*Ms. Kathryn Mitchell, the UK
Pastor Lincoln and Pastor Beverly
Wilson*

*Mother Barbara Lee
Miss. Regina M. Palm*

*Mrs. Michele Barnes
Mrs. Katie Holloway*

Mrs. Shirley Hickman, Australia

Mr. Colin Hickman, Australia

Evangelist Ruby Combs

Minister Charlestine Herbin

Missionary Margaret Beason

Mr. Jack Dempsey Johnson

Elder LaMont Powell

Mrs. Karen Nevois

Evangelist Patricia Jennings

Mrs. Theresa Griffin

Dr. Naima Johnston Bush

Mr. Tyrone Johnson

Mother Esther Mitchell, Jamaica

Mr. Philip Mitchell, Jamaica

Mr. Simmie Lee Burnside, Jr.

Mr. Michael Crowley

Evangelist Vera Beauford

Mother Lurene Brooks

Ms. Angie Barney

Elder Rodger Palm

Pastor Lorna LaMarr, the UK

Mrs. Patricia Gallagher

Ms. Carmela Johnson

Mrs. Josefa Palm

Ms. Belinda Scales

Mrs. Stacey Palm

Reverend “MR. DERRICK”

Ms. Simone Mitchell



Wedding Anniversary Congratulations!

MARCH

Elder Rodger Palm and Mrs. Josefa Palm
39th Wedding Anniversary
1977- March 26, 2016



Birthdays...

FEBRUARY



Birthday Memorial...
My dearly beloved father (daddy)
ELDER MINOR PALM, JR.
February 5, 1926 – April 10, 2010
90th Birthday

February 1

Ms. Charolett Burnside – We love you! (Simmie's sister)

February 16

Ms. Lola Darlene Gardner – Cousin, you are sweet and precious! (Michele Barnes' sister)

February 22

Minister Charlestine Herbin – You are a dear gift!

February 23

Mr. Daniel Gardner – Cousin, you're the BOSS!
(Michele Barnes' brother)



MARCH

March 9 - Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside

I thank the Lord for my birthday! I am so grateful for the many cards, gifts, flowers, phone calls, emails, Facebook greetings & Likes, songs, and special honors given to me for my birthday. I had many surprises! To those who took the time to honor me with your love and expressions of love, you blessed me greatly! Thank you!



March 11 - Mother Elizabeth Hands

Founding Pastor's Wife of SION National Church of God in Christ in Detroit, MI. God bless you continuously!

March 16 - Ja'Den Minor Palm

HAPPY 10TH BIRTHDAY to our Great-Nephew! You are an amazing young man. You are so smart, a great sports guy, kind and talented in many ways! LOVE YOU!

March 23 - Ms. Vivian Barney

What a SWEETHEART! (Josefa's sister)

March 30 - Ms. Brandy Nelson

HAPPY 16TH BIRTHDAY!! You are a special young lady! Celebrate!

March 30 - Minister Sandra Hickman

Our Australian Ministry Leader and Staff Writer of the Lamp! I am truly grateful for your wonderful friendship. You are so precious in many ways. It is amazing how God brought us together nearly five years ago. Our prayers are John 3:10 for you!



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!



**** In the UK - HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO FIRST LADY CHRISTINE MITCHELL'S FAMILY MEMBERS WHO HAVE BIRTHDAYS IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH: *Husband, Pastor Frederick, Son, Elliot Mitchell, Nephew C and daughter, Simone!***

****In Australia – BIRTHDAY WISHES ARE EXTENDED TO MINISTER SANDRA HICKMAN'S FAMILY MEMBERS: *Her Mum, Mrs. Shirley Hickman***



WHY?

By Mrs. Michele Barnes

I was prepared for this past cold and snowy Michigan weather with warm coats, boots, and gloves. But, I had no idea that five months ago, in December, 2015, I would endure the death of my husband, Michael, of 43 years of marriage. Nor was I prepared for our family dog, Coco, to run away. I wasn't ready to catch a cold that quickly turned into pneumonia. So much has been happening in my life!

I'm thinking and wondering, while sipping on my tea and writing these thoughts to you, I'm wanting to ask God, "Why?" However, do you remember the many times, as a child you would ask your parents "Why?" Yes, it seems when you really wanted to do something they said, "No!" They would even speak firmer saying, "And don't ask me why!"

My mother's look, her eye contact and her stern face would say it all! Her unspoken painful words hurt. She never could believe how sad my attitude was concerning my disappointment over her response. But the final words or a parent's stand on any issue is, "I'm your parent. I love you. I'm making the best decision for you! I know what's best for you!" I know we have all heard those answers and been given that, "now go somewhere and sit down" look.

However, now with the sudden death of my husband, Coco running away, and so many other things happening in my life, I find myself asking, "Why?" My tears have been falling from my eyes. Without any control, I am crying and crying.

I have become that little girl again, needing and wanting to know "why?" Why are so



many painful things happening to me? They occur back to back, one thing after another! There are the bills, taxes and my house falling apart. I voted, but I'm living with the nightmare that a businessman/entertainer may "trump" over the others and win to be the new President of the United States. And "why" do these thoughts cause me to fear for my tomorrows? There are so many "whys?" and "why?"

I have even googled the meaning of why. It said that why was an adverb; 1. meaning for what reason or purpose. An exclamation; 1. expressing surprise or indignation; 2. Used to add emphasis to a response. Noun; 1. A reason or explanation.

And even though I found that "why?" was asked many times in the Bible, I feel ashamed that I want to ask God, "why?" To even question God after all He has brought me through! I have so many testimonies! But the greatest is that God gave me victory, victory in a forty year marriage journey with an alcoholic husband. And now it doesn't even seem like it has been over forty years! How amazing is that? Another miracle! Why? I Love the Lord and thank God for being my Heavenly Father!

I have gone through so much. The side-effects of a weak/tired body can lead to more questions, worry and fear. I have been under that kind of attack. I realize that now! I must take the actions needed! I must run and get my Bible! Did you hear me say RUN? Why? Because with more issues and problems in someone's life, the greater the urgency should be to read your Bible and meditate!

Oh, this helped me! My marker was still in my Bible on Isaiah. I read it with a new understanding! Isaiah 60: 1 reads, *"ARISE, SHINE, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."* In my Bible, this chapter is under "The Blessing of God's Glory."

Do you know "why" I chose to share that scripture with you? Because it's me! Me! That scripture is telling me to GET UP! GET UP and GET BUSY with LIVING! Why am I waiting and looking for answers? This is not the time to sit, wonder and to question God when He has shown me the way all this time! However, depression and a spirit of heaviness can attack at any time like a thief. See, because I had become boxed in with



being alone and becoming sick this made me a good set-up for an attack! It can happen at any time and for any reason, if we are not prayerful.

My mustard seed of faith helped me to remember John 10:10 in the Bible, and then I read Psalm 65:3 and then Romans. I read the Bible until late in the evening. No, I didn't fall asleep, not until I praised and thanked God for everything I could think of and then I rested and slept well the rest of the night.

We must trust God's love and His promises for they never fail. Staying in fellowship with friends and family that are going to help feed God's Word and show you love are so important! Although I have gone through so much, my sisters in Christ have continued to write, text, call, and even shared poems, scriptures, and songs.

As I am crying, I'm thanking God; for my heavy burdens have been lifted! Peace is now in my home! There is a new chapter in my life that is ready to begin! "Why?" So I can finally unpack the bags that represented the forty years that God did not fail me! I didn't have to flee! God protected me! I have lived, survived and have a miracle! Through God's grace and mercy, I am here today to share my miracle with you and others who are believing God for a victory too!

Continue to believe that God is walking with you all the way in your struggle with abusive relationships caused by various addictions, alcoholism, or mental illness.

Invite the Lord into your life and watch God give you what you need and show you the way. He did it for me, and God will do it for you too! I could ask "why" giving birth to this new chapter in my life took so long and was so painful. But, like most "births," the beauty of life quickly answers that question!

I thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus! I thank you Jesus, I thank you Lord! Oh you brought me, you brought me from a mighty, a mighty long way, a long way!

****Readers, this touching, revealing, and powerful article written by Mrs. Michele Barnes truly comes from her heart. Her husband recently died. She courageously, sincerely and boldly shared from her past experiences and present situations. Oh, she could have turned bitter because of the many things happening in her life. Instead of turning bitter, she turned to God! What a lesson and testimony she has shared with us.*





A Recipient of God's Grace

by Ramelle T. Lee © 2016

Meditation Scripture: John 1:16

*"And of his fullness have all we received,
and grace for grace" (KJV).*

God loves us so much that He extends His grace towards us every moment of our life. We have been given the opportunity again and again to receive the grace of God, whether we realize it or not. Is God's grace something that can be measured? Can we see it, touch it, or feel it all around us? There are times when we can witness the tangible evidence of God's grace through our circumstances. Other times, the supernatural power of God may not be visible to the naked eye. However, we can rest assured that God is giving us grace, whether we deserve it or not.

None of us can brag about earning God's grace. The gift of grace was already paid for on Calvary. God orchestrated grace for all mankind through His Son, Jesus Christ, who paid the ultimate sacrifice to save us from our sins. The love of God paved the way for all of us to be a recipient of God's grace. When we made the choice to accept Jesus into our heart, that act of faith opened the way for us to continue receiving bountiful blessings from God. We became washed in the Blood of the Lamb and saved from the penalty of our sins.

Where would we be without the grace of God? This is a question that we must all take the time to ask ourselves. As we meditate on the goodness of God and what he has done for us, we can begin to accept this awesome gift of grace that God freely extends our way. In reality, God's grace is more precious than silver and gold. No earthly treasure can compare to what God has done to show His loving- kindness towards us.

We can rejoice knowing that God gives us grace every moment of our life. Now, that's real love.

I Will Sing

By Minister Sandra Hickman of Australia

You call me Princess
Daughter of the King
You dress me in new clothes
Embroidered with many colours
A wedding dress, a wedding ring

You gave me a voice, and I will Sing ~

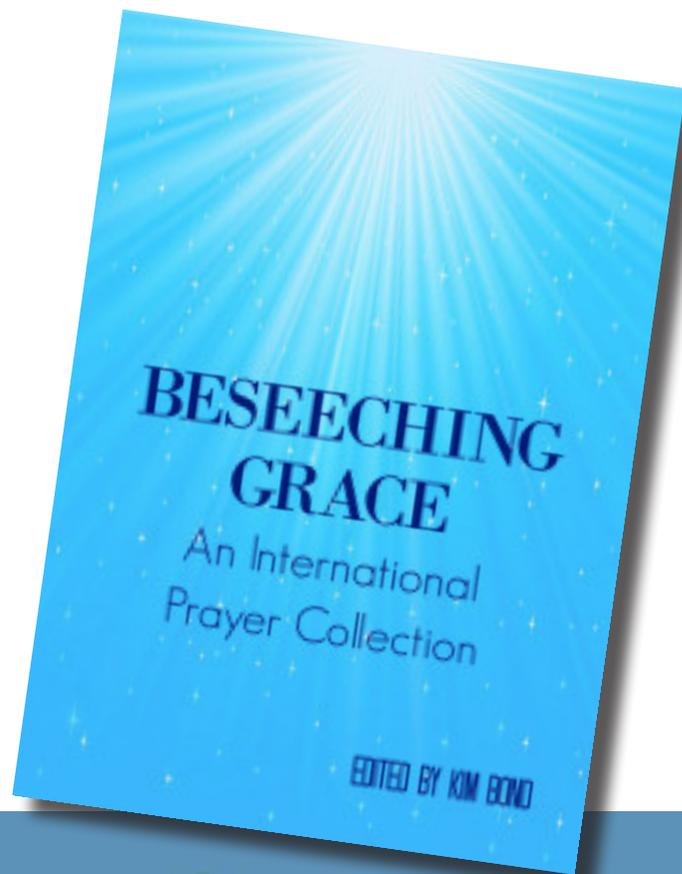
I will sing of your wonderful grace
I will sing of Your beautiful face
A face which looked with love upon me
You opened my eyes so I could see
I will sing of Your name for me



You Call me Princess ~

Because of You my King I will sing
.... just for You my beloved King ~
I will sing of Your wondrous glory
I will sing of Your whole life story
I will sing for You my King
Because I am Your Princess ...
Because you call me daughter,
~ I will sing!

I Will Sing ~ © 2007 SLH ~ Magnificent Obsession Collection ~ For Michele



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Honoree, Minister Mary D. Edwards

Location:

International Institute of Metropolitan Detroit

111 East Kirby, Detroit MI 48202

FOR TICKET INFORMATION CONTACT: 313/492-0149

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~ Daughter of One ~

Wonderfully made, the daughter of One
Unique, precious, complete in the Son
That's who you are ~ His princess, His child
He's your Protector; on you He has smiled

Beautiful, tender, loving and kind
The care of your loved ones, always in mind
Often concealing emotions and pain
Still persevering, holding the reigns

A heart of pure gold, exceptional, strong
Enduring the battles, still holding on
At times, perhaps, all torn and in tatters
Still ~ you're precious. Yes ~ you matter!

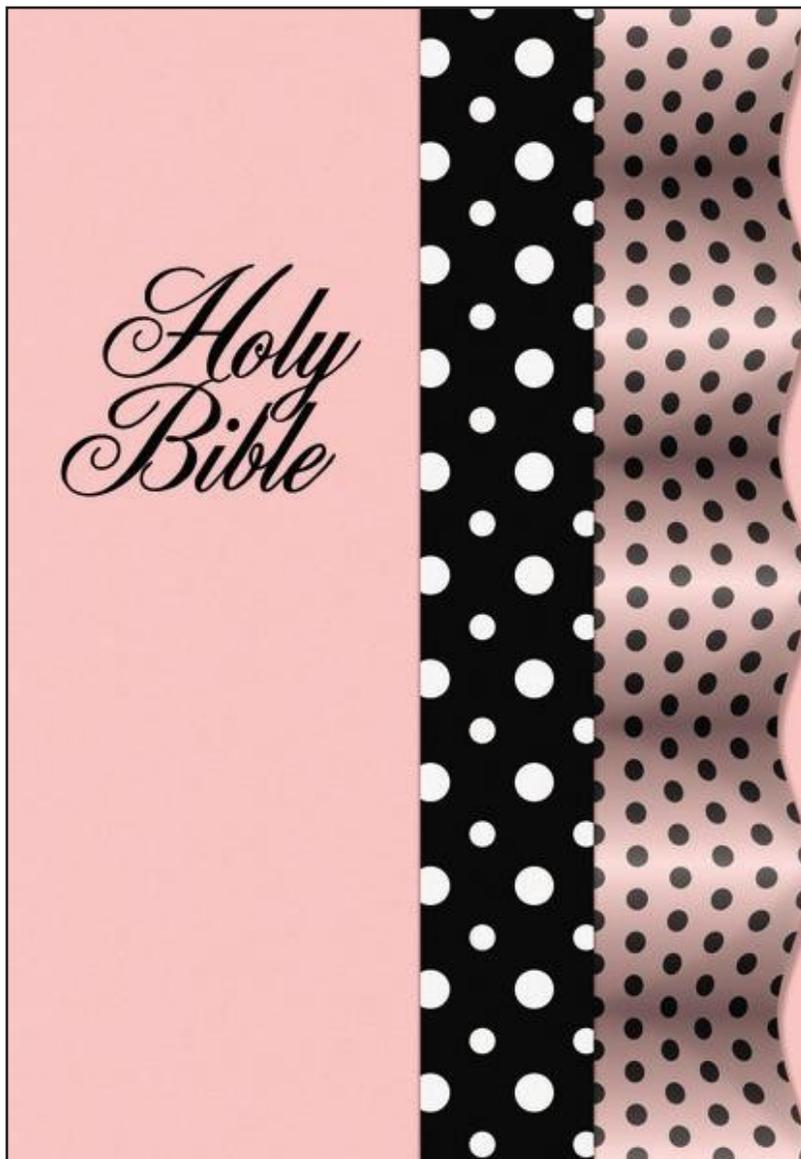
Know that you're loved by our Father Who cares
Ready to comfort you ~ dry all your tears
His presence will soothe you so deeply within
In Christ is forgiveness and cleansing from sin

Pause and listen .. the Saviour is calling
Ready to lift you and keep you from falling
You are so precious, You are His pearl
You're not just anyone – you are God's girl!

Unique, precious, complete in the Son
Wonderfully made, the daughter of One

--o0o--

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