

# ABOVE RUBIES



[www.aboverubies.org](http://www.aboverubies.org)

Issue: Seventy-Six

Strengthening Families Across The World

## **In this Issue:**

Children with Disabilities

**Women Warriors**

Sour Dough Bread

**College at Home**

Start a Fire in the Nation

An Interesting Wedding

Saved from Hysterectomy

**Speak up for Life**



Welcome to our home via our  
daffodil driveway. I planted  
daffodils all over our land  
and love spring time when  
they appear!



Nancy with new American Eskimo  
puppy, named Lily.

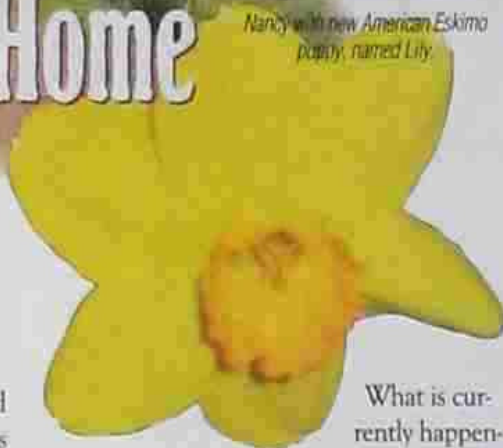
# From Our Home to Yours

We are so sorry this magazine is delayed. Because *Above Rubies* runs totally by the donations of its readers, we were waiting for the money to come in before we could go to print. Praise the Lord, God is always faithful and we are in print again. We have been printing this magazine for over 32 years now and God has never failed to supply through His people for all these years.

Life is filled with daily challenges, but God is good. No matter what we face, God is always in control and He is bigger than our problems. We are never deprived of His faithfulness. Already this year we have faced challenges but also many joys. The joys and the difficulties mingle together in our path of life, don't they? It sure makes life interesting. We are continually cast upon God for His wisdom and, at the same time, full of thanks for His love and goodness.



We now have a new project for *Above Rubies*—making aprons! Unfortunately we can't keep up making enough to advertise them on the website, but have them available at *Above Rubies* retreats. Some of my *Above Rubies* helpers who love to sew are making them. From left to right: Hannah Ardoin (Rubies helper who has been with us for 5 months), Seriana Rosberg (Rubies helper who made these aprons), our daughter, Mercy, grand-daughter, Rashida who is Evangeline's daughter and Meadow, Pearl's daughter.



What is currently happening in our family?

At this moment I am trying to type this editorial with a broken shoulder, something I am not meant to be doing. My biggest frustration is that it is time to plant my garden but I am rather handicapped at the moment.

We are very excited that God is blessing us with two more precious lives into our family. Evangeline is expecting their 10th baby in June and Serene is jubilant to be pregnant again as well. She is due in November. We delight in every new baby that is added to our family. Each one is another opportunity for God to use to bring His love and truth into his world.

Family celebrations are one of my favorite things in life. I am always making excuses to plan them. Recently we got together to remember our heritage. It is a year since my father passed away and 10 years since my mother passed to glory. It is easy for children to forget their great-grandparents and we want to keep their memory alive in their hearts. Each person, children and grandchildren, had to get up and share a memory. I also gave a quiz about their great-grandparents on both sides of the family and the children received a packet of peanuts for each question they answered.

I wore a dress my mother had made for me. She was a beautiful seamstress and loved clothes. My sister, Kate came wearing a blouse and

lovely brooch of our mother's underneath a black shearing singlet of our father's. She also gave an object lesson for the children showing our mother's wedding dress which she wore on her wedding day in 1940, plus an outfit she had made with intricate beading of her design. Kate also passed around a pink woolen sweater that still held her sweet perfume.

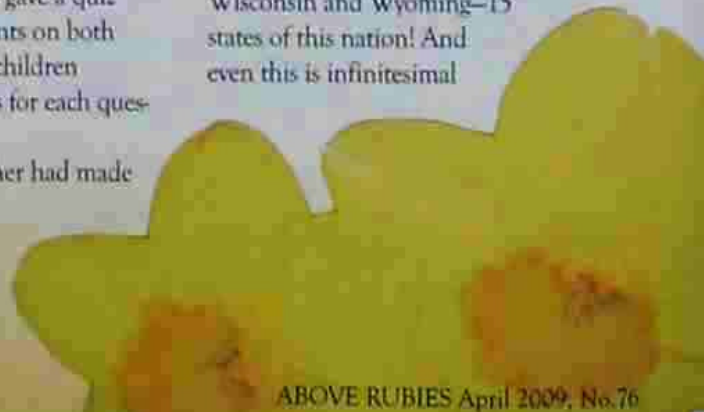
Recently we enjoyed another Poem Night. We do these from time to time. All the grandchildren have to memorize and recite a poem. There is a good audience due to the many grandchildren and it is great training for them to recite in front of people. The children love it and we enjoy listening. Golden-haired Meadow always recites a poem she has written herself. We end these nights with cookies which the children have to make themselves.

Recently, while home-schooling, I was reading to our daughter, Mercy, a speech of Frederick Douglass. This man was one of the leading black aboli-



Five little princesses at Sahara's 4th birthday—Iqara, Tiveria and Sahara Johnson, Autumn Rose Barrett and Engadi Allison.

tionists in the early 1800's. As I read his speech about slavery I felt it should be directed to our nation today. As a nation we stand guilty before God for nearly 50 million babies that have been aborted since Roe versus Wade. In fact, the babies aborted from this time would wipe out the populations of the states of Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming—15 states of this nation! And even this is infinitesimal





compared to the millions more that have been aborted through the Pill and its associated abortifacient contraceptives. And now our government has sanctioned partial birth abortion and stem cell research. When a nation no longer holds life precious we stand in a precarious place before God.

Frederick Douglas orated, "At a time like this, scorching iron, not convincing argument, is needed. O! had I the ability, and could I reach the nation's ear, I would today pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of the nation must be quickened; the conscience of the nation must be roused, the propriety of the nation must be startled, the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be proclaimed and denounced."

How we need to pray for a spirit of repentance to fall upon the nation. Of course it has to begin with the church. Judgment first begins at house of God. But even before the church it comes back to each individual. May we all walk before the Lord with a spirit of repentance, crying out to God for His mercy.

It is such a blessing to have the *Above Rubies* studio right next to Pearl's home. We are no longer hindered with recording and the new CD will soon be available for you. This time it is a special recording for fathers. This CD of mightily anointed songs will be an encouragement to every father in the nation! The style of this



Crusoe Johnson, Bowen Barrett and Jireh Johnson practicing with their bows and arrows. The cousins play with one another every day.

album is *Country and Blue Grass*.

The heart of our Father God is for the hearts of fathers to be turned to children. As fathers rise up in their God-given role and embrace their anointing to protect, provide and raise godly children, the nation will be strengthened. The nation can only be as strong as its fathers. For too long fathers have abdicated their role. It is time to move into their destiny as they prepare the way for the coming of the Lord.

Three fathers sing three songs each. The first is Charlie Barrett, our daughter, Pearl's husband who produces all the *Above Rubies* albums. Charlie is a country singer, songwriter and producer. Here's the first verse and chorus of one of Charlie's songs, *Daddy, Carry Me*.

Six days shall you labor, I've read in the Book  
And I believe my life should rest in the Lord's hands,  
But job demands and traffic jams tend  
to change my whole outlook,  
When I get home I've had all I can stand,

Then I hear, "Daddy, carry me!"  
That's when I know I'm where I wanna be  
When I hear, "Daddy, carry me."  
And though I'm feeling tired, I find new energy  
When I hear, "Daddy, carry me!"

I can't resist sharing some of the words of another of Charlie's songs, *The Richest Man on Earth*.

Once I asked the Lord above for privilege and wealth,  
I thought I knew what makes a happy man,  
But for some time I struggled and doubts came creeping in  
And then one night I came to understand.

And I became the richest man on earth as I beheld  
the miracle of birth  
God gave me a precious pearl with big blue eyes and golden curls  
And as I stared down at His handiwork  
I knew I was the richest man on earth.

Then I asked the Lord for all the treasures I could hold  
So I could give my family all the best  
And once again as times grew hard I felt my faith grow weak  
But once again I learned how I was blessed

And I became the richest man on earth as I beheld  
the miracle of birth  
I was filled with pride and joy when God gave me a baby boy  
And as I stared down at His handiwork  
I knew I was the richest man on earth.



I wonder how far they will get in this raft? Arrow, Crusoe and Jireh Johnson. I hope you enjoy seeing pictures of our grandchildren.

Brian Henningson is the father of ten children, three of whom are married and they have three grandchildren so far. He is a crop farmer in Illinois and a successful songwriter, commuting between his home in the cornfields of central Illinois and Tennessee where he writes family oriented country music. We are blessed to have Brian and Debby as neighbors out here in Primm

*continued on page 6*

## ABOVE RUBIES

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*Above Rubies* is a magazine to encourage women in their high calling as wives, mothers and homemakers. Its purpose is to uphold and strengthen family life and to raise the standard of God's truth in the nation. The name has been chosen from Proverbs 31:10 AMP, "A capable, intelligent and virtuous woman, who is he who can find her! She is far more precious than jewels and her value is far ABOVE RUBIES (or pearls)."

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EAGLE SC USA



# Try a LOVE LIST!

Mother Theresa said, "It is not how much you do, but how much love you put in the doing." This got me thinking. We women are famous for our daunting "could never accomplish in three days let alone one" TO DO lists. What if, instead of making a list at the beginning of the day of all that needs to get accomplished, we turn it around a bit? What if we made a list at the end of the day of all the "unseen" acts of love? I believe this list would be more telling as to how productive the day actually was.

We still need that TO DO list. It keeps us focused, on track and accomplishing those things that are our responsibility. Maybe we could add to the top of that list, after the word "do", the words "in God's time". Offering up our time to God to be used as He desires is a beautiful act of worship.

I'm going to make my list tonight and I encourage you to do the same. I think you'll be amazed to see how much love you put in your doing today. Similarly, if you don't have a lot to add to that LOVE list but you got a lot accomplished from



the day's TO DO list, keep that in mind when writing out the next day's list. Maybe "love a little bit more" should be at the top of that one.

**ROBIN MCKAY**

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*Chuck and Robin's children are  
Brianna (17), Jesse (15), Jacob (12),  
Faith (6) Jelena (4) and Nate (2).*

Imagine the following... it won't be much of a stretch, I promise:

- kissed and bandaged an invisible "owie"
- read baby his favorite book seven times
- held my tongue when the boys traipsed mud through the house after digging up all the flower bulbs along the front walkway
- officiated over a toilet funeral for the beloved goldfish
- sang a song and smiled each time a diaper was changed—that would have been 27 times
- lovingly rocked and soothed a little one cutting teeth
- spent all night cleaning up vomit since all the children decided to share their germs with one another
- made Daddy's favorite dinner
- gently combed the tangles out of daughter's hair
- softly, calmly soothed an autistic son as his frustration began to escalate
- fulfilled a request made by hubby that seemed unimportant
- stayed on top of the day's lessons although feeling mentally spent
- set down the day's lessons recognizing tensions were high over that math concept
- lovingly picked up a crabby baby who really should have napped longer, knowing it was going to be a long evening
- took the extra time to prepare a healthy lunch instead of opening a box of preservatives
- forgot about needing a shower and smelled in the sweet aroma of the new baby
- asked for forgiveness after being too quickly bothered by an act of childishness
- disciplined rightly, lovingly and firmly when an infraction of God's or house rules occurred
- played a game instead of spending those few precious "free" minutes in a book
- got off the computer when wanting to "surf" a little longer, knowing it had been enough
- baked chocolate chip cookies and let everyone have a spoon of dough
- started up a pillow fight
- listened intently to older son explain how something works that you have little or no interest in
- opened ears and closed mouth when older daughter wanted to "talk"
- gratefully accepted a bouquet of dandelions (or swamp grass)
- drove to homeschool coop while wanting to stay in the bathrobe all day
- danced with either Prince Charming or Cinderella
- graciously accepted tea and crumpets served in plastic dishes resembling water and stale crackers
- read a book to children old enough to read to themselves
- made popcorn for family movie night
- cheerfully helped with a science project knowing a big mess was awaiting in the end
- drove a unique child to the Special Olympics event and cheered for everyone
- laughed when I wanted to cry

## Are You Starved for Encouragement?

Send a blank email to: [subscribers-on@aboverubies.org](mailto:subscribers-on@aboverubies.org)

You will receive regular email devotions to encourage you in your high calling of being a wife and mother. You will also receive an occasional newsletter (a mini *Above Rubies*) to keep you going until the next issue arrives!

*"Your devotions are a drink of fresh water to a very thirsty soul."*

*"A balm to my soul."*

*"Your devotions are a jewel."*

If you have subscribed to this email list but have stopped receiving them, please subscribe again. Sometimes the email list drops names for no reason at all.

## Above Rubies E-Groups

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/AboveRubies/>

Information Contact: [Jill@Securities.Life.com](mailto:Jill@Securities.Life.com)

ABOVE RUBIES April 2009, No. 76





Kevin and Jodi's blessings are Erika (12), Elijah (10), Nicolas (8), Leah (7), Jacob (4), Sarah (2) and Trinity (1).

# WHY NOT ME?

*A mother shares about coping who have children with disabilities.*

People often ask me how we manage to stay sane in our busy household of nine, and my answer is always the same, "It's a lot of work, but it's also a lot of fun!" At this point they usually look at me with a mixture of sympathy and disbelief written across their faces, and I just smile and move on. If the fact that we have seven children between the ages of ten months and twelve years doesn't shock them first, they are almost always rendered speechless when they realize that all three of our boys have autism.

Long ago I read the infamous poem "Welcome to Holland" which details a new mother's experience of giving birth to a baby with a disability when she expected a "normal" child. Although it touched me deeply, at the time I couldn't imagine being that mother. I was nineteen years old, married and already pregnant with my second child. Little did I know that in a few short years my life would change dramatically as one by one my sons were diagnosed with various forms of autism, and my daughters with other neurological disorders. It didn't feel like "Holland" to me, but more like "Welcome to Mars" instead.

Our oldest daughter Erika was vaccine injured as a toddler and experienced seizures, extremely high fevers, and immune system dysfunctions. As she got older, her symptoms manifested as attention deficit disorder, anxiety, and obsessive-compulsive behavior. She's a bright and lively twelve year old girl who still struggles with these problems, which at times can be all consuming. Elijah is ten now, and although highly intelligent, he has high functioning autism. He is very

verbal, but his poor articulation can be hard to understand at times. He also struggles with obsessive-compulsive behavior, and motor tics which he cannot seem to control. Nicolas also has autism, and is the most severely affected. He is eight years old and still non-verbal. Although he tries to say a word or two every now and then, his severe apraxia makes it difficult for him to articulate what is on his mind. Even though communication is tough for him, he is a happy and loving boy with a sharp mind inside!

Leah is our sweet seven year old, and thankfully she doesn't have the same degree of challenges as the others, but she still deals with a neurological condition called sensory integration dysfunction. People with SI have trouble regulating their responses to incoming sensory input. It is a nervous system condition that makes it hard for the person to regulate their behavior when faced with the everyday things that we all encounter. Lights seem too bright, clothes seem too tight, noises too loud, and regular family chaos can be overwhelming. All of the boys have sensory integration dysfunction also, as it is one of the defining characteristics of autism. Jacob is four years old, and his autism falls into the moderate range, meaning that he is somewhere between Elijah and Nicolas in terms of severity. He speaks well, but his language is often scripted and repetitious. He loves music and has an excellent memory for detail.

We have grown in knowledge over the years, and after a lot of prayer and biomedical detoxification, we are happy to say that our youngest two girls seem to be

developing typically thus far. They are natural, unvaccinated, and healthy. Sarah is two years old, and is speaking well above age level already for which we are grateful. Little Trinity is ten months, but is a calm and happy baby. Like Sarah, she is not suffering from any of the horrible rashes, jitteriness, or uncontrollable fussiness that the others experienced. Sometimes I still cannot believe she sleeps seven or eight hours at this age. The others were not sleeping that well for years.

I have learned that most of the world thinks it is absolutely crazy to do what we are doing. Without fail, people always ask me why on earth I continue to have children when so many things are "wrong" with our other children. There is persecution for homeschooling and home birthing. There is persecution for not vaccinating our children with poisons disguised as "immunizations." There is persecution for living naturally and organically, which is "different" and costly, and there is definitely persecution for having more than four children in today's world. Sadly enough though, the persecution we face for continuing to give birth to children with disabilities has been of the worst kind. It leaves a sour taste in my mouth, and reminds me so much of the eugenic attitude that was embraced by many in the past. Unfortunately, that spirit is very



much alive today, and people are continually proving it by telling me "how they feel" about us.

If I sound bitter, I don't mean to be. Serving Jesus Christ is still the main focus of my life although my journey has taken many twists and turns. Long ago I prayed for an answer as to what my ministry should be. I felt called by the Lord to do something great for him, but agonized over what special ministry to become involved with. At the time I believed the Lord was calling me into pro-life work, but the door closed. Although I was heartbroken, I knew that God had something else for me. Right around the time when I realized I couldn't volunteer at the pregnancy center, Nicolas starting displaying signs of a disability, and the other two children became increasingly sicker. It was all a confirmation that my place was at home.

One by one my first five children were diagnosed with various neurological disorders. It slowly became evident that I was going to be in the disability ministry. Instead of thanking God, I cried and complained that He chose to give me such a heavy load. "Why me, Lord?" I asked time and time again. The answer was always the same, "Why NOT you?"

Onward I pressed, despite the numerous challenges we faced concerning the

children and their treatments. It took some time, but eventually I came to realize God knew I could handle the load. He knew I would grow into a strong advocate with a passion for special needs children.

Despite the tiring days we face, I find my rest in Jesus. I may get little physical sleep, but I remind myself daily that He is carrying my burden and seeing me through. We often deal with hurtful comments from otherwise well meaning individuals, but we have learned to let them roll off of our backs. The most common comment is, "Why don't you just give yourselves a break and stop having children?" I guess we are overwhelmed from the world's standard. But we are rich in ways they will never understand. We have the Lord, we always have good food, and there is a lot of love in our house.

The decision to trust God in the area of our fertility was not an easy one. I am only thirty years old; I am usually in pain because I have fibromyalgia, and already we have seven children! I often find myself mentally adding up how many more we may have! The last time I found myself doing these mental calculations, God spoke to my heart and said, "I can do anything, Jodi. I can give you five more healthy baby girls like Sarah and Trinity if I want to." Yes Lord, I know that You

can... "Or, I could give you some more boys, and they may not be autistic this time." Yes Lord, I know that You can also do that miracle if you choose. And the last thing He said to me was, "These children are my gift to you. No one on earth is perfect, but you can still find happiness if you accept what I have for you, and learn to rest in Me."

After that small but powerful dialogue with the Lord, my heart wasn't heavy anymore. I began to believe that He truly is in control. I have found that surrendering to God and having faith in His ability to care for our family is the greatest thing I can do. No longer do I ask, "Why, Lord?" Instead, I know that our children are a wonderful blessing despite what the world may think. I am so glad that God chose me to be their mother!

#### JODI BROCK

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Jodi is the founder of  
**AutismHelp4u.com**

If you have children  
with autism, this website  
will be of great value to you.

## From Our Home to Yours cont.

Springs. You will love to read the amazing story on page 22 that inspired Brian to write his song, *Eight Minutes Old*.

Bill Benell, father, singer and musician, has played an intricate part in the production of this album and our previ-

ous *Above Rubies* albums. He has contributed three moving songs to this one.

What about the 10th song? Meadow Barrett sings a tear-jerking song to her daddy about how she is growing up too quickly.

Make sure you order this CD for your husband and your father for Father's Day. Don't tell your husband! You'll be playing this album all day long too. You might need to purchase one for yourself and your children as well. Keep one for the home and one for the car. Listen for Serene and Pearl's voices in the background harmonies.

May God bless you as you strengthen your family life. Remember, the family was the first institution that God ordained. Apart from your relationship with God it should be your first priority. Don't weaken your family by handing over more and more aspects to government and other organizations. Avoid running around and getting involved in everything else but



Sharar Johnson is foot-locking in a tree by their home. He is also carrying weights in his backpack. The boys are always in training and do lots of exciting things in this tree. They often sleep outside in winter, even at 2 degrees, to make themselves hardier.



Who would like to be an *Above Rubies* helper? Our helper, Hannah Ardoin is being tied up and kidnapped by the Campbell grandchildren!

your home. Batten down the hatches and keep the home fires burning. As we strengthen the family, we strengthen the nation.

#### NANCY CAMPBELL

Founder and Editress  
Primm Springs, Tennessee, USA



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## Seeking Qualified Mom

**Required abilities:**  
functions coherently with little or no sleep;  
skilled at multi-tasking, attention to details;  
capacity to mitigate or avoid disaster;  
creative financial aptitude; expertise  
in mediation with diverse populations;  
creative wardrobe design; triage medical  
experience; ability to walk on water a plus!

Call Darlene 555-OHMY

## pet corner

If I had needed to apply for motherhood, I would never have gotten the job. I would never have been asked to come in for an interview for the position. My application would have hit the circular file immediately upon receipt. No one in his or her right mind would have deemed me capable for this job. I had absolutely no experience or training in this field and no knowledge of the requirements.

Furthermore, had I investigated the job description, I would have found the following requisite components for this position:

- functions coherently with little or no sleep for extended periods of time
- efficiently copes with disorder and disarray; has a talent for dealing with more than one person talking at a time, often on different topics and at varying decibel levels—and is able to resolve each issue in a timely manner to the satisfaction of all parties involved
- skilled at multi-tasking to the ultimate extreme
- has a flair for attention to minute details
- capacity to avert disaster at a moment's notice (or before)
- creative financial aptitude; expertise in successful mediation with individu-

als on every level of the intelligence scale

- creative wardrobe design
- triage medical experience
- quick change artist.

Even though I couldn't believe I fit the bill, the benefits package for the position was so irresistible, I was sucked in.

It began when I got all that attention the first time I was pregnant. I was allowed to be self-centered and self-serving on every level—probably because it would be the very last time in my life that would ever happen again! I was pampered, coddled, showered with blessings and, for the first time in my life, not worried about gaining weight. I could buy new clothes without a guilty conscience, as my wardrobe no longer fit my newly rounded figure. I could be crabby and no one would be offended; I could be spacey and those around me just smiled knowingly. I even had a good excuse for taking time off work.

Those were just the short-term benefits. Long-term benefits were even more lucrative, once I got past the excruciating pain of the first day on the job. The smell of a newborn babe is entrancing beyond description; it drew me in and captivated every fragment of my attention. There was no question I wanted to serve every whim of this completely helpless, hand-sized parcel to the total exclusion of everyone and everything else on earth. The tiniest reaction from this child in response to my ministrations evoked such passionate emotion that I wanted to shout it to the world.

I continually encouraged my offspring to strive for greater accomplishments, like smiling, walking or talking. After I'd been on the job awhile, I would have occasionally reversed some of those accomplishments—with the exception of smiling.

Even though the job description for motherhood was far beyond my knowledge, talent and abilities, God chose to give me a shot at the position—not just once, but nine times! His business plan was certainly far different from the one I would have drawn up! Whenever I thought I had the task mastered, He gave me a new little handful to sharpen my skills.

I learned that not all the colors in a baby's diaper are precious in a mother's sight, but every child is. I found out that no matter how much I diligently strove to raise them all the same, each one has an inherent personality that needs to be molded. Mostly, I discovered that if I relied on the Lord to direct the outcome of this challenge of motherhood, everything would be all right. He was the most valuable consultant I could ever have. I found new meaning for, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." (Philippians 4:13)

Over and over again God demonstrated that I was capable to meet the challenges of motherhood. When unable to see the fruit of my labors, He would send someone to point out the positive results of my diligence.

Most of my children are grown, but even today, when I least expect it, the Lord will send someone to testify that I have successfully completed the task set before me. I may not have fit the qualifications of the motherhood job opening, but the Lord thought I fit the bill. I guess He was right!

## DARLENE STERN

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*David and Darlene's blessings are Jim (30), Josh (28), Jon (27), Amanda (24), Jacob (22), Ana (20), Alyssa (18), Angela (16) and Amelia (7). Darlene also raises a herd of dairy goats and grows all their own food.*



# How to Fight Like a Woman!

If I live, I will fight, wherever I must, as long as I must,  
Until the enemy is defeated and the national stain washed clean.

Charles de Gaulle, 1954

Kings, men, boys... But every now and then a woman is born who loves to fight! Stilling the cry to battle in her veins is like trying to reign in a warrior horse! May I venture to say, YOU are that woman! You were not meant to be reined in. You were born for battle! And the action word for the battle is "Cry."

Over and over again the Psalms talk about crying to the Lord. But wait! Haven't we been told all our lives to stop crying? "Turn off your waterworks!" or "Stop your ballyhooing or I'll give you something to cry about!" Today, I free you from these subliminal Gestapo voices! Go ahead. Cry your heart out and don't stop your ballyhooing! But don't dare cry for yourself! No, not a drop!

Tears represent the most powerful weapon on earth and this weapon was given to you—a woman! We read about it in Jeremiah 9:17-21, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Consider and call for the mourning women, that they may come... Let them make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run with tears, and our eyelids

fight! The words of the ancient prophet cry to us, "Man the Fort! Watch the Road! Strengthen your back! Summon all your strength!" (Nahum 2:1) These words apply to us too. The fort is our home and the road shows us what's heading our way.

Studies reveal that women cry five to fifty or more times a month, men maybe only once a month, if that. Some men never cry. Animals whimper and moan, but cannot cry! Tears are unique to women and tears move God to battle! We were born to cry, so we were born to fight! The choice is: will we cry like babies or cry like warriors?

## How to Cry Like a Warrior 101:

### Step 1.

**Let your face shine while warring!** Warriors cry tears with purpose. Their hearts are set on the knowledge that God Himself sees their tears and acts on their behalf. A defeatist attitude is the opposite of a crying war-

rior. A crying warrior cries with energy, direction and a heart full of expectancy. This changes the climate of her heart to impart hope and yes, even joy. We can be joyful while shedding tears. God weeps and laughs.

Don't pollute the atmosphere with moping, bad moods, defeat and depression—that is the enemy's territory. God's territory is tears with a mission to accomplish the impossible.

### Step 2. Feel God's heartbeat!

It's an absolute crime to waste our tears on nothing! It's wasting ammunition! Our tears need to hit the mark—a bulls-eye every time! Tears become the overflow valve of what we feel. It is imperative for us to feel the heartbeat of God or our tears will be usurped by self-pity, the devil's ultimate goal for our gift.

### Step 3. Redeem your tears!

Jeremiah 9:20 tells us to "Teach your daughters to wail, teach them to mourn!" I beg your pardon? I thought we wanted them to laugh! Yes, we should live a life of laughter, but as Golda Meir (fourth Prime Minister of Israel) points out, "Those who don't know how to weep with their whole heart don't know how to laugh either." Why? God knows a woman will cry. He created her to do so more than any other creature. He knows we must be taught what to cry for and how to cry, otherwise we will cry over stupid little things that have no value, or worse, are destructive.

We must pass on the legacy to our children that when something goes wrong it is not a time to weep for ourselves, but a time to weep for what God wants. Those who sow in tears will reap with songs of joy. Golda Meir must have known her Bible. Will we teach our daughters?

I remember hearing the story that came from Watchman Nee about a woman who noticed another lady crying profusely. She went up to her and instead of the usual, "What's the matter, dear?" she asked her, "Who are you crying for?"

## Are you a cry baby or a cry warrior?

gush with water... hear the word of the Lord, O women, and let your ear receive the word of His mouth; teach your daughters wailing, and everyone her neighbor a lamentation."

We must learn to use this weapon correctly because we are in a war—a war that rages against normalcy, making mockery of God, and against tyranny and injustice. We battle for our homes and our children. Who said that we were not meant to



Was she crying for herself or were her tears for another? Often we use all our tears on ourselves so that we have nothing left to pour out in intercession for others.

## Step 4.

### Turn your weapon around!

We cannot afford to waste one teardrop crying with self-pity! It's like having a powerful weapon with the barrel pointed our way. It ends up exploding in our own face. It can turn a beautiful woman's face to ugliness in seconds! It is alluring to cry for yourself, but before you know it, snap, the enemy has your mind. And there goes your life and motherhood, as well as your face! The quote is true, "The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed!" Don't even go there. A warrior wears her tears like jewelry; the other tears are like acid on your face.

## Step 5.

### Let God choose your battles!

You may be tempted to use tears every time your heart breaks or someone tells you their problem. A true warrior must confront the battles that are specifically given to her. Rushing to every battle shows bad strategy and weakens the warrior. Do not take everyone's battles—let God chose them.

## Step 6.

### Don't waste your tears!

There are times when you naturally cry more. Who knows what happens to our brains when we get pregnant! We laugh more and cry more and half the time we don't even know why. But don't waste these times when you feel more emotional and compassionate. Use them to feel the hurt of others and intercede for them.

Elite warriors of the world spend incredible amounts of time using their weapons under extremely uncomfortable circumstances. Despite any situation they face, they become a deadly threat to the enemy! Fellow warriors, if they can learn to defeat self-pity over circumstances while using human weapons for the sake of a

country, then surely we can get over ourselves to war for the heart of God. Inform yourself, pray and find out where injustice is being practiced—then cry out with intercession. Ready, set, fire—tears with a mission!

Who would have thought that we were created to be the SEAL Snipers for God! When our tears mix with God's, teardrops of bombs explode on whatever is unjust! The puritan men prayed for this gift but God gave it to us. We must wake up and wail. The Chinese say that "When sleeping women wake, mountains move."

Mountains need moving in our generation.

#### Human Trafficking:

Approximately 8-900,000 human beings are trafficked across international borders every year.

#### Slavery:

There are roughly 27 million slaves today, more than all 400 years of the Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade. The International Labor Office estimates slaves generate 32 billion dollars annually. Slavery now rivals drugs and illegal arms for the top illegal activity on this planet.

#### Abortion:

This not only propels the above trades but kills an innocent life every 24 seconds. Are you crying tears of intercession over this horrific loss of life?

#### Corrupt Governments:

We don't need to look in the distant past to see dictators oppressing people in Burma, parts of Africa and the Middle East.

We as women can move these mountains! I beg your pardon? What can I do without becoming a Criminal Justice lawyer or without leaping out of the home away from my own children to help the orphans? Without going to Thailand to set up a Rescue Shop? You can do the best thing ever! Cry. Psalm 34:17 says, "The righteous cry and the Lord hears." My own great-grandmother (who was blind in her latter years) cried day and night for the coming generations of our family. Hundreds of thousands of people have come to know God because she simply took up her weapon. Hannah cried and the world got Samuel. Mary cried and Jesus' feet were anointed. Esther cried and God's people got justice.

We can tip the bowls of Heaven. When interceding tears meet with God's, they have the power to alter society and generations to come, to change governments and deliver people and nations caught in unbelievable situations. This is justice and this is how women fight!

Your friend always – Vangi  
P.S. A lifetime of crying does not dry out this gland!

EVANGELINE JOHNSON  
Primm Springs, Tennessee, USA

You can hear  
this message on CD.

See page 30



Howard and Evangeline's children are Zadok (16), Sharar (15), Rashida (13), Crusoe (11), Jireh (9), Arrow (8), Triveria (6), Sahara (4), Igara (2) and they are expecting baby #10 in June.



# My Favorite Bread

There are very few simple things in life. Sometimes I get burdened down with the complexities of getting through each day. My goal is to simplify and do less needless work instead of more. Therefore, if a recipe for home made, artisan, organic, succulent, sour dough, ancient grain bread, with the perfect moist crumb structure that never crumbles, and slices sandwich thin, sounds like complex busy work, think again!

Once a week, or twice, as your family gets addicted to this bread, you can spend twenty minutes from grinding to every-thing

wiped clean. It takes more brain space for me to remember to buy bread at the store! And the taste, if you like real bread, is unsurpassable.

I don't have space to delve into the complexities of this nutritional powerhouse, but one thought to chew on is that unless your bread is made with soured dough, or sprouted, it is laden with phytates, which make your bread very hard to

## SOUR DOUGH BREAD

### Ingredients:

- 2 quarts home grown rye-fed sour dough starter
- 6 1/2 cups rye flour (freshly ground if possible)
- 6 1/2 cups spelt flour (freshly ground is possible)
- 2 1/2 Tbs. Sea salt
- 1 1/2 quarts water—more or less as needed. The important thing is to get the right gooey, wet, oatmeal porridge consistency.

### Method:

1. Put all ingredients in order in a large pot or bowl and knead with a big wooden rolling pin (or wooden spoon or some other device) by pulling the pin towards you and pushing it away from you—about five minutes, or 10 minutes for those who want extra toned arms. You can even get your hands into the gooey mixture and knead, washing well when finished. You cannot knead this mixture on a counter. It is meant to look and feel like goo.
2. To check for the perfect consistency, test midway kneading, rather than at the beginning as it will get thicker when the gluten fibers start coming together.
3. Put in buttered pans to rise. I raise my bread for at least seven hours for a good rise. Sometimes you will get the height you want after only four hours but the phytates will not be removed until at least seven hours. I either make the bread in the morning and bake for evening dinner or make it in the evening and bake for breakfast.
4. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.
5. If you want to go all the way, you can put a pan of water in the bottom tray underneath the pans, which steams your bread and cook your bread in ceramic bread tins. It will give the most excellent crust.
6. To put this gooey mixture into your tins, wet a cereal bowl, dip it into the bowl and flop it into your pans. Each pan should be a generous half full. Wet your hands and flatten the bread with the slap of a wet palm.



*Serene mixing the dough with her wooden rolling pin.*

digest. They bind with certain vitamins and minerals in your body and leech them out in your pee. Yuk! The digestibility of the nutrients in the grain is another reason to enjoy sour dough bread. Besides its delicious, distinctive taste, many people with grain allergies do well with true sour dough bread.

This recipe is made with two grains, primarily rye and a little spelt. My reason for choosing these grains is as follows. Rye is the cheapest grain to purchase in bulk, which is a plus for big families on a tight budget. Rye also boasts the most fiber of any other grain which makes it super colon friendly. Rye, being so high in fiber, makes the glycemic index of this bread less than other grain breads.





The fact that it is soured slows the speed with which this energy food turns to sugar in the blood stream, which means it is a boon for those who are trying to watch their carbohydrate intake. Of course, if you are over 30 and don't have a speedy Gonzales metabolism, don't reach for more than two pieces at one sitting. I usually eat one large hunk, drizzled with cold pressed oil or raw butter. My children, who burn more carbs for energy, eat almost five slices at once when they are really hungry.

My reason for choosing spelt is because it is high in protein and a non-hybridized ancient grain. It also gives the mixture a nice spongy texture. This recipe is centered on these two grains and their proportions. It took a whole summer (nearly four years ago) of experimenting to come up with this mix.

Try it first with these particular grains in their exact measurements I have listed. If you would prefer to use all wheat, or other grains, feel free to experiment. You may have to change the proportions of water to flour, or the wetness of the mixture. The key to this recipe is to make a very wet dough. If you achieve this, you will reap super soft loaves and not hard bricks.

**SERENE ALLISON**  
Primm Springs, Tennessee, USA

# SOUR DOUGH STARTER

## Method:

1. In a sterilized bowl (pour boiling water over it to sterilize) add one cup of rye flour and one cup of pure water. Keep it on your counter top with a breathable cloth. Every day for seven days swap it to a new clean sterilized bowl and add one extra cup of rye flour and one extra cup of water. You swap bowls to make sure you do not catch bad bacteria while catching your wild yeast from the air.
2. After seven days your starter should be bubbly and spongy and should smell good and sour. If you have caught your yeast, put your new starter into a clean home—a plastic or glass bowl that will hold three quarts of liquid. Never use metal. There is no need to switch bowls any more.
3. It is now a family pet. Take it out and clean its home once a month. Feed it one cup of flour and one cup of water every day. Cover with a breathable cloth—I use a nylon mesh bag from the regular painting store. These are fantastic as they allow air in and keep insects out.
4. When you feed your starter and stir it around, you may only use plastic or wooden utensils. No metal please or you will kill your new pet.
5. Use your starter and bake again when your starter has grown back. Always leave at least one cup to grow within its starter house. If you caught a good starter your bread should rise nice and lofty and never be like a brick.

You can watch Serene make her sour dough bread on the Above Rubies YouTube channel <http://www.youtube.com/aboverubiennesse>

## Helpful Hints

1. If for some reason you don't leave a cup, but only a spoonful, then feed it one spoonful of flour and one spoonful of water. In a few hours, feed it two spoonfuls of each and then in a few hours again four of each until you have your cup and you can continue as usual.
2. Sometimes you will want to bake sooner than your starter will grow. In this case, if you have a quart of starter, you can feed it a quart of flour and a quart of water each day. The key is not to feed more food to your starter than the volume of your starter. You will dilute it too much and it will die.
3. My mother and I have kept our pet alive for nearly four years from when I first made the starter. A good idea is to share some of your starter with a friend. If you go away or forget to keep it going, you may be able to get some back from her. Mom has come to my rescue on a couple of occasions.
4. If for some reason you can't catch a starter (in some places the wild yeast may not be as prolific), order one on line. Feed it as I explained. Feed it only rye flour for this bread recipe to succeed.

## The Blessed Home

"Blessed that home in which the newly-married couple dedicate their souls to Christ. Blessed the family Bible in which their names have just been written. Blessed the hour of morning and evening prayer. Blessed the angels of God who join wing-tip to wing-tip over the home, making a canopy of light and love and blessedness."

~ T. De Witt Talmage





# Time for College!

## How can we afford it?

Finding an alternative to college is absolutely essential for many families these days—and for more reasons than one. Financially speaking, college is out of reach for many. At the end of 2008, for example, the National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education released

*Measuring Up 2008*, a comprehensive report on college affordability across the US. Sadly,

but not surprisingly, 49 states failed the survey, making it clear that college is just about unaffordable for a huge portion of the American population. The report also showed that college tuition has more than tripled since 1982—an amount that is adjusted for inflation and that takes into account college costs after financial aid (scholarships and grants) has been factored in to lower the degree's ticket price.

The financial costs of college are only the tip of the iceberg. Liberal professors are infamous for deliberately taking advantage of the impressionable minds of their students to pervert them with ungodly philosophies and justification for sin. Additionally, students on campus are exposed to lifestyles that stand in direct contradiction to biblical standards. Living

in a college dorm is often too overwhelming for a young person to continue pursuing a godly lifestyle after continual exposure to corrupt influences from their peers. It is a blessing when a student does not have to worry about such potentially devastating distractions but can instead focus on studies as well as other God-honoring pursuits.

### Thinking Outside the Box

Homeschoolers have positioned themselves to think outside the education box to avoid the pitfalls of today's school system—whether at a primary, secondary, or postsecondary level. Unlike millions stuck in the public system, homeschooling parents and students are open to college alternatives that include features like online courses and distance education. However, many families still educate their children the world's way, with a grade-segregated, fact-emphasis approach. Incidentally, this system of "schooling" is a recent phenomenon dating back to the early twentieth century.

At the turn of the twentieth century, manufacturing magnates like Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller Sr. were largely responsible for funding a system of education that would produce a generation of students who never learned to ponder life for themselves but were primarily trained to work in factories performing menial tasks. The graduates from newly established public schools were carefully taught what to think but not how to think. Another aspect of this new method of schooling favored the incorporation of textbooks into education as opposed to students learning from the classics as previous generations had for centuries. You can read more about this negative revolution in American education from John Taylor Gatto's book, *The Underground History of American Education*.

The model of education that many homeschoolers are going back to now actually predates the twentieth century system of grade-segregated study. Students in this model focus on one subject at a time, mastering a single "module" before they move on to the next. This approach to education

closely parallels that of the Founding Fathers, some of the greatest minds and most godly individuals in American history.

### Education the Founding Fathers' Way

You may have wondered how men like Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe were able to graduate from college at the age that most young people these days graduate from high school. The answer is fairly simple: high school didn't exist in the 1700s. It's a fact grudgingly admitted by college officials that the first two years of college are little more than a review of high school. The Founding Fathers were able to embark on their college studies at the same age American students today start high school.

For example, Thomas Jefferson graduated from *The College of William & Mary* at age 18 after studying for only two years because he learned how to think early on in his education. Jefferson started studying classical languages before he was 10 years old; his education mainly comprised grammar, logic, and persuasive public speaking or "rhetoric." Later on, he studied with George Wythe, an attorney, who spent time mentoring many young men just like Jefferson. The future writer of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson, wasn't taught simply how to get good grades. Rather, he learned how to develop innovative concepts about life, society, and government. Using a similar approach as the Founding Fathers enables students to complete a degree shortly after high school studies have ended.

### CollegePlus! The Program for Distance Learners

Since its inception in 2005, CollegePlus! ([collegeplus.org](http://collegeplus.org)) has helped hundreds of students earn a bachelor's degree in an average of two years for under \$15,000 by utilizing CLEP (College Level Examination Program) tests, DANTES exams (very similar to CLEP), and online courses through an array of regionally accredited colleges. Students no longer have to spend years on a brick and mortar college campus.

Students are also encouraged, though not required, to pursue internships related to their area of study. They thereby gain hands-on experience as well as the opportunity to create a portfolio of their work



and skills in order to receive college credit. A degree consultant on the CollegePlus! staff also helps students decide on a major and creates a personalized degree plan and timing sheet. In addition, CollegePlus! pairs students with skilled coaches who carefully guide them through the degree-earning process, providing godly mentoring and accountability, including instructive study tips and study guides for each individual test.

### Distance Learning Without CollegePlus!

For those students who feel confident on blazing their own trail, they can complete their accredited degree without the help of a CollegePlus! coach. Whichever route you choose for your children, homeschooling through college is a welcome alternative.

native to the burdensome and potentially detrimental system most students are forced into when working toward their college degree.

**SHAWN COHEN,**  
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For more information go to  
[www.collegeplus.org/rubies](http://www.collegeplus.org/rubies)  
Ph: 830-885-5432

To find how you can earn your degree on a flexible college schedule for homeschoolers, go to [www.collegeplus.org/requestinfo](http://www.collegeplus.org/requestinfo).

# I can do it at home!



Toward the end of September 2007, at the age of 17 and in my senior year of high school, I started my college studies at home. As a homeschooler for my entire school career, I had no intention of completing a degree through the traditional means of attending lectures in a college classroom or spending four years or more on a college campus.

Now, 15 months later, I have 87 credits. I am under \$13,000 and am well on my way to completing my BA in English. I hope to be entirely finished by this summer, one year after high school graduation. Through a cutting-edge approach to college, not only am I saving valuable time, but neither I, nor my parents, are going into any debt whatsoever on account of my college education.

I asked my mother, Sylvia, to comment on how she felt when I started my college studies at home. College can seem overwhelming to so many parents but distance learning really put my mom at ease.

### Mom's Take

There was no doubt in my mind that the Lord had led Cristina to distance learning when she enrolled in CollegePlus! I was enthusiastic and excited about the possibilities and thankful she would be living at home. I was a bit concerned, though, that I'd "never get to see her" because she would be studying so much. However, I see her more than I thought I would and it has been a season when I have learned to respect her schedule to a greater degree.

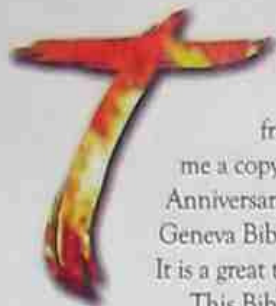
My mind set has been, and is, that she is a young lady who, at age 18, has her own interests and responsibilities in addition to her life with the rest of the family. She is always willing to help me in any way I need. She has a servant's heart, but I have learned to not take advantage of that.

Furthermore, if she were away at a college, she would not be here to keep her relationship with us either. I love having her at home for this season, and it has given us the opportunity to grow even closer as mother and daughter!

Regarding the degree itself, I did have some concern as to its validity. Having the best accreditation means a lot to graduate schools and potential employers these days. However, after talking with a CollegePlus! representative at our state homeschool convention and researching on my own, I was able to see that the regional accreditation offered by the college is the most accepted at graduate schools and companies in the US, and around the world. Since CollegePlus! students typically graduate from several different regionally accredited colleges, they have the same opportunity as any other student to pursue a master's degree at the university of their choice and/or be hired by any employer that requires a degree.

**CRISTINA AND SYLVIA DRISCOLL**  
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This last Christmas a dear friend of mine gave me a copy of the 400th Anniversary Edition of the Geneva Bible. I was delighted. It is a great treasure.

This Bible was printed in 1599 and, for the first time, got into the hands of the common people. It impacted England, Scotland and ultimately America. England was in a barbaric state at the time that this Bible became available. The people were discouraged and downtrodden, but as the Word of God penetrated into their hearts and minds, behavior changed. Only 28 years after the first printing, it was being said that the English were becoming a "people of the Book."

Dr. Marshall Foster, Founder and President of The Mayflower Institute says, "It is no exaggeration to say that the Geneva Bible was the central catalyst that catapulted England, Scotland and America out of slavish feudalism to the heights of Christian civilization." It spread the blessings of self-government, free enterprise, education, virtue, protection of women and children and godly culture. It released a great missionary movement, economic blessings and political and religious freedom.

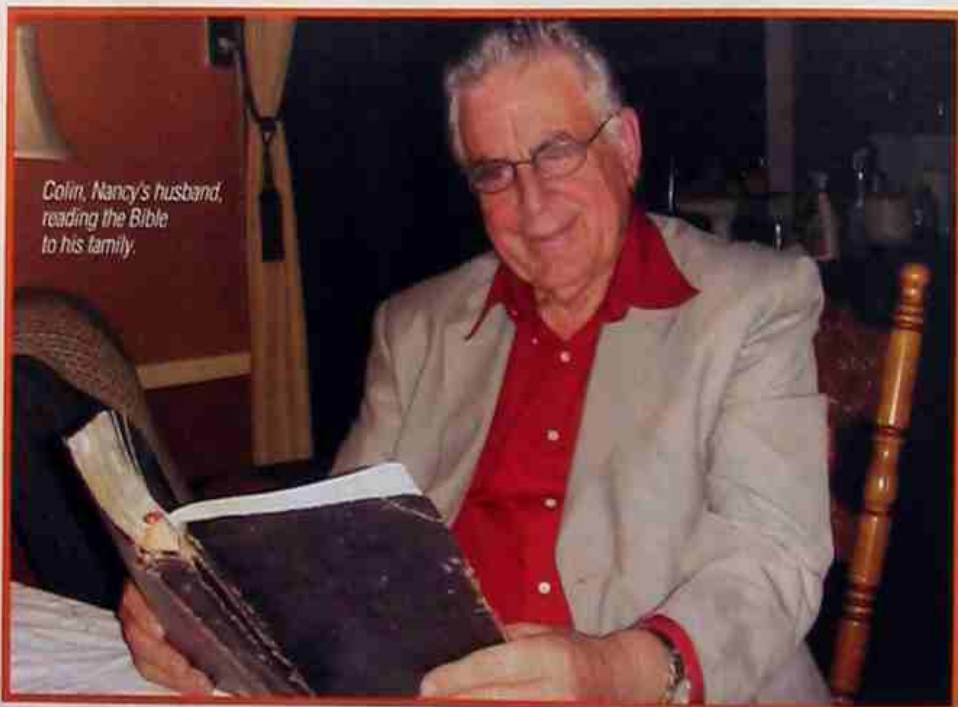
We have now had the Word of God in our hands for just over 400 years. Most homes have more than one Bible. We have over 30 Bibles (including different translations) in our home. The Gideons International have placed a Bible in every motel and hotel in the nation. Yet now, instead of seeing an increase in godliness because of the blessing of having God's Word so freely available to us, we are seeing a decline in godly virtues. The current thinking, even in much of the church, is humanistic rather than godly. How can this be? Is it because, although we have the Word of God, we no longer read it?

People go to church to hear the Word of God, although, strangely enough, they may not always hear it today. Recently, I was at my sister's home and listened to a popular preacher on TV who has about 30,000 in his church. He did not hold a Bible in his hand, nor did he mention the Bible. It was a brilliant motivational speech, but that's all.

In spite of this, it's not church we should be relying upon. It is the home. It's what happens at home that influences our

children and consequently the nation. I believe we need to get back to reading the Bible and praying together as a family in our homes. This should be the No. 1 priority of every day. It should be more important than schooling, sports and all the extracurricular activities that monopolize our lives today.

I was most interested to read in my new Geneva Bible *A Form of Prayer to be used in Private Houses Every MORNING AND EVENING*. The morning and evening prayer were written as a guide for families praying in their homes together. These prayers were not little "bless me" prayers, but of some length. It takes more than five minutes to read the Morning Prayer and over five minutes to read the Evening Prayer.



Colin, Nancy's husband, reading the Bible to his family.

My earnest cry is that families will come back to the foundational blessing for their homes and ultimately the nation. This foundation is the Biblical principle of the morning and evening Family Altar. It is a principle God ordained in the time of the tabernacle in the wilderness. The priests were ordained to keep the fire on the altar burning continually. God commanded them, "It must never go out." What was the secret to keep it burning? They had to clean out the ashes and add more wood to the fire every morning and evening. This way it kept burning. This speaks of getting rid of the dross and rubbish in our lives and partaking of the fresh manna of the Word of God. Once a day is not enough to keep the fire burning in our hearts and in our family

life. We need it night and morning.

But there was more. The priests also had to keep the lamps in the menorah burning continually. How did they do this? By trimming the wicks and pouring in the olive oil every morning and evening. We need to come together as a family in prayer, evening and morning, to cry out for His wisdom and anointing. The oil speaks of the Holy Spirit. Oh how we need to be continually filled with His Spirit to keep God's love and presence filling our home. We also need the anointing of the Holy Spirit to illuminate the Word of God to us.

Each week certain priests baked 12 loaves of bread, one to represent a tribe of Israel. The loaves (which speak of God's sustaining and living Word) were placed on the Table of Shewbread which was on the right-

hand side arm of the cross (the tabernacle was in the shape of a cross) and the menorah, the seven-branched candlestick was on the left. The light of the menorah shone upon the bread, reminding us how the Holy Spirit is the one who reveals the Word to us.

The priests also had to burn incense every evening and morning. Incense speaks of prayer, intercession, praise and worship. In Revelation 8:3 we read that "there was given unto him (the angel) much incense that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne." The incense was offered upon an altar which speaks of sacrifice. I know, it can seem a sacrifice to put aside time every morning and evening to pray together as a family, but the outcome



of not praying is a greater sacrifice.

I believe that prayer is the greatest lack in our homes today. It is the weak spot. It is a crack in the foundation. Jesus said, "My house shall be called the house of prayer." (Matthew 21:13) Do our homes really belong to God? If it is truly God's house, it will be a house of prayer. Would you consider your home a home of prayer? Prayer should be a spontaneous part of our lives throughout the day. However, it is also important to establish set times.

Without the daily revelation of the Word of God, we tend toward humanistic thinking. Isaiah 55:8-9 tells us that our thoughts are not God's thoughts. His ways are higher than our thoughts and ways. If we do not constantly seek His mind and His thoughts, we'll naturally turn to a wrong path. I find that I need the Word of God daily to keep me in line.

How can I manage this in our home, you ask? Life is so busy. We have so much going on. Everyone is going here and there. Yes, it will turn your family life around. It will take sacrifice. You will have to change your lifestyle. You will have to cut out things that you think are important. But they are not as important as making God the priority in your home. They are not as important as keeping the fire burning in your hearts and in the hearts of your children. They are not as important as keeping the oil of the Holy Spirit filling your hearts. They are not as important as keeping the incense burning with prayer and supplication which fills your home with that beautiful sweet aroma.

I remember when my sister was going through a very hard time in her home. She faced difficult battles and consequently spent much time in prayer. When people came into her home they would say, "I can feel the presence of God." She still faced the battles but prayer brought the presence of the Lord. You, too, may be facing battles in your home. Be encouraged. The presence of God that comes through prayer will override the struggle of the battle.

Every evening and morning the priests also had to sacrifice a lamb on the altar. Sacrifice will be necessary.

I wonder how long we will continue as Christian families in our whirlwind of activities. Sports, lessons, education and entertainment all seem more important than the principle God has established for us. I believe that if every family who owns the name of God would come back to this

# Keep the Fire Burning

## Evening and Morning

### Start a Fire in the Nation!

foundation in their homes, we could see a turn in the nation. While we put everything else before this, we show by our actions that God is well down on the list in our lives. We show to our children that God does not have first place in our hearts or in our homes. We are hypocrites before our children. We say He is Lord of our lives but we don't even have time to spend twice a day in His presence, calling out to Him and listening to His counsel.

Maybe it seems too overwhelming for you to accomplish this all at once. Why not start with getting together at least once a day. Perhaps the best time is at the end of the evening meal. Make it a habit to gather the whole family together at the end of each day, putting aside all other activities and functions. At the end of the evening meal together, open the Word of God and then pray together.

Because we are busy in the morning and everyone has to get to their various jobs, Colin, my husband, reads the Word of God to us and prays. However, in the evening we take more time. Our reading is not too long, but we talk about it and Colin asks questions. We then pray around the table, every person praying. We often have up to 10-12 sitting around our table so this sure makes a good prayer meeting. We pray for current needs but also for the nation, for Israel, for the persecuted church and others nations God puts upon our hearts.

Imagine if every God-fearing family began to pray together for their nation at the end of every meal! What a mighty power of incense going up before the Throne. This will not only keep the fire of God burning in our families, but it will start a fire in the nation as well. E. M. Bounds writes, "How we estimate and place prayer is how we estimate and place God. To give prayer a secondary place is to make God secondary in life's affairs..."

It is families who will bring God back to our nation; families who know what God says in His Word rather than being influenced by the humanistic thinking of our day; families who know how to pray the fire

of God into their souls and back into the nation. And please do not despise the prayers of the little children. Let not one child be left out as you pray around the table. God hears the prayers of little children, no matter how feeble.

Recently I read in Exodus 25:30, "You shall set the bread of the Presence on the table before Me at all times." I have now placed a large Bible with big print in the center of our dining room table with two candles either side so that I can have the bread (the Word of God) continually on the table. It looks beautiful, but it also adds a special atmosphere to the dining room. And every time I pass I can gather a little sustenance.

May you be known as a family "of the Book" and may we as a nation be known as "the people of the Book."

NANCY CAMPBELL

Read more about the Evening and Morning principle:  
KEEP THE FIRE BURNING - Leviticus 6:8-13  
KEEP THE LIGHT BURNING - Exodus 27:20-21  
KEEP THE INCENSE BURNING - Exodus 30:7-9  
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See the special on page 28.



In the last issue of *Above Rubies* we printed wonderful stories of courtships and weddings with a difference. The following testimony did not arrive in time, but I couldn't resist printing it in this issue. You will laugh and cry!

# The Wedding of my Dreams?

At a young age, I was encouraged to pray for my spouse. When I was 13 I created a prayer list, complete with specific details about looks, personality, and also protection and spiritual growth for my future husband. I prayed faithfully for him, whoever and wherever he was. I dreamed of marrying at around age 18 or 19. However, by the time I was 25 I began to wonder if my marital status would ever change from that of an old maid!

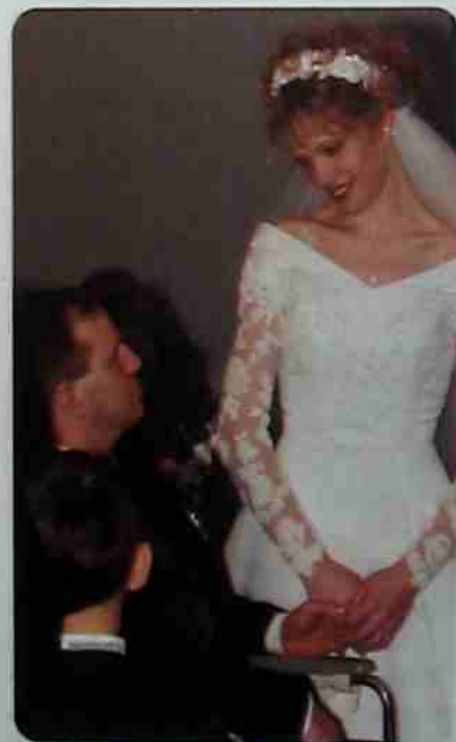
Being 25 and an eligible bachelorette, many were the matchmakers with good intentions. In fact, I was to meet a preacher boy in November (and live happily ever after). But, while all of this was in the works, a pastor friend of my father's from Northern Virginia preached a revival meeting in our church the week of October 14th. He knew a single young man in one of his churches, a lobbyist, needing a wife. Just what I needed—another cupid to stir the pot! Kicking and screaming all the way, I sent them home with a picture and an e-mail address to exchange with their "perfect match" and hoped the information would be lost and forgotten. Quite the contrary. A week later, I received an introductory e-mail from Doug.

Now I am in a dilemma. Only four weeks away, the weekend before Thanksgiving, I have a long-time pre-arranged meeting with the preacher boy. And now I'm supposed to meet Doug the weekend after Thanksgiving. I sent a very cool and disinterested response in hopes of deterring him from the possible relationship. He wasn't disheartened. He replied with more gusto! Why would God allow me to remain single until I was 25 years of age then suddenly baffle me with two mysteriously open doors to step through?

I prayed like I had not prayed in some time. On one hand, I had a young preacher, saved at a young age and raised up in the model preacher's home. On the other hand, there was Doug who had grown up in

a home where his parents were separated when he was only eight years old. He grew up in a small town public school where drugs, alcohol, and fornication were the norm. Though he was gloriously saved at the age of 18, he soon after headed to a university where again he was surrounded by partying and promiscuity and had no idea he should be growing spiritually. Certainly, the latter was not the kind of man a good little Christian girl should marry!

After two weeks of e-mailing back and forth, our e-mails became more frequent



and friendly. I began to see something amazing in this lobbyist from Washington, DC. The Lord had spared him from alcohol, drugs, and lustful living—even before he was convicted by the Holy Spirit to remain pure. And though he had no formal training in the ministry, his experience in the business world, combined with his selfless sacrifices and consistent Christian life as a layman in the church for the past several years were forming him to be the pastor

that he would someday become. Certainly my prayers for my future husband had played a part in the explanation of the hedge of protection as well as the spiritual growth of this man. My feet were definitely taking steps towards the open door on the east coast.

The Friday before Thanksgiving was upon me, and my bewildered heart was in agony! God was preparing me for a lesson in absolute trust and dependence upon him. After meeting with the first suitor, God made it abundantly clear that he was not "the one." A few days later, I boarded a United jet Doug-bound. We spent five days together—chaperoned of course. By the time I headed home, God had confirmed in my heart that this was the man.

But we were 1,100 miles apart. E-mailing became our lifeline. A week after I returned, Doug unofficially informed me that I would be marrying him! He asked my father for my hand in marriage December 29th, and we were officially engaged—stunning miracle diamond ring and all! We celebrated by taking some friends and family bowling, during which time I landed square on my backside while trying to impress my future husband with my bowling skills, of which I had none. Fortunately, he didn't ask me to return the ring.

We set a date for March 23rd—four days after my 26th birthday. We spent a total of 12 days together before we were married! Fortunately we had cell phones with free phone-to-phone minutes available to us.

The miraculous provisions in preparation for our wedding would fill chapters of a book. With our lack of time and funds, God intervened and allowed for all the necessities to provide a gorgeous ceremony. On Wednesday, March 20th, the day after my birthday, I met my mother-in-law for the first time. She flew in early to begin the process of making our cake. Doug arrived on Thursday, followed by many more



friends and family members on Friday, the rehearsal day.

Our rehearsal was wonderful! Everything was perfect. It was the ideal start to the wedding of my dreams. I worked for a large, privately owned photography company and a good friend was able to provide professional photographs, which had been another dream of mine. He was present for our rehearsal and rehearsal dinner. He captured marvelous candid moments at just the right moments, including one of me quickly and secretly, or so I thought, giving my honey an "I love you" sign from across the room. If everything thus far had been this good, I couldn't wait for the real event!

The wedding was scheduled for 1 p.m. on Saturday. Our pre-wedding schedule was packed—breakfast with all "the girls" at a 50s diner at 7:30, hair appointment at 9, bridal party preparation at 10, pictures at 11. I woke up to find my mother and sisters suffering from a minor case of the flu, but nothing to be alarmed by. Shortly after that rude awakening, I received a phone call from the groom, who was so weak and ill that he could barely talk with me. He was suffering from a major case of the same flu and was now dehydrated and vomiting at the speed of light.

I called off the breakfast plans. Around 8:30, I was on my way to my hair appointment when my mother-in-law called to inform me that the love of my life was in the ER. I called off the hair appointment and made a b-line for the hospital. Expecting to find him dehydrated and weak from the illness, I was shocked to walk in to his emergency room, only four hours before our scheduled ceremony, to find him basically unconscious and unaware that I was in the room with him. My strong and mighty protector was lying in a bed unable to move or speak.

You can imagine the flood of tears and the panic as I stood at his side. We had 350 guests from all over the nation anticipating our union in only a few hours. Could we possibly postpone our plans until tomorrow? Next week? I hardly think so.

After four units of saline to rehydrate him and several doses of anti-nausea medication, the doctor released him just after noon. He could barely walk. It was count-down time. We had less than an hour before guests would begin arriving. Doug was stable but unable to stand or carry on a conversation. I was hardly the picture of a

happy bride with big bluish eyes, little makeup, no (spidee) and some of the kiddie happiness of a bride on her wedding day. At 1 o'clock when Ditchelbel's Canon in D should have been playing, my father was making an announcement to the well-wishers that they were all invited to our reception while the groom convalesced. In a couple of hours, we would reassess the situation. While the wedding party and friends and family enjoyed a lovely reception and chatted pitifully about the turn of the events for the unlucky couple, the bride sobbed as the groom recovered.

By 3 o'clock, Doug felt strong enough to endure the ceremony. The call was made to the reception party that the wedding would commence at 4 p.m. The curling irons, hairspray, and makeup flew erratically as my personal attendant and bridesmaids rushed to cover the bloodshot eyes and tearstained cheeks! Was this really happening? After all of this kaffuffle, was my wedding actually taking place? Was Doug going

to begin? The doors opened, and my father escorted me to the front of the auditorium. All eyes were on me as my eyes were on Doug, with sunken eyes, pale face and awan lips. Could he last the ceremony? The music stopped. I was standing in front of my husband. He walked down the steps, took my arm, and we bowed for prayer. I felt him swaying as he motioned for the front row to clear out—and not a moment too soon. As the prayer closed and another song began, the groom lay unconscious once again on the front row. A flurry of activity followed. The music continued, repetitiously now. The crowd sat in shocked silence. I stood in tears of disbelief.

Doug's eyes fluttered open once more. I was overcome by laughter as coherence slowly repossessed him. The crowd soon joined me in a loud roar of laughter and then applause as they wheeled in the wheelchair for the ailing groom to finish the ceremony. Unbelievably, he was able to endure to the end. He even walked to the unity



to survive the ceremony? With a three-hour delay, would anyone even return? I had my doubts. But we made ready. Moments before the ceremony began, someone announced to me that the auditorium was full. All but two of the original attendees returned for the wedding!

The candles were lit, the close relatives seated, the groomsmen, pastor, and groom stood on the platform as the bridesmaids started down the aisle. The wedding march

candle and then to the kneeling bench as we prayed.

But the remainder of the ceremony was not without incident. The ring bearer was forced to leave through a side door on the platform, shortly followed by the best man. Both, with the same flu.

We said our final "I do's" and were pronounced "man and wife." Doug stood from his wheelchair and performed a real marriage altar kiss on the blushing bride, to



which the crowd erupted in exuberant applause! We were introduced to the crowd as Mr. & Mrs. Doug Robertson. The groom fell back into his chair on wheels, and we were escorted from the room with continued enthusiastic cheers, sighs of relief, and laughter from the happy onlookers. We greeted the crowd for 45 minutes as I stood in complete exhaustion and the groom sat in his chair, head spinning.

When he could finally handle the well-wishers no longer, he was helped across the parking lot to the parsonage where he crashed until I was able to close up shop and switch from radiant bride to nursemaid attire. After a bowl of chicken noodle soup, he once again drifted into a fitful sleep. I chose to take my ailing groom to a quiet hotel room a few blocks from home to give him an opportunity to sleep in peace and recover as quickly as possible. A friend helped me get him to the room where he crashed as quickly as he could and slept soundly the rest of the night while I suffered from a migraine, the result of hours of



*Doug and Jaime's blessings are Kent (5) and Abigail (3)*

sobbing, alone and in disbelief at the events of the day.

After catching a few sporadic moments of sleep in the chair in the room, I awoke early and showered, hoping to be revived by some hot water on my face. Soon after, I was encouraged to take up residence in the hospital with my still very dehydrated husband. Four hours and four bags of fluid later, he was released, this time with a bit more color and coherence. The church held a "re-reception" for us after the evening ser-

vice, following which we were finally able to resume our planned honeymoon.

At the end of the week, we moved to Falls Church, Virginia. The following Sunday, we joined the church in Northern Virginia where the pastor responsible for this wedding would train my husband for the ministry and where we served for four years. In September of 2006, the Lord allowed us to start a church on the west side of Omaha, Nebraska. God continues to do great things and prove himself mighty as we serve him together.

Despite a catastrophic wedding day or not, God is good. He is a loving God and gives grace when we need it. He answered my prayers of nearly 20 years for my husband. In fact, He gave me abundantly above all that I could ask or think. There is hardly a day that passes that I do not thank God for making me such a blessed wife.

**JAIME ROBERTSON**

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# Serene and Pearl's *This is Our Road*

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Early in 1996 my husband, James and I had just moved into our first house. We had two children, 21 months and three months. James was not working at that time as he was recovering from back surgery and we were living completely on Centerlink payments.

All of a sudden everything went wrong. It seemed that bad stuff started falling from the sky and there was nothing we could do about it. First of all Centerlink lost all our information and stopped our payments. We had no income at all for a month. James did some work for a plumber friend of his, but when the job was finished his friend went on a holiday to Queensland for a month and forgot to pay him before he left!

Next, the automatic transmission in our car died. We now had no money, no car, and no means to fix the car. One of my brothers was kind enough to loan us his car until we could get ours fixed, but only a few days later a truck backed into it. Another car out of action! Thankfully, another brother of mine who was a mechanic came across a secondhand automatic transmission and offered to loan us the money for it and replace our broken one for us. One night, James and my brother, Terry, towed our car to Terry's workplace and worked on it until early the next morning.

In a small effort to show my gratitude I decided to make my brother a meal to eat when they would finally get home. I decided on lasagna. I started to make the white sauce and realized I had no milk. It was such a little thing, but to me it felt like the last straw. Our two babies were asleep, I had no car and it was raining. There was no way I could get to the shop to buy milk. Determined to finish what I had started I decided to go next door to ask a neighbor if I could borrow some milk. I was pretty embarrassed as being new to the street, I had never met them before. They were very kind and gave me some milk and so the lasagna was completed.

The next day I took my two children to my friend, Lyn's house. She asked me how things were (bad question at that point). I told her everything that had been happening. After listening to my moaning, Lyn offered me a magazine article to read. It was in an *Above Rubies* magazine, and was about couples who had been through very similar circumstances. I thanked her

# My Milk Miracle

for the magazine and took it home and read the article straight away.

After reading that article I began flicking through the rest of the magazine. I came upon an article about everyday miracles. I found this article quite amusing. It was about all sorts of everyday things that people had prayed for and which they received from God. The one I can still remember was written by Nancy Campbell\* who lived in the country and with no transport. She was preparing tea for her family when she realized she needed a lettuce. There was no way she could get into town to get one so she prayed, "Lord, I really need a lettuce. Could you please send me one?" Within a very short time a truck drove past her front gate, hit a bump, and a lettuce fell off the back of the truck! I thought this was pretty funny.

All of a sudden I remembered that I still didn't have any milk. "Hey," I thought, "I'm going to give this a go!" I prayed that God would send me some milk.

However, right in the middle of my prayer I realized I could actually get my own milk. I had just enough money. I didn't have our children at home and I could walk to the shops. Also, somewhere in my memory I knew that it said in the Bible not to test God. I cut my prayer short and said, "Sorry God. Forget that prayer. I will get my own milk."

I didn't go to get the milk straight away. Instead, I went to work cleaning my bedroom and feeling terribly sorry for all my woes. After a while I heard a truck pull up outside our house, footsteps coming up our stairs and a knock on the door. I opened the door to find a man standing there with two liters of milk in his hand.

"Here's your milk," he said.

"What?" I gasped.

"Someone has paid for your milk to be delivered for the next seven weeks," he replied.

"Who?"

"I don't know. I just deliver it!"

I couldn't believe it. I took the milk from him and listened as he told me when and how it would be delivered. I went inside and all of a sudden I couldn't stop laughing. I laughed and laughed and as I laughed all the worry that had consumed me for the last few weeks disappeared. I knew that God had heard my prayers and that everything was going to be ok.

My husband wasn't home, and I needed to tell someone, so I rang my Mum. She was so excited. "This is a miracle!" she said. "There has never been a miracle in our family before!" She also said that there must be something special about the seven weeks that the milk would be delivered. "We'll just have to wait until the seven weeks are up and see," I replied.



James and Leanne are blessed with Erin (14), Liam (13), Ryan (10), Grace and Brianna (2 year old twins) and Alice (6 months).

During that next seven weeks God continued to provide for us. I didn't even need to pray for things. They just showed up! One day as I was leaving the house I realized we were out of potatoes, but I had no money to buy any. When we came home that night, there sitting at the back door was a big bag of potatoes as well as a big bag of carrots.

Another time visitors were coming for lunch. The thought crossed my mind that it would be nice to have some rolls instead of just sandwiches. This time I did



have the money, but I couldn't be bothered going down the street to get some. Within five minutes a friend of mine arrived at the door with a huge bag of rolls—enough to feed us for a week! Whatever I thought of God provided, even beyond my imagination.

Finally the seven weeks came to an end, and guess what? That was the same week my husband, James, started full time work! What an amazing thing! I had always believed in God, and had always prayed to Him, but I never really expected Him to hear me, let alone do anything physically in my life. Now I knew that God heard me and cared about me.

What an amazing thing to think that the God of Heaven who created the universe would care enough to send me milk!

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\* This incident happened when we were living in Palmerston North, New Zealand. Nancy.

# Baby 3 Changed my Heart

I was pregnant with my second child when a friend loaned me *The Power of Motherhood*. "You're a fast reader, so read this and tell me what you think," she said. I dutifully skimmed the book but returned it with a mental, "Thanks, but no thanks, I have a mothering system." You see, I had read a book about scheduling and getting your babies to sleep through the night—man's wisdom on parenting. I rigidly followed this schedule which involved letting your baby cry it out to teach the child to sleep.

My first child, Kaiser, slept through the night at six weeks. He was also fully weaned by that time, but he cried a lot to achieve that. The chapter in *The Power of*

*Motherhood* titled "Mothers are Nurturers" especially gratified me. I was convinced that this scheduling method was the way I'd mother all my children.

I read in that chapter from Isaiah 66:10-13, "That you may suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations: that you may milk out and

be delighted with the abundance of her glory. For thus saith the Lord, Behold I will extend peace to her like a river, and the Gentiles like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforts, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." Nancy followed by saying "Nursing is...total mothering to meet every need of the child...to satisfy, delight, console and comfort." I was not moved. This way of mothering was not for me!

God gave us baby number two, my little redhead named Hudson. I scheduled him and he slept through the night

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"My husband and I are learning so much from BFM. Our eyes and hearts have been opened to so many new and wonderful ideas that it is nearly overwhelming. I wish young wives and mothers everywhere could get this book. It could really change our nation's opinion of its children."

Go to page 30 to order!



at six weeks, self-soothing by sucking his thumb. I did manage to nurse him until he was 15 months old. This scheduling was so easy; baby number three would be no problem.

Baby number three arrived, my first little girl, Adeline. I tried to schedule her for the first three months of her life. But she would not be scheduled! She began to NOT sleep! She slept no longer than 45 minutes at a time 24 hours a day. She wanted to sleep with me! A big no-no according to the book. I was reeling! What had happened? Why wasn't this working?

I was a mess due to the lack of sleep, but God finally had my attention. To save my sanity, I stopped trying to schedule and began to nurse when she needed me. Wonder of wonders, she began to sleep better, though she didn't sleep through the night until she was five years old!

I began to study the Bible, seeking God's wisdom. God brought me back to the Isaiah 66 passage and I got it! It had been three years since I had read this passage, but finally I understood. The beauty of mothering by offering my breast for comfort, nourishment and nurturing brought peace to my soul. I was and am at rest.

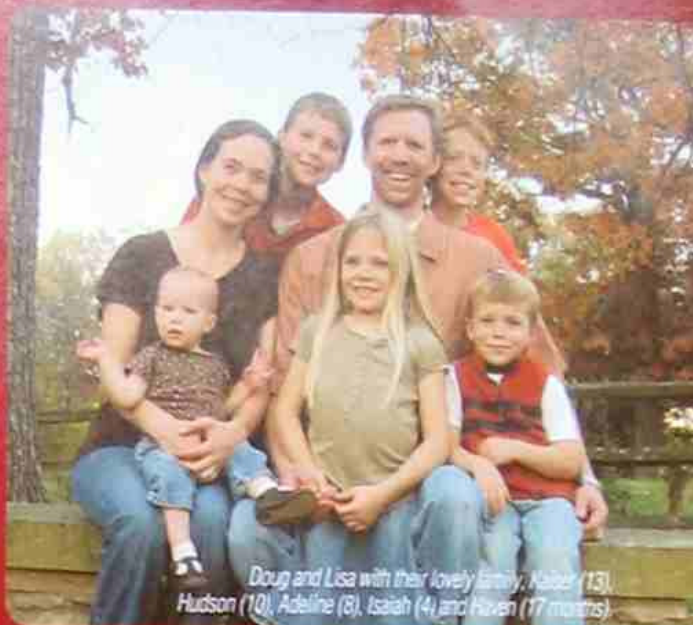
Hindsight is always 20/20. Mothering my first two children, I was selfish and controlling. I didn't want to lose sleep! The book said to let the baby cry. Slowly, I became numb to his cries and my heart turned to stone. Even my

husband would ask to pick up the crying baby to rock and comfort him, but I said, "No, the book says..."

After Addie, I pressured my husband into scheduling a vasectomy. He was reluctant as he wanted more children, but because I was such a mess, he agreed. A couple of days before the consultation, I read Isaiah 66 again. God used that to not only change my mothering but to open me up to the possibility of more children. We cancelled the appointment and eventually began to study the manual, *Be Fruitful and Multiply*.

We began to understand God's plan for families as we went through each Scripture. I wept for the children I had missed out on by controlling my womb. I began to realize my lack of submission to God and my husband. My husband began to understand his role in leading the house. He now has a vision to change the world through godly children.

Since then, God has added two more blessings to our home. At one year, Haven is still nursing strong, day and night! She sleeps in a co-sleeper attached to our bed, and snuggles in an Ergo by day. Addie and Isaiah both nursed until they were almost three years old and weaned only after I got pregnant.



Doug and Lisa with their lovely family, Kaleb (13), Hudson (10), Adeline (8), Isaiah (4) and Haven (17 months).

Mothering this way is such a beautiful picture of the love of God! Is it always easy? NO! With every baby I learn more about dying to my self. But, knowing my breasts comfort my little ones brings much peace to me. Now my husband has the opportunity to comfort and rock his little ones too!

**LISA FALK**  
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I started off scheduling my babies too. It wasn't until baby number four, who refused to schedule and refused to sleep through the night until he was comforted at the breast, that I, too, changed to the Isaiah 66 way of mothering. Nancy

## Do you have Peace with God?

The most important thing in this world is to have peace with God, your Creator and Savior.

You cannot have peace while there is sin in your life. God is separated from sin and to be true to Himself, He must judge sin. But He loves the sinner. He sent His only beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for your sin and take the judgment of your sin instead of you. Romans 5:8 says, "God demonstrates his own

love towards us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us."

Acknowledge and confess your sin. Thank Jesus for dying for you. He is the pure, spotless Lamb of God who shed His precious blood to atone for our sins. Hebrews 9:22 says, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

Fall at His feet with repentance and accept His great salvation. This is your way to peace.



# EIGHT LONG MINUTES



The wait for my daughter, Sarah, to have her own daughter ended after two years of miscarriages and riding the emotional roller coaster of soaring hopes and plummeting sorrow.

The long labor came as no surprise to the doctor, or to Sarah. There had been talk of a cesarean during the last few appointments. A first time mother laboring with a posterior baby did not sound promising. The baby was turned backward, with her spine on the mother's spine, which produces an extremely long and very painful labor. The plan was to labor at home, walking and resting as long as possible. And the plan worked. Sarah endured the first 20 hours of labor at home before entering the hospital. She had progressed enough to show that she could have her baby without surgery, but the long labor had already taken its toll. It was decided she needed help to endure the many hours of intense labor that still lay ahead, and an epidural was administered soon after her arrival at the hospital.

More than 20 hours later, with six sisters, her mother and husband around her bed (as well as one concerned mother-in-law doing her best imitation of a fly-on-the-wall) my Sarah gave birth to her first child, and Pearl made her world debut to a cheering crowd.

**"My great concern  
is not whether  
God is on our side.**

**My great concern  
is to be on  
God's side."**

—Abraham Lincoln

A girl! A baby girl! There were giggles and tears. Her daddy's side of the family averages one girl per generation—she was truly a special gift. I was thankful and surprised that the nursing staff did not have all nine of us escorted off the floor for disturbing the peace.

But within seconds, joy melted into apprehension. Instead of placing the new bundle on her mother's chest, the doctor graciously turned her back to Sarah, placing herself between the little blue, lifeless infant and her mother's anxious gaze.

Without words, only direct eye contact and the wave of a finger, I gave orders to my younger girls to leave the room immediately. Reading the grave expression on my face, they filed out of the room. The room fell silent. Tension and fear quickly replaced the excitement as we waited for Pearl to breathe, or show any sign of life. Sorrow overtook us one by one. As new faces entered the room, those of us who loved her most were left helpless, praying through silent tears and bated breath.

With his head back and eyes turned toward heaven, the new father fell against the wall to help him stand. Our prayers must have sounded to God like a frantic mixture of cries for help, demands and defiance all rolled into one as we faced the unthinkable. My daughter turned to me with terror-filled eyes, shaking her head "No." All she could utter was, "Mommy!" I read volumes of hope, despair and questions in her tearful, pleading eyes. That one simple word instantaneously translated, "Help! You're my mom; you always make things all right. You have to make THIS all right. Make this not happen. I want my baby!" Sorrow washed away my voice. All I could offer my daughter was my embrace as we waited, and eternity

hung in the air.

Then it happened; first a small squeak no louder than a tiny mouse was heard from across the room, which was immediately punctuated by our nervous elation. We were hushed by doctors who needed to hear more than a faint squeak. We fell silent once again, and this time, with hope brushing away fear, waited for another sign of life. That sign came a full eight minutes after her birth—the longest eight minutes this family has ever had to endure.

And we welcomed our tenth grandchild; our precious little Pearl.

## RHONDA ROBINSON

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*Author's Update:* Today, Pearl Genevieve Taylor is a vivacious 2 1/2-year-old. She suffered no lasting effects from her traumatic entrance. She is living happily in Tuscola, Illinois with her mother, Sarah, her Daddy, Travis, and 1-year-old baby sister, Izabella Rose.



This is the story that belongs to the song, *Eight Minutes Old* on the new father's CD, *Richest Man on Earth*.

The above illustration was drawn by artist Hannah Robinson Keagle (Sarah's sister) when Pearl was about two months old.



# Saved from Hysterectomy

Expecting my first child, I was a very happy, joyful mum-to-be. I was indeed expectant—full of hope and looking forward to my baby's arrival. We conceived this baby in Guinea, Africa, where my husband, Don and I had been volunteer workers aboard the Mercy Ship's "Anastasis". Now, glad to be home in New Zealand with good medical care, we looked forward to holding this little blessing from God.

So, why was I so drawn to a particular article in an *Above Rubies* magazine all about the womb and hysterectomies?

My pregnancy progressed well. I felt fit and healthy, and even took a part-time job in a local hospital. An earlier diagnosis of Thrombocytopaenia (a lower than normal platelet count which can affect blood clotting) was not expected to cause any problems during pregnancy or delivery as my levels seemed okay. They picked up another slight concern on an Ultrasound Scan; the baby appeared to have slightly shorter arms than normal. We turned down the offer of an Amniocentesis as we did not feel the risks worth taking. However, we were delighted that our baby boy was due on Christmas Day!

I loved being pregnant. I talked and sang to my baby, and prayed for him. I prayed that he would be welcomed into this world. I searched out photos of my husband as a young boy and pictured my infant with similar looks. I imagined him as a young boy, sailing with Don, or with a tennis racquet in his hand.

Two weeks before due date, I went into labour. The labour went well, and by the time I arrived in the hospital baby was well on the way. Two hours later, after a normal and natural labour, our son was born. I took him in my arms and welcomed him into the world saying, "Hello Baby." Between the "Hello" and the "Baby" I saw, and knew, that he had Down Syndrome.

The paediatrician arrived and examined baby thoroughly. Looking directly at me he uttered the words I didn't want to hear, "You're right, Rose. He has Down Syndrome. I'm very sorry." Grateful for his honesty and directness but acutely aware of the shock that this was for my husband, I asked Don to phone family members and friends to let them know that baby had arrived, and to make sure that anyone he contacted was also told



Don and Rose with their children Jeffrey (16), Miriam (14), Anna (10), Susie (6) and Laura (5).

about the Down Syndrome. I didn't want any visitors unprepared.

We had no more time to discuss anything because I began to bleed! It was soon apparent that I would need to go to theatre for treatment. Our little baby was taken to a nursery upstairs where he received lots of love and attention from the nursing team of which I had once been a member. This huge welcome and fuss he was given in his first 48 hours was an answer to my pregnancy prayer for him.

The operative procedure appeared successful at first, but my obstetrician was concerned when the bleeding restarted and my condition became unstable. I was moved from obstetrics to the general side where I had attention from my obstetrician, Intensive Care specialists, a haematologist, an anaesthetist and intensive care nurses. But my condition worsened. When one particular midwife arrived to look after me (and didn't even recognise me until I told her who I was and how we had worked together before I married), it dawned on me that I was very seriously ill.

It was now late afternoon, several

hours after my 9 a.m. delivery. As a midwife I knew that a hysterectomy would be a major possibility as a life-saving measure. The thought of having a hysterectomy the same day as giving birth to a baby with Down Syndrome was too much to bear. I couldn't imagine having sufficient faith, courage and strength to face each day, knowing that my only child was so different from the one that I had hoped and dreamed for.

I silently asked God to allow me to die and go to Heaven to escape this grief and pain. He quite clearly answered a simple "No."

I told each doctor and nurse who attended me, "I'm not going to have a hysterectomy." Recorded in my notes in large letters, one doctor entered: "Rose is adamant there is to be no hysterectomy." As this marvellous team of medical and nursing staff banded to stabilise my bleeding, a faithful team of friends and family battled in prayer.

My body was weak and exhausted. But, spiritually, I felt strong. If God wasn't ready to receive me into His Heavenly home, there was no way I was going to be



robbed of the opportunity to have more children! I remembered an article I had read in the *Above Rubies* magazine. As I lay there, I silently renounced every mention of the word "hysterectomy" that could have been spoken over me.

I was taken to theatre a second time. To everyone's relief the bleeding eased. My parents, who had been at the hospital all day, drove the 30 minute trip home. They just arrived home when the phone rang summoning them back to the hospital—I was bleeding again. It appeared that only one option remained—to return to theatre and tie off uterine vessels one at a time, but inevitably a hysterectomy would ensue.

My obstetrician phoned an obstetric colleague, requesting support. This surgeon had recently read an overseas journal which cited a case of a haemorrhage being stopped by a procedure performed by a radiology (X-ray) team. This had never been tried in New Zealand before. By now it was the middle of the night and except for emergencies the X-ray department was closed. Would such a specialist team come in?

The team came, some of them straight from a pre-Christmas party! They did not seem to mind and their jovial mood matched their party attire. Oblivious to details at this stage, my midwife gave me a wonderful commentary describing the stiletto shoes, party dresses and hairstyles. She also described what was happening to me. A tube was inserted into my upper leg and threaded around toward my uterus. Injected dyes resembled a very colourful nuclear explosion! The quiet, gentle and skilled radiologist soon identified the blood vessel causing the problems;

and inserted a very tiny clotting device.

At last the bleeding ceased! I spent the next few hours in Intensive Care receiving blood transfusions to improve my blood counts. I received at least 65 units of blood products, which is nearly 20 litres, about four times a person's usual blood volume. (Thank you to all who donate blood!) I am also grateful to a fabulous team of doctors, midwives, and nurses, led by a very brave obstetrician who, instead of opting for the safe road of an early hysterectomy, was willing to save my womb.

Most of all, I am, and always will be, very thankful to a merciful and gracious Heavenly Father who loves us and answered our prayers to save my life as well as my ability to bring new life into this world. As a midwife, I consider the fact that I survived this haemorrhage, with my uterus intact, as a miracle. I have known of women who received a third of the blood volume I required, yet underwent hysterectomies.

Jeffrey, our first-born, is a wonderful son and we love him dearly. He brings far more joy than sorrow into our lives and we wouldn't be without him. He now has four sisters. After all the trouble the doctors went to saving my uterus, I believed it should be put to good use! My obstetrician says I'm responsible for most of his gray hair, but he helped with my pregnancy care until he retired. I had a borderline post partum haemorrhage with my second baby, but never required blood products or special procedures again.

Each subsequent pregnancy met with a variety of reactions from family and friends who were very concerned about

the possibility of us conceiving another baby with a disability and of course there was concern about my health. This has taught me that it is important to support and encourage every expectant mother, regardless of her circumstances. Once conceived, the new life needs to be nurtured and welcomed, not shunned or rejected.

As my family grew, so did my workload. Again I sought refuge and encouragement from *Above Rubies* magazines. Five children is not many compared to many of the testimonies I read, but I struggled to find an answer for those who told me that two or three children was all I should consider having. Until one day I read an article by Laurie Wexel in *Above Rubies*, # 59, "God is Bigger than Our Circumstances." Laurie, who has a disabled husband, described the short sightedness of those who criticised her for giving herself such a big workload. She saw this workload as being very worthwhile, because in the longer term she, in fact, had a team of very caring helpers.

My daughters all love to help and have developed skills and initiative from a young age. Quite unexpectedly, every time I've had a baby, Jeffrey, too, has taken huge strides toward greater independence. When I've been too busy to help him with a task, he's given it a go. Did my older girls resent helping me when I had little babies? Not a bit! They want me to have more!





ROSE MACLEAN ©

Auckland, New Zealand (although they are now embarking on a year-long working family holiday/adventure touring New Zealand by caravan.)  
donrosemac@hotmail.com

## Above Rubies YouTube Channel

<http://www.youtube.com/aboverubiestennessee>

You can see...

-  Serene making sour dough bread.
-  Pearl talking about the new Nutrition book that Pearl and Serene are writing, plus watch how to make healthy chocolate.
-  Colin and Nancy sharing their vision.
-  Interview with Charlie and Brian about the new Father's album, *Richest Man on Earth*. You will see them in action in the studio.



# My Past Caught up with Me!

When my 17 year old daughter told me she had decided to have an abortion I prayed hard. She had run away at 15 years. Early one morning I woke while it was still dark. In order not to disturb my husband I took myself off to the bath to pray. My mind was raging. I thought of all the horrible things ahead of her because I too had run away when I was young. It tore me up inside.

God dropped a Scripture into my heart. Proverbs 3:5-6 NIV, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight." I realized I was leaning on my own understanding and experience by obsessively worrying about this situation. God encouraged me to trust Him.

I had an abortion once. It didn't mean anything to me at the time. It was acceptable in society. I didn't even think about it after it was done. The government endorsed it, for goodness sake!

When my eldest daughter was three, she woke from a dream and told me about a friend she had met called Sarah who had taken her flying over town. She named her doll Sarah and from then on 'Sarah' was her pet name for everything. She became a valued member of our family. After my next children came along they too began

to talk of 'Sarah' and also named their dolls Sarah.

On occasion when I was praying I would see a child dart across the doorway but when I looked there was no one there. My spirit was on alert because I knew I had seen someone. It was like the shadow of someone.

I was at a Ladies' retreat and a woman spoke on abortion, bringing to my attention the reality of what I had done. The child was real but I had been numb about it. What I didn't see didn't exist. Or did it?

These women prayed with me and helped me to acknowledge my sin and make peace with my aborted child by acknowledging that I killed it and asking forgiveness. I gave my baby a name as they said it was important to name my child. I named her Sarah. From that moment on my other children no longer talked to 'Sarah' and I no longer saw the shadow of a child running past.

Therefore when my 17 year old daughter came to me and told me she was going to have an abortion I felt the need to explain to her that abortion is actually murder. The devil was trying to kill another baby and I had to speak up. I knew it was a sensitive topic and she probably wouldn't want to hear what I had to say,

but this baby was my grandchild, one of my descendants—and this is a war!

People need to know that just because you can't see the life within you doesn't mean it doesn't exist. The moment you conceive, the baby is alive. We need to take responsibility for the choices we make and accept the consequences. Killing an unborn child is not the answer. It is not the child's fault. Abortion is not an option that should be considered.

If you are considering an abortion, please understand that you are killing a baby and you will grieve the loss of this life. Abortion doesn't solve problems—it creates worse ones. I remember having a dream that I was having an abortion. It was legal up to nine months but the law required that you look into the eyes of the child you were aborting and say goodbye before you killed it. If this were the condition on abortion, would you go through with it?

Now for the good news—my daughter kept her baby and I have a beautiful 10 month old granddaughter.

## MARY COUPER

Pambula, New South Wales, Australia  
mccospy777@msn.com

# Don't be Afraid to Speak Up!

"But, HOW did she die, Mum?" I asked my mother yet again. She had brokenly shared with me that a young woman in our community, only a few years older than me had died. My mother didn't want to say more but her reluctance only stimulated my curiosity. This family only had two children, a son and a daughter and now the daughter was gone.

My mother didn't think I needed to know the reason for her death, but only to know that she had passed away. To say I was shocked is an understatement because I had sat next to her only a couple of weeks before at a Young Farmers and Country Girls' dinner. She was laughing, jovial, chatting. Why? How?

I wasn't about to be fobbed off. My

parents were always protecting us and I thought this was just another case. "When will I be old enough to know anything Mum? I'm 15, I'm working and still you keep things from me."

My mother hesitated, sighed, drew a deep breath and told me the reason for her reluctance was not to protect me but that she didn't want to cause the grieving mother any more grief through gossip. I quickly promised I wouldn't tell a soul. My mother's eyes filled with tears and she almost choked as she told me, "She had an abortion and something went wrong."

"What's an abortion?" I asked. And so my understanding was increased that day. As my mother wept she extracted another promise from me. "If you ever

find yourself in a difficult situation, NO MATTER WHAT IT IS, will you please come and tell me? The pain of knowing you have done wrong is as nothing compared to the pain of losing you and knowing I could have helped you." I promised.

I ached for my friend then and over the years because it need not have happened. I also ached for the baby. It was beyond my understanding why anyone would want to kill a little baby.

Two years later I was training as a Karitane nurse. My sister brought a friend of hers to me who was very pretty, very young and pregnant. Her boyfriend had procured a drug for her to take and she was anxious to take it. I spoke strongly against taking that drug, which had more



unknowns than the baby growing within her. The drug could kill her but the baby wouldn't. Somehow, even with very little knowledge of God, I told her things would work out. Heather and I promised we would help her as much as we could. Praise God, she listened, and didn't take that drug. She kept her baby and ended up marrying the father. Together they found Christ and are so grateful they were spared from destroying their own little boy. All Glory to God!

The years rolled by and I extracted promises from my children just as my mother did from me. Both my daughters have been instrumental in saving lives of babies when their friends were persuaded that abortion was the only answer. Their friends were told that shame and ruin would follow them if they gave their babies life. Instead the very opposite has been the truth. Rather than guilt, they are innocent of murder and forever free from regret! Instead of shame, they have pride in their child and their role as a mother! Instead of

ruin, they have built character, strength and courage into their lives. Why is it that in a panic we believe the lie instead of truth? Is it because one is instant and the other takes time?

I was blessed by the testimony of a woman who came to one of our *Above Rubies* retreats in Western Australia. This lady had never been on a camp like this before. On the very first night we had all brought our own meal as the kitchen was locked up until breakfast the next morning. We could only rinse our utensils and containers because dishwashing liquid and tea towels were all locked away. This lady said she had brought both liquid and tea towels. What a reaction this caused. Who would bring these items to a Ladies camp? She was immediately enveloped into everyone's heart, and although she came on her own, she was now very popular.

She confessed she hadn't had so much fun since she was in the "Home for Naughty Girls." Her parents had sent her

away during her 'confinement' because of the embarrassment of their daughter not being married. In this environment she had not felt different to the other girls as they were all in the same boat. This same feeling of acceptance and fun was felt at this camp, bringing back memories and swelling her heart with thankfulness.

She told us that she ended up keeping the baby against her mother's wishes but her father had stood by her decision. She later married and had more children. The little girl she kept grew up and gave her heart to the Lord and then led her mother to the Lord. How we rejoiced with her. God is so good.

Don't lose any opportunity to speak up on behalf of the unborn. We don't know how many lives are saved by our words.

#### VAL STARES

Australian Director of Above Rubies  
Canungra, Queensland, Australia  
admin@aboverubies.org.au

Pastor Danny Nalliah with the little girl he helped to save from abortion.  
How wonderful!



"Rescue those who are unjustly sentenced to death; don't stand back and let them die. Don't try to avoid responsibility by saying you didn't know about it. For God knows all hearts and He sees you. He keeps watch over your soul, and He knows you knew! And He will judge all people according to what they have done." *Proverbs 24:11-12*

## Eight Years Later!

I received a burden from the Lord to start a Pregnancy Counseling centre in Melbourne about nine years ago. I was visiting the US from Australia during this time to speak to the US congress on persecution issues in Saudi Arabia against Christians. My family and I had just moved from Saudi Arabia to Australia. We are originally from Sri Lanka.

During one of my appointments with a US congressman I watched a debate about legalizing late term abortions. I was absolutely shocked to hear about the procedure and cried to the Lord saying, "Lord, how could we save these children." Glory to God, today we have a Pregnancy Counseling service known as *Options Plus Care* in Melbourne.

Shortly after this I counseled the first couple. They told me that they wanted to have an abortion. They said they were not ready for the baby and that they had made up their mind. I prayed, "Please help save this child." I started

talking to the couple with the little I knew and what I had learnt on a visit to a Pregnancy Counseling Centre in the US.

I spoke to them for about two hours. I made them watch a DVD that I had obtained in the US. A few days later I received a call from them telling me that they had decided to keep the baby. I was so excited. I could not believe it.

Recently I visited the Gold Coast in Queensland, Australia to minister at a church service. Here awaited a surprise for me. The mother of this baby girl brought the girl to meet me. I was so happy and excited to see the girl who is now eight years old and living very happily with her parents.

A million dollars cannot buy the joy of seeing life given to a child.

#### DANNY NALLIAH

Catch the Fire Ministries  
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia  
optionspluscare@optionspluscare.org.au  
www.optionspluscare.org.au

Pastor Danny and his wife Maryse have  
3 children—Nigel, (18), Shannon (16)  
and Brianna (1).



# ABOVE RUBIES

## RETREATS AND SEMINARS

Family Camps are for the whole family – fathers, mothers and the children. Singles and single mothers are also welcome. The speakers are Colin and Nancy Campbell. Colin will minister to the fathers and Nancy to the mothers, unless otherwise stated. All ladies are welcome at the Ladies Retreats – wives, mothers, singles, teen daughters, and of course, we always welcome the nursing babies. Come and be encouraged, challenged, fortified, strengthened, uplifted and inspired in your divine calling of parenting.

Check [www.aboverubies.org](http://www.aboverubies.org) for additional retreats or changes. More retreats are currently being finalized.

### — — Camps for 2009 — —

#### 16 MAY, CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

LADIES DAY (10.00 am - 9.00 pm)

Contact: Charity Callis, [becallis@gmail.com](mailto:becallis@gmail.com) • Ph: 559-877-3777

#### 22 — 24 MAY, GEORGIA

FAMILY CAMP at Camp Echeconnee

Contact: Pastor Paul J. Dziadul Sr. • Ph: 478-361-3659

or Glen at 478-338-0556

<http://www.cwwmacon.com>

#### 29 — 30 MAY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

LADIES SEMINAR (South Side and West Side)

Contact: Keyla Villarreal, [keyla.villarreal@sbcglobal.net](mailto:keyla.villarreal@sbcglobal.net)

Ph: 210-945-8363 or 210-274-8417

#### 5 — 7 JUNE, MANITOBA, CANADA

LADIES RETREAT, Camp Cedarwood • Pinawa Bay • NE of Winnipeg

Contact: Michele Kauenhofen, Ph: 204-388-6015 (noon - 4.00 pm or after 8 pm)

[ceducate@mts.net](mailto:ceducate@mts.net) • <http://www.cedarwood-yfc.com/site/site.htm>

Or Natalie Dueck, [jason.dueck@web.net](mailto:jason.dueck@web.net) • Ph: 204-388-6758 (evenings are best)

Serene and Pearl will be singing at this retreat.

#### 5 — 7 JUNE, EAST WASHINGTON/IDAHO

MEN'S RETREAT with Colin Campbell,  
plus free fishing on the beautiful Columbia River.

Contact: Darlene Delano, [penielranch@hughes.net](mailto:penielranch@hughes.net)

Ph: (509) 633-3649 ext. 100 • [www.penielranch.org](http://www.penielranch.org)

#### 19 — 21 JUNE, EAST WASHINGTON/IDAHO

LADIES RETREAT at The Peniel Ranch in Omak

Contact: Darlene Delano, [penielranch@hughes.net](mailto:penielranch@hughes.net)

Ph: (509) 633-3649 ext. 100 • [www.penielranch.org](http://www.penielranch.org)

#### 14 — 16 AUGUST, TENNESSEE

LADIES RETREAT at Garner Creek Center • Dickson

700 Sam Hollow Rd • Dickson, TN 37055 • [www.garnercreek.com](http://www.garnercreek.com)

Contact: Lynn Owens, Ph: 615-243-7835 • Email: [owensarrows@hughes.net](mailto:owensarrows@hughes.net)

Or Tara Thacker, [thackertribe@bellsouth.net](mailto:thackertribe@bellsouth.net)

Serene, Pearl and Meadow will be singing at this retreat.

#### 17 — 19 JULY, CALIFORNIA

LADIES RETREAT, Alliance Redwoods Conference Grounds,

Occidental 20 miles/30 minutes west of Santa Rosa

Contact: Michele Fetterly, [thefetterlys@peoplepc.com](mailto:thefetterlys@peoplepc.com) • Ph: 707-762-6251

or: Suzanne Sutton, [thesuttons@truevine.net](mailto:thesuttons@truevine.net) • Ph: 707-887-1694 (between 12-5pm)

#### 21 — 23 AUGUST, CALIFORNIA

ANNUAL FAMILY AND LADIES CAMP

Pine Valley Bible Conference Center • 45 minutes east of San Diego

Gary and Trish Evans, Ph: 951-681-4858 • [gtkdz@empirenet.com](mailto:gtkdz@empirenet.com)

#### September and October Ministry in Europe,

Contact Alice Gurr, Ph: 0208-224-3628

or [aboverubies@ntlworld.com](mailto:aboverubies@ntlworld.com)

#### 9 — 11 OCTOBER, ENGLAND

SOUTHERN LADIES RETREAT IN SUSSEX

Contact: Katy King, Ph: 01342 837525 • Email: [katyking@brinternet.com](mailto:katyking@brinternet.com)

#### 16 — 18 OCTOBER, ENGLAND

NORTHERN LADIES RETREAT IN DERBYSHIRE

Contact: Sarah Dawes, Ph: 01246-827042 • Email: [sarahdawesuk@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:sarahdawesuk@yahoo.co.uk)

#### 30 OCTOBER — 1 NOVEMBER, OREGON

LADIES RETREAT

Contact: Pam Fields, Ph: 503-363-0579

Or Terri Burkert, [quiverfull@divix.biz](mailto:quiverfull@divix.biz)

#### 6 — 8 NOVEMBER, KENTUCKY

LADIES RETREAT at B.A.S.I.C. Retreat Center • Hardin.

Contact: Anna Ruth Hale, [ralphpamela@wk.net](mailto:ralphpamela@wk.net)

Ph: 270-628-3730 or Cell 646-784-6652

Pearl and Meadow will be singing at this retreat.

## God Rules

This is my Father's world,  
O let me ne'er forget  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world;  
The battle is not done;  
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,  
And earth and heaven be one.



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# 76

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