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January 2012 - Newsletter

Dear Friends and Family,

We hope the year 2012 will be a very good year for you. We hope you will be blessed physically, financially and most important of all - Spiritually. We hope you will have a closer walk with the Lord, and if you don't know Jesus personally, we hope our newsletters will be a blessing to you and help you to be drawn near to Him. Love to all!

Our subject this month is: The Beast

ICEBERG HAVEN

Mr. Johnson was, by most of the inhabitants of the small northland fishing village, known as "Slim." Slim and his wife lived in one of the small fisherman's shacks down by the water's edge. He made a scant living selling his catches to the more wealthy citizens in winter and in summer to the fish barges which made regular calls at the town's fishing wharf.

Slim went out every day, that wasn't too stormy, to catch fish where he thought there may be a lot. On this particular day he got to looking at one of the several icebergs out at sea. The surge of the high and low tides kept the surface of the ocean from freezing solid but icebergs did break off from the glaciers on the mountainsides and often remained on the horizon for months. Slim decided to try his luck farther out to sea than he usually went.

Arriving at the iceberg, he sailed along the lee side to get out of the strong wind. At one part he noticed a small ledge near the water line, the visible bottom

of the berg's more or less perpendicular surface. The thought occurred to him that he might drive a steel stake into the side of the iceberg, tie up the boat to save fuel, and try fishing standing on the ledge. To his surprise, the day was very successful. Perhaps he was in less-fished waters and the fish were hungry for his bait. Maybe he'd come back tomorrow.

The next day he brought his ice axe with him and widened the ledge a little. He felt safer with a little more room for his footing.

The third day the wind had changed. He liked the location but the wind was biting. He chopped into the side of the iceberg to make a little recess into the wall and by chipping several feet deep he fashioned a little alcove. Fishing remained good and every day he chopped a little deeper until he had a room carved out. Now it was much nicer. He could go out to tend his lines and come back into his room to escape the sharp wind.

Well, if a little protection is good, more would be better. His room was now deep enough so that he could cut into the side of the room to be even more comfortable. Now the wind had to turn a corner to reach him.

Chipping helped keep him warm so why not continue? Around the corner in his ice house he began leaving some of his supplies and equipment. No use carrying them back and forth each day. Then came a day when he thought, "I'll take a sleeping bag out there. If the weather gets too bad I can spend the night." And now sometimes he did.

Chip, chip, chip and a room off the side of his second room almost completely cut off the winter blast. It would be nicer, though, if he drove pegs into the walls and hung a tarp over the opening. Why not have a little cook stove so he could heat his suppers and breakfasts when he was forced to spend the night?

Chip, chip, chip, and now not only for greater protection from the weather, he began to be proud of what he had accomplished in the way of a home in the ice. He kept telling his wife about his conquest over nature. One day he took her along to see his handiwork.

A storm came up and for the first time, they snuggled together in their new home out to sea, and laughed at the frustrated wind. Now this was a thrilling adventure. It was nicer being there with him than waiting alone in the shack ashore. She brought some personal effects and some things to make the place more 'homey.'

Chip, chip, chip. Since she was staying on the iceberg with him, with so little space to sleep and cook, his house building, or cutting, one might say, was not keeping up with her home-making. We need a *living room*. Chip, chip, chip. Living space and convenience kept growing.

Since fishing was better here, his income increased. Every time they went to shore they brought back more comforts for their *home*. Some insulation with a rug on top would certainly keep their feet warmer.

If insulation was good for the floors, why not the same for the walls? Slim got permission to tear down an old abandoned barn. Studs, insulation and heavy tarpaper concealed the rough chipped ice walls farther and wider into the heart of the floating ice. Why not some bright paint to cover the black tarpaper? Why not insulate the ceiling too? Heat goes up. With all walls an ceiling insulated, when it was minus -40° to -70° outside, a plus 35° to 40° inside is quite a difference. (The author of this story spent 20 years in Alaska.)

Don't worry about enough air. There was plenty of fresh air – and its movement around the “rooms” was very evident, but what about some more light in the *rooms* where one of the walls paralleled the outdoors? Chip, chip, chip. The thickness of the ice between the inside of the *house* and the outside of the iceberg got thinner and thinner in desired locations.

More light from the outside filtered through the translucent ice and made a most pleasing effect. Some curtains would make the illusion complete. More wooden pegs in the ice, wire over the span and frilly fabric made the house-wife's joy complete -- for the moment.

But her contentment did not last. Their *ice windows*, that let light in during the day, at night let the lantern light shine out for all the world to see. And people did. People in the village had heard Slim's yarns about his new *home*. That first night after the *windows* were in, every village inhabitant had something new to question and exclaim about, “Lights are flashing on and off on that iceberg out there!” Long after the early night fall, strange lights were seen that changed from location to location as Slim and his wife moved from room to room with their lantern for various activities. The next day a few “exploring parties” arrived, and upon hearing their reports, everyone had to go look. Slim and his wife had a lot of company. “

If we are going to have visitors, we've got to have some decent furnishings.” So now every time Slim took a load of fish into town, he brought back a piece or two of furniture - a regular bed and dresser, tables for the kitchen and living room and chairs for various other rooms.

And so the inventory grew. A picture here and there graced the walls. With every improvement in their new home Slim's wife found less and less desire to move back to that old shack on the waterfront. She grew to love their *floating haven*. It now had everything she could ask for and far more than she had ever expected. She just wanted to keep on living here forever.

Besides, if they moved back ashore who would take care of the dolphins? These playful creatures had early found their new human companions and every day came to sport in the water and accept the friendship and an occasional feed from Slim's wife. She just couldn't leave them!

All this was wonderful! Just one dark cloud in their perfect sky. Almost unnoticed while engrossed in their enthusiastic empire-building, winter was wearing away. Spring was coming to be followed by the heat of summer and all their investment of time, skills and money was being placed in a floating cake of ice. The days were getting longer. Winter blasts had given way to milder weather. Temperatures had risen from way below freezing to 40° , 50° , 60° – sometimes even higher during the day. Pools of water were forming on top of the ice.

One night they felt a gentle rocking of their bed. The iceberg was obviously getting smaller. Slim was seriously concerned and discussed with his wife their situation. What would they do if the iceberg started drifting? But things were so much nicer there than the old shack on the mainland! “Let's stay a few more days.” Each time it was always the same; “Let's stay a few more days.”

Then came the storm. The clouds built up and the sun darkened. All afternoon Slim kept urging his wife, “Maybe we should go to shore. I don't like the look of things.” But his wife kept delaying. “Maybe it will blow over. We're still cozy here; we'd get soaked if we started now.” With each delay it was becoming more dangerous but Slim kept hoping. The wind started blowing harder and harder. As night came on the rain pelted with increasing intensity. Waves were too high to risk the open water with their small fishing boat. To be con't....

DANIEL

Daniel stood in the lions' den
But he wasn't the least afraid
Cause God had closed the lions' mouths,
He answered when Daniel prayed.

All night long they paced that den
On their great big restless feet,
For they were starved and the food was there;
But they weren't allowed to eat
The saliva dripped from their hungry mouths,
And their stomachs hurt all night,
And they looked at him with their hungry eyes;
But they weren't allowed to bite!

Daniel prayed in the lions' den;
He prayed there all night through,
And just as soon as it was light,
The king called down there to;
And Daniel cried, "An angel closed
The lions' mouths last night,
So they looked at me with their hungry eyes;
But they weren't allowed to bite!"

And the king was glad, and the king rejoiced
When he heard what Daniel said,
And he ordered all those wicked men
To be thrown in the den, instead!
Then the lions leaped and the lions roared,
And it was an awful sight,
For God had opened the lions' mouths;
And they were allowed to bite!

The Bible says that the time will come
When I'll stand in the lions' den
This world will be the den I'm in,
And the lions will all be men
And they'll try to destroy the children of God,
They'll hunt for them day and night,
And they'll look at me with their hungry eyes;
But they won't be allowed to bite!

And I hope that the time will come when you
Will stand in that den with me;

And then we'll pray to Daniel's God

And wait as patiently
As Daniel did when God heard his prayer,
And sent an angel bright
To close the hungry lions' mouths;
So they weren't allowed to bite!

HEALTH NUGGET

Canola Oil - Danger !!!???

Olive oil comes from olives, peanut oil from peanuts, sunflower oil from sunflowers; but what is a canola?

Canola is not the name of a natural plant but a made-up word, from the words "CANadian Oil Low Acid". Canola is a genetically engineered plant developed in Canada from the Rapeseed Plant, which is part of the mustard family of plants. According to AgriAlternatives, The Online Innovation, and Technology Magazine for Farmers, "By nature, these rapeseed oils, which have long been used to produce oils for industrial purposes, are... toxic to humans and other animals".

Rapeseed oil is poisonous to living things and is an excellent insect repellent. I have been using it (in very diluted form, as per instructions) to kill the aphids on my roses for the last two years. It works very well; it suffocates them. Ask for it at your nursery. Rape is an oil that is used as a lubricant, fuel, soap and synthetic rubber base and as a illuminate for color pages in magazines. It is an industrial oil.

It is not a food.

Rape oil is strongly related to symptoms of **emphysema, respiratory distress**, anemia, constipation, irritability, and blindness in animals and humans. Rape oil was widely used in animal feeds in England and Europe between 1986 and 1991, when it was discontinued.

A few relevant facts

It is genetically engineered rapeseed.

Canada paid the FDA the sum of \$50 million to have rape registered and recognized as "safe". (Source: Young Again and others)

Rapeseed is a lubricating oil used by small industry. It has never been meant for human con-

sumption. It is derived from the **mustard family** and is considered a toxic and poisonous weed, which when processed, becomes rancid very quickly. It has been shown to **cause lung cancer** (Wall Street Journal: 6/7/95)

It is very inexpensive to grow and harvest. Insects won't eat it.

Some typical and possible side effects include loss of vision, disruption of the central nervous system, **respiratory illness**, anemia, constipation, increased incidence of heart disease and cancer, low birth weights in infants and irritability.

Generally rapeseed has a cumulative effect, taking almost 10 years before symptoms begin to manifest. It has a tendency to inhibit proper metabolism of foods and prohibits normal enzyme function. Canola contains Trans Fatty Acids. Trans fatty acids have been shown to have a direct link to cancer. Foods (including oils) are often labeled as containing trans fatty acids. However any food which says it contains **hydrogenated or partially hydrogenated oils contains trans fatty acids**: Hydrogenation is just the process in which trans fats are formed (literally hydrogenation means adding hydrogen). These Trans Fatty acids are labeled as **hydrogenated or partially hydrogenated oils. Avoid all of them!**

According to John Thomas' book, *Young Again*, 12 years ago in England and Europe, rape seed was fed to cows, pigs and sheep who later went blind and began attacking people. There were no further attacks after the rape seed was eliminated from their diet. Source: David Dancu, N.D.

Apparently peanut oil is being replaced with rape oil. You'll find it in an alarming number of processed foods. I read where rape oil was the source of the chemical warfare agent mustard gas, which was banned after blistering the lungs and skins of hundred of thousands of soldiers and civilians during W.W.I. Recent French reports indicate that it was again in use during the Gulf War.

Check products for ingredients. If the label says, "may contain the following" and lists canola oil, you know it contains canola oil because it is the cheapest oil and the Canadian government subsidizes it to industries involved in food processing

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

Pumpkin Pie Filling (Recipe from *Our Favorites* -Joan Mellor)

Blend and pour into a bowl:

1 cup boiling water
½ cup dates

Blend and add to bowl:

¾ cups boiling water
½ cup raw cashews

Then add:

1 can pumpkin (2 cups -#1 can)
½ tsp salt

1 tsp vanilla
¼ cup cornstarch

1/3 cup honey
1 ½ tsp coriander
½ tsp cardamom

**Pour into your prepared pie crust and bake 350°
For 1 hour.**

Pie Crust

Mix in a mixing bowl:

3 Tbsp oil (I use light olive oil)

1 Tbsp sesame seeds

½ cup oat flour (can blend regular oats to make flour)

¼ cup water

½ cup whole wheat flour

½ tsp salt

Press together into a ball and roll out between two pieces wax paper. Remove top piece and carefully flip onto pie plate. Mold into place and peel off paper. Flute edge. Fill with above pumpkin pie filling or filling of your choice.

Our prayer is that God will bless you with a wonderful New year. May you prosper in health and if you don't have Christ in your life may you make that decision this year, while there is still a little time left. The way the world is going now, time is shorter than any of us realize! We have so much to lose if we don't!

Remember, God loves you and so do we!

Rodney and Katie

