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June 2011 - Newsletter

Attention all Family, Friends, and Bible Students: Please send all future correspondence to our new address shown above.

Our subject this month is: Born Again

The Man Who Died for Cursing

Jane Barney's life ambition had been to be a foreign missionary but her way seemed hedged about. At last she married and moved to California which was still a mining country and life was rough.

There in the Wild West she heard of a man who lived over the hill and was dying of tuberculosis. She heard the miner was so vile no one could stay with him, "We place food near him once a day and then leave him for 24 hours. Someday we will find him dead, the sooner the better! Never had a relative, I guess."

The pitiful account haunted her. For three days she tried to get someone to go to see him and find out if he was in need of better care. She was vexed with the expressions of indifference she received. Then the thought came to her, "Why not go to him yourself? You always wanted to be a missionary here is mission work!" Surely it would be useless, and she shrank from contact with such a vile one. But at last she went.

She found a one-room mud cabin. The door was ajar. In one corner, on some straw and overlaid with a checkered blanket, lay the dying man. His face showed lines of hardness. Jane nearly retreated for fear, except that she had heard that he could not move.

As her shadow crossed the floor he looked up and greeted her with an angry oath. Jane stepped forward a little closer and again he cursed her.

"Don't speak so, my friend," she said in a pleasant voice.

"I ain't your friend. I ain't got no friends," he barked

"Well, I'm your friend, and... "

"You ain't my friend," he interrupted. "I never had no friends, and I don't want none now." He swore at her.

Jane stayed out of reach but put the fruit she had brought for him close enough for him to reach, then stepping back to the doorway she asked if he remembered his mother? She hoped to find a tender place in his heart. He proceeded to curse his mother. She spoke of God. He cursed Him. She spoke of Jesus and His death for him.

He stopped her with another string of curses and said, "It's all a lie. No one would die for another!"

Finally she went away discouraged, muttering that it was useless. Yet the next day she came again, and she continued to come every day for two weeks and at night she prayed for him in family worship. Still he showed no signs of gratitude. Finally she informed him that she would return no more.

That night she did not mention him in her family prayer.

"Mama," her youngest son responded. "You did not pray for that bad man."

"No," she answered.

"Have you given him up, Mama?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, Mama? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

Jane could not sleep that night. Her son's response kept ringing in her ears. She thought of the dying man, so vile, and with no one to care! Finally she arose and went into another room to pray. She was discouraged by the sense of how little response there had been to her prayers. "Maybe I've had no faith," she thought to herself. "I don't really care for this man. Nor have I claimed his soul for God." She felt

full of shame. She felt a failure as a missionary. With repentance she fell on her face and cried, "O God, give me a new glimpse of the worth of a soul!" She remained on her knees as minutes ticked into hours until, in her mind's eye, she saw Jesus bleeding for her upon the cross of Calvary for her and for the dying miner!

That night she experienced what she had never experienced before - how to plead for a human soul. She wrestled with God until she felt His presence and assurance.

The next morning her husband asked, "How about your miner?"

"He is going to be saved," she confidently responded.

"How are you going to save him?" he skeptically asked?

"The Lord is going to save him. I don't know whether I'll have anything to do with it or not," she responded.

Always before, Jane had gone to see the miner in the afternoon after her housework was done. Generally, after her morning routines were accomplished, she would change her dress, put on her gloves, and walk in the afternoon shadows of the hillsides. But that morning, as soon as the boys had left for school, without gloves or a change of clothing, she hurried to the little mud shack where the miner lived. Not to pity a "vile wretch," as she had thought of him, but now to win a soul. She thought the man might die that day.

On her way a neighbor stopped her and said she would accompany her on her mission that day. Jane did not want her to come, but what could she say? So the two of them, along with the neighbor's little girl, went to the cabin. Upon reaching the cabin the little girl was left outside.

As usual, Jane was greeted with an awful curse. But it did not hurt her as before, for now she loved the man.

While changing the basin of water and laying beside it a clean towel for him to use, duties which she had performed every day for two weeks for the ungrateful man, they heard the little girl laughing outside.

"What's that?" the man asked with a different tone in his voice.

"It's a little girl outside waiting for us," Jane responded.

Surprisingly, the man asked to see the little girl.

Stepping to the door, she beckoned for the girl to come inside. As she hesitated, Jane stepped outside and, taking her hand, said, "Come, see the sick man, Mamie." When Mamie saw his face she shrank back in fear, but Jane responded, "Poor sick man can't get up. He wants to see you."

Little Mamie looked like an angel with her bright face framed in golden curls and her eyes sparkling. In her hands she held the flowers that she had picked from the purple sage along the pathway. Bending down toward him, as she gained more confidence, she said, "I'm sorry for you, sick man. Will you take my posies?"

Reaching forward with his gaunt, bony hand, he reached beyond the flowers and touched the plump, warm hand of the little child. Tears came to his eyes. "I had a little girl once," he said. "Her name was Mamie, too. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

Now Jane knew why the Lord had impressed this neighbor lady to accompany her with her little girl. Maybe this was the key to his heart. It was then the Holy Spirit gave her words to say. "When I spoke of your mother and your wife," she said to him, "you cursed them. They must not have been good women or you could not have done so."

"Good women! No. They were bad. You don't know anything about them kind of women."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them," Jane responded, "wouldn't she have become like them? Would you have wanted her to become like they were?"

He had never thought of that! His sunken eyes looked off into space for awhile. As they came back to Jane's he cried, "Oh, no! I'd rather have killed her first. I'm glad she died!"

Reaching out and taking the poor man's hand, Jane explained, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them either. He loved her even better than you did. So he took her away. He is keeping her for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burned alive a thousand times," he said in his own crude way, "if I could just see her again."

So Jane began to tell him the gospel story. For the first time Jack listened. As he lay there in deathly silence, his face grew ashy pale. At times he threw up his arms as in mental agony he gasped for air. Finally he grabbed her and said, "What's that you said the other day about talking to someone out of sight?" "It's called praying," she said to him. "I pray every day and tell Him what I need."

"Pray now! Quick! Tell Him I want my little girl again. Tell Him anything you want to."

Jane took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then, dropping on her knees, with the girl between them, she asked the little girl to pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed, "this man is sick. He has lost his little girl, and he feels bad about it. I'm so sorry for him, and he's sorry, too. Won't you help him, and show him how to find his little girl? Do, please. Amen."

The rays of sunshine seemed to burst upon the little cabin. It seemed as if One stood in their midst with the prints of nails in His hands.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more about it. Tell Him everything. But, oh, you don't know how bad I've been!" Then he began to confess such confessions as Jane had never heard. For three days the poor man kept confessing his sins and asking for forgiveness. Then, finally, he felt a peace and said, "The Man died for me."

He continued to live for weeks. What a change had come over his countenance! From time to time Jane would tell him about religious meetings she had attended. Finally he responded, "I'd like to go to a meeting just once."

So Jane planned a meeting right there in his room. From all the mines around she invited the men who were searching for gold and they came and filled the room.

"Now, boys," the dying man said to them, "get down on your knees. This lady is going to tell you about a Man who died for me!" She explained the simple story of the cross. After awhile the sick man said: "Boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry! You couldn't help it. Raise me up. I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and, between his short breaths and gasping coughs, he told the story using the language he knew. "Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice-boxes and carries off the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that. It carried off about everything; but it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love Him?" He couldn't talk long, but he continued as long as he could.

Days later, there came that look into his face that spoke of death. Jane stayed as long as she could, but finally she had to leave. Upon leaving she asked, "What shall I say tonight, Jack?"

"Just say good night," he said.

"What will you say to me when we meet again?"

"I'll say, 'Good morning' over there."

Next morning the door was closed. Two men sat silently by a board stretched across two stools. When Jane entered, they turned back the sheet for her to look at his face which had lost so much of its hardness even in those few weeks since his conversion.

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," one of them said, "all at once he brightened up, about midnight, and smiling, said, 'I'm going, boys. Tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me,' and he was gone."

Kneeling beside him, she put her soft hands over Jack's cold, bony ones. They were now softened with the falling tears of Jane. God had heard her prayer for Jack, and Jane herself now had a new appreciation for the death of Christ. He died for Jack, He died for her, and dear friend, He died for you!

HEALTH NUGGET

MSG – Monosodium Glutamate

MSG (monosodium glutamate), as George Schwartz, the eminent crusading physician, has emphasized, could be responsible for ailments seemingly far removed from digestive distress. He contends that it has been implicated in damage to the central nervous system, endocrine organ disorders, cardiac distress and illness in other parts of the body.

It is not easy to avoid MSG. It shows up in many different foods under many different names. MSG and its derivatives, **hydrolyzed proteins** and **autolyzed yeast**, have no nutritional or preservative value. They are used solely for flavoring. Food companies

used MSG to flavor, hide unwelcome tastes, and to cover inferior ingredients used in products.

Some reactions to MSG include; gastrointestinal distress, headaches, dizziness and mental confusion. Asthma attacks have also been related to MSG reaction. Of great concern is how MSG affects children. They can become hyperactive, or develop learning disorders.

One form of MSG is **autolyzed yeast**. Unfortunately, the label of a product containing this ingredient can list it as “**yeast extract**” or “**natural flavoring**”. Small comfort for the uninformed consumer who is also sensitive to MSG.

Another natural flavoring which should cause concern is **hydrolyzed protein**. This natural flavoring is from animal blood or other decaying protein sources. This substance is then subjected to acid hydrolysis, normally concentrated hydrochloric acid, at temperatures from 200-220° F, for 4-6 hours. **Sodium hydroxide**, which is sold commercially as **Drano**, is then added to neutralize the solution.

Black material of unknown chemical composition permeates the mixture. This sludge is referred to as humin and suspected of being carcinogenic. It is filtered off and then the compounds will be put through as many as six additional chemical processes. Finally it is drum dried and sprayed with oil. It will eventually appear on an ingredient list as a **natural ingredient!**

When **hydrolyzed protein** and **autolyzed yeast** are listed on a label of a product as **flavorings**, their protein source need not be identified.

Other sources of MSG include **hydrolyzed milk proteins** that may be labeled as **sodium caseinate** or **calcium caseinate**. These additives are often found in frozen dairy products, like ice cream and yogurt without being identified. They can also be found in hot chocolate mixes, breads, and processed meats.

For more information read the book: *In Bad Taste: The MSG Syndrome* by Geo R. Schwartz, MD, an internationally known physician and toxicologist.

Conventional wisdom used to suggest that MSG was found only in Chinese foods and canned soups, but Alfred Scopp of the Northern California Headache Clinic warns that, it shows up in almost everything. Scopp notes that the use of MSG has spread to soups, sauces and salad dressings in restaurants, as well as many canned, frozen and prepared foods found in

local supermarkets. Worse still, MSG masquerades under a variety of names, such as: **hydrolyzed vegetable protein**, **hydrolyzed plant protein**, **natural flavor** and **Kombu extract**. (The Edell Health Letter, Vol 10 No 19, Oct 1991)

It is very important that we read labels on the food we buy. We need to avoid all harmful ingredients in our food. Sometimes it will be necessary to make our own “from scratch” food. There are many good healthy cookbooks we can get which have good healthy food recipes we can make ourselves.

I know it takes time at the grocery store to read labels and in the kitchen preparing healthy foods from scratch, but our good health demands it.

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

Potato Salad with Tofu

(I don't measure anything for my potato salad so just use your own judgment if you think the measurements need to be adjusted to your taste)

5 or 6 potatoes, scrubbed unpeeled and boiled
1 cup diced onion (or to taste)
1 cup diced celery (or to taste)
diced lemon pickles (to taste)
About ½ carton of extra firm tofu cut in cubes

After potatoes have cooked and cooled peel off the skins and dice in large pieces. Combine with the onion, celery, pickles and tofu cubes. Set aside.

Mix together thoroughly:

1 cup of soy mayonnaise (or homemade)
1 Tbsp lemon juice
1 Tbsp turbinado sugar (natural unrefined)
1 or 2 Tbsp parsley flakes
1 tsp turmeric
Salt to taste

Gently fold the mayo mixture into the other ingredients.

This can be eaten right away or it is even better after it has been in refrigerator overnight.

See you next month.

Remember God loves you and so do we!

Katie and Rodney

