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December 2011 - Newsletter

Dear Friends and Family,

I know our story this month is long, but it really touched my heart when I read it. My grandmother died in 1918 during the terrible flu epidemic. Her situation was much the same as this story. My mother was the youngest child in the family. She was only 13 months old when her mother died.

Our subject this month is: Spiritualism

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

What did God mean when He told Adam that if he sinned he would die? What is death anyway? Are we really "dead" when we die or do we go on "living" in some other form? There are so many different ideas about it. So much mystery, so much fear and dread of the "other side" for some people, and yet others describe it as an adventure, a beginning of a new and higher existence. Which is it? The only reliable answers are found in the Bible. In this story we will see the answers one woman's search led her to.

The year 1918 had been a good one. The harvest yielded a bountiful crop on our homestead in Idaho. A badly needed two-story house was under way to accommodate the ever-increasing family of my parents, Hainrich and Leisa Verworndt.

The downstairs was finished by October; and we five small girls assisted with the moving from the cramped two-room shack to the big beautiful new home.

Time sped rapidly. The convenient new home and the joy of being together kept my mother singing as she worked. Dad had come to America first, then sent for his wife and daughter. Ours was a happy, God-centered home. We were but dimly aware of the rash of bad colds and flu reaching epidemic proportions in the area about us.

Gradually at first, then gaining momentum, the graveyards began to fill. The schools were closed and all public gatherings discontinued.

At the end of December we began to have symptoms of the flu. The two babies caught colds that resisted the standard goose-grease-and-turpentine treatment. One by one, all five of us became ill. Frantic with worry, Momma and Dad kept their vigil by our beds praying that God would spare their family.

After Christmas, Momma became ill and Dad shortly thereafter. Mothers can ill afford to be sick; so Momma got up and tended to us the best she could.

My nine-year-old sister and I, age four, were the first to recover. It became our lot to carry the wood and coal from the cellar

to keep the fire going. The cold was bitter; the wind whistled through non-insulated walls. We ran low on food and fuel. One day our neighbor, who was to milk the cow and set the milk on the veranda, did not show up. The cow broke out of the barn and headed down the road. Momma got up, fought her way through the icy wind and drifting snow, and brought the cow back. All the animals needed to be tended, but Momma was too ill.

She came back to the house and banked the fires. She raised the front bedroom window and hung a black cloth from the sill and closed the window. This signified to anyone who might be concerned that there was death in the house. Then she went to bed.

The wind stopped before morning and the temperature dropped well below zero. Both fires went out, and the house became frigid.

The babies awoke and cried for attention. My sister and I didn't know what to do; so we tried to awaken Momma. She was very cold and didn't move. With our three-year-old sister we climbed into the bed beside her and tried to warm her so she could get up again. In the other bedroom Dad moaned in delirium and called her name.

As the day wore into night, the three of us huddled around Momma's cold body and listened to the moaning wind. We had had no food for several days, and our stomachs ached from hunger. Somehow we knew Momma couldn't get up; yet, frightened by a situation we didn't understand, we were loathe to leave her side. Dad cried out during the night sometimes, but the babies were quiet. My older sister got up and put another quilt over them and came back to Momma's side. Gradually the cold seeped through the feather quilts. By the next morning we sank into a stupor.

Starting from the town, the doctor and visiting nurses began their daily round through the community with horses and a sleigh. As they approached the area northwest of town, they could see no smoke rising from the chimney of the new, two-story house on the hill. As they drew nearer, the black cloth fluttered forlornly from the front windowsill.

While the doctor and one nurse checked the patients, the other started the fires. The situation in our house was grim. We three children huddling in the quilts beside Momma were scarcely aware that we were being rescued.

One of the nurses, Mrs. Huellar, was our neighbor. In a short time she had the fires going and a pot of broth bubbling in the kitchen.

While the doctor and the other nurse attended to Dad, Mrs. Huellar took care of us. A cursory examination placed both babies beyond human aid, and they were covered and left. Momma was removed from the bed and placed in a coffin. (The doctor carried several wherever he went during those grim days.)

Dad was still delirious and required a great deal of attention; so Mrs. Huellar stayed while the doctor and his assistant finished their round and went back to town to arrange for Momma's burial.

After they left, Mrs. Huellar stood compassionately by the two babies and dropped some warm broth into their mouths. She cried when they responded. They weren't dead after all! She fed them at regular intervals through the days that followed.

Our parents' prayer was answered. God had spared their children.

When the news of mother's death was known several people gathered at the church to decide our fate. They unanimously decided that it would be impossible for a man to raise five small girls by himself. The logical conclusion was to put us into an orphanage for adoption.

An emissary was sent to our house to inform Dad and to get his signature on the necessary papers. Still too ill to think rationally, he was almost persuaded, asking only for time to think about it overnight.

Mrs. Huellar was still with us, and things were improving under her tender care. We were fed and put to bed as usual after the emissary left that night.

A kerosene light was turned low in the bedroom where Mrs. Huellar slept near the two babies.

In another bedroom Dad tossed restlessly in the dark, then fell into a troubled sleep. Hearing his name, he awoke to see an apparition in white standing at the foot of his bed. "Leisa?" he questioned unbelievably.

The apparition began to cry and in a quavering voice said, "Hainrich, don't give our babies away. I'll help you." Then weeping uncontrollably, it disappeared.

Bewildered, Dad stared at the empty space at the foot of his bed. Sure that his wife had been there, he called her name again and again until Mrs. Huellar came in with a light. She talked to him soothingly, and he calmed down.

His answer to the committee the next day was, "I will not give my children up for adoption. Leisa talked to me last night and promised to help me raise them."

The committee stared at him in amazement. Shaking their heads, they left, positive his mind had snapped.

We stayed with Dad.

Before long the family recovered and Mrs. Huellar went home. She lived over the hill from us and spent much time teaching Dad the art of cooking and baking bread. My nine-year-old sister was taught the art of housekeeping.

Whenever Dad had to be away from the house, Mrs. Huellar took the two babies to her home.

We became a tight-knit, self-reliant family. Dad encouraged unbiased Bible study and spent many evenings, especially during the long, cold winters, reading the Bible to us and encouraging us to think for ourselves.

The five of us spent much time by Momma's grave in the summer and at home in the winter pleading with God to let Momma come back again.

After six years dad decided to move for our sakes.

I walked beside the wagon loaded with furniture, looking back and weeping. I kept breaking away and trying to run back home till my father made me sit in the wagon. Later I had nightmares dreaming that Momma came back and couldn't find us because we had moved away.

Dad remarried when I was twelve, and a son and daughter were added to our family.

The years passed, my own daughters were grown and I had grandchildren. Dad had long since passed to his rest.

The mystery was still unresolved. Who talked to him that night? Was it Momma?

I went back to my first love, the Bible, and began a study on death, I had to know! Could Momma have come back?

In my search I read David's statement in the book of Psalms, "Put not your trust in. . . the son of man. . . His breath goeth

forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish" (Psalm 146:3,4). That sounded pretty definite. If Mother stopped thinking when she died, as David said, how could she have talked to Dad about the children several weeks afterward?

Then in Job I read, "Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep" (Job 14:12). If it really was Momma that talked to Dad she would have had to be raised out of her sleep and Job said that sort of thing didn't happen.

I soon saw King Solomon agreed with Job. He wrote, "The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun" (Ecclesiastes 9:5). That part about not having a portion in anything done under the sun surely looked as if Momma would not have been able to have any part in what was done for us children.

I kept on studying. In the New Testament I found another text that seemed very important. Jesus told His disciples, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am ye may be also" (John 14:3).

If Jesus must come before He receives us, then Momma could not have come back from heaven because Jesus had not yet welcomed her into heaven. Her body was still in the dust.

I was deeply disturbed by the statement of Solomon I mentioned earlier, "Neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun."

That for ever bothered me. Did it mean that Momma wouldn't ever live again? What about the rest of the good people who had died?

Then I read Matthew 27:51-53. These verses describe what happened when Jesus died. "The earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." That surely seemed to be telling me that at least the good people who die can live again.

When I came to Revelation, the last book in the Bible, I read, "They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto the living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Revelation 7:16,17). So the dead will live again.

By then I knew that when Jesus comes for us we will never mourn or be separated again. Our blessed Saviour will be our light through all eternity.

I became convinced from reading all the Bible statements that my mother did not come back to talk to my father. She couldn't have. But this did not clear up the mystery. My father saw someone. Who?

One day on my way home from visiting my daughter I decided to stop in and see our dear friend and neighbor of long ago, Mrs. Huellar. She now lived in a senior citizens apartment.

We had an animated conversation which eventually touched on the flu epidemic.

She said, "I'm so glad you stopped by. I've had a heavy burden on my heart for many years."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes. It is about your mother. I didn't realize it would take the turn it did, or I would never have begun the conversation that night. I had been listening to the church elders discussing your future. Having worked in an orphanage for a number of years, I had seen what happened to many of the children placed for adoption.

I knew your father could do better himself. I didn't set out to deceive him. I merely wanted to talk to him. But he mistook me for your mother. It confused me, and I blurted out the first thing that entered my mind. Appalled by what I had said, I burst into tears and left the room.

I am glad it helped keep the family together, but I am sorry there was so much deception. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?" The whole confession poured out of her heart. When she finished, her eyes were full of tears.

I put my arms about her and kissed her. Forgive her? Of course I could and did.

I'm grateful that God had sent her to our family to help in our time of need, and I told her so. God always knew my father would be a good mother, and I wouldn't trade the years with him for all the riches on earth.

And how wonderful to know that soon when Jesus comes I will be with him again and with Momma, too, and there will be no more pain or sorrow or parting. What a loving heavenly Father we have to care for us now and to provide us such a bright future!

HEALTH NUGGET

Nutrasweet is Equal to a Spoonful of Pure Poison

(Excerpt from Media Bypass May, 2002)

I have spent several days lecturing at the World Environmental Conference on "Aspartame: Marketed as 'NutraSweet' 'Equal' and 'Spoonfull'". In the keynote address by the EPA, they announced that there was an epidemic of multiple sclerosis and systemic lupus and they did not understand what toxin was causing this to be rampant across the United States. I explained I was there to lecture on exactly that subject.

When the temperature of aspartame exceeds 86° F, the wood alcohol in aspartame converts to formaldehyde and then to formic acid, which in turn causes metabolic acidosis. (Formic acid is the poison found in the sting of fire ants.) The methanol toxicity mimics multiple sclerosis; thus people were being diagnosed with having multiple sclerosis in error. MS is not a death sentence, where methanol toxicity is.

In the case of systemic lupus, we are now finding it has become almost as rampant as MS, especially in Diet Coke and Diet Pepsi drinkers. Also with methanol toxicity the victims usually drink three to four 12-ounce cans of them per day, some even more. In the cases of systemic lupus which is triggered by aspartame, the victim usually does not know that the aspartame is the culprit. The victim continues its use aggravating the lupus to such a degree that sometimes it becomes life threatening.

When we get people off the aspartame those with systemic lupus usually become asymptomatic. Unfortunately we cannot

reverse this disease. On the other hand, those diagnosed with MS (when in reality the disease is methanol toxicity) most of the symptoms disappear. We have seen cases where their vision has returned and even hearing has returned. This also applies to cases of tinnitus. During a lecture I said, "If you are using aspartame (NutraSweet, Equal, Spoonful, etc) and you suffer from fibromyalgia symptoms, spasms, shooting pains, numbness in your legs, cramps, vertigo, dizziness, headaches, tinnitus, joint pain, depression, anxiety attacks, slurred speech, blurred vision or memory loss, you probably have Aspartame Disease!"

During a visit to a hospice, a nurse said that six of her friends, who were heavy Diet Coke drinkers, had all been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. This is beyond coincidence.

Here is the problem. There were congressional hearings when aspartame was originally included as a sweetener in 100 different products. Since this initial hearing, there have been two subsequent hearings, but to no avail. Nothing has been done. The drug and chemical lobbies have very deep pockets. Now there are over 5,000 products containing the chemical. (This was in 2002)

At the time of this first hearing people were going blind. The methanol in the aspartame converts to formaldehyde in the retina of the eye. Formaldehyde is grouped in the same class of drugs as cyanide and arsenic – deadly poisons! Unfortunately, it just takes longer to quietly kill, but it is killing people and causing all kinds of neurological problems.

Aspartame changes the brain's chemistry. It is the reason for severe seizures. This drug changes the dopamine level in the brain. Imagine what this drug does to people suffering from Parkinson's disease. It also causes birth defects.

There is absolutely no reason to take this product. It is not a diet product! The congressional record said, "It makes you crave carbohydrates and will make you fat. Dr. H. J. Roberts, a diabetic specialist and an expert on aspartame poison, stated that when he got people off aspartame, their average weight loss per person was 19 pounds. The formaldehyde stores in the fat cells, particularly in the hips and thighs.

Aspartame is especially deadly for diabetics. All physicians know what wood alcohol will do to a diabetic. We find that physicians believe they have patients with retinopathy, when in fact, it is caused by the aspartame. The aspartame keeps the blood sugar level out of control causing many patients to go into a coma. Unfortunately, many have died.

Dr. Russell Blaylock, prominent neurosurgeon of Jackson, Miss said, "The ingredients stimulate the neurons in the brain to death, causing brain damage in varying degrees."

Dr. Roberts tells how aspartame poison is escalating Alzheimer Disease. The hospice nurse told me, they are seeing women in their 30's with Alzheimer Disease.

Dr. Roberts realized what was happening when aspartame was first marketed. He said, "His diabetic patients presented memory loss, confusion and severe vision loss." At the Con-

ference of the American College of Physicians, doctors admitted that they did not know. They had wondered why seizures were rampant. (The phenylalanine in aspartame breaks down the seizure threshold and depletes serotonin, which causes manic depression, panic attacks, rage and violence.)

I assure you that Monsanto, the creator of aspartame, knows how deadly it is. They fund the American Medical Association, American Dietetic Association, Congress and the Conference of the American College of Physicians. The 'New York Times' on Nov 15, 1996 ran an article on how the American Dietetic Association takes money from the food industry to endorse their products. Therefore, they cannot criticize any additives or tell about their link to Monsanto.

In the case of the Desert Storm health problems; several thousands of cases of diet drinks were sent to our troops. These diet drinks sat on pallets in the 120° F Arabian sun for weeks at a time and were consumed by our servicemen and women all day long. (Remember what happens to aspartame when it is heated 86° ?) Many of their symptoms are identical to aspartame poisoning.

Although Stevia, a sweet food, not an additive, which helps in the metabolism of sugar, which would be ideal for diabetics, has now been approved as a dietary supplement by the FDA, for years, the FDA has outlawed this sweet food because of their loyalty to Monsanto.

If it says "**Sugar Free**" on the label, **do not even think about buying it, let alone drinking it!**

Last month three people found the 16th Bible Book in our paragraph. The 16th Book was TITUS. Thanks to our readers; David & Karita Barry, Doug Sammons and Bill Knowles who all had a keen eye and found it!

ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE

Bible Trivia

1. What medium did Satan use to tempt Eve to sin? _____ Genesis 3:1

2. After Adam and Eve sinned what was the material they used to make their clothes? _____ Genesis 3:7

3. What was the material God used to make Adam and Eve's clothes? _____ Genesis 3:21

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

Healthy Melty Cheese (The total Vegetarian Cookbook)

¼ cup rinsed raw cashews
4 oz jar pimiento, drained (or ½ sweet pepper)
1 Tbsp lemon juice
¼ cup nutritional yeast flakes (get from health food Store)
2 Tbsp tahini (sesame butter)
1 tsp onion powder
¼ tsp garlic powder
¼ cup cornstarch
1 tsp salt (or to taste)
2 ½ cup water

Bring 1 ½ cup water to a boil. Blend ingredients, including the remaining water till smooth. Pour blended mixture into boiling water and cook till thick, stirring.

Use over broccoli, pasta, baked potato, toast or use in any casserole dish or pizza. (makes 1 cup) Will keep a few days in refrigerator.

I can't believe it's December again! Soon a new year will be here. Rodney and I hope the New Year 2012 will bring to each of you many blessings.

Every year that passes brings us closer to the Second Coming of Jesus. Nothing in this world is more important than getting a right relationship with our Lord so we can be always ready for His coming. We want to be able to look up and say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the LORD; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Isaiah 25:9

God bless you every one. See you in January, 2012.

Remember God loves you and so do we!

Rodney and Katie

