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August 2011 - Newsletter

Dear Friends and Family,

Summer is almost gone! I can't believe how hot it has been! It almost makes you glad fall is just around the corner.

May God bless all of you as he has blessed us.

Our Subject this month is: What If The Devil Was God?

WRONG FUNERAL, RIGHT TIME

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend – my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense; I found it hard to breathe at times. Always supportive, mother clapped loudest at my school plays, held a box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me at my father's death, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life.

When mother's illness was diagnosed, my sister had a new baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell on me, the 27-year-old middle child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it an honor.

"What now, Lord?" I asked, sitting in church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss. My brother sat stoically with his face toward the cross while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child. All so deeply grieving, no one noticed I sat alone.

My place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was asleep until Jesus calls her from the grave. My work was finished and I was alone.

I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor. An exasperated young man looked around briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to sniffle. "I'm late," he explained, though no explanation was necessary.

After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented. "Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of Margaret?"

"Because that was her name - Margaret. Never Mary, no one called her Mary," I whispered. I wondered why this person couldn't have sat on the other side of the church. He interrupted my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. "Who was this stranger anyway?"

"No, that isn't correct," he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering, "Her name is Mary, Mary Peters."

"That isn't who this is."

"Isn't this the Lutheran Church?"

"No, the Lutheran Church is across the street. Oh, I believe you're at the wrong funeral, Sir."

The solemnness of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man's mistake bubbled up inside me and came out as laughter. I cupped my hand over my face hoping it would be interpreted as sobs but the creaking pew gave me away.

Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered man seated beside me. He was laughing too, as he glanced around deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit.

I imagined mother laughing. At the final "Amen" we darted out a door and into the parking lot. "I do believe we'll be the talk of the town," he smiled.

He said his name was Rick and since he had missed his aunt's funeral, asked me out for lunch.

That afternoon began a lifelong journey for me with this man who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place. A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church, right on time.

In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness God gave me love. This past June, we celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary. Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, "Her mother and my Aunt Mary introduced us." And it is truly a match made in heaven.

Remember, God doesn't make mistakes. He puts us where we are to be. Good News Hope International
Submitted by Irene Judd

HEALTH NUGGET Disease and the Colon

The following was gleaned from a book written by J.H. Kellogg, MD called "The Itinerary Of A Breakfast." (Dr. Kellogg lived in the late 1800's and early 1900's. You may remember him as the inventor of 'Cornflakes' and dry breakfast cereals). However what you may not know is he was the inventor of peanut butter. He was a very well educated man. He was the Medical Director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and way ahead of his time;

"Nature intended the colon of man to be used as a reservoir for holding for a few hours the residues of fruits and roots and tender shoots, the indigestible seeds, skins and fibers of vegetable food stuffs, material incapable of undergoing putrefaction or giving rise to poisonous products of any sort. But by becoming a meat eater man has compelled his colon to deal with the putrescent fragments of undigested flesh, highly offensive material which the short colons of carnivorous animals dismiss quickly and handle with little injury, but which is stored up in the capacious human colon for many hours, even several days, becoming a seething mass of corruption, a veritable Pandoras's box of disease.

Dr. Kellogg said that "Clean blood is a first essential for health of body and mind. Clean blood is impossible without a clean colon. Constipation is

a fundamental and almost universal evil which is the root of more human ills and perhaps more human misery, moral and mental as well as physical than any other cause."

He also stated, "Crippled colons may be responsible for half the ills of life. They are the cause of most headaches, insomnia, depression, nerves, neuralgia, hypochondria and "biliousness," to say nothing of neuritis, rheumatism and a score of other painful or dangerous maladies. Many diseases, the origin of which has long been a mystery, are now believed by able physicians, to be due to the poisons generated by putrefactive processes in the colon."

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

Whipped Cream Topping
(You can't believe how easy this is to make)

1 pkg firm tofu
½ cup honey (or less)
4 tsp vanilla flavoring
½ tsp salt
½ cup light olive oil

Put all ingredients in blender and blend until smooth.

You can pour it on pudding, sprinkle with nuts, and enjoy. Also I use this for cream for strawberry shortcake. I just use homemade rolls cut in half and topped with fresh strawberries and whipped cream. We really enjoy this simple dessert!

We'll be back next month with more. So until then.....

Remember God loves you and so do we!

Rodney and Katie

We thought our readers needed to know the following information about the Federal Reserve and what they have done to the American people (with our Government's approval; (See next page.)

