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Evelyn Waite and Kathy Webber are collaborating on this project in an effort to encourage our Christian sisters and possibly *to inspire other women to participate in this effort.*



Full Moon

by Kathy Webber

As I walked out the door this morning (headed for work), I was struck by the splendor of the moon. I know it may seem funny; but with the circumstances in my life, the hours that I work, and my job being a 45-minute drive, I see more full moons in the morning than I do at night. I am an early-to-bed, early-to-rise girl. I just love my drive when the moon is full and shining so bright. Its illumination breaking through to a world cloaked in darkness.

Seeing a full moon almost always reminds me of a sermon tidbit from a visiting preacher. He stated a fact that we all know...the moon has no light of its own. What we see from the moon is simply the reflection of the light from the sun.

My first thought in seeing the moon was to thank God: To thank Him for the beautiful reminder of His Son's purpose, the revealing Light, and of my purpose to reflect Christ. As children of God, that is what we are called to do—to reflect the Son's light

to a dark world. A world that desperately needs to see Him and will be lost if it does not.

As I drove to work, I kept watching for the moon. At times, I could see it clearly; times when it was partially hidden by the clouds or the tree line; and times when I could not see it at all.

At one time, the clouds had completely covered the moon, but there were breaks in the clouds above and below so that even though you could not see the moon, you could still see the illumination of the sun's light penetrating through.

There are times when we see Christ in the face-to-face actions of love from our family in Christ. It may be just a hug, a kind word, or some great need fulfilled by a brother or sister. And then, there are times when we don't know who did the act of kindness, but we still feel the love of Christ pouring through.

May we all desire and strive to be moons fully reflecting the Son's light, showing Christ to a world that needs to know Him.

Kathy Webber
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When I consider Your heavens,
the work of Your fingers,
The moon and the stars,
which You have ordained;
What is man that You take thought of him,
And the son of man
that You care for him?

Psalm 8:3-4

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STORMY WINDS

Stormy winds are part of life. A part of everyone's lives. No one passes through this life without encountering tough times, of one sort or another.

In my family, there are wonderful people who have endured incredible sorrows, losses and even rejection. In my spiritual family, there are those who have encountered tremendous struggles—some physical, some spiritual, some emotional. All have “passed through the fires” of hard times.

When observing the grief and loss of others, I am sometimes tempted to question whether I, under similar circumstances, could handle the situation with as much grace and dignity. When observing the fear and pain of those who face deadly diseases, I question whether I would be one who fights the battle or one who would give up quickly. When observing the concern and worry of parents worrying about their children's lives, would I handle it as well? When the currents of life in general are beyond my control and become swift and treacherous, how do I respond?

I have seen one close to me be buffeted by the loss of a child and the failure of a marriage. One has endured tremendous shock and grief over a child's difficult path in life. One has encountered heartache of her own through the heartache in her adult children's lives. One has seen a child swallowed up in disease and mental disorders. One has suffered through her husband's death in a car accident, the failure of the next marriage, the sudden, unexpected loss of a nine-year-old child, and the failure of yet a third marriage. Some have walked the torturous valley of death by cancer with beloved spouses. Others endure unjust criticism while navigating through difficult decisions of burdens unknown to their critics.

How do people go on when going through such struggles? Some become stronger and more resilient knowing that God works all things together for good for those who love God. They know that gold must pass through fire in order to be purified, and that the trials they face will, in a sense, purify them and make them stronger. In order to become a butterfly, the caterpillar must go through the struggle of freeing itself from the cocoon. The strongest trees sink their roots deeply into the earth, thus enabling themselves to withstand drought, cold and stormy winds.

The words of an old hymn come to mind:

*From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.*

*There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood bought mercy seat.*

*There is a scene where spirits blend,
When friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.*

*Ah! There on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.*

*Evelyn Waite
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YOU HAD TO BE THERE...

Over spring break, my husband Jim and I were blessed to be able to make a trip to Israel and Jordan with a group from Lubbock Christian University. The things I experienced on this trip have changed forever the way I view scriptures from the Bible. The places mentioned in the Bible now have more, intense meaning for me.

Our group went to the ruins at Caesarea Philippi. There's not much left there, but in Bible times there was a cave opening which reminded us of the Carlsbad Caverns and from this opening, the headwaters of the Jordan River flowed. A temple was erected here in the region of Panion, named for the Greek god of desolate places, Pan. He was a terrifying god and it was said he determined life and death and that he held the keys to Hades. The pagan king Herod of Philippi also had a temple built for himself there, as well as a temple to Zeus. This king Herod had coins made which proclaimed himself as “the son of God.”

With all this as a background, please read again Matthew 16:13-20. *“When Jesus came to the region of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, ‘Who do people say the Son of Man is?’ They replied, ‘Some say John the Baptist; others say Elijah; and still others, Jeremiah or one of the prophets.’ ‘But what about you?’ he asked. ‘Who do you say I am?’ Simon Peter answered, ‘You are the Messiah, the Son of the living God.’ Jesus replied, ‘Blessed are you, Simon son of Jonah, for this was not revealed to you by flesh and blood, but by my Father in heaven. And I tell you that you are Peter and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hades will not overcome it. I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven; whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven.’ Then he ordered his disciples not to tell anyone that he was the Messiah.”*

If was as if I was transported back to that time. It made it so much clearer in my mind what Peter was saying.

By Lorna Smith, Lubbock, Texas

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The Extra Shirt

Several years ago I was fortunate enough to be part of a group that journeyed to Honduras and assisted in building a small church, dorms for girls and boys, schoolrooms and a kitchen. This is a very poor country monetarily, but they have a fire in their hearts that is hard to find in many places. While language was somewhat of a barrier, lessons were taught in spite of this problem. While there I learned many lessons—and at least one will stay with me for the rest of my life.

Most of the local workers showed up in typical construction clothing, but one of our daily workers arrived in a beautiful white button-down shirt (my father called them John Henry shirts) that had not a wrinkle or spot. The creases were all razor sharp. When he arrived each day he would carefully hang his shirt so it would be safe all day. When asked why he always showed up dressed this way his response surprised most of us. "I am doing work for the Lord and I want to always look my best for Him," was his reply.

Several of the individuals obeyed the gospel and came to services each Sunday. One gentleman who was baptized

refused to come into the auditorium to attend services and insisted on standing outside the doorway. We tried to understand this behavior and tried to explain to him that he was welcome to come inside and join the rest.

We finally were able to get his reason translated that he had no good shirt to wear to come inside. The worker that always showed up wearing the white shirts overheard this and explained that he had an extra shirt that he was willing to give.

Several of us had to walk into town, so we agreed to accompany him to retrieve the shirt. When we arrived at his home, what happened next will stay with me forever.

His home was built out of the local limestone and had the typical thatch roof. He welcomed us inside. We found the floor swept clean, and he had a pallet folded up neatly in the corner. There was a small fire-pit for cooking in another corner; and next to the fire-pit, he had his clean dish and a pot with beans soaking.

He motioned for us to come around back where we found his home was on the edge of the river. What was on the back of the house is what brings me to tears to this day, for on the back of his house we found his "extra" shirt. He would wash his shirt and spread it out on his wall to dry, and the limestone would not only "press and starch" the shirt but would "bleach" it white.

Many of us wanted him to keep his shirt, but he insisted that his brother needed it more than he. He was willing to give up the only other piece of clothing he owned because that was how Christ wanted him to live. That is the kind of love we are to have.

Today as we look at our overstuffed closets and lament that we have "nothing to wear," let us remember the man who had the "extra" shirt for his new brother.

Susan Harmon, Tampa, FL

June 2013

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If you have money, be **generous**. If you have time, be **generous**. If you have a kind word, be **generous**. If you have a caring heart or gentle hand, be **generous**. If you feel the nudge to act in any way in any situation, be **generous**.

Wanted: Are you a writer? Have you written down thoughts that you would be willing to share with Christian sisters? Please submit them to Evelyn Waite for consideration for future publication. You may submit them via email to: evelynwa@fidmail.com or you may submit typewritten copies to Evelyn personally. Sunrise is growing! This is our first issue with three pages.

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