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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.*

### He Has Been There and Done That

My son was going through a very difficult time in his life. He is our spunky, independent one who guards his privacy fiercely. When he called me at work that morning asking me to pray for him, I knew he was hurting—badly.

The mother in me wanted to hold him in my arms, rock him, and make his hurts go away. That, of course, couldn't be. He is a grown man, over six feet tall. Besides that, he wouldn't even let me do that when he was a toddler! But all my instincts said that's what I needed to do, so I did that in the only way I could. I lifted him to God in prayer asking Him to hold my son and comfort him in ways I could not.

All day, that prayer was on my lips. As I fell asleep that night, that prayer was on my lips. Less than an hour later, I awoke with a start thinking I had heard a baby cry (do mothers ever lose the ability to listen for a baby's cry?). I quickly realized it was only a dream, but my thoughts and prayers immediately returned to my son.

It also seemed like I could hear rain falling gently against the bedroom windows, and I imagined that they were God's tears of sympathy and compassion. It was strictly imagination because I don't hear well except through my left ear, and it was buried on the pillow; yet it gave me comfort to picture God's love and compassion.

Could God really understand my concern? Would He care that my son was hurting? Of course He could and would! My son was hurting emotionally, but my God's Son suffered pain, humiliation, agony and death. God couldn't or wouldn't comfort His own Son on the cross because His suffering was for the world, for my son, for me.

Does God understand my pain watching my son suffer? He surely does. He has been there and done that. His Son was victorious over death. Though we have no way of knowing at this point how my son's situation will work

out, I know that he will also emerge victoriously even though he faces some tough times coming up.

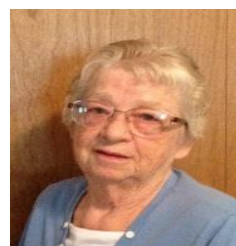
I am reminded of the words of an old hymn:

*Does Jesus care when my heart is pained  
too deeply for mirth and song;  
As the burdens press, and the cares distress,  
and the way grows weary and long?  
Does Jesus care when my way is dark  
with a nameless dread and fear?  
As the daylight fades into deep night shades,  
does He care enough to be near?  
Oh yes, He cares; I know He cares,  
His heart is touched with my grief;  
When the days are weary,  
the long nights dreary,  
I know my Savior cares.*

Christians do indeed have blessed assurance. He has been there and done that, so He definitely cares when we hurt. What a comfort!

Evelyn Waite  
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**Alice Ziegler** was born in Miller County at Meta, Missouri, during the Great Depression. Her parents farmed, but the Depression was bad. All their crops failed so they had to sell all their cattle, and her parents went to St. Louis where they worked for a wealthy family. Her mom cooked, and her dad was the butler and the chauffeur. While her parents were working in St. Louis, she and her brother, James, stayed with their grandparents, near St. James. When the economy got better, her parents came back to the farm.

Alice contrasts today's welfare and unemployment to help people get by during hard times with that era when there was no "safety net."

She was 7-8 years old in World War II and remembers that around Brinktown, there were no young men between 18-30 years old. They, including two of her cousins, were all serving in the military. Her two brothers later served in Korea. Alice went to school in Brinktown for her 4<sup>th</sup> through 8<sup>th</sup> grade years. The family then moved to Dixon where she finished school. While they lived in Dixon, her mom worked in a shoe factory. Her dad worked in the shoe factory as well, but he also was a carpenter. He worked at Fort Leonard Wood and helped build a lot of the barracks.

When she was in high school, her dad introduced her to Fred Ziegler, one of his young co-workers. They married in 1950, and she and Fred enjoyed 58 years together until he passed away in 2008. In 1952, they bought land on the outskirts of Rolla; and, eventually built the house where she resides to this day. She says they never argued, even though they did disagree at times. She still misses Fred terribly, but her favorite place is the home they built.

Fred loved gardening, so they always had a big garden. Alice always canned a lot of the produce from their garden, which helped keep their grocery bill down. One year, they sold their turnips for three pounds for a dollar. In all, they sold a thousand pounds of them. One lady, who was a cook for a local nursing home, stopped by one day and bought a bushel of turnips. The older people at the home liked them so much that she came back and bought another bushel. And then another bushel!

She and Fred have two children. Their son, Mark, lives on a farm near Edgar Springs. He is a mechanic at Al West and does mechanic work on her car when needed. He keeps the lawn mower tuned up, and he mows her sizeable lawn. Their daughter, Connie Uetrecht, also a member of Rolla Church of Christ, lives near Rolla and keeps a close eye on her mom. Going to the river and camping and fishing with their children are very precious memories for her. She has five grandchildren, and she is very proud of each one of them.

Alice's mom was raised in the Church of Christ; her dad's family was Catholic. He was baptized in early 1950 at the river near Dixon. Her mom and dad later moved to Rolla and attended the Church of Christ when it was on First Street. A bit later, they invited Alice and Fred to come and hear the young preacher who was new in town. He and his wife did a Bible study with them, and both she and Fred were baptized. They were the first two people baptized after Jerry Jones came to Rolla as a young preacher. Afterwards, if they didn't go on a Sunday, Jerry would come out and check on them on Monday. They soon began attending regularly. Her favorite Bible

passages are the "every-day living" passages. Her two favorite hymns are "How Great Thou Art" and "The Old Rugged Cross." She remembers singing them a lot when she was a kid.

Alice's career was her family. She used to volunteer at their schools and helped teachers with whatever they needed, often transporting children in her car for ballgames and such. She enjoyed being at home with her children when they were growing up. Their home was the gathering place for most of the kids in the neighborhood. She also volunteered when polio shots were being given in Rolla. When Fred's parents were getting older, she went to their home for a weekend once a month and took them shopping, cleaned their house and generally took care of them.

Fred was a professional driver and drove busses for the athletic teams at UMR. He logged over 200,000 miles without a single accident, but she and Fred never really traveled a lot. They did go to South Carolina two times to visit her brother, but they mostly stayed close to home. She says they just didn't have a desire to travel to other places.

She fondly remembers how she and Fred celebrated their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. She packed a lunch, and off they went to Newburg to go squirrel hunting. Later in the day, they came back to the truck and enjoyed the lunch she had packed.

She did a lot of embroidery over the years and made a lot of pillow cases and dresser scarves. She also sewed a lot of clothes for her daughter until Connie learned to sew and began making many of her own clothes. She worked the clothing room for 26 years. For many of those years, the crew was Alice, Darline Webber, Florine Harris and Irene Walker. She mended clothes that were donated, and she learned how to replace broken zippers in coats.

She taught/assisted in Bible classes over the years and taught the 2/3-year-old class for 8 years. She also helped with VBS by serving snacks and helping in classes. When her daughter, Connie, was director of Day School, she often subbed when other teachers were unable to be present. Alice has been and continues to be a "treasure among us."

**NOTE:** *This is the ninth in a series highlighting noble Christian women in our congregation. We truly have many "treasures among us" in the women who exemplify Christianity in all its facets and have much to teach us all.*

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### **Helpless, but not Hopeless**

So Monday night Jackson had another severe seizure and reaction. We spent most of the night in the hospital getting fluids and praising our Lord above that we came out of it quickly yet again. So now for recovery and to

once again revamp his plan of care to try and get him better.

As I was watching Jackson play last night in the whirlpool tub, which we do for therapy sometimes to help with muscle cramps in his legs due to his stroke, water was flying all over the bathroom. I was reminded of the “marks of happiness” he has left upon our home and life. Though there are water spots on the windows, handprints on the living room glass doors, scratches in the hardwood floors from hours of playing cars, and nicks and dings all over my trim from wild out-of-control cars hitting them, these things bring **happiness** to my heart for they are battle scars on my house that we have made a **loving home!** They are memories that I would not trade for my life because they mean that my son is alive and well. That even on the days when he couldn’t walk due to pain from a seizure, he could still find happiness with us in the floor playing cars. These scratches, dings, nicks, and water spots are evidence of a life of **hope** and **joy**.



I compare this to our lives. With each seizure and each reaction, a hurt is carved on my heart. A scar is left, but without the scar, I would never be able to feel the **love** only **God** can give to **heal** that scar. Each scar I would not take back, for it is a reminder of a **loving** home prepared for me one day in Heaven by my Lord and Savior. It is a reminder of the life that, though not perfect, is filled with **hope** and **joy!** For my GOD has said, “Never will I leave you, never will I forsake you.” So we say with confidence, “The Lord is my helper, I will not be afraid.” Hebrews 13:5-6.

So remember whatever you are going through today that, even though you may feel completely **helpless**, please don’t be **hopeless**. For we have a God who never leaves our side! We ask, please, for prayers for our family as we continue in this battle to try and heal our son! Please also pray for all of those other families who have sick children as there are so many! From our family to yours, we love you more than words can say!

Kim Kemnitzer, Salem Missouri  
©July 30, 2014

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*At that time the disciples came to Jesus, saying, “Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?” And calling to him a child, he put him in the midst of them, and said, “Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Matthew 18:1-4*

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## Encouragement to Parents

It has been a long time since my little girls went off to school for the first time. Now my grandson who lives with us is about to embark on that adventure known as “middle school.”

It continues to astonish me how fast our little ones grow up. That’s why it is so very important to live and teach the right values while we have them. Our children will be with their friends and schoolmates where they will be constantly exposed to teaching – and it’s not all going to be values or language we endorse.

I now work at a Christian university, and I can attest to the good job being done in many families. The students here, for the most part, are polite and thoughtful; and they are kindhearted. Many of our students give up their spring break vacation time to go to inner cities or third world countries to work, teach, and demonstrate God’s love to others.

God’s mercy was great enough that if there had been even ten righteous people, He would not have destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. Every day I get to witness a gleam of light in an ever-darkening world.

I am blessed to see the hope in Christ Jesus and the evidence of faithful parents. As it says in Galatians 6:9, “Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.”

Lorna Smith, Lubbock, TX  
©July 17, 2014

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## Pornsawan (“Heavenly Blessing”)

In Bangkok, November 26, 1975, during the Cold Season, I gave birth to our first 3 lb., 12 oz. daughter. Six days later we traveled by truck back to Khon Kaen. The doctor’s only instructions were to strip her and lay her in the sun for one hour a day.

Wooden Thai houses are built for Thailand’s beastly summers, so when the cold arrives, there is much suffering. The year Sawan was born, the weather turned colder than usual. Forty babies in the Khon Kaen general hospital died when the small heating device went out. Sawan almost didn’t make it either. It was time to feed her and, even though she was nestled between us and under an Army blanket, her body was blue and her eyes had rolled back into her head. Kim got out the heating pad, wrapped it in towels and laid her on it until her coloring returned to normal.

The next morning, we bought a baby’s mosquito net that opened like an umbrella and put Sawan under it. Then I covered it with blankets, put a bare-bulb lamp in and incubated her like a chicken.

I questioned the Lord many times that year. Why was this child so small? How was I to dry her diapers when they froze on the line? Why wasn’t there a heater of some sort for sale in Khon Kaen? How could I get rid of

Sawan's miserable diaper rash? When is this child going to suck on her own? (I had to squeeze out my milk and feed her with an eyedropper.) How long, Oh, Lord, must this child sleep inside my nightgown at night?

That year I really wanted to leave Thailand for good. After pondering for a spell, I figured I was suffering a good case of culture shock and that someday it would go away. It did.

Rebecca Voraritskul  
Khon Kaen, Thailand

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### **Nurturing and Admonishing the Un-nurtured**

Do you have room for a little more love in your home? Too many children are trapped in foster care. On any given day, there are approximately 397,000 children in out-of-home care in the United States. During the last year about 640,000 children spent some time in out-of-home care in the United States. (Childrensrights.org)

1. If we're not going to help those kids, can we stand before our Maker knowing we fulfilled James 1:27? "This is pure and undefiled religion in the sight of *our* God and Father, to visit orphans and widows in their distress, *and* to keep oneself unstained by the world." Is this the only way to fulfill this scripture? No. Is it one of the biggest, most sacrificial ways to fulfill it? Yes. And the Lord's church is not doing enough. We need to do more. YOU need to do more. What can you do?

- Foster. Classes in Phelps County begin September 23<sup>rd</sup>. Call Lauran Mueller at (573)368-2436 to get signed up!
- Babysit existing children of those currently enrolled in the fostering classes.
- Respite care. You get paid for foster parents to have a 24-hour break! All it takes is a passed background check.
- Pray for these children. Pray for them to find acceptance, love, family, Christ.
- Pray for yourself, that you will allow yourself to be 100% surrendered to God's will and service. The list is endless, but these are a few key ways to actively, purposefully help.

2. Children in the fostering system have souls. They will end up in Heaven or Hell at Judgment Day. What will you do to train their hearts for Heaven? (Revelation 21:4, 8)

3. Are you too old, too busy, too consumed with your "perfect" family, too scared, too financially unstable, or are you just making excuses for not doing the Lord's work?

I understand that there are legitimately some who would not be able to serve in this particular way. After all, we do all have different talents in the Lord's body. (I Corinthians 12). But we all have more talents than we let ourselves think. Don't let the devil tell you that you can't.

You can. With God on your side and the empowerment of the right tools, you can give a soul on this earth an outstanding shot at ending up in Heaven someday. Why wouldn't you want to do that? Isaiah 1:17, "Learn to do good; seek justice, Reprove the ruthless; Defend the orphan, Plead for the widow."

Lindsay Bailey, Rolla, MO

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### **That's Life!**

Jesus, thank You for life and all it involves. When something goes wrong, we often say, "That's life!" But life is so much more than the little things that don't turn out the way we wish they had.

- Waking up each morning with eyes that see and ears that hear—that's life!
- Talking with a child and catching a glimpse of the world through those innocent eyes—that's life!
- Pausing in the middle of a hectic day to watch a bird soar or a butterfly flit among the flowers—that's life!
- Chatting with an old friend and remembering just how special that friendship is—that's life!
- Receiving an unexpected word of encouragement—that's life!
- Holding a newborn baby and catching his first smile—that's life!
- Walking in nature, taking in its sights and sounds, and breathing that fresh air—that's life!
- Lying down to sleep at night and thanking God for all the blessings that the day brought—that's life!

1 Thessalonians 5:18 ESV—Give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.

Psalm 7:17 ESV—I will give to the Lord the thanks due to His righteousness, and I will sing praise to the name of the Lord, the Most High.

Psalm 107:1 ESV—Oh give thanks to the Lord, for He is good, for His steadfast love endures forever!

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