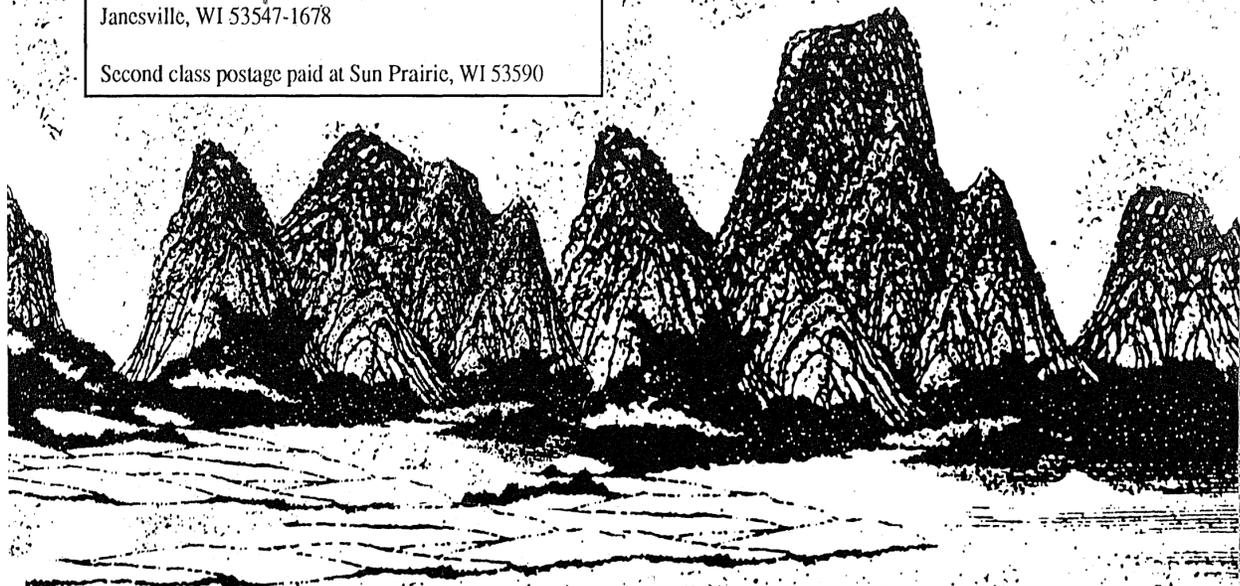


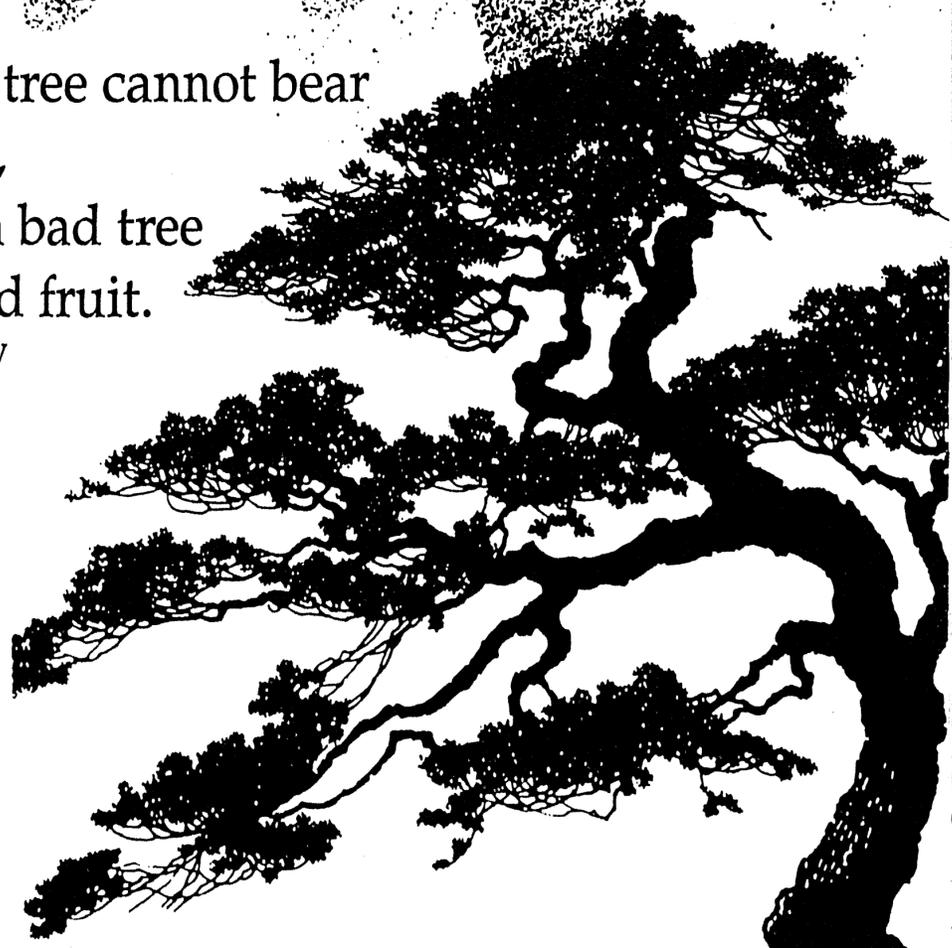
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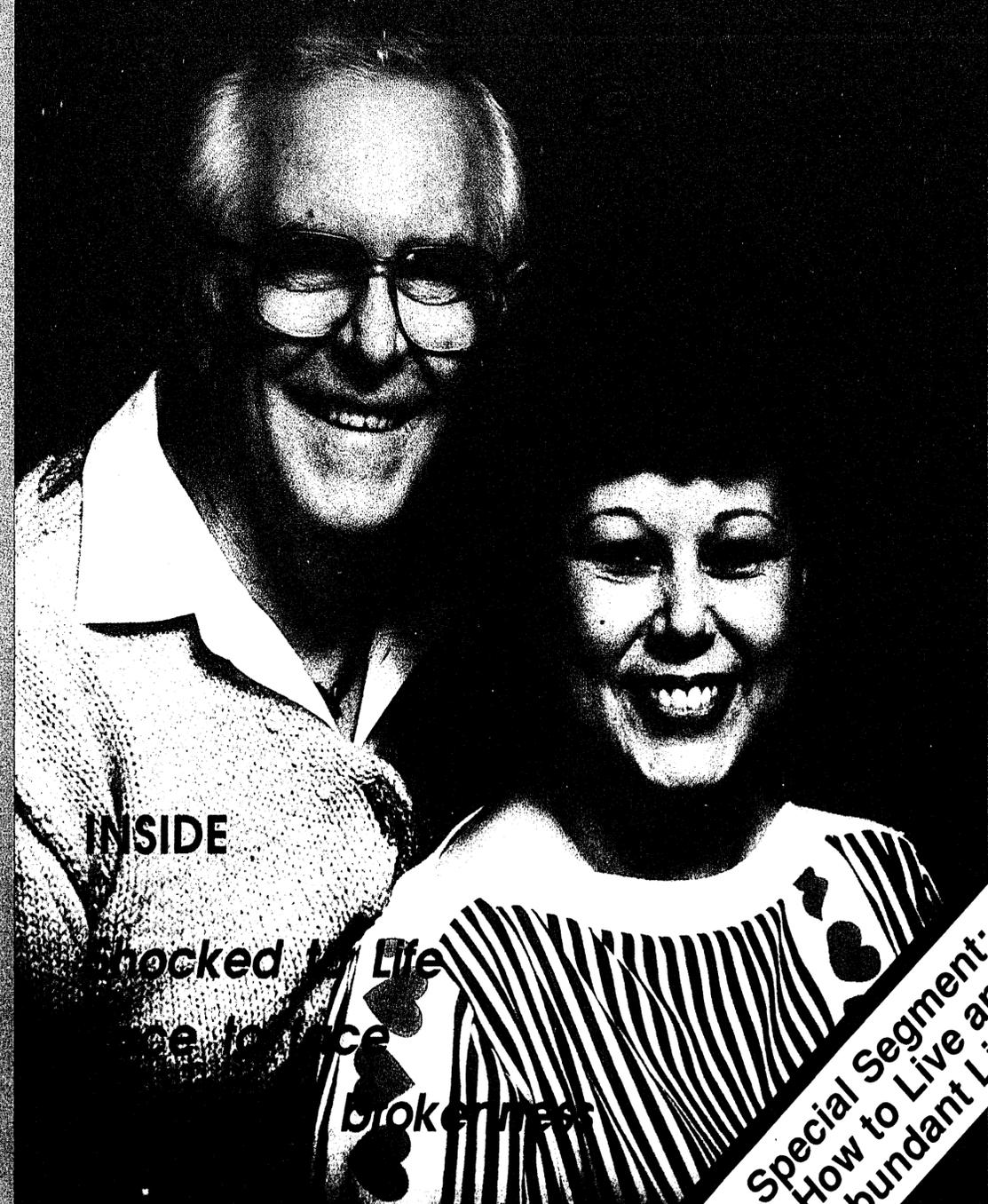
Matthew 7:18 RSV



Sabbath Recorder

Jesus is in the business of

CHANGING LIVES



INSIDE

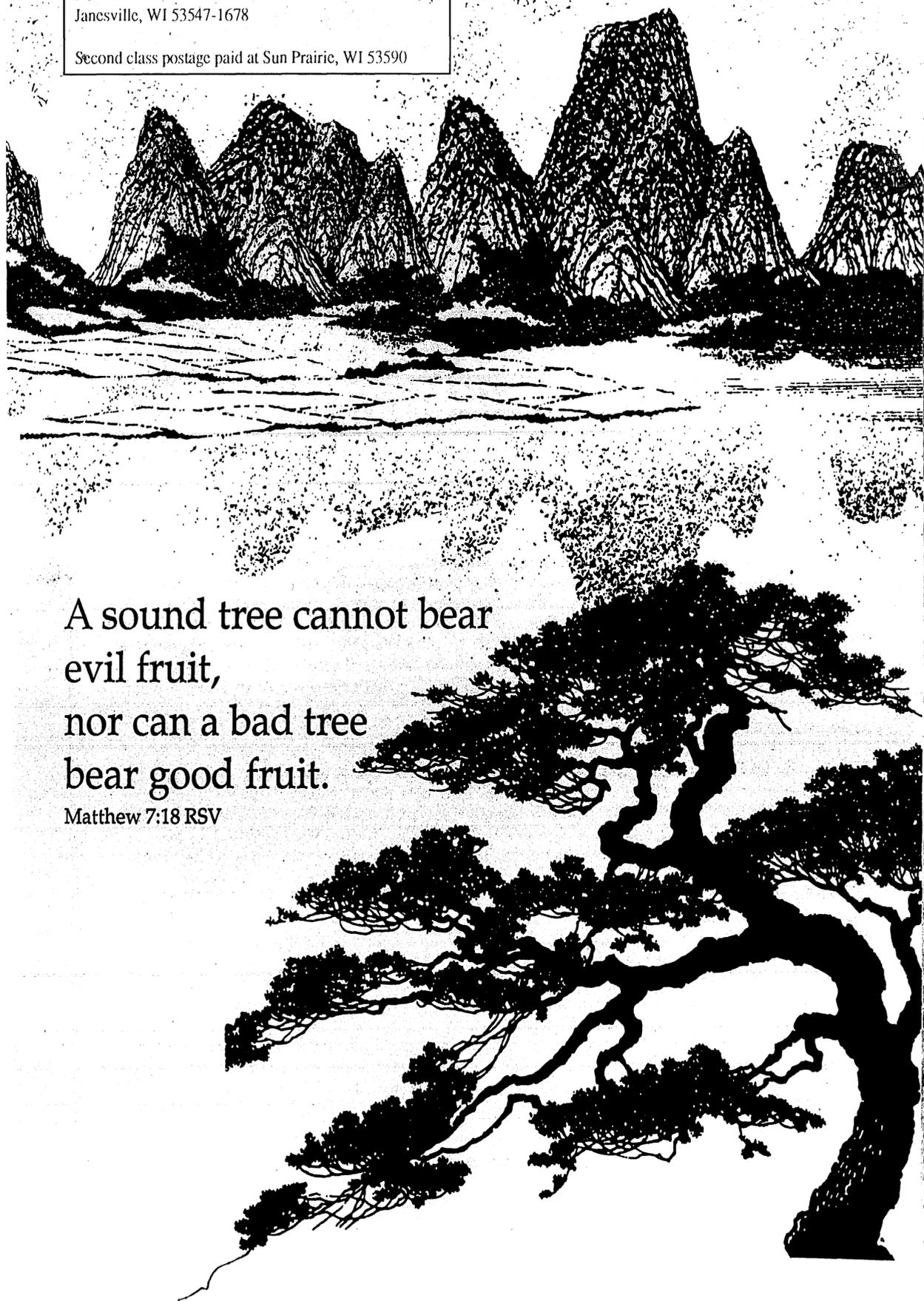
**Shocked to Life
The Journey
from Broke to Wealth**

**Special Segment:
How to Live an
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INSIDE

locked

Life

brokers

Special Segment:
How to Live an
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Shocked to life

by Floella Spells

My husband, Errol, had a heart attack. I called the ambulance while he lay on our couch at home. As the paramedics worked on him, I felt he was not going to make it. It was obvious that he was in a bad way.

I walked into the room and saw Errol lying on the bed with six people around him, still working to save his life. "Hearing is the last function to stop," the doctor said. "Talk to him."

Errol and I had gone through three years of horror. He lost his job through no fault of his own, was refused his retirement, and could not work because of his health. We lost our home, our car and all the assets we had managed to accumulate. Both of us were full of bitterness and hate. Clearly, Errol's heart attack was caused by stress.

When we got to the hospital that night, I checked my husband in and took a chair in the waiting room. I was there for only five minutes when one of the nurses came and took me into an office. I knew it was not going well for Errol, and I prayed to God for the first time in years. I asked him to please allow Errol to stay with me for a little longer. If God really wanted to take Errol, I

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The Sabbath Recorder

prayed he would go swiftly so that he would not suffer.

A doctor came in and said they had used electric shock paddles on Errol three times, and he had not responded. "There is no chance for him," the doctor said. "If he had made it, there is a good probability that there would have been brain damage." Just then, my mother, daughter and son-in-law arrived. "You may go in to say your good-byes," the doctor said.

I walked into the room and saw Errol lying on the bed, with six people around him still working to save his life. "Hearing is the last function to stop," the doctor said. "Talk to him."

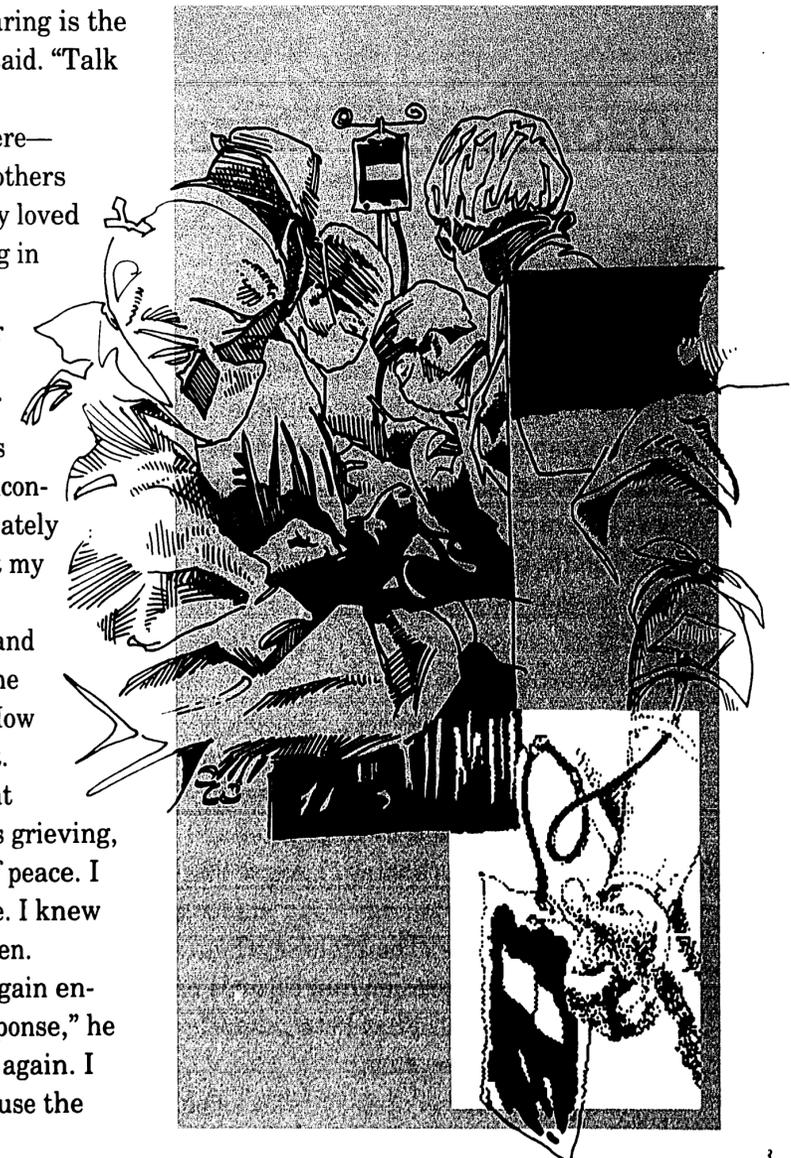
"I'm here, Errol," I said. "I'm here—and I love you." I listened as the others with me told Errol how much they loved him. I began to feel anger growing in me, and I screamed at him. "Errol, you get back here!" The anger lasted for only a minute, but it was so strong that I found myself surprised at being upset with this dying man. How could he be so inconsiderate as to leave me? I immediately felt sorry, but I learned later that my anger was a normal reaction.

It seemed so hopeless. We left and went back into the office where the rest of the family was waiting. "How can I tell our children?" I thought. "How will I tell Errol's sisters that there is no chance for him?" I was grieving, yet I began to feel such a sense of peace. I knew the Lord was there with me. I knew that what he wanted would happen.

A short time later, the doctor again entered the room. "I've gotten a response," he said. "I had a feeling I should try again. I don't know why, but I decided to use the

paddles. I tried them three times and, finally, he responded. We're taking him to I.C.U. I'm sorry, but I don't think you should be too encouraged—he probably won't survive the night. He 'straight-lined' for 40 minutes."

They moved the family upstairs to a waiting room close to the I.C.U. ward. My son-in-law, David, went with me into Errol's room. When we entered, Errol opened his eyes and gave us the thumbs up sign. David looked at me and said, "Mom, he's going to make it." I



June 1988

3

just cried and thanked God.

Later in the day, Errol developed a blood clot and had to be rushed into the operating room to have it removed. I should have been frightened, but I wasn't. I knew that God was looking out for him now and that God would see him through. Errol was hospitalized for four weeks, but he did survive. Later, I found out that God

had been working in him as well as in me.

I don't know how we managed for so many years without accepting God's love. It took a real shock to open our eyes. Through him, our resentments and anger have turned to compassion and love.



Errol and Floella Spells

Dealing with Stress

Today, more than ever, stress is playing a major factor in health-related problems. Its wear and tear on the human mind and body can be devastating, as well as destructive to those we love and care about. Ask yourself, where can I go for help, and where can I go to find answers to cope with life?

Consider these:

1. Are you tired and weary? Jesus said, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." Matthew, chapter 11, verse 28.
2. Are you anxious? The Bible says, "Cast all your cares on him because he cares for you." First Peter, chapter five, verse seven.

3. Are you afraid? Jesus said, "In this world you will have trouble. But take heart, I have overcome the world." John, chapter 16, verse 33.
4. Are you unhappy? Jesus said, "Until now you have not asked for anything in my name. Ask and you will receive, and your joy will be made complete." John, chapter 16, verse 24.
5. Are you lonely? Jesus said, "Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you." Hebrews, chapter 13, verse five.

There are many more promises that Jesus makes in helping you cope with life's difficulties. They are found in a very special book, the Bible.

How would you respond if you came face to face with death?

Face to face

by Errol E. Spells

When I was young and healthy, I felt I didn't need to ask God for anything. By the age of 17, I started to resent church because I thought it was a waste of my time. I became obsessed with wanting lots of "things" and was willing to work hard to have them, but I was never satisfied. I never thanked God for what he allowed me to have, and I never asked him for his help. I put God behind me and figured that I could become rich if I was fair, honest, lucky and worked hard.

Eventually, after I came

close to success, I lost the material things I had gained. I became bitter and hateful, and I didn't understand why I couldn't get anywhere. I believed in "doing unto others as I would have them do unto me," but I found that other people did not always play by those rules.

I was a policeman most of my life, and I took great pride in being one. I enjoyed the job because I liked helping people. It seemed to me that this world should be rid of mean, careless, and dishonest people who would disturb other people's peace and happiness.

I did well as a police offi-

cer. I was respected by my fellow officers because of my strength, bravery and dedication to treating people fairly. I often placed my job before my family. Eventually, I worked my way into the position of chief of police. I was responsible for the safety of everyone in the community, plus the men who worked for me and trusted me.

I was proud of what I had accomplished; however, I still did not feel financially comfortable. During all of my 30 years as a policeman, I worked extra jobs to make more money. I could never get enough, but I never

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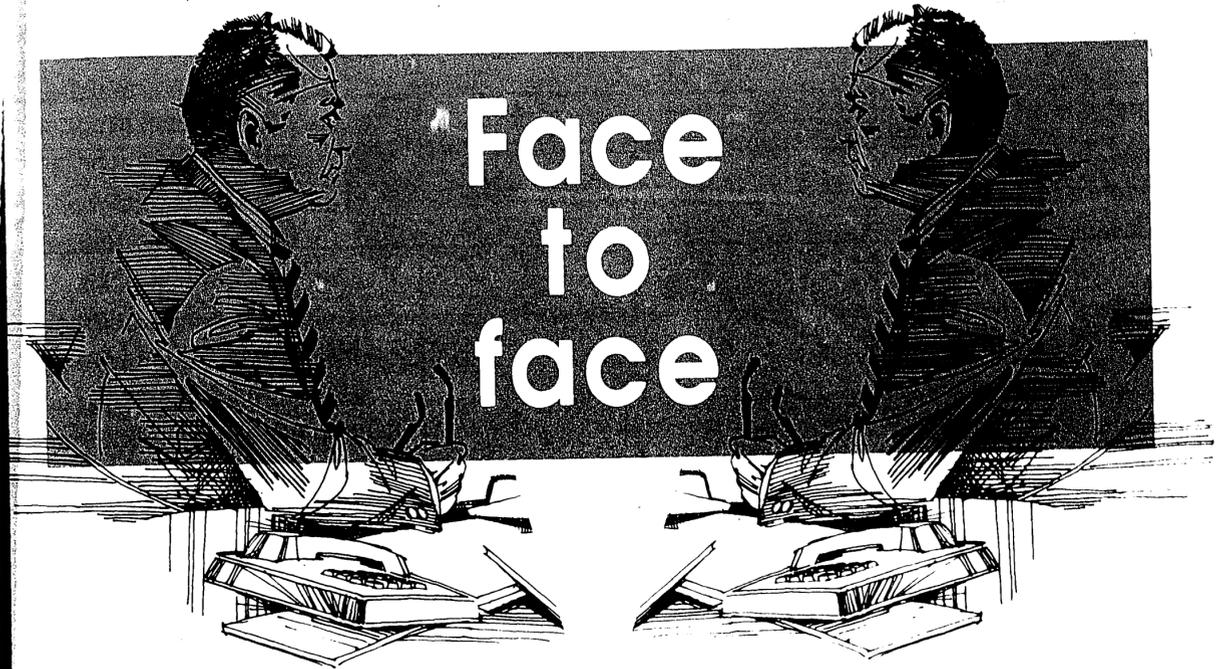
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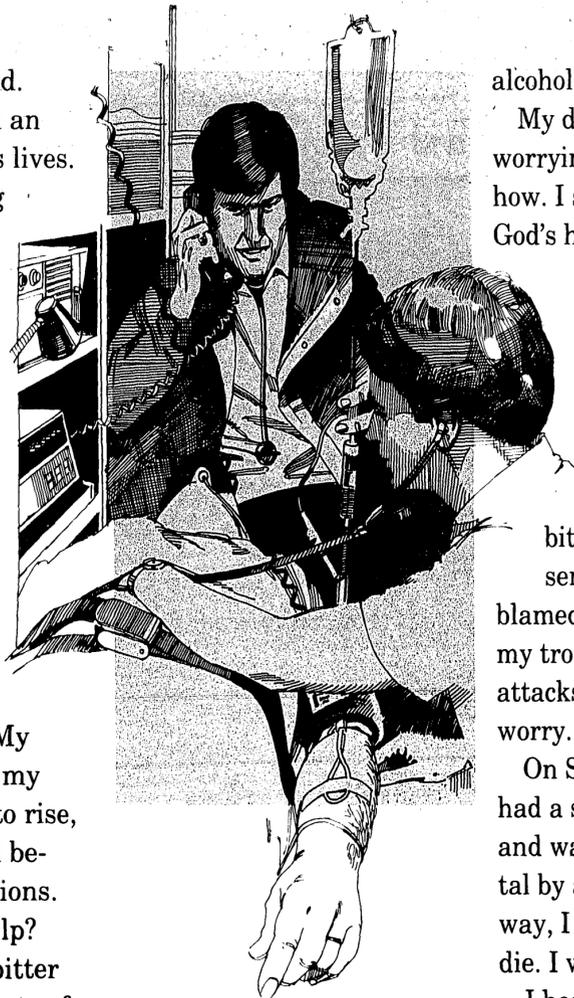
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Did I ask God for help?

No. I became *more* bitter and drank large amounts of



alcohol to relax.

My doctor told me to quit worrying, but I didn't know how. I still didn't ask for God's help. Instead, I tried to work my way out of the problems myself. Then my job was taken from me because of my failing health, and I became even more bitter and hateful. I resented God because I blamed him for causing all my troubles. I had two heart attacks, and I continued to worry.

On September 12, 1986, I had a severe heart attack and was rushed to the hospital by ambulance. On the way, I realized that I might die. I was terrified.

I heard a male voice trans-

mitting instructions over the ambulance radio. The last thing I heard was the voice saying, "You're losing him."

The ambulance attendant yelled at me, "Mr. Spells, I'm going to hit you in the chest; don't be afraid." I never felt him hit me. I knew I was dead.

I felt myself floating away, and I became very comfortable and peaceful. There was no fear, no pressure, and no burdens. Things around me were in darkness, but I could see stars twinkling. I have never felt such peace.

Suddenly, in the distance, I recognized my wife's voice desperately commanding me to come back. At that moment, God told me that I must return and make things right in my life.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Floella and my son-in-law looking at me. I knew Floella was worried. My arms were tied to the bed, but I managed to raise my thumbs to let her know that everything was going to be all right.

I couldn't talk because of all the tubes down my throat, and my right leg was in great pain. That same day, a blood clot was removed from my leg—just in time, or the leg would have had to be amputated.

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The job has become overwhelming. The computer is "down," but even when it works it is no help. Every calculation you make

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*Jesus said,
"Come to me, all of you that are tired and overburdened, and I will give you rest."*

God wasn't going to let me die. Surely he had plans for me. My remaining time on this earth was to be used for his work.

My pastor was by my side in the hospital. He helped me to become very confident and have total trust in Jesus. I knew that God would lead me into the type of work where I could help him the most. Now, I praise God continuously and thank him for giving me the chance to work for him.

Since my "rebirth," my body and mind have gotten stronger and healthier at a speed that has astounded the doctors. My heart specialist declared that I was dead for 40 minutes—but God told him to exceed his normal

efforts to revive me, and he succeeded. I lost the use of part of my heart, but I get by.

Since that brush with death, I've never stopped praising God for touching me and bringing me out of darkness. He has been answering my prayers, and he is now the most important part of my life. Through this experience, my wife Floella's faith has also been renewed, and we are sharing our new beginning together.

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Do you know the facts?

Millions of people will die this year and never suspect it...

You could be one.

It is estimated that millions of people will die this year of a fatal disease and never suspect it. The symptoms are vague and may seem minor. As a result, they are often ignored or not taken seriously enough. Yet, if untreated, this disease will lead to eternal death.

What is this disease? It is sin—a condition that separates us from God.

How does one get this disease? People do not contract sin like other diseases; they are born with it.

What are the symptoms of this disease? The

symptoms vary greatly from one person to another. Some show it through inappropriate outward behavior, while others keep those thoughts and attitudes within. The most dangerous, however, are those who appear to be healthy and well-intending, both outwardly and inwardly. They are in the most danger, because they see no need for a cure.

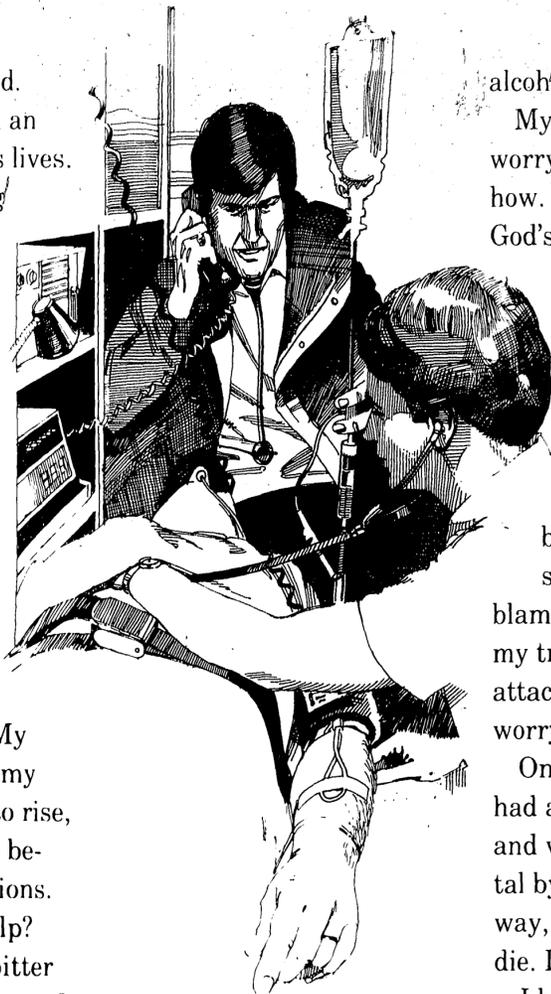
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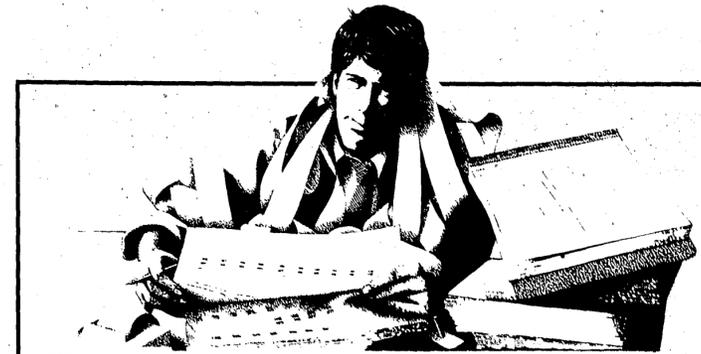
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One woman's story of the long road back from divorce...

Back from brokenness

by Judy Rodriguez

When I got married, I thought it was going to be forever; divorce never crossed my mind. Sometimes I would wake up at night thinking, "If he should die, I'd miss him so much."

But when my husband told me that he did not love me, it was like a cold knife piercing my heart. When I left, I hoped that someday he would say, "Honey, I'm sorry. I love you." Instead, I received divorce papers, and I cried. He wanted the kids, so he fought for custody for one long year—a year that emotionally ruined the children and me. The children used to hide in the basement, thinking that their father was about to come to take them. They did not want to leave me. Finally, he gave up custody, and peace came back to my mind.

But I began questioning God.

"Lord, I prayed three times a day before I married this man. Why divorce? I thought you had answered my prayer." Maybe God had given me another answer, but I went my own way. I don't know.

I did get mad at God. I thought that he had failed me, so I decided to treat him the way he deserved to be treated. I was *not* going to go back to God. I was going to drink, I was going to dance and I was going to talk like the rest of the world. No one would recognize that I was a Christian. I would go into the bars, use the same profanity they used, drink the way they drank, and flirt the way all the other women flirted. I would have fun.

But, as I walked towards a bar, I could feel God with me. And when I walked into the bar itself, I could feel God staying outside. It was like he was staring at me. I danced, but once in a while I felt the need to look out the window—as if I would see God standing there, looking in at me. I danced

wanted to be, I wouldn't keep my promises.

But God kept giving. I was able to get a new car, and I soon had a new house with furniture. He even gave me good children. Even though I recognized these as gifts from God, I still cursed him every time he didn't give me what I wanted. I was like a selfish child.

My daughter has since told me that all of this was very painful for her. She didn't want to come home from school to a cold house and a mother who cursed God every time things went wrong.

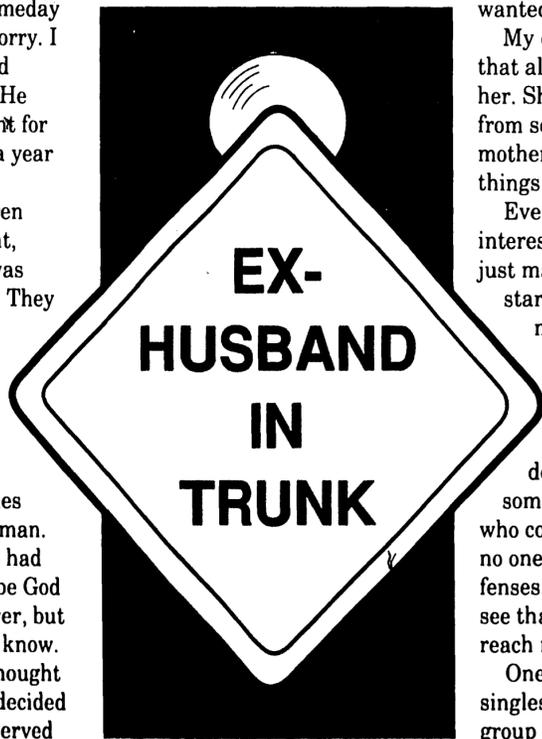
Eventually, I began to lose interest in bars and in men who just made me tired. I was bored. I started thinking that perhaps my life was wrong. I decided to join a Christian singles group. I attended the Bible study with an inner feeling that I can only describe as *hunger*. I needed someone to love me—someone who could accept me as I was. But no one could penetrate my defenses. Now, as I look back, I can see that people were trying to reach me, but I wouldn't let them.

One day, while at a Christian singles meeting, I heard that a group called *Mobilized to Serve* was coming to town. I didn't know who they were, but I remembered hearing that some girls had one more ticket for \$45. I was broke, but I wanted to go, so I wrote out the check right then. When I got home I said to myself, "I must be going crazy! Why am I giving them \$45? I have a party to go to."

I had already paid the money, so

more and drank more, and it made me mad. I went home to curse God—to blame him for everything that went wrong.

Nevertheless, in the days that followed, God gave me a good job, and I started doing well. I promised him that I would do "this and that," if he would give me a *better* job. But as soon as I got where I



I decided that I might as well go. I would sit there and listen to what these people had to say, but I certainly would *not* allow myself to change. I had lost a promotion that same weekend, and bitterness and hatred were growing within me.

But, even through all of the hurt, God eventually touched me.

There was a workshop entitled, "Healing the Wounded Spirit." I debated whether to go or not, but I finally went. The words that were said there described me, and I began to understand myself. It was as if I wanted to do something, but I didn't have the energy. I wanted to serve God, but I was running from him. I wanted to love, but I hated instead. I wanted to be nice, but when I tried, I cursed. I couldn't understand what was happening to me. I went to church, but I disliked everybody and left. I wanted to love my pastor, but I hated him. I wanted to talk to his wife, but I disliked her.

I was wounded; my spirit was wounded. I recognized that I needed help. After the workshop, I talked with a counselor.

"You know," I said to her, "this is my problem. I've been divorced for seven years, and I'm still hurt, bitter and full of hatred. Why have other women been healed and I haven't?"

The counselor said that I had not allowed myself, for whatever reason, to cry out my pain—that I had to cry to reach the depth of my pain.

Later that night, the leader invited anyone in the group who wished, to come forward for prayer and counseling. I felt a strong urge to go forward, but I fought against it. I told myself that I would not go down there, but something pulled me out of my seat, and I walked forward. I cried and cried and cried. I cried so much, in fact, that I began to feel faint. Just as I reached that point, a feeling of peace suddenly washed over me, and my tears stopped. That was the end of it. I was smiling; I was healed. All the sadness and bitterness was gone. I could think back on my ex-husband without bitterness. I could smile again.

Some time later, a leadership seminar was scheduled for Rome, New York. I was invited by the counselor that I had met, and I went. When I arrived, I didn't know a soul. I didn't know why I had come, and I began to feel angry. I had even borrowed money to make the trip, and now all I wanted to do was go home. I told my roommate that I didn't know why I had bothered to come.

"The Lord has told me why

you're here," she said. "You're here to die." I stared at her in disbelief.

I had always been afraid of dying. She saw that I was frightened and said, "No, you're not dying physically—you're dying to sin, and you're going to be born again." I laughed, but I wasn't even sure what that meant. As I went to the workshops and listened, I felt like there was a war going on inside of me. I didn't want to forgive the people who had hurt me so badly, but God kept working on me.

That night, I decided to go jogging and talk with God. As I ran, I told God how hurt I had been and how mad I was at him; how dirty I felt. I told God that I was no good. Just then, I heard a noise that startled me. I'm very frightened of snakes, and I immediately thought the noise was a snake. Out of my fear, I started running as fast as I could. As I ran, I felt as if God was speaking to me: "You know, snakes shed their skin. Right now, you are shedding your skin like a snake, and I am healing you completely."

I felt the death and rebirth that I had been told about. I had been "born again." It was beautiful. I turned all the pain and hatred over to the Lord. "Alright, Lord," I said, "you win. I give up."

Since then, I have been in love with the Lord. All day I talk with God and praise him. Every chance I have, I tell others what he has done for me. God has worked a miracle in my life. If he can do that for me, he can do it for you, also.



Judy Rodriguez

BIRTH
SCHOOL
JOB MARRIAGE
RESPONSIBILITY
FINANCES
DIVORCE
OLD AGE
DEATH

IS THAT ALL THERE IS?
Jesus is in the business of changing lives.

WHAT ARE YOU LEAVING TO YOUR CHILDREN?

Many people who consider themselves to be good parents make a point of spending time with their children. They play games, go on picnics, and visit parks and zoos. The emotional, physical and intellectual growth and well-being of their children are very important to them.

But what about spiritual growth and well-being? Proverbs, chapter 22, verse six says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Good parenting is more than fun and



games. It means nourishing children with the Bread of Life, Jesus Christ.

What are you leaving to your children? Hopefully, the most precious inheritance on earth—the gift of eternal life.

Something to think about

D.L. Moody: Some say that faith is the gift of God. So is the air, but you have to breathe it; so is bread, but you have to eat it; so is water, but you have to drink it. Some are wanting some miraculous kind of feeling. That is not faith. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God" (Romans, chapter 10, verse 17). That is whence faith comes. It is not for me to sit down and wait for faith to come stealing over me with a strong sensation; but it is for me to take God at his word.—*Notes and Insights*

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Big Tom

Years ago, there was a school far back in the mountains that no teacher could handle. The boys were so rough that the teachers resigned continually. One day a young teacher applied for the position. "Young man, do you know what you are getting into?" the superintendent said to him.

The young man replied, "I guess I'll just have to take the risk."

Not too many days later, this courageous young teacher found himself standing in front of his new class. "Good morning," he said. "I am Mr. Stevens, your new teacher."

The boys eyed him up and down, especially a big fella by the name of Tom. "I won't need any help with this one," he whispered to a friend. "We'll have him out of here in no time."

Just then, a paper airplane flew across the room, followed by another and several spit balls. Everyone began to yell, and things turned into complete chaos. "Everyone sit down," the teacher rang out. "I want this to be a good school, but we need to have some rules. You tell me what they should be, and I'll write them on the black board."

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"All right. The law is no good unless there is a penalty to go with it. What shall we do with the one who breaks it?"

"Beat him across his bare back 10 times with a rod," cried big Tom. "Yeah, 10

times," the others piped in. "That's a good penalty."

"Are you sure of that?" the teacher asked. "Are you all ready to stand by it?" They all nodded in agreement. A few days later, big Tom found his lunch pail missing. "Teacher, someone stole my lunch," he exclaimed. "We need to find the dirty rat who did it." Upon investigation, the teacher discovered that the thief was a little skinny fellow about 10 years old.

"Okay, son," Mr. Stevens said.

"Come up to the front of the class and prepare to be punished."

The little fellow trembled as he came up slowly with his big coat held tightly

around his neck. "Take your coat off," the teacher said.

"I can't", he whimpered.

"But you must," the teacher said. "It's the rule, and you helped to make it."

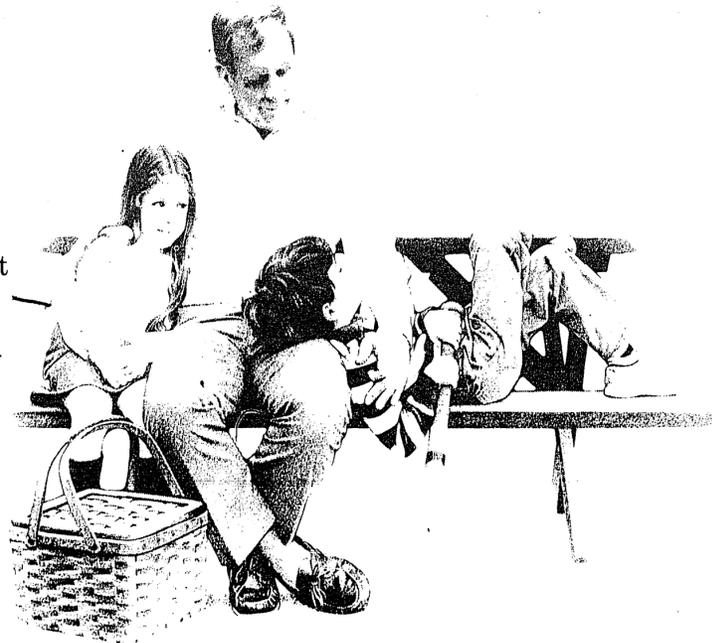
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"I'm sorry son; those are the rules." Finally, the little boy unbuttoned his tattered coat, only to reveal that he wasn't wearing a shirt to hide his protruding ribs and skinny arms. "How can I whip this child?" thought the teacher. "I don't have it in me, but I must if I plan on staying here as teacher."

Everything was quiet. The teacher stalled and asked the boy why he didn't have a shirt. "My father died," he told the teacher, "and my mother is very poor. I only have one shirt, and it's being washed today. My brother let me wear his coat, so that I could come to school."

The teacher held his breath, hoping that something would happen, but nothing did. He had asked everything he could and time was running out. He lifted

the rod into the air, and with sweat running down his face, he prepared to carry out the ugliest thing of his entire life.

Then, suddenly, a voice cried out from the back of the classroom. "Wait. Just hold on there." Everyone's eyes turned to see a large figure running down the aisle. The boys couldn't believe it, but it was big Tom.

"Teacher, let me take his lickin' for him. There's no rule against that, is there?"

"I guess not," the teacher said. "If that's what you want to do, that will be fine with me."

The teacher sighed with relief as big Tom removed his shirt to reveal a broad-shouldered body. "You ready, Tom?" the teacher asked.

"Go ahead," he replied.

The teacher raised the rod

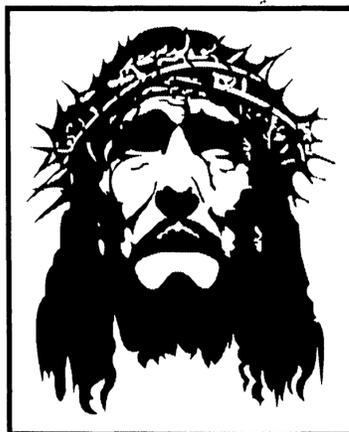
and began to strike Tom's back until the rod finally broke after the eighth blow. The teacher bowed his head in exhaustion, wondering how he was going to finish this awful task. Then, out of nowhere, the teacher heard a faint sound. It was sobbing, coming from the entire classroom. He lifted his weary head and saw the little boy with both his skinny little arms wrapped around big Tom's neck.

"Thanks big Tom," he cried. "I was so hungry. I'll love you 'til the day I die for taking my lickin' for me. I'll love you forever, big Tom."

Jesus Christ took your punishment for you when he died on the cross.

"For this is how we know what love is. Jesus Christ laid down his life for us." 1st John, chapter 3, verse 16.

**DON'T SAY
HE DIDN'T
CARE**



God loved the world so much that he gave his only son, that everyone who has faith in him may not die but have eternal life.
John, chapter three, verse 16

How to live an "abundant" life

GOD sent his son, Jesus, so that we could have an abundant life available to us. Jesus said, "I have come that you may have life, and may have it in all of its fullness" (John, chapter 10, verse 10). The life that he is promising us is a life of spiritual abundance and spiritual 'fruit.' What is spiritual fruit? "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, fidelity, gentleness and self control" (Galatians, chapter five, verses 22 and 23).

This love, joy, and peace are the things that every person wants and is looking for. If God has provided an abundant life for people, why aren't they experiencing it? People aren't experiencing this fullness because...

SIN separates us from God and his abundant life. Each of us is a sinner. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans, chapter three, verse 23). "We are all like a man who is unclean, and all our righteous deeds are like filthy rags" (Isaiah, chapter 64, verse six). We all know that at one time or another, we have done things that God did not want us to do. **This is sin.**

The Bible, God's word, tells us that, "The soul that sins shall die" (Ezekiel, chapter 18, verse four). So, we are all under a 'death sentence' since we have all sinned. Even though we all deserve to die, God has provided a way of changing our sentence—from death to an abundant and everlasting life. We can be saved from the death sentence only because...

JESUS died so that we could be forgiven of *all* our sins and experience this abundant life. "We had all strayed like sheep, each of us had gone his own way; but the Lord laid upon him the guilt of us all" (Isaiah, chapter 53, verse six). You see, Jesus Christ took away our sins when he died on the cross and shed his blood.

Yes, man is separated from God by sin, but Jesus came to earth and died to provide a way to get to God and all of his promises. Jesus said, "I am the way; I am the truth and I am the life;

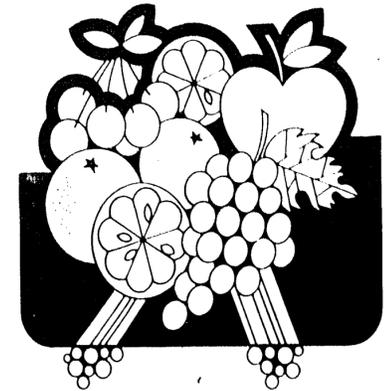
no one comes to the Father (God) except by me" (John, chapter 14, verse six). "There is no salvation in anyone else at all, for there is no other name under heaven granted to men, by which we may receive salvation (Acts, chapter four, verse 12). That name is the name **Jesus**. Jesus Christ is the only way, and...

WE must, individually, accept Jesus Christ as God's gift of forgiveness and salvation. "For it is by his grace you are saved, through trusting him; it is not your own doing. It is God's gift, not a reward for work done. There is nothing for anyone to boast of" (Ephesians, chapter two, verses eight and nine).

Salvation and forgiveness are gifts. A gift given to us, *not because* of what we are, but *in spite* of what we are. This is one gift that we can never earn, all we can do is accept it. The decision to accept the gift or reject it is yours. Acceptance involves...

- **Repent**, which is turning toward God and away from sin. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke, chapter 13, verse three).
- **Believe** by putting your trust and hope in Jesus Christ as the way to be saved and forgiven. "Put your trust in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved..." (Acts, chapter 16, verse 31).
- **Invite** the Holy Spirit into your life. The Holy Spirit is the spirit of Jesus Christ, and it is the Holy Spirit who enables you to lead the kind of life that God wants you to lead. He comes to live in those individuals who repent and believe. "If you, then, bad as you are, know how to give your children what is good for them, how much more will the heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!" (Luke, chapter 11, verse 13).

NOW is the day of salvation. "It is not in his (God's) will for any to be lost, but for all to come to repentance" (2nd Peter, chapter three, verse nine). Jesus



is saying, "Here I stand knocking at the door; if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and sit down to supper with him and he with me" (Revelation, chapter three, verse 20).

There is only one way to open your heart's door and that is by repentance, belief and invitation. When you do, Jesus Christ, in the person of his Holy Spirit, comes into your life to cleanse it and make it new. Have you opened your heart to receive Jesus Christ as your Savior? Here is a simple prayer of faith:

Lord Jesus, I confess to you that I am a sinner. I am sorry for the sins I have committed and I turn to you for forgiveness. Thank you for dying on the cross to give me a new life. I ask you to come into my life to make me the kind of person you want me to be.

Does this prayer express what you really want? If so, you can pray the prayer right now.

Having received Jesus Christ, the Son of God, you now have eternal life. "God has given us eternal life, and that this life is found in his Son. He who possesses the Son has life indeed; he who does not possess the Son of God has not that life" (1st John, chapter five, verses 11 and 12).



Wondering about Seventh Day Baptists?

For an informational brochure entitled, *A Baptist Church That's A Little Different*, write:

Seventh Day Baptists
3120 Kennedy Road
PO Box 1678
Janesville, WI 53547-1678

A sack full of gold

by Floella Spells

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When the door opened, there stood the cutest little dark-haired girl, with large brown eyes, and a little sandy-haired boy. The father was not home, and the mother hurried to the kitchen. I had a large bag of groceries, and the children led me into the kitchen, jumping up and down in excitement while exclaiming, "Oh Mom, look! Food!" The mother then told me to set the bag on a tiny table.

There were no cupboards in the room, only a handmade shelf that held three cans of food.

The girl, age seven, saw a box of corn flakes and said to her mother, "Oh Mom, look!"

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My husband brought a box of presents into this tiny, nearly bare room. When the two children saw it, their eyes grew as large as saucers. The gifts included a coat for the girl and a coat for the little boy.

Both children put on their "new coats" and would not take them off; they were so happy.

When we left the kitchen, we went into the living room and noticed a sofa and coffee table. (The coffee table consisted of three plastic milk crates turned upside down and covered with a cloth.) A tiny black and white television was sitting on a small table in one corner of the room, and a tattered old blanket was being used as a curtain at the one small window.

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Pain



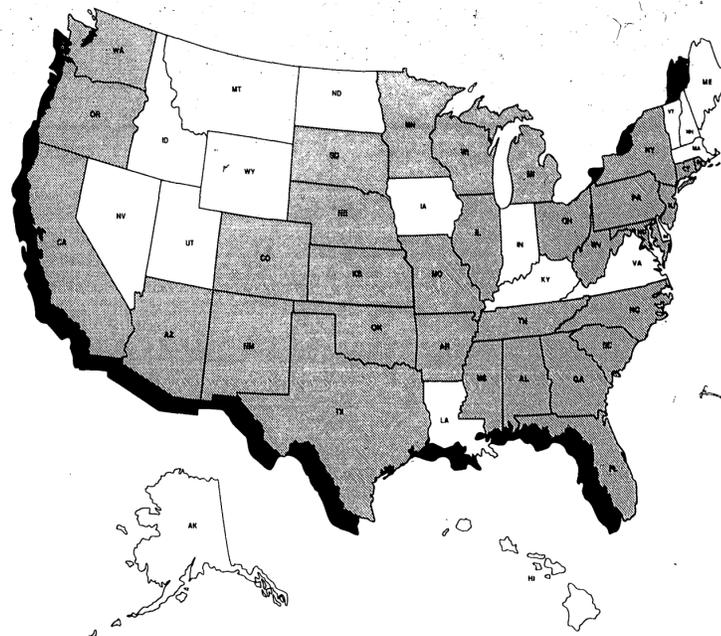
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The Lord heals the broken-hearted, and binds up their wounds. Psalms, chapter 147, verse three.



The Sabbath Recorder



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Alfred Station, Alfred Station SDB Church
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Berlin, Berlin SDB Church
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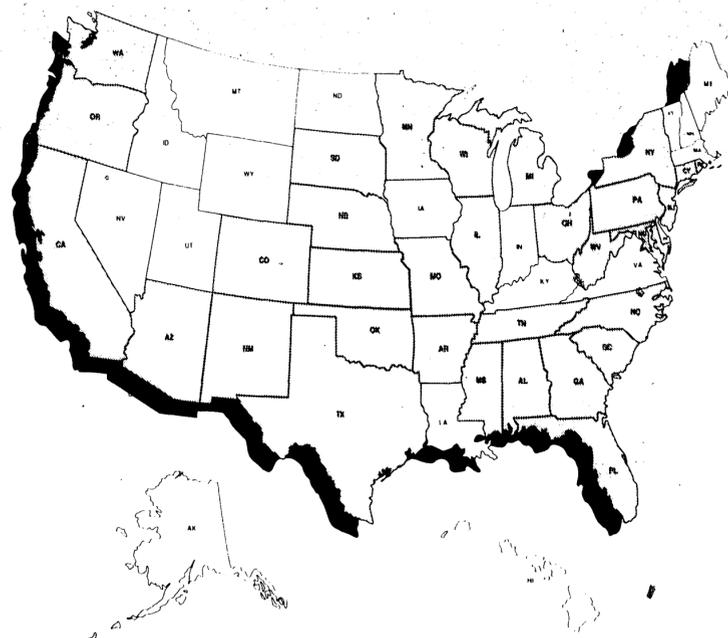
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Little Genesee, First SDB Church of Genesee
New York, New York City SDB Church
Richburg, Richburg SDB Church
Schenectady, Schenectady SDB Church
Verona, Verona SDB Church
- NORTH CAROLINA**
Asheville, Asheville SDB Fellowship
Hendersonville, Berean SDB Church
- OHIO**
Columbus, First SDB Church of Columbus
- OKLAHOMA**
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma City SDB Church
- OREGON**
Portland, Portland Area SDB Church
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Hebron, First SDB Church of Hebron
Philadelphia, Hope SDB Church
Pittsburgh, Believers Fellowship
Salemville, Bell SDB Church of Salemville
- RHODE ISLAND**
Hopkinton, First SDB Church of Hopkinton
Rockville, Rockville SDB Church
Westerly, Pawcatuck SDB Church
- SOUTH CAROLINA**
Charleston, Low Country Christian Fellowship
- SOUTH DAKOTA**
Rapid City, Black Hills SDB Church
- TENNESSEE**
Memphis, Christ SDB Church
Blountville, First SDB Church of Upper East Tennessee
- TEXAS**
Dallas/Ft. Worth, Dallas/Ft. Worth SDB Church
Houston, First SDB Church of Houston
Lakeside City, First SDB Church
- WASHINGTON**
Centralia, Centralia SDB Church
Seattle, Seattle Area SDB Church
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Lost Creek, Lost Creek SDB Church
Middle Island, SDB Church at Middle Island
Salem, Salem SDB Church
- WISCONSIN**
Albion, SDB Church of Albion
Bruce, Imulone Fellowship
Madison, Madison SDB Church
Milwaukee, Milwaukee SDB Church
Milton, Milton SDB Church
New Auburn, New Auburn SDB Church
Walworth, Walworth SDB Church
- ONTARIO, CANADA**
Toronto, First Toronto SDB Church

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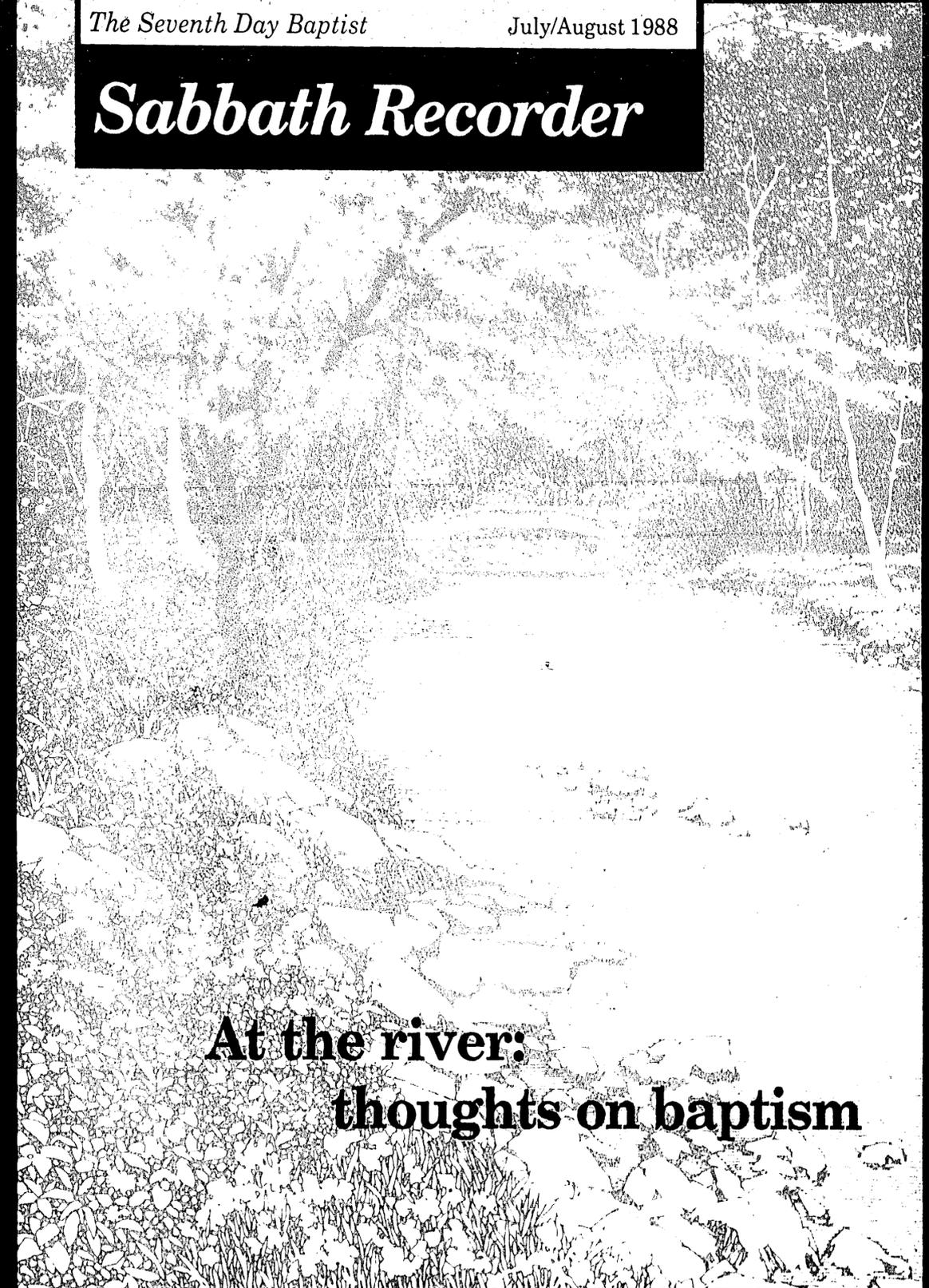
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**At the river:
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