

The Lamp Newsletter International

A CRY for HELP





**Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside,
Founder and Publisher**



Dear Readers,

Life can make a sudden turn. Things happen so quickly. Some things come as blessings, warnings and heartache.

One very hot evening this summer, I had our kitchen window wide open to get relief from the stuffiness and heat. Simmie and I had just finished dinner; he left me in the kitchen to wash the dishes while he retreated to "his cave" or room to watch television. The phone rang and it was my friend Ramelle T. Lee. I decided to answer it and talk to her before facing the dinner dishes.

While we were talking I heard a strange noise from outside. It was loud, like a roar...a heavy-sounding "Grrr...grr..grr..." The noise got louder and louder. I could hear it over the other outside noise of children laughing, lawn movers, cars, trucks, and people talking.

"Wait...Ramelle...I hear a sound like a bobcat...a kitten...a strange noise," I said to her. *"Wait...I still hear that sound."* I stopped talking and listened.

"Grr...Grr..Meow...Meow..."

"I hear it too," said Ramelle from her phone. *"WOW! It is really loud...My!"*

"Ramelle, I am going to peek out the window so I can see...I wonder where is that cat or kitten...Ramelle..Ramelle!" I said standing in front of our screened kitchen

window." *Oh, I can't see anything,*" I said. I sat down and tried to listen for that weird and sorrowful cry nearby.

Simmie came into the kitchen for a bottle of water. He opened the refrigerator and stood there looking over at me sitting at the kitchen table. He saw the dinner dishes on the table and said, "What's wrong?" Then he got a bottle of water and stood there, uncapped it and took a long drink.

"Grr...Meow...Meooooow...Grr..."

Ramelle was still on the phone. *"Did you hear that honey? Listen! Come over here!"* I said to Simmie.

He listened. He walked over to the kitchen window with the bottle of water in his hand. *"Yeah...that's a kitten...or a small cat...ugh...WOW! He's loud,"* Simmie said.

"Ramelle, I hate this," I said to her listening in. *"Lord, I don't feel good about the kitten..."*

"Wand, you want me to wash the dishes?" Simmie asked taking sips of water from the bottle.

"No...I want to do them," I said, yet sitting there at the kitchen table. *"Ramelle, I must go on...but...I hate to hear that kitten out there."* We said our good-byes as the kitten continued to cry out even louder and louder.

As I was washing the dishes, Simmie came into the kitchen to take out the bag of garbage. He went outside with it. I finished the dishes and sat back down at the table...I heard the cries from the kitten outside. I wondered what to do. The cries and groans were so sad and deeply sorrowful...

Then, I looked out of the kitchen window and saw Simmie ...he was smiling... He walked pass the window and walked down the driveway to the front of our house. Then, he came back...and went to the backyard...and he came pass the kitchen window smiling a big smile. He came in the house.

"Why are you smiling?" I asked him. *"What is so funny?"*

"That noise is from a tiny kitten...a newborn...he's no bigger than half of your fist...he's a tiny little old thing. The kitten is hiding under our big evergreen near the

driveway. He is sitting there. He or she is so cute...its ears are spinning around and around like this," he said flipping his fingers around and around.

I looked and listened.

"I hope his or her mama or daddy comes back for it. There must be a cat family next door in that yard or nearby he said. You know the mother cat stays busy moving her kittens around. She has a lot to do," Simmie said shaking his head.



"What color is it," I groaned. "It must be hungry or something."

"It's light orange and brown. Well, I think it is hurt. I hope not, but...that kind of cry sounds like it is hurt..."

"Did you see any blood?" I cried looking at Simmie's face for his reactions.

"No...but...it looks...hurt..." he said looking sad as he put a fresh garbage bag in our kitchen garbage container.

Then, I thought about how I used to sneak small dishes of milk from our refrigerator when I was a little girl of five years old. Mama always said if I do it once they will keep coming back for more. Daddy warned me to be careful because Mama Cat won't like me interfering into her care for her babies.

The next day, I heard the cries of the kitten as I worked in the kitchen. I decided to contact the Humane Society. I hope they could help. However, I suddenly didn't hear the kitten. I wondered what happened.

It was getting later in the day, I ordered dinner because it was so hot. The delivery man arrived and Simmie went to the door.

"Hey! Look!" shouted the deliveryman outside on walkway,

"Okay...I'll take care of it," said Simmie. *He shut the door and came in with the food.*

"Hey, Wand! Hey!" He called.

He came into the room where I was working on the computer. I looked in his face. Simmie looked...sad...and down.

"What?" I responded looking up at Simmie. *"What is it? Why are you looking at me like that?"*

"Wand, uh...the kitten is dead on our grass. I'm going to get him up," he said.

*"How do you know? What happened?"*I cried. *"Oh, no!"*

"I saw the poor kitten...it's dead," said Simmie. He shook his head.

Shortly, our cousins Lisa and Patrick came over. Simmie told Patrick about the kitten...and Patrick saw it. Simmie asked him to please remove from our lawn...and Patrick put it in our garbage container.

My heart was broken. I thought about how the kitten lived a short life. It surely was alone, hungry and hurt. I believed it was in the tall grass next door and was waiting for his mama to get him.

See, the grass was long over there and the lawn service men suddenly showed-up to cut the tall grass. When they appeared out of nowhere, Mama Cat grabbed as many babies as she could, but...this one was left behind...waiting for her return...

However, I believe it was clipped by the blades of the lawnmower...then it crawled helplessly away through the grass, across our driveway...and managed to creep to our big evergreen bushes to hide...for protection...and wait for its mama to come...so it cried and cried for help.



Readers, I cried. I felt horrible. I called and told Ramelle what happened. She was crushed in sorrow, too. A few days later, I told my cousin Michele about what had happened and she expressed her sadness, too.

Yet, there is another story! God spoke to me through the cries of the tiny kitten. He told me He hears our cries! He listens to us as we cry for His help and protection. He watches over us. Oh, Lord!

When we are in trouble and can't make it through, He is there for us. When we are helpless, waiting for someone to come...HE WILL COME! HE WILL HELP!

We may try to hide away from all the destruction around us...like the kitten who was in the deep and tall grass...and that powerful lawnmower's blade attacked it! We can't hide! We must run to Jesus! We must call out to Him!

Satan rages that God won't come! God doesn't care! God won't bring us out or through!

BUT...READ THIS and CALL OUT TO OUR FATHER:

Psalm 118:5

In my distress I called to the LORD, and He answered and set me free.

In the day of my trouble I will call on you: for you will answer me.

Psalm 18:6

In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

Psalm 34:4-6

I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears...

Psalm 50:15

And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me

Psalm 17:6

I call on You, O God, for You will answer me. Incline Your ear to me; hear my words.

Psalm 50:15

Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you, and you will honor Me."

Psalm 55:2

Attend to me and answer me. I am restless in my complaint, and distraught

[Psalm 77:2](#)

In the day of trouble I sought the Lord; through the night my outstretched hands did not grow weary; my soul refused to be comforted.

[Psalm 118:5](#)

In my distress I called to the LORD, and He answered and set me free



Readers, I am not sure if there will be kittens, cats or dogs in Heaven. But, in my heart...I see the injured and dead kitten...whole and well...in Heaven. God used this time of crying out for the tiny kitten to speak to me. I hope this bless you, too.

CRY OUT TO THE LORD FOR HELP!

With Profound Thanks from

Presiding Bishop J. Drew Sheard



With Profound

Thanks

I would like to express an overwhelming sense of gratitude for your tremendous support and your genuine love. To say that I am incredibly grateful to serve as your Presiding Bishop is in no way sufficient.

This auspicious occasion not only warmed my heart but increased my passion and fervor to serve the Lord's people - and in doing so, to please Him.

While I am unable to sufficiently thank all of you for such unwavering support, I pray that I can demonstrate my immense appreciation by serving our great Church to the absolute best of my ability, leaning wholly on the Lord.

Presiding Bishop
J. Drew Sheard
Chief Apostle - Eighth in Succession



Orlando Living Legend



HONOREE

Congratulations to my friend...

MINISTER TARSHA L. CAMPBELL

of Florida

A True Leading Lady!

God blessed Minister Campbell to receive top recognitions with a selected group of other leading men and women.

They were honored by Orlando, Florida State Representative PAM POWELL of District 41.

It was a stellar Purple Carpet event on July 4, 2022

Minister Campbell deserves great honors for the tremendous work she has done in her many ministries and numerous businesses to change and empower lives. She is devoted to building women of every age to become successful and to excel in their ministries, businesses and endeavors.



For more information about Minister Tarsha L. Campbell: Facebook/The Lamaze Group for Purpose-bearing Women, www.tarshacampbellempowers.com, www.revealedinternational.com, DOMIONHOUSE Publishing and Design, LLC, WOMB Mentoring Incubator & Delivery Room and More!

LOVED LIFTED ME!



Mrs. Michele Barnes



Her two dedicated daughters.



Levi, grandson and Shuan, son

Our staff writer, Mrs. Michele Barnes (top left), has been ill. She has gone through many medical and physical challenges. She strongly believes and trusts in God!

God has blessed her to have a loving, caring and praying family. Her adult children and their spouses along with their children are helping their mom, Michele, on a regular and daily schedule.

Please pray for this family.

Michele loves to sing, "Love Lifted Me," giving God all of the glory and praise for everything He has and is doing for her.

Pictured here are her married children: Top right- daughters: Mrs. Shalonda Jean-Louise and Mrs. Helena Williams. Bottom: Her grandson, Levi and his dad (Michele's son) Mr. Shuan Barnes.

*Special GET WELL Prayers for
Detroit's Maestro and Master Organist...
Anointed Keyboard Player...
Awesome Soloist...*

DR. CAROLYN J. COLE



*Be healed, delivered
and blessed in the
powerful name
of...JESUS!
Much Love Always!*

August 30th MEMORIAL BIRTHDAY...

Precious and Cherished Memories

**My Dearly Beloved Aunt,
Mrs. Lillian Palm Johnson**



A Christian lady. She was full of grace and elegance.

Our aunt made tremendous impact on life.

You must read her amazing story in

“Whatever Happened to Mamas?”

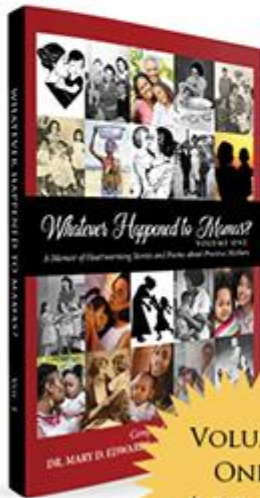
Aunt Lillian was married, but she never birthed a child. However, she boldly and bravely birthed numerous great things in life to better living for the abused, hurting, troubled, sinner, unskilled and down-casted.



Whatever Happened to Mamas?

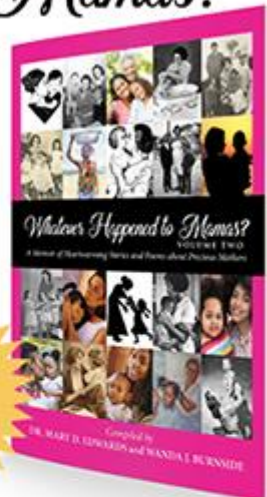
VOLUMES ONE & TWO

These beautiful tribute books are filled with inspirational, true stories and poems about mothers, grandmothers, foster mothers, adopted mothers, and like-a-mother written by sons, daughters and grandchildren.



VOLUME ONE
\$39.95

VOLUME TWO
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The stories contained in these books will touch the hearts of the readers and help them discover basic principles they can use in their own lives.

SPECIAL PRICE
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Special Priced Available on Dr. Mary Darlene Edwards-Williams website: www.leavesofgoldconsulting.com

In Loving Memory
of
A Dearly Beloved Great and Humble Godly Man



Elder Webster L. Harvey

Elder Webster L. Harvey was one of fifteen children born to the late Charlie and De Ellis Harvey on August 9, 1945. The family moved to Detroit in 1965 after the death of Mr. Charlie Harvey, their father.

In 1961, Elder Harvey graduated from high school. He furthered his education by receiving an Associate in Science for General Business, Bachelor of Science in Management, and a Masters in Accounting and Booking from Detroit College of Business. He also attended William Tyndale Bible College to further his understanding and knowledge of God's Holy Word.

Webster served his country in the Army during the Vietnam War. He received various war medals honoring his service and bravery.

After his military service, he married Jo Nell Statham and to this union they were blessed with four children: Alisa, Webster Jr., Angie, and Sylvia.

He received Christ at an early age. As an adult, he joined Miller Memorial Church of God in Christ in Detroit, MI. He was ordained an Elder. He faithfully and tirelessly served the church for over 45 years as comptroller and later as Assistant Pastor under the leadership of his pastor and friend, Bishop Earl J. Wright, Sr.

After becoming a widow, in 1996 Webster married his fellow co-worker, friend, and fellow church member, Dona'. They both worked faithfully in the church and served the Lord with all of their hearts.

Following the death of their pastor, Bishop Wright, Sr., Webster and Dona' joined Kingdom International COGIC in Dearborn, MI under the leadership of Bishop Michael E. Hill, Sr.

Elder Harvey was employed by the Detroit Board of Education for five years and the State of Michigan for over 35 years. He retired in 2001.

God blessed him to start his own business, Harvey's Accounting Service, his business office closed in 2019. He stopped doing taxes in 2020. His wife, Dona', lovingly supported and helped him as needed.

Elder Harvey loved his family, especially his children and grandchildren.

*God speaks to our spirits and lets us know when He is calling us home to heaven.
Revelation*

Submitted by his precious and loving wife, Evangelist Dona' Harvey

Father, please strengthen
those who are tired of
"holding on." Send them a
sign that You are there
by their side.

In Jesus' name. Amen.

Spiritual Inspiration

Happy Birthday



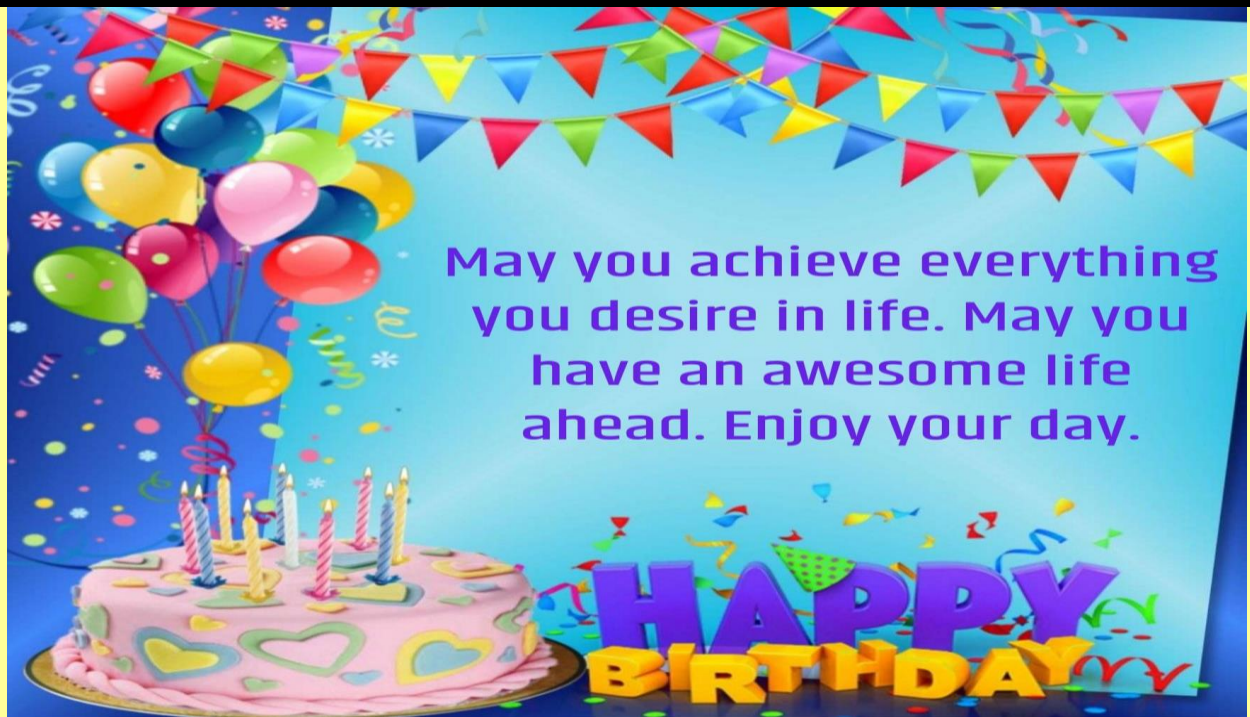
Mr. Julius Patrick Holloway
Cousin



Mr. Sanders Scott
Godson



Mrs. Hope Holloway
Cousin



17th
ANNIVERSARY

To my nephew and his wife...

Kai Palm and Julian Palm

Happy 17th Wedding Anniversary

2005-July 31, 2022

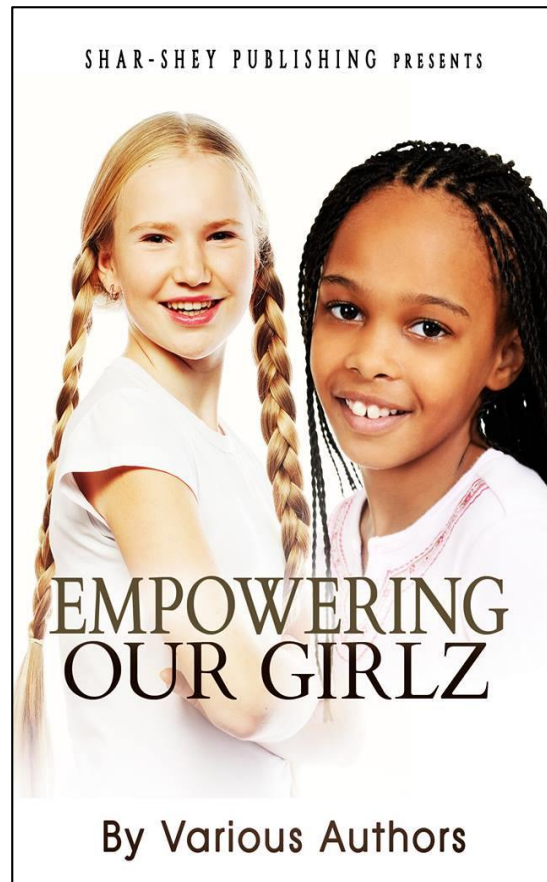
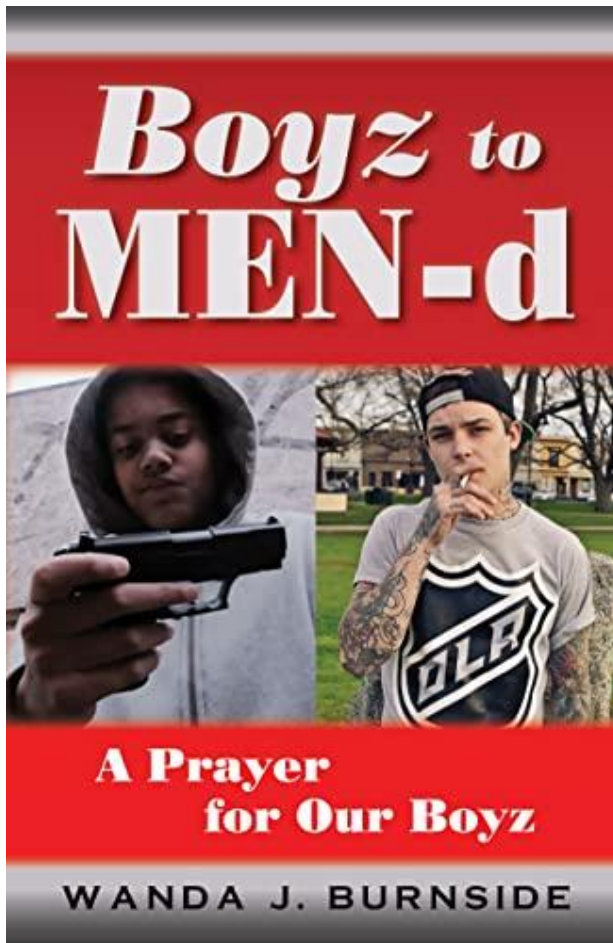


God has blessed them with a son, Justus (11 years old) and a daughter, Naomi (8 years old).



Purchase my books to cover and bless the lives of your children, grandchildren, godchildren and other young people. These are life-changing books with a special message, prayer and anointing!

The book for boys and you men is available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble! Paperback and Kindle.



To purchase copies of the book for our girls, please contact Mrs. Sharnel Williams on Facebook or Shar-Shey Publishing Company 973-348-5067 – Email: sspublishingcompany@gmail.com

IT'S TIME TO STEP UP and DO SOMETHING ABOUT OUR CHILDREN!

THANK YOU SUPPORTERS! GOD BLESS YOU!



Elder Howard Leslie and his wife, Carol, purchased 50 copies of my BOYZ to MEN-d book! They gave them away to boys and young men to change their lives! Thank the Lord!



Dr. Mary Darlene Edwards-Williams (left) and Ms. Carolyn Williams Mckie (right) have stood faithfully with me in all of my ministries for decades. I appreciate their generous concerns and faithful support. Praise the Lord! Dr. Williams has been there for me since 1999. Carolyn Mckie has remained faithful in my ministries since 1995.



NEWLY RELEASED BOOK...by MARTY PRUDHOMME

In the beginning, God chose a garden to commune with His beloved creation. The greatest battle ever fought was in a garden. Jesus chose to go to the cross in a garden. Jesus will one day come again in a garden, the Mount of Olives.

The Lord wants to speak to us just as He spoke to Adam and Eve in the garden, as the seasons change in the King's Garden. You will see His splendid creation is just a small reflection of His true beauty. The King's Garden is a Devotional/Journal that began out of my desire to know the Lord in a more intimate way.

Within the pages of this book, you will not only learn to pour your heart out to the Lord and discover that the Lord wants to pour His heart out to you.

Come with me on a journey of discovery. You will learn more about God's character and you will also learn new things about yourself as you honestly pour out your heart to the Lord. This book of intimate conversations will change and deepen your relationship with God forever.

Kindle \$9.99 Paperback \$19.95

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at
7:00 am on WRDT - AM 560

Psalm 119:
"The Power Of The WORD Of GOD Broadcast"

AND...

Every Monday
at
6:00 am on WCHB - AM1340

The "GOD Is Good" Broadcast

LISTEN IN and BE BLESSED!

PRAYING FOR A GREAT SUCCESS....

The Shakil Williams Memorial Fund

Presents

16th Annual

In Loving Memory of Shakil Williams

Community Health Event

August 27th - 11:00 AM - 7:30 PM

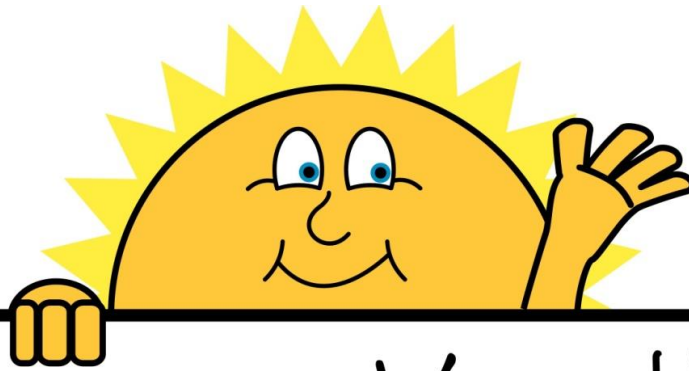


FREE!
FOOD-MUSIC-FUN
GIVE-AWAYS

A collage of images. On the left, a stone sign reads 'ESSEX COUNTY SHAKIL WILLIAMS PLAYGROUND'. In the center, a playground structure with a slide. On the right, a blue logo for 'VULCAN PIONEERS OF NEW JERSEY, INC.' and a green circular logo for 'ESSEX COUNTY PARK SYSTEM'.

**ESSEX COUNTY
BRANCH BROOK PARK
NEWARK, NJ**

*(Located corner of Clifton Ave. & Route 280 West Entrance)
for more information, contact Kevin or Sharnel @ kbrown181@gmail.com*



Summer Vacation

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER INTERNATIONAL - STAFF

Dear Readers,

My wonderful, anointed, devoted and supportive Lamp Staff of writers were not featured in this August 2022 newsletter. They are still on a much needed vacation until September 15, 2022. My staff of writers work so hard and they are caring. I praise the Lord for them!

Let me tell you something, they volunteer their service. They are not receiving a salary...yet. These writers care about ministry and reaching the world for Jesus Christ! I am so thankful for their spirit of being a servant. This touches me. I know that God sees them. I pray for blessings on their lives!

So, please pray for them. I look forward to their return. See, I did this issue alone. I miss them dearly. They are a great staff!

STAFF, I miss you now and I look forward to your return to work: Ms. Donna R. Brooks, Mrs. Kizzy Staten-Gray, Ms. Ramelle T.Lee, Pastor Sammy L. Jackson, Mrs. Doris Homan, Mrs. Michele Barnes, Evangelist Teirany Bledsoe, Sandra Hickman and Jordan L'Ecluse in Australia.

Well, Simmie L.Burnside reviewed the newsletter, Dr. Mary Williams is needed to edit this issue and Ramelle must help to put it in the pdf format...sorry for interrupting your vacation! **GOD BLESS YOU! LOVE MY STAFF!**

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