

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm 119:105 KJV).

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My 2018 Thanksgiving Album:

PRAY!



"Lord, Thank you for my plate of food from my neighbor. Thank You for the money from my friend to keep my heat on. Lord, I am glad my church paid for my rent. I don't want to be out there in the cold. Bless them all. I can't make it without You."



*Wanda J. Burnside,
Founder and President*



Dear Readers,

Here we are at Thanksgiving. This is the holiday set aside for giving thanks to God, family, friends, pastor, and others for many wonderful things. It is time to rejoice and celebrate all of the good things that we are blessed to receive. Yet, there is so much happening around our country and around the world that we feel down and depressed. We are surrounded with great problems, hurt, and suffering right in our own life.

Breaking News and News Alerts are a part of our daily living. The reports show devastation and horrific happenings that are truly unbelievable. It is shocking to see and hear all of the News reports!

In this newsletter, God lead me to search the internet for photos of what is happening today! He said, ***“Look! Speak on what I want to say concerning the dilemmas, heartbreaks, sorrows, miseries, destruction and sufferings on this earth.”***

So, here it is... It is said *“A picture is worth a thousand words.”* Now, come and see...



This Thanksgiving, families will be facing more challenges than ever. It is heartbreaking to see a family on the street. There are numerous reasons why this can happen. Many women are in a very abusive marriage. They are beaten and mistreated. In those homes, the children are suffering, too. So, rather than stay in their home, women decide to leave and bring their children with them.

PRAY!



Single moms, who are trying to make it, truly have a very difficult time. These moms who are divorced, separated, widows or living –single are confronted with great management decisions. Their income goes to housing, food, clothes, medical bills, childcare, and other necessary things. It is a struggle.

PRAY!



Many families work very hard to keep their family together. Dad and Mom work to make ends meet. This can present a lot of stress and pressure on them trying to provide for their family.

PRAY!

PUBLIC FEEDING CENTERS

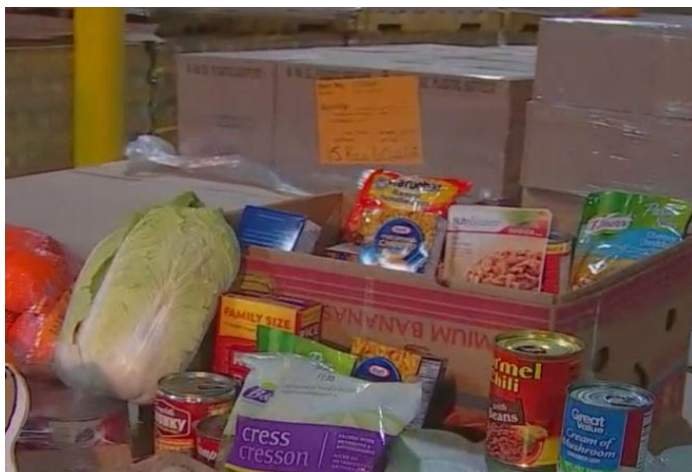
Horrific devastations from floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, wildfires and other catastrophes have hit and demolished huge portions of our country. Homes, schools, churches, and other properties have been destroyed across our lands. People have come together to receive help to survive. The government and private agencies have united to help. Churches continue to keep their doors opened to do all that they can do. **PRAY!**



*Give, Care, Share, and **PRAY!***

The desperate times that we are having and experiencing ... increasingly calls for those who will give to others. Praise God for the churches, communities, schools, corporations, businesses, and agencies who are giving to the major needs of others. People truly appreciate what you do for them.

These photos had to be included in this newsletter. I am grateful that I grew-up in a home where my parents dedicated their lives to outreach, missions and giving to others. This is a very familiar scene in my life. For over 60 years, Mama and Daddy, Elder and Missionary Minor (Willie Lee) Palm, Jr., served as the Home and Foreign Missions leaders of our church, Greater Miller Memorial Church of God in Christ, formerly known as Hartford Street COGIC. We, my entire family and mission workers, served and were involved in this work, too.



“Do unto others...”

“Always do for other people everything you want them to do for you. That is [the meaning of] Moses' Teachings and the Prophets” (Matthew 7:12 GWT).

“And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself...”(Matthew 22:39,40 KJV).

PRAY!



So, looking at this photo, who is giving to whom? Can you tell? Why is this important? Think about it.

There is a child helping, too. It is important to train and teach children to learn to be a giver and helper. Get them involved early in their lives to serve others with needs.



Saying GRACE before the Thanksgiving meal. These are beautiful photos. I pray that this continues in homes everywhere. But, it won't for so many reasons. It is heartbreaking to think of this not being a tradition anymore in numerous homes. **PRAY!**



In America, we have citizens from different countries that have a variety of customs. Many proudly celebrate Thanksgiving in their homes. Thanksgiving can bring new traditions in families. Turkey might be on the table served with their familiar foods from their culture and ethnicity. **PRAY!**





Life changes. Don't expect everyone in your family to be at your Thanksgiving table. At one time, Thanksgiving and Christmas meant families did all they could to be together. This was very important. If some of your family isn't there because they are too busy, be thankful for a phone call or a text message from them. Show your love. **PRAY!**



Many times important business events can interfere with plans to be with one's family and friends. However, make it up to them quickly!

PRAY!

Who are you kidding? Children put up with adults arguing, fussing and fighting over many situations. It is tough to live in a home with tension and anger. I pray that parents be more considerate and caring towards their children by not being hostile and mean in front of them.

To the parents who are going through difficult times with their spouse, find it in your heart to sit down and tell your child or children things are bad. Mom and Dad are not getting along, but we love you. We care about you and will be there for you. May God bless the children and families this Thanksgiving! **PRAY!**



AGING...SENIOR YEARS

PRAY!



Recently, I was on the phone with my cousin Lola Darlene Gardner. We call her Darlene. Well, in our phone conversation she said, *“I am grateful for the many wonderful memories I have of the holidays. Each one is so special. I can remember the Thanksgiving parades, fabulous meals, the family time, and the fun things that happened.*

I am glad that I did all those things when I was a child and in my youth. It is good that I, rather we, can say that we were blessed down through the years with the gift of life to do what God helped us to do! GOD IS STILL WITH US!”

Darlene blessed my heart as always by her words of wisdom.

As we grow older, it is important not to grow bitter and resent what we can't do. Don't allow the memories of the past years make you want to withdraw from others. Don't be critical just because those younger ones have their own plans. Try not to be bossy telling them what they should do and what you used to do. You know, this will only make them stay away from you...your complaining, fussing and bitter attitude. As you grow older...**DON'T grow colder!**

Dear Lord,

Teach me to be more thankful for each thing that you do for me as I grow older. Help me to make it through. Send those who have caring hearts and a loving spirit to extend their hands to me. May they be there when I need help and...help me to accept it.

In Jesus' Name. Amen.

SOME THANKSGIVING FEASTS..... **PRAY!**



Feeding or Feasting? *This Thanksgiving many more people will be eating together in a community center, church or in another setting. They are thankful for a hot meal and to feel the warmth of love. **PRAY!***



Hard times and unexpected situations can bring people together this Thanksgiving. Be considerate of others' feelings. They are hurting. **PRAY!**





Family Relationships

The doorbell rang and walks in...

- ***Your daughter*** who married that guy you hate! In your eyes, she married a Loser.
- ***Your brother*** who is still on drugs. He showed-up after all!
- ***Your cousin*** who is having an affair with a married man. He is at least 10 years younger than her. WOW! He came too!
- ***Your uncle*** who is rich and won't give you a dime!
- ***Your son*** who doesn't work...you're tired of him living off of you.

There are many family situations. It is hard and difficult to deal with them without the help of the Lord. You can't straighten things out. Trust in Him to show you what to do and how to say what is right. You can't change family problems overnight. Show them love and **PRAY!**



God bless our service men and women. They are miles away from their home and families. Be thankful for them. Pray for them to be safe and to return home soon. Ask God to lead and guide them as they fight for us! **PRAY!**



Although he has a plate of food for Thanksgiving, he might not get the chance to eat it. He might be ordered to go into battle. **PRAY!**



Will we celebrate Thanksgiving... **PRAY** for those who serve us. These men and women protect us from harm, danger and violence. Ask God to help and protect them, too. They have families who are concerned about them and worry over the danger that they face. **PRAY!**



There can be so much stress on you if you are taking care of loved ones. You don't want to leave them alone in the hospital or nursing home. This puts added pressures and concerns on you. When you can't be available to visit or help with their care, GUILT comes into your heart and condemns you.

PRAY!



Speak encouraging words to the sick. Give them hope.

Most might say that this is disgusting! Eating out of the filthy and nasty garbage containers! Yes, it is infested and unclean! But, for thousands of the homeless or poor it is called, SURVIVAL! PRAY!



WHAT DO YOU SEE?

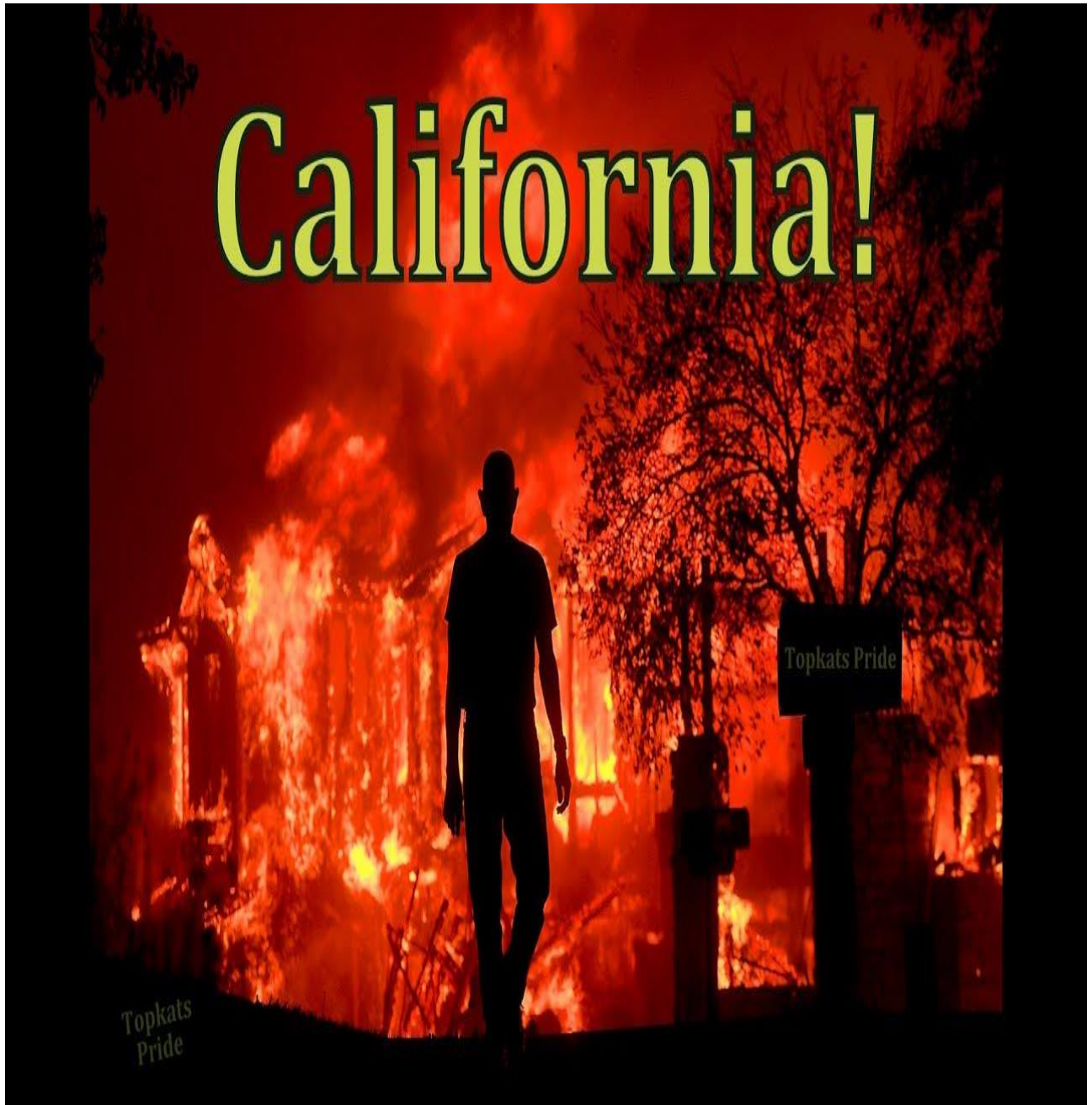
Looking at this photo we see a full load of garbage that needs to be immediately gotten rid of as soon as possible. It stinks and smells. Surely there are rats, mice, roaches, flies and other pests feasting off of this mess! Even cats and dogs will be joyful to eat from it.

Yet, you just might see a hungry and homeless man or woman digging in this garbage container for something to eat. This Thanksgiving, you might see an entire starving family rejoicing over this bountiful banquet.

There might even be some old shoes to wear, worn-out sweater to put on to stay warm, a faded thick blanket to wrap up in to stay warm or enough food for a month to eat and share with a buddy who has nothing, too. **PRAY**



California!



RAGING WILDFIRES!

FIRES SPREADING STREET AFTER STREET!

ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOODS ARE GONE!

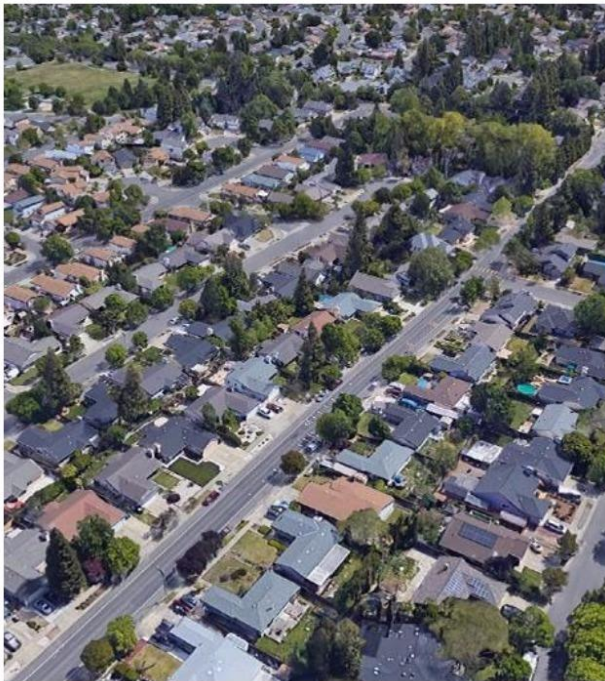
Homes and Property swiped out by blazing flames of fire!

Deaths! Hundreds of Missing People!

PRAY! PRAY!



NEIGHBORHOODS.... COMMUNITIES...CITIES....



BEFORE the FIRE



AFTER the FIRE

Paradise, California...burnt completely out!

PRAY!



U.S. Forest Service - Sierra National Forest

Remember to pray for the brave men and woman firefighters. They work for hours and hours putting out fires. They are fearless, relentless and dedicated facing the raging out of control fiery flames. Firefighters get weary, tired, smoked-cover, and very hungry. They risk their lives to save people, pets, homes and properties.

Remember...they have families and homes, too! PRAY!





***DEATHS, GRIEF, and SORROWS...touch all of us. This hurts!
Can we live on without our loved ones? Our lives are
changed because they are no longer here... **PRAY!*****



It is heartbreaking to think about all of the children and teens killed by school shootings... IT'S DEVASTATING!

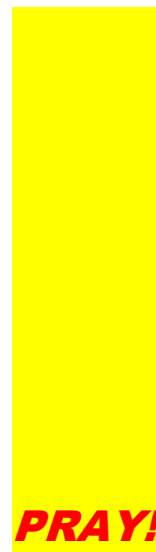
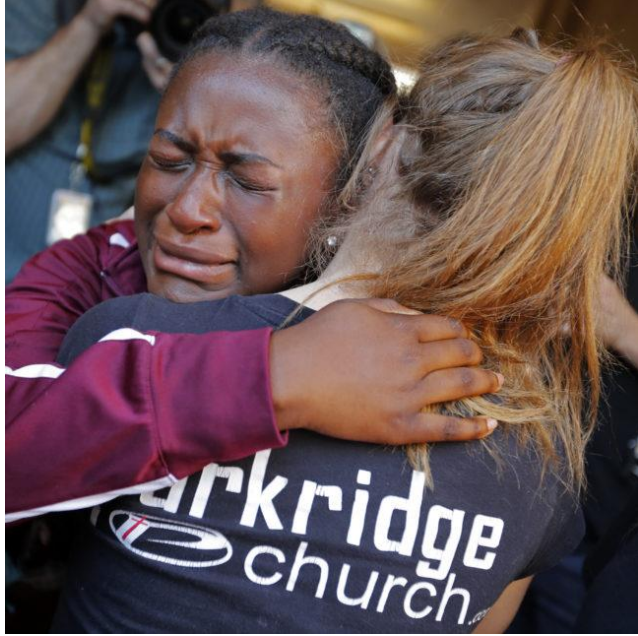


I think about the families who have a special table set aside for children to sit at and eat their Thanksgiving meal. Children as young as 5 years old to 8 years old eat there with their young sisters, brothers, cousins and friends. Although they're to use their good-table manners; giggles, laughter and some playing around are permitted.

- **With all the school shootings and other criminal acts against children...Will there continue to be a children's table at Thanksgiving?**
- **Will we welcome teenagers to the big table or will violence, crimes, drugs, and suicide...leave empty seats at that table?**

PRAY!







Lord,
Protect our precious African American sons and men. Watch over them. Don't let injustice and prejudice come against them.

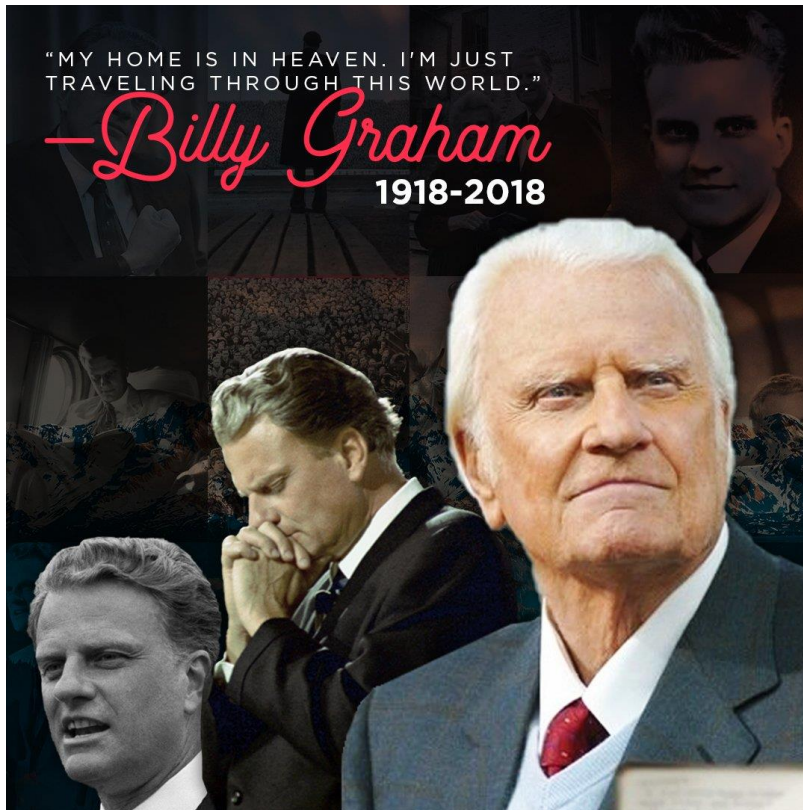
Thank You for providing blessings and new hope in their lives. Let change and understanding come! Open the hearts, minds, and eyes of those who are unfair and judgmental against them. What is right must be done. In the Name of Jesus. Amen. **PRAY!**

KILLING

**MASS SHOOTING IN PITTSBURGH
AT THE
PITTSBURGH SYNAGOGUE**

**WE ARE PRAYING FOR
THE TREE OF LIFE
JEWISH FAMILIES AND FRIENDS.**

PRAY!



***They were world-changers.
They are gone, but NEVER FORGOTTEN!***



Pray for the rising anointed and talented people. Ask God to bless them in their callings. May they also finish their assignment.

PRAY for our leaders and government.

Don't waste your Thanksgiving holiday arguing and talking about the election, politics, Politicians, and our President.

**This is the time to come together
and cry out to the heavens
about what is going on.**

God has the answers to what we need!

*“Don't put your confidence in powerful people;
there is no help for you there.” (Psalm 146:3 NLT)*



Be Thankful for Our Farmers

Growing up in the city of Detroit, we were blessed to have neighbors who grew vegetables and fruits in their backyard. Also, in our backyard, we had two large pear trees, an apple tree, a mixed (graphed) apple tree, a green grapevine, and concord grapevine. Along with all of that fruit, Daddy made sure to squeeze in as many collard green plants, tomato vines, and other vegetables that he could among Mama's numerous flower gardens and rose bushes. Oh, it was a blessing! My parents loved harvesting the fruits and vegetables along with caring for the flowers. We had a city life, but we were like farmers, too. And, we shared everything.

We were taught to always include a special blessing for the farmers at our Thanksgiving dinner. We never forgot their long days of backbreaking work. My parents made sure that we understood that God gave us the food we eat and He helped the farmers! My siblings (Rodger and Regina) and I listened to our father go on and on about the farmers. He was a true advocate, supporter, for them!

I am thankful for the many spring, summer and fall trips my family drove up to the farms around in Michigan and in Canada. When we went to Ohio or other states to visit our family, it was so wonderful to see the fields of farmhouses and old barns. When I got married to Simmie, we did the same thing. We love seeing farms and pulling off the road to shop there for those fresh foods.

PRAY!



My Thanksgiving Lesson...Never Forgotten



When I was looking on the internet for photos to add to my Thanksgiving presentation here for you, my readers...this photo...starred right out at me! I nearly fainted...I was stunned. I saw this photo when I was searching for the right photos for the homeless...the people featured here digging in the garbage.

I looked at this photo...and passed it by. Then, a few days later, I continued to work on this issue of the Lamp searching for more photos...and this photo showed up again in my searching! I looked at it...I looked at him...I...I was amazed...I...wondered if it was him! That man...years ago...about 20 years ago....Then...I remembered...and cried.

Around 1996, I had to do some last minute Thanksgiving shopping at the market. I had been at my parents' house most of the day and I wanted to run into the market to pick-up a few needed food items. My parents warned me to go on before the markets closed.

When Simmie came to pick me up from my parents' house he said, *"Wanda, it is snowing so much. Let's get home..."*

"I need to go to the market," I said reading over our grocery list.

"It's too crowded to go to those supermarkets and look at the snow..." He fussed.

"Okay...but, I need to get these things," I whined.

“Well, go to that market, over there...Your Dad goes there a lot,” He said driving into the parking lot of the market. It was busy with last minute shoppers for Thanksgiving.

Simmie drove up to the market and let me out at the door. I walked in, got a shopping cart and went on my way through the crowded store. I got dinner rolls, butter, foil, more celery, flour, brown sugar, and other items. I finished shopping, went to the checkout line, waited there for about 20 minutes, and then I was out the door.

A man yelled to me, *“Hey Madam! Let me help you there!”*

I looked at him and he smiled...and he smelled like cigarettes...or cheap cigars...tobacco smells. He looked dirty and tired. His eyes were teary-looking. He had a cough, and I didn't like how rough he looked.

“Can I help you or not? It's up to you!” He said in a rough voice.

“Come on....let me help with those bags,” He said taking two bags or three bags at a time...then, Simmie pulled up, popped the trunk of our car open and this man put our bags in with two trips to our car.

“There you are...Sweetheart!” said that man. *“Happy Thanksgiving! Ugh...Ain't you gonna give me at least a dollar? It's Thanksgiving.”*

He held out his hand. They looked so dirty and rough. He waited...and I gave him a dollar.

“God bless you, Sir. Happy Thanksgiving to you. Thank you,” I said.

“Thank you, Madam. God blesses me every day, all of the time! He is wonderful! He is my Helper, He is my strength. He keeps me!” He said and then he put one of his hands to his lips...and...blew a kiss to the heavens...and wept. He wiped his eyes when he heard a car horn blowing at us. He walked over to that car.

“Oh, that's my boy, my son...good he's here. Hey Charlie, let me get my food out of the store! I made enough for your Mama to cook us a big Thanksgiving dinner,” he said. Then, he went into the market and came out with two shopping carts filled with bags of food and items.

His son got out of the car and helped his father load the car.

“Now, David...God sure blessed me this week to make enough for Thanksgiving and to get my car out of the shop. I might have enough to go get the grandchildren a toy or two before that Dollar store close,” said the man.

“David, I told you to stop smoking in the car...I hate smelling like this. You know I don’t do none of that no more! God done helped me.”

Then they drove away...as I stood there...looking. Simmie called to me to get in our car.

As we drove away...I felt ashamed of my thoughts about this man. I thought he was begging for money to drink and get some cigarettes... He was a family man... a father, a grandfather....a caring husband...a Born-again man of God...my brother in the Lord.

Well, the next day at the Thanksgiving dinner with my parents, family and relatives...Daddy asked what we did about the market last night. I told him about the market we went to and about the man who helped us with our grocery bags...

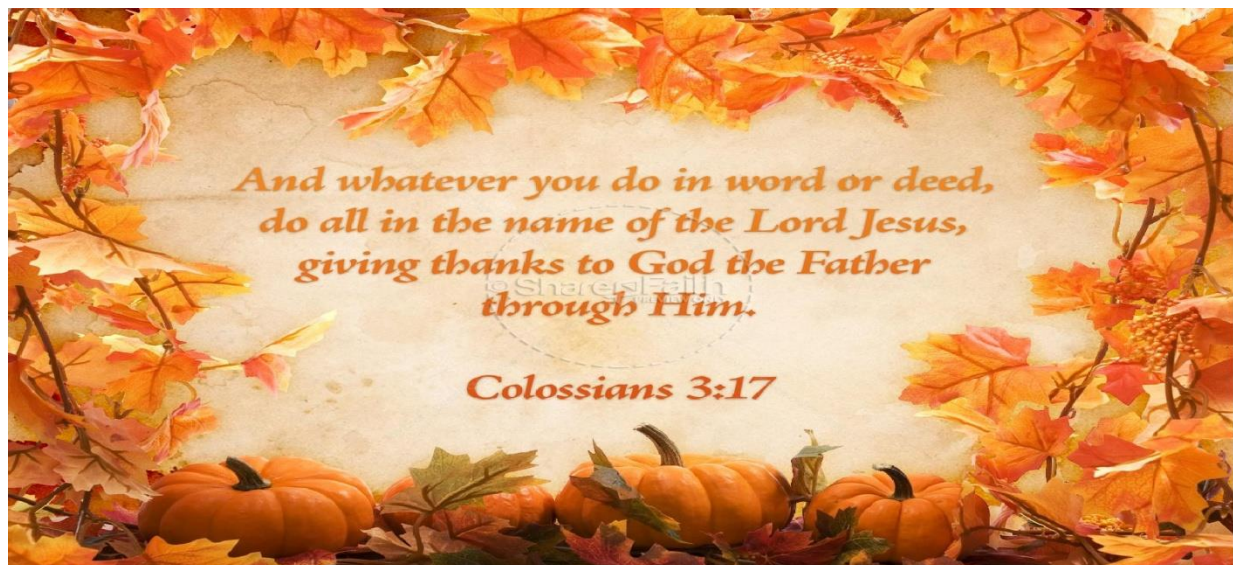
“Oh! Are you talking about Mack? Did he have a nasty cough? Did he look rough?” Daddy asked me with a big bright smile on his face.

I said, *“Yes...he did...”*

“Mack is a good man! I was blessed to lead him to the Lord. He loves the Lord,” Daddy said spooning some mash potatoes onto his plate.

That’s when I wished I would have given him, Mack, \$5.00, \$10.00, or even \$50.00. It wasn’t for me to judge Mack, but to be a blessing to him. God showed me something that I will never forget....about Mack...and my own heart.

*Wanda J. Burnside, Founder and President
The Lamp Newsletter*



Thanksgiving Blessings

From the Staff...

Christine V. Mitchell

Michele Gardner Barnes

Ramelle T. Lee

Sandra Hickman

*From the UK,
London....*



*Christine V. Mitchell
Ministry Leader and Staff Writer*

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

*O Lord, give us sight, help us to remember
As we give thanks in this month of November
Some folk are feasting on more than is meet
Some look for food, on life's lonely streets*

*Masses of food is thrown in the bin
While many go hungry – oh what a sin!
There is no ending of food thrown away
While many are searching for food for the day*



*For some, love has left. What a sad page!
Together ... apart, no matter what the age
Others await their dear loved ones at war
Hoping that one day They'll walk through the door*

*Some folk have wealth, but no family
Life is not all that it's made up to be
Some parents fight. There's no peace at home
Poor little children ... feel all alone*

*Father, please help us to shine Your sweet love
The kind that sent Jesus from heaven above
The kind that's committed, that shows that we care
Oh, help us, dear Father - YOUR love to share*

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As We Give Thanks on Thanksgiving!

By Michele Barnes

Our Thanksgiving Holiday will always take us back home! I'm thankful for the endless memories of the hard work and many hands lovingly creating smells of cakes, rolls, and turkeys. These are memories cherished to this day!

My college studies, after age sixty have corrected childhood pictures in the story-books of Thanksgiving Day celebrated with Columbus joining with the friendly Indians that served the feast of foods for Thanksgiving. However, these Iroquois lived on the very land 14,000 years before Columbus made his claim of discovery. Therefore, the lessons of 1942 should forever be the reminder for us to pray blessings over our food and the family/guests sitting at our table.

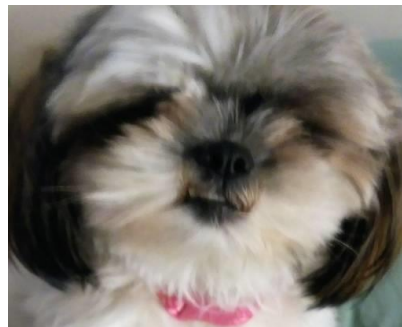
As we gather to give thanks for all God has provided, let's remember to pray blessings for the Iroquois Indians and people around the world! We share in the goal to unite and sit at the table with love and peace.

Absent from my table, but much-loved is Amani, my puppy, a new member of the family. She will be wagging her tail and greeting each family member as they enter the house. Yes, coming home for Thanksgiving will be at my house, with smells of turkey, veggies, and pies to fill the air. Amani will be so excited to share in getting the kisses and hugs that Thanksgiving Day brings.

May you, family, and your family pet, have a blessed and joyful Thanksgiving Day!

Psalm 136 KJV: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."

My pet, Amani





Thanksgiving Turkey Mishap
by Ramelle T. Lee



Have you ever been left in charge of preparing the Thanksgiving dinner when your mother was out of town? Well, this happened to me years ago. But, I was up for the challenge and didn't need anyone to help me. So, I thought.

Dad was fine with the idea of me cooking, because he was used to me preparing meals in the past. My two brothers and their families had already made other plans for the holiday. So,

Dad and I decided to stay home on Thanksgiving Day. We would spend time with everyone else some time during the weekend.

As I was making plans to get the dinner menu together, I decided to solicit some help with the desserts and a few of the trimmings to save me baking time. I called in a few favors from a couple of our close family friends. I had two of my mother's friends cook the collard greens and homemade rolls. I talked another one of my good friends into making me two sweet potato pies. Finally, I made arrangements to purchase a delicious three-layer pineapple coconut cake from one of the ladies in my office at work. The dessert menu was finished! I was indeed happy that my meal was coming together.

Once the Thanksgiving dinner menu was finalized, off I went to the grocery store for all the remaining items which included a turkey. I selected a well-known brand turkey and purchased all the other items that I would need for the Thanksgiving dinner.

This wasn't my first time cooking a turkey, and I never experienced any problems, before now. However, this time, **I couldn't find the turkey's neck!** The turkey was unfrozen and the gibbets were pulled out. There wasn't anything else hidden in the neck cavity. I thought this was strange so I called my mother in Memphis, Tennessee who was visiting her sister and inquired about this.

Mother quickly told me that she didn't know why I couldn't find the turkey's neck. "Did you thoroughly read the label?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," I said.

"Then, the turkey's neck should be included," she responded.

I quickly replied back to mother, "But, I never purchased this brand of turkey before, and maybe it didn't come with a turkey neck." Of course, this was a ridiculous statement for me to be saying. Nevertheless, I decided to allow more time to ensure the turkey was thoroughly unfrozen in hopes of finding the missing part. This turkey's neck was never discovered.

I finally prepared the turkey for cooking. I placed it in the oven with all the other ingredients. After some time, the entire baking process was finished and the turkey was cooked to perfection. I was so proud of my accomplishment.

The following day, after Thanksgiving, when I was packing up the leftovers, I discovered the cooked turkey's neck! I was shocked to say the least, and had to laugh aloud. "Well, well, Mr. Turkey's neck, where have you been hiding?" It was inside all of the time!

I will never forget this turkey cooking experience. To this day, I can still smile, about this adventure. Thank God, my Thanksgiving dinner didn't turn into a disaster. Alright, Ms. Novice or Beginner Cook, make sure you don't have a turkey mishap like this one with your Thanksgiving dinner!

*A Thanksgiving offering from
Ms. Sandra Hickman ~
Australian Ministry Leader
and Staff Writer*



***The First Thanksgiving:
A Holy Perspective.....***

Like ships in the desert, the camels came carrying the destiny of the First Thanksgiving upon their backs. They came with three wise men, Kings, travelling to pay homage with worship and thanksgiving to the Miraculous. They came with kingly gifts of gold and silver. They offered precious frankincense and myrrh in thanksgiving to a Child whom they had never seen. An unannounced baby boy whom they could never have foretold was coming.

And what kind of star was this! They had witnessed it high and bright in the night sky. It was brighter than anything they'd ever seen. The Shepherds had seen it too, with quaking knees, and trembling fear in their hearts, wondering what this phenomenon meant! Little did they know what was coming. Like the three Kings, they too were lead to the stable by the magnificent heralding star, to bow in awe at the sight of God in the form of a newborn baby. Heaven had come to earth.... *now that was something to give thanks for!*

This year as we offer our thanksgiving prayers to the Lord, May we be more aware than ever of that first fateful night when Kings and shepherds bent their knees and bared their hearts giving thanks for an event which would catapult the true meaning of Thanksgiving history down through the ages to come. The Magi bowing down to the Majestic... were mere kings worshipping **The King**.

We bow beside these history makers and give thanks to the Christ Child who would love the whole world unto His death and resurrection.

Like Jesus, we will remember the poor, the lowly, the hurting and the lost.... every needy soul. We will carry each one in prayer as if they were precious gold and silver, lifting them as the sweet aroma of frankincense and myrrh before our Lord. Our hearts are circumcised with the scar of the Savior. Let us offer this awesome healing love and salvation to all those who need it with thanksgiving in our hearts. ***“We give thanks dear Jesus, for giving us this Thanksgiving Day as a holy opportunity to represent You to the world.... Amen.”***

JESUS HAD ARRIVED ~



*O lowly shepherds and three wise men...
Each one awestruck at the Awesome!
Brave hearts daring to follow the Extraordinary
Brave hands clasping tight, praying brave-prayers
As they watched on with incredulous eyes
Knowing that this was a new "kind-of-home "
That home would now be
Forever-wherever He was
Knowing in the grand sovereign scheme of things
How small man is in the Grand and the Glory!
These men were the first... The first way-makers
History-makers and the first to bow down
Witnessing the birthing of a brand new world
The inaugural witnesses of
The Miraculous Birth.
The Holy-Chosen bearing evidence
to the Holy Beginning,
the beginning of True Thanksgiving ...
Jesus had arrived.*

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