

March 2019

SPECIAL EDITION: National Women's History Month

Founded 2008

THE LAMP NEWSLETTER

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

MRS. WANDA J. BURNSIDE, Founder and Publisher

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MINISTER SANDRA HICKMAN, Australia

MRS. CHRISTINE V. MITCHELL, the UK

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Jesus Loves Me!





Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside,
Founder and Publisher

Dear Readers.

I have been really and truly struggling to write this issue of the Lamp Newsletter. Today is, March 19, 2019...and finally...I am tackling writing my article. I selected the photos for it and accepted my staff's writings, too. I gathered the guest writers' submissions and...just sat here... But, now I feel that nudging of the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit to write.

You see those adorable little babies on the front cover of my newsletter. I think that they are so cute, sweet, beautiful and PRECIOUS! They are just a few months old. They have been born into this...HORRIBLE and WICKED WORLD! Oh, yes! They are so young...so innocent...so very...PRECIOUS!

Yes, I said it again...PRECIOUS! I could just pick them up into my arms and give them lots of hugs and many kisses! I want to hold them and never...let them go. I just love these babies.

I get emotional because...I had eight miscarriages. My husband, Simmie and I, have no children. They're gone...to Heaven. We got married in 1972 and over 10 years, from 1973 to 1982 or 1983, we loss our sweet babies. We never wanted this to happen. We went through many tears, hurts, pains, heartbreak, and sorrow. We love children.

God brought us through. There are so many stories with each one of my miscarriages. We even had a set of twins, too. God carried us on the prayers of our family, church and friends.

March 9th is my birthday. In 1983 or 1984, I lost our baby boy who died right inside of me at 8 or 9 months. That was right on my birthday...MY BIRTHDAY! He died! My baby...my baby boy! Our son...died...a baby....

I was teaching school and I felt him...fall inside of me...he felt lifeless...nothing. I could not feel him moving, kicking...I could not...feel his life...no more...life inside of me...nothing. He wasn't moving any more.

The story and horror of it all was....me spotting or bleeding...rushed home from my classroom of little first and second graders....then...calling my doctor...and then...hearing him say...*"You have to come in...You must..."*

What I went through, with Simmie by my side all of the way...and my mother, father, sister and family...was a total nightmare! A nightmare!

Yes, our son was dead inside of me...and I couldn't get medical attention until days later. Oh, I carried him inside me...lifeless and dead. His dead little body flipped and flopped inside of me...I cried...and cried... I had no physical pain or cramping...at that time...just...discomfort.

Well, when the doctors called us to come in, because they had all of the specialists there...full staffed...and that team of doctors had a major problem with my situation. I had...to have forced delivery with no contradictions. Our baby was dead...But, God brought me through...over 15 hours of labor...prayers...and prayers for the baby to slip out of me...and...after bleeding and bleeding in a terrible...hemorrhaging overflow...me sweating until the hospital bed was totally wet...and me screaming...and family members leaving my room...except for Simmie and my dear Mama...our sweet dead baby was coming out of me.

The medical staff urged me to push and push...because our baby couldn't move...because he was dead....Simmie...left the room...but Mama, my strong-in-the-Lord-Warrior-Mama...stayed...prayed without crying or shedding one tear...and she grabbed God's hands...and prayed for me...then...our dead son...came out of me...and I continued to bleed...

And so...our baby was removed...I cried and screamed...Mama...prayed.

The story goes on...and miracles happened because...I DIED, TOO. But, after being placed in the hospital's morgue...I came back to life after going to Heaven...seeing Jesus...I looked around and saw the beauties and wonders of Heaven. Then, I heard...the voice of God say, *"Wanda! Wanda! It's not your time. I am sending you back."*

I screamed...*"NO! NO! "* Immediately two LARGE ANGELS came...and one came to my left side and the other to my right side and walked me out of Heaven as I screamed...*"No! No!"*

So, here I am...back here...on earth with you! I am here...to now...SPEAK UP and OUT FOR BABIES! My baby died...and I cried! I screamed!

I am screaming against...abortion and FULL-TERM BABIES...BEING KILLED...BABIES...MURDERED! BABIES TAKEN...ALIVE: Breathing. Heart is beating, brain functioning, ears that hear, eyes that see, mouth that cries, blood flowing through their veins...an ALIVE BABY!

DON'T KILL BABIES!

STOP BEING A MURDERER!

DO NOT TAKE THE INNOCENT BABIES!

YOU ARE HEARTLESS...EVIL...AND WRONG!

My baby died inside of me...and if I could do anything to make our son ... breath ... live...and have life...I WOULD DO IT!!

So, those of you who...knowingly...and willfully killing babies...you are a MONSTER!

If you don't want your baby...give it away to the proper authorities!

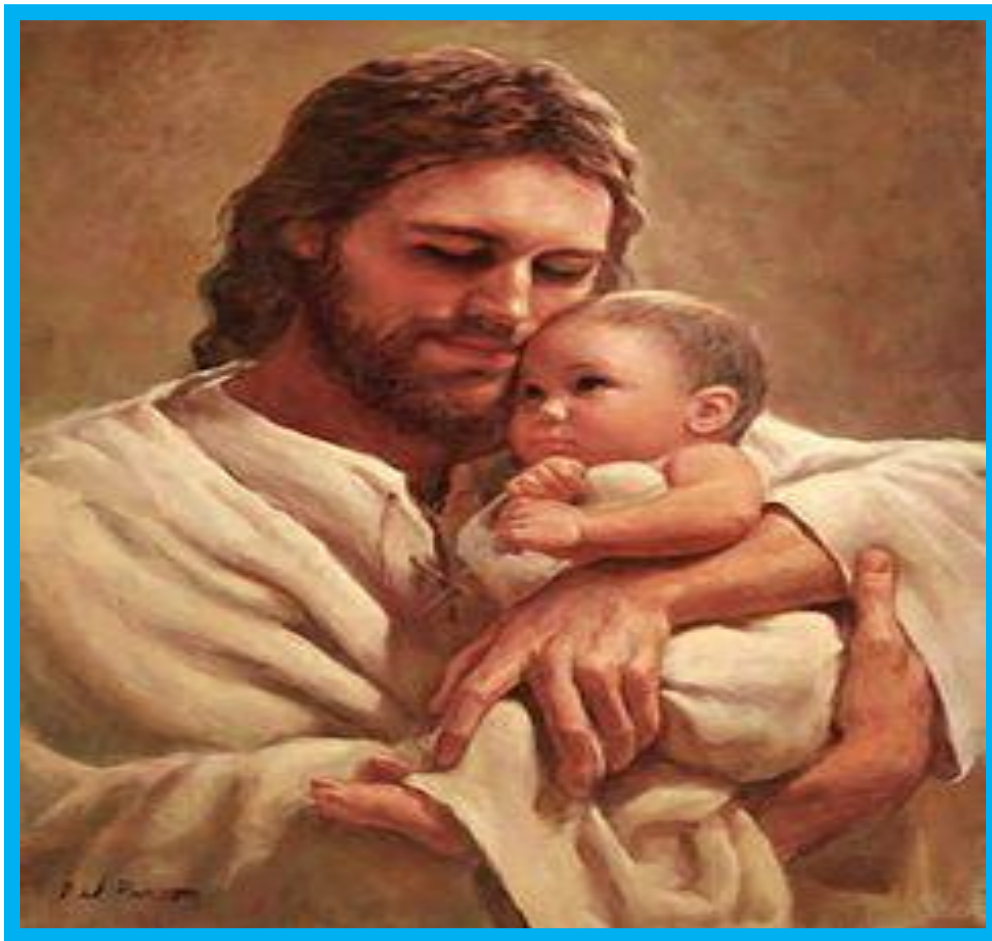
Go on with your life...don't look back!

GOD WILL FORGIVE YOU! Ask Him to forgive you!

Give your baby life...let him or her live! Your mother allowed you to have life. You must...STOP...and let the babies live!

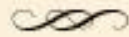
Stop taking innocent blood....God hates this! STOP!

*“There are six things which Jehovah hateth; Yea, seven which are an abomination unto him: Haughty eyes, a lying tongue, **And hands that shed innocent blood**; A heart that deviseth wicked purposes, Feet that are swift in running to mischief, A false witness that uttereth lies, And he that soweth discord among brethren” (Prov. 6:16-19).*



Yes, Jesus loves all the babies...and little children.

Where Shall I Go?

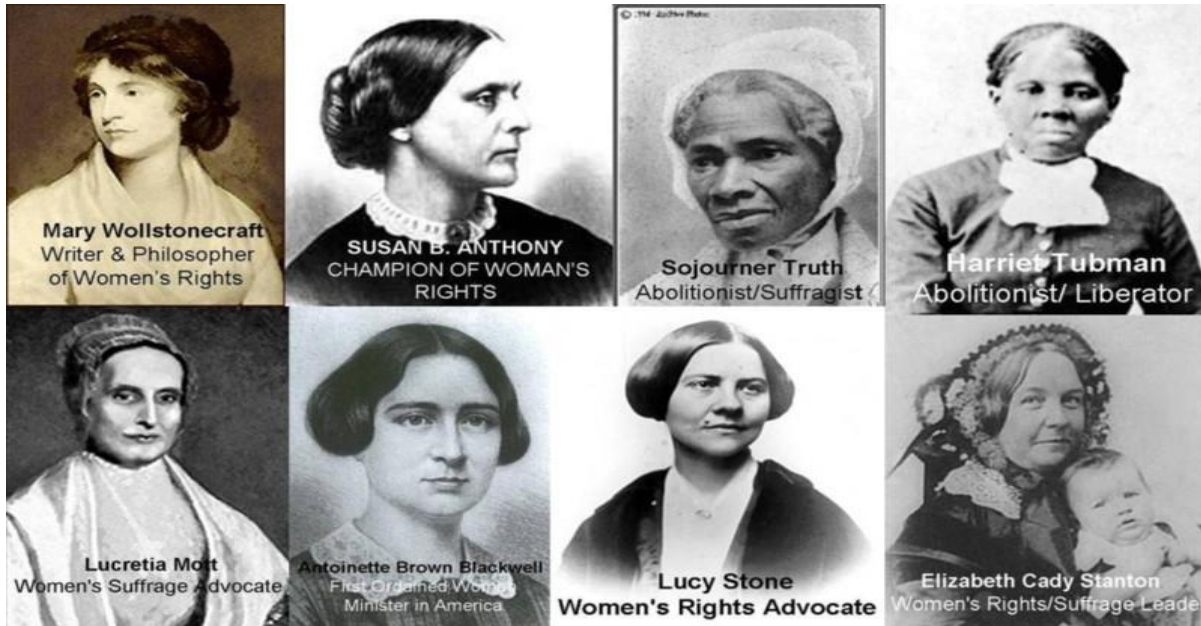


*Where shall I go to find a friend
On whom I know I can always depend
Who'll hold me up and whose heart is warm
Who'll help me to stand in a time of storm?
When all I can see is a mist or haze
When pressures increase and I'm feeling fazed
When I need an anchor of hope for my soul
When I need some courage to reach my goal?*

*When challenges come, I will run to You
Though friends may fail, You always come through
You're patient and kind. Your love is so pure
When doubts assail, Your word is sure
What a precious and wonderful Saviour You are
You shine more brightly than any star
How wonderful, Lord, is the peace you impart
O Jesus, the joy of my heart!*

*~ ~
(Psalm 73:25)*

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Published in Christine's poetry book
"Comfort & Hope"



History of Women's History Month

The history of Women's History Month goes back all the way to 1978. That is when a Sonoma, California school district participated in Women's History Week during the week of March 8th. March 8th is International Women's Day, so it seemed appropriate, at that time, to begin the celebration of Women's History Week around that day. While the participation of this Californian school district in Women's History Week didn't seem all that relevant at the time, it would become very relevant a year later in 1979. That is when a 2-week long conference about women's history was held beginning July 13th, 1979. This conference was co-sponsored by groups such as the Smithsonian Institute, Sarah Lawrence College, and the Women's Action Alliance and when they learned of the celebration held in that Sonoma school district the prior year, they decided to get to work to create a National Women's History Week

By February of 1980, their work had made it all the way to the White House and a month later, U.S President Jimmy Carter would proclaim March 8th, 1980 as National Women's History Week. During his proclamation, he stated how both men and women helped build the United States; how women are the unsung heroes of history and how their contributions are so often unnoticed by society in general. A year later, Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah and Representative Barbara Mikulski co-sponsored a Joint Congressional Resolution proclaiming Women's History Week – beginning

March 7th, 1982. Over the next several years, schools all across the country began to expand Women's History Week into Women's History Month. By the time 1986 arrived, 14 states had declared the month of March as Women's History Month.

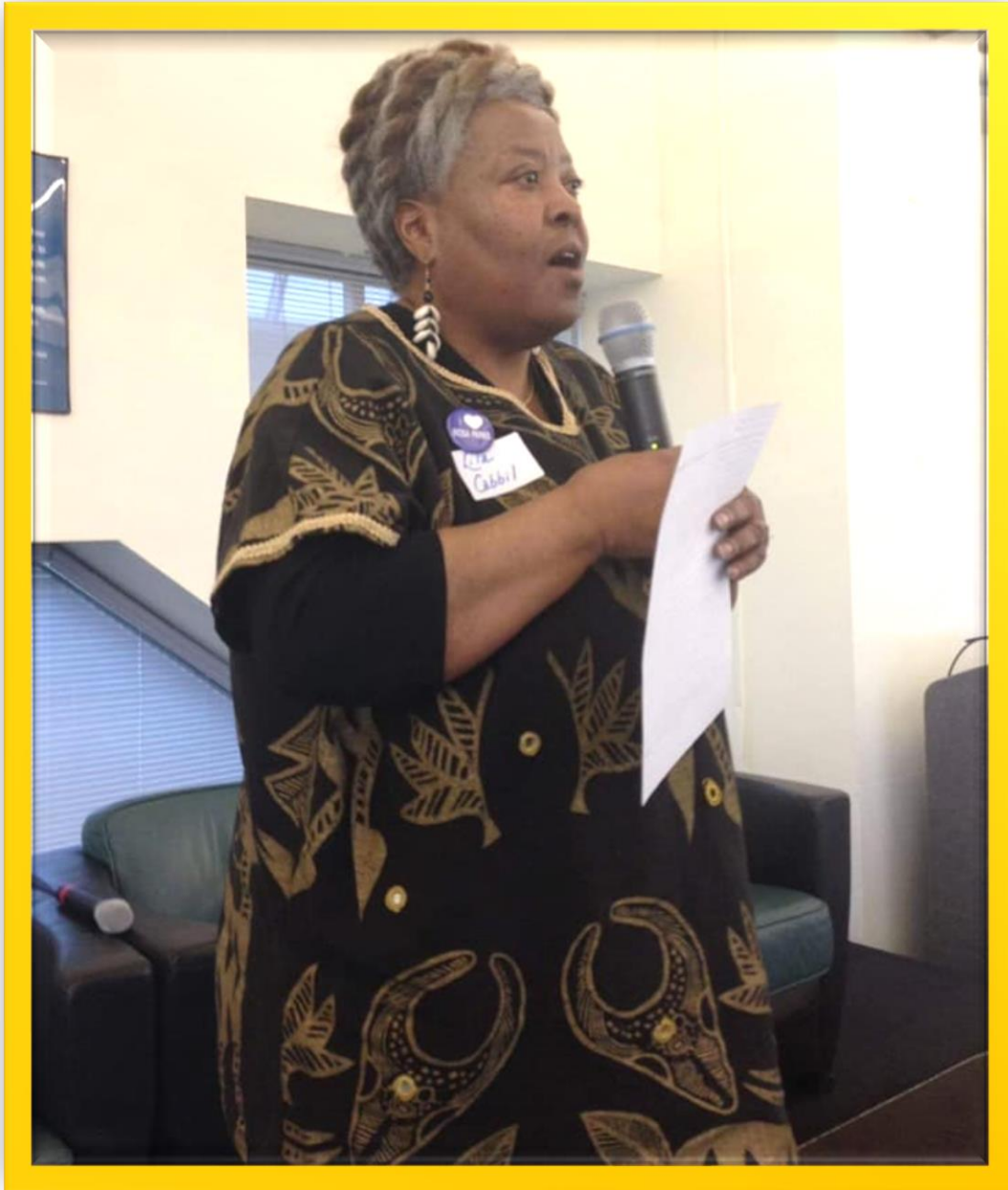
The National Women's History Project petitioned Congress in 1987 to establish a Women's History Month – which they did when they passed Public Law 100-09 on March 12th, 1987 – that designated the entire month of March as Women's History Month. Over the next several years, Congress would pass more laws that request and authorize the President to proclaim March as Women's History Month. And all U.S Presidents have issued annual proclamations to that effect ever since 1988. Today, it is celebrated by individuals and schools all over the country.

It didn't take long for other countries to begin to adopt their own versions of Women's History Month. In 1992, Canada began to celebrate the month in October to commemorate the Persons Case – a trial by Canada's highest court of appeal that stated that under the law females were, in fact, people. In 2000, Australia began to hold its own Women's History Month in March and the U.K followed in 2011.



*Information from the internet.

In Loving Memory of...



MOMMA LILA LEAK CABBIL
October 2, 1944 – February 23, 2019

She was fruitful and multiplied and multiplied!



Reflections

By Wanda J. Burnside, Newsletter Publisher and Founder

Momma Lila Leak Cabbil's voice will never be silent. During her lifetime, her missions were massive. She had a vision for what is right and good for those who could only see despair. She fought for the poor in spirit who felt downcast and hopeless. Momma Lila stood up for those who were castaways and denied opportunities in life.

She spent her life and energy to build bridges to bring people to the sources and resources they needed to survive with dignity. Momma Lila could not ignore: injustice, segregation, brutality, abuse, property, and anything that destroyed godly principles. She educated people to obtain knowledge. She trained those who were without skills and abilities to function in society. Momma Lila led and guided the unemployed to where they could apply for employment so they could work to receive financial benefits and income.

Momma Lila's heart and passion was for children, teens, adults and senior citizens. She faithfully stood for their issues and needs. On various levels and areas, she helped them to excel and maintain what benefited their survival. She cared and was involved in their struggles, challenges and victories.

She fed the poor. She clothed and sheltered the needy. She comforted the hurting.

Momma Lila loved her parents and honored them as the Bible says. Her 100 year old mother, the late beloved Mother Edna Leak, was cherished and highly-esteemed by her and the entire family.

Momma Lila Leak Cabbil loved the Lord with all of her heart. She gave her life to Him. She served Him with great awe and adoration from her youth. She obeyed God with great reverence. Momma Lila allowed the Holy Spirit to rule her life and led her all of the way.

She was actively involved in the church. She loved missions, the choir, Bible study, youth services, and so much more. Momma Lila served the Lord with gladness. She truly was a cheerful giver.

I will miss this dear and precious friend. Her smile warmed you and her laughter lifted you. Her hugs...comforted you!

I am grateful that our lives touched because we grew up together. Her parents and family knew and loved our parents, grandparents and family, too. We had a loving relationship. But, that's probably what all of Momma Lila Leak Cabbil's friends and associates said about her, as well. She was so loving and caring.

Momma Lila accomplished great and magnificent things in life. Her life intertwined with great people like Mother Rosa Parks, political leaders, school officials, community leaders, civil rights activists, advocate of human services, church dignitaries, USA presidents, and industrial heads. She wrote numerous books, researched programs, supervised projects on many issues, wrote reports on various matters and achieved great acclaim.

However, Momma Lila Leak loved her family, church, friends, and the people who needed her voice to fight for them. Now that she rests from her labor, she is in the presence of the Lord. This is why she lived so fully and godly ...to die at peace in His

eternal presence. **She was a Servant.** *“His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord” (Matthews 25:21-23 KJV).*

We are praying for Momma Lila Leak Cabbil’s beloved family...

Mr. Benjamin Cabbil, Jr., her husband

Children:

Mr. Nathan Cabbil and Ms. Abena Cabbil

Siblings:

Mr. Robert Leak, Sr.

Mrs. Bertie Wilkerson (David)

Mr. John Leak (Regina)

Ms. Constance (Connie) Leak

Mrs. Sylvia Leak (Sister-in-law)

And a host of relatives and friends



Women of RESTORE! RESTORE!



Honor Roll of Women on Restore! Restore!

On Sunday, March 10, 2019, God blessed us to salute the women who have been a participant or guest on RESTORE! RESTORE!, my radio outreach ministry over four seasons. Most of these precious women gave their testimony of how God brought them through great tribulations and challenges. They boldly proclaimed that He restored their lives and they have excelled to great success and major leadership.

However, Sandra Hickman, Christine V. Mitchell, Carolyn McKie, Darlene Gardner and Carolyn Toussaint are the Prayer Warriors and Supporters of RESTORE! RESTORE! Josefa Palm, Elder Rodger Palm's wife, came on air to give a tribute to him on his birthday in October. Louise Bannerman and Yvette Wilburn ministered to listeners with their poetry. Makol Hands was our guest speaker and presented a fiery gospel message.

TOP - from right to left.

MS. BEVERLY BLACK JOHNSON of California –The CEO of Tribe Family Network and Gumbo for the Soul. She is our Manager.

MRS. WANDA J. BURNSIDE of Michigan – The Host and Program Manager of RESTORE! RESTORE!

AUTHOR RAMELLE T. LEE of Michigan – Co-Host and News Anchor of RESTORE! RESTORE!

Evangelist Makol Hands of Michigan

Mrs. Diana Stimmler Winkler of Arizona

Mrs. Annette Lee of Michigan

Mrs. Marcia Jones Washington of Pittsburgh

Mrs. Patricia Gallagher of Philadelphia

Dr. Mary D. Edwards of Michigan

Pastor Paulette Harper-California

Ms. Michelle McKie of Michigan

Missionary Loice Funderburg of Michigan

Mrs. Michele Gardner Barnes of Michigan

Ms. Darlene Lola Gardner of Michigan

Minister Sandra Hickman of the country of Australia

Mrs. Christine V. Mitchell of the UK-London/England.

Pastor Charlestine Herbin of North Carolina.

Mrs. Carolyn Toussaint of Florida.

Reverend Elreta Dodds of Michigan

Poet Yvette Wilburn of Michigan.

Mama T. aka Tonie T. Gatlin of Oregon.

Mrs. Josefa Palm of Michigan.

Dr. Naima Johnston Bush of Louisiana

Mrs. Louise Bannerman Enabulele

IN LOVING MEMORY

Mother Barbara Lee, Beloved mother of Author Ramelle T. Lee

Evangelist Willie Lee Palm, Beloved mother of Elder Rodger Palm and Mrs. Wanda J. Burnside

Sister Regina Morna Palm, Beloved sister of Elder Rodger Palm and Wanda J. Burnside

Congratulations to our friend and ministry supporter...

MISSIONARY GERTRUDE (TRUDY) HANSBERRY
2nd Runner-up
2018 Michigan's Ms. Senior Pageant Winner



Missionary Trudy Hansberry is very talented, gifted, and truly active in many things in life. She is a mother, grandmother, godmother and mentor. Missionary Hansberry is a poet, author and vocalist. She is a member of Power in the Word Church in Detroit, MI. Her pastor is Bishop Benjamin Hoke. She is an officer in The Called and Ready Writers, Treasures from Heaven Ministries and several other organizations. ***GOD BLESS YOU, DEAREST TRUDY!***

2018 Michigan's Ms. Senior Pageant Winners



**1st Runner-up Sharon Gregorski,
2018 Ms. Senior Michigan Kim Whitney,
and 2nd Runner-up Missionary Trudy Hansberry**

FROM GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA....

The Daisy Girl Scout Troop



Hannah Pettiford, Jayda Artis, Airica Nolen, Khloe Monk, Katylin Johnson, Autumn Brown, Amina MoriDit, Omar, Kortni McCutchen , (Back) Sydney Carter, Nina Cheek

Little Miss Hannah Pettiford (the first girl to the left) is shining again! She has been featured in several of our newsletters since she was only 3 years old. Three years ago, she was in The Lamp Newsletter because she was concerned about the polluted and dangerous water conditions in Flint, Michigan. In no time Hannah and her mother, Nicky Scales, organized a drive to have the people in North Carolina to collect bottles of water to send to Flint. Hannah got her nursery school involved and the bottles of water were loaded on a sixteen wheeler trailer truck and arrived in the city of Flint within days. The people were truly so thankful for this great expression of kindness.

This year, 2019, Hannah and her mother have been extremely busy in the Daisy Girl Scout Troop. They sold record sales of Girl Scout cookies, raised funds for the group with book and magazine sales, collected new thick socks for the homeless to

wear during the cold winter months, purchased and gave away loads of baby clothes and needed items, and stayed busy with numerous other projects.



The Daisy Girl Scout Troops in Greensboro, North Carolina gathered for special training sessions and life skill guidance. The girls attended Etiquette Guidance classes. They were taught many helpful lessons to help these girls develop and mature into womanhood.

A special luncheon and Tea Party were held in their honor. The girls had a great time of practicing and showcasing their manners and skills in a social setting. They had fun and a good time.

Their parents and other family members are very proud of their achievements and good behavior. May God continue to bless the Girl Scout Troop leaders and organization for providing much needed direction and life skills for young girls.

(Miss Hannah Pettiford stands boldly in the first roll in the center of the line. She is wearing white stocking with her uniform.)

TEA PARTY TIME in Greensboro, North Carolina



These precious Daisy Girl Scout Troop Girls are ready to step out in style for an afternoon of tea and desserts. They have their best manners on!



Jordyn Durant



Hannah Pettiford

Thank you for your support!



Five year-old Hannah Pettiford thanks her mother, Nicky Scales, grandmother, Pastor Charlestine Herbin, Girl Scout Leaders, and everybody who helped her to have a great time in the Daisy Girl Scout Troop this year. It takes a lot of planning and work to be successful with the many activities and projects that happen each month.

Hannah believes in God. She loves to sing worship and praise songs. She loves to pray for others. Hannah truly loves Jesus with all of her heart!!



Be Strong, Be Courageous

By Doris Homan

"Have I not commanded you? Be strong and of good courage; do not be afraid, nor be dismayed for the LORD your God is with you wherever you go" (Joshua 1:9).

FOUR times in one chapter, Joshua is told to *"be strong and of good courage"*. In 18 verses, we, as well as, Joshua are reminded to be strong and courageous. What's going on here? The context is, Moses has just died and God was calling a successor, a faithful man and the next leader to take the children of Israel into their Promised Land. He was to divide the land, drive the inhabitants out and for each tribe to possess their inheritance. It's simple right?

The first *"be strong and courageous"* is when God called Joshua to leadership; God had an assignment for Joshua, He is now to step up and be a courageous leader, to divide, conquer and possess the land. God reminds Joshua that He will not leave him nor forsake him. This promise is enough to give Joshua the courage for the task at hand. (Joshua 1:6)

The second *“be strong and courageous to observe and do according to all the law which Moses My servant commanded”*. These were the commandments of God given to the people of God that they may live His way. These commandments were attached with blessings. If they lived and followed God’s ways, they would find favor, riches and life. (Proverbs 22:4; Joshua 1:7)

The third *“be strong and courageous”* quickly follows the second as a continuation of obey my commands, meditate on them day and night and your ways will be prosperous and you will have good success.” (Joshua 1:8-9)

The fourth *“be strong and of good courage”* comes from the leaders of three of the tribes. They agreed to follow Joshua’s leadership, just as they followed Moses. They will now follow their brethren and help them take the land before they returned to theirs. (Joshua 1:12-15) They assure Joshua of their faithful submission to his command and remind him to be strong and courageous. (1:18)

God is definitely stressing on us to be courageous. Be courageous in the work I have for you to do. Be courageous in obedience to my ways of doing life. Be courageous in your dedication to Me, meditating on My Word day and night. Be courageous and don’t be afraid because, I, the LORD your God am with you and will give you success for the task at hand.

What is your task at hand? Are you stepping out, remembering He will not leave or forsake you? Are you obeying Him, courageously meditating on His Word day and night? It takes courage to obey God and to live according to His ways and not the ways of our flesh nor the ways of the world. Are you listening to other brothers and sisters as they encourage you in the LORD? Let’s show our courage by our actions. Let’s show that we believe God when He promises to be with us. Let’s not allow fear to stop us. Let’s step out and do what He has called us to do and be what He has called us to be. How can you be brave today?

Doris Homan is a Bible teacher, speaker and author of *The Christian Journey, Part I & II*. With a heart for discipleship her devotionals can be seen on Myjoyandcrown.com and www.facebook.com/theChristianJourney2017. Doris is also active in two other ministries; both feature her work. She is on the team of Reasons For Hope*Jesus in the capacity of content development as well as a mentor of women with Greater Impact Ministries. Email: dorishoman@gmail.com



*A Poem of Comfort
by Christine V. Mitchell*



Staff Writer from the UK

Published in Christine's poetry book
"Comfort & Hope"

There's A Love



There's a love that's like no other
And it spans eternity
There's none like it in this world
The love of God for you and me.
Breaking barriers, building bridges
Reaching high and low alike
It can overcome the darkness
With its penetrating light.

It's a love that brings forgiveness
And will pardon every sin
It is found in Christ the Saviour
As we ask Him to come in.
It's a love that says, "You're special"
It's a love that calls you "Friend"
If you open up your heart, you'll find
it's a love that never ends.



(Ephesians 3:19)

© 2014 Christine V. Mitchell

Mrs. Michele Gardner Barnes and her precious pet, Amani.



THE ANSWERED PRAYER!

By Michele Gardner Barnes

It's 3:00a.m. and although I'm so tired, I dare not go asleep. I'm alone and afraid of the night although the television is on. I want to be able to hear any sounds that warn me that someone is trying to break in.

I have rigged all the windows with my hammer and nails, so I won't look up to see someone standing over me. That's the biggest nightly challenge that I face.

During the nights, I get up one more time to make sure that the doors are properly locked properly. I even check the stove one more time as my eyes search over everything that might be a worry later as I lay down and try to get some sleep.

"Please God," I pray aloud. *"Please don't let me think of anything else that might need checking on"*, I plead, as I climb into my bed. Pulling the covers up over my shoulders, I suddenly felt warm. My legs are stretched out as I was seeking to find just the right position for them to rest. Although I suffer with these legs at night, I continually claim healing and I thank God for these legs! I'm blessed to be able to walk!

I was finally feeling the comfort I was seeking! I lay with my eyes closed, waiting for my legs to warm up. However, my last movement was disrupted by the sound of something falling in the kitchen. Oh no! It can't be! Now, I must get up one more time to see what made that noise!

I think, *“Not now! I’m all warm and don’t want to get back out of bed! Lord, help me!”* I screamed as I moved quickly to get up....one more time! Grabbing my cane, I headed once again to the kitchen.

I turn on the light; however, I’m mad for having to get up. I knew it was nothing, but I had to see for myself. I walked over to the sink looking around to see where did that noise come from? I moved things around, grabbed a pot and put it up. Then I put up a glass I left to dry in the disk rack with a couple of spoons and forks. Another moment to tidy up the kitchen and look around to make sure the buttons on my stove are in off positions. Then I check to see if the refrigerator door is closed tightly. Well, everything is okay.

I head back to bed and climb in. Again I pull up the covers and go through the process of getting my legs in a comfortable position. It’s a cold night and my feet got cold and now they are waiting to warm up! Meanwhile, I’m thinking, *“Thank you, Lord for helping me to be able to get up and out of bed without falling, and without getting those horrible leg cramps!”*

I’ve gotten comfortable, but within moments I hear ...SNAP! My body jerks knowing what that sound is and where it was coming from. It’s the trap in the kitchen, and it’s caught a mouse! It had been a long time since I last caught one. It’s winter and cold. *“Oh my God,”* I said out loud. *“Why my house?”*

I stood there and thought to myself that I must call my cousin Patrick first thing in the morning! I’m not going in that kitchen! I don’t want to see it! Now I feel like moving, but I won’t be chased out of my house by a mouse! *“No, I won’t!”* I said pulling the covers over my head!

I laid there in my bed all alone with only the sounds of Pandora playing, *“God Provides,”* in the background. I look at the small lamp glimmering on the walls. I want to go to sleep but, I know I won’t be sleeping for long. Once again I close my eyes, *“Lord help me,”* I prayed!

Now, I was whining when I repeated, *“Lord, I’m not ready for another man. I was married for 43 years to my late husband, Michael. I can’t imagine dating, another marriage and having someone to move in this house with me so that I won’t be alone anymore. So many thoughts ran through my mind.*

I couldn’t stop talking to the Lord, *“But Lord,”* I said, *“I don’t want to be alone at night! I need somebody, Lord. I know fear is of the devil, but Lord, I don’t like mice and I can’t deal with knowing I even HAD a mouse in my house!”*

My conversation to the Lord continued, *“ I need somebody in the house with me with eyes and ears...and will help protect me from a “critter!” A critter that may have another “critter family” around too! Maybe I need a cat, but I don’t like all that meow noise! But I need help Lord!”*

Finally, I fell asleep knowing I had a mouse, though dead, in my house! I fell asleep feeling truly sad and with my heart aching, I slept throughout the rest of the night.

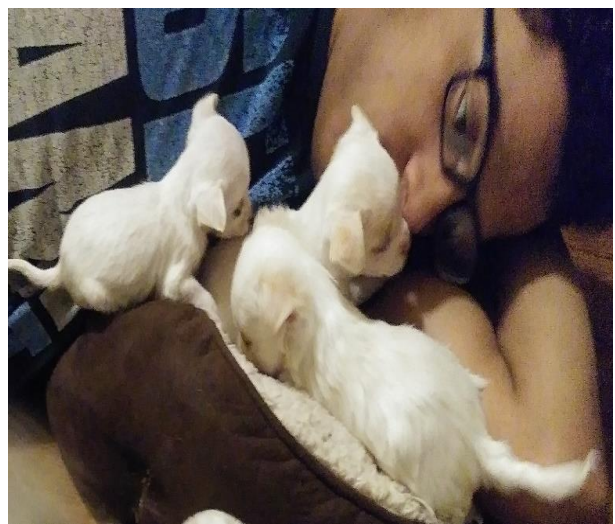
GOD BRINGS A CHANGE

More than a year ago, God heard my prayers and made a way for me to get my dog, Amani, a Shih Tzu. She now roams through the house in command of the floors! Anything dropped or available for her to play with is going into her mouth! She keeps me picking up things and busy watching her so that she isn't eating fabric softener sheets or food dropped on the floor that she shouldn't eat.

Well, soon after Amani came here, my grandson Levi called and asked if he could come and regroup at my house. He wanted to get a new job and return back to college. Of course, I was reluctant to have a twenty-one year old young man living with me. Young people think and act like young people. They don't want to talk, listen, or clean up behind themselves, but I couldn't turn him away! God had made the way out of no-way! God knew I needed someone in the house with me, and my grandson needed a new place to stay.

Who else was going to take him in with two dogs? Yes, two dogs! A girl, Emmi, and a boy Ray! What a situation! Young people think like young people! But, I let him come with a commitment of responsibilities and promise to have Ray, his boy dog, neutered.

However, of course, by the time Levi got a job and made enough money to have Ray neutered ... a few weeks later, Emmi was pregnant! And she was soon to deliver five pups! Oh my! I thought, I am now faced with eight dogs in my house that for over forty years never had ONE dog living inside of this house!



Yes, I must admit that I had to pray over each new step and I knew the road would not be easy! But with each “pick-up” of poop, drives throughout the city, or walk through the park, Amani has assisted me in living my best life! I call her my fifth baby, as I proudly celebrated my sixty-fifth birthday! Amani tries to help me take off my support hose for she has seen me struggle to get them off. If she sees me taking them off, she runs over and tries to bite them to pull them off. Her paws and all are used to help pull them off from me. And of course, each and everyday pair has a snag from her paws...trying to help me.



Although my adult kids fuss and say I shouldn't feed her what I eat, I always share some veggies or a little chicken and salmon with her. Therefore, I do not have to eat alone anymore. Also, she is alert and aware of everything moving or new on the floor. I now have no worry of a mouse showing his face to me!

I'm thankful to say that I'm in college. When I do my college homework, Amani lays at my feet. When I get up, she gets up and follows me! She waits patiently to see what I am doing next and often will go get a toy to bring to me to see if I am ready to play!

Changes were made, I pulled off my carpet, and I lost my freedom of having long times for myself, but in most of the things I do, having Amani helps to push me even harder! I push to move faster, and often take Amani with me when visiting my family. They all love her too! With four adult children and nine grands, all family visits are truly happy times for Amani. I set my goals in a timely and prepared way that reminds me that Amani is depending on me...as I depend on her! Although dogs are expensive: with monthly treatments, vet visits, monthly grooming, and dog food. And as you get older, and on a fixed income, every dime count! But God has blessed me to make it each month. As I sit and write to you, I can stop and look over to see that Amani is looking back at me! This experience has truly been a blessing to me!

My grandson, Levi, has plans to sell his puppies at the end of this month, and soon will make his next move as he planned. I ask that you pray with me for Levi, and all our young people. Pray that they will come through things. Ask God to direct their paths. However, a “time out” of using the media games and cell phones will be needed! We know, with God, “All” things are possible! **THERE IS POWER IN THE NAME OF JESUS! WE MUST UNITE IN PRAYER OVER OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.IN JESUS NAME!** And, I am grateful for many things!



For I'm believing Mathew 7:7, ***“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and ye shall be opened unto you.”***

*A “Now” Message
by Ms. Sandra Hickman*



*Australian Ministry Leader
and Staff Writer*



“The Precious”

“Be still and know that I am God.....”

In the Spirit of the Lord the Psalmist wrote this profound instruction.

Sometimes we simply have to be still... and silent.

But have you ever noticed how loud the sound of silence can be? Yet, even in the crazy frenetic pace of life, the silence carries a peace which is both golden and precious! There is gold in the silence. The Precious is waiting to be found right alongside the stillness and the silence. Sometimes we have to put on our miners hats, take up our shovels and dig! And when you dig you never know what you will find. Miners have to excavate, dig, dynamite, pan it... sluice (rinse) it, strain it, drain it and downright pray for it! Gold is hidden in rock walls, oceans and river beds. Gold is precious... and The Precious is hard to find. In the same way, our Heavenly Father likes to hide His Precious from us. He wants us to dig to uncover The Precious. To boldly search for that which is worth more than the gold. Priceless Precious! The

ONLY Precious we can take to heaven as our inheritance is SOULS! That's the gold we take to the throne room. The treasury of souls, most precious to God.

***God's Word is the blueprint to soul-winning.** We must search for it like it's the Lost Ark, discovering both The Precious of our own souls, and others. Every soul... regardless of race, age or gender ... good, bad or indifferent, is loved and held precious by the Lover of all souls. He will wrought miracles ... strong like tempered iron. In the same way a Blacksmith tempers a sword in the fire, God will forge miracles into souls that will go the distance. Heaven is far away for some, yet so close for those who know! Thank God that our souls know this very well.*

***The Smith's iron is white-hot!** But even whiter and hotter is the glow of God's love and His wrath. He rules with a gentle hand and an iron fist! He is jealous over His beloved souls. Nothing and no-one will stop the white-hot passion of His Christ to conquer the sin and save the sinner. That's The Precious! The priceless salvation treasure worth more than the bounty of a Pharaoh's tomb, a King's ransom or the secret resting place of Noah's Lost Ark.*

***God's most valued Precious was the dust of the earth,** moulded and formed on the Biblical sixth day. Fashioned from the dust by Heavenly hands into a bespoke human body. Made perfect and exquisite by the unique plan of God, complete with a spirit, made in the image of the Creator. Precious Holy Breath was breathed into man's nostrils, and he became a living soul. The finest creation of The Precious is us! Take a deep breath and feel it. Do it now! Feel The Precious, which He breathed into you and without which, you would no longer be! Breathe it into others less knowing with your hand-on-heart prayers straight from the Heavenly Smith's Kiln. Win them for Christ with white-hot words of truth and love. The Precious! We received it, now it's time to pray-it and pay-it forward.*

***Remember how precious you are to your Heavenly Father.** You may have endured many of life's tragedies, but you are only shaped, not defined by tragedy. In spite of any calamities you have been through, no matter how big or small, you have the authority of Jesus to implement God's Great Commission to go forth and make disciples. Put on your mining hat, use the authority Jesus gave you. Take up your shovel, start digging and excavating in prayer. Pray for those who are unable to pray for themselves. Put on the whole armour of God to stand and to pray for the purposes of Jesus to be fulfilled in the body of Christ. Stay vigilant in His purpose to save the lost. Never stop bringing in the harvest of souls.... ushering The Precious towards our Heavenly Father.*

***Don't be lukewarm... better to be a cold clean slate than lukewarm!
BEST to be a white-hot branding iron... best to do it hot!***

Scripture References -

Genesis 1:27 (KJV)

27 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Genesis 2:7 (KJV)

7 And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

Psalms 46:10 (KJV)

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

Ephesians 6:11 (KJV)

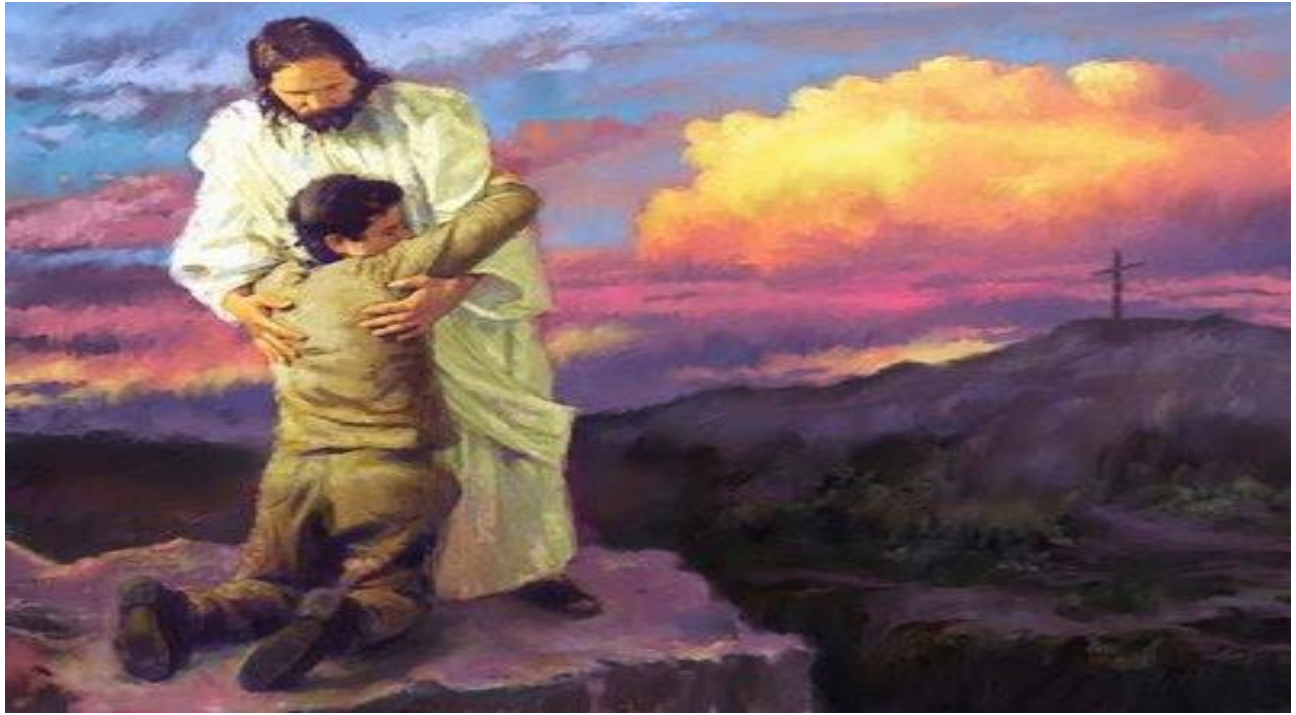
11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Revelation 3:16 (KJV)

16 So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.

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OPEN THE DOOR

by Ramelle T. Lee

**A melting pot of dreams flash before
your very eyes.**

But a life of hope keeps you moving forward.

**You stretch out on faith and accept Christ
into your heart. Jesus looks your way.**

He sees blessed hope in you.

A promise to love you forever you cling,

**and quickly embrace. With outstretched
hands Jesus awaits,**

Reach out and touch the Father's face.

Be led to safety where peace abides.

Stay forevermore. Come and shut the door.

Watch new life spring forth in you.

Your answer awaits you through His door.

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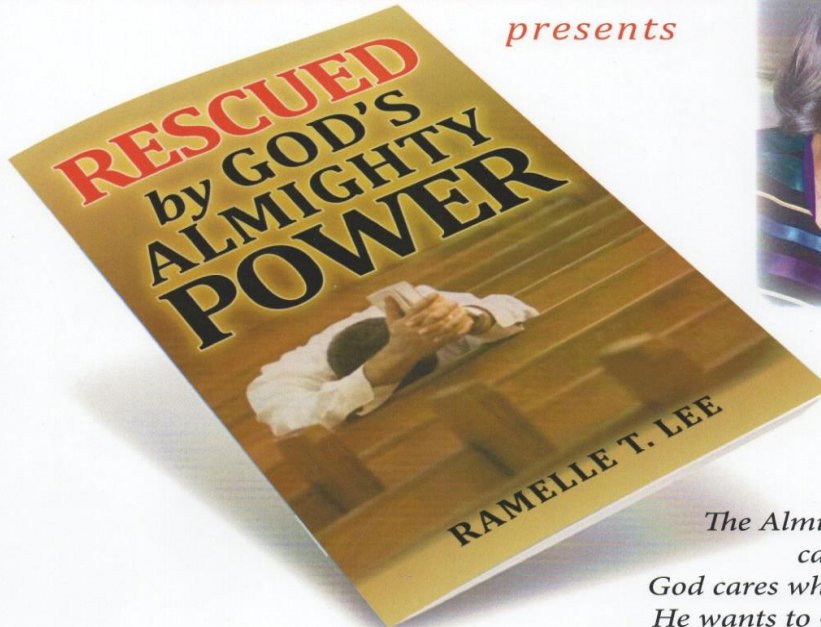
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**Women,
Be inspired by our guest poet and
author...**

LOUISE BANNERMAN ENABULELE



GET INSPIRED

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Listen to God's story
Let Him speak to your soul
He'll fill you with His Glory
Just let Him take control.**

**Woman of God, Get Inspired
All you need is one touch
God can make you totally whole.
Don't run from your calling
God loves you so much
It's time to stop falling.**

**God has a blessing
Carved out in your name
It's time for you
To get out of your way
What you used to do,
You can't keep doing the same**

**If you want to stay,
Listen up Boo!
Get on your bending knees,
And pray.**

**Woman of God,
If you want to get inspired
Let prayer touch your soul
And let God light your fire.**

**Woman! Woman!
Are you ready to be inspired?
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We NEED YOU to stand with us with a special offering so we can complete the construction of our website. It is nearly ready to launch within months. It is exciting to spread the newsletter even farther. My staff has been praying and working on the website. This is an open door for us to the world!

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