

Cleaver of Truth Newsletter for the
Month of July, 2010
Rt 1 Box 210
Fort Gay, WV 25514
Ph. (304) 648-3012

Dear Friends and Family,

We hope this finds you all doing well. It is good to be alive! I thank God for his love and mercy to Rodney and myself this past month. We were able to accomplish many of the things we needed to do around the place. Of course you never get everything done! You just "keep on keeping on" as long as you can.

Our Subject this month is HEAVEN

THE BIRTH OF A SONG

Back in 1932 I was 32 years old and a fairly new husband. My wife, Nettie and I were living in a little apartment on Chicago's Southside. One hot August afternoon I had to go to St. Louis, where I was to be the soloist at a large revival meeting. I didn't want to go. Nettie was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. But a lot of people were expecting me in St. Louis. I kissed Nettie good-bye, clattered downstairs to our Model A and, in a fresh Lake Michigan breeze, chugged out of Chicago on Route 66. However, outside the city, I discovered that in my anxiety at leaving, I had forgotten my music case. I wheeled around and headed back.

I found Nettie sleeping peacefully, I hesitated by her bed; something was strongly telling me to stay. But eager to get on my way, and not wanting to disturb Nettie, I shrugged off the feeling and quietly slipped out of the room with my music.

The next night, in the steaming St. Louis heat, the crowd called on me to sing

again and again. When I finally sat down, a messenger boy ran up with a Western Union telegram.

I ripped open the envelope. Pasted on the yellow sheet were the words: YOUR WIFE JUST DIED. People were happily singing and clapping around me, but I could hardly keep from crying out. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I could hear on the other end was, "Nettie is dead."

When I got back, I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy. I swung between grief and joy. Yet that night, the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together, in the same casket.

Then I fell apart. For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him any more or write gospel songs. I just wanted to go back to that jazz world I once knew so well. But then, as I hunched alone in that dark apartment those first sad days, I thought back to the afternoon I went to St. Louis. Something kept telling me to stay with Nettie. Was that something God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him that day, I would have stayed and been with Nettie when she died. From that moment on I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief. Everyone was kind to me, especially a friend, Professor Frye, who seemed to know what I needed.

On the following Saturday evening he took me up to Madam Malone's Poro College, a neighborhood music school. It was quiet; the late evening sun crept through the curtained windows. I sat down at the piano, and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace, I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, Words came into my head--They just seemed to fall into place:

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand!
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
Through the storm, through the night,
lead me on To the light,
Take my hand, precious Lord
Lead me home

The Lord gave me these words and melody. He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when He is the closest, and when we are most open to His restoring power. And so I go on living for God willingly and joyfully, until that day comes when He will take me and gently lead me home.
Tommy A. Dorsey

Note: There were two Tommy Dorseys. This Tommy Dorsey was the African American musician and gospel song writer. (1899-1993)

The Lord is glad to open the gate to every knocking soul. It opens very freely; it's hinges are not rusted. No bolts secure it. Have faith and enter at this moment through holy courage. If you knock with a heavy heart, you shall yet sing with joy of spirit. Never be discouraged.
Charles Spurgeon

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOK

How about a healthy dessert?

Polynesian Fruit Bars

1 cup oats (blended to make flour)
3 cups rolled oats
1 cup unsweetened coconut
1 cup orange juice
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 tsp salt
20 oz. can crushed pineapple
2 cups chopped dates

Drain pineapple and combine with the dates in a saucepan and heat until they are combined.

Mix the dry ingredients together, then add the orange juice. If you need to, add more juice to hold mixture together. Press half of mixture firmly into a 9x12 glass baking dish. Spread the pineapple/Date mixture over oat mixture. Top with remaining oat mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Omega-3 Cookies

1/2 cup ground flax seed
1 1/2 cups quick oats
3/4 cups oat flour (can blend oats to
To make flour)
2/3 cups unrefined sugar
1/2 tsp sea salt
1 Tbsp baking powder (Rumsford
Aluminum free)
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
3/4 cup soy milk or nut milk of choice
1/2 cup canola oil
1 tsp vanilla

Preheat oven 350 degrees.

Mix all dry ingredients. Add soy milk, oil & vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Drop by one-Tablespoon portions on oil sprayed cookie sheet. Bake for 25 minutes.

Makes 3 dozen cookies

Stay well! See you next month.

Remember God loves you and so do we!

Katie and Rodney Armstrong

HEALTH NUGGET

In the next few issues we'll be looking at common vegetables and how they can be used for healing of the body as well as good nutrition:

Cabbage

Cabbage is a life-long guardian of health and a healer of wounds. Cabbage belongs to the all important family of cruciferous vegetables.

Cabbage is rich in the following nutrients:

Vitamin A: responsible for the protection of your skin and eyes.

Vitamin C: an all important anti-oxidant and helps the mitochondria to burn fat.

Vitamin E: a fat soluble anti-oxidant which plays a role in skin integrity.

Vitamin B: helps maintain integrity of nerve endings.

Vitamin U: is reputed to play an important role in healing ulcers (found in raw cabbage)

Cabbage is also a source of Phosphorus, potassium, magnesium, zinc, copper, selenium, iron, niacin, biotin, folic acid, B1, B2, B6, protein.

Cancer researchers at the Mass. Institute of Technology have found that Vitamin C and E and certain chemicals called "indole" found in cabbage, brussel sprouts and related vegetables in the crucifer family are potent inhibitors of certain carcinogens.

Cabbage plays a role in the inhibition of infections and ulcers. Cabbage boosts the immune system's ability to produce more antibodies. Cabbage provides high levels of iron and sulphur, minerals that work in part as cleansing agents for the digestive system.

Cabbage is of prime value for relief in rheumatism, arthritis, etc. It excels all other vegetables in drawing out pain and inflammation whether internal or external.

INTERNAL USE

Enormously valuable in the diet for:

Cirrhosis of liver (especially that caused by alcohol use.)

Dysentery

Intestinal disease

Anemia

Arthritis

Gout

EXTERNAL USE

Excellent for pain and inflammation in various applications such as:

Burns

Insect Bites

Abscesses

Boils

PREPARATION: Dressing of crushed raw Cabbage leaves, promptly applied – Relieves pain and speeds healing.

Has faculty for drawing out infection and suppuration from the skin for wounds.

PREPARATION – WOUNDS

Wash wound with water that has been boiled, apply dressing of crushed cabbage, renew daily until healing is complete.

FOR MORE SERIOUS WOUNDS

PREPARATION: Cabbage leaves should be plunged in boiling water or soak in olive oil one hour to soften (This makes it cling better and increases antiseptic effect).

Applications respond remarkably well for:

Binding up wounds
Varicose veins
Ulcerations
Swelling
Skin Eruptions
Hemorrhoids

PREPARATION – HOT COMPRESSES

Cabbage well chopped, wrapped in muslin
– applied to painful area. Offers much relief for:

Muscle Aches
Sciatica
Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Arthritis
Pleurisy
Liver Attacks
Migraines – apply to brow
Colds & Asthma –chest & throat
Sore Throat – gargle raw cabbage juice
Loss of Voice –raw cabbage Juice and honey, (drink slowly)

Place over stomach area for:

Intestinal Pain
Diarrhea
Dysentery

For some delicate stomachs, cooked cabbage may be hard to digest...but it is only when boiled that it presents a problem. It is harmless when stewed or better yet, eaten raw in salad. Digestion time: raw 2 ½ hrs., boiled, 4 ½ hrs.

Whatever your choice of cabbage may be, enjoy a serving at least once a week along with your other valuable and health promoting cruciferous vegetables. Try to cook your cabbage lightly. Steaming and quick stir fry dishes are considered to be the best methods for preserving the power packed natural nutrition given so freely by Mother Nature.

THE LAST GREAT MOVING DAY

When we move from earth to heaven,
What a glorious day 'twill be –
No more sickness, no more sorrow,
No more dread, uncertainty.
No more packing, no more shipping,
No more partings by the way;
How my heart is yearning, longing,
For the last great moving day!

Jesus with His mighty vanguard,
Will descend from heaven above,
With a crown of radiant glory,
For the subjects of His love.
Sleeping saints will rise in triumph,
Living ones be caught on high;
All shall mount the fiery chariots,
Bidding earthly things goodbye!

O the glory of the journey
Human words can not portray,
Passing suns, and moons and systems
As we speed to realms of day.
When we've reached the central planet
In the deep recess of space,
There we'll view the Holy City;
There we'll see our Father's face!

Christian, do you catch the vision?
Should there be one hour's delay
In a speedy preparation
For the last great moving day?
Signs and wonders all about us
Warn of heaven's coming King,
Set thy soul to seek the Saviour;
Pilgrim, rouse thee, shout and sing!

Life is real, yea, life is earnest
Fleeting fame is not its goal;
Jesus paid a precious ransom
To redeem the human soul.
Lift thine eyes above earth's tinsel,
Shun the things that pass away,
Move with saints from earth to heaven
On the last great moving day!

-Weldon Taylor Hammond

