

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS – 23

APRIL – JUNE, 2011

Monday, April 4, 2011. Welcome to Penny 23! In this edition of my journal, that serves also as a newsletter, I will be giving you a glimpse into my life in Sky View, a nursing home and rehabilitation center in Croton-on-Hudson, NY. I have been a resident here since December 29, 2005. I have a rare progressive neurological disease called Primary Lateral Sclerosis (PLS) that has taken from me the ability to walk, talk, and eat by mouth, and has severely limited the use of my arms, hands, and fingers. I am so thankful for all the inventions that have been made to help people like me. I never gave much thought to inventors and their products, but now I see that it takes tremendous ability to assess a need, imagine a solution, and then bring that solution into fruition.

My Grandpa Ziegler (Dad's father) was one of those special inventors. He and Grandma had a daughter Sara who was never able to walk or to talk normally. She spent her days sitting in a wicker wheelchair, alert to her surroundings and happily occupied with embroidering various stamped cloths. As an adult, Aunt Sara was a very heavy woman. Yet, without the lifts used at Sky View, her parents transferred her each day from her bed to the chair, and later from the chair back to bed. How did they do that? All I know is that it involved use of a wide board. For transportation, Grandpa bought a used hearse, and devised a way of getting Sara and her chair into the roomy vehicle!

I require special equipment, too. I sit and move about in an electric wheelchair; a lift is used to transfer me from place to place; a marvelous communication device called a Lightwriter sits on my lap ready to help me "talk"; and an amazing machine pumps food and water into my stomach through my feeding tube every night. To all who have been and are currently involved in designing and manufacturing such devices – THANKS! Keep up the good work!

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In Penny 22 I reported that on March 12 I had a recurring dream in which temporarily I am able to walk and talk again. Details vary, but always I want to take advantage of my restored abilities by teaching either a Bible Basics seminar or a Bible class, both of which I did many times before PLS took over my body. On April 1 I had the dream again. This time I was not only organizing Bible Basics, but I was gathering people who could teach the seminar after me. I was going to turn over to them all my props at the end of the course. It was a very exciting dream! I would like to see how often I have this dream, and what better place than here? This may be the only entry! If so, I'm glad I recorded it.

By the way, I can't imagine where the thought of my condition reversing comes from. Nothing in my body is getting better, except this: In the past year my spoken vocabulary has doubled! It used to be that "no" was the only understandable word I could say; within this past year, though, I added a second word: "more!" Two very useful words! I am grateful.

Tuesday, April 12, 2011. REVERIE. I have been thinking a lot about my grandchildren lately. I love them each so much! Of my 8 grandsons and 3 granddaughters, all the females and 5 of the males are 18 or older, and are facing the responsibilities and challenges of the adult world. How well I remember those years, full of joys, stresses, and sorrows, especially on the dating scene. I don't think they know that none of them would have existed had not Leo (my husband and their grandfather) gone through a painful experience at the age of 18. Leo had a girlfriend in high school, one of his classmates. Together, they attended the Senior Prom; a lovely photograph attests to that fact. They dated all summer before leaving for different colleges. Leo expected to see her during the Thanksgiving vacation. The time came, and they did meet, but her message to him was, as he

describes it, "Bye-bye!" Though not an unusual turn of events with college-bound high school sweethearts, only in retrospect can he say he should have seen it coming. As I look back on Thanksgiving, 1953, I can see how important it was for Leo to have a clean cut from his girlfriend at that time, for that made him available to consider me! It was January, 1955 when we were introduced, and April of that year when we began to get acquainted.

While different from Leo's, I had a stressful dating history also, one that left me free to consider him. I never had a date all the way through high school and the summer that followed. I told myself that this was because I was not allowed by my church to dance or go to movies, while deep down I wondered if I was pretty enough to attract a fellow. Before I go further, let me tell you what the dating scene was like in the 1950s, especially for college students. At the bottom level was casual dating, perhaps with several people, maybe just one. Then came going steady, followed by being "pinned," and finally engagement. A girl who graduated from college without being at least pinned was considered to be in danger of NEVER marrying! Talk about pressure!

I was in college less than 2 weeks when I had my first date. After a couple months of casual dating, only with him, I thought the time had come for us to part. Little did I suspect that on the same evening, before I could have my say, he would ask me to go steady! Obviously, my news crushed him, which was not my intent, but is part of the struggle that helps us mature. After that, I had only a few casual dates with several fellows until my senior year. In the fall of 1954 I met a man whom I thought might possibly become my husband. By the time Leo and I were getting acquainted (I am 2 years older than Leo, if you are trying to make the math work), it had become clear that the other man had no plans whatsoever of marrying me, and I had my own dating disappointment! I can see the hand of God in all of this. If Leo and I had not married, 16 wonderful people would never have existed: our 5 children and our 11 grandchildren!

And so, my dear grandchildren, if any of you are reading this, know that I am thinking of you at this critical time in your lives. Let God guide you through the dating maze, and know that he is good at healing broken hearts. I love you!

Thursday, April 21, 2011. I have some catching up to do after just finishing the above story. I'll give you an outline of what has been going on, and then fill in some details later.

- April 2,3: I wrote a poem for one of my aides. Little did I know that it would be transformed 2 weeks later!

- April 7: The day of our service, and I can't tell you a thing about it, because I wasn't there! That morning I was taken to Phelps Memorial Hospital by ambulance and didn't get back until the next afternoon. Details later.

- Thursday, April 14: Our son Paul arrived from California to spend 5 days with us, specifically so he and I could celebrate our birthdays together. He was born 20 minutes before my birthday on April 17, 1966. He and Leo arrived at Sky View just in time for the Volunteer Brunch, a lovely meal attended by some of my team members.

- Between April 12 & 15: Somewhere in this time frame I had my recurring dream again. This time I was holding the first session of Bible Basics with about 15 in attendance, all women except 1: Leo! The funny thing was that the people sat in a straight line behind each other, with only 1 person in each row, with Leo about the 3rd row from the end.

- Friday, April 15: Again went to Phelps by ambulance. Got home late that evening.

- Sunday, April 17: Paul turned 45 and Monday, April 18 I turned 78.

– Wednesday, April 20: I finished editing the spring edition of Sky View's magazine with Dina, our social work intern. The magazine should be ready for distribution next week, Dina's last week here.

Now I want to give you details about the poem that began as a gift to Harvar, one of my aides, and later was transformed into a gift for Paul as well. It all started on April 2 when Harvar came into my room and made two comments: She said it had been a long time since I had given her a new poem to read, which I knew was true, and she rejoiced that April had come, for that was her birthday month, a new piece of information for me. When I indicated that April was my birthday month too, Harvar was delighted! After she left, I began thinking of a way to tie us together in a whimsical poem, made easier by the fact that both of us are believers in Jesus. Here is the start of the poem:

We both have April birthdays, my aide Harvar and I.
What's more, we both have rooms in God's home beyond the sky.

At this point I noticed that my words fit the rhythm pattern of He Lives!, a hymn often associated with Easter. From then on the poem turned serious, as I deliberately fitted the rest of the words to the familiar tune. Harvar was thrilled when I gave her the poem the next day, printed on a background of sky and clouds. "I am going to frame this," she said. I smiled, thinking that was the end of the project.

Then came a visit from our youngest son Paul, who lives in California. He carefully chose the dates of his trip so he could spend his birthday and mine, the 17th and 18th, with me. On his birthday I showed him a copy of Harvar's poem. Imagine my surprise when I heard him trying to insert his own name into the first line! It was clear that Paul was serious. With the words being just as true of him as they were of Harvar, he really wanted his own version of the poem! We experimented with different words, and on the 18th I presented him with what he wanted, also printed on the sky and clouds paper. I was amazed at how much the poem meant to him, and felt so honored to have been allowed by God to give my son this gift.

Why does this story mean so much to me? I have just alluded to the answer: it's because I see God's involvement in all of this, and that excites me! In the hymn He Lives!, Alfred Ackley, who wrote both the words and the music, poses this question about the resurrection of Jesus: "You ask me how I know he lives?" He answers by saying: "He walks and talks with me, and when I need him, he's there without fail! In fact, he lives within my heart!" I agree with that. I would say: "I know Jesus lives because I constantly experience his involvement in my life and in the lives of other believers that I know, in ways that have no other explanation. Take the incident I have just described, for example. Who but our loving Lord knows our deep desires and our abilities well enough to bring to pass such a creative event? Into my room at Sky View God combined my life with that of Harvar (from Jamaica), Paul (from CA), and Alfred Ackley (who lives in Heaven) so that Harvar and Paul could find such joy in a simple poem, and so that my cup of praise would overflow! Isn't that AMAZING? Of COURSE Jesus is alive!"

Here are the words to Paul's version of the poem titled:

CHRIST JESUS LIVES TODAY

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. A Sky View poem.
May be sung to the tune of He Lives. To Paul.*

We both have April birthdays, my youngest son and I.
What's more, we both have rooms in God's home beyond the sky –
For Jesus is our Savior, our precious Lord, and Friend!
Please listen to the message with joy we send:

Chorus:

He lives! He lives! Christ Jesus lives today!
He died for us, and rose for us, and will not lead us astray.
He lives! He lives! Forgiveness to impart –
O take him at his word today: Let Christ into your heart!

In all the world around us we see a striking need
For Christ to liberate us from all our strife and greed.
Please know that he is willing, salvation's work is done –
And now, if you believe him, new life's begun!

Chorus:

He lives! He lives! Christ Jesus lives today!
He died for us, and rose for us, and will not lead us astray.
He lives! He lives! Forgiveness to impart –
O take him at his word today: Let Christ into your heart!

Sunday, April 24, 2011 – Easter! And what a warm, bright, beautiful day it is! Right now I am looking forward to the Easter Service with Verna and Family, scheduled for 2:30. I will comment on it, and then I must drop Penny for a while and write our service for May. I will tell you about my hospital visits after that.

The service was wonderful! George shared the moderator's position with Cliff Cullum. Also taking part were Leo, and George's sons Evan and Andrew. George made it ABUNDANTLY clear that Jesus is alive, using my words, including the story of the poem for Harvar and Paul: the Scriptures; and hymns. Yes, indeed!

Thursday, May 5, 2011. I finished writing the service Monday, and this afternoon we gave the service! That seems quick to me, especially since the June service is just 4 weeks away! Because of the time of year, I used the theme of God as our #1 Mother and Father, a subject I really enjoy. All went well.

Another project with which I am involved was completed a week ago. On Thursday, April 28, Dina came into my room on her last day here bearing a stack of the spring edition of Sky View's Horizons. While I had been consulted in various ways for previous Sky View publications, and certainly had contributed to them, this was the first time I was given the opportunity to edit the magazine, and I found the experience satisfying. Dina was wonderful to work with, but now she is gone. Our social worker, Diane, wants to keep the magazine going quarterly with my help. Will keep you informed. And now, it's time to tell you about my April hospital visits.

When I first started writing the Penny essays, my friend Tim advised me to record unpleasant events as well as pleasant ones. That makes sense, when you consider that part of my purpose in keeping a journal is to document my PLS, and diseases are messy at times. Skip this entry if it is too personal for you. These episodes had to do with my feeding tube. When I got a new replacement tube at the beginning of March, it did not feel comfortable in my stomach. The exterior part was also very short, and seemed to get still shorter as time went on. I began to have occasional heartburn and a vague nausea as well. Then on Thursday, April 7, while still in bed, my nausea grew to the point where I rang my call bell and asked for a basin. You can guess what happened next: I had 3 bouts of vomiting, the latter 2 consisting of blood and "coffee grounds," which, I was told, is dried blood. "We have to send you out," the nurses said, and I made no objection.

What surprised me was the speed with which 2 EMTs arrived and rushed into my room. "What's the hurry?" I wondered. I was not feeling sick, other than a lingering slight nausea. Soon I was on the stretcher in the ambulance, my Lightwriter, some tissues and a basin perched on my abdomen. Next I was surprised when the men turned the siren on for the trip. Wasn't that just for emergencies? When halfway through the trip the ambulance stopped briefly to take on 2 more men in what was called an "intervention," and one of them began inserting a shunt into my hand so it would be ready for use in the hospital, it finally occurred to me that I might be in critical condition! Quickly I assessed the situation: would it be OK with me if I died today? I thought of the service, which could go on in a few hours without me, and of Paul, who was coming from California to see me the following week. If we could not visit, I figured the next best thing would be for him to be there for my memorial service. Conclusion: If this were to be my last day on earth, it would be fine with me.

Marty and George, who are my health care proxies, both work in Manhattan, commuting by train. Between them, they decided that George would go to Sky View to help with the service, as would Leo, while Marty would go to the hospital to be with me and handle business details. Wise decisions, all around. In the ER I vomited one more time, and was glad, because the ER doctor confidently said, "That's an upper GI bleed." In Dr. Martin's absence, Dr. Bifield gave me an endoscopy exam, at the same time adjusting the tube, pulling it out more. I stayed in the hospital overnight for observation, returning to Sky View in the late afternoon.

It was at Sky View that I had a wonderful several hours on Thursday, April 14, with my son Paul. His plan was to visit me Thursday, Sunday, and Monday, spending the other 2 days with friends. This fit well with God's plan for me, for on Friday, the 15th, I began vomiting again, the same as before. This time the EMTs were more relaxed; the siren was not turned on, nor was an intervention made, but there I was: back in the ER at Phelps, with Marty by my side! Dr. Martin explained that while the replacement tubes were easy to exchange, they sometimes retracted to the point where they interfered with the digestion of food. It became obvious to me, then, that I had already had my last bedside exchange! Through another endoscopy, Dr. Martin installed a super-deluxe tube with plenty of length on the outside. This time I did not stay in the hospital overnight, but returned home after 10 PM. The tube has worked well for 3 weeks now, although I live with a new awareness that we never know what a day may bring!

Monday, May 9, 2011. Early this morning, in the dark of the night, I had my recurring dream again. Using a Christian bookstore as a base, I was getting ready for all sorts of ministry during my reprieve.

Wednesday, May 11, 2011. Today I completed a poem that I started on October 5, 2010. I'm glad I thought to record the date when I began musing on my poem The Choice. For many years I have enjoyed the Bible book of Habakkuk. It always seems so current! The prophet was upset by the unrighteous behavior of the Israelites, as well as the tyranny and upheaval that was going on in the other nations of the world, especially due to the Babylonians, who were setting up their empire. Habakkuk, after talking candidly with the Lord, ended up extremely happy; the final few verses of his book are a joy to read, perfectly illustrating, it seems to me, what happens when a believer decides to rejoice in the Lord. The book of Habakkuk is written in poetic form, and contains some wonderful passages that I set to music years ago. I wondered if I could tell Habakkuk's story in a rhyming poem. Musings on "The Choice" tells the answer. I am happy with the result, for which I thank my God. Here it is:

MUSINGS ON "THE CHOICE"

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Sky View. Inspired by "The Choice,"
a poem she composed in 2010, written here in abridged form:*

*Make the choice to rejoice
Every day, all the way,
'Til it's automatic, not sporadic,
To make the choice to rejoice.*

If you have made the choice to rejoice, it seems to me,
You would see the glass as half full, not as half empty.
Or if you assess the contents as being somewhat low,
You would see the possibility of making it overflow.
Then, if you found yourself confused and distressed,
You would go to the Lord, bringing him your unrest.

That's what Habakkuk did, God's prophet of long ago.
When violence surrounded him, he let the Lord know
That with injustice prevailing, it was time for God to act.
"You cannot tolerate wrong!" he said. "That's a fact!"

The Lord told Habakkuk that indeed he had a Plan.
It involved the Babylonians, a ruthless, dreadful clan
Currently sweeping across the earth, displaying wrath
By destroying the nations that came across their path.

"What!" exclaimed Habakkuk. "I can't believe my ears!
Your plan stirs up within me the WORST of my fears!
How could you let a nation more unrighteous than we
Come up against us, and give them the victory?"

"Habakkuk," said the Lord, "that's not the end of the story,
For in time the whole earth will be filled with my glory.
What will happen then to the people of the nations
Who worship idols, who trust in their own creations?
But I am in my holy temple, as you can clearly see.
And I speak! Let all the earth be silent before me."

Habakkuk prayed, "Lord, I have heard of your fame;
I stand in awe of your deeds, bless your holy name.
Renew them in our day, in our time make them known;
In your wrath, remember the mercy you have shown."

Then Habakkuk began to muse on the marvels of God.
In his mind he could see where God's armies had trod.
God's glory covered the skies, his praise filled the land,
His splendor was like the sunrise, flashing from his hand.

The more he meditated, the more excited he became.
With his thoughts upon the Lord, he'd never be the same!
How weak he was in contrast! He would leave to the Lord
The fate of the Babylonians; he had spoken his last word.

One thing remained, and Habakkuk made a good choice:
No matter what happened, in the Lord he would rejoice!
"I WILL be joyful in God my Savior," was what he said;
"The Sovereign Lord, my Strength, moves me ahead."

A happier person I cannot imagine, and the rules still apply:
Habakkuk made the CHOICE to rejoice – and so will I!
The next time I am tempted to be worried and distressed,
I will set my thoughts on God above – and be blessed.

A bonus: When I am working on poetry, my creative juices seem to really flow. For a couple weeks I have been wondering how I could change the first 2 lines of the poem I wrote for Harvar and Paul so that it would be suitable for use by a wide audience, especially as a song. Today (it is now Thursday) these words came to me. What do you think?

We share a great salvation, God's family and I.
What's more, we all have rooms in God's home beyond the sky –

Saturday, May 28, 2011. Yesterday I finished writing the service for June. It includes both the Habakkuk poem and my new song. How pleased I was when I realized both were suitable for the theme I had chosen! God is so good to me that way, conserving the energy that remains in me to write, that is, to type. In truth, it IS getting harder to type. I don't know if this is a temporary setback due to a respiratory infection I had this week (caused, I think, by the strong fumes from the chemicals used to strip our 4th floor lobby on Monday), or if it is permanent (caused by the disease going on in my brain). In any event, I am determined to give thanks in all circumstances, for this is the will of God for me in Christ Jesus. Yes, it is! You can look it up! :-)

Wednesday, June 1, 2011. My daughter MaryBeth and her son Graham came from Massachusetts to visit us over the Memorial Day weekend. This was Plan B for the Dyers. Plan A would have included husband Charles and son John, who became ill the day before the trip. Graham, 12, brought with him a marvelous invention that I had never heard of: a roll-up piano! It is a battery-powered plastic piano keyboard, with full-size keys, and more than 4 octaves in length. Graham is an excellent pianist, able to read music (thanks to MaryBeth, his teacher), AND to improvise, transpose, and compose (all inborn abilities). It was a real treat for me to be able to hear him play!

Briefly I wondered if I could use a keyboard like that to resume my own composing, but quickly I knew that wouldn't work. Then yesterday I had a beautiful experience that MORE than made up for any loss I may have felt about composing. It began in the early morning while I was still in bed. Much to my surprise and delight, I woke up with a poem in my mind. Four lines long, I tried hard to retain it until I could get to my computer, being only partially successful. In a short time, though, other words had replaced the lost ones. By then I knew my poem could be sung to a familiar hymn tune: Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise. I understood, then, that I was to write the words, and let the tunes to others. I would only use tunes that are in the public domain, of course. I found it interesting to notice that Walter Chambers Smith, the author of Immortal, Invisible, had himself used an available tune, for his music is listed as a Welsh melody. Here is my latest poem / hymn:

A CORPORATE PRAYER

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Sky View. May be sung
to the tune of Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise.*

We gather together to bring you our thanks
For life everlasting, preserving our ranks.
For living and dying to you are the same:
In Christ we're all living! O praise his dear name.

We're under surveillance by day and by night.
Wherever we live, we remain in your sight.
O may our behavior bring joy to your heart,
And our faith grow stronger as we do our part.

Together forever, with Christ as our King,
Secure in your presence, we can't help but sing.
In all circumstances, you, Lord, we will bless,
Thus doing your will, and for us, that's success! Amen.

Sunday, June 5, 2011. Yesterday certainly was special for me – I had a visit from my North Carolina son David and his wife Dana! How refreshing it was to sit in each other's presence and catch up on family news! In a period of just 7 weeks I have had the privilege of visits from all 5 of our children: George, David, MaryBeth, Marty, and Paul (in order of age). Our 11 grandchildren range in age from 25 to 12. Some of my children have been going through extremely difficult, stressful situations in recent years, in addition to the routine stresses of growing older, making changes, staying employed, and raising children in our society. I am so pleased to know that every one of my sons and daughters has a strong, practical faith in God that enables them to draw on divine resources in their times of need. I love to hear their testimonies and affirmations of faith!

One of my children asked me recently if I needed time to recover from some unpleasant family news I had just heard. I shook my head, because I had processed the news with God as I heard it. Then another suggested that I write in this issue of Penny how I, as a mother and grandmother, handle knowledge of family problems without becoming stressed myself, thinking this may help other people. It really involves a series of truths I have believed, and about which I have written in many places, but perhaps a fresh summary is in order. I'll try!

Thursday, June 30, 2011. Shortly after I wrote the above entry, my computer breathed its last. It had served me faithfully since the fall of 2002. While George and Marty scrambled to find me a computer that would be compatible with mine, I developed a lifestyle that did not include typing. That was not easy! But by the time I got my replacement computer last week, I had gotten into a comfortable routine that again I had to break. The necessity of preparing the service for July got my fingers back into action. And now it's time to conclude this issue of Penny! I just checked, and found that I had my recurring dream 3 times in these 3 months. Also, my ability to type has indeed been restored to the level it was before I became ill, as far as I can tell. Now all that remains is to address the question in the previous paragraph. I've been thinking about it a lot, trying to make a complex problem as simple as possible. I can't tell you enough how important it is to read, sing, memorize, and meditate on the Scriptures REGULARLY, as a backdrop for answering ANY questions related to God! And don't just read SOME of the Bible; read it ALL! I've divided my answer into 3 sections:

1. Concerning burdens. Does God want his children to be burdened at times? In particular, should we be burdened concerning our children and grandchildren? "Cast ALL your cares upon him, for he

cares for you,” is a verse I memorized long ago, so my answer is: No, our loving God does not want us to be burdened about anything. “Carry each other’s burdens” and “Each of you should carry your own load,” the Scriptures also say. To me, these verses mean that when we go through burdensome events in our lives, there is a time to talk about them to others, seeking their advice, and a time to keep our problems between ourselves and God. The one who talks about them may feel tremendous relief as a result of hearing the counsel of the other, and that is good, but how does this advance God’s kingdom if now the counselor, the confidant, is left burdened by the other’s problems? No, the confidant must now cast the cares of the other person upon God, so that both are free to carry on God’s work. Jesus said, “Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.” The opposite of being burdened is being at rest in your spirit, a very desirable trait. It takes practice to learn how to cast your cares on the Lord, and to come to Jesus when your soul is weary with burdens, but the result is well worth all the effort it may take!

2. Concerning truth. When I was still in the hospital after George was born, I realized that God and I had something in common: we both had only sons. But God’s son died a brutal death! What if God required me to give up my son? That was where I began facing truths concerning my children that still help me today when I hear of the hard times they or their children are going through. As infants, Leo and I dedicated each child to the Lord. To me, this meant God had the first claim on them, including whether they would live or die, and my job was to be their loving mother, training them with the aim of releasing them to God, much as Hannah did with Samuel. How I enjoyed my job! I learned so much about God during those years, as the Lord continued to train me, often using my children’s situations to enlarge my narrow borders. I saw Romans 8:28 in action: God indeed was working ALL things together for my good and for the advancement of God’s kingdom. One day in my kitchen a new thought dawned on me: Couldn’t God, who has a Master Plan, be doing the same in the lives of my children? Yes, he could – and he did! A mixture of truths that guided me when my children grew older, still serves me today: • Hard times are USEFUL for developing our faith and character; don’t despise or fear them! • “No temptation has seized you except what is common to all....” God is faithful at providing ways of escape. • Everyone has a freewill, and is invited by God to use it, hopefully to do what is right. • God loves us. • NOTHING is impossible with God! TRUST HIM!

3. Concerning eternity. The apostle Paul says, “If only for this life we have hope in Christ, we are to be pitied more than all people.” I agree! If life for believers ended at our earthly deaths, I would have reason to be saddened and upset when I hear news of the problems my loved ones are going through. But I, like Paul, am convinced that a different sort of life awaits God’s children when they leave this earth, and that the transition is so smooth that what Jesus said is literally true: believers never die; they just move into their permanent home, leaving behind things such as pain, disease, and even the questions that troubled their minds on earth. Therefore, when my sons and daughters bring me unhappy news, I see it through the perspective of eternity: it is a temporary condition, known to God, who stands by to help them through, and from which there will be full recovery, if not on earth, then surely in Heaven. There is nothing to worry about!

With a prayer that some in God’s faith family will benefit from these thoughts, I now close Penny 23.