

"Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a Friend."



"Why should the sons and daughters of God be reluctant to pray, when Prayer is the Key in the hand of Faith to open Heaven's Storehouse where are Treasured the Boundless Resources of Omnipotence." SC94

Don & Ruth Menkens

CONTENTS

Page

1. Foreword.....	2
2. “The Praying Hands” Story.....	3
3. Two Incredible Miracles—A Little Scarf and a Special Knife.....	5
4. The Flooded Rivers.....	7
5. The Incident.....	8
5. Shopping Trolley—Prepared and Ready.....	20
6. The Sleeping Giants.....	23
7. Oh Death! Where is Thy Sting?.....	25
8. An Angel Sat Ruth Down in the Middle of the Road.....	31
9. The Broken Windscreen.....	32
10. The Lost Brooch.....	35
11. My Mitral Valve.....	36
12. False Witness.....	39
13. The Same Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.....	40
14. Isaiah 65: 24 “Before they call I will answer”	42

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FOREWORD

Over eighty years of service to my Lord, there are many more stories I could relate as tribute and honour to the One ever faithful and true, Who never changes, Who loves all His creation with an everlasting love, and Whose ear is ever open to the prayers of His people.

May you the reader, experience the joy of salvation, and the companionship of the Saviour. Jesus is a Friend closer than a brother, and is ever ready to hear and answer your prayers. It may not be as you would have it, but trust Him. Sometimes He may say “Yes”: Sometimes “No” and sometimes “Wait a while”, but He sees the end from the beginning, and always orders that which He sees best for His children.

“Above the distractions of the earth He sits enthroned; all things are open to His Divine survey; and from His great and calm eternity, He orders that which His Providence sees best.” MH417

Romans 8:28 says, “All things work together for good to those that love God.” Perhaps we could take a cue from dear Job, who said, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.”

**Num 6:24-26 “May the LORD bless you, and keep you:
The LORD make his face shine upon you, and be gracious to you:
The LORD lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.”**

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PRAYING HANDS

Back in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, lived a family with eighteen children. Eighteen! In order merely to keep food on the table for this mob, the father and head of the household, a goldsmith by profession, worked almost eighteen hours a day at his trade and any other paying chore he could find in the neighbourhood.

Despite their seemingly hopeless condition, two of Albrecht Durer the Elder's children had a dream. They both wanted to pursue their talent for art, but they knew full well that their father would never be financially able to send either of them to Nuremberg to study at the Academy.

After many long discussions at night in their crowded bed, the two boys finally worked out a pact. They would toss a coin. The loser would go down into the nearby mines and, with his earnings, support his brother while he attended the academy. Then, when that brother who won the toss completed his studies, in four years, he would support the other brother at the academy, either with sales of his artwork or, if necessary, also by labouring in the mines.

They tossed a coin on a Sunday morning after church. Albrecht Durer won the toss and went off to Nuremberg. Albert went down into the dangerous mines and, for the next four years, financed his brother, whose work at the academy was almost an immediate sensation. Albrecht's etchings, his woodcuts, and his oils were far better than those of most of his professors, and by the time he graduated, he was beginning to earn considerable fees for his commissioned works.

When the young artist returned to his village, the Durer family held a festive dinner on their lawn to celebrate Albrecht's triumphant homecoming. After a long and memorable meal, punctuated with music and laughter, Albrecht rose from his honoured position at the head of the table to drink a toast to his beloved brother for the years of sacrifice that had enabled Albrecht to fulfil his ambition. His closing words were, "And now, Albert, blessed brother of mine, now it is your turn. Now you can go to Nuremberg to pursue your dream, and I will take care of you."

All heads turned in eager expectation to the far end of the table where Albert sat, tears streaming down his pale face, shaking his lowered head from side to side while he sobbed and repeated, over and over, "No ...no ...no ...no."

Finally, Albert rose and wiped the tears from his cheeks. He glanced down the long table at the faces he loved, and then, holding his hands close to his right cheek, he said softly, "No, brother. I cannot go to Nuremberg. It is too late for me. Look .. look what four years in the mines have done to my hands! The bones in every finger have been smashed at least once, and lately I have been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right hand that I cannot even hold a glass to return your toast, much less make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. No, brother ... for me it is too late."

More than 450 years have passed. By now, Albrecht Durer's hundreds of masterful portraits, pen and silver-point sketches, watercolours, charcoals, woodcuts, and copper engravings hang in every great museum in the world, but the odds are great that you, like most people, are familiar with only one of Albrecht Durer's works. More than merely being familiar with it, you very well may have a reproduction hanging in your home or office.

One day, to pay homage to Albert for all that he had sacrificed, Albrecht Durer painstakingly drew his brother's abused hands with palms together and thin fingers stretched skyward. He called his powerful drawing simply "Hands," but the entire world almost immediately opened their hearts to his great masterpiece and renamed his tribute of love "The Praying Hands."

The next time you see a copy of that touching creation, take a second look. Let it be your reminder, if you still need one, that no one - no one - - ever makes it alone!



Two Incredible Miracles—A Little Scarf and a Special Knife.

We drove north to Rockingham via the Coast, which was a lovely drive. We found a very secluded place to sleep by the beach, and enjoyed a great breakfast in the morning. I suggested that I take the plates and pots etc to the beach and wash them in the ocean water using the fine sand to clean them thoroughly. That's where the following miracle happened which I just must share with you, but before I tell you about it, I'd like to share another story that happened many years ago while we were travelling to Mildura for a season of Grape Picking.

We had stopped at a little town somewhere on the Hay Plains, for fuel, and when we got out of the car we realized that there was a very strong wind blowing and also a very strong whirlwind spiralling toward us. Ruth had a red very light scarf on her lap which she used round her hair to keep it in place, as we drove with the windows down to try to keep cool. The whirlwind tore it from her lap and being very light it circled round in the moving air and headed for the stratosphere. We could only watch helplessly as it disappeared from sight in the sky. Ruth was quite upset as she loved the little scarf and needed it to keep her hair in place. As is her custom, she went to the Lord and said out loud, "Lord, I really need that little scarf?"

Now what happened next was nothing short of a miracle. Paul, Wendy's husband, who was with us at the time, said,

"Look. I see it!"

Sure enough, way up in the sky was the little red scarf, and it was coming back down and toward us on the wind. Paul ran across the road, and was able to recover it. We were all so amazed and so grateful to our wonderful Heavenly Father, Who is such a loving caring Father, even noticing the little things that make His children happy.

Back at the beach at Rockingham, I had started washing our dishes etc, just above high water mark, when a rogue wave came in and took everything out to sea with the back flow. I quickly took off my shoes and socks and rolled up my pants as quickly as I could, and was able to retrieve the stainless steel cooking pot and lid, and the big spoon, but the small stainless steel knife and the red-handled paring knife which was Ruth's favourite was nowhere to be seen. Then I watched helplessly as the chopping board swept out with the waves which were quite substantial. The next wave would bring it back in some, and then out to sea it would go again. After a number of tries, I was able to catch it and throw it way up

the beach with the other things, but the two knives had disappeared completely. After one particularly large wave, I caught a glimpse of stainless steel in the sand and sure enough it was the small knife and I quickly grabbed it before the next wave crashed.

Only one item was missing and it was Ruth's special, a present from Wendy, the red-handled paring knife. I knew how disappointed and upset she would be so kept searching without success, and finally decided to ask my Heavenly Father to send it back to me. I searched for some time but could not see it, and by now Ruth had appeared wondering what I was doing, and why I was taking so long. She graciously said not to worry, as we could always buy another one, and I was tempted to agree with her but wondered why God had not answered my plea. I went up the beach and gathered the rest of the salvaged items, to take back up the stairs to where we had had our meal.

As we were packing up, I felt impressed to have one more look, so rolled up my trousers quite high and went back down to where the wave took our things, but still no sign of the red-handled knife. Again I felt impressed to go down the beach a few metres, and yes, you guessed it, there was a flash of red in the tumbling waves. Three times that little knife flew up past me on the incoming wave and then retreated out to sea again before I could catch it. The next wave brought it a little closer and I was able to catch it on the inflow. All praise to my loving Father! I couldn't help thinking how the Lord loves His three and a halves. In the prophecies it is time, times and a part, three and a half years, of Daniel, three and a half days for the two witnesses of Revelation 11, three and a half years Jesus healed and taught the people ---and yes, three and a half waves before I could retrieve the special knife! Hmmm!

Just coincidences.....I don't think so!

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The Flooded Rivers.

We were home in Australia on furlough, and travelling south from Charters Towers.

The highway crosses the mighty Burdekin twice. The river was in flood and still rising fast. We crossed the first bridge but when we arrived at the second crossing there was a long line of vehicles lined up before the bridge as the water was a metre or more over the roadway. It was impossible for any vehicle to cross. It was mid afternoon, still raining, and we had the whole family in the car, so wondered if we should wait for the water to recede like the other people were doing or whether we should go back to Charters Towers and stay the night there.

We decided to ask the Lord what to do, and felt impressed to use a method we don't use very often, to determine what God wanted us to do. If we just waited here the river at the first bridge crossing might rise too high and trap us in between the two crossings for an indefinite period and we only had a limited amount of food and water.

There were no mobile phones in those days, to check weather predictions, so we took some small pieces of note paper and wrote "YES to Charters Towers" on five of them, and "NO Wait" on another five. We put them in a hat, and after asking the Lord to bless us with a definite answer, we all took turns taking a piece of folded paper. The answer was a definite YES, so we turned the car round and travelled back to Charters Towers. The water was just starting to flow over the first bridge but we made it through.

The river rose to record levels and had we stayed we would have been stranded for the two or three days between the two crossings, with the whole family cooped up in a closed car in pouring rain with little food and water.

We contacted the Benham family, some old friends in Charters Towers, and they were glad to have us stay with them, in their lovely home, till the road was again passable. Val and Dawn Benham, their daughters, also served as Missionary Nurses in Papua New Guinea. What a wonderful God we serve! He really does care, and He answers His children's sincere prayers sometimes before they even ask Him.

Here's His wonderful promise:

Isa 65:24 And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

THE INCIDENT

As always, I had spoken with my Lord, and particularly that morning I had told Him that I was happy for Him to use me in whatever way He should choose to His glory.

It was Monday, 21st March, 1988 and it began as a beautiful morning, and after a good breakfast at about 8.30 am, Graham, my son-in-law, and I decided we'd try to finish clearing the last remaining section of the rear boundary in readiness for fencing the back of our fifty-three acre property. We only had about eighty or ninety metres to go, and I explained to Graham how to fell the trees within a pre-determined area, by cutting a scarf on one side and then making a cut on the other side a little above the scarf and so on.

The bloodwood tree we chose to cut next was about twenty centimetres in diameter, on the top of a creek bank, and I thought I had explained carefully how and where to drop it. I moved to the bottom of the creek to keep out of his way. After what seemed an unusually long time to put in the first cut, I climbed back up to the top of the creek bank to see what he was doing. He had misunderstood me completely, and had cut almost right through the tree at a slight angle. Just as I approached, the tree moved slightly and he instinctively ripped the saw backwards at full revs to avoid jamming it, and hit me a terrible blow in the lower right chest.

The revving chain instantly severed at least two ribs and severely lacerated the liver and diaphragm. Blood gushed forth profusely. I quickly gathered the mess of bone, flesh and clothing in my arms and pressed it all together to staunch the bleeding. I then set off to cross the creek and stagger the two to three hundred metres to a vehicle track.

Every breath was sheer agony, but I kept going. Graham, almost beside himself with shock and horror at what had happened, finally caught up with me and knelt in front of me so I could climb on to his broad shoulders. The bumping at each step and trying to control my breathing was unbearable, and I had to ask him to put me down. I sent him off home to get the car and to tell my wife and daughter Caroline to bring some towels which I clamped over the gaping wound in my chest to staunch the bleeding.

By then Graham had the car there, and I managed to get myself into the back seat. "Go for it Graham! Caroline and Ruth,(my wife), and the two girls, (my granddaughters), can follow in the other car."

That fifty kilometre ride to town over poor gravel roads and then bumpy bitumen, was horrific. I had to slow him down, as each bump, as well as trying to breathe, was agony. At the Yandaran cross-roads, I had an overwhelming thirst come over me, and asked Graham to stop and get me a drink out of a container we kept in the boot. The car was an older model Volvo Sports, and, as was its habit when hot, the engine snuffed and wouldn't re-start. I had to explain to Graham how to start the

motor by shorting out the solenoid points with a screw-driver.

By this time the girls had caught up, and Caroline held her foot on the throttle while Graham tried to find the points I was describing, to short with the screw-driver. Eventually, he found the spot and we were off again at high speed. My wife had climbed in beside me to try to offer comfort and help, as I groaned with the intense pain of each breath, and, as she said later, she wanted to be with me if I didn't make it.

On arrival at Casualty Entrance, I was still very conscious, and able to get out of the car myself. I walked in and a nurse directed me to a wheel chair. A neighbour, Jack Hanks, was there having some sort of treatment, and I acknowledged him and said, "I've got myself cut up with a chain-saw mate!"

Then it was needles, X-rays and the inevitable questions before I was rushed to an emergency operating theatre, where Doctor McGregor and his team did their very best to sort out the mess. The liver gash was cleaned and packed with some special spray foam, the diaphragm muscle was repaired and sutured, the ribs repositioned and then wrapped and sewn over with the muscular tissue lining of the chest cavity, to avoid the sharp ends irritating or puncturing the lung. A liver drain was inserted, and then I was hooked up via tubing through my mouth and nose, to a breathing machine, on which my life depended for the next two and a half days in the Intensive Care Unit.

Of course, I knew nothing of all this, as I was completely sedated and immobilized. My loved ones, who took round the clock vigils throughout the whole ordeal, told me all about it after I woke on Thursday morning and began breathing on my own again.

My wife and I are not members of any religious organization or church group, but we are totally committed to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we try to live by His moral laws, the Ten Commandments, as well as His eight Natural Laws of Health:

Sunshine
 Fresh Clean Air
 Pure Water
 Sufficient Exercise
 Adequate Rest
 Temperance
 Proper Diet
 Trust in Divine Power

For many years, we have followed a Vegan Diet, which means we do not use foods of animal origin. The basic diet recipe is very simple. It is:

"Fruits, Nuts, Grains and Vegetables, prepared in as simple a manner as possible, free from grease."

We live in the fresh air and sunshine of the country. We never use town water unless it is properly filtered. We get plenty of exercise as useful work and refreshing

rest. None of the social drugs such as Tea, Coffee, Coke, Alcohol, Tobacco or other Drugs are ever used in our home, and we try to be temperate in our use of even the good things. Most of all, we trust in our Omniscient Creator and His promises, that if we will obey His wonderful laws, given solely for our benefit to protect and guide us, He will indeed bless and care for His people. Accordingly, my wife asked me on Thursday morning, if I'd like to be anointed as per instructions for the sick as given in James chapter Five of the Holy Scriptures. At that stage, I could not see through the "valley of the shadow", and I asked her to arrange it for me. She quickly rang some Christian friends, Dean Armytage and his Dad, who live near Boonah south of Brisbane, and they agreed to journey up to Bundaberg as soon as possible to comply with my request.

My father rang the hospital from Bowen on Tuesday, and later on when he visited me on Sunday, he told me how he'd contacted the Sister in ICU by phone. She had told him that I was very seriously hurt, but that my blood had tested out as nigh on perfect, which, she said, was a very big plus in my favour. I had specifically requested not to be given blood, as I did not want to risk the wogs that are sometimes transmitted in this way today. If blood was needed at all, my son-in-law, Graham, had offered to give of his, as he has the same blood type. Even though I had lost a great deal of blood, I did not need a transfusion, and had full colour again in a few days. What a marvellous machine is the human body!

My daughter Jennelle, arrived from Sydney on Thursday, and joined Caroline and Wendy, (my second daughter), and my wife Ruth, in the long vigils. Even though heavily sedated and totally immobilized for those two and a half days on the Life Support Machines, their voices and touches registered with me. This was clearly indicated by the instant variations in beeps and wave patterns as recorded by the heart monitoring device. They noticed this very interesting phenomenon each time they spoke to me or touched me. It was so encouraging to have my loved ones nearby. It gave me the courage to hang on, and strengthened my determination to live, even though I was not conscious!

On Friday morning, I was supposed to go back into theatre, for further sorting out and exploration under general anaesthetic. When Doctor McGregor removed the dressings and examined the wound early on Friday morning, he just stood there looking intently at it, and never said a word for fully a minute or two. What was he looking at? Why didn't he say something? Was the wound fly-blown? Was he wondering how to tell me I'd need a liver transplant? All sorts of morbid thoughts ran through my mind. After what seemed an age, he looked incredulously at me and said, "This wound wants to heal itself! I won't need to use general anaesthetic. I can tidy it all up, remove the drain-pipes, and put in a few more stitches under local anaesthetic this morning!" What a relief! Again, what a wonderful body machine! What incredible healing mechanisms God has put within this masterpiece of all His vast creation!

I was still apprehensive about it all, and wondering if it would be possible that Dean and his Dad would arrive in time, to do the anointing service before the return to theatre, scheduled for later that morning. Late morning, mid-day, early afternoon

all came and went, and about 3pm Dean and his father arrived. We asked the nurse for permission to draw the curtain, and proceeded with the anointing ceremony as outlined in the Scriptures in James Five. Almost as soon as we had finished, the nurse came and advised that theatre was ready for me. I went off assured that my Maker was with me, and the Master Physician was in charge of my case.

As the final work was to be done under local anaesthetic, I was able to watch the whole thing in the overhead mirrors, and assist as required. Doctor McGregor was temporarily called away to an adjoining theatre, so a younger surgeon offered to do the job, and asked if I'd like him to tidy it up a bit to which I agreed. He straightened the ragged edges of the wound with his scalpel, and then carefully and neatly sutured it all together. Then the large plastic drain pipe had to come out of the chest, where it had been inserted in its own special hole, to drain the lung area, after the lower lobe of the lung had collapsed earlier on from fluid build-up. The flesh had grown so tightly around it, and it took quite a deal of pulling to remove it, while I held my breath to prevent air entering the chest cavity, before the hole was tightly closed with a 'purse-string' suture technique. Just as young Doctor Cliff completed the job, Doctor McGregor arrived and remarked at what a "pretty job" they had done of it.

From the start, fluids, food, and some medications were administered via a drip into my arm, and all fluids from my bladder were measured carefully via another line and catheter from the urinary tract, and records kept on my charts.

On Saturday morning, I was surprised to find myself experiencing a very definite urge to use my bowels. Eventually, I had to call for a second pan. My bowels worked perfectly, passing the remains of breakfast the previous Monday of the accident. As the doctor explained, at the time of the accident, the stomach went into severe shock and ceased all activity allowing the body to direct all its energies to the healing process, till the crisis was over. Again, what an amazing, remarkable organism!

Saturday morning also brought a light fluid diet, which I was ready for, and even longing for something more substantial. My bowels worked perfectly from then on.

Very early on Sunday morning, the drip entry to my arm began to be very painful. I eventually had to call the sister in charge, who immediately removed it and called the night doctor. He verified that the vein had broken down and was leaking fluid into the surrounding tissues. After checking the charts, he advised that the drip could be discontinued, as all outgoing fluids were perfectly clear and of the correct amounts. I was loosed from the other undignified tie to my bladder on Sunday morning and I was free again at last!

What a thrill to be able to stand upright and walk about again, to wash myself, and visit about the wards to share experiences and encourage the other poor suffering people there. What a miracle to have had such a serious injury, and yet be up and about only days after the accident occurred! I stand amazed myself at the incredible speed of recovery the human body is capable of, when that body is properly

managed and cared for according to the "Manufacturer's Manual".

I was so overwhelmed with the whole experience, that I asked the Lord to show me how to share my story. I made a little pact with Him, saying that I would ask the next visitors what to do to share my story and whatever they said, that is what I would do. Well, the next visitors were my wife and daughter Caroline. When I made known to them my thoughts, Caroline said,

"Dad, why don't you tell the local newspaper".

So, I used the hospital phone to call the Bundaberg "Newsmail" and they quickly sent a reporter and photographer to cover the story which appeared the very next day on the front page with my picture, in the Wednesday, 30th March, 1988 issue. (See Appendix A).

About a week later, on Thursday, April, 7th, Newsmail printed my letter to the Editor, in which I expressed sincere thanks to all who'd helped me through my traumatic experience. (See Appendix B)

On Sunday evening, after the last of a long line of visitors had left, I went off to the shower, and enjoyed my first decent bath since admission. The hot water flowing over the wound area felt so soothing, that I found myself reluctant to turn off the hot water tap, to finish with my usual full cold rinse off. I felt so refreshed after the shower, that I asked the sister in charge if I might wander downstairs to the ICU to thank the Staff there for their care. She rang through to make sure they were not busy, and I was able to visit and chat with them for some time, finding out what they had done to me, (See Medical Superintendent's Report --Appendix C), and sharing with them my lifestyle, which undoubtedly was largely responsible for my swift recovery. I arrived back in the ward about 10pm, and was able to catch a few winks of sleep. Casualty wards are not conducive to sleep, especially when one is used to the peace and quiet of the Australian bush.

Monday morning brought Doctor McGregor to check me out, and I was greeted with,

"Well, how's this fellow with the liver that heals itself?"

"He's ready for home!" was the patient's reply.

"Now hold on there. Not so fast. I'll need some liver function tests, and perhaps tomorrow....."

He ordered a complete liver function test and other blood tests, and changed the diet to light solids.

By now, the light diet was really being relished, and was supplemented with lovely fresh fruit, nuts and lots of dark organic grape juice supplied by my family. The poor dietician was quite non-plussed to know what to feed me, so I sent her the simple recipe, as quoted earlier, and things improved considerably.

Tuesday morning, 29th March, eventually came around and the doctor arrived. Could I go home today? Yes! All liver function tests were perfectly normal. He

advised me to be very careful, and not to attempt anything that might undo the knitting process, and to come and see him in a few weeks' time.

So, on Tuesday morning, 29th March, after visiting around the ward and giving each person a little Gospel gift booklet, and thanking the Staff for their care, I walked out of the hospital, not completely fit yet, but well enough to go home, to enjoy sun-baths, herbal teas, bushwalks, and best of all, uninterrupted rest in my own bed, with my beloved wife and companion to care for me. And this JUST EIGHT DAYS after a terrible injury which could easily have ended my life. I just praise my Maker continually for, as King David said in Psalms 139:14, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."

A few weeks later, I returned to have Doctor McGregor do a check-up. He sent me for an X-ray, and when viewing it he just stood gazing at it for quite some time without saying a word. Then he turned to me and very deliberately said with great conviction,

"Don, if you had not been living as you have for some time, you would most likely not be alive today. And what's more... if I had not seen what happened to you with my own eyes, I would not believe what has happened to you as this X-ray looks like a perfectly normal chest!"

I could not help exclaiming, "Praise the Lord!"

My sincere thanks go out to the whole medical and ancillary Staff of the Bundaberg Base Hospital. I found them to be really skilled, caring wonderful people. My sincere thanks also to all who helped and encouraged me, and prayed for me in my hour of need. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Most of all my thanks must go to my Maker and my Redeemer, Who saw fit to answer the many prayers offered, and Who helped me in such a remarkable and miraculous way.

My hope and prayer now is that this experience and my testimony here, may perhaps be the means of encouraging others to follow the laws our Maker has given us to run this wonderful human machinery, for long lasting, smooth and trouble-free operation. Should you happen to accidentally damage this body machine as I did, may you also see the incredible self-healing powers latent within the human body, properly run and maintained in harmony with the unchangeable laws of our Creator.

Thank you for reading my testimony, and now more than twenty-seven years later, there is a SEQUEL that has to be told!

When one commits his life wholly to God and His service, I believe that accidents which happen always have a reason, and I really believe that true committed Christians do not have 'accidents'....they have 'incidents'. In Romans 8: 28, the Apostle Paul says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Well, how could my experience possibly work for good? What kind of an answer to prayer was that to my total commitment to my Saviour that Monday morning? How could such a traumatic incident be an answer to my prayer?

I have had my testimony written up in the New Idea (See Appendix D) and broadcast over Radio and TV. Literally millions of people have read my story. I have been able through my testimony, to help dozens of people to understand the laws of their being and have seen these folks change their lifestyle and return to good health and strength by following God's laws. This is a continual ongoing opportunity to show everyone with whom I am acquainted, a healthier lifestyle here, and also to help 'whosoever will', to take hold on eternal life.

But the most thrilling outcome, happened in 1997, while I was in Townsville shopping in Woollies one Friday afternoon. My mobile rang, and a man's voice identified himself as Barry Mason from Charters Towers. I did not remember a Barry Mason. He went on to say,

"Don, I was in hospital with you in Bundaberg, and before you left you gave me a 'little Gospel book' and I've been trying to track you down for some time, because I want you to teach me how to be a Christian!"

Next day was the Creator's special day -- the Sabbath, so I suggested that Barry come to Townsville and we'd have a real Bible Study time together as he was only an hour away at Charters Towers. We had over three hours, of wonderful fellowship and study of God's Word.

As I had to return to our home in Kingaroy, I introduced Barry to some wonderful Christian friends, Les and Del Morgan, who lived up on Harvey's Range west of Townsville, and they helped Barry to fully understand the major truths of God's Word, and fellowshiped with him often. Then I had a phone call about a year later.....

"Don, I want you to come up to Townsville and baptize me!"

Of course I was overjoyed to do this for him. We travelled again to Townsville and baptized Barry into Christ and His church, in Les and Del's pool. As far as I know, Barry is still growing and happy in the Lord, and is trying to lead his family in His footsteps also. Praise to our Wonderful God!

If anyone reading this testimony, would like a FREE copy of a 'little Gospel booklet', just let me have your name and address and it will be on its way! For real meaning and purpose in life, just... **TRUST AND OBEY AND LIVE!**

What an incredible answer to my prayer of commitment to my Lord! The pain and suffering I endured was as nothing compared to what He endured for each and every one of His created beings, made in His image. Even now, wherever we go I am able to share "My Story" with all who'll listen, to the glory of my Creator.

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APPENDIX A

ERS ARE ED NISTERS

"NEWSMAIL"
MARCH 30, 1988.

... said he was astounded
h an attitude. "It shows a
disregard for farmers in
straits in the worst
history.

of farmers and cattle men
tely out of stock or water
used up the viability of
ey don't know where to
are desperate.

they can be met with such
attitude is unbelievable,"
aid.

airman of the Burnett
ern District Drought
; formed at Eidsvold on
Mr David Feez, said,
uldn't even know what
t was about.

ent to great lengths to
at our meeting was not
they just don't want to
straight out poverty.

we must get editorial

z, a grain grower from
nd president of the local
he National Party, said it
sible for people to sell
s. "It's hopeless. They
up the rules but this will
be demise of farmers who
up in this catastrophe.

"People can't pay four per cent.
What chance have they got of
paying eight per cent?"

He said Federal politicians were
remote from the problem. "They
won't even come and have a look."

He said the Member for Hink-
ler, Mr Brian Courtice, had been
invited to visit the region but could
not go there until May 16.

Mr Courtice said the meeting at
Eidsvold "certainly was political".

"They were all National Party
members . . . no one gave me an
official invitation and I have no-
thing to be gained by gate-
crashing," Mr Courtice said.

"I am aware of the drought
problems and am taking steps to
make sure Mr Kerin can meet with
farmers at their convenience.

"There have been other meet-
ings and they are probably political
too," he said.

Mr Courtice said he had been
unable to negotiate an earlier time
to visit the district with Mr Slack
because of existing commitments
and the sittings of the State and
Federal Parliaments.

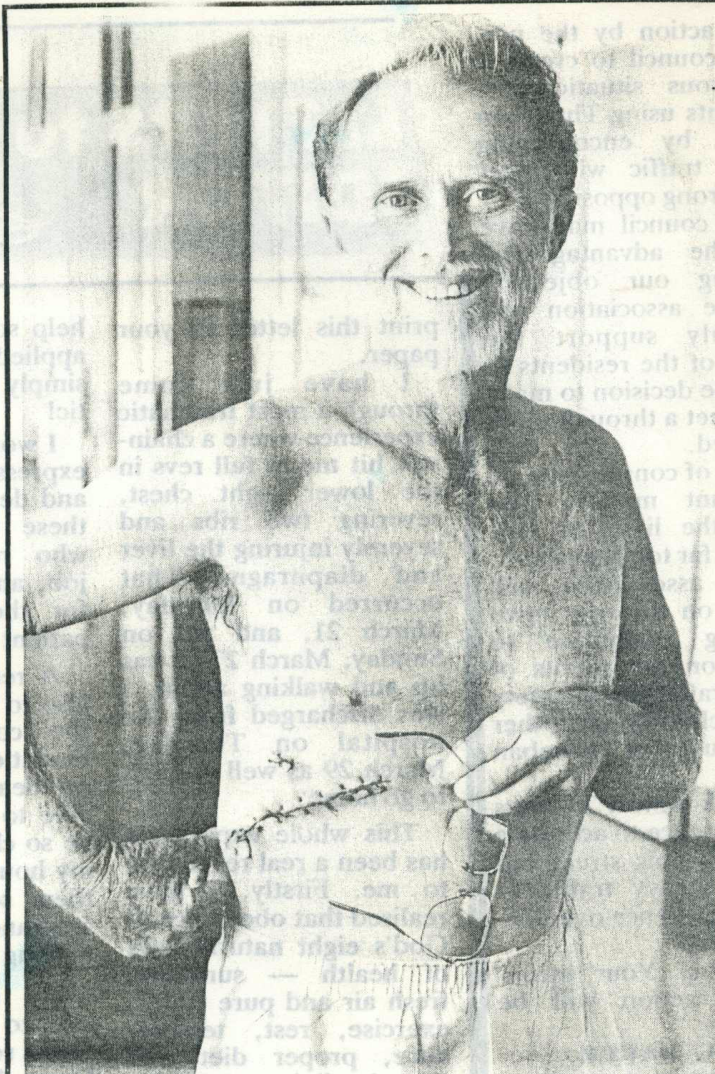
COMMITTEE, Page 2
EDITORIAL, Page 4

Fossickers' big find

CHATTANOOGA:
When Steve Meyer and
Craig Peden found a big,
blue rock while gem hunt-
ing, Mr Meyer thought it
was probably worth
something — but not
enough to keep him from
using it as a paperweight
on his desk.

Then a master gem
cutter told them that the
baseball-size stone they
found in the Smoky
Mountains of North
Carolina might be a star
sapphire worth millions of
dollars.

Gem cutter John
Robinson said the sap-
phire could surpass the
1154-carat, \$A5.46 mil-
lion Star of America sap-



• Mr Don Menkins displays the scar left by a chainsaw. "I thought I'd had it."

Miracle, says man who survives chainsaw accident

A man who survived a deep gash from a chainsaw last week said he believes in miracles.

Mr Don Menkins, aged 52, said there was no other explanation for his "incredible recovery" than his belief in the Bible and in clean, healthy living.

Mr Menkins was injured when cutting trees on his property at Yandaran last week. His son-in-law, Mr Graham Baird, was slicing through a tree when the chainsaw dragged suddenly free.

It struck Mr Menkins across his right side, severing two ribs, chopping out a piece of his liver and badly injuring his diaphragm.

Mr Menkins described the pain as excruciating. He clasped his arms around the wound, which bled profusely, and staggered to the road to get in the car.

"I thought I'd had it . . . blood gushed everywhere," Mr Menkins said. "I grabbed everything tight and pressed . . . trying to breathe with a cut-up diaphragm," he said.

"It is a miracle of God and the tremendous healing power in my body."

Mr Menkins was released from Bundaberg Base Hospital vesterdav.

AGAIN



MR RAY PEEK

photograph of the year was
ed to Mr Lyle Radford of the
island Times, Ipswich, for a
it/personality shot of the Foreign
s Minister, Mr Bill Hayden, deep
ation with the Prime Minister

APPENDIX B

he early 1970s prevailed on the council to pro-nage and up-abeban Street. Council finally our requests leted the drain-street widening 1987.

his time many such as soccer ports grounds, pool, industrial d Shalom Col-established on n side of the ine, Thabeban g a major thor-serving such

This is an im-ason for our s submissions.

s the end of association was ware that a town plan had piled and would play and objec-d be lodged by , 1988. Perusal an disclosed, to ement, that it that Thabeban come a main road to carry fic.

e of the associa-ncern for the already using ortant access e compiled a objection and y January 6.

ior to the elec-e association at council had with indecent l approved the lan.

jection must a brushed aside e not consulted of the response cil.

re that such post

haste action by the pre-vious council to create a dangerous situation for residents using Thabeban Street by encouraging heavy traffic will meet with strong opposition.

The council may have had the advantage by ignoring our objection but the association will certainly support the wishes of the residents to have the decision to make this street a through road, modified.

Lack of consultation on important matters that affect the lives of residents is far too prevalent.

The association will prevail on the new town planning committee to confer on the merits of heavy traffic versus safety for the children and other regular users of Thabeban Street.

It took almost 20 years of persistence to acquire a result for this street but not for heavy traffic to have precedence over local dwellers.

No Sirs. Your inconsiderate action will be opposed.

E. G. BAUER,
President, Avenell Heights Progress Association, Ashfield Road.

● **Thanks!**

When one's heart is just so full and bubbling over with gratitude to God and to one's fellow man, how can I be silent and fall back into an everyday pattern of living.

I want to tell the world and so I would be grateful if you could find space to

LETTERS to the EDITOR



print this letter in your paper.

I have just come through a most traumatic experience where a chain-saw hit me at full revs in the lower right chest, severing two ribs and severely injuring the liver and diaphragm. That occurred on Monday, March 21, and yet on Sunday, March 27, I was up and walking about. I was discharged from the hospital on Tuesday, March 29 as well enough to go home.

This whole experience has been a real revelation to me. Firstly, I have realised that obedience to God's eight natural laws of health — sunshine, fresh air and pure water, exercise, rest, temperance, proper diet and trust in divine power — brings increasing resistance to disease and a much happier, healthier body with tremendous healing power within the human organism to heal itself.

Secondly, I would like the people of this city and the readers of this newspaper to know that we have a facility — the Bundaberg Base Hospital — with skilled professional and ancillary staff second to none. Without the skilled professional

help so quickly and ably applied to myself, I would simply be another statistic!

I would like to publicly express my sincere thanks and deep gratitude to all these wonderful people who really know their job, and who really care for the needs of each patient local or otherwise.

A really big thank you also to the Red Cross for the convenient accommodation provided for my dear ones, who were able to stay in town and be so close by my side in my hour of need. Having them so close gave me assurance and inspiration to hang on.

My sincere gratitude also to two brethren of God's remnant people. — Dean Armytage and his dad — who drove all the way from Boonah to answer my call for anointing as in James 5.

Most of all, however, my deepest thanks must go to God who saw fit to answer these prayers and heal me in such a miraculous way. I am not a member of any denomination, but I love my Saviour dearly and my life and all I possess is totally dedicated to Him in every respect.

D. MENKENS,
Tekoa,
Greenlea Road,
Yandaran.

● **Stop signs**

Interesting sounds are coming from the hallowed

RY

SHOP ASSISTANT



APPENDIX C



All Communications to be
addressed to The Manager.

In reply please quote
this Number:

BUNDABERG *Hospitals Board*
BUNDABERG. Q. 4670.

ps/lm

27th. April, 1988.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Mr. Donald Menkens was admitted to Bundaberg Base Hospital on 21/3/88 after a chain saw accident when he was hit on the right side of his chest.

This resulted in a large laceration and he was taken to theatre that night where he had a deep laceration to his liver. This was stitched and packed. A large laceration of his right diaphragm was also sutured.

Post operatively he was ventilated and suffered a collapse of the base of his right lung. Extubation was performed on the 23/3/88 and from that time onwards he made good progress. The remaining wound was closed on the 25/3/88 and he was subsequently discharged on the 29/3/88.

This indeed was a serious laceration to the upper abdomen resulting in considerable blood loss with damage to the lung, diaphragm and liver.


P. SWEENEY.
MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT.

APPENDIX D

Don Menkens: a chainsaw couldn't sever his faith

Happy and healthy, this teacher turned farmer attributes his amazing recovery to his religious beliefs

Don Menkens can still vividly recall the second his son-in-law pulled back a high-revving chainsaw, and the shock as the teeth tore into his side just above the waist.

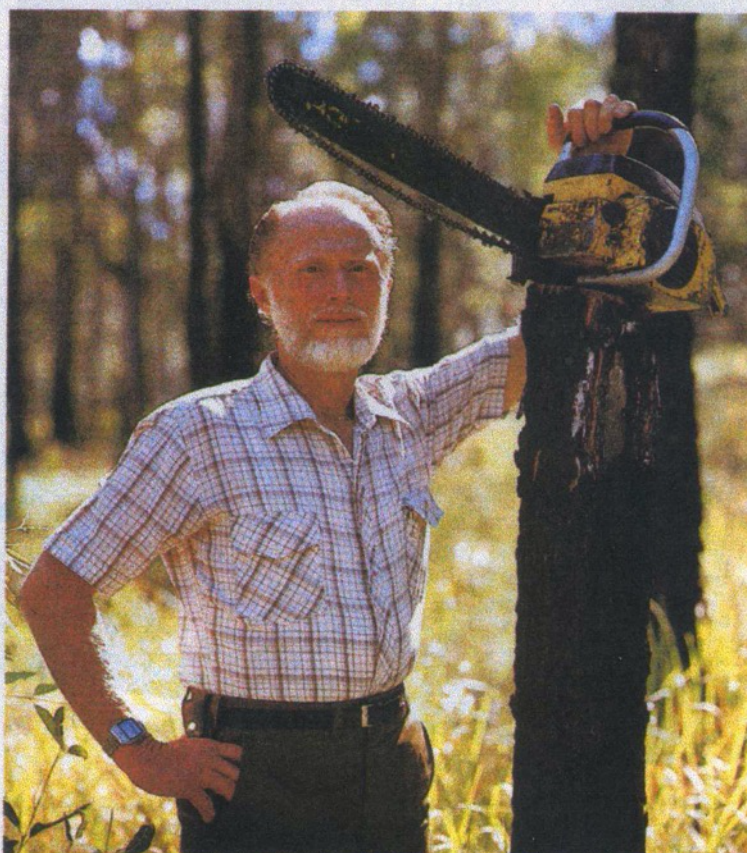
Out in the bush and 50km from the nearest hospital, the accident would have killed most men. But Don, 52, a devoutly religious man, was back at work on his property eight days later.

Don, his wife Ruth, one of their daughters Caroline and her husband Graham, were living on a property north of Bundaberg, Queensland. Don and Graham had been clearing trees for fencing on the property when the accident happened.

After showing Graham, a manual arts teacher, how to fell a tree with a chainsaw (by making a cut on one side and then a wedge on the other to control the angle of fall), Don was working in a creek bed with a crowbar and an axe.

He was waiting for Graham to fell the tree, but when nothing happened he climbed up from the creek and approached Graham from behind.

"As I got near him I could see he hadn't made the other cut, but was trying to go straight through the tree in one go," Don says. "Just as I got to him, the tree lurched and Graham panicked, thinking he was going to jam the saw. He ripped the chainsaw back.



• Don Menkens at the scene of his accident.

"I saw it coming and this was the vision I was to have for some time afterwards. It was revving flat out and as I jumped back to avoid it I put my arm up to protect myself."

Fortunately, as it turned out, the spinning teeth missed Don's arm and tore into the right side of his chest. In an instant two ribs were severed, the diaphragm slashed and his liver lacerated.

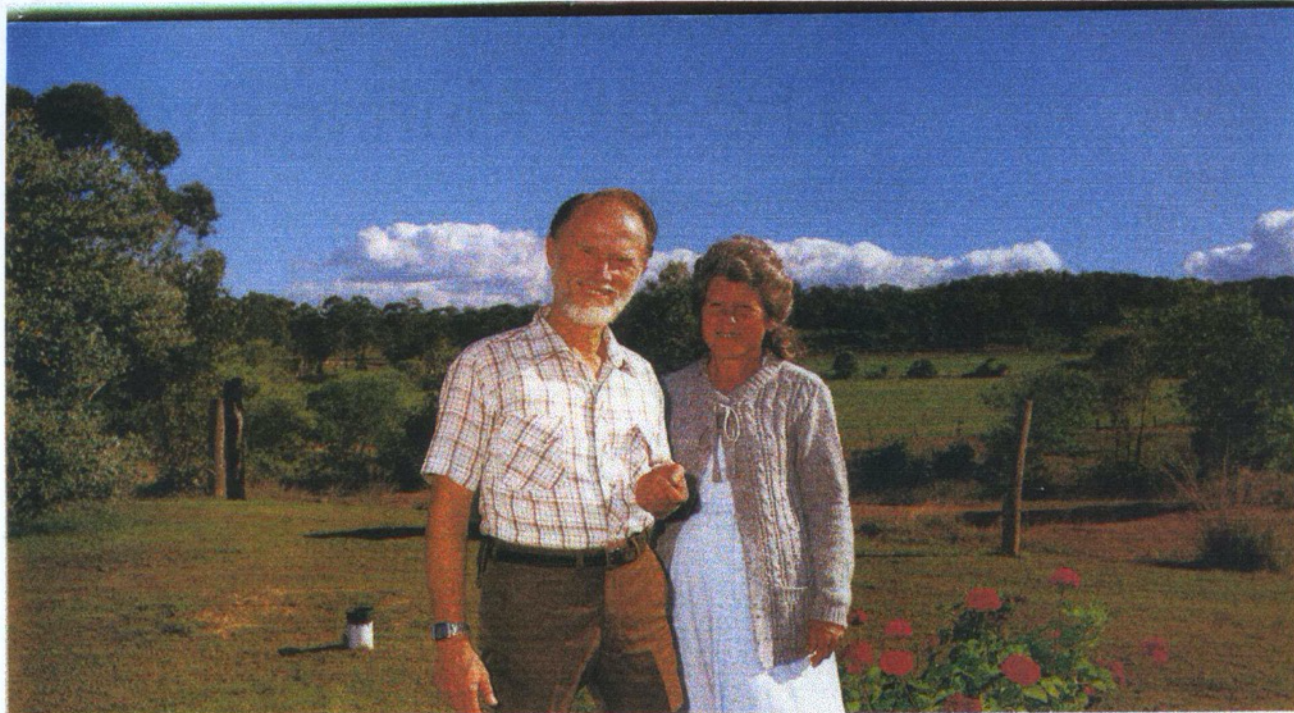
"It just happened so quickly; it was instantaneous," Don recalls.

Graham, according to Don,

stood riveted to the spot, the chainsaw still in his hand, already going into shock. Don immediately went into a crouch and, with his hands covered in dirt and grime from his labors, started shoving back the parts of him that emerged from the gaping wound.

"I was trying to pick up the mess, shove it back in and stop the blood flow. I knew I had to stop it somehow."

By the time Graham had snapped back to reality, Don was already 30m through the bush



• Don and wife Ruth . . . they made a 50km mercy dash to hospital.

heading for his wife and daughter in their cabin 100m away.

"The pain was indescribable, I knew I had to get moving," Don says. "I was trying to breathe but the saw had cut through the diaphragm. Every breath was agony because all the muscles around it had been mangled.

"I was still dragging myself along when Graham started screaming, 'Dad, Dad, wait, I'll carry you'.

"I knew if I tried to get on his back it would be impossible to hold everything in. But eventually he raced up in front of me — and he's a big lad — knelt down and told me to get on. So I got on his back and there was blood and gore all over him — it was even in his hair.

"But as he strode along through the bush the pain was just unbearable. I had to get him to put me down and go the rest of the way on his own. I just couldn't bear it."

While Don squatted by a bush track, Graham sprinted to the cabin and Caroline and Ruth rushed back with a towel to staunch the blood. Graham came down in Don's car and put him in the back seat. Ruth and Caroline took another car.

"Graham took off fast but I had to get him to slow down. Every bump was agony," Don says.

They had 50 tortuous kilometres ahead of them over dirt roads and

bumpy bitumen to get to Bundaberg Base Hospital, but 20km into the journey Don had to get Graham to stop to get him a drink of water from a container in the boot.

While Don was slaking his parched throat the car's engine sputtered and died, as it had done before.

"I had to instruct Graham to short the points with a screwdriver," Don recalls. "By that time Caroline and Ruth had turned up and Caroline held the accelerator down while Graham eventually found the right points."

Although every second counted, with Don losing blood at an alarming rate, the family didn't panic.

"I was surprised Don stayed conscious all the way to the hospital. He didn't want me to touch him. He knew what he was doing," Ruth says.

When they finally arrived at the hospital, Don walked unaided into the casualty section.

"I must have been really and truly conscious," Don says. "I saw my neighbor in casualty when I walked in. I waved to him and explained that I'd just had a bit of an accident with a chainsaw.

"He got really mad with the doctors because they were fussing over him. I remember him saying, 'Leave me alone. That man is my neighbor and he's dying.'"

Doctors were amazed at the speed of Don's recovery.

A former teacher and now a farmer spreading the word of the Seventh Day Adventist Church near Boonah in south-eastern Queensland, Don lives according to the teachings of his church.

"It's a simple philosophy," he says, explaining his good health. "There are ~~five~~ laws of health: sunshine; fresh air; pure water; proper rest; exercise; temperance, which includes leaving alone alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee; a pure diet of fruits, grains, nuts and vegetables; moderation in all things; and faith in the divine power."

Don's faith, now unshakeable, has spread to his ~~four~~ children and 10 grandchildren, who, he says, were never as convinced as he was.

"It has cemented in my own mind that this is the way to live and it has turned my family's thinking around too. They are starting to believe there is truth in what I have been telling them.

"If, in the long run, it enables them to be healthy and happy, then that's all a father can want for his children.

"I continue to be amazed at the incredible powers of the body. It is true, we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Story: Graham Bicknell
Pictures: Doug Drummond

SHOPPING TROLLEY

PREPARED AND READY

After celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary in 2006, we took charge of a beautiful new Motorhome in Brisbane to return it to its depot in Cairns for Standby Cars. They gave us four or five days to drive to Cairns, and they paid for all the Fuel. It was a great way to have a Honeymoon with my bride of fifty years. We had a lovely journey, and visited friends, family, and interesting places along the way.

We spent a couple of nights in a lovely motel in Cairns, not too far, as we thought, from the Railway Station.

Ruthie did not want to waste money calling a taxi to take us to the Station to catch the Sunlander train to return to Brisbane and then home to Kingaroy, so we decided to walk to the station carrying our luggage.

Well, we rose early, had a lovely breakfast, and worship, and particularly asked for the Lord to protect us as we travelled.

What seemed just a little distance in a vehicle however, became quite a long way walking. I believe we were about halfway there when I started to realize that we were not going to get there in time to catch the train, travelling as we were, with all our luggage, so I suggested I call a Taxi.

“No,” said my darling. “Let’s keep going. We can do it!”

So, we plodded on, but we were becoming quite exhausted carrying the heavy luggage, and the time was slipping away. We must have seemed a sorry sight to people as we plodded along.

I was feeling quite troubled by now, as we’d have to stay another day or two in Cairns if we missed the train, and we did need to be home for other appointments. So, what do we do when we are in a tight situation, I lifted my heart to heaven and claimed my Master’s promise of help in time of need.

Just then I noticed a Coles Shopping trolley tipped over by the side of the Railway Line near a crossing, and the “lights” went on in my head!

“Thank you heavenly Father.”

The trolley proved to be in good condition, so we hurriedly stacked our luggage in it, and now we could speed along the road to the station. We must have looked an even funnier sight as we sped along the road with our “new stacked-high Mercedes”.

Did we make it in time? We rolled into the station with about three minutes to spare. Coles Supermarket is just opposite the station, and I was able to return their “lost” trolley, with many, many thanks, and still was able to run and board the train as it was beginning to leave the platform.

Was it just coincidence that that trolley was right there ready for us when we needed help so much? We don't think so!



Were we carrying all that gear? What a difference wheels make!



The Loaded Bridegroom and his Loaded Bride of 50 years!

---oooOooo---

THE SLEEPING GIANTS

When I was only a young boy, my father and mother decided to take a holiday in Sydney in the early 1940s. I had heard about the wonderful Zoo at Taronga Park, and was so excited to think I would be able to see elephants, lions, tigers and lots of other animals, birds, reptiles and water creatures.

The train trip down to Sydney, was an exciting experience in itself, and it was a long , long way from Townsville in North Queensland. We had a Sleeper Compartment with three berths. I had the top one and it was fun climbing up there to sleep.

Eventually we arrived safely in Sydney, and found a Taxi to take us to a Boarding House. We could see the famous Sydney Harbour Bridge from our window, and the trams, buses and cars all hurrying up the road to cross the harbour.

Unfortunately Mum became quite ill, probably from the long train trip, and Dad had to stay with her to help her with her needs. I wanted desperately to go to the Zoo and kept pestering Dad to take me, but he felt he could not leave Mum in her condition. Eventually, after much pleading, Dad agreed to allow me to travel to the Zoo on my own. He carefully instructed me on what to do and how to catch the tram to Taronga and so off I went early in the morning as happy as anyone can be.

It was a delightful day and I really enjoyed everything, and was still looking for more to see, when I noticed that there didn't seem to be any people about. By now it was well into the afternoon. I realized that the Zoo might be closing, and started looking for what I believed was the way out to the main gate.

Taronga Zoo is a very large area with paths leading in all directions to the various exhibits. Try as I might I could not find the Main Gate, but at the end of one path I could see the road and Tramlines, BUT.....it was on the other side of the Bison enclosure! Hmmm!

By now, the shadows were lengthening fast, and I was feeling quite panicky inside, as I didn't relish the thought of perhaps spending the night in a Zoo with lots of wild animals, when a thought occurred to me. The Bison, about five or six of them, looked to be fast asleep, and I thought to myself, if I could quietly get across their enclosure to the far side I could climb the fence and I'd be out on the road to catch the Tram back to our apartment.

Very quietly, I climbed the fence and dropped down gently into the Bison's yard. I think I was about half way across when there was a roar from a big bull Bison and in what seemed only a second, he was on his feet and charging right at me.

“Dear Lord. Please protect me, and help to get home safely.”

I've never been so frightened, or run so fast in my life. I hit the far fence and climbed to the top in a flash, just as the bull arrived, pawing at the ground, and snorting up at me, as much as to say,

“How dare you intrude in my yard?”

My whole body was shaking, but somehow I managed to climb over the barbed wire and dropped down to safety on the outside. I was just in time to catch the last tram for the day, and eventually arrived home to some very worried but thankful parents.

I did tear my trousers on the barbed wire, and had to relate how it happened to Mum and Dad. Naturally, that was the end of my solo excursions in Sydney at that time, but I feel so thankful for my guardian angel, who helped me out of that very dangerous situation.

---oooOooo---



OH DEATH, WHERE IS YOUR STING?

It was a beautiful Monday morning, 6th January, 2014, and I gave my princess a cuddle. She had just caught up to me on her birthday on the 3rd January and we both were now 78 years young. We were caring for the home of Bob and Julie Head in Nanango. She had not been feeling well for the last few days, and as I hugged her she had a strange turn, and could not stand or move to get up out of bed. I tried all the things I had learnt to help her, but could not get any positive results. I called our daughter Wendy who lived only twenty minutes drive away, and she dashed in to try to help, but it was all to no avail.

That's when I decided to call 000, and the Ambulance arrived in due course. With great difficulty they negotiated the high stairs with Ruth in a special type of chair for the purpose, and then whisked her off to Kingaroy Base Hospital where they did blood tests etc in the Emergency Clinic. There is a special protein found only in the heart muscle, and only very miniscule amounts found in the blood. Ruth's blood had nine hundred times the usual amount of this protein which they said definitely showed she had had a heart attack.

A huge storm was brewing, which prevented any flying, so they admitted Ruth to a ward to wait out the storm, and prepared her for a night flight to Brisbane and the Princess Alexandra Hospital Emergency Department, as soon as the storm abated. The doctor attending her in Kingaroy, had a nurse insert a Catheter into her Bladder to monitor fluids and an aircraft arrived about 7pm to transport her to Brisbane.

When she arrived at PAH, Caroline and Graham, Sharon and Kevin were there waiting for her. The doctors ordered more blood tests, and urine tests, and when the results came back from the Lab they found that she had a Staph infection in the Urinary Tract, probably from the insertion of the Catheter in Kingaroy, which meant they could not do surgery till it was cleared. So they did lots more tests to determine the extent of damage to the heart. An Angiogram showed that one main artery to the lower section of the left ventricle, was 99% blocked, and some others partially blocked to a much lesser degree. They also subjected Ruth to ECG tests, Echocardiograms, X-rays and Ultrasounds, because the Head Surgeon, Dr Julie Mundi, a very skilled lady, had told the whole team that she wanted to be sure what she was dealing with, as she didn't want to "go in, and find she shouldn't be there"!

At the end of the first week the Head of the Cardiology Department, Dr Korchyk called me and Jennelle, (who had flown up from Sydney), aside, and told us that there was nothing they could do for Ruth. He took us into the Echocardiogram Room and showed us the pictures of Ruth's heart, which had a five millimetre rupture through the heart wall of her left Ventricle. Blood and Serum from this heart chamber had bled out into the Pericardium, the sack surrounding the heart, and had filled it like a balloon, putting pressure on her left lung, which was making it very difficult for Ruth to breathe. He also told us that the tissue round the rupture site had become spongy because of lack of blood, and so it was not possible to do any surgery as the sutures would not hold in the spongy tissue. Had they operated as soon as Ruth

arrived, Ruth would have died that night in ICU they said, so really the Staph infection saved her life thus far.



Grandson Karl and Ruth at PAH.



Grand-daughter Vanessa and Ruth.

Then he reiterated that there was nothing they could do to save her, and that he would arrange for her to have the Palliative Care Team take her into their care for her inevitable demise. He was very gracious about it all and offered to let us have a special single room where I could stay with her and sleep there overnight on a special fold-out chair, until further arrangements could be made. I was able to be close by her every night, and took care of her Showering, and Toileting and Meals for about two weeks.

We also had a family meeting with the Cardiology Staff, and the Palliative Care folks, at which they explained why there was nothing they could do for her. Dr Korchyk gave us a two-page letter saying that when she had further problems, she was not to be revived with CPR, or Defibrillator, or anything else, as this would only cause more suffering for her. They advised that we set up Power of Attorney which the Palliative Care folks helped us to do, so that when Ruth was no longer capable of making her own decisions, I could do it for her. The Palliative Care people also gave us a booklet on what to do to prepare for the death of a loved one. We still have all these papers on file. At this point the future looked very bleak for my darling girl, and for me it was exceedingly painful to think of losing my soul mate, and extremely painful to the rest of the family as well, to be losing their sister, mother and grandmother.

As soon as possible after we heard the sad news we took it all to the Lord in prayer in earnest, and I shared Ruth's problem with family and friends around the world. We also arranged for some dear Christian friends, Joan and Bryan Jolly, to come and do what the Word of God says to do in times of illness. It is found in James 5, and is what is called an Anointing Service. We had a beautiful service for her, and just had to await the Lord's direction.

The Palliative Care people suggested two Hospitals in Brisbane where Palliative Care is offered—QE2 and St Vincents, so Wendy and Jennelle travelled with Caroline and myself, in her car to see what they were like. QE2 was a disaster. St Vincents was much better, but

still a very sterile environment. It was at this point that Caroline suggested that her mother stay in her home at Wynnum West. She had talked it over with Graham, her husband, and we were so thankful for their offer. They only have a small home, but they cleared one bedroom and Palliative Care provided a Hospital Bed for Ruth, plus some other essentials. Caroline has her own Clinic beside her home, and one of her clients offered a Wheelchair and a Shower Chair which was so good of her.

In due course, the Ambulance delivered Ruth to Caroline's home, on 29th January, and we started doing all we could to ease Ruth's suffering, with Doterra Essential Oils, Massage and Supplements to strengthen her Immune System. Caroline did numerous treatments for Ruth as well. Wendy drove the three hours back and forth from Kingaroy to help with the caring and general chores. Jennelle flew up and down from Sydney to take her turn and Sharon travelled over from Forest Lake to help as well, as Caroline had to continue taking care of her regular clients in her Clinic. Richard had just arranged to move to Cairns, and so was not able to be with us to help at Caroline and Graham's home.



Richard, Sharon, Ruth, Caroline and Jennelle at PAH.

We were monitoring Ruth's Blood Pressure and Temperature regularly, as she had several occasions where her temperature would rise considerably. Ice Packs and Cold Compresses helped but then the fever would return. On the third day, when it was still rising we called a local doctor who advised that she go back to the Emergency Department at PAH. So we called the Ambulance and spent a couple of anxious nights in the Emergency Wards with further tests and more drugs which did not help much.

Eventually the fever subsided enough for her to return to Wynnum, on 5th February, and from there on she seemed to improve slowly each day. We kept up the Oils in the Diffuser day and night, and Massaged the Oils into her feet and body three or more times each day. Caroline added her treatments which always helped greatly, and soon we had Ruth out in a Wheel Chair at the seaside for walks in the lovely fresh sea air. One day she even went wading in the

Wynnum Pool with Caroline, and we all felt that something was happening, and gave thanks to our wonderful Saviour.



Wendy with Ruth at PAH.



Ruth recovering at Caroline's and Graham's.



Caroline and Ruth Wading at Wynnum Pool

We had visits from many wonderful friends and relatives. Errol, my brother, from Warburton in Victoria, and his wife, called in one day, as he was in Queensland visiting his son. It was good to see him. Leanna and Lionel Landroth travelled down from Gympie with Dean and

Jayden their sons, to spend some time with us. Lew and Dulcie Parker popped in one day, and some dear friends from Nanango, Bob and Julie Head, also visited with us. Dear Glenda and Wayne Blanch came and helped care for Ruth at times as well, even though Wayne was very unwell himself. Pearl and Robbie and Janelle came down from Toowoomba. Olive and Ray and Lisa visited from Gympie. Jodie and Simon, Natasha and Brendan, Brenden and Jessica, our grandchildren, and many others as well. I was also heartened with genuine beautiful messages from all round the world adding their prayers and healing energies for Ruth's recovery, and we truly thank each and every one of you for your love and support.

Yes, man's extremity is God's opportunity and He really did heal Ruth. We firmly believe He gave her a new heart, as His answer to the many prayers offered in her behalf. After six weeks of intensive loving care at Caroline and Graham's home, I was able to take Ruth home to Wendy's place at Ellesmere. Wendy had prepared a lovely room for us, and it was so good to be home and out of the city environment, to the peace and quiet of the Australian bush. Ruth continued to improve and was soon able to go shopping, and help with the daily chores. Can you imagine how my heart rejoiced at having my precious companion rescued from the clutches of death, and to have her still beside me, gaining renewed strength every day?

On 8th April, we travelled back to Brisbane to care for Caroline and Graham's home, gardens and livestock, (fish, frogs, chooks and a lovely Cocker Spaniel), while they had a well-earned ten-day break in Bali. We were blessed to be able to have our dentures re-lined at the Wynnum Clinic while we were there.

We were all wondering what was happening in Ruth's heart, especially the local doctor in Kingaroy, who had ordered full Blood Tests etc, and booked her in on the waiting list for an Echocardiogram next time the technician from Toowoomba visited Kingaroy. Her blood tests were all nigh on perfect. It was sometime in May when we had a phone call saying there was a cancellation and could we come in the next day to have the Echocardiogram done. We told the technician Ruth's story, and he started with his probe on Ruth's chest. We were able to see the valves all working perfectly, and the technician started saying,

"This is incredible!" "This is amazing! This is remarkable! I cannot see any trace of any fluid in the Pericardium, and I can't even detect where the rupture took place. There's one spot where it might have been, but it is totally healed over, and the heart is working perfectly!"

Well, you know how I responded---"Praise the Lord!"

"Well," he retorted, "the body can heal itself you know!" Hmmm!

Well, we know and are certain, that God had His hand in this healing, and we are so grateful to Him and to all our dear friends and family around the world who have been lifting up Ruth in prayer before the throne of Grace. I am fully convinced that without the Lord's intervention Ruth would not have survived this traumatic event in her life.

It was about mid-year and I had to have an eye check at the PA. We took the opportunity to visit the Cardiology Section and the Receptionist recognised us right away. We asked if it

might be possible to see Dr Korchyk. She said she had seen him go by just a few minutes ago and rushed off to try to find him. She soon returned, with him, and his face was a study to behold. He was thrilled to see Ruth still alive and well, and we shared with him the wonderful answer to prayer. He joined us in saying,

“Praise the Lord!”

We left a little thank you gift and a card for him and the staff for their loving care while Ruth was there.

Ruth is still very well and is enjoying our House Caring programme. On 10th August we travelled to an appointment at Bunbury in West Australia. We took three weeks for the journey, via Sydney, to visit Jennelle enroute. We had a lovely comfortable mattress in the back of the Commodore Wagon and when we felt the need of rest, we would simply stop at a Rest Stop usually with facilities such as Toilets, Water and sometimes Showers beside the highways. We'd simply stack our gear on the front seats and literally roll into our already-made-up bed, to sleep in comfort.

I had mosquito netting to fit over the windows so we had plenty of fresh air. Ruthie did quite a lot of the driving as well. We had our little 240v/12v Fridge and a small gas stove for cooking, and it was really very enjoyable to be so free to stop and rest wherever we felt the need, and it cost us nothing for accommodation. When we finished a very enjoyable time in West Australia, we left on 10th November, a Monday morning, for the long drive of some four thousand miles home to Ellesmere, near Kingaroy, Queensland. We spent a day at Kalgoorlie, which proved very interesting, otherwise we just kept going and arrived at Wendy's place at Ellesmere, about 10am on Sunday morning, which was about five days driving. For a woman who was given up by the Medical people, to be so well still at nearly 80 years of age, we just stand in amazement at the incredible answers to all our prayers. Gratitude and Praise to our Heavenly Father is our song, and sincere thanks also to all who have joined us in petitioning the Lord on Ruth's behalf. Thank you! Thank you!! Thank you!!!



AN ANGEL SAT RUTH DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

I was on her way home from the Moresby Hospital after visiting our six month old son Richard. He had been given TB Vaccination a few months earlier and the vaccine was apparently still live and caused the lymph nodules under his left armpit to swell considerably. He had six lymph glands removed surgically.

I had stayed longer than I intended at the Hospital and now it was quite late and a very dark night. I asked the Lord to please take care of me in a silent prayer. The bus was full of Papuan men, and I believe I was the only white person on the crowded bus.

When the bus reached Ella Beach it stopped to let me off, and I was anxious to get back across the busy road to the Transit House up the hill. My other children were there alone, and I wanted to check on them as soon as possible.

When I thought the traffic had slowed and it seemed there was a break in the line of vehicles, I started across the road, and all of a sudden I was sitting down in the middle of the road on my bottom with my legs straight out. A car had screeched to a stop right beside, and an angry driver stared down at me. His passenger got out and walked round to check on me, and said,

“What do you think you were doing? You could easily have been killed!”

I did not know what to say, but quickly got to my feet, and went on my way. I had obviously misjudged how close the vehicle was to me, and but for an answer to my silent prayer, I know I would have been killed or very seriously injured. I didn't fall, and I wasn't hurt in any way. I was very shaken and contemplated in wonderment at who had sat me down so suddenly and carefully.

When I arrived at the Transit House our children could see that something traumatic had happened to me. Again, I give thanks and praise to my Heavenly Father and my Guardian Angel, who saved my life that dark night in Port Moresby.

Ruth Menkens.



The Broken Windscreen

It was a Friday, and we were ferrying a friend's car from Townsville to Brisbane for them, while we were on furlough from the Mission Fields. We had left our eldest daughter in Home Hill with my Dad, who was going to take her to the local Home Hill Hospital on Monday to have her Tonsils removed as she had been having lots of trouble with them. We had the rest of our children with us.

The road south at that time went inland from Sarina to Marlborough, a long isolated stretch of road over a hundred miles, and there was just a thin strip of bitumen wide enough for one car or truck. For vehicles to pass it was necessary to move partly off the road. Every few hundred metres it seemed, we noticed piles of glass beside the road, and realized that as vehicles passed at speed the wheels would make stones fly up and the piles of glass were from smashed Windscreens.

So as soon as we could we stopped by the side of the road, and had special prayer, asking the Lord to protect our Windscreen explaining that it was not our car and we didn't want it damaged. We had only resumed travel for about five minutes and were passing another vehicle, when a stone flew up and "Crash" –you guessed it. Our windscreen was smashed into tiny little pieces! We stopped and added our pile of glass to the roadside collection, all the while wondering why the Lord had not heard our prayer.

We continued on to Rockhampton with no Windscreen, and found someone to replace it, at considerable cost....still wondering why?? It was Friday after noon and we motored on to Gladstone but by then it was getting late and we did not want to travel on the Sabbath, if we could avoid it, so we started looking for somewhere to stay. It was Easter, and the Brisbane to Gladstone Yacht Race week-end. As when Joseph and Mary were looking for a place to stay in Bethlehem, all the accommodation places were full.

I had to buy fuel, so I asked the Fuel Station Manager, if he knew any Seventh Day Adventists in Gladstone.

"Oh yes," he said. "I know the Pastor, Kevin Moore and his wife. Lovely people. I'll get you his phone number."

In due course I rang Kevin and told him of our situation and asked if he knew of anywhere we might find lodgings over the Sabbath.

"No problem at all!" he said. "Come round and stay with us. We won't be there as I'm singing in the Easter Pageant, and my wife is playing the piano for me. I'll give the key to the neighbour and when she sees you arrive she'll bring it over for you. Just make yourselves at home. There's plenty of bedding in the hall cupboard, and food in the fridge. Help yourselves, and we should be home about ten o'clock."

Wow! We were amazed at his generosity! We had never met these people, and yet they just took us in with open arms. Sure enough, when we arrived at the address, the neighbour came

with the key, and we were all settled in when Kevin and his wife came home. What a lovely caring couple, and we had some wonderful fellowship.

In the morning, we went with them to worship, and after the service another lovely family invited us home for lunch. They had a little girl of about eight years of age. For some years, she had been suffering with Epilepsy, and was having Grand Mal Seizures many times each day. The Medical Doctors had tried everything they knew to do, without success. If anything, their drugs only made her condition worse. Then one day a friend suggested they try a different approach, and he gave them a book called “Nature Cure” by Harry Benjamin.

The author told them to get a goat and give their daughter Raw Goats Milk, and to cut out all processed foods. They followed the advice from the book, and when we were there, their girl was only having one or two mild seizures a week!

This made a very big impression on us, and on me particularly, as I was thinking of Caroline, and the arrangements we had made to have her Tonsils removed on Monday in Home Hill. We read in the book about Tonsillitis, and were amazed at what Harry Benjamin said to do...*four days on raw Pineapple crushed, juiced, sliced, pureed or whatever way she would ingest it.* We knew we had a beautiful patch of lovely sweet pineapples back at our school in the Gulf of Papua, so with Ruth in agreement, I rang Dr Joyce in Home Hill, and told him of our decision to postpone the operation, as we wanted to try Nature’s Remedy.

Well, he was not impressed to say the least, and told us how foolish we were. We nevertheless told him it was our decision and that’s what we were going to do. Well, we did the four days on Pineapple only, when we returned to duty at Kabiufa, and she indeed did respond and her Tonsillitis disappeared. Some years later while at Kabiufa College, the school nurse visited to check the health of the children. When she looked at Caroline’s throat, she said,

“Young lady, your throat is really healthy looking. I can’t see that you have had any past Tonsillitis trouble.”

When Caroline told us about the nurse’s comment, we were delighted, and thanked the Lord for the little stone that smashed our Windscreen. It was that little stone that saved Caroline from an unnecessary operation, and started us on the road to researching more and more into God’s Ways of living and caring for the beautiful body He has given us to dwell in.

Now we knew why God answered our prayer and allowed that stone to smash our Windscreen. It underlined that text in Romans 8:28 which says,

“All things (that’s ALL things,) work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to His purpose.”

Sometimes the answers we receive to our petitions may seem hard to understand. We can doubt and grumble, or we can Trust God and know that,

“Above the distractions of earth He sits enthroned. All things are open to His Divine Survey, and from His calm Eternity, He orders that which is for our best good.”



THE LOST BROOCH

I had pulled up at the petrol pump at Fitzroy Falls for Unleaded Fuel, opened the cover and removed the cap, and as usual I placed the cap on top of the car.

When I attempted to remove the nozzle on the pump I noticed that it was locked, so went into the store to ask if I could get some fuel. The lady told me they didn't have any Unleaded, only Premium, so I decided not to bother, as our old vehicle might not like the change of diet. I went back to the car and drove off to find another bowser about twenty kilometres further down the road near Kangaroo Valley. Well, you guessed it, when I went to open the cover I noticed it was already open and there was no fuel cap.

I realized what I had done, so quickly rang the little shop at Fitzroy Falls, and the lady graciously offered to go and look for it for me. After fifteen minutes or so she rang and told me that she could find no sign of it, anywhere near the pump, nor on the road, so that was very disappointing. So I bought some fuel and went back to Cedarvale where we were staying.

The next day was Sabbath and we would be travelling from Cedarvale to Bowral to meet with the brethren and sisters there, and would have to pass Fitzroy Falls, so we planned to stop at the little store enroute, to see if we could locate the missing cap.

We searched and searched for the Petrol Cap, but there was no trace of it, and I just had to give up the search and continue our travel to Bowral. When Ruth alighted at the church she noticed that her little brooch she was wearing on her blouse was missing. Oh dear! It meant a lot to her.

It was a very special little brooch given to her by her sister who had it from her mother, and of course, irreplaceable. It was a pretty little thing done in gold with four beautiful stones attached. There were four beautiful girls in the family. We searched the car but could not find it, and wondered if maybe her seat belt had dislodged it when we stopped at the Fitzroy Falls Shop, so on our way back to Cedarvale, after worship and a beautiful lunch with the Bowral folks, we stopped at Fitzroy Falls again to check and asked the Lord for His help to find the little brooch.

We still hoped we might even spot the Petrol Cap, but after quite a while of searching we could find neither the Cap nor the Brooch. As we were about to give up, I noticed what looked like some small shiny twigs in the mud, in the middle of a car tyre track. I flicked it over, and yes it was the Brooch, unharmed, and the four precious stones still in place! When washed it was as good as new. Can you imagine how thankful we were to the Lord, Who is even interested in the little things that make His children happy? He knew I could get another Petrol Cap, which I was able to do for a very small sum at the local Wreckers, but the Brooch was special, and irreplaceable. He answered our prayers and Ruth was so thankful to have it back safe and sound. Praise the Lord again and again!

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MY MITRAL VALVE

Sometimes we suffer the results of genetic defects handed down to us from our ancestors, and in my case it was a defective Mitral Valve in my heart. Early on in life I noticed that I would often become exhausted after doing exercise like jogging in the morning. I would often feel very listless after it for most of the day.

When I did Gold Medallion Lifesaving, at Avondale Missionary College, I was required to swim fully clothed for the required distance using freestyle, then breast-stroke and finally backstroke all in thirty minutes. I managed to complete it but only just within the time limit. Then I had to rescue a “drowning person” which I also just managed to do.

When I had the Chain Saw incident, one of the doctors who examined me asked if I knew I had a heart murmur. I told him I was not aware of any problem, and continued on my merry way. A few years later, I had to have a medical check-up for some reason, and the doctor told me I had a heart murmur and should have an Echocardiogram and so he made an appointment for me at a facility in Noosa, near where we were living and working at the time. The result said I had a defective Mitral Valve but it was not serious.

In Queensland, when one reaches the age of seventy-five, one must have a Medical Check-up to be able to retain a Driver’s Licence, so yet another doctor examined me and said I had a heart murmur, and ordered another Echocardiogram, which was carried out at Hervey Bay. The results showed that I now had serious regurgitation at my Mitral Valve, and that I needed to have the Valve repaired or replaced.

I tried everything I knew to correct the problem but it came to the point where I could not go to sleep on my left-hand side because of the noise and thumping of my heart. I would have to position myself on my right-hand side to be able to get to sleep. One morning Ruth woke me quite concerned, as she could feel the thumping of my heart through the mattress.

We became quite concerned and eventually called “OOO” for the Ambulance, which soon arrived and transported me to Maryborough Base Hospital. The Emergency doctor administered a Magnesium solution, plus some other drugs and sent me off to Hervey Bay in another Ambulance to the Cardiology Section there. They did further tests, and after three days in the hospital they sent me home with drugs to take, and booked an appointment with Prince Charles Cardiology in Brisbane.

After more tests, an ECG, and an Angiogram, Dr Bruce Thompson saw me and explained that my Mitral Valve was not closing properly, and was allowing blood to regurgitate past the valve, making the heart work much harder than normal. He advised me to have it repaired or replaced as soon as possible, and sent me off to make a booking for open heart surgery which didn’t appeal to me at all. He explained how they would put me to sleep, and cut down the middle of the sternum, (breast bone), and then jack the rib cage apart to allow access to the heart. Then they would attach tubes from the heart to a machine which would keep my blood circulating through my body. Next they would stop the heart from beating by injecting it with very cold Potassium Solution, to allow them to open the heart to repair the Mitral Valve, and

if it was not repairable, then they would replace the whole valve with an animal tissue valve, remove the tubes to the machine, restart the heart and check there were no leaks, close the chest and send me off to Intensive Care to recover. What a procedure!

Naturally, I did not relish such drastic intrusive treatment, and went home determined to try every avenue I could find to avoid this horrendous operation. Nothing seemed to help much, and when I was re-examined at Prince Charles, and there was no improvement, I reluctantly agreed to go ahead with the operation, and in due course arrived on the appointed day and was admitted to the heart surgery section.

Dr Thompson explained that there were three options I could choose from. One was a mechanical valve, but I would have to be continually monitored weekly, and would have to take Warfarin for the rest of my life. Warfarin is the same chemical used in Rat Baits to kill rats. It causes severe bleeding inside the rat's stomach and the rodent exits the house to find water and dies outside the house. Great idea to get rid of rats! The weekly monitoring is to determine the right levels of Warfarin in the blood so that I would not experience the rat's fate.

The other two options were animal valves from bovine, (cattle) or porcine (pig) origin. I discussed this with Dr Thompson and assured him the only option if replacement was necessary would be a bovine valve. He agreed and so the pre-operation procedures were all completed and I was to have the procedure the very next day. Well, the morning arrived and about mid-day I was told that the surgeons had had a very busy night with emergencies, and so my operation had to be postponed till the next day.

Well, I had to calm myself down and wait patiently for the morrow, which dawned bright and clear. Again nothing happened all morning, and early afternoon found Dr Thompson by my bedside, apologising to me, as he said he had searched their "pantry" and there were no bovine valves "in stock". So, I would have to go home, and wait till they could source more bovine valves. Whew! Can you imagine how I felt? Relief, concern and a mind-ful of questions kept running through my brain and I wondered why this was happening, as I packed up and headed back home to our home at Ellesmere, near Kingaroy, a three hour journey. Was this experience an indication that I did not need this operation? Maybe there was still some way of avoiding the dreadful procedure.

The Hospital did not call me for a period of some two years, and I battled on, taking less stressful activities, and trying everything I could find to heal my valve. Finally the Hospital must have realized that they hadn't seen me or called me again, and sent me urgent messages to come for further testing. So, I acquiesced and had further tests done which showed that my Mitral Valve had deteriorated quite markedly, and Dr Thompson recommended surgery again as soon as possible, as replacement of the valve would probably now be the only option.

I plead with my Lord, for His Guiding, and made a pact with Him, to determine what He wanted me to do. I would phone three of the most trusted men of God that I knew, and ask for their advice. If all three advised to go ahead with the operation I would take that to be His

will and have it done. Well, all three without any hesitation said, “Yes Don. You should have the surgery as soon as possible.”

So, in November 2013, I again was in the Cardiac Surgery Ward, and submitted to the surgery, which was carried out without any complications during the operation. In fact, Dr Thompson, said he had his finger on one of the major arteries which was quite hard with back pressure from the lung, beforehand, but relaxed to normal pressure as soon as the heart was re-started. He was very pleased with the results, and now I can hardly detect my heart pumping as it is so quiet.

They still had me on certain drugs to control pulse rate and pressure. Dr Thompson also wanted me to take some Warfarin to keep my blood thin to stop clotting and possible stroke. I told them how my blood was thin anyway, and that I really did not need it any thinner, but I submitted to his superior experience and wisdom, and took one little red pill. Next morning my blood tests showed all was within normal range, so they gave me another tiny red Warfarin Pill late afternoon. Normal Viscosity was supposed to be within one to three on their measuring scale. Next morning it was 5.6 and the staff went into panic mode. I was told to stay in bed and not to try walking anywhere, because I might fall and cut myself and bleed to death in a short space of time. No more Warfarin for me I was told, and Dr Thompson put a big X on the Warfarin page in my notes.

Next morning more Blood Tests and oh dear! The Viscosity reading was now 7.2!!! It was now real panic stations! The doctors brought in some more drugs as a drip to try to cancel out the effects of the Warfarin, and I was strictly confined to bed with no unnecessary movements permitted. The drip finished in about thirty minutes, and I was amused when a nurse kept saying how very expensive the drip was. Next morning more Blood Tests and the reading was down somewhat near the recommended range, and the next day it had dropped to within the normal scale, and I was told I could go home. PTL!

As soon as possible I was off all medications and have not had need of anything since about the end of November 2013. My heart still has some fibrillation, but I believe it is gradually improving and I feel quite well really, with no undue noisy heartbeat as before the operation, and I am able to do more than before without discomfort.

So, my thanks go out to my Lord again, for answering my prayers so clearly by the responses of the three men of God. Of course family and friends right round the world were also praying for me and I know their prayers were effective. I will be eighty years old this year, 2015, and just want to daily give thanks to my Lord for His love, and leading in my life. Whatever time I still have left, I have fully dedicated to His glory and service.

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FALSE WITNESS

It was work time in the gardens one afternoon, when Kori, a young Year Four student, came to the teachers with a disturbing story that he had seen one of our older boys and one of the older girls, lying together under a huge fluted root, of one of the fallen trees in the new garden! This of course, was a serious accusation, and when the teachers brought it to my attention we called the two students in and questioned them closely.

Both of these students were normally very well behaved, and good workers. They both vigorously denied that they had done anything wrong, and it seemed they were telling the truth, but someone had to be telling a lie, and we were not sure how to determine who was telling the truth. There were no other witnesses to this alleged wrong doing so we were very puzzled, and decided to call the three students together and with the teachers we had an earnest prayer session and asked God to show us what was the truth in this matter. We then sent the students back to their various activities.

It was only a short time before Kori was carried back to us by some other students, and he was crying bitterly. He had been bitten by a snake as he worked in the garden, and he was now very sorry and asking us to forgive him for bearing false witness against the older boy and girl. Well, we were able to render first aid and Kori survived, but he learned a very valuable lesson that day, and as far as we know he has never borne false witness again.

We were also very thankful to God for answering our prayers and clearing the good names of the two older students.

Our God sees everything we do, and knows our very thoughts. We should guard well our thoughts and never bear false witness against others. "Whatsoever we sow, that shall we also reap." Galatians 6:7



THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Kave was a very diligent indigenous missionary working in the western Papuan Gulf area. He had a lovely family of five or six children, the youngest being under one year old when this incident happened. I had one of Kave's boys, Ian, at our school at Belepa, and also at Kitomave. I knew the family from my visits to Camp Meetings in the Turama River district, and I know this story is absolutely true.

Rainfall in the Gulf averages over three hundred and sixty inches annually, and for most of the year the rivers are in flood, carrying thousands of tons of silt and debris out to sea from the mouths of the rivers. The Turama is very unique however, in that it has a very wide funnel-shaped mouth, and as the tides come in twice daily, they back up against the river water, and as the water progresses up the funnel, it has nowhere else to go but up, creating a fast-moving wave travelling upstream faster and faster, and sometimes over two metres high.

Our Mission ship the "Uraheni"(which means "Love" in the Motu language), was anchored off a village in the Turama mouth, when we heard one of these bores coming, as they make quite a noise. The ship was hanging off the anchor and facing upstream as the river water was rushing out to sea. We decided to start the engines, haul the anchor, and face the ship downstream with the propeller turning in reverse to hold the ship stationary with the bow facing the wave in case it was a big one. When we saw the wave come around a bend in the river, it was only about one metre high, but it was still a very uncanny experience, to feel the ship rise abruptly up the wave, and now the water which had been rushing out to sea was rushing the other way, with lots of foam and debris on the leading edge. These waves happen twice a day with the tides and are known as bores.

All travel on the great rivers is done in a dugout canoe. It is simply a log which has been hollowed out, shaped somewhat like a banana and open both ends to make it easy to remove the rain water, by sloshing the canoe back and forth to send the water flying out each end till it is emptied. Now we go back to Kave's story.

He and his wife and tiny baby, and I believe he had four other children with him, were travelling in their dugout canoe returning to their home village, from a Camp Meeting late in the afternoon, when they heard a bore coming. Their canoe was full with their sleeping mats, clothing and food supplies. They were a fair way from the shore and realized that they would not make it to shore in time, so decided to face the bore, and try to ride up over it, hoping it was not a big one.

Unfortunately it was a fairly large bore, and though they tried to keep the canoe facing the right way, the wave tipped them out with all their gear into the boiling mass of brown water racing upstream. All Papuans are good swimmers, but it is still very difficult to keep afloat in the turbulent water. Kave was able to hold on to the upturned canoe, and by now it was starting to get dark. He kept calling and calling and eventually his wife and baby, and each one of the children made it back to the canoe as they were all being swept upstream.

Eventually, the water slowed and Kave felt the river bottom. With great difficulty they managed to reach the river bank and dragged themselves up the muddy bank quite exhausted.

Suddenly Kave's wife let out a scream. She realized that her baby was not breathing. Apparently it had drowned as they struggled through the waters, and was lying lifeless in its mother's arms. Kave took the baby and tried to resuscitate it, but there was no response.

Kave really loved the Lord, and decided to have a prayer session, to ask God to restore their baby's life. They all prayed, even the children, but nothing happened. So they had a second round of prayer, and still nothing happened. Kave then asked his wife if she believed God could bring her baby back to life, and she did not answer. He told her that she did not believe, and that was why God did not hear their prayer as it says in James 1: 5 and 6, and 5:15. She cried out in anguish and asked God to help her believe. They all prayed again and this time the baby began to cry, and the mother hugged it closely and nursed it. They all were so happy, praising God and thanking Him for bringing back their baby's life.

But that's not the end of the story. While they were all lying there in the mud, on the river bank, one of the children felt something bumping against his legs in the shallow water. They found it was one of their bed rolls. They were able to use it to keep themselves warm and protected through the night, before continuing on their way in the morning.

We serve a wonderful God Who does not change. He is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. He is the same God Who raised Lazarus to life, and the widow's son and others. He still honours the faith of His people, if we will trust Him explicitly.



Kave and his wife with their seven children. Ian, the eldest son was at Belepa School with us when the incident happened. The little chap on the right is the baby boy, who was dead but is now alive, because of their faith in the Lifegiver.

A GOOD FRIEND SHARED THE FOLLOWING TRUE STORY WITH ME. IT IS A SPECTACULAR ANSWER TO PRAYER AND I JUST HAD TO INCLUDE IT IN THIS NARRATIVE. WHAT AN AMAZING GOD WE SERVE! HE KNOWS OUR NEEDS AND PROVIDES SOLUTIONS BEFORE WE EVEN ASK!



Isaiah 65:24

This story was written by a doctor who worked in South Africa...

One night I had worked hard to help a mother in the labour ward; but in spite of all we could do, she died leaving us with a tiny premature baby and a crying two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive, as we had no incubator (we had no electricity to run an incubator anyway).

We also had no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts! One student midwife went for the box we had for such babies and the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly in distress to tell me that in filling the bottle it had burst (rubber perishes easily in tropical climates).

"And it is our last hot water bottle!" she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk so in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over burst water bottles. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways.

"All right," I said, "put the baby as near the fire as you safely can, and sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts. Your job is to keep the baby warm."

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with any of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle, and that the baby could so easily die if it got chills. I also told them of the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During prayer time, one ten-year old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt conciseness of our African children.

"Please, God" she prayed, "send us a water bottle. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, as the baby will be dead, so please send it this afternoon."

While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added, "And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?"

As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say, "Amen". I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything, the Bible says so. But there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending me a parcel from my homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send me a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator! Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door.

By the time I reached home, the car had gone, but there, on the veranda, was a large twenty-two pound parcel. I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone, so I sent for the orphanage children.

Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly. Excitement was mounting.

Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly coloured, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children looked a little bored. Then came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - that would make a batch of buns for the weekend. Then, as I put my hand in again, I felt the.....could it really be? I grasped it and pulled it out - yes, a brand-new, rubber hot water bottle. I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could.

Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly too!"

Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully dressed dolly. Her eyes shone! She had never doubted!

Looking up at me, she asked: "Can I go over with you and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months. Packed up by my former Sabbath School class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. And one of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child - five months before, in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "that afternoon."

"Before they call, I will answer." (Isaiah 65:24)

Isn't that an amazing answer to prayer? What an awesome omniscient, omnipotent God!



There are many more times too numerous to relate, where God has specifically answered our prayers, and we thank Him sincerely for His tender care and unfailing Presence with even the most humble of His children.

Isa 59:1 “Behold, the LORD'S hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear.”

