



*My Passions -  
for Jesus & for Others*

*How God has Worked  
In and Through me. . . .  
So Far*

*by Ruth Marlene Friesen*

## Chapter 1

### First, I Need Jesus Myself

My parents carried me to church when I was a week old. They dedicated me to the Lord as a baby. I feel the Lord marked me for His own even earlier, for it says in Ephesians 1:4 *"Just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."*



I was sensitive, imaginative and eager to learn. With my picture-book mind, and role as big sister to two brothers, and in due time two sisters, I was often in charge of them, inventing games and home-made toys, and reading to them - once I got to school and learned to read in English, that is. (My first language was Plautdietsch, also known as Low German, a Dutch dialect in fact.)

I loved Sunday School, Bible stories, and what I could understand of church services. I believed in God, and Jesus, and His death and resurrection. I can't remember not believing. I loved the missionary stories, and had a passion for souls; I wanted to see souls saved, or come to know Jesus, but that may have been picked up from what I heard in church.

Mom's cousin, Rev. John D. Friesen, (well-known in the Saskatchewan valley area and later, far beyond), started preaching in our Chortitz village and immediate area when he was 18 years old. As a gifted, passionate speaker, he could switch between three languages, translating for himself fluently between English, German and Plautdietsch. He used lots of little stories or illustrations, and I usually understood those best. (I was taught to call him "Uncle John" out of respect).

As Uncle John's reputation and fervor grew, he arranged for tents in which to have gospel crusades. When I was about nine, before he had the tent, he had an evangelistic crusade in my great-aunt and uncle's metal quonset. It was on the John and Tina Thiessen's farm. I went forward each night for the children's feature when Uncle John D. Friesen usually had an object lesson or short story that explained the gospel message for children. I clearly believed, and picked up that I must make a personal decision to accept Jesus as my Saviour and to surrender my life to Him. At the end of the service, when he gave an altar call for those ready to make this decision to come forward, I felt a tugging in my heart that I should go, but I turned shy. Besides, I saw that just adults were going forward.

I lost my nerve to go forward at that time several evenings in a row. My inner tension, finally, even during the day, was so strong that I resolved that this next evening I would go forward, no matter what!

But that next evening a severe thunder and lightening storm broke out after the service had begun. The noise of the rain (and maybe hail) pelting on the metal building was so loud that even with the public address system, Uncle John could hardly be heard. Then he interrupted himself to say that he would dismiss us, but that if we wanted to do business with God we could still do that privately at home. We should not put it off.

I remember Dad and Mom were very tense driving home as the car swerved right and left on the muddy, country road, and the sky cracked and burst with bright strikes of lightening. I could tell this was not a good time to say anything to them.

That night in bed I had a dream. I was playing with some second cousins who were home on missionary furlough at their grandparents' farm just beyond our village, and that farm had a woods. We were chasing around among the trees, when suddenly there was a fire in the little cabin where these cousins were staying. I was as busy as anyone, helping to hand the littlest kids and babies out of the burning cabin, and then panting and racing after them to get away from the smoke and fire.

I woke suddenly, and knew instinctively that a fire represents hell, but that I was not truly safe from hell myself until I accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour. I had wanted to do that at the service, but.... Then I recalled what Uncle John had said about being able to be saved anywhere by just praying, confessing my sin, and asking Jesus to forgive me.

There is a verse known as the 'gospel in a nutshell', John 3:16, "*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.*" However, two verses further on it says, "*Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe stands condemned already because he has not believed in the name of God's one and only Son.*" So I knew; if I didn't deliberately choose to receive Christ as my own personal Saviour, I was condemned to hell automatically.

Knowing dreams can disappear in the morning sunlight, when we are not sure they happened, I decided that I better get out of bed and kneel on the cold floor so that I would remember that I did this. I got out of bed, knelt, and asked Jesus to forgive and save me so that I could truly be a soul-winner and a witness for Jesus. I have never forgotten that experience, but I did have trouble telling others about it for a while.

## Chapter 2

# Camp and Assurance of Salvation

I couldn't bring myself to tell my parents the next morning, and a few days later when Uncle John came around to visit I just got tongue-tied and couldn't blurt out, that I was saved too – much as I wanted to tell him.

Today I understand the great importance of letting others know of our salvation decision, for Satan used it against me back then. Any time I had an impatient spirit, or grumbled when I was called away from a book, or got angry at my brother, I felt convicted and ashamed. I worried that my private prayer had not been good enough to save me. What if I were not saved after all?

A certain Mr. Alfred Friesen came around to our country schools on behalf of the Mid-Prairie Scripture Mission at certain times of the year. When he came in with his apple box of prizes, the teacher would tell us all to lay down our pencils and to sit up and listen. Then she gave Mr. Friesen the floor.

He often told a Bible story, and explained the importance of hiding God's Word in our hearts. In fall he would leave long (legal length) sheets with 8 groups of Bible references. We could each have a sheet. We were to recite them to our teacher once we knew the verses. Then the teacher was to record which verses we had recited perfectly, and when he came again, he would give out prizes.

There were eight sections with 25 verses in each, and we could get a fancy pencil for saying the first 5 verses. If we recited a whole section, we would get to choose either a Danny Orlis book, or some other objects in his box of similar value, or if we declined the group prizes and went for the big prize, by memorizing all 200 verses without taking a prize, we could have either a red letter Bible, or two free weeks at Redberry Lake Bible camp in the summer!

I did a lot of memorizing, over several years. When I turned 11, I was too late finishing all of the verses to get to go to camp, so I took the Bible prize, even though I had just won one from my Junior Sunday School teacher, for reciting all 13 verses of that quarter – almost in one breath! Then the year I turned 12, I won the two weeks at camp!

I still had my doubts about my salvation, and whether I was really saved whenever I got cross or impatient with others, or felt misunderstood and hurt. But those two weeks at camp were a turning point for me.

My cabin counsellor seemed to see through me and also understand me, and of course, I was delighted at making new friends. At the end of the two weeks, at the last campfire before bedtime, we were invited to come throw a log on the fire and give a short testimony for Jesus.

I wanted to do that but I was squirming. My counsellor noticed and nudged me to go ahead. Finally I did. I don't recall exactly what I said, but I blurted out something about having memorized a lot of verses, and learning to know and love the Lord better.

The astonishing thing to me was the peace that followed. At last, after about three years of

wrestling with it, I'd managed to publicly say that Jesus was my Lord and Saviour.

It proves true Jesus' words in Matthew 10:32-33, "*Whoever acknowledges me before men, I will also acknowledge him before my Father in Heaven. But whoever disowns me before men, I will disown him before my Father in heaven.*"

However, I wasn't perfect by any means, and at home, even though I told Mom excitedly about everything I'd seen and done at camp, I soon found myself with un-Christ-like thoughts and words. So I began to worry again.

We were now living in Hague, and attending church in the former Venice school house in the village of Blumenthal (a sister church of the one in Chortitz). My youngest sister Erma was a year old by then, and since Mom was sickly, I ended up doing a lot of babysitting, and carrying Erma around on my hip as Mom was weak and exhausted most of the time.

A few weeks after camp, Uncle John (Rev. John D. Friesen), came to speak in the Venice church. I looked forward to hearing him, as I could understand his messages, but that morning I was pacing in and out of the cloakroom with Erma. Whenever I could I stepped out of the cloakroom to listen to the message, for he had announced that it was about knowing for sure that you were saved. I could not get everything but I did hear him say that if you were not sure whether you were saved, you should read 1 John chapter 5 over and over, watching for the word "know" until you knew whether you were saved or not.

There was more about not being perfect, but in a growing process.

I remembered that instruction though. So that afternoon I took my Bible to the shady side of the house, and sat down to study 1 John 5. I read verses like; I John 5:9-12, "*We accept man's testimony, but God's testimony is greater because it is the testimony of God, which he has given about his Son.*

*Anyone who believes in the Son of God has this testimony in his heart. Anyone who does not believe God has made him out to be a liar, because he has not believed the testimony God has given about his Son. And this is the testimony: God has given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life."*

I DID believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and that I had come to God through Him, so then I was a child of God. **I had received eternal life.** I promised the Lord that I would never waffle or doubt my salvation again. And I never have. That concern has never troubled me a moment since then!

But oh, life was just beginning for me!

## **Chapter 3**

### **A Passion for Souls**

The following winter, on a Sunday afternoon, in bed, recovering from mumps; my family had gone visiting, so I was all alone... (except that Dad left on the radio in the kitchen for me), I heard a Billy Graham program on the radio where the vast jungles of Ecuador were described, and how many thousands of people there had never heard the gospel.

I could just visualize all that! My heart began to ache with passion for those people who would die before anyone could bring the gospel to them. I rolled over in bed with an ache in my chest, weeping because even if I went as an adult, by that time many would have died and gone to hell.

A sleepy state may have over-taken me, or else I just had a vivid daydream, but I saw how, when I became an adult and tried to go out as a foreign missionary, I would be prevented because of health problems. However, I would write a book, and end up marrying a very nice doctor with a big house, and we'd start to adopt all kinds of needy and unwanted children. When I woke later I knew instinctively that God had a special plan for me, and it might not involve a missionary role in the usual sense. However, if this was a prophetic dream I better keep it to myself as that would not go over well with my parents or my church!

From that time on, I had several secret passions. A passion for souls to be saved, and for me to be a soul winner. A passion to learn to write, and to start practicing right away. Most especially though, a passion to walk and talk with the Lord, so that He could tell me more exactly what He wanted me to do.

Since I had no one else to confide in, I began to have even more running conversational prayers, in which I brought all my feelings and emotions, ideas, and daydreams to my dearest Friend. I read the Bible for cues so that He could speak to me in response. I believed that God's most reliable way of speaking to me was through His Word.

Not long after that the rural Chortitz church and the Venice church were amalgamated into one that was located in Hague. We could walk over the train tracks to our church. I was allowed to join the choir and the youth group as soon as I was 13.

One Sunday Pastor Bill Stoesz preached on the parable of the master giving his servants talents. I knew the story well, but that day he stressed that we should not bury our talents, but rather use them to serve the Lord. As I listened, I found myself praying in my running conversational way along this line, "Well, Lord, I would, but I haven't got any talent. I can't sing, speak, do anything special." (Pastor Stoesz was naming various gifts and abilities). "About the only thing I'm known for is my vivid imagination, (for which I sometimes get scolded), and that's not in those Bible lists of gifts in this sermon. But Lord, if You count that as a gift, by all means, it's Yours! I give it to You!"

I was still shy outside of the family, but I enjoyed working with children, and so when a teacher training course was offered during the Sunday School hour by Bill Neudorf, (he, with his wife Erma and baby daughter were headed to Morocco as missionaries), I eagerly joined.

Shortly after I finished the course a young woman who was going to the hospital for a couple of weeks asked if I'd take her teaching kit and teach her Primary class. I was happy to say yes, and I absolutely loved teaching! I did my best to apply everything I'd just learned in the course. When I saw Mary back in church I tried to return her kit, but she waved me off, and said I could continue. That was the start of many happy years in children's ministries in church.

When I felt convicted that I should ask for baptism and take the pre-baptism classes during the Sunday School hour, my best friend, Esther Stoesz, and her brother Bill, the pastor's children, did also, and we were baptized together by Uncle John who came to do the honours. (Mom was in the hospital in Saskatoon at the time and missed that service, however she had seen to it that I had my first 'purchased' suit for the occasion).



## Chapter 4

### Hunting for Souls in Saskatoon

After high school I got a job at Sasktel as a telephone operator. Because of shift-work, Mom felt I should get a room in the city so I wouldn't be driving home late at night. However, I sometimes drove around the city late at night, watching for someone in great need, so that I could live out my high school dreams of being a soul-winner. Only – it never happened. I craved to be a soul winner, but I never seemed to be in the right time or place for it to happen.

After a while, when my vivid daydreams didn't come to pass, I felt that the Lord was showing me that they were fodder for a book; if they happened I'd never have time to write books.

So I began to work secretly on a novel; I feared being scoffed at, and feared that would kill my dream. Now I pumped that book full of the experiences that I had thought were going to happen to and through me.

On one level, shift-work was ideal for a writer, but I still felt short-changed in that I was not a soul-winner like I had thought I was to be. I still had a passion for souls to be saved, but either I was too shy, or something conspired to keep me from being a soul winner and bringing others to faith in Christ.

After four years, when I'd paid off my '68 Nova, I decided to cash in my superannuation fund at Sasktel and go east as far as London, Ontario. I had worked my novel over seven times, and thought it must be ready to publish, but there were no publishers in the Saskatoon phone book. So I decided I had to go east. I had a single aunt living there, and expected all kinds of miracles when I got there.

Again, things didn't happen as I had imagined, but some unusually good things did start to happen.





## Chapter 5

### Ministries for my Imagination in London

Aunt Jean introduced me to many of her friends, but she moved away to Burlington shortly after I arrived, as she had been offered a good job there.

Although I made new friends easily enough, the Lord Jesus was still my closest and dearest Confidant and Friend. I continued to share all my thoughts and feelings and questions and ideas with Him by the hour! I realized that if I didn't have that relationship with Him, I would simply lose my mental balance. That unique relationship allowed me to 'tell it all to Jesus', and kept me from going insane or sinking into deep depression.

I reached a point, however, where I humbled myself before the Lord, and confessed I had misunderstood His will. I asked to start over with Him.

I started job hunting, resigned to even working in a factory, something I had always felt was anathema to my busy mind.

A temporary agency sent me first to a lingerie factory, and then to Philips Electronics, which made light bulbs. In both cases I worked as a switchboard operator. At Philips I trained others for the job, but they didn't work out, or didn't show up, so finally Philips hired me full-time.

The 1970s was the era of the 'Jesus people'. I went to a coffee house in a United church which had a ministry to street people. After just a time or two I had to face the fact that I was like a fish out of water. I couldn't relate to those people. Besides, the smoke tied my sinuses into knots!

I attended the same church my Aunt Jean had attended and where my landlady served as the organist.



Pastor John A. Robb, at this Alliance Church, with his Irish lilt said one Wednesday before prayer meeting, "Ruth, I believe the Lord wants you to teach Sunday School!"

I did miss my little Sunday School class from Hague, so I agreed, and with that, I began 12 years of children's ministries, etc., in that church.

Soon I had a very special relationship with this church. They discovered that I was willing to try things if just asked, and I threw heart and soul into my work for the Lord. They seemed to praise every effort I made, whether that was in children's ministries or in designing backdrops for the missions conference. They made it safe to have creative ideas!

Soon my involvements multiplied! Howard, the Sunday School Superintendent, had what he called a Brinkmanship theory or policy. He believed that if he pushed a volunteer over the brink of what they thought they knew or could do, they would sink or swim, and he was tickled that I swam. He made me the Sunday School Secretary, which meant that I ended up doing much of his work behind the scenes.

When Laura Finch, the Pioneer Girls Chief Guide died suddenly the next summer of a brain aneurysm, the church leaders asked if I'd take on her Chief Guide role. I was nervous but I wanted to serve the Lord – so I agreed if they would walk me through it by prayer. On Tuesday nights we had our Pioneer Girls meetings with the Trailblazer girls, (I delegated other leaders to be in charge) and the Colonists, (11-13 year olds, later called Shakari) which I led myself. On Wednesdays I came to the mid-week prayer meeting with my lists of prayer requests. Again, that little church was very supportive and I grew spiritually, and in leadership skills.



The Bible says in Ecclesiastes 9:10, *Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might;...* I sure did. I learned in Pioneer Girls to let my enthusiasm show—it helped draw and hold the attention of the girls, and persuaded them that my message was worth while.

It was especially exciting to be able to lead some of the girls to faith in Christ, and the regular meetings gave me a chance to disciple and train them in the Christian walk. I planned ways of meeting with "my girls" one on one, or by twos and threes, for picnics in the park, or any excuse to spend more quality time with them.

The next Pastor, Franklin Thomas and his wife, Donna, had been missionaries to India, so it wasn't long before we worked up some great backdrops and displays for our missions conferences. I loved that too!

When the Thomases left, I became one of the leaders that led prayer meetings for a new pastor. When Pastor Luke Rienstra and their growing family came, (they adopted kids from other countries), he asked me to become the church secretary as well, on top of all I was already doing.

The church found \$50 a month to pay me and I did most of the typing work from my Philips' job. I was often at church four to five evenings a week, but I did the church typing from my Philips' desk, plus the Sunday bulletins. These I cranked off on the old manual Gestetner they had brought to my apartment.

(The top manager knew that my receptionist job left me with time to spare, so he said it was okay for me to do these other desk projects, as long as I always stopped to do the Philips' work when it was presented to me, or if someone came in to speak to someone in the upper office, or look for a job, I should always look as if I were doing office work. I promised to keep that a priority.)

Besides all this I had time at my job to spend leisurely hours in Bible study and prayer, and preparing for Pioneer Girls lessons, and crafts and other activities.

One other quiet hidden ministry I took up there was intercession. I don't usually mention that to people, but it is still part of my spiritual life and ministries.

When I recognized that my Gr'ma back in the Altenheim in Warman, was praying for each of her large clan by name, and that she was aging, it came to me that I needed to pick up this work before she was gone so it would carry on unbroken. I began to make lists of all my relatives, and my friends, and the missionaries I knew, and broke them up into shorter lists, and then started cycling through them day by day. To help me concentrate through office interruptions, I wrote

out my prayers in school notebooks, and then binders. There were moments when I wondered if I should use that time for other things, but after all I read on prayer, and the relationship I have with the Lord, it just seemed wrong to stop.

In fact, it became such an ingrained habit – that it was next to impossible to stop!

A constant refrain through all my praying and my thoughts was my passion for souls – I wanted to witness for Jesus, and be a soul winner. My daydreams still focused on showing individuals how to receive Christ as their Saviour and then to grow in their Christian faith, their prayer life, and their involvement in church. I wanted to see others mature as I was maturing. Through my children's ministries in church I was wading in those waters.

But why was it so hard to strike up such a conversation with strangers? As a receptionist I had people come through the door, but they seemed to catch me off guard, and I worried about what the management would think.

Gradually though, over much reading, thought and prayer, I came to understand that such scenes would not happen as long as I was trying to manufacture them. I needed to let the Holy Spirit guide and prompt me, and just let my spiritual life bubble up out of me naturally.

I read and listened to everything about abiding in the vine and bearing fruit (especially in John chapters 14-16), but many more, like Luke 12:11-12, which says, "*Now when they bring you to the synagogues and magistrates and authorities, do not worry about how or what you should answer, or what you should say. For the Holy Spirit will teach you in that very hour what you ought to say.*" Rather than worrying ahead of time, I should trust the Holy Spirit to show me what to say – as needed.

It started happening! Just a small conversation with a salesman, or someone from the production floor here and there. The more I relaxed the more frequently they happened. The best ones of course, happened with my Pioneer Girls. I saw that as the place to witness most suited to me.

Even now I'm convinced we must be enthusiastic in our witnessing, rather than mechanical in presenting the gospel. Let our devotion and awe of God show plainly in our life; rather than big presentations. I don't always succeed, but that's what I aim to do.

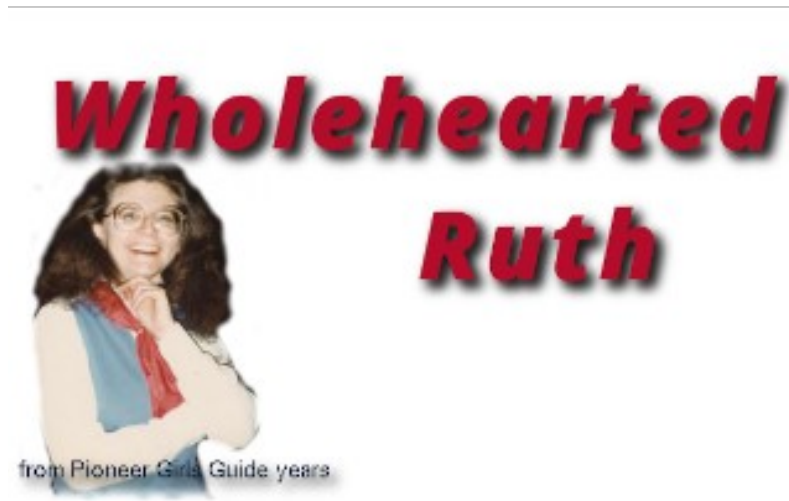
When my youngest sister, Erma, came to live with me, in 1980, my apartment seemed too crowded. My friend Shirley Ella thought I should rent her boss's house on The Ridgeway, so that I could rent out rooms to Christian college girls like she did.

Sure enough, that worked out. Soon I was like a den mother to several other young women. They all had bedrooms on the second floor while I claimed the basement for my own suite. It was in a lovely older home on a walnut-treed little street alongside the Thames river.

This opened another whole chapter of interesting experiences with these young ladies for three years. In so many ways my life seemed full and exciting and fulfilling as long as I kept my private dream hushed up and quietly to myself, and continued in a waiting mode for God to bring my dream husband and marriage to pass.

I guess I was living up to my name, Ruth; I'd discovered it had two meanings, "friend" and "compassionate." My best experiences happened when I was a compassionate friend. As such I could earnestly counsel these girls in one-on-one conversations.

But I was about to enter a spiritual battle and a major life-changing decision.



## **Chapter 6**

### **A Life Changing Spiritual Battle and Move**

Mom called one day, and said the doctor thought she should have a maid for housework; she'd told him she wouldn't hire anyone as long as she had a single daughter. This put me in a tailspin of debate with the Lord. I asked questions, and faced whether my dream, and all my church ministries were in fact God's will for my life. For two years I wrestled with this almost daily in my prayers.

Moving back to Hague would mean giving up my dream, my ministries at church, and my house full of tenants. (Well not always; it was hard sometimes to find suitable girls to move in).

I flew home for my summer holidays in 1982 to check out my parents' need. I convinced myself that they could still manage.

But my spiritual battle continued. I went home again in 1983, hoping for a clearer sign. Scenes happened that conspired to make it seem like the worst idea possible. But I could tell they were tactics of Satan.

I hunted through my Bible for some passage that would be God's direction. The one that stopped me in my tracks every time I turned back to it was in Jeremiah 15, verses 19-21. I didn't fully understand it then, but knew it somehow applied to me.

Agonizing in prayer, wanting to do God's will no matter what the cost, I finally saw what would be God's ideal will, but that He was not pushing me. I had the freedom of choice.

I believed that God was inviting me to go home, to show my parents I loved them, and get this thing out of my system that they misunderstood me and didn't really love me in a way that healed and satisfied. (I learned later that they really didn't know how to verbalize love.)

In return, God promised me JOY, (that was what persuaded me), and that I would have time to be a freelance writer at last – without hiding it.

But – it would also mean, finally, once for all, giving up my dreams.

Knowing that my parents feared financial burdens above all else, I drafted up an agreement with my parents that I would come home to care for them as long as they needed me, and they would only owe me free room and board – I would trust God for anything beyond that. We all signed it.

I also promised the Lord, that I would never tell anyone if I had a financial need; only Him. I was choosing to be a “Faith Missionary” to my parents.

Back in London for the month of August, I wrote resignation letters, for my job and all my positions in church, sold and gave away my house full of stuff, packed 64 cartons of things to ship to Hague via CN Rail, and on Labour Day got on a bus and was astonished to find myself suddenly weeping quietly but uncontrollably. My face was awash with tears.

When I changed buses in Toronto, my Aunt Jean and friend Ruth Cairns met me there, and Aunt Jean said, "you can always change your mind."

"No," I said, bawling, "I've burned all my bridges behind me. I am resolved to live with this decision now." But oh-h-h, it hurt. It HURT! I had never realized just how attached I was to all my friends and my life in London. I left 12 crucial years of my life in London.

Just the night before I left London, in the evening service at West London Alliance, we had learned a new worship chorus with these words;

*"Emmanuel, Emanuel,  
His name is called Emmanuel.  
God with us – revealed in us,  
His name is called Emmanuel."*

I don't usually learn music on first hearing it, but whenever I relaxed a bit, or tried to pray, I heard those words sung in my heart and mind. If I tried to sing along, I just croaked and began to cry afresh; however, if I listened, I heard the gentle words. It was not in my own voice, or any that I recognized, but after a while I was just convinced that the Holy Spirit was singing to, or over me.

All through my trip I heard that song over and over again. My Lord was allowing me to grieve this big change in my life, and He was comforting me.

Later I found Psalm 42:8, which says, "*By day the LORD directs His love, at night His song is with me --*" and Zephaniah 3:17 has this gem, "*The LORD your God is with you, He is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, He will quiet you with His love, He will rejoice over you with singing.*"

I arrived in Saskatoon 48 hours later, dried out from the inside. Dad and Mom picked me up, and when I was unpacking a suitcase at home I was sick enough to throw up so I went to bed.

That same evening a call came that Grandma Friesen in Clearbrook, BC, had died. Mom and Dad took a bus the next morning, to go west for the funeral. I was in no shape to go anywhere so I stayed in bed for four days. (I promised to raid the fridge if/when I got hungry).

Then, a few days later, my 64 boxes arrived, and I started unpacking in my long basement room that became my personal space.



## Chapter 7

### By Still Waters – The Hague Years

For 23 and a half years I was a live-in caregiver for my parents. Mom lived 14 years after I returned, and Dad almost another ten years after that.



Mostly I thought of those years as very long, lonely and weepy years, but now in retrospect I've learned to appreciate them because I drew so much closer to the Lord. So many times I had to lean on Him, or despair of life.

I was cheerful and relaxed with others, so I don't think many people even noticed. Besides, I worked at showing love and joy and satisfaction in small matters.

I learned to count even my smallest blessings every night. Here are a few of the major blessings;

1. Almost zero income taught me to be resourceful with what I had at hand, and to be grateful for every little gift, even cast-offs. I learned to believe that whatever I really needed, God would provide. (Psalm 34:10)

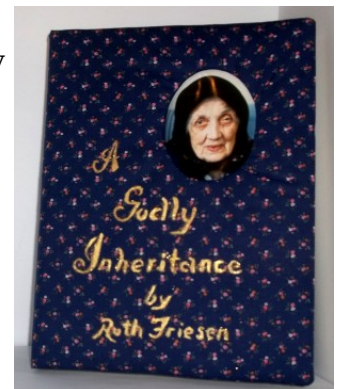


2. I see now God knit together in me the traits of creativity and tenderheartedness from Dad, and the tough discipline and attention to detail from Mom to make me a stronger, more mature person than I was before.

3. The Lord never scolded or wearied of me spending hours unloading my feelings and thoughts and ideas and longings on Him. I sent out some freelance articles and stories and a few were published, but most of my need to be heard was met by pouring myself into my prayer journals. But then, that developed writing skills too.

4. I had some years in children's ministry at Neuanlage Grace Mennonite Church, with Sunday School, AWANA and directing VBS several summers.

5. Spending so much time with seniors, Mom, Dad, Gr'ma Kroeker, and others in Hague, chauffeuring to appointments, getting into genealogy, translating old diaries, writing **A Godly Inheritance**, (a 4 lb hand-bound book to honour my Gr'ma – 200 copies at that!) and so on, - it all helped me to learn to understand and relate to adults as well as children.



6. It was an honour and great learning experience to care for Gr'ma at our house for nine months,

until there was an opening for her at the Rosthern Nursing Home. Yes, stressful, but an honour, for I learned to see her as a truly devote and godly woman, with true peace.

7. In learning to read and translate the old Gothic German script in translating Gr'ma's diaries, I gained a rare and valuable skill. (Mind you, that skill fades with lack of use).

8. I pledged in London, to write my Pen Pals every month. My effort, and their correspondence with me helped me to feel I was still in touch with the outside world. My list grew as I met and signed up for prayer letters from more missionaries.

9. I was able to be there for Mom until her death at home on November 10, 1997 of congestive heart and kidney failure. It was her wish to die at home.

10. After Mom died I cleaned the house thoroughly, and then buckled down to re-write my long buried novel. It had begun to burn in me so that I had a craving to re-do it with a new approach. Learning about the internet, I was ready to go online and learn to self-publish in earnest.

11. Though I'd felt I was the creative, non-logical type, I told the Lord that I was willing to be made a business woman if He wished to do that with me. My last ten years with Dad were an education about doing business online, which have given me skills for the work I do now.

12. I was there for Dad until he died in the hospital four days after turning 91, on February 24, 2007. I have the satisfaction of knowing I did what I promised to do, and I generally did my best – so I have a clear conscience.

13. Although I didn't feel I had accomplish much in published writings or books during those care-giving years, the tilling of my spirit and soul are bearing much fruit now. I built websites, which in some ways, is like writing and publishing books, and I corresponded with people and mentor them out of the spiritual depths the Lord put into me during those decades at home in Hague. The words flowed out of me all day long, and I had great joy in many forms of writing! (I still do!)



14. In fact, I was able to publish my novel, **Ruthe's Secret Roses**, as a Print-on-Demand (POD) book, in 2001, still available from <https://Booklocker.com>, (at US\$) and as a PDF on own site <https://Ruthes-ecretRoses.com>. However, I had long years before promised God that I would dedicate all the profits to Him if it should ever get published. For many years that was going to be my main life's thrust for being a soul winner.

(Since 2007, having to meet my own living expenses, I put promoting that book on the back burner; but in just the last few years, the time has come to learn how to market online in earnest!)

15. Cleaning up my parents' home and estate and moving into a place of my own in Saskatoon was a very exhausting climax that took five months. But I went out full, being able to take, at a bargain, all the furniture I needed, and experiencing God's provisions in miraculous ways.

[Note: each of the above points could form another in-depth chapter or two!]



Now I can sing heartily this verse,  
"Many, O LORD, my God, are the wonders You have done.  
The things You planned for us no one can recount to You;  
were I to speak and tell of them they would be too many to declare." (Psalm 40: 5)

Not for a minute would I wish troubles and hard times on anyone else, but I do see now that these are the blessed means by which God matures and ripens our lives so that we can bear all the sweeter fruit of the Spirit.

If, in our devotional time, we are begging the Lord for a closer walk with Him, and that we might be able to bear more fruit, such as winning souls to Christ, we can know that He is starting to answer our prayers when troubles come. So this is not the time to despair and beg to be lifted out of our troubles. This is where we must cling to Him and walk on forward. Even if it feels like stumbling.

After we pass through the deserts and the valley of the shadow of death, we will come out to a green and spacious place. Our joys will be greater than all we have suffered! My past was preparation and training for what I do now.

NOTE: Reviewing these items... I see that some of them call for whole chapters of their own. I do intend – and am preparing to write a book on my Caregiver years as I see more and more people coming to this stage with their parents and they really don't know what to expect or how to see their role in all of this – other than getting their parent or parents into a care home and let the professionals care for them. That may be the right choice for some, but not for all.

I can't say when that book will be published. Keep in touch; God-willing it shall happen!

I also notice that I have now been living alone in Saskatoon since 2007, (17 years? Really?) The chapters for this part of my life's testimony also have some worthy truths to share. But this started out as a booklet! This ride may get rather bumpy!

Okay, read the next chapter for a summarized version.



## Chapter 8

# Becoming a Multitasking Business Woman!

Once my care-giving years were over and I had cleaned up my parents' house, miraculously, I found myself in a little wee green house in Saskatoon. A home-owner of all things!

In 1999, while still living with Dad in Hague, I had volunteered for Western Tract Mission, by building a website for them from home, and then became a Board member, and took on the Editing and layout work of *Reflections* for printing each quarter.

At my new time of changes, in 2007, after Dad died, I sold the house, and got this wee mint-green house of my own, and Western Tract Mission Board made me a missionary so that friends and volunteers could contribute to my support and be receipted. Some did.

I was no longer able to be a Board member if I received monies through the WTM books, but the Board said they liked the way I took Minutes, so they asked that I continue as secretary **to** the Board (instead of "**of** the Board"). I could still take part in discussions, and contribute reports, but not vote or make a motion.

My pledged support was not enough to live on, but I'd already begun thinking like a business woman back in Hague, and decided to behave like one. My website building skills got me a couple of paying part-time client jobs. Once I know my course, I can persevere!

When I told the Board of my dream of renting the three-room office suite upstairs for my business, hoping to offer small classes in computer training, they were very willing to let me get started right away. Refusing to go into debt and not being able to afford advertising, meant that my business grew very slowly. I see now that I needed time to shift my lifestyle, and integrate all my commitments.

I took on all kinds of responsibilities. My assignments for the mission increased as I spent Monday through Friday in the office and became close to the other WTM missionaries.

I assigned certain evenings to each of my website clients, and tried to save some mornings to work on my own business sites. It seemed I was able to find a slot of time for every opportunity that came along, but nothing moved forward in huge strides. I just make plodding progress on all fronts. I thoroughly enjoyed my multitasking business woman lifestyle. I felt like the Lord has been preparing me all my life long for this stage. In little ways I was able to serve and bless a number of ministries.

Sometimes I wondered if God didn't allow the internet to be invented just for me! I enjoyed connecting with people from all parts of the world via emails and the circus of over 20 websites that I built and maintained. (Some of them go on a 'back burner' for a while; they don't disappear if I'm not working on them constantly).

All the effort I had put into writing and re-writing my novel over the years gave me confidence to freely write web pages, articles, tracts, emails and whatever needs doing and without much

self-searching. So fulfilling. The websites brought comments and responses from the contact forms that allow me to form new pen pal like relationships and often I'm mentoring, or advising someone about the Christian life, or writing or publishing, many things. That was – rather fulfilling.

I seem to connect with people in third world countries, running a small missions or ministries. Naturally, they begged for funds to do their work. Others might brush them off, not wanting to be bothered by them, but I took time to show them some kindness, and often I gained new friends. This led to me offering to build a website for a few of them. That added to my load of ministry streams going on in my life.

When I was ready to find a new 'home church' in the city, I visited a number of churches, then narrowed down my choices and decided that Erindale Alliance church would be my new church family. I became involved in the ESL class during Sunday School hour, helping newcomers to Canada practice their English and making friends. The preaching is sound, Christ-focused, and many of my new church friends have a spiritual maturity, and a missions attitude that makes me feel like I'm really among my own kind!

At times I wondered what has become of my passion for soul-winning. Then I realized that as I have matured in my Christian walk, and discovered the importance of discipleship and growth in spiritual things, my concern has grown for others, not only that they be saved, but that they be taught and mentored, or discipled, in the Christian life.

While working at Western Tract Mission, our Director, Arnold Stobbe decided to write up his own testimony. It came out to nine short chapters covering various stages of his Christian life. He asked me to put it on the WTM website. Arnold and his wife had ten children and five of them become missionaries!

Then he urged all the WTM's volunteers to follow his example and prepare their testimony for the website.

I liked the idea and wrote up my testimony, which you have read in the parts before this page. None of the other volunteers were brave enough to try.

However, Impact Canada Ministries – the new form of our old ministry started in 1941 – has now set up a re-direct from the old *westerntractmission.org* URL to the new website. Therefore Arnold's and my own testimony are no longer available that way. That has inspired me to update my own testimony and offer it freely from my own websites.

## Chapter 9

### A Whole New Business Career



2018-2019. Yes, more changes have come into my life. Big enough changes to call for another chapter in this testimony of God's work in and through me.

Chronologically, I'm a senior now, and my body is not up to the rigors of a pioneer missionary roughing it in a foreign land, yet I feel that the Lord is preparing me for a broader role as a sponsor or supporter of these things.

Writing and publishing of books still calls to me. I have ideas for sequels to my novel and several other book themes, but at present I've set that aside. If the Lord opens that door and arranges my schedule so that I have time for it, then I will enter with an eager and bounding step.

When I reached 65, I checked out what I could expect if I went on any available government pensions. I discovered that though I had only paid into the Canada Pension plan a few years, I would make more money if I declared myself "retired" than from my missionary supporters. Also, I did not have to quit working to apply for that pension. I certainly didn't want to quit working! What's more, I was confident I could trust the Lord for my needs over and above the CPP pension and Old Age Security checks.

I had one faithful and regular client. The Mennonite Historical Society of Saskatchewan paid me to build and then add to their website weekly. Later, they also made me editor of their quarterly publication, *The Mennonite Historian*. I felt optimistic about all my responsibilities. (However, as of early 2023, they have gone to using volunteers only. So I don't have that work any more.)

All this meant that I could resign as missionary, and go back on volunteer status with Western Tract Mission. That meant I could become a regular Board member again, which helped us out as sometimes we didn't have enough present at a Board meeting to have a quorum for any official business.

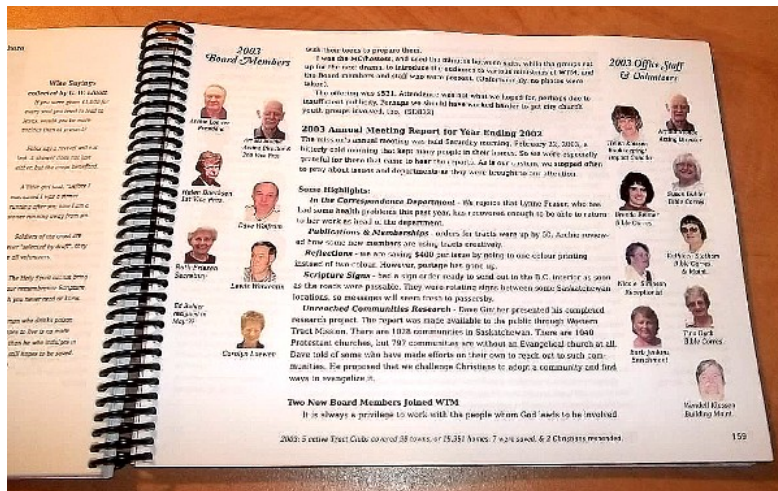
The same night that I turned in my resignation, it was accepted and I was promptly made a Board member once more. We also had some younger 'under 35' Millennials who had come to observe and see whether they would be willing to become Board members too. Long story short: five of them did!

Gradually their influence was felt as we changed the name of our mission to *Impact Canada Ministries*, and spent time reassessing our mandate from the Lord. In July of 2015 we decided as a Board to halt a number of things we had been doing and concentrate on what new things God wanted to do through us.

That meant that in one evening all but two of my roles in the mission were eliminated. I was still Secretary of the Board, and I was to continue with my assignment to write the mission's history for our 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2016.

I moved my office home at the end of July to concentrate on the book, and my own projects. However, the research included typing up old Minutes and Reports from earlier eras before computers, so it took longer than I'd first imagined. In fact, the greatest blessing in having them transcribed into the computer, was that when I needed to find out when so-and-so had come into the mission and begun their specific role – all I had to do was a global search for that person's name in the transcribed Board Minutes – all brought into one larger folder on my computer. I would land on the right lines and be able to put together the exact notes for each person that way.

What's more, in 2016 we were busy selling our old building and moving into a new rented office. So we put off our anniversary celebration until 2017. I managed to get that big, hefty history book done in time for our celebration on October 13, of that year. By that summer already I had to sacrifice a lot of my personal time to see the book was done and printed in time for our big event.



You can still order a copy of this history book from Impact Canada Ministries. I'm not sure how many copies are left, but it should not be hard to get more printed in short order.

Reach them from the new website: <https://ImpactCanadaMinistries.ca/>

I gave myself another project after that; one of sorting and putting all the old photos we had found in the basement into new albums with

page protectors for each sheet of photos. That took a number of months too! I was able to take to the new office several white binders full of labeled photos, telling the story of Western Tract Mission for 1941 forward all in labeled photos.

Throughout this time, for more than two years, I had been reading and hearing via webinars about online businesses and something called Attraction Marketing. I saw tremendous potential in this for raising large sums of money. Deep in my heart I had always wished I could support missionaries and missions in a big and generous way. This became a new passion in my heart and mind. It seemed that God had prepared me for such work in my latter years. Something I

could do from home, working alone, or eventually training others so that more can benefit.

Many of my friends and contacts in third-world countries have great difficulty raising funds for their ministries and good works. I really want to help them out too! Their needs are so great; that I can hardly wait.

I could see that once I threw myself into this new business for a giving ministry I would not have time for these last projects for the mission, and some that I had taken on as favours for people in need. I decided to push hard to wrap up those projects first; then I would throw myself just as heartily into the new career of an online business entrepreneur.

There is definitely a place for all my content-writing, layout/editorial skills, graphic design, website design, creativity, resourcefulness, and people skills I learned in the last two decades – in this new period in my life. Hey, I'm still learning new things every week, sometimes daily!

I continue, by prayer, to involve the Lord in everything I do all day long.

[Here is a cover of a *Reflections* issue in the years I was the editor.]

**God Moment: "There Is Hope"**

A few weeks ago I was working as a fill-in mail delivery driver in a small area of eastern Nova Scotia. One morning when I went into work there was a box of tracts called "There Is Hope" waiting to be delivered that day. The postmistress in that post office is a born again Christian and she took a few minutes to pray over that box of tracts asking the Lord to use them to reach someone in the area where they were to be delivered. I loaded them in my car along with the day's mail and gave them to my helper to put in mailboxes. The helper read through part of the tract while she was waiting to get to the first mailbox. While she was reading I was also praying that these tracts would be a help to someone who needed to hear the gospel. We don't know who has read the tracts but we do know that two people prayed for these tracts to go forth and accomplish what God intends. We only service 325 mailboxes but that is 325 families that did receive "There Is Hope" tracts, and those tracts were prayed over not once but twice. The postmistress and I are both praying that God will be glorified through this tract. Thank you for doing this. God's word will NOT return unto Him void.  
- Stephanie Lowe

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*Western Tract Mission, Inc.*  
**Reflections**

**Jesus's Promises: I Will Love Him**



*"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." John 14:21*

## Chapter 10

### Yet Another Chapter in My Life

My life is not over yet! I'm now reviewing 2020 to 2024; and the '24 year is still in process. So I must guard against getting bogged down in too much detail, so we miss the Bigger Picture.

My brother Tom died in April of 2019 after 18 years in a wheelchair. Dealing with his death was one thing, but the other bigger matter that developed was that he had made me executor of his will, and he reminded me several time in the last month in the hospital that I had promised to sell his large collection of diecast models of farm machinery, cars, trucks, etc., and to see that his two estranged daughters, whom he had not seen since his divorce in 1997 received the profits as an inheritance from him.

I had promised Tom, though I realized that I knew very little about all these models, and would have to do much research first. Second, though I knew how to build websites, I would have to learn all about doing eCommerce from a website – this could take me many years!

He accepted that, but wanted to make sure of my commitment. Tom knew that – as Mom had often told us, a promise is a PROMISE. We must keep our Word. I had tried to abide by that principle all my life, but this was going to swing me in new directions!

I recalled (back when Mom was still alive), when a second/third generation cousin in Edmonton had asked me to visit her one weekend. There, cousin Karin had placed two jumbo photocopied books of our ancestor, Katharina (Reimer) Neudorf – Dyck's journals in German into my lap. She had been unable to find anyone in Edmonton willing to translate these journals, but we were both eager to know what she might have written there. My High German was a rusty memory of a High school course that had been difficult. But I agreed to give it a very earnest try.

When I brought these giant books home from Edmonton, and showed them to Mom, she exclaimed in Plautdietch, "Girl, what have you taken on!?" She was reluctant to even help me with the odd word, so after some tearful prayers, I resolved to figure it out, and do my best, fearing it would eat up my life!

I got my very first computer during that process, (a DOS, black & white computer since my Underwood typewriter had died.) But you know what? In two years I got that done! I had to stop often to look up the words in a couple of German/English dictionaries that Karin provided for me, but once I got the gist of "Our Katharina's style" I picked up speed and was able to put the keyboard on top of one of the jumbo books, and type them on the keyboard almost as fast as I could read them. That happened in the 1990s, and I still give God the credit for helping me to learn a new skill so I could keep my promise.

(Tom may have known that if I said "yes" to him, I would somehow make it happen. My "yes" was the only contract he needed.) With such experiences as translating Katharina's German journals in my memory, I dared to believe God would help me, somehow, to complete this assignment from Tom. I have begun it, but I am often interrupted so it is not happening very fast.

In the first two years I had to start the website over several times because of complications, but

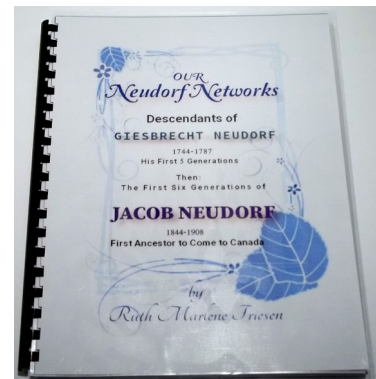
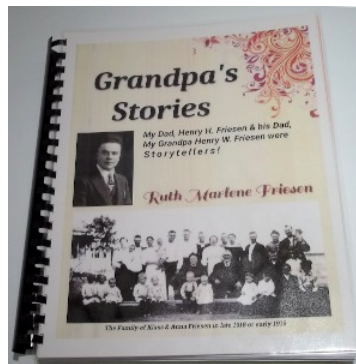
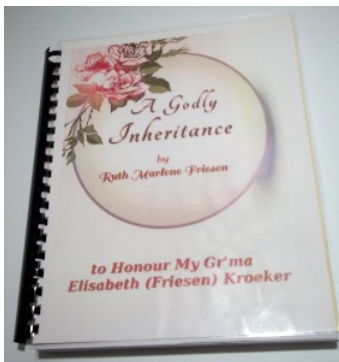
now I have about 260 models on the website, <https://diecastmodels-inheritance.com> and it is connected with a shopping cart service, so that sales can/do happen. I see now that I need to learn how to do some marketing or promotion so that more visitors come to the site and choose models to buy. That means becoming a marketer on a shoe-string budget.

After I finished with WTM/Impact Canada Ministries in 2017, I had updated the genealogy and family history books I had done up in Hague on the old Gestetner in the 1980s, and now I was offering them as PDF ebooks on my genealogy website, <https://agodlyinheritance.com> The occasional sales were rather sparse, so when I was researching shopping cart systems for Tom's models I came across a shopping cart system that offered a free level if you had only 10 products or less. I decided to try it out with those genealogy/family history books first to test this system.

This experiment convinced me I could set up a store on my novel's site, to sell my devotional ebooks and also my genealogy books from there. I've promised the profits to God for missions.

During the ten years with Dad – since he didn't need real nursing care – I did more family and genealogy research and wrote more books. Except! Those were not cranked off on a Gestetner nor bound like the first edition of *A Godly Inheritance*. No, I had graduated to a better computer, a printer, and my sister Elsie had left me her cerlox binding machine when she moved to B.C.

I prefer to sell them as PDF ebooks now; customers can download and print out only if they really want to. (I have said that IF a customer is a senior who knows nothing of computers or downloads, etc., for \$50 extra I will print out and bind a copy for them with laminated covers. That process can take three hours per book). Yes, they look quite professional now!



These three are the cerlox bound books.

The fourth one is so large it needs a binder to hold the pages together. It came about because I was trying to find a connection between the Friesens on Dad's side and the Friesens on Mom's side. Whenever I came to a Friesen ancestor chart that just might connect our two lines I copied them down. When others heard about this they wanted to see all of them too! So I put them all in one binder/book so that those who are keen to benefit from my research can have a go at it.





[You can buy and download them, and my novel, also other ebooks here:  
<https://ruthes-secretroses.com/Library/Bouquets-Books.shtml>]

By late December that year, when this shopping cart company had a special discount rate, I decided to sign up for the diecast models' site too, and be prepared to pay for that account.

Since I'm always learning (just as Gr'ma advised), I've discovered that there is a possibility of selling more models even after some of Tom's most favourite ones have sold, if I connect with the factories where they are made. I can do "drop-shipping" from the same pages where I wrote up and have photos of the models. I have not started this yet, but realize that I may enjoy some profits yet for my dreams of giving to missions and ministries!

Some have advised to just have one big garage sale. I retort, "And sell them for 25 cents a piece out of sheer ignorance?" They don't understand that I'm working my way through 80 boxes of these models, and some are worth 100s of dollars! My pattern is research-RESEARCH!! and writing up good descriptions, with wise use of keywords to draw in those who are hunting for these models.

The crazy thing is, even the smallest models I can hide in the palm of my hand often turn out to sell online for \$50 or more! I would be cheating my nieces if I only got a quarter for them.

IF I were to rent one of the huge buildings on the Exhibition Grounds, spread out about 2000 models and hire helpers to staff the tables to have, say a 2-3 day sale, guessing at prices, the expenses would be sure to be more than the sales, and I'd still have to pack up AGAIN the leftovers, and find storage space. No – NO! That is a dumb idea!

As you may remember, COVID became an epidemic over most of the world, starting in 2019 and spread into many places over the next two-three years. This meant less going out into public places, but it allowed me to focus more on these online business adventures.

Then there is the matter of my fragile bones... I knew back in Hague, while my parents were still both alive, that I had osteoporosis – or fragile bones. The first instance was when I rolled over in bed one morning to a very sharp pain in my chest. It worried me enough that I called the wife of a church Deacon to take me to Emergency in a city hospital. They found nothing wrong.

When I was home again, and reported this, Dad just growled, "Well, I'd go to a chiropractor!" There was one who came to Hague on Tuesdays, so I went to see him. It didn't take him long to announce that I had cracked a rib and the muscles around it were tightened in sympathy pain. He set a vibrating gizmo to connect to me, and it did ease the pain, so he advised me to just use a heating pad for a few days and I'd be fine. He was right.

The next fracture happened the day after Dad died, when I decided to go into Saskatoon to pick up Tom so he could come with me for all the arrangements to be made for Dad's funeral. That way no one could say I had made all those decisions by myself without any involvement from the siblings. I brought him back to the house first for lunch, then we went to Rosthern to the funeral home for arrangements, then to the flower shop for a spray on the casket, then to the bakery for the reception after the funeral in Neuanlage Grace Mennonite Church. (I knew the

Ladies' Aide didn't do the baking any more). Then on to Waldheim to let Mennonite Trust know – as that was where Dad had his Will. Finally, back to Hague to our home for supper. As I lifted Tom's wheelchair out of the trunk for the Umpteenth time, my back was sure hurting and I asked myself, "How many times have done this today?" (I quickly counted up 12 times).

The house filled with relatives and friends who dropped by with roasters full of meals. When my sister Elsie arrived she told me to go to bed; she would look after the kitchen and food. But I didn't want to miss out on the visiting, so I curled up in Mom's purple rocker instead to listen in on the conversations. (Elsie has been in charge of two different hospital kitchens and was training to be a health inspector at that time, so I knew she was more capable of feeding the house full of relatives than I was.)

When all the relatives had left, and I was to start cleaning up the house for the auction sale I decided to call the Chiropractor at his Saskatoon office, and went to see him about my back. In a few minutes he stopped and sent me for x-rays. The next day he called me and told me I had a fracture in my T6 vertebrae. I said, "So? What can we do about that?"

He basically said, "Nothing. Eat painkillers and wait 8 weeks – it will clear up." He was right, but I had lots to do! I stopped every so often and laid down on the couch for a half hour rest and then up and at the work again!

It took about five months to clean up Dad's estate and also clean and sanitize a wee 610 sq. foot house in Saskatoon, that I got at very decent price. It was known in the neighbourhood as a "druggie house." (Others said you couldn't buy a vacant lot for that price). I tell you, the saga of how the Lord provided the funds for that house involves three or four more major miracles! In fact, I paid it off in six years instead of the ten years the mortgage allowed.

Since then I've had about 7 or 8 more fractures in my back, my spine zigs to the left at my waist, and has arched up into about 3 humps between my shoulder blades. Cleaning Tom's apartment after he died brought on another big fracture. Fortunately my brother Ernie arrived the next day from Winnipeg and ended up staying the rest of the week to do the heavy lifting for me.

In fact, I was 5 feet and 7 inches tall when I graduated from high school in the 1960s. I am now (2024) down to 4 feet and 10 inches, and still shrinking. But I'm very grateful to our God, for helping me to live a fairly normal life, with no pain, (except for those 8 weeks after a fracture). I do take an assortment of supplements, but no drugs. Except for times of intense pain.

Back in 2013 God had wonderfully provided another car when the mechanics said Dad's old Corsica was not worth fixing any more. My WTM family prayed with me each week and just before Valentine's day a car was offered to me, a 2002 black Buick – looking like a classic limousine! The owners had just bought themselves a brand new car, but were only allowed one parking space under their condo building, so they were willing to sell it to me for whatever I could afford.

I thoroughly enjoyed that car, but as I began to get shorter and smaller, I had to face that it was just too big for me. I had to move the seat up and as far forward as it would go, so my knees were in the dash, and the seat-belt came across my throat – as it could not be moved from its place above the door. (I tried not to think too often of what would happen to my head if I were

ever in an accident!)

But last fall, (October 2023), after two years of trying not to worry, I started to look for a smaller car. God intervened again, and I found a 2005 Toyota Echo. The previous owner had driven it from brand new for 18 years, and always had it completely serviced every July. (She was a government inspector or trainer for schools for the deaf). Again, it was exactly what I could afford without going into debt.

Meantime, I parked the Buick in front of my house with signs in the windows and it sold for cash very easily.

Just this year a couple in church loaned me a filing box full of magazines on Prayer! What a treasure trove! My enthusiasm for prayer and adopting the lessons on proclaiming the promises I find in the Bible has just soared! I pray them back to the Lord on a daily basis; this has greatly increased my faith and fervency as I pray for those on my Intercession Lists. I'm enthusiastic about my prayer times more than ever before! Sometimes the hours just run away on me!

Also, I pray daily, "Lord, since You say You can keep my ankles from twisting, would You also see that I'll have no more fractures, please?"

(Really. I've had no more fractures since I've begun doing this.)

Some have wondered if I should not be putting my name in at some seniors' complex. I try not to be rude, but I feel that if the Lord keeps giving me assignments such as I have now, I better not plan another move!

God has proven over and over again that He is well able to meet my needs as they come up and the time is right.

I believe He has given me certain assignments. I've tried to organize my daily routines so that I can work towards accomplishing each one.

(1) Writing a book about Care-giving for our seniors at home – from a Christian perspective. (I don't know how anyone can do this without leaning on the Lord!)

(2) Polishing my devotional, topical books written during my devotional times, into ebooks I can sell – the profits to go to missions and supporting missionaries.

(3) Researching, photographing, and writing up Tom's models, and selling them, setting aside the profits (above my minimal expenses), for my two nieces, Tom's daughters.

(4) Writing sequels to my novel – once I learn how to market the novel well enough to see a demand for more like it. Also, to give the profits to missions. (This one does not have a time slot yet).

I've discovered in the last few months that sometimes the ministry clients for whom I have built websites need me to do major updates on them – this can bring me responsibilities that I need to

fulfill for them. Things I have to work into my busy agenda.

Most of these clients have no idea how to even login to their site's control panel, never mind build new web pages. In 2020 I spent 9 months teaching myself how to change the theme of a site to a Responsive design for Google had announced that they were no longer going to drive traffic, or visitors, to a site that was not Responsive. That means the pages should recognize what kind of device the visitor is using to see the site, and to adapt it's page arrangements to suit each different type of electronic device.

Since then, I have turned five of my websites over to a Responsive format. In the last two years I've done the same for three of my ministry clients.

Then just now (summer of 2024) I got word that the server on which our sites are hosted needed to be upgraded. Or, the better option, migrated to a new server that was already upgraded. That has been accomplished. But there was extra work for me to do, so that I was not able to get to my own business agenda for several weeks. (There was also the re-building of one client's site because he had not renewed his domain name, and had to redeem it first. I had all his original web pages, fortunately, on my computer.)

Most of the time, however, things run smoothly, and I am not so very involved in their sites once the basic building has been done. Mind you, three of them have a WordPress blog, and I've tried to impress on them that this is similar to a daily newspaper. You need to be adding something new to such a site on a daily – (or at the very least, weekly) basis. If you don't, hackers will discover this and try to hack into the site and take it over! I have given up WordPress blogs on a number of my websites for that very reason. Such a site needs to be fed and watched daily!!

We are now at the PRESENT TENSE of my life's testimony-story. I think...there may be more chapters in due time. Check with me from time to time, to see when that has happened.

God has used all the things I've been through in the past to make me what I am today.

My conclusion for now: my walk with Christ is more exciting every day, and one of the promises I claim and pray back to the Lord every day is from Psalm 16:5-6.

*“LORD, You have assigned me my portion and my cup; You have made my lot secure. The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places; surely I have a delightful inheritance.”*

Yes! I do believe God has brought me to a very pleasant, even exciting period in my life, where I can do the creative things I enjoy as my means of serving Him with hearty enthusiasm!

## Chapter 11

### Dear Reader!



#### Dear Spiritually Hungry Reader,

Are you thinking right now, "Oh, how I would love to know God like that, always listening, always near, and encouraging me, guiding me!"?

I assure you that yes, you CAN know God intimately like that! Since we are not in the same place right now, let me explain how you can come into such close fellowship with God, for He desires it far more than you do, and He's waiting for you!

1. You must humbly come to God on His terms. You need to recognize and admit that you are a sinful person and have no standing before a holy, awesome God. He has plainly said, "*There is no one righteous, not even one; there is no one who understands, no one who seeks God. All have turned away, they have together become worthless; there is no one who does good, not even one.*" (Romans 3:10-12)

1. Confess all your sins to God. That is, agree that they are a serious affront to Him, but that He is able to wipe them out. Grieve that you committed those sins. Then, move on to the next step.

2. Receive gladly by faith that God has already provided for your salvation and holiness through the gift of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Jesus died on the cross to purchase your complete forgiveness of all your sins, and binding habits. Believe Jesus died and rose for YOU specifically (as well as the whole world); by Jesus' death for you on the cross, you are adopted into God's Great Big Wonderful Family! You become a member of Christ's Body, the Church universal, which is known in the Bible as the Bride of Christ.

You also receive the Holy Spirit of God to dwell in your heart and to be God's presence in you. If you want all that, just tell God this in prayer, and joyfully thank Him for His gifts!

Some key Bible verses that summarize this are, "*But God demonstrated His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.*" (Romans 5:8) And "*For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.*" (Romans 6:23)

There is so much to learn and understand that is exciting and life-changing, so start reading the Bible and praying daily. Also, look for a good Bible-believing church, and make new friends there. Talk with others about these things in Bible classes and learn to understand what you have in Christ. Don't try to be a believer all by yourself (unless you are marooned alone on an island, or in a solitary prison cell). Just as a coal or log taken out of the fire grows cold and loses its glow, so a Christian that is all on his or her own, will find it hard to stay close to the Lord.

## Dear Christian Reader,

If you are already a Believer, but your reaction to my testimony is - "how come I don't feel that close relationship with Christ, or not very often?" - I want to greet you warmly too, and show you that you can still get there as well!

First of all, did you miss any of the steps above? Have you thoroughly and completely repented of your sins, or are you still clutching a few – like a child with a toy you won't give up? Not being fully repentant and surrendered to God is a real barrier to intimacy with Him.

Or, have you failed to get into the Bible and hungrily read it as your daily spiritual food? Your Bible should be your most priceless treasure. It's not just a possession. It represents our Living God. It is where He interacts with us, and speaks with us!

If you skip too many days of Bible reading and meditation, you are spiritually starved. Please make time for that – and start telling the Lord everything. Ask Him questions. Ask Him for what you need. Then things will start to change in your life, and you will draw closer to Him. God never forces Himself upon us; He only gives us as much of Himself as we are ready and willing to have.

What about going to church and spending quality time with other believers? As much as possible you should find other Christians and spend time with them. That will make your spirit soar! Learn to get along with them – that's part of growing up spiritually too!



## **Now, Dear Growing Christian Reader,**

If you have this inner longing to share what you have in Christ with others – even if you feel you are not doing well at it, take heart! God is watching over you like a proud parent, watching you take your first steps.

Some people seem to have the personality and gifts to be outgoing and articulate right from their first tries, and they succeed in leading others to the Lord quickly. Some of us are slow learners and it takes us longer.

If you are a true believer, you have the Holy Spirit abiding in you, and it is HE that is giving you that desire and longing to share the gospel. Don't give up and turn away because you were nervous or tense when you first tried.

But do focus more on learning to know and understand all that you have in Christ and to walk with Him, and let Jesus bring improvements to your life that are in keeping with your personality and gifts. Don't try to "be just like someone else," in spreading the gospel. God has made you in your particular way because He has a tremendous plan for using you in ways that are different from others. The more you learn to love and obey His Word, the easier the witnessing will flow from you. The right words will bubble up out of you at the right time when you meet someone who needs to hear your testimony, and your experiences with the Lord. Naturally, you want to learn not to talk only of yourself, but to show them how they may have such joy and peace and forgiveness too.

Maybe I can summarize it this way; see that you grow in your own devotion to the Lord, and let it show unashamedly. That will make you like salt and light which will attract others, and then just think about pouring Christ's love out on them. A small amount of nervousness helps us to be sharp and on our toes so we do a good job, but if our fears tie us in knots, that is a sign that we are not looking to Jesus, but ourselves. Deal with that issue in prayer and make a decision to trust the Lord to help you.

Remember, this is not something we do for the Lord. It is something He wants to do through us, using our personality, our words, our love for the other person. Let's not hinder Him!



### *My Triumphant Psalm of Devotion and Faith!*

I praise You, Lord God, for designing me and planning my family and life. You brought me to Yourself at an early age, and have wooed and won my complete devotion. I long waited for another, thinking that would be Your way of blessing and using me, but You patiently taught me, and waited until I chose to give You my whole heart.

You are my most holy and perfect God, Redeemer, Teacher, Guide, Comforter and Companion. I marvel at the love and tender provisions, and Your precious presence that I experience when I keep my focus on You. You love me better and more than anyone else could! I am weened of wanting others.

Much as You love me, I know You are ready and eager to love others too. It pleases You greatly if I bring others to repentance, and faith, and fellowship in Christ Jesus. Therefore, I am also passionate about sharing You, dear Jesus, with individuals and groups, and with everyone in every corner of the world! That is why I love missions.

I believe You are eternal, having always existed, always been holy and flawless, and You always will remain. You are the Creator and Founder of the whole universe, and all the universes – if there are more! You are also my Saviour, my Sanctifier, my Healer, and my Soon Coming King! You, O God, have a passion for human souls and long to be in sweet fellowship with each one of us! Everyone throughout the history of time! It boggles my mind, but yes, EVERYONE!

I believe You have a specific plan for my life, and that it is good – the more I see of it, the better I like it! I can trust You with an utter abandon. Even though I should have no home or income, and ill health, I trust You and Your plan to triumph. You WILL carry me through, and bring me to a bright and spacious place! You also fill my lap with good things until it overflows, but all of this is so that I may be Your faithful servant and part of Your Body the Church, and thus working toward Your ultimate goals of saving mankind.

Some day soon, You, Lord Jesus, will personally come to collect Your Church, (Your Bride, according to Jewish custom), and take us to the Father's House for that great wedding feast, and we shall be spotless and without wrinkle or blemish of any kind! Hallelujah! Then I shall truly be Home and be Perfect at last. Amen.



## Scripture Promises I Proclaim in Faith

*The bolts of your gates will be iron and bronze, and your strength will equal your days. There is no one like the God of Jeshurun, who rides the heavens to help you and on the clouds in His majesty. The eternal God is your refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. He will drive out your enemy before you, saying 'Destroy him!' (Deuteronomy 33:25-27)*

*Now He who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will also supply and increase your store of seed and will enlarge the harvest of your righteousness. You will be made rich in every way so that you can be generous on every occasion, and through us your generosity will result in thanksgiving to GOD. (2 Corinthians 9:10-11)*

*They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony; they did not love their lives so much as to shrink from death. Therefore, rejoice you heavens, and You who dwell in them! But woe to the earth and the sea, because the devil has gone down to you! He is filled with fury, because he knows that his time is short. (Revelation 12:11-12)*

*Even in darkness light dawns for the upright, for the gracious and compassionate and righteous man. Good will come to him who is generous and lends freely, who conducts his affairs with justice.....He will have no fear of bad news; his heart is steadfast, trusting in the LORD. (Psalm 112:5&7)*

*Even now my witness is in Heaven; my Advocate is on High. My Intercessor is my Friend as my eyes pour out tears to God; on behalf of a man he pleads with God as a man pleads for his friend. Only a few years will pass before I go on a journey of no return. (Job 16:19-22)*

*I know that You can do all things; no plan of Yours can be thwarted. (Job 42:2)*

*LORD, You have assigned me my portion and my cup; You have made my lot secure. The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places; surely I have a delightful inheritance. (Psalm 16:5-6)*

*You give me Your Shield of Victory, and Your right hand sustains me; You stoop down to make me great. You broaden my path beneath me, so that my ankles do not turn.” (Psalm 18:35-36)*

*For I am the LORD, your GOD, who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, “**Do not fear; I will help you.**” (Isaiah 41:13)*

*Honour your father and your mother so that you may live long in the land the LORD, your GOD is giving you. (Exodus 20:12)*

*Give and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, will be poured into your lap. For with the measure you use, it will be measured to you. (Luke 6:38)*

## How to Reach Me

**My Address is:** 903 23<sup>rd</sup> Street West, Saskatoon, SK. S7L 0A5 Canada.

**My phone number?** I'm sorry, but I've had so much trouble with spam and scammers and robot calls that I don't give out my number until I know and trust a new contact.

My **Email Policy** for many years now has be NOT to publish my email addresses openly. I know that spammers have ways and means of harvesting them and selling them to other spammers. All of that increases the daily dumps of junk emails.

Instead I recommend you find one of my websites (Google will help if you search for my full name). Look for the contact form. Send me a note that way with some indication of who you are and what your concern or interest is that would connect you with me. I generally get those email messages without fail, and if you have entered your own email address or contact information – if you seem sincere and believable, I will reach out to you.

Of course, you could always subscribe to my mailing list, and there I do give out how to reach me more quickly.

I recommend my **RoseBouquet** (for friends) – On Tuesdays I share what is going on in my life.  
<https://ruthes-secretroses.com/rb/Subscribe-to-RoseBouquet.shtml>

You may also go online to read or check out the most current issue here:  
<https://ruthes-secretroses.com/rb/index.shtml> (My subscriber/friends really like it when I include some photos of my garden! Not every week, but fairly often.)

Want to check out my eCommerce Sites?

<https://diecastmodels-inheritance.com>

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