

# Sisters for Yah

## *The Fabric of Life*

(By Sister Debbie Reed)

“Consider how the lilies grow...” Luke 12:27.

An older lady once told me to “make memories” while life was still busy, our children growing, and our health in the robust category. So, we did. As a family we learned and did much together: raising livestock and pets; planting trees and vegetables; exploring the forests; building birdhouses and barns; visiting relatives; going on trips and vacations; and always, always planning for the future.

So, when did the future become the past? I don’t really know, but somehow it slipped by me. The kids have finished college, married and moved on. Many of our relatives, friends, and neighbors have either relocated or passed away. And while our lives are still somewhat busy with daily chores and human interaction, the purposeful thrust of it all has diminished somewhat.

A neighbor down the road made quilts – beautiful quilts in a variety of colors and patterns. I was intrigued. Soon she was patiently showing me how to piece together my very first quilt in hues of rust, beige, and brown. I was immediately smitten and I have been turning out quilts for over twenty-five years now. Sometimes, you just know that you were meant to do something and this is one of those things for me.

Each quilt is a metaphor for choices made. Should this quilt be a nine-patch, a courthouse steps, or an Irish chain? Should I use cotton, muslin, or flannel?

Will I make this one in greens and yellows, reds and whites, or a mixture of many prints and colors from my stash of leftovers? Some quilts turn out to be stunning in the combinations, and others miss the mark somehow and end up in the mediocre category. And, then, there are a disappointing few that have caused me to halt construction midway, take them completely apart, and reuse the material for something else.



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Quilts hold memories. Before starting a new one, I first go through extra material I have put aside from others I have made through the years. There are the blues from my son's quilt that I made when he was eight years old to match baseball wallpaper in his room. Then, there's the green plaid for the quilt I made for my daughter when she was a teenager and tired of little-girl pinks. The aqua and peach cottons went into a graduation quilt for a niece and the burgundy and cream material made up a fiftieth wedding anniversary quilt for my in-laws. Each piece of material brings back the memory of a person or an event.

Although I have given away most of the quilts, I still have quite a collection. Some are displayed on racks and not to be touched. Others, like the green log cabin in our guest room, are so old and faded from much use and many washings that they really should be replaced but – it's hard to let go.

I recently finished a purple and green lovers' knot quilt to give to a good friend. This one turned out well and is quite lovely, but it, too, will fade with time and use. For now, however, it is good, and I am learning to appreciate the now, not always living in the past nor always planning for the future. As time moves on I realize more that we should give thanks daily for every good gift we have from Yahweh – for our family, our friends, our talents, our hopes, and each moment of life that He has given us.



## SLAVES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

We read in Romans 6:18, *“And having been set free from sin, you became slaves of righteousness.”*

Before we accepted Messiah, we were in bondage to sin. Even when we did not want to sin, we were unable to do otherwise (Romans 7:15-24). When Yahweh called us out of the world, He freed us from the penalty of sin. Now rather than being a servant to sin, we are bound to righteousness. In every area of our lives, we are obligated to do what honors Yahweh.

There are some who mistakenly believe that when Messiah sets them free, they are free to do whatever they want. This is not so! Even the Apostle Paul realized that when he began following Yahshua, he was a bondservant of Messiah, and his life was no longer his own! (Please read Romans 1:1.) Now rather than sin being Paul's master, he was enslaved to Yahweh and His righteousness. When people mistreated Paul, he forfeited the right to respond from his natural feelings but was compelled to offer a righteous response. We, too, must do the same. When we are tempted, we must not succumb to our feelings. All of us must live holy lives and bring honor to Yahweh. Righteous living is not optional for believers. It is mandatory! Allow 1 John 3:7 to sink deeply into your heart.

*“Here am I,  
the servant  
of Yahweh;  
let it be  
with me  
according to  
Your Word.”*

LUKE 1:38, NRSV

## The Gift

(By Sister Debbie Reed)

*Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free, John 8:32.*

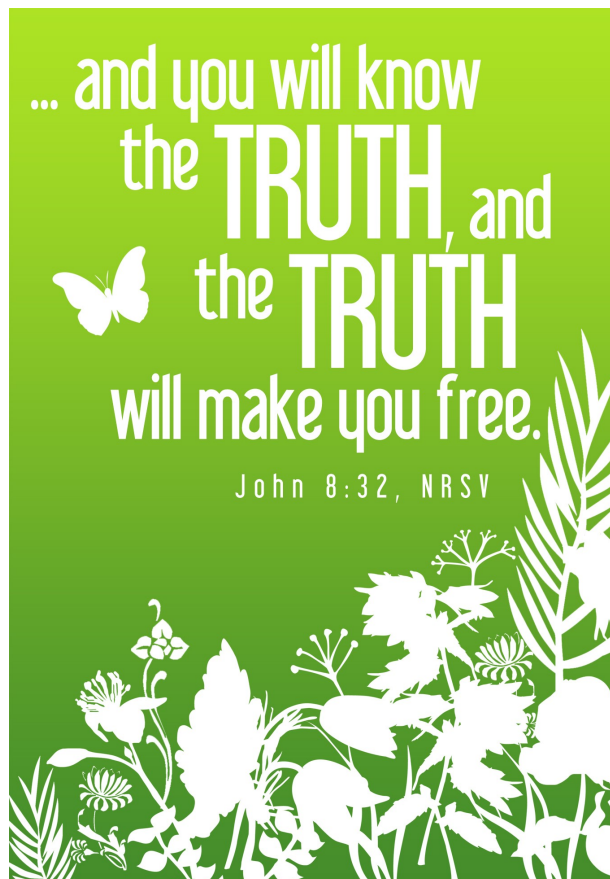
A gift of freedom from the chains of pagan tradition has been passed down to our children. This gift is far superior to anything they ever found under a tree.

We ceased to observe Christmas exactly 32 years ago. It was impossible to convince our family and friends that our reasons for taking this step were correct. Our children feigned understanding, putting on a brave front, but heartsick in secret. We didn't make the yearly pilgrimage to celebrate with grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, as in former times. We didn't give or receive presents. It was a very difficult thing to do – not observing Christmas.

So many years have passed. Now, when the annual Saturnalia celebration rolls around on the calendar, we, along with our grown children, take little notice. The pain of separation is gone. Not one of us believes we have sacrificed anything of significance.

Instead, we feel as though we've been set free – free from the financial and emotional stress the season brings. We are not burdened with unwanted and unneeded stuff nor are we in debt from purchasing things that others neither need nor want. We experience no pre-season anxiety or post-season depression.

We have been freed from time constraints and societal pressure to do so much – sending myriads of cards, baking mounds of cookies, and wrapping endless presents – before the sun sets on December 24th. We have no long lists of items to purchase, lights to put up and take down, ornaments to pack and unpack, tinsel to disperse and later vacuum up, or branches to decorate and then dispose of when dried up ... all in the name of a fallacy. The truth about X-mas has set us free.



## Roses Are Red

(By Sister Malinda Huck)

Roses are red, violets are blue, the sisters of Yah are sweet, Yahweh and I love you

Roses are red, violets are blue, the kids of Yah have fun, Yahweh and Yahshua loves you, and I do too

Roses are red, violets are blue, the children of Yah are helpful, and I thank you

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## Peppermint mocha creamer (for coffee or tea)

- 1 can 14 ounce sweetened condensed milk
- 1 3/4 cup milk, any kind, regular or plant-based
- 1 T. chocolate syrup
- 1 t. cocoa powder, unsweetened
- 1 t. peppermint extract.

Mix it all up and pour into a glass container.  
Store in fridge.



## Crockpot Turkey Chowder

- 2 cups leftover cooked, cubed turkey (or chicken)
- 1 cup each chopped celery, chopped onion, and sliced carrots
- 2 cups cubed red potatoes
- 1 can 15 oz. can creamed corn
- 1 can 15 oz. whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 t. dried basil
- 1/4 t. dried thyme leaves
- 2 t. dried parsley
- 4 cups chicken or turkey broth
- 1 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 t. pepper
- 1 cup heavy cream.



Put all in a 6 quart crockpot. Cook on high for 4 hours. If too thin, mix 1/4 cup cornstarch with 1/4 cup cold water and mix into the chowder.