

1: Heaven is dry stockings - Laurie R. King

*Wounded Souls, Dried Tears, and Quilts: The Amazing Story of the Methodist Home for Children and Youth of the South Georgia Conference of the United Methodist Church [Gary Lister] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

You may have adopted from here or there. You may be knee-deep in fostering. You may have brought a baby home from the hospital or they may have crossed your threshold as a 4- or year-old. You may have flown for what felt like a million miles to get them, or they may have been delivered to your doorstep with a garbage bag and a broken heart. You may have a child who has fallen victim to violence. We are mamas to little wounded souls. I know how it feels to love one of these children. I understand knowing a story you cannot un-hear “ and how you have to live with the fact that it happened to your child. Your family now looks like a book with some unpleasant chapters written in invisible ink “ and when you look in the eyes of your little one, you hope to God that there are countless empty pages ahead and that they might be filled with hope and joy and testimony, rather than fear. I understand unearned feelings of regret, knowing you were never there to comfort them before they were yours and how you can never regain missed milestones and opportunities and chances to protect. I also know how you have to hold tight to a raging child, unsure when they will come down from their hysteria. I have been that mom who has looked into the eyes of her son and realized he was not quite there “ and how frightening it feels to see an unfamiliar gaze that looks an awful lot like hatred. I am that mom who regularly gets the worst of it “ the rages, the spitting, the hitting, the kicking, the ugly words, the pure disgust, the fear “ while the world gets the best of him. It feels like being alone in a very busy room. Are you in that room, too? I know how it feels to be that person in the IEP meeting who sounds so harsh when describing the strict boundaries needed for her child. And how tiring it is when people think your life looks easy. But I know you love your child because I love mine. I love him as if I had birthed him myself and in a lot of ways I have, given the amount of pain, struggle, pushing and pulling that has been involved in bringing him home to us. No birth arrives without blood, sweat and tears. I also know how euphoric it feels when we hit a plateau. You know the one? When things seem to be whirling and moving and flowing and life feels so good you might burst from happiness. I know what it feels like to almost forget all the pain and struggle and how easy it is to slip into that blessed place of contentment. I love that place as if it were an exclusive vacation destination and I am the only one on a hot beach with an umbrella drink in my hand. But I know how trauma sneaks in like a lion, often silently and without warning, and knocks you off that perfect plateau, rocks crumbling under your feet, and you both fall down a chasm a little “ or a lot. It hurts more during those times because things were so good and then quite suddenly they are not. And just like that, we believe things will never improve and this is how it will always be. But you know what I also know, mama? I know redemption comes from brokenness. You cannot have one without the other. And love, growing, growing, ever so slowly like a garden, much of its work being done beneath ground. If only we had eyes to see the big picture, mama. Or maybe, just maybe, that would reveal too much glory for our tender hearts to take in all at once. And where there is brokenness, there can be redemption. I pray you can rest in it, too. In the meantime, I know we are weary. But I know we are fierce. I know we are vulnerable. But I know we are warriors. For we are lovers of little, wounded souls. And we, fellow Trauma Mama, are the ones they need. Follow this journey on Operation: The Mighty is asking the following: Tell us about a moment you had a breakthrough with your child who has a mental illness. What happened that helped you better understand what he or she is going through? Check out our Submit a Story page for more about our submission guidelines.

2: When the Soul Mends (Sisters of the Quilt, Book 3) .. U | eBay

*Wounded Souls, Dried Tears, and Quilts: The Amazing Story of the Methodist Home for Children and Youth of the South Georgia Conference of the United Methodist Church by Lister Gary () Paperback on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Her commentary on darning eggs did you have to Google them too? Our society has become one in which we throw away anything that life wears out – a sock, a pair of jeans, old tennis shoes. Is it any wonder, therefore, that we also are so quick to throw away a marriage I very much enjoyed the accounts of art restoration and mending that Cynthia Ruchti writes about in *Tattered and Mended* – as well as how she compares these methods to the ways God restores our own wounded places. Is it any wonder, therefore, that we also are so quick to throw away a marriage, a friendship, a dream, a faith when life rubs holes in them? My favorite art discussion has to be the Japanese mending practices of sashiko and boro. Or for healing without the Healer and His Word. The pages of *Tattered and Mended* provide encouragement, camaraderie, and hope. Refreshing hope in a society that looks increasingly hopeless. This book will appeal to antiquers and art-appreciators but also to just the average person who like me starts out with a nice pretty skein of yarn and ends up with a tangled web of what was supposed to be a scarf. I received a copy of this book in conjunction with the Litfuse blog tour in exchange for only my honest review. Read my full review here: I was frustrated, with a stress headache, barely walking due to physical pain from standing in lines for hours and hours, and close to tears. When I came home and decided to unwind by reading, I picked up this book, and I read: God is not unaware of our need. God knew this was coming before we did. He has answers prepared already. He draws us nearer. But this time, not due to frustration. Loves me enough to minister to me, through a book, and provide exactly what I needed when I needed it. Just thinking that makes me want to cry again.

3: Tattered and Mended: The Art of Healing the Wounded Soul by Cynthia Ruchti

Wounded Souls, Dried Tears, and Quilts. Gary Lister. 10 May Paperback. Notify me. 99 Reasons to Never-ever Run for School Board. Gary Lister. 20 Dec

But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Having opened, in the former discourses, the nature and method of the application of Christ to sinners; it remains now that I press it upon every soul, as it expects peace and pardon from God, to apply and put on Jesus Christ, i. To which purpose I shall now labour in this general use of exhortation, in which my last subject engaged me; wherein divers arguments will be further urged, both from 1. The titles, and 2. The privileges of Jesus Christ. The titles of Christ are so many motives or arguments fitted to persuade men to come unto him. Amongst which, Christ, as the Physician of souls, comes under our first consideration, in the text before us. The occasion of these words of Christ, was the call of Matthew the publican, who, having first opened his heart, next opened his house to Christ, and entertains him there. This strange and unexpected change, wrought upon Matthew, quickly brings in all the neighbourhood, and many publicans and sinners resorted thither; at which the stomachs of the proud Pharisees began to swell. From this occasion they took offence at Christ, and, in this verse, Christ takes off the offence, by such an answer as was fitted both for their conviction and his own vindication. But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick". He gives it, saith one, as a reason why he conversed so much with Publicans and sinners, and so little among the Pharisees, because there was more work for him; Christ came to be a physician to sick souls; Pharisees were so well in their own conceit, that Christ saw that they would have little to do with him, and so he applied himself to those who were more sensible of their sickness. In the words, we have an account of the temper and state both of, 1. The secure and unconvinced sinner, 2. The humbled and convinced sinner. Of the carriage of Christ, and his different respect to both. First, The secure sinner is here described, both with respect to his own apprehensions of himself, as one that is whole, and also by his low value and esteem for Christ, he sees no need of him; "The whole have no need of a physician. The words thus opened, are fruitful in observations. I shall neither note nor insist upon any beside this one, which suits the scope of my discourse, viz. That the Lord Jesus Christ is the only physician for sick souls. The world is a great hospital, full of sick and dying souls, all wounded by one and the same mortal weapon, sin. Some are senseless of their misery, feel not their pains, value not a physician; others are full of sense, as well as danger: The merciful God has, in his abundant compassion to the perishing world, sent a physician from heaven, and given him his orders under the great seal of heaven, for his office, Isa. He is the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations: The brazen serpent that healed the Israelites in the wilderness, was an excellent type of our great physician, Christ, and is expressly applied to him, John 3: He rejects none that come, and heals all whom he undertakes; but more particularly, I will, First, Point at those diseases which Christ heals in sick souls, and by what means he heals them. Secondly, The excellency of this physician above all others: First, We will enquire into the diseases which Christ the physician cures, and they are reducible to two heads, viz. First, The diocese of sin; in which three things are found exceeding burdensome to sick souls. The inherence of sin; all cured by this physician, and how. First, The guilt of sin; this is a mortal wound, a stab in the very heart of a poor sinner. It is a fond and groundless distinction that Papists make of sins mortal and venial; all sin, in its own nature is mortal, Rom. What is guilt but the obligation of the soul to everlasting punishment and misery? It puts the soul under the sentence of God to eternal wrath; the condemning sentence of the great and terrible God; than which, nothing is found more dreadful and insupportable: This disease, our great physicians Christ, cures, by remission, which is the dissolving of the obligation to punishment; the loosing of the soul that was bound over to the wrath and condemnation of God, Col. This remission being made, the soul is immediately cleared from all its obligations to punishment. This cure is performed upon souls by the blood of Christ; nothing is found in heaven or earth, besides his blood that is able to heal this disease. His blood only is innocent and precious blood, 1 Pet. This is the blood that performs the cure, and how great a cure is it! Where sin is in dominion, the soul is in a very sad condition; for it darkens the

understanding, depraves the conscience, stiffens the will, hardens the heart, misplaces and disorders all the affections; and thus every faculty is wounded by the power and dominion of sin over the soul. How difficult is the cure of this disease! It passes the skill of angels or men to heal it; but Christ undertakes it, and makes a perfect cure of it at last, and this he does by his Spirit. As he cures the guilt of sin by pouring out his blood for us; so he cures the dominion of sin by pouring out his Spirit upon us. Justification is the cure of guilt, sanctification the cure of the dominion of sin. For, First, As the dominion of sin darkens the understanding, 1 Cor. They that were darkness are hereby light in the Lord; the anointing of the Spirit teacheth them all things, 1 John 2: Secondly, As the dominion of sin depraved and defiled the conscience, Tit. So, when the Spirit of holiness is shed forth, O what a tender sense fills the renewed conscience! For what small things will it check, smite, and rebuke! How strongly will it bind to duty, and bar against sin. Thirdly, As the dominion of sin stiffened the will and made it stubborn and rebellious, so Christ, by sanctifying it, brings it to be pliant and obedient to the will of God. Fourthly, As the power of sin hardeneth the heart so that nothing could affect it, or make any impression upon it; when sanctification comes upon the soul, it thaws and breaks it, as hard as it was, and makes it to dissolve in the breast of a sinner in godly sorrow, Ezek. Fifthly, As the power of sin misplaced and disordered all the affections, so sanctification reduces them again and sets them right, Psal. And thus you see how sanctification becomes the rectitude, health, and due temper of the soul, so far as it prevails, curing the diseases that sin in its dominion filled the soul with. True it is, this cure is not perfected in this life; there are still some remains of the old diseases in the holiest souls, notwithstanding sin be dethroned from its dominion over them: This made the holy apostle bemoan himself and wail so bitterly, Rom. It is a wonderful mercy to have the guilt and dominion of sin cured, but we shall never be perfectly sound and well, till the existence or indwelling of sin in our natures be cured too: But as the cure of guilt was by our justification, the cure of the dominion of sin by our sanctification: For it is a clear case, that sill like ivy in the old walls, will never be gotten out till the walls be pulled down, and then it is pulled up by the roots. This cure Christ will perform in a moment, upon our dissolution. For it is plain, First, That none but perfected souls, freed from all sin, are admitted into heaven, Eph. Secondly, It is as plain, that no such personal perfection and freedom is found in any man on this side death and the grave, 1 John 1: Thirdly, If such freedom and perfection must be before we can be perfectly happy, and no such thing be done in this life, it remains that it must be done immediately upon their dissolution, and at the very time of their glorification. As sin came in at the time of the union of their souls and bodies in the womb, will go out at the time of their separation by death; then will Christ put the last hand to this glorious work, and perfect that cure which has been so long under his hand, in this world; and thenceforth sin shall have no power upon them, it shall never tempt them more, it shall never defile them more, it shall never grieve and sadden their hearts any more: When sin is gone, all these, its mischievous effects, are gone with it. So that I may speak it to the comfort of all gracious hearts, according to what the Lord told the Israelites, in Deut. Secondly, As sin is the disease of the saints, so also is sorrow: How many tears fall from the eyes of the saints, upon the account of outward as well as inward troubles, even after their reconciliation with God? It would be too great a digression in this place, to note but the more general heads under which almost infinite particulars of troubles and afflictions are found; it shall suffice only to show, that whatever distress or trouble any poor soul is in, upon any account whatsoever, if that soul belongs to Jesus Christ, he will take care of it for the present, and deliver it at last by a complete cure. First, Christ cures troubles, by sanctifying them to the souls of his that are wider affliction, and makes their very troubles medicinal and healing to them. Trouble is a scorpion, and has a deadly sting, but Christ is a wise physician, and extracts a sovereign oil out of this scorpion, that heals the wound it makes. By afflictions, our wise Physician purges our corruptions, and so prevents or cures greater troubles by lesser; inward sorrows by outward ones. One drop of spiritual comfort is sufficient to sweeten a whole ocean of outward trouble. It was an high expression of an afflicted father, whom God comforted, just upon the death of his dear and only son, with some clearer manifestations of his love than was usual: Thirdly, Christ cures all outward sorrows and troubles in his people by death, which is their removal from the place of sorrows to peace and rest for evermore. Now God wipes all tears from their eyes, and the days of their mourning are at an end; they then put off the garments and spirit of mourning, and enter into peace, Isa. They come to that place and state where

tears and sighs are things unknown to the inhabitants; one step beyond the state of this mortality, brings us quite out of the sight and hearing of all troubles and lamentations. These are the diseases of souls; sin, and sorrow; and thus they are cured by Christ, the Physician. Secondly, Next I shall shew you that Jesus Christ is the only Physician of souls, none like him for a sick sinner; and this will be evident in divers respects. First, None so wise and judicious as Jesus Christ, to understand and comprehend the nature, depth and danger of soul- diseases. O how ignorant and unacquainted are men with the state and case of afflicted souls! But "Christ has the tongue of the learned, that he should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary," Isa. He only understands the weight of sin, and depth of inward troubles of sin. Secondly, None so able to cure and heal the wounds of afflicted souls as Christ is; he only has those medicines that can cure a sick soul. The blood of Christ, and nothing else, in heaven or earth, is able to cure the mortal wounds which guilt inflicts upon a trembling conscience; let men try all other receipts and costly experience shall convince them of their insufficiency. Conscience may be benumbed by stupefactive medicines, prepared by the devil, for that end; but pacified it can never be but by the blood of Christ, Heb. Thirdly, None so tender-hearted and sympathising with sick souls as Jesus Christ; he is full of bowels and tender compassions to afflicted souls; he is one that can have compassion, because he has had experience, Heb. The Physician dies that the patient may live: No physician but Christ will cure others at this rate. Fifthly, None so ready to relieve a sick soul as Christ; he is within the call of a distressed soul at all times. Art thou sick for sin, weary of sin, and made truly willing to part with sin? When the prodigal, the emblem of a convinced, humbled sinner, said, in himself; I will return to my father, the father ran to meet him, Luke He can be with thee in a moment. Sixthly, None so willing to receive and undertake all distressed and afflicted souls as Jesus Christ is, he refuses none that come to him. Seventhly, None so happy and successful as Christ; he never fails of performing a perfect cure upon those he undertakes; never was it known that any soul miscarried in his hands, John 3: Other physicians, by mistakes, by ignorance, or carelessness, fill church yards, and cast away the lives of men; but Christ suffers none to perish that commit themselves to him. Eighthly, None so free and generous as Christ; he does all gratis; he sells not his medicines, though they be of infinite value; but freely gives them; Isa. Ninthly, and lastly, None rejoice in the recovery of souls more than Christ does. And thus you see there is no physician like Christ for sick souls The uses of this point are, For information and direction First, From whence we are informed of many great and necessary truths deducible from this:

4: ~ God Bless The Hurting Hearts ~

** Wounded Souls, Dried Tears, and Quilts: The Amazing Story of the Methodist Home for Children and Youth of the South Georgia Conference of the United Methodist Church, ISBN See Also Chantal Grayson.*

I can keep Papa company. Bennet had taken a slight fever. She had been busier and more anxious than usual. Pray, let him, for he is unwell. Gardiner awaited with tea and cakes. Seeing Elizabeth, she stood and stretched her hands to her. But, aunt, pray tell, do you bring any news? Your uncle could not locate Lydia. But Colonel Forster is doing his best to discover Mr. Bennet was destined to be disappointed, as she was, if not more. As well as one can be in such dire a times. The children should like very much to have your company. Your mind may find some peace away from Longbourn. Anxiety and worry would follow her. You deserve some rest. And a diversion in company may only do good on your spirits. Oh, if only you had come with us to visit the north! How beneficial would that had been for you! As noble and wise the choice had been, it had been a painful one to make. With bitterness and regret she had received long letters about the wilderness of Derbyshire, about the beauty of Matlock, and the elegance of Chatsworth. But then, came a whole letter dedicated to Pemberley, and to its master, Mr. The impressions of goodness had quickly turned in praises, and praises into esteem. Regrettably, the acquaintance was short. The whole affair seemed just so odd to Elizabeth. Darcy called on us when he returned to town. And he invited us to dine at his townhouseâ€”your uncle, I suspect, found a new friend in the gentleman. He is an amiable and polite man, I say. I believe he took a liking for your uncleâ€”they spent half of the evening talking about the mines of Derbyshire. And they share a passion for fishing! Oh, do not look at me so, dear! That she had made mistakes in her judgement, she admitted. Darcyâ€”amiable, polite and kind Mr. Darcy, to her relatives, of all people! A laugh bubbled on her lips. He enquired about you and your family, you know. And he was genuinely grieved in learning about your burdens. Lizzy, your uncle does trust him, you need not to trouble yourself over it. He swore us secrecy on the matter. He had disrespected her and her family. The Gardiners liked him well, but they were all too ignorant of his actions and his ways. They did not truly understand how disagreeable he might be. He must be congratulating himself for the narrow escape from a wretched fate, from such a disgracing connection! If you only knew! Darcy, being kind to you! Him, being grieved by our disgrace! It cannot be possible! Elizabeth chewed on her lower lip. Gardiner turned to her with wide eyes. But laughter would not come. Instead, bitter sighs rose from her throat. Bennet found the reassurances of her younger brother fortifying enough to emerge from her apartments. Kitty followed her aunt about, delighting in the tales from town. Mary seemed serene, now that more peace reigned in the house. Bennet was not entirely recovered from his fever, Mr. Gardiner spent a lot of time in his sickroom, keeping him company with assurances of a better future. The day before their departure, Mrs. Gardiner reached out to poor Jane. The invitation, of course, is extended to you, too. We are quite busy. Bennet gave a loud sigh. Her help will be terribly missed, were she to decide to leave us! Oh, but how my dear girls need rest! How she hated it! Jane had such a tiring yearâ€”first a heartbreak, then all of this! If only there would be a chance to go back to last year! Their life had been a flurry of excitement and noveltiesâ€”a bit too innocent and entirely too naive, but light and bright, like the golden sunshine of summer days. Even the thought of Mr. Darcy being proud and disagreeable in Hertfordshire was a dear memory now. Even his letter, token of her fallacy and mean to shame her, was a dear possessionâ€”tokens of those halcyon days, now so precious and distant. And so, Elizabeth turned to Jane with a brilliant smile. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Her uncle came out with a grim expression, but sobered when he noticed Elizabeth. I had the intention to come to speak with you. Elizabeth peered at him with curious eyes. Your Aunt informed me about a rather intimate talk you had days ago. The future is grim for your familyâ€”and for you, too. Gardiner did not heed her lightness. Gardiner interjected, an unusual gravity in his tone. It would be unthinkable for you or any of your sisters to hope for a match with respectable gentlemen. Many men of my acquaintance are good, sensible men. But their status is not gentle. I know not if this is what you aspire to. Necessity called for desperate measures. She knew how grim her prospects were. Marianne was right; there is a gentleman that may be a solid hope for your future. Elizabeth forgot about her father, about Lydia, about the grey clouds

casting a shadow on the future. The words weighted on her shoulders, haunting, tearing at her conscience and heart, whispering in her ear in the daylight, and screaming in her mind at night. It is a risk worth taking. I will go to him at once and talk to him, were you to find yourself equal to this arrangement. It invaded the room. The bedchamber was chilly and hollow, the dim flame of the candle barely breaking through the dark. On the large bed, Elizabeth held a sobbing Jane. What was left to do was to embrace her closer and shut her eyes tightly. That day, Papa had taken ill again and the fever had returned, leaving him weaker body and spirit, weaker than he had ever been. Jane had been so affected, she had crumbled into sobs and hiccups as soon as the sun had set. Not before more tears, more words about Longbourn, about Kitty, Mary and Mamma. Careful not to disturb her, Elizabeth slipped out the bed. She ignored the mad pounding of her heart against her ribcage. She ignored the tremble of her legs.

5: To the Mommas of Children Who've Experienced Trauma | The Mighty

"Tattered and Mended" is a non-fiction book for the man or woman with a wounded soul. "The reader is the object of God's eye", says author Cynthia Ruchti. If we allow Him, God will bring us from 'tattered to mended.' Jesus did not respond with accusation but with the heart of a servant.

Medicine has a powerful and wonderful place. Medicine can patch a body. It can manipulate the chemistry of a mind. Offering healing to those who are suffering might mean that you and I have to walk through a fair amount of suffering with those we heal. Still, Battle Buddy was bred and chosen specifically to be trained to help us offer healing to the souls of wounded warriors. Then he was attacked in an obedience class. There might even be a video! I invite you to mourn with those who mourn along with us as we walk forward. The emotions, actions, reactions, and situations described here are genuine. Across from us is a kid named Scott. Not his real name. On the floor between us lies our dog Buddy. Neither wears ragged scars. When our mind senses a traumatic event happening, it attempts to record as many of the details about that event as possible. This is why I could describe to you the tiniest details surrounding a racially motivated gang attack that happened to me when I was twelve years old. I remember colors, the green of grass, blue of the sky, red of my blood smells, tobacco, alcohol, iron, urine, and sounds, a dog barking, laughter, and the thudding blows to my body. Kennedy had been shot. Sorting through all this extra information to dig up and make sense of the critical can be a grueling task. Sometimes, the effect of the trauma is so extensive that medication, or a wide variety of various therapies must be applied. Uh, and there was like this massive heavy thud from under me. We had been talking for over an hour. Scott could see that there was no judgment I was willing to blandly render, no pat answers I would carelessly throw around. I just wanted to be wherever he was. I have to admit though, my heart pounded as I sensed he was walking us right to the edge of something truly terrible. It was that I was concerned that he would ask me to make sense of it for him. Only God can make sense of darkness. I wondered if it might be helpful to back up a step and re-gather our strength. Like, a lot of blood. So much I could almost taste it. I also smelled sewage. The whole country smells like sewage. I just remember smelling it really strong right then for some reason. I thought he might be done. There was something more. For a minute he breathed deeply through his nose like someone struggling to keep from getting sick. I waited silently, knowing he would go on when he could. During the day he stayed well back from the edge, terrified that what crouched within would consume him. It was an act of supreme trust that he would invite me to accompany him to this most holy and most horrible place. I desperately wanted to walk and weep with him through it, to show him that even though the terror hidden in these shadow-lands was real, and present, and truly, truly horrible, it was also a place that God was willing to linger in as long as Scott needed. The truth is, I knew frankly that I would barely have strength to even look into that maw. I was certain I would not be able to cleanse it of the seething rot that lived there. Still, I knew Someone who was already waiting for Scott there. The murdered-and-raised One had filled me with love for this man. If Jesus would do the real work, we could go forward. Scott wept openly, and I wept right along with him. Do you remember how you were feeling during any of this? What was going on in your emotions at the time? That makes total sense. Your emotions were all over the map. Maybe this will make it easier: What was your emotional state right before the attack? What was your mood like before it happened? Well, at least as relaxed as you can ever get downrange. I probably should have been afraid! Then he cleared his throat almost angrily shook the thought away. We quietly watch as his eyes stare cold and unseeing at some spot on the carpet. Remember that fear is a natural precursor to anger. Scott had already stopped petting the dog. As he did, his eyes squinted into a hard and unfocused stare. His nostrils flared and his breathing became louder as his lip slowly took on a sneer. I wanted to kill them! What kind of bastards would murder a bunch of children with a remote bomb, just because they wanted to learn to read? The rage had fled. He stared at the lab with the deepest kind of loss. His hands lay trembling and defeated. For a brief second, he lifted a hand as if he was ready to pat his knee and call the dog back, but instead buried both hands between his knees with a kind of resigned embarrassment. My own heart was aching from watching all of this. Whenever I hear a loud sound or smell something that reminds me of

any part of that day, I sort of freak out. I mean, I love my kids, ya know? I was all shaking. See, the other kids were being loud in the house while all this is going on. They were just running around and playing. You know, they were just being kids. It was just too much. I blew up at them. When my vision cleared, my wife and kids were cowering together, and the kids were crying. My wife was looking at me like I was some sort of monster. I never, ever want to see that happen again. What would you say? What would you recommend? Boy, I sure wish I could say that I simply prayed over Scott, gave him two verses, told him to call me in the morning, and he suddenly was all better. It never goes quite like that. God has a tremendous, and eventually wonderful purpose for pain see James 1; Phillipians 4; and others, but getting there often takes a long road. It took many hours of prayer, buckets of tears many of them, my own, and as is often the case, some professional care and medication to bring him to a place of stability and healing. Bottom line, Scott had invited me into his trauma. As he did that, healing came. Now, I can figure out how to help a soldier who has gone through trauma. But how do you help a dog? Stay tuned for the third installation of this series, Heeling for Healing, Part 3, to see how we fare with helping a slobbery Black Labrador through a bit of Traumatic Stress of his own.

6: Results for Gary-Lister | Book Depository

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Every man sooner or later has some kind of infirmity to bear. It may be that his constitution from the very first will be inclined to certain disease and pains, or possibly he may in passing through life suffer from accident or decline of health. He may not however have any infirmity of the body, he may enjoy the great blessing of health; but he may have what is even worse, an infirmity of mind. His world is not the Garden of Eden, and you cannot make it to be so. It is like that garden in this respectâ€”that the serpent is in it, and the trail of the serpent is over everything here. I will not say so much as that, but I am persuaded that there is no man in this world but has trial in some form or other, unless it be those whom God permits to have their portion in this life because they will have no portion of bliss in the life that is to come. To bear that infirmity is not difficult when the spirit is sound and strong: Such a spirit may be found, in a minor degree, in merely natural men. Among the Stoics there were men who bore pain and poverty and reproach without evincing the slightest feeling. Among the Romans, in their heroic days, there was one named Scaevola who thrust his right hand into the fire and suffered it to be burnt off, in order to let the foreign tyrant know that there were Romans who did not care for pain. The spirit which will best bear infirmities is first of all, a gracious spirit wrought in us by the Spirit of God. If thou wouldst bear thy trouble without complaining, if thou wouldst sustain thy burden without fainting, if thou wouldst mount on wings as eagles, if thou wouldst run without weariness and walk without fainting, thou must have the life of God within thee, thou must be born again, thou must be in living union with him who is the Strong One, and who, by the life which he implants within thee, can give thee of his own strength. So then, first, if you would sustain your infirmity you must have a gracious spirit, that is, a spirit renewed by grace divine. Further, I think that a sound spirit which can sustain infirmity will be a spirit cleansed in the precious blood of Christ. What matters it if I have a broken leg? My sin is forgiven me and I am on my way to heaven; what matters anything else? Have you not sometimes felt that if you had to spend the rest of your life in a dungeon, and to live on bread and water, or to lie there as John Bunyan would have said, till the moss grew on your eyelids, yet as long as you were sure that you were cleansed from sin by the precious blood of Christ you could bear it all. For after all, what are any pains and sufferings that the whips and scourges of this mortal life can lay upon us compared with the terrors that have to be endured when sin is discerned by an awakened conscience, and the wrath of God lies heavily upon us? Believe me when I say that I would rather suffer such physical pangs as may belong to hell itself than I would endure the wrath of God in my spirit; for there is nothing that can touch the very marrow of our being like a sense of divine anger when it comes upon the soul, when God seems to dip his arrows in the lake of fire and then shoot them at us till they wound the very apple of our eye, and our whole being seems to be a mass of pain and misery. Oh, this is dreadful! But once delivered from all fear of the righteous vengeance of God, and I can sing with Dr. The kind of spirit then that a man needs to sustain his infirmity is one which has been renewed by the Holy Ghost, and washed in the precious blood of Jesus. Next it is a spirit which exercises itself daily unto a growing confidence in God. The spirit that is to sustain infirmity is not a spirit of doubt and fear and mistrust. There is no power about such a spirit as that; it is like a body without bone or sinew or muscle. Strength lieth in believing. He who can trust can work, he who can trust can suffer. Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. When the Lord calls you to battle with your spiritual foes you will feel the necessity of having upon you the whole armor of God, and above all you will need to take the shield of faith wherewith you shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the enemy. So beloved, our spirit must be a renewed spirit, a blood-washed spirit, and a believing spirit, if we are to sustain our infirmity. I must also add my belief that no spirit can so well endure sickness, loss, trial, sorrow, as a perfectly-consecrated spirit. A soldier who is in the fight must not enter into business on his own account. How many of us have it? You must be born again even for the bearing of your present infirmity; even for struggling through this life you must have a new heart and a right spirit or else sometime or other you will find

yourself overthrown. When the death-sweat is on thy brow thou wilt need a better handkerchief than was ever made by human hands; and if the Lord thy God be not at thy side then to wipe the scalding tears from thine eyes, what wilt thou do? What wilt thou do? But now I have to answer a second question, what is a wounded spirit? Well, I have known some who have talked about having a wounded spirit, but the wound has been after all a very slight affair compared with the wounds that I mean. One has been disappointed in love. That is very sad, but still it is a trial that can be endured. We have no right to love the creature so much as to make it our god or our idol. I have known some who have been disappointed in the object of their ambition, and in consequence they have had a wounded spirit. But who are you that you should not be disappointed, and what are you that you should have everything according to your mind? Surely if the Lord were to deal with you according to your sins you would have something to bear far worse than your present disappointment. There are many others who have passed through equal or even greater trials. Do not therefore allow these things to fret you and to destroy your peace. Be not like the Spartan boy who put the fox into his bosom and carried it there, though it was gnawing at his flesh, and eating right into his heart. I will only say this about such wounded hearts as these; there is a good deal of sin mingled with the sorrow, and a great deal of pride, a great deal of creature-worship and of idolatry there. Depend upon it, if you make an idol and God loves you, he will break it. Now this is an evil that is to be rebuked. I dare not comfort those whose spirits are wounded in this fashion. May not this be petulance instead of patience? May there not be very much here which is not at all according to the mind of Christ? I will not dwell further upon that point, but there are some forms of a wounded spirit which are serious, and yet they are not quite what I am going afterwards to speak about. Some have a wounded spirit through the cruelty of men, the unkindness of children, the ingratitude of those whom they have helped, and for whom they have had such affection that they would almost have been willing to sacrifice their own lives. It is a terrible wounding when he who should have been your friend becomes your foe, and when, like your Lord, you also have your Judas Iscariot. It is not easy to bear misrepresentation and falsehood, to have your purest motives misjudged, and to be thought to be only seeking something for yourself when you have a pure desire for the good of others. This is a very painful kind of wounded spirit, but it must not be allowed to be carried too far. We should cry to God to help us bear this trial; for after all, who are we that we should not be despised? Who are we that we should not be belied? He is the wise man who expects this kind of trial, and expecting it, is not disappointed when it comes. So do not be broken-hearted if men try to wound your spirit. When thirty years ago they abused me to the utmost, I felt that I need not care what they said, for I could hardly do anything worse than they said I had done. When you once get used to this kind of treatment—and you may as well do so for you will have plenty of it if you follow Christ—it will not trouble you, and you will be able to bear your infirmity without being much wounded by the unkindness of men. There are others who have been very grievously wounded by sorrow. They have had affliction upon affliction, loss after loss, bereavement after bereavement. And we ought to feel those things; indeed, it is by feeling them that we get the good out of them. Still, every Christian man should cry to God for strength to bear repeated losses and bereavements if they are his portion, and he should endeavor in the strength of God not to succumb whatever his trials may be. If we do yield to temptation and begin to complain of God for permitting such things to come upon us, we shall only be kicking against the pricks and so wound ourselves all the more. Let us be submissive to the hand that wields the rod of correction, and then very soon that rod will be taken from off our backs. There are some who have been greatly wounded no doubt, through sickness. A wounded spirit may be the result of diseases which seriously shake the nervous system. Let us be very tender with brethren and sisters who get into that condition. It is a real disease, it is not imaginary. Imagination no doubt contributes to it and increases it; but still, there is a reality about it. There are some forms of physical disorder in which a person lying in bed feels great pain through another person simply walking across the room. I suppose that you would like to run a steam-roller across the room just for the sake of strengthening their nerves! But if you had the spirit of Christ you would want to walk across the room as though your foot were flakes of snow! I beg you, never grieve those upon whom the hand of God is lying in the form of depression of spirit, but be very tender and gentle with them. You need not encourage them in their sadness, but at the same time, let there be no roughness in dealing with them; they have many very sore places, and the hand that

touches them should be soft as down. Yet do I not wish to speak of that kind of wounded spirit alone for that is rather the business of the physician than of the divine. A man in such a condition as that will have a wounded spirit such as none can bear. Then you may pipe to him, but he will not dance; you may try to charm him with your amusements, or to please him with your oratory, but you cannot give him peace or rest. I hope that you do not all understand what this means; but there are some who do. Satan tempts them to doubt, tempts them to sin, tempts them to blasphemy. Who can bear it? God save you from it if you have fallen under its terrible power! A wounded spirit may also come through desertion by God. The believer has not walked carefully, he has fallen into sin, and God has hidden his face from him. A burnt child dreads the fire, and so does a true child of God who has ever played with sin; he has been brought back to his Lord, but he has gone the rest of his life with an aching heart and limping limbs, and many a time in wintry weather he has felt that his broken bones start and cry out against him with the memory of his past sins. Therefore beloved, be very careful that you do not backslide, for if you do you will have a wounded spirit which you will not know how to bear. I think to myself sometimesâ€”how will they come down when their precious balloon bursts? I have often wished them well down on the level again. I have seen them believe this, and believe that, which they were not warranted by the Scriptures to believe, and they have affected exalted ideas of their own attainments. Their position was something wonderful; they were far up in the sky looking down upon all the saints below! Yes, dear friends, that is all very pretty and very fine, undoubtedly; but when you come down again then you will begin to condemn yourself for things that you need not condemn, and you will be distressed and miserable in your spirit because of a disappointment which you need never have had if you had walked humbly with your God. For my own part, I can truly say that none of the novelties of this present evil age have any sort of charm for me; I am content still to abide in the old way, myself ever a poor, needy, helpless sinner, finding everything I need in Christ. I think I would much rather go on in my own quiet way, and keep within my own means than do any thing of that kind. There are nowadays many spiritual spendthrifts who are pretending to spend money that does not exist, and they will very soon find a sense of their poverty forced upon them, and their want will come like an armed man, demanding their surrender.

7: Dead Suns (EP) | Went Blank

Family are the ones who accept our wounded souls Two wounded souls who never thought they would find mates, find True Mates in each other. Omega Elk shifter Eli has spend over a decade, unable to remember his past and unable to speak.

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8: Emotional Incest - emotionally devastating child abuse

Aura of the Earth updated their cover photo. dry the tears of all wounded souls. But the wolf inside her. will never give up and she's ready to fight once more."

Once further inside the Canyon, Link must make use of his Ice Arrows to cross the Octorok -infested river and Hookshot his way up to the main part of the Ikana Canyon. During his stay in this region, Link will have to visit most of the landmarks in order to finally bring peace and calm the lingering spirits that fill Ikana Canyon with such a history of greed and hatred. Ancient Castle of Ikana Main article: Ancient Castle of Ikana Long forgotten by the world, like much of the rest of Ikana Canyon, the Castle has crumbled into ancient ruins, populated by nasty traps, evil monsters, and lost souls seeking revenge on the world. At the end of the Castle, the King of Ikana and his two Lackeys await a savior to bring Ikana out of its curse. Beneath the Well Main article: Ikana Graveyard Main article: The ghost composer Sharp inflicted an evil curse upon the river in the hopes of destroying all life in the valley. Only by playing him the "Song of Storms" written by his brother, Flat , will water flow again. Music Box House Main article: Music Box House The Music Box House is where Pamela and her Father , a ghost researcher, [18] reside while fending off the undead with the carnival-like song, " Farewell to Gibdos ", which plays from the trumpet-like contraption atop their house. Road to Ikana The Road to Ikana is a rocky gorge ridden with iron fences, ancient statues, and enemies called Nejirons that resemble Gorons , but explode on contact. The Pass features an entrance to the Ikana Graveyard and the main canyon. Once inside the hideout, Link finds a virtual maze featuring puzzles, enemies, and traps. Secret Shrine Main article: Spirit House Main article: Stone Tower Main article: Link plays the " Elegy of Emptiness ", learned from Igos du Ikana, to hold down switches that move large, mobile blocks into various positions, allowing passage to the Stone Tower Temple. Once Link obtains the Light Arrows from the Garo Master , he can fire a Light Arrow into the red gem near the entrance, which will flip the entire tower, including the Temple. Stone Tower Temple Main article: Underground Waterfall This waterfall can be found at the beginning of the river that separates the lower terrain of the canyon from the upper one. Behind it is the Secret Shrine , and at the end of its river is Southern Swamp. Minor Enemies and Traps.

9: SAQA Art Quilt Quarterly Index â€“ SAQA Blog

A Heartbeat Away is a fresh new look at the Civil War. Heart touching and beautiful. I loved the role the quilt played in the story, and how it had more than one message.

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Journey to Amtrak Does God Hear Me Mama? Martin Mezas Story Time Volume 3 Ranking the revelations Thick Description and Fine Texture Depictions of Chinese Americans in young adult literature: American born Chinese and beyond Nai-Hua Kuo Courageous Comebacks: Athletes Who Defied the Odds (Cover-to-Cover Informational Books: Sports) Living psychology New testament greek lexicon Rxprep naplex Educating oneself in public Managing change in schools Folk Literature of the Ge Indians (Ucla Latin American Studies) Introduction : a personal note from the Arps The Greenwood Encyclopedia of Womens Issues Worldwide [Six Volumes] Naval Leadership in Korea Number and alphabet series Religious issues and the Advisory Council Anatomy development of the Formula One racing car from 1975 Jumper ther Brave Mouse that chased the grizzly bear Ethical architect Governance beyond the Scottish government Next, the coming era in science Multiculturalism and economic growth (NCPA policy report) Application of the biosphere reserve concept to coastal marine areas American Frontier Life The Graham Kerr step-by-step cookbook The Artists Guide to Drawing Realistic Animals Mississippi and Tokyo The fieldwork was designed to include visits to both state departments of Antibody Phage Display The Divine Architect Signs of inspiration KaShamba Williams The Life of Juicy Brown When your life falls apart Online resources for business A visitor from Down Under L.P. Hartley Joseph, the kid whose dreams came true (Cosmics) Cooking by the Bootstraps Psychology (Cloth), Study Guide Focus on Research Design of prestressed concrete structures lin