

Sew Precious In His Sight



Threads of Love Volume 2 Issue 4

Spring 2000 Clinel "Sissy" Davis

There's Power In a Needle

Mission Statement

Threads of Love is a sewing ministry meeting the needs of tiny premature infants. The ministry is about healing and binding hearts together the hearts of parents at time of uncertainty about their baby's health or when they lose an infant. Our mission is to show parents the love of Christ at a time when their personal pain is hard to endure and let them know that God is faithful. Through acts of obedience and donation, His work can and will continue. pray that this ministry will have an impact far beyond our expectations.

We feel that this is a ministry the Lord would have others join in to blanket the country with Threads of Love. There are three things that remain: faith, hope and love; and the greatest of these is love.

1 Corinthians 13: 13

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Dorcas - Acts 9:36 - 42

Dorcas' Prayer:

I am only a simple woman.
But use me somehow, Lord,
All I have in my hand is a needle-
no rod to part seas or break springs
from desert rocks, no lyre to
soothe tired spirits with psalms of praise
Only a needle- and the desire
to help clothe those poor people
who live on Joppa's street corners.
Bless my efforts, Lord-,
meager though they be.
I know I am no leader;
I have no eloquent words
to win hearts to you.
But I know that being good means
doing good And I have this needle,
Lord, and a little talent and a lot of love.

(from Heart Cries by Mary Lou Carney
Abingdon, 1986, p.99-100)

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The Power of a Needle

Tabitha, (which, when translated is Dorcas) who was always doing beneficial deeds and helping the poor in her community of Joppa,

is a fine example for us to pattern our lives after. Dorcas also was a humble lady, like many of us. She too, loved the Lord and desired to use her talents to serve her master. As children of our Father we are expected to be his faithful servants. We have all been given a talent and there is no more appropriate way to use our talents than to can a servant for the Lord. You could easily say that sewing is a gift of the Holy Spirit; it's a practical gift, not an exciting or fleshly gift. I can't think of a more beautiful gift we can give than to bring comfort to others and serve our master at the same time.

As we serve the Lord, those who receive our gifts made with the mighty needle are blessed and the Lord is glorified through our work. Like Dorcas, we cannot part the sea or break springs from the desert rock, we can just serve where God's children are in need. It's not necessary to go out in the mission field or teach Sunday school, just be obedient and use the talents we are given. Even if it's something as simple as sewing and ministering to the needs of others in our own community. What more of an opportunity to show God's love, than to touch someone's life when all else looks dark and hopeless. We will never know when that special gift of love, it can make the difference of someone keeping their eyes on Jesus or turning their eyes back to Him.

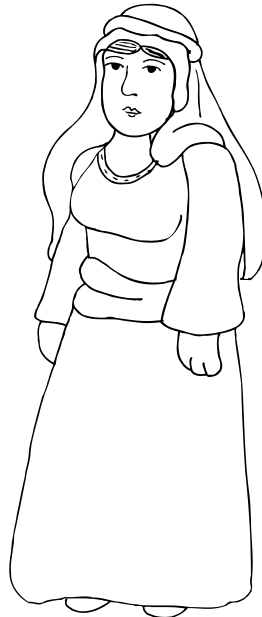
Like most of you, I have not experienced the pain in the loss of a child; I can only sympathize with such a loss. However, as a surviving sibling, having experienced the pain of losing of a baby brother, all too well I know that pain. I was told one day that I had a new baby brother and the next day I didn't have that baby brother any longer, just in my heart. Even today I still remember as a twelve-year-old the anguish, the emptiness that I felt in the loss of that baby brother. I still carry those same feelings in my heart even after all those years. And I remember well the emotions that my parents had to face. It was at a time in our society when you were expected to act like it never happened; you didn't talk about it, just sweep it under the rug as if it would disappear; it doesn't. Only time helps in the healing and the sense of loss never goes away. After all these years I still remember the sorrow all too easily, and I can only imagine what a mother must experience. As mothers we can all remember the excitement of a new

life, the hopes and dreams for our child. It's not in our wildest imagination that the child we were carrying would be born early or that we would be faced with losing our baby. Most mothers never go to the hospital expecting to need a burial gown. I can't even begin to imagine what a mother must feel when all she is left with is a pocket full of broken dreams for her child. But we can give her something to hold on to that once had belonged to her precious little one. What a beautiful gift to give to someone when they are hurting so very badly, than a little dress sewn with love. Let's all join together to help ease the pain with sewing a gown showing that somewhere there is someone that cares and showing that God is faithful even if hearts are broken. Remember while sewing that little gift of love, it may be the only gift of remembrance that a mother will ever receive for her baby. While touching her heart at this time, it may also plant a seed for Jesus in that family's hearts. It's possible that someday that seed could grow and that person would reap the gift of salvation. Then that gift of love has grown into two gifts, one of love and the other of salvation. Something as small as a needle, when used for the Lord, becomes a mighty needle.

Let's make our prayer for Threads of Love be that when a mother is faced with such a loss and receives a little dress made with the mighty needle for our Lord she will find comfort in her loss. We can't change what has happened, but we can make a difference. The following letter as you might say is proof in the pudding.

“My little girl Jane died on Dec. 17, at the Women's Hospital. Because of your love and generosity, she was dressed in a beautiful pink gown, bonnet and shawl. Nothing I could buy would compare with this exquisite outfit. I will always treasure your kindness in my heart. Steve”

So you see a needle is a powerful weapon for the Lord and shows His love at a time when the personal pain is hard to endure and letting them know that God is faithful. By being obedient to the Lord we can be called mighty soldiers armed with our swords, the mighty needle and our shields, made of love.





What a Beautiful Story

The brand-new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in urban Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and it needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc., and on Dec. 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished. On December 19 a terrible tempest—a driving rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 6 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area. Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet. “Pastor,” she asked, “where did you get that tablecloth?” The pastor explained. The woman asked

him to check the lower right corner to see if the initial's EBG were crotchet into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the tablecloth. The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were will-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth, but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home; that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war. How could there be two tablecloths so much alike?

He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he had forced his wife to flee for her safety, and how he was supposed to follow her, but was arrested and put in a concentration camp. He never saw his wife or his home again for all the 35 years in between. The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

Submitted by: Pastor Bob Reid

This story was sent to me over the internet by Gwendine Norton from the Kimberly-Threads *The whole* o f Love chapter in Wash ington State. Thanks *armor of God* G we ndine.

Glee Miller-chaplain at Santa Rosa Children Hospital

Dear Volunteers,
Our little angel, Bailey Swilley, was born Jan. 8, 1999, and went to see Jesus Jan. 10. She was blessed to have been dressed in a beautifully crafted outfit from your hands. God bless you for your comforting part.

With warmest thoughts,
The Swilley Family

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. 1 Corinthians 13: 6-7

Notes of Thanks

I have recently lost my baby boy and I was so touched by your ministry Threads of Love. It was such a burden lifted off of me when they came to me with a beautiful gown and cap for my baby to be buried in. I was clueless on where to find clothes for a one pound baby. Thank you so much
God Bless Jill and Ben

Dear Friends,

What a wonderful ministry you serve in! Thank you for the gifts you sent to us. Each one is very special to us, but, mostly we are grateful for your prayers during this time. May God bless you all.
In Him, Marco and Lindsey

Dear Liz and Threads of Love,

Please convey our heartfelt thanks to your group. The hats, lovies, and wrappers are precious. Several of our sickest babies are holding their "lovies" as I write. You all are truly a gift of God and an answer to prayer. I am looking forward to our time together.
With love and prayers, Your sister in Christ,
Glee Miller-chaplain at Santa Rosa Children Hospital

Dear Friends of Oak Hills Church of Christ,

Thank you for your donations of handmade items for preemies. Our clients will be truly blessed with your gifts of love. May God bless you always.
Thank you. Staff and Volunteers of the Pregnancy Care Center

Dear Threads of Love,

The wonderful box of your donations arrived and are treasured. Thank each of you for your sacrifice of time, talent, and treasure. Each one of you is precious in God's sight and mine!

I hope I can spend time with all of you again soon.
Love and prayers, Glee

Doors Opened

As director of Threads of Love I never know what lies around the next corner. And when the Lord is going to open another door to help let the world know about Threads of Love. Retta, my sewing chairman, and I have just returned from Columbus, Ohio, where we were the guests of the Viking Sewing Machine Company for five days, at its national convention. This opportunity gave us a chance to share with people from around the world about how Threads of Love is meeting not only the physical needs of tiny premature infants, but the emotional needs of the families as well. Threads of Love was well received by all that visited our booth.

Viking furnished us with their Lily, Designer 1 sewing machine and one of their sergers in the exhibit booth, where visitors made little burial blankets that were donated to Threads of Love. At the end of the convention they were presented to a childrens hospital in Columbus. It was a wonderful experience and one that will be remembered for a long time to come. Thanks Viking!

Thanks to Sue Hausmann of "Keep America Sewing" on PBS, who invited Threads of Love as her guest. Sue is the Senior Vice President of Education and Consumer Motivation for the Viking Sewing Machine Company. I had met Sue in Texas last summer while I was attending the Martha Pullen Sewing Market, and shared with her about Threads of Love.

While at the Viking convention Martha Pullen came by our booth and invited Threads of Love to attend the Sewing Market in Arlington, Texas, June 1-3, so we could share our ministry with the ladies attending. Martha is also on PBS with "Martha's Sewing Room" and publishes "Sew Beautiful". If you have the opportunity to attend

one of Martha 's Sewing Market's, by all means do so; they are a lot of fun and you will learn much from the classes. Hope to have the chance to meet and visit with some of you at the sewing market.

Your Sister In Christ,
Sissy

“Whoever welcomes one of these little children in my name welcomes me. “ Mark 9:37

Boy's Bonnet

