

Sew Precious In His Sight

Volume Nine, Issue 3



April 2007

A Few Hours On This Earth **By Sonia**



A little angel came this way, and he said that he could not stay. He had been attracted by the beautiful light and he was here for only one day.

Yes, the beautiful light, it had captured his attention. And so he laid down his tiny wings because he would not need them for this venture.

He came to say that the blessings of our Lord and Savior are here for you. And when you trust in His words dreams and wishes do come true. Sadness comes, to one and all for you are human by design. But you must not let the pain capture or control your mind. He said he was glad he came to visit you and he knew he could not stay. He felt your love, he knew your joy and your thoughts were with him today. Now he must leave, but before he goes he wanted to be sure to mention that in another time and in another place you would share an adventure.

So please don't dwell on these few hours that he spent here on this earth. For he returns to the Savior's hands and there will be joy in his new birth.

So say a prayer and in remembrance light a candle too. For he had been attracted by the beautiful light and he will always be with you.



The shortest distance between a problem and a solution is the distance between your knees and the floor. The one who kneels to the Lord can stand up to anything.

I want to share how a little baby who put his wings down for eight and half hours changed so much in my life and taught me so much. God turned that short lived life into something wonderful that has blessed so many lives.

I was only 12 when I was told that we would be getting a new baby in our family. Having always loved little babies I was excited to get this news; you see, I was seven when my sister was born, but I was too small to be allowed to be a big sister to her in helping take care of her, besides she was born at a time when you didn't say the word pregnant you would say she is PG. Being so young I didn't know what they were talking about when I heard PG. I was sent off to a family member when she was born, and upon my return home at that time I learned that we had a new baby. No one even asked if I would like to have a sister or brother, she just showed up. In spite of all of this I thought she was great. I would stand at the side of her bed and tell her it was Sissy and in turn I called her Tugar. Her nickname didn't stick, but the Sissy took and I have been called that ever since.

Five years later I learned we were getting a new addition to our family. I had great plans of how I would again be the big sister, but being older I would have more privileges. It was going to be like having a live baby doll. I couldn't wait for my new baby to arrive. I was picked up from school one afternoon to go stay with a friend of my Mothers because she was in the hospital, but it was not time for the new baby. A few days later, when I was picked up from school, I was told that I had a new baby brother, who was born two months early, but was fine. Oh how excited I was, a new baby brother whom I was going to be the best big sister every. Only the next day after school I was told that my baby brother had died during the night. I wanted to go and see him, I had an over whelming need to see him, I had to know what he looked like, only to be told that I could not. I pleaded with anyone that would listen to me, only to be told again, it was not the wishes of my parents. I know now they were only trying to protect me from the loss. It was not an acceptable thing to do in those days, parents

where told its best if they don't see or hold their babies. Today we have learned that is not what is best for families; they need to see that baby so they can begin to put closure and begin to heal. As a society we have come a long way in allowing parents to see and hold their babies and begin that journey of healing and closure.

My Mother had three miscarriage after this lost. It's nice to know not only will I get to see that baby brother, but three more siblings also. What a day of rejoicing that will be not only to see Jesus and all the family members that have gone ahead of me, but to finally get to see that precious baby brother and those other siblings as well. Being the oldest, each time my Mother got pregnant, I thought--- If I'm not good, God would take the baby. I was a young Christian and did not understand they ways of the Lord at that time, it was later as a more mature Christian that I learned that God doesn't work that way. But that is what children do when bad things happen in a family. There was no one to talk to about this, when a baby died you went about your life as if this never happen. It was a heavy burden for a young child to carry, but God turned that burden into something that not only touched other people's lives but began the healing in my own life.

Had it not been for this experience, would I have raised my hand at church the day the call came in needing someone to make little clothes for those little babies that die at birth? Probably not. I know in my heart that God used that loss as a way to soften my heart so I would be open to the call of starting Threads of Love. It was God's idea about starting the Threads of Love ministry, not mine. I was getting ready to retire from my job and in no way did I want another job. God has used a bad experience in my life and turned it into something that glorifies Him. It just goes to show you He can turn anything into joy if we would just allow Him to do so and not get in His way.

Psalm 30:11 You have turned my mourning into joyful dancing. You have taken away my clothes of mourning and clothed me with joy.

-Sissy

A Note From Sissy.....

As most of you know we are now in our fourteenth year with Threads of Love and have grown from coast to coast, as well as internationally with chapters in Canada, England and our newest chapter in Panama. I have reached a point that Threads of Love has become a twenty-four/seven job for me with no time for myself or family. Therefore, I need to make some changes to lighten my burden and I know each one of you will be willing to help lighten that load. These changes came after several meetings with my group of ladies as well as my board, and I have the approval of the board to make these changes.

Here are the changes that are going into place and I need your help to make this happen. Threads of Love now has a new phone number, **225-667-7714**; this will help to give me some time off. I am asking that you place all calls to this new number Monday through Wednesday from 9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. central standard time. Another new change will be that all orders for labels will be filled the first of each month and any orders coming in after the first will be filled the following month.

Thank you all for your cooperation and understanding as we implement these procedures.

In His Service, Sissy Davis, Director

Note:

I have been asked to tell the readers that the lady that crochets for the San Antonia chapter is Susan Lumpkin.



Threads of Love Newest Chapters

Threads of Love
C/O Cindy Terzenbach
510 12th Street, Apt. B
Levelland, TX 79336

Threads of Love
C/O Nancy Webb
P.O. Box 560183
Montverde, FL 34756

Threads of Love
C/O Nancy King
4646 Hinton Webber Rd
Corinth, KY 41020

Hope Threads of Love
C/O Gloria Speakman
2603 Avonhill Dr
Arlington, TX 76015

Threads of Love
C/O Violet Laviolette
414 E. Hickory Ave.
Midland, TX 79705

Threads of Love
C/O Michaela Jones
1200 Vistawood Dr.
Mansfield, TX 76063

Threads of Love*
C/O Gaye Dodge
3559 NW 82nd Ave
Suite PMA 30:10052
Doral, FL 33122

(*this chapter is in Panama but uses
this mailing address)



MAIL BOX...

(To: Jackie McPheeters)

Dear Jackie,

This Sunday marks the one year anniversary of the loss of our baby Matthew at St. Joseph Hospital in Orange. I can't begin to tell you how much it meant to me to be given a beautiful Threads of Love box as we arrived at the hospital that morning. The "Prayer for Baby and It's Family" really touched my heart that morning. I read that prayer over and over that night as I held Matthew in my arms. The next morning, I was very upset because I couldn't find the prayer, and I thought maybe it had been lost in the shuffle. But when they brought Matthew to me again, the prayer was tucked in the blanket that he was resting on. I felt in my heart that God meant for that prayer card to be with Matthew that night, and I felt such comfort when I found it tucked in with Matthew.

One year ago today, we were told the news that Matthew had died in utero at 10 weeks, and I read the prayer again this afternoon as I sat beside a beautiful waterfall and garden. I was again reminded of how grateful I am to Threads of Love.

continued...

I was truly touched by your ministry and would like to see how I can help. Unfortunately, I can't sew a stitch! But I would be happy to donate materials. Or if there's something else you need more, please let me know.

Thank you for being there for me and for continuing to be a source of comfort every time I read the prayer and see the lovely box. I will cherish the box and prayers always.

With much gratitude,
Kim Kline

Just wanted to tell you that Threads of Love went to Afghanistan this week. Some of the nurses from one of the hospitals I serve, have gone to Afghanistan to set up a NICU, and took lots of TOL with them. A true mercy mission from God. When they come back they will share pictures, and I will send some to you.....Bless you for all you do.

Jackie McPheeters-Orange

Sisters

A young wife sat on a sofa on a hot humid day, drinking iced tea and visiting with her Mother.

As they talked about life, about marriage, about the responsibilities of life and the obligations of adulthood, the mother clinked the ice cubes in her glass thoughtfully and turned a clear, sober glance upon her daughter.

"Don't forget your Sisters," she advised, swirling the tea leaves to the bottom of her glass. "They'll be more important as you get older. No matter how much you love your husband, no matter how much you love the children you may have, you are still going to need Sisters. Remember to go places with them now and then; do things with them."

"Remember that 'Sisters' means ALL the women... your girlfriends, your daughters, and all your other women relatives too. "You'll need other women. Women always do."

What a funny piece of advice! the young woman thought. Haven't I just gotten married? Haven't I just joined the couple-world? I'm now a married woman, for goodness sake! A grownup! Surely my husband and the family we may start will be all I need to make my life worthwhile!

But she listened to her Mother. She kept contact with her Sisters and made more women friends each year. As the years tumbled by, one after another, she gradually came to understand that her Mom really knew what she was talking about. As time and nature work their changes and their mysteries upon a woman, Sisters are the mainstays of her life.

After more than 50 years of living in this world, here is what I've learned:

THIS SAYS IT ALL:

Time passes.
Life happens.
Distance separates.
Children grow up.
Jobs come and go
Love waxes and wanes.
Men don't do what they're supposed to do.
Hearts break.
Parents die.
Colleagues forget favors.
Careers end.

BUT.....

Sisters are there, no matter how much time and how many miles are between you. A girl friend is never farther away than needing her can reach.

When you have to walk that lonesome valley and you have to walk it by yourself, the women in your life will be on the valley's rim, cheering you on, praying for you, pulling for you, intervening on your behalf, and waiting with open arms at the valley's end.

Sometimes, they will even break the rules and walk beside you...Or come in and carry you out.

Girlfriends, daughters, granddaughters, daughters-in-law, sisters, sisters-in-law, Mothers, Grandmothers, aunties, nieces, cousins, and extended family, all bless our life!

The world wouldn't be the same without women, and neither would I. When we began this adventure called womanhood, we had no idea of the incredible joys or sorrows that lay ahead. Nor did we know how much we would need each other

Threads of Love
A Ministry of First Presbyterian Church
of Baton Rouge
763 North Boulevard
PO Box 2006
Baton Rouge, LA 70821

Place address label here

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 a 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.

*Threads of Love
First Presbyterian Church
PO Box 2006
Baton Rouge, LA 70821
Website: www.threadsoflove.org
Sissy Davis, Director
sissy@threadsoflove.org*



The best mathematical equation ever seen:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \text{ Cross} \\ + \underline{3 \text{ Nails}} \\ = 4 \text{ Given} \end{array}$$