

Promised Seed Ministries

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OVER-COMING THE FEARFUL TIMES

Reading Ezekiel 34 recently, I sat in wonder at the goodness of our Heavenly Father. He is so awesome! He makes covenants of peace with his children “and will send the evil beasts out of the land. And they will dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods.” It is so good to know that if we find ourselves in a forest we can sleep soundly! How awesome is that?! I don’t know about you, but I used to think I would be afraid to sleep alone in a forest, but this assurance brings me security and peace. All I need do is remember His promise.

SHADOW OF DEATH AND TOO MANY TREES

I sit, smile and look back on all the fearful times in my life. You know, times when I thought I would never overcome, get through, rise up and get victory over? Those times felt a lot like what I imagine David was talking about when he said, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.” Sure, like David, I finally got through, but it was really rough going. Now, looking back, I can see things were not nearly so bad as I imagined them to be. Isn’t life like that though? Some times we can’t see the forest because of all the trees.

It’s about time I share what’s been happening the last few months. Those on Elwin Roach’s email list may have received an email requesting prayer for my niece, Jacqui. To make a long story short, her husband had been found guilty of breaking parole in December, (the police searched his home and found a gun shell casing out in a little shed he rented out). Jacqui was left alone to raise their three-year-old son and four-year-old daughter, along with being eight-months pregnant. Looking back, it might have been a foolish thing to do, to rent their shed for \$80.00 a month, but they could not find jobs here in our little county. Her husband, Bobby, did everything he could to bring in money to keep food on the table, but it is difficult to get any job right now, much less as an ex-convict. All this to say, the guy that rented the shed turned out to be either a drug dealer or a gang banger, I am not sure which. It was but a few weeks after Bob’s arrest, their “renter” ended up shooting my neighbor, (not my nephew), who lives two doors down from me, in the stomach, with a 45 pistol. Rumor has it that it was some kind of drug deal that went bad.

NOW WE ARE INVOLVED!

It gets weirder yet. My sister, Terrie, heard the gun shot, and before she could get out the door, the shooter zoomed away in his automobile. (She did not get a look at him) Terrie ran next door to see what happened and found our neighbor in his mobile laying on the floor. She grabbed two towels and put pressure over the bullet holes in his stomach and back, and stayed with him until the ambulance arrived. She led the AIDS infected, bleeding man through the “sinners’ prayer,” not wanting to see him die without some kind of acknowledgment of God in his life. (All prayers for Terrie not becoming AIDS infected are welcomed). (By the way, he lived)

Then, because the police were told that the shooter had rented a shed from my niece and nephew, they ended up at Jacqui’s home with guns drawn, ordering us all out of the house. (I just “happened” to be there that evening). We, with the two small children, had to stand outside in the cold for almost an hour. They finally allowed us return into the house after they searched for, but did not find, the criminal.

Things settled down for a few nights, but then, suddenly my niece received a phone call from the shooter saying she and her children were next if she did not give him \$5,000.00 in 20 days. (Apparently, his estimated worth of what law enforcement had confiscated from the shed). We called the police and they said they *would not* do anything until he *actually did* something to them. I know, I know, he just shot a guy, don’t ask me why things happened this way, but I suspect that Father had a hand in it all. Well, of course Jacqui was very alarmed and in the middle of all this she was several months behind in rent and had no way to get the money. The park

owner, because of all this trouble, decided to kick her and the kids out! She had one month to find a place to live. (A 'real life' horror story) Because Jacqui was so frightened, for the entire month either Terrie or I stayed with her and the children each night. (Terrie stayed *far more often* than I did)

I cannot say that I did not tremble as darkness fell each night. I would ask myself, how can I protect them? If someone comes to the door in the middle of the night and starts shouting, "police, open up," what does one do? (Anyone could claim to be the police just to get the door opened) Do we run to the front window, look out and try to see a cop car, ask to see a badge? (The metal door does not have a window). Call the police? What if he just shoots through the door? Nightly these questions would pop up. The only thing any of us could do was to remember who was in control of everything. God alone! It was a moment by moment reminding ourselves so we could find rest.

AMAZING MIRACLES

In the midst of all this, one evening I was thinking about what steps I should take to prevent the threat from being fulfilled and I wondered if I was *really* doing all I could? Father spoke into my heart to send an email to Elwin & Margit Roach, long time friends in the ministry. Elwin called me the same day to inquire further into the situation and suggested we ask the "Body" to pray. I agreed with his wisdom and he sent out an email to let folks know what was happening. The many notes that flooded my email were such a blessing. I printed each one and gave them to Jacqui. She could not believe that so many people cared about her. The Lord also moved on a member of the brethren to send her a love offering that allowed her to keep her vehicle. (Thank God she did not lose her car along with her home) Although she cried when she had to leave the mobile home she was buying, Father provided a new apartment and a friend with a truck to help with the moving. She is now trusting God for every dollar necessary to provide for her children. "Somehow," the provision of a roof over their heads and food in their pantry is made monthly.

DAY 20

On *day 10*, after the first call, the shooter called again to remind her of the \$5,000.00. On *DAY 20*, when he called, miracles of miracles, instead of threatening her, it was like he did not remember any of the threats he *had previously* made! We are so grateful for all the prayers. I truly believe Father caused him to lose his memory, to forget. He has since been captured by the police and is now waiting trial, here in Lakeport.

LET GO OF THE REINS

I almost forgot the story about the horse Father sent to Jacqui. (I know, of all things a horse!) Really, it's a stuffed animal, but it is still *amazing*. The story goes like this; I was visiting a friend and we decided to go out for dinner. I *accidentally* left both my purse and laptop computer behind. When we returned, the home had been broken into, both my purse and laptop were gone along with a few other things. The police said we must have driven up with the thieves still in the house, for not much was taken and the power had only been off for 20 minutes, (the power had been shut off at the box and the electric clock proved the time element). My friend called the insurance company, everything was covered and I actually updated my equipment.

Back to the horse, because my check books and ATM cards were in my purse, I immediately called the banks. Wells Fargo "accidentally" closed my account after I explicitly stated I did not want it closed. All this to say, I had to open a new account, and with that came a very plush stuffed horse. (Sometimes a loss is necessary, in order to experience something better) Father spoke to my heart that this was for Jacqui and upon giving it to her, all she could do was cry. Terrie pointed out that it had a saddle and bridle but no reins. She then reminded Jacqui that God had been telling her to let go of the reins for he was in charge! Jacqui retold us about the day she was lying on the floor thinking about all they were going through and worrying about her husband,

when a voice came to her saying, "let go fo the reins, for my horses will save your husband. That stuffed horse now sets in a place of honor in her home and reminds her that God is in charge.

CHRIST BRINGS CHANGE!

We are changing! As long as we keep our minds fixed on the rock that is Christ, (our example), we can be content. It is a real challenge to keep my mind “out of the gutter,” you know, that place where I am fearful, ashamed, uncertain, unhappy...etc. But every time I go through a trial and get the victory, it does get easier.

I have to admit that sometimes I wonder if perhaps I am in a state of *denial*. After all, I deny everything except God. This means I have to shut off that part of my brain that wants to worry, (isn't worrying a lack of trust?), **and** shut off that part of my brain that tells me that I should be in control when things are not going the best for everyone I love. *All I need concern* myself with is my walk with Father. Not in a narcissistic way, like how much do I have, how well do I feel, but instead, how much can I do for you Father? *Am I serving you at my full potential*, do I trust you completely? A good gauge of how much I trust him can be measured by how much I find myself worrying. Please understand I am *not* saying that worry *brings condemnation*; it is just a way to check growth. (After all, we all want to grow up to be just like our Heavenly Father)

In His Everlasting Love - Pamla

“A DAY IN OUR LIVES”

Starring Promised Seed Ministries

Mom still suffers with vertigo. It makes her life miserable, she has always been such an active woman, but now she spends much of her time laying down. Our Dad is well and takes wonderful care of Mom. (She covets your prayers and knows very well the power of God) Zoey Lynn McDarment was born on March 4, 8 pounds and 8 ounces, 22 inches. (Interestingly enough, Zoe means God Life and 8 is the number of new beginnings). Jacqui is doing well, although very busy with 3 young children and in a different town where Aunt Ter and I are not available to help as much. Terrie remains faithful to the ministry and helps the many who need her assistance. She requested that I make sure to say she sends her love. I continue to attend college which requires many hours of homework. I am receiving an award for my good grades and have been invited to join Phi Theta Kappa honor society. School feels a little bit easier this year. (My heartfelt appreciation for everyone's prayers) Our brother is well.

IMPORTANT

It is important to send any correspondence to our Lakeport address, (see at top), for I have found out that the post office in Alhambra is returning our mail to the senders. They really have messed up on our mail so many times over the years that I am glad to have changed our address. If you are one of the many whose mail was returned, please know that we appreciate your correspondence and would like the opportunity to receive it again.

Travel Plans

I cannot tell you how much I missed fellow-shipping the brethren this year. My current auto is not ready for long distance travel. It gets a great 30-35 miles to the gallon but needs a heater/ac motor. Hopefully a young person who is mechanically inclined will give me \$900.00 for the car and love the deal. I really need a small truck with an extended cab, a heater, air conditioner, automatic tranny. A vehicle good enough to travel across the county and do all the things t home for which a truck is useful. We appreciate your prayers on this matter.

We hope to head toward Omaha this June. The kids have invited Stacy's brother, Doug, his wife, Esther, and me to their kids' graduation party. It's so hard to believe Stacy and I have 2 grand children graduating from high school this year and 2 graduating from 8th grade. Hopefully I will make it to Omaha in time for the graduation party in June. I have not been with the kids in two years.

Stacy and Amy started their own business last year, *Millard Remodeling and Restoration*. A good choice in this economy, for it seems people would rather fix things right now than buy new. Jana made a career change and is now a full time personal trainer and love's her work. Her husband, Jeff, continues to work at the profession of his choice. I remember that fall he took several years ago, when his legs were so badly broken, we did not know if he would ever be able to work, but God again gave us victory. Jeff walks and gets along just fine!

We have been learning *because* of all these things which happen to and around us that:

IN ALL THINGS GOD HAS A PLAN, AND THAT PLAN IS GOOD!

We do thank you for your prayers and support. It is this prayerful support that enables us to continue sharing the Good News of the Happy God, who is Savior of all and condemner of none. Terrie and I pray the Lord's blessings rain upon your earth and heavens beyond all you could ask or imagine. (Eph. 3:20).

You are also welcome to add someone else if you believe they would enjoy our materials.