The rainy season had begun in central Africa. Our mission house was as comfortable as anyone’s there, but the beds needed warm covers and hot water bottles at night.

We had two prayer meetings every Wednesday evening, one at our African church and the other at our house, where the staff sang and talked and prayed in English. Dr. Siegfried Kotz told us one Wednesday evening about the surge of malaria patients coming to our hospital, always the accompaniment of cool, damp weather.

“I am worried about this last patient who came in by stretcher from Tekerani,” he remarked, a shadow passing over his kind face. “We simply do not have a blanket to cover her, and she has pneumonia. I have asked every missionary on the place, and everyone has given away blankets until they have just enough for their own use.” Then he looked at me.

“I did not ask you, Mrs. Edwards, but I figured it would be the same story. I know you have given away several blankets.”
I considered. I did have just enough for the beds, and no more. But there was the
guestroom bed. No one was sleeping there. It had a fluffy blanket under its pink spread.

“Look,” I said. “I will give you the blanket off my guestroom bed. Maybe I can get
another before our next guest comes.” I went out into the hall to get it.

Alice Princess, one of my helpers, met me in the hall. “You cannot give away that
blanket,” she whispered. “You may get a guest tomorrow; then what would you do?”

“I don’t know,” I replied, trying to be funny. “Sufficient unto the day are the blankets
thereof.”

She was serious. “I know what you are going to say,” she told me. “You are going to
say, ‘The Lord owns the blankets on a thousand hills.'”

I brightened. “Why, that is true,” I said. “I forget sometimes that ‘above the distractions
of this world, God sits enthroned.’ I guess we ought to trust in the Lord more.” I went on
down and peeled the blanket from the bed and folded it.

“Well, I know one thing,” Alice said positively. “If company comes tomorrow, God will
have to throw one down from heaven.”

“Well, He could, you know,” I answered, with a little more bravado than I really felt.

Sure enough, just as if the tempter had planned it, a phone call next morning apprised
me of the fact that a visitor from our world headquarters in the United States was going to
arrive at my house that very day to spend a few days visiting our mission. I was appalled.
There was absolutely no way I could get a blanket that day.

Alice came down the hall. “Well, what are we going to do now?” she asked. “Your
blanket is at the hospital, and company is coming.”

Before I could answer, Lighton Chirombo brought me a slip from the post office stating
that a parcel had arrived. I sent him to get it, and, just in case, handed him a pound note
to pay duty if necessary.

Twenty minutes before Pastor Brown arrived, Lighton came back with the package. To
my amazement, it contained a lovely yellow, fluffy blanket—colorful, warm and light—from
the Dorcas Welfare Society of the Seattle, Washington Adventist church. A little note on
the corner said that the society had decided that I should have that lovely bedcover. I
noted the date.

That comforter had been mailed more than twelve weeks before—yet it arrived within
the very hour of my need. It made me realize more fully than ever that “nothing that in any
way concerns our peace is too small for Him to notice.”—By Josephine Cunnington
Edwards, Signs of the Times, July 1981.

Quote: “Heaven knows nothing of the bended knee until the heart is bowed also.”—
Unknown, Signs of the Times, June 14, 1910.
As we enter upon the holy experience of Bible study, may God help us not to trample underfoot that which is sacred. A young American woman stood before Beethoven’s piano in a Vienna museum. Presently she struck off a few discordant notes. “I suppose,” she said to the attendant, “that many noted musicians have inspected this instrument.”

“Oh, yes,” replied the man. “Recently Paderewski was here.”

“Paderewski!” exclaimed the visitor. “Certainly he must have played something wonderful.”

“On the contrary, he did not feel worthy to touch it.”

We must approach God in spirit and in truth.—By Kenneth J. Holland, These Times, July 1972.

Quote: “When I look at myself, I don’t see how I can ever be saved, but when I look at Christ, I don’t see how I can ever be lost.”—Quoted by Kenneth H. Wood, Jr., These Times, November 1961.

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On a certain occasion, the eloquent Dr. E. H. Chapin, being sick, was compelled to ask a friend to preach for him. As the stranger rose to announce the opening hymn, a score of
persons rose to go out. This clergyman also was equal to such an emergency.  

“All,” he said, “who came here to worship Dr. Chapin will please leave now; but those who came to worship God will sing the forty-third hymn.”  

That stopped the exodus.—Unknown, Signs of the Times, April 5, 1883.  

Quote: “One way to get ahead, and stay ahead, is to use the head.”—By Charles G. Bellah, Signs of the Times, August 5, 1930.  

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A young man distressed about his soul had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of “sincere prayers” and “heartfelt desire” after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not “feel any different in spite of it all.” His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry, “Did you ever learn to float?”  

“Yes, I did,” was the surprised reply.  

“And did you find it easy to learn?”  

“Not at first,” he answered.  

“What was the difficulty?” his friend pursued.  

“Well, the fact was I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort on my own, so I always began to struggle, so of course down I went at once.”  

“And then?”  

“Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink.”  

“And is not God’s word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings, he commands you just to rest in Him, to believe His word, and accept His gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and His word to you now is, ‘The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ “ Romans 6:23—Selected, Signs of the Times, August 20, 1894.
Quote: “I 'can't' never accomplished anything.”—By H. E. S. Hopkins, *Signs of the Times*, June 13, 1900.

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In a certain South American country, an intolerant official tore up a copy of the Bible and threw the fragments into a tributary of the Amazon River. Several miles down the river they were seen by a resident of one of the villages, who picked them out of the water, dried them, and read their message. His heart was touched. He told his family and friends. Some months later when a missionary reached this place he found upwards of four hundred people eager to know more about God. Many of them became Christians, leaving all the sadness and darkness of their lives behind them forever.—By Arthur S. Maxwell, *Signs of the Times*, November 1959.

Quote: “The Israelites used to gather the manna fresh every day: they were not allowed to store it up. There is a lesson here for us! If we would be strong and vigorous, we must go to God daily. A man can no more take in a supply of grace for the future than he can eat enough today to last him for the next six months, or take sufficient air into his lungs at once to sustain life for a week to come. We must draw upon God’s boundless stores of grace from day to day.—By Moody, *Signs of the Times*, April 30, 1935.

A Present Age Alphabet

Anarchy everywhere flourishing;
Brutality and burglary prevalent;
Corruption in general abounding;
Drunkenness in high and low life alarming;
Employer and employee fast diverging;
Fortunes by fraud amassing;
Greed the world dominating;  
Hobos and hold-ups abounding;  
Intrigues invariably increasing;  
Justice and judgment are wanting;  
Knavery to knavery adding;  
Labor-troubles and lawlessness galling;  
Mammon the multitudes worshiping;  
Negligence in duty demoralizing;  
Offenders and officials the law defying;  
Profanity and irreverence demoralizing;  
Questionable methods churches adopting;
Rome and government’s policy dictating;  
Suicides hourly and daily increasing;  
Trusts the people are robbing;  
Uncertainty over all is hanging;  
Virtue with old and young fast ebbing;  
War-preparation overwhelming;  
Xerxes’ folly the world now repeating;  
Youth cigarettes and vice are dementing;  
Zealots for intolerant laws clamoring;  
& God’s holy precepts deriding.—By S. M. Booth, Signs of the Times, April 24, 1907.

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