

COME
to the
Garden

VOL. 1 | NO. 4 | OCTOBER-DECEMBER 2013

*Parenting
from the Heart pt. 2*

THE GIFT

PROVERBS 31

and more...

COME to the Garden

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Let Us Celebrate



All nature rejoices as capricious autumn performs her last exuberant dance. Trees, in their brilliant yellow, rustic orange, and scarlet red gowns, sway in the cotillion of color. Leaves, like vivacious children, prance and twirl as they frolic in the wind. The fall Feasts have ended for this year, but the joyful celebration continues as we pray and sing praises to our Creator.

Mankind has always felt the need to gather together to celebrate at this time of year. The harvest is over, the temperatures are delightful and the cold silence of winter has not yet arrived. The early pagans, obeying this inner call, created their own reasons for celebrating. Halloween originally was a Celtic harvest festival, or a festival of the dead, where bonfires were lit and people wore costumes to ward off evil spirits. Christmas harkens back to the Roman Saturnalia, a celebration of the sun god at the winter solstice, where there was much feasting, games, and gift giving.

As the secular world begins its holiday season, department stores are brimming with costumes and piping out carols while cashiers ask, "Are you ready yet?" Despite the distractions and challenges, hold fast to that which is true and celebrate the goodness of Yahweh and His Word in your life.

Blessings, Debbie Reed and Debbie Wirl

Box of Troubles

MyBIG



by Linda Lowe

It's been almost three years since Mom passed away unexpectedly and, since that time, I have thought a lot about her life. The distance has given me a unique perspective on how I want to spend my remaining years. While I try to emulate all of her wonderful traits, there is one habit that I don't want to copy.

I noticed that my mother, and my grandmother, had a tendency to worry. It seems like a lot of time was spent speculating and being concerned about the future and I find myself falling into that habit, too. When my daughters were younger, I would find myself waking up at night and worrying about bills, about the kids, about my parents, about my job – it was endless. In the middle of the night concerns loom large and seem insurmountable. Of course, daylight comes and they are again manageable. One of the things I tried was to designate Wednesday as the day I worried. I would tell myself, “I'll worry about it on Wednesday.” Usually, by Wednesday the problem had disappeared or was solved.

My mom was diagnosed with diabetes in her late thirties and I remember her telling me that she prayed she would be able to live until my youngest brother, Gary, a toddler at the time, finished high

school. Not only did she live until his graduation, she also lived long enough to see Gary's oldest child, Jordan, graduate as well. All of that time spent worrying when she could have had peace of mind. Mom also worried about outliving Dad and she had taken out several small insurance policies on his life. As it turned out, he outlived her. All of that worrying – the concerns and the sleepless nights – what purpose did they serve?

Studies have shown that 85% of the things we worry about never come to pass. The Bible has a lot to say on the topic. When I googled “cast your cares,” I found 83 Bible verses that tell us to “cast your burden on Yahweh,” “fear not,” and “for those who love Yahweh all things work together for good.” My favorite verse (that I often say to myself) is Philippians 4:6, “Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to Yahweh.”

I mentally throw my concerns into a big, big box. I put the lid on it, tie it shut, and ask Yahweh to handle them.

While I often talked to Mom about her constant worrying, I didn't get very far. I saw the toll it took on her, interrupting her sleep (she would

often write letters in the night when she was awake) and her health. My dad, who had such a close relationship with Yahweh, would read the Psalms and fall asleep easily and peacefully. I want to have that kind of security, knowing that Yahweh is holding me in the palm of His hand.

Do I still have “worry Wednesdays”? No. These days I don't even want to deal with worries on Wednesday. I mentally throw my concerns into a big, big box. I put the lid on it, tie it shut, and ask Yahweh to handle them. When they start to interrupt my sleep or disturb me during the day, I tell myself that Yahweh is taking care of them. If the Creator of the universe is taking care of those burdens, my heart can be trouble free and unafraid (John 1:2-4). 



Parenting from the Heart

A Lesson in Sacrifice

Part 2: The Rest of the Story

by Amy Pletz

Yahweh did help me to understand His plan for me through this trying, refining experience. Through sacrifice, sacrifice of the heart, I felt His amazing love. You see, while I was crying and my heart was aching, He comforted me. He was there by my side.

Anyone who has adopted can understand what I say when I describe what it's like to wonder if your adopted children really see you as their "real" parent. "Real," what an interesting word to use to describe motherhood. I can assure you, my being there for Genna over the years while she was sick or hurt, being there to comfort her when she had scary dreams, being there every evening to help with homework, never leaving her side no matter what ... this was, and still is, very "real" to me.

Sacrifice. Yes, love blossoms in sacrifice. That summer, I loved Genna enough—I trusted Yahweh enough—to give her birth mother, Emma, the gift of loving her, too. I suffered watching them take walks together. I suffered watching them cook and bake together. Oh, to endure the sight and sound of them sharing in hugs and smiles, enjoying each other ... in my house, on my motherhood watch. It was bittersweet, to say the least. I remember on this one occasion, looking out my bedroom window, Emma and Genna

were hand in hand leaving for a walk down our peaceful gravel road. My heart just about crumbled in that moment. Have you ever experienced something traumatic, when time seems to stand still, and you feel your every heartbeat and become consciously aware of every breath? This was me on this day. You see ... it was my birthday. Genna didn't know, but I felt like she chose Emma over me, and for some reason, being my birthday, it felt a little more painful than it would have otherwise. I can look back and say with certainty that this was a growing moment for me. Yahweh showed me through His amazing love that it wasn't about Genna choosing Emma over me, it was about me allowing Genna to love the way Yahweh created her heart to love. I could have yelled out the front door for her to come back, and she is so sweet, she would have in a split second. But, that wouldn't have been fair of me. If you would have seen the joy on her face as she walked with Emma. It was so innocent and pure. To deny her of that moment would have been selfish of me.

There were many days experienced like the day they went on the walk together. But, the hardest of times were when Emma would come to me and ask for my help. She needed me to help her grow closer to Genna. When she first asked me to talk to Genna for her, I was like, "Are you kidding me? Why would I do that ... and risk her actually growing closer to you!" But, the spirit inside was leading me to answer her with a gentle and sincere, "I will do my best to help you." Honestly, as I would utter comforting words to her, my flesh wouldn't always agree. A part of me didn't want them to grow closer at all! But, still



... I did my best to help them discover their renewed relationship, their rekindled love.

Day after day passed us by. Finally, the day came when Emma and Rey moved out of our home into an apartment of their own in a nearby town. I was initially relieved and happy to get my home back in order and get back to the way things were before their arrival. But, instead, something quite unexpected happened. I found myself sad about them leaving. My heart grieved over the loss of their presence in our family. Through the challenges, through the tears and sleepless nights I endured, somehow, somewhere along the way, I, too, developed a love for Emma. I didn't expect to grow so close to her. But, I did. I grew to love her like a sister.

Many have asked me if I would do it again, or if I could go back in time, would I instead say no to her call for help. My answer is always, yes, I would do it again, and no, I wouldn't change a thing. It wasn't me just helping Emma and Rey. It was me serving Yahshua! For we are told that what we do unto the "least" of them (those in need), we do unto him. I lived this Scripture, and it was beautiful! Because I loved enough to let go of my little girl for just a little, not only did she love me more, but I felt a greater blessing, a great portion of the Spirit within me! Yahweh's love is indescribable. His love is perfect. His love is amazing!

P.S. One day, soon after Emma and Rey left our home, Genna came to me and gave me a hug. I asked what the hug was for, because it was out of the blue. She said it was because I let her meet and know her mom and brother. Her "mom" ... yes, Emma was and always will be her mom, and I am okay with that. I looked at Genna and smiled. My reply was short and sweet: "Genna, you are so blessed. To think, when some kids have no mom, you have two!" She smiled and walked away. And, that tender moment closed this chapter in our lives. And, if you're wondering, we still have contact with Emma and Rey. And, we continue to be blessed because they're in our lives. Yahweh is so good! 



THE GIFT

(a reprint from *YRM News & Reports*, Jan-Feb 2009)

"Then you will know the truth,
and the truth will set you free."

John 8:32

by *Debbie Reed*

A gift of freedom from the chains of pagan tradition has been passed down to our children. This gift is far superior to anything they ever found under a tree. We ceased to observe Christmas exactly 20 years ago. It was impossible to convince our family and friends that our reasons for taking this step were correct. Our children feigned understanding, putting on a brave front, but heartsick in secret. We didn't make the yearly pilgrimage to celebrate with grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, as in former times. We didn't give or receive presents. It was a very difficult thing to do – not observing Christmas.

So many years have passed.... now, when the annual Saturnalia celebration rolls around, we, along with our grown children, take little notice. The pain of separation is gone. Not one of us believes we have sacrificed anything of significance. Instead, we feel as though we've been set free – free from the financial and emotional stress this season brings. We are not burdened with unwanted and unneeded stuff nor are we in debt from purchasing things that others neither need nor want. We experience no pre-season anxiety or post-season depression.

We have been freed from time constraints and societal pressure to do so much – sending myriads of cards, baking mounds of cookies, and wrapping endless presents – before the sun sets on Dec. 24. We have no long lists of items to purchase, lights to put up and take down, ornaments to pack and unpack, tinsel to disperse and later vacuum up, or branches to decorate and dispose of when dehydrated – all in the name of a fallacy. The truth about X-mas has set us free. 



Mommy's Little Girl

by Jennifer Folliard

She started out so very small, now look at my girl,
she's getting so tall.

I remember the cute way she held onto her ear,
now look at her helping me, what a sweet little dear!

I used to pray, "Oh, Yahweh, please let her sleep through just one night,"
now I can't wake her up no matter how bright the light.

I remember taking lots of pictures of all her cute little faces,
now it's trips to the orthodontist to re-adjust those braces.

The day we brought her home was one of the best days of my life,
but I know it won't be long until someday she's someone's beautiful wife.

Everyone tells me to enjoy her while she's still home
because before too long, she'll be off and on her own.

When that day comes and it's her turn to take flight,
I'll send her off knowing that with Yahweh she'll know what's wrong and what's right.

But for now, I'm holding onto my little girl real tight.
She's a gift from Yahweh that I love with all my might!





Clean Cuisine

What is the meaning of the term, “clean foods”? In Leviticus, Yahweh has given us specific instructions as to what we should and should not eat. All of the recipes published in this column adhere to these laws. For further information please refer to the booklet, “Clean Foods – What the Bible Teaches” at the yrm.org website.

Got Flour?

by Lora Wilson

In Deuteronomy 8:8, Yahweh described the Promised Land as “a land of wheat and barley.” In John 6, we see that Yahshua fed thousands with five loaves of barley. The story of how a class of food long revered



as the “staff of life” should suddenly become a toxic substance to large numbers of people is complex and controversial. But it also provides revealing insights into modern agriculture and industrialized methods of food production. Modern wheat varieties have a long history of hybridization to create a crop easier to process with machinery, from the field to the oven. Commercial hybrid “dwarf”

wheat contains a “super starch,” amylopectin-A, that is very fattening. It also contains a “super gluten” that is inflammatory. It even contains a “super drug” that is highly addictive, making you crave and eat more and more.

Problems occur when we are cruel to our grains – when we fractionate them into bran, germ and naked starch, when we mill them at high temperatures, when we extrude them to make them crunchy breakfast cereals, and when we consume them without careful preparation. Proper preparation of grains is a kind, gentle process that imitates nature. It involves soaking for a period in warm acidulated pure water in the preparation of porridge or long, slow sourdough fermentation in the making of delicious bread. Such processes neutralize phytic acid, an enzyme inhibitor, which can combine with calcium, magnesium, copper, iron and, especially, zinc in the intestinal tract and block their absorption. Vitamin content increases, particularly B vitamins, tannins, complex sugars, gluten and other difficult-to-digest substances are partially broken down into simpler components.

Gluten intolerance makes headlines a lot these days. It has created a market for gluten-free products using alternatives such as rice flour or coconut flour. If you have not tried any of these products, I will tell you that they do not compare to wheat products. While I am bothered by wheat, but not to the point of Celiac disease, I do just fine with the ancient grains: spelt, barley and einkorn flours. These three ancient grains are known as “the covered wheats,” since the kernels do not thresh free of their hard coverings, making them more labor intensive to mill.



Einkorn is known as the oldest variety of wheat and is my favorite. It is thought to have originated in the upper area of the fertile crescent of the Near East (Tigris-Euphrates regions), and is quite probably the main grain recorded in biblical history. It is a rich source of beta carotene lutein, a powerful antioxidant, and also both forms of vitamin E. Compared to modern varieties, it has higher levels of protein, crude fat, phosphorus and potassium.

Emmer is similar to einkorn and probably an early hybrid of wild einkorn that is more suitable for a wider range of climates, particularly warmer climates. The earliest civilizations initially ate emmer as a porridge. Even today it remains an important crop in Ethiopia and a minor crop in Italy and India.

Spelt is probably the predecessor to modern wheat. It is a hybrid of emmer with more adaptability. Spelt produces a heavier product that commercial bakers avoid. It fares much better in sourdough applications where its flavors can develop fully and long souring enhances its digestibility. Commercially produced sourdough bread that contains yeast in the list of ingredients is not a true sourdough bread loaf. Only three ingredients create a delicious, nutritious bread, but keep in mind that sourdough is a leavening agent we must avoid during the Feast of Unleavened Bread. Due to difficulties in harvesting these ancient grains, only a few farmers in the U.S. grow them. Lentz Spelt Farm in Marlin, Washington, is one of the few that produces einkorn, spelt, barley, and emmer. Contact Lentz Farm by phone at (509) 717-0015 or by mail at P.O. Box 2, Marlin, WA 98832.

I buy einkorn flour online at www.tropicaltraditions.com. If you get on the email list you can get occasional special offers, such as free shipping. Also check out www.store.jovialfoods.com for a variety of einkorn products, some of which I am blessed to have local access.

And remember in Matthew 4:4, Yahshua answered the Evil One with these words, “It is written, man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of Yahweh.”

HalleluYah!

APPLES

by Debbie Wirl

Braeburn, Pippin, Gravenstein, Jonathan, Cortland names of cities or perhaps fictional characters? No, these are only a few of the many varieties (over 7,000 in all) of that delicious fall fruit, the apple. One of the most popular for eating out of hand is the Red Delicious, with Gala coming in close behind. Baking aficionados tend to gravitate to the likes of Winesap, Jonathan, or McIntosh as these are more firm and will not get mushy with oven heat. Whether you're looking for a good baking apple or a juicy, scrumptious eating apple, or whether your taste runs the gamut from tart to sweet, know that this delicious fruit is very nutritious and versatile.



Apple Crisp

6-8 med. baking apples
2 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 c. brown sugar,
packed
1/2 c. flour
1/4 c. butter, softened
1 tsp. cinnamon



Spread peeled, cored, and sliced apples into a lightly greased 8-inch baking pan. Sprinkle with lemon juice. In separate bowl, combine brown sugar, flour, butter, and cinnamon; crumble over apples. Bake in 375° oven for 25 minutes. Makes six 1/2 cup servings.



Discover why the clean food laws are not only a biblical command for us today but essential for our health and longevity. Request your free copy of: ***Clean Foods What the Bible Teaches.***

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Read or request online:
www.yrm.org

PROVERBS 31

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.
by Amy Pletz

Verse 1: *“The words of King Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him.”*

You’ve likely read Proverbs 31 numerous times. But, have you ever read it from the perspective of the person who originally gave these instructions and told this story and who she was speaking to?

Verse 1 tells us that the instruction of Proverbs 31 was meant for King Lemuel. His mother was the person who gave the wise instruction, the prophecy, to guide him in finding a wife. It was not originally told to a woman, the way I typically receive and read the prophecy. She was telling her son, the king, what to look for in a wife. Considering we are speaking about a family of considerable wealth, I find it quite touching that his mother was guiding him in matters of the heart versus the kingdom’s treasury. She wasn’t seeking a wife for him that would create an alliance for the kingdom or increase political power, as was common practice for the benefit of the kingdom. She saw the value, the true riches, of her son marrying a virtuous woman. She measured a virtuous woman as having more worth than fine rubies. She desired his wife to be a woman who desired to look after her household, a woman who has a heart for the poor and needy, a woman who is trustworthy, a woman who is kind and wise, and a woman who above all fears Yahweh.

As a mom, I find it my spiritual responsibility to guide my children in the way they should go, ways that are pleasing to Yahweh. I can teach them through example as well as through the Word. I lean on this Scripture as a reminder of my duty to guide them in

like matters of the heart. As a mom, I pray for my children, and I also pray for their future spouses. While I don't know who their spouses will be, Yahweh does. I can use Proverbs 31 as a guide, an instruction manual of sorts, to help me steer my children in a way that is pleasing to Him, in a way that will bless my children in their lives to come as they seek to find that special someone Yahweh has set apart for them. The very thought of this fills my heart with such joy! 🌻



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