

News From The Homefront

After our USA shipment was unloaded, the first thing I looked for was our clothes boxes. We've been feeling cold for almost two months now and needed our winter clothes. Not only for wearing outside but for inside as well. Most houses in Australia do not have insulation in the walls nor do they have central air and heat. As the temperatures dropped, I realized more and more how we take these things for granted in the USA. And although this area of Australia doesn't have snowy winters, after dark or at night it hovers just above freezing or even frosts. In fact the newspaper this past week said that the weather recently hasn't been this cold since 1949. We were actually feeling the cold moreso because our house was almost vacant without having our furniture yet making it feel more open and cold. We've been teasing that we are living in an army tent because if you put your hand on the wall, you can feel the cold coming through.

Also we didn't realize it until after six weeks into the cold weather that our air conditioner in the main part of the house is a split system that also puts out warm air. Before we figured this out, we were dressing in several layers of clothes and thick socks to stay warm. After the sun went down, we holed up in one room at a time with a little electric heater going and kept the door closed. We got tickled at how it took mental preparation to open the door and brave the cold in the main part of the house to do a different chore. We haven't done well in cold weather ever since living in Papua New Guinea. We were just fixing to buy a type of gas heater when we figured the split system out.

We've been warmer since then, but when I opened our box of winter clothes and pulled out some warm leggings, I said, "Oh thank you Lord." Then as I pulled out sweaters and other long sleeved shirts and Frank's suit jackets, I practically hugged them and almost felt like crying. ☺ Being able to feel nice and warm is such a blessing.

When you've had things in storage for a long time and start going through boxes, the treasures tend to be little things. As in a favorite piano book, letters from granddaughters, pictures of family, a cooking pot that is "just the right size," and so forth. I think, "Wow, life can't get much better." But then I also see some things in the boxes that are faded, corroded, molded, and dry-rotted. It reminds me how the things of this life are temporal "where moth and rust doth corrupt." **Matt. 6:19.** And I long for the true treasures of heaven or the coming Kingdom where in our glorified state we will worship the Lord more perfectly and have our thoughts wholly on Him.

Keep me from myself O Lord, Your mercy ever I plead.
Keep me from going my own way, Your grace each day I need.
Keep me from distressing thoughts, Your Word is a comfort indeed.
Keep me from wandering afar, Your rule and reign I must heed.
Keep me from forgetting to pray, Your fellowship my soul must feed.
Keep me from bringing shame, You're God and I bow my knee.

(CEJ---2010)

A friend in Christ,
Cyd James