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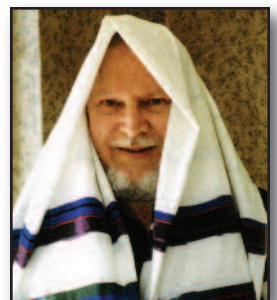
*Bringing a
Positive Balance
Into Our
Communities*

*Celebration
of Life...*

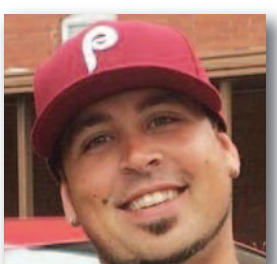


**The Inspirational
Life Journey of...
"Faith Renne
Dowler"**

Cannonsburg, PA
Jan. 11, 2000 -
Sept. 9, 2016



**Remembering...
"Edwin Fink"**
Monessen, PA



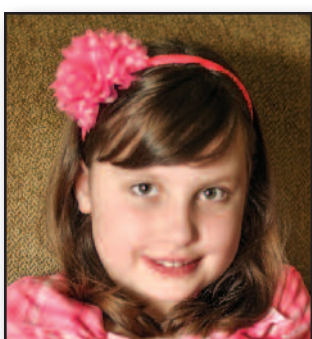
**Remembering...
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Lutz"**
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Divine Encounter Leads Woman to Monessen



Paula Fink

**By Hazel K. Palmer
For Jubilee News**

(Monessen, PA) It was in the year 2000, that a Monessen land owner had been holding on to a piece of property for many years. This gentleman had cultivated a beautiful garden on this property, putting his horticulturist skills to good use in the hopes his son would one day move back and build a house on this land. But his son never did build, putting roots down with his family in another state. But unbeknownst to the father, this Garden of Eden property was actually being held for a married couple he had never met! This unusual explanation can be substantiated by the person who now lives in the house that has since built on this land. Her name is Paula Fink, a woman who knows without a shadow of a doubt

that she was destined to own this piece of property and build a house on it.

She has lived on this property since the year 2000, knowing all this time it had been divinely held just for her and her husband.

Ed and Paula married on April 4th, 1992, and since Ed had lived in Pittsburgh, they moved there as a married couple, and then in 1996, moved to Hempfield Twp. (specifically, Greensburg, PA) where they remained until the year 2000, when they moved to Monessen. But before Paula met Ed, Paula had lived in Monessen most of her life. She was a hair stylist at a salon on the corner of Ros-traver Street and Knox Avenue, across from Del Rosa's Pizza in Monessen. But moving to this small

(See "Monessen" A3)

"New Life Options" Makes a Difference in Mon Valley Communities



Elizabeth Mock holds daughter Madison

**By Darlene Manns
For Jubilee News**

(Monongahela, PA) Twenty six years ago in 1989 in West Newton, a group of men & women saw the need to help women and teens during their reproductive years with unplanned and difficult pregnancy situations.

At that time it was known as the Ark. After they moved to Belle Vernon, PA the name was changed to "Ark Family Resource Center". There were a few more name changes along the way and in 2008, the Center moved to its present location at 308 Chess St. Monongahela, PA. We are now known as "New Life Options"

and we will remain "New Life Options."

A lot of name changes, personnel changes, policy changes and location changes, but our mission has always and will always remain the same, and that is to minister to both women & men who are in a most desperate time of need. We have saved the lives of many babies by giving their mothers hope as well as help. Our Mission is to build strong families by teaching and assisting men and women to be dedicated parents with Christian values.

We are a Pro-Life, 501-(c)3 Non-Profit organiza-

(See "New Life" A2)

"Mantle House Mission" Founder Honored

**By Joni Kelley
For Jubilee News**

(West Newton, PA) Marci Elsbury, founder and executive Director of the *Mantle House Mission* located in West Newton, PA, has been named an "Angel Among Us", a contest sponsored by community-minded local area businesses. She is unaware that this article was written in her honor. This issue of Jubilee News will be presented to her along with the Angel Among Us certificate and a cash prize, all of which will be presented by the friends and volunteers who surround her.

Marci, Founder and Executive Director of the *Mantle House Mission* located in West Newton has a heart for the homeless and because of this passion, *Mantle House Mission* was born.

Mantle House Mission is a transitional home for young adults ages 18-24. The Mission's purpose is to provide homeless young adults with a loving home environment where they are assisted with independent living skills and resources while serving as an advocate. Mentoring is provided along with meeting their spiritual needs to help them succeed independently with wise decision making.

It was when she was looking for people to clerk at the Mission's Resale Store which helps fund the *Mantle House Mission*, that I became more involved with the Mission and with Marci. Many times customers will come to the store heavy hearted.

When she senses that, she is



Marci Elsbury

not shy in asking if they would like her to pray with them. She has prayed with many people whose load was made a little lighter by the time they left because she cared. One day, I was in the resale store with her when a man came in whose wife had recently passed away suddenly. She had would come to the store weekly. Marci sensed this husband needed to talk and after reminiscing and some tearful memories, Marci prayed with him for peace and for his physical problems. He needed closure and because we knew his wife so well, we were able to help provide that.

Marci has a heart for healing wounded people. She's also a registered nurse who works nights doing home health care and works days as the Executive Director of *Mantle House Mission*. She manages and clerks the Mission's Resale Store, but besides her position at *Mantle House Mission* which is very close to her heart, she also joined an entrepreneur group,

(See "Angel" A2)

“New Life” from A1

tion. Our only means of remaining in ministry is through donations by churches, women’s groups, and individuals. For every penny that we receive, all the Glory goes to God. He alone can place our needs on the hearts of our supporters and for that we are so very grateful. All of the services we offer are “FREE”...for as He gave freely to us, we give freely to others.

Volunteers at our center are our greatest asset. All volunteers wanting to become a Parenting Mentor are trained by our Client Service Coordinator, Pam Tucker. Those that choose to work personally with the clients must have background clearances. We are committed to making sure our clients are in a safe environment while also protecting their privacy. We are very grateful for all those that give of their time to help us in any way they can.

Elizabeth Mock shared how mentors at New Life Options supported her:

“New Life Options is an amazing center. Ever since I became a client I have had nothing but encouragement and something to look forward to every other week or week depending on my work schedule. I have learned so much about taking care

of my daughter and myself and the baby boutique is such a blessing for our daughter’s needs.”

But not all volunteers choose to work in a mentor position. There are those that join our team who help in other areas such as laundering clothes and putting them on their proper hangers and placing in designated areas by size in our baby boutique.

I look up to the mentors of New Life Options. They have no idea how much they helped me gain more confidence as a parent. They made me look at life in a different way for myself. They have impacted my decision to become a registered nurse. I am now halfway to becoming an LPN, however my goal is to become an RN, MSN. They have helped me to realize that I can do it! I know that if I want to achieve my goals, I have to get out there and take a hold of my life. I am a mom, and a woman that is strong, and I can do this.”

Editor’s Note: If you believe in this mission and would like to help, you are invited to stop in and visit New Options Resource at 308 Chess Street, Monongahela, PA. For more information about their services, call 724-258-7277.

**“I admire Marci. I am amazed at how she relates to people from her heart. She’s a great encourager who helps people reach their full potential. Not everyone can do what she does.
--Veronica Eddy--**

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“Angel” From A1



**“The Mantle House Mission Resale Store”
Melody Loman, Sue Derek, Marci Elsbury, Stacey Friedman and Joni Kelley. Seated is Phyllis Frye.**

“Angel” from A1

and recently began serving on the Board of Directors of *New Life Options*, a pregnancy center located in Monongahela, PA.

Active in her church, she is married to the love of her life, Ron and they have two lovely daughters, Rachael and Christina. But she is also involved in other areas in the Mon Valley and beyond.

I first met Marci when she came to my church in 2014: Olive Branch Baptist. At that time, she was involved with the homeless on Stanwix Street in Pittsburgh. A group from Olive Branch joined her in taking meals and clothing to Stanwix Street and it was Marci who planted the seed to do this. Olive Branch continued that outreach for quite some time. The Mantle House Mission has housed young men, three of which are still in contact with Marci. After the young



Marci and Ron Elsbury

men moved on, the mission housed one young woman. Today, new connections are being sought out to water the roots of Mantle House Mission in order to promote growth and expand its outreach. Anticipation and excitement is in the air as Marci seeks to unite

with people who have a similar passion who can provide some missing pieces of the “Mantle House Mission Puzzle”.

Thank you to the following businesses who made this “Angel Among Us” contest possible: Robert A Billick Funeral Home, Inc.; Dalfonso-Billick Funeral Home, Inc. and

Cremation Services; Frye Funeral Home; Randall’s Restaurant; Felicia’s Restaurant; Mon Valley Community Credit Union, Ted Harhai, Quatrini Rafferty, attorneys at Law, Wesley Chapel UMC and Alverton UMC.

With great honor and respect for all that Marci has done and will be doing, together with her husband, daughters, volunteers, friends, family and the many who knows who she is, we thank you for “Mantle House Mission.” You truly are an “Angel Among Us”.

If you wish to help in some way, stop by the Mantle House Mission Resale store located on 132 S. Water Street, West Newton and personally meet Marci, founder, director, manager, clerk, wife, mom, and my friend, Marci Elsbury, or call 724-872-1800 to find out how you can help.

--Random Acts of Kindness--

“The Woodshop”



By Pastor Tom Shirer For Jubilee News

(Scottdale, PA) When I was thinking about this article I was reminded of a prayer request. There is a gentleman I know, a friend whom I respect who always has a smile when you run into him. He wears many hats and does everything with excellence; I admire that the most. Raised in a nearby community,

Frank learned many things. I would like to share a few that I know about him.

Frank knew what hard work was, raised on a farm; there was always much to do before the sun came up in the morning, and much to do when others were thinking about settling in at the end of the day. We owe much to the farmer; from tending livestock, tilling and planting, harvesting and storing which in my opinion is one of “the most” honorable and hardest yet overlooked professions. There are people who “own land” and then there are the people who “work the land”. I call them “Pro-

fessional Land Owners.” They know there is a harvest waiting to be worked out through them.

With everything that needs to be done, there are still many ways to have fun and enjoy making the best of the free time you might have. In farming, you not only wake up early and work; you learn to recognize the changes of season and the perfect balance of atmosphere and water, sun and drought. Maybe that is why this man found Chemistry to be his major in college, following in his mother’s footsteps as a teacher.

On their farm “Creek line” sheep are raised and seen grazing nearby as they speak life into the silence of the hillside with a quiet ba-a-a. But Frank has wonderful hobbies and “toys” too. A model airplane is one I recall with a six foot wingspan that was

hanging in a bay of his garage. Inside you might see his Lionel trains circling around the living room! How much fun to go down to the farm to see tractors, airplanes and model trains, something for kids of ALL ages to look at and enjoy. For over fifty years, he and his wife Patty share their life and their faith with everyone they meet. Both were teachers and both have a passion to sing. When I was young, I remember Frank singing in a Quartet called “The Keynotes.” Perfect harmony echoed the Gospel songs and the Barbershop style as these men shared the gift of music in their matching sport coats.

But what brings me to this article of “Random Acts of Kindness” is what takes place in another part of their farm: Frank’s woodshop! With the skill of a

(See “Wood” A3)

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“Wood Shop” From A1



craftsman (and I don't mean the brand name of a tool), the woodshop becomes almost like Santa's workshop creating toys for children and new babies that arrive. Our two grandchildren are recipients of such "wooden wonders." Shortly after our granddaughter was born, Frank and Patty showed up unexpectedly one day at our front door. In his arms was the "most beautiful baby doll cradle," cut and sanded as smooth and shiny as silk. It was a total surprise! This kind creation instantly became more than a toy. It became a family heirloom – actually it became the prop for pictures of baby brother who would arrive two years later. He fit perfectly in there for his first photo shoot!

After baby brother was born, a "new handmade toy showed up," I must say Papa was "THRILLED!" Just as little girls need cradles, little boys need trucks! Another "Random Act of Kindness" appeared: a wooden flatbed tractor trailer carrying a land grader! The attention to the detail of this replica blew me away! It rolled along smoothly, had moving and working parts and brought a smile to everyone who saw it! I had never seen anything like it before!

After hours and days of work, the toy is placed on the workbench, inspected and tested to make sure it is worthy of the day of giving. Are the rockers on the cradle even? Do the wheels on the truck go round and round as not to appear to have a flat? Every piece of wood is sanded perfectly so as not to give little fingers a splinter. Then the day of presentation comes, the knock on a door, a phone call, a meeting, whatever. There is a "transfer" that takes place, from a wooden board and a word--from a thought and a knot--a toy and then joy that is released!

But there's more to the toy. The mind of a child develops sce-

narios, and imaginations are stirred. A little girl begins caring for a favorite baby doll, a little boy dreams of driving to a far off destination to move a mountain. Parents and grandparents recognize with great appreciation everything that took place in making that toy.

Something happens in the refuge of the place we like to go away to. For some it is a favorite place to get away, or a quiet spot to rest, but for Frank I'll call it a "destination," for in his woodshop something happens. It begins with a thought, a person, and a plan. A piece of pine or oak leaning against the wall or flat on a shelf, and it becomes something very special. A pattern is placed, traced out, cut and sanded, glued and finished. All the while his mind is focused on the step by step process keeping the final toy in mind. Always thinking along the way, tasks that need to be addressed, a situation that might require special attention, the planting season or a sick lamb. Maybe a smile comes on his face as he and Patty plan a trip to see their daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren, maybe even the football season at Penn State. Whatever occupies his time in the woodshop, something is being made for a child as his thoughts are on someone else and not himself.

There are many "Franks" out there, people who encourage us, listen to us, wait for us and dream with us. We are so blessed and touched by the goodness and the hearts of these precious people. You hold the joy of someone in your hands and the person you meet may have a life changing experience all because of one "Random Act of Kindness."

No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted
-Aesop-

“Monessen” from A1

southwestern Pennsylvania steel town remained the furthest from their minds.

Nevertheless, beginning in the late 1990's, an unexpected yet divine chain of events transpired, causing them to change their minds about moving to Monessen, and it happened over a period of four years. Paula began to have a sense that a change of address was going to happen, and they would be moving again. But she didn't know where. Paula explained: "I talk to the Lord all the time and I read my Bible every day because my desire is to hear God—to hear what God is saying to me on a daily basis. I would say it was around 1996 when God began to talk to me about going back to Egypt. He would often say to me, 'You're going back to Egypt.' And I would say back to Him, 'Are we moving?' I told Ed about it. We were both wondering where Egypt was for us! Where was our Egypt?"

"Then one night, I was traveling to Monessen with some friends to go to a church on 9th Street, Union Baptist Church. We were meeting others there to walk the streets of Monessen and pray for the city and evan-



Paula Fink with daughter Chrissy

gelize. That was when I began to sing this one song called 'I Have a Destiny.' It's a song that proclaims to God: 'I have a destiny I know You shall fulfill. I have a destiny in a City on a Hill. I have a destiny! And It's not an empty wish, for I know I was born for such a time as this!' I remember thinking to myself: 'What am I doing here in Monessen? I live in Greensburg!' And then I thought, "why does this one song keep coming up in me?' 'Why do I always sing this song that I have a place in a city?' I can remember thinking surely I'm not going to come back to Monessen to live! But that's how it all started. God had this plan for Ed and I to move to Monessen and we didn't even know it at the time!"

Ed was a devout Jewish man who, like Paula, had a close relationship with God. Paula knew that their marriage was meant to be, that God divinely brought them together. She was a Christian who taught him about Jesus (Yeshua, the Messiah), and he would teach Paula the Jewish customs from the Old Testament of the Bible. He had what she needed, and she had what he needed! Paula recalled, "One day when we were vacationing in Colorado and I was looking at the evergreens and the beauty of the mountains, God said to me, 'Egypt is Monessen. You're going back to Monessen.' All that time, He had been stirring my heart about moving and now I finally knew where! But

I also knew that Ed had made a vow that he NEVER wanted to live in Monessen! I couldn't tell Ed this, so I never said anything to him. I just kept talking to God about it. Month after month went by and then one day, God gave him a dream. He was so excited! He came running downstairs one morning saying, 'I know where Egypt is!' And I said, 'Where?' And he said, 'It's Monessen!' Ed was now willing to go because God had spoken to him! He had never heard from God before! From that moment on, it was settled that we were to move to Monessen!"

Soon after, they contacted a realtor and began to look at houses. Paula shared, "We looked at a ton of houses and couldn't (See Monessen A4)

--Communities That Care--

Ryan Louis McNeil Pays It Forward... Seeks To Bring Peace Back To His Hometown

(Monessen, PA) Ryan Louis McNeil is no stranger to service. From his early teen years as a Monessen Middle School student, he's shown great sensitivity to the needs of others. And, Ryan's heartfelt empathy has led him down good paths for taking positive actions. One such path was the Monessen Communities That Care (CTC) Youth Council that he says has guided him well.

Since 2001, the Monessen CTC Youth Council has been offered as an after school program with Monessen Middle/ High School students. Each year, this volunteer group of proactive teens commit to serving as positive peer role models in their school, family and community. Youth Council members meet, plan,

coordinate and participate in peer education outreach on drugs and violence, leadership training, service learning projects and career preparation activities.

And, it was in 2001 that Ryan, as a 7th grader, found his place within the Youth Council. It was a perfect fit and right on time for him. He came to middle school ready to serve because of being raised by his mom, Judy, who modeled and instilled essential beliefs and values for prosocial citizenship. As a small boy, Ryan learned to live up to his mom's high expectations of servant leadership and creating community change.

This tenderhearted, spunky young man was undaunted in his determination to work alongside much older teens. Amazingly,



Ryan L. McNeil, pictured as a young boy and then as he is today, with his mother, Judy McNeil, his "Inspiration".

he faithfully continued for six years until his high school graduation. To this day, Ryan maintains the unique distinction of being the youngest member to ever join. He has often credited his longtime connectedness to this

group due to his own need for support and structure through some very difficult personal times.

Another more serious challenge was the death of Ryan's father (See "Ryan" A9)



“Monessen” From A3 find one home that we wanted. Then Ed woke up one morning and said to me, ‘You know what Paula? We haven’t found any suitable houses for us. We’re just going to have to build.’ But we quickly learned that it’s been said, ‘No body builds in Monessen.’ It’s unheard of to find a vacant lot in Monessen to build on. But we told our realtor to stop looking for houses and to look for lots for us to build on.”

On January 25th, 2000, Paula had a dream. She shared, “In the dream, I was flying through the air with either God or an angel—I don’t know which, but I was flying from Hempfield Twp. to Monessen. I was noticing from an aerial view the road I live on now. I was brought to that road from a back way that I didn’t even know existed in Monessen. So as I looked down from the air as we traveled, I was able to see a vacant lot.

“I could hardly wait until Ed woke up because of this dream! I couldn’t wait to tell him there was a piece of property in Monessen! I didn’t know where it was, but I knew I was there last night with either the Lord or an angel, and I knew the last name of a family who lives down the street from this property because I was able to see their mailbox! I also saw concrete blocks piled up on the vacant lot where we were to build. Ed said, ‘Well, then let’s go and eat breakfast out and see if we can find that road you saw in your dream last night.’ So that’s how we found the property!”

Paula was the one who drove that

day. She shared, “When I saw the lot, I stopped and screamed, ‘Look Ed! There’s the property! There are the cement blocks!’ As soon as he saw the lot, he said, “Paula, it’s perfect!” And I said to him, ‘Now, all we have to do is ride around and find that mailbox that has

me. Ask him if he will sell it to us.’ Then Paula and Ed made an offer.

Days passed as Ed and Paula waited for the realtor to call back with the news, when Paula had a second dream. She described it: “In this

Ed, recognizing that God was speaking to them once again through a dream, told Paula they needed to begin making preparations to build. And that’s what they did. They prepared to build even before the realtor called to tell them that the property was theirs. It simply was enough that God had already divinely notified them.

Paula cannot recall how long it was after her dream that the realtor finally called, but when she did, the realtor was stunned that the land owner made a counter offer. Needless to say, Ed and Paula accepted it. In October of 2000, they moved into their home. Friends and family gathered the following day to celebrate.

It’s been 16 years since Paula and Ed moved into the home where they were destined to live. Three and a half years after they moved in, Ed had a massive heart attack and passed away on September 4th, 2004. (See Ed’s tribute on pg. B4) Until this day, Paula’s favorite seat where she reads her Bible is in the precise spot where the angel rested on the bench in the garden.

In 2016, a portrait was presented to her as a gift—a portrait of an angel resting its head on its hands lying on the seat of the garden bench, a reminder of all that had taken place. It is displayed downstairs in her large basement—an area that can hold upwards of 100 people where prayer gatherings have been held. People have come from near and far to hear what God is saying to them. Her home has become a sanctuary for many. And today, the song that Paula sang prior to knowing where her “Egypt” was, has since become her reality—a melody she will never forget: “*I have a destiny I know You shall fulfill. I have a destiny in a City on a Hill. I have a destiny! And it’s not an empty wish for I know I was born for such a*

On January 25th, 2000, Paula had a dream. She shared, “In the dream, I was flying through the air with either God or an angel—I don’t know which, but I was flying from Hempfield Twp. to Monessen. I was noticing from an aerial view the road I live on now. I was brought to that road from a back way that I didn’t even know existed in Monessen. So as I looked down from the air as we traveled, I was able to see a vacant lot.

the last name on it that I saw. So we drove around and there it was! I saw the name on the mailbox, just like in my dream, down the road from the vacant lot. That was when we REALLY knew that this was definitely it. We went home to call our realtor to tell her that we had found a piece of property in Monessen where we wanted to build a house.”

In the conversation, Paula described the area she had seen in person and in her dream. When she spoke the last name of the family who lived down the road from the property, that’s when the realtor knew exactly where the property was because the family name Paula spoke of was a well-known name in Monessen. Paula shared. “She told us that many people in Monessen wanted that piece of property, but the land owner wouldn’t sell. She made her point clear by saying that nobody had ever gotten that property, and I wasn’t about to get it either! But I told her that God said we WOULD get that property and build a house on that lot. Then I said, ‘Do me a favor. Humor

me, I was flying in the air again, going back to the same piece of property with the same presence as before—an angel or God, I don’t know which. But this time, I didn’t see an aerial view, but as I was up in the clouds looking down on the vacant lot, I saw a bench with an angel sitting on the ground in front of it in a garden with its head resting on its hands that were placed on the seat of the bench. I said to the presence that was accompanying me in the clouds: ‘Why is that angel resting?’ The answer went something like this: ‘The angel can now rest because you now have the property. The angel has been guarding this land for 30 years, waiting for you to be positioned to receive this property. Now that it’s yours, the angel can rest.’”

Once again, Paula couldn’t wait for Ed to wake up. Paula screamed, “Guess what! We got the property!” Surprised, he asked, “Did the realtor call?” Her answer was: “No! I was taken in the air again last night to the property!” She proceeded to tell him her dream, and

--Crumbs-- Behind the Scenes Investigative Reporting

By Hazel K. Palmer
For Jubilee News

The divine messaging system of dreams that literally led the Finks to a parcel of property divinely purposed for them to build their home on held other hidden elements. Paula Fink’s genuine daily rapport with God produced a moment when she was divinely notified that they were going to “Egypt.” When she shared this with Ed, he never discounted it as coming from her imagination, but instead believed she had heard from God because he knew of her friendship with God. Also, the fact that she didn’t keep it to herself and shared it with her husband united them spiritually, allowing them to experience together what was to come.

It’s important to note that Paula WAS NOT the initiator of this knowledge since it was revealed to her by God. This revelation placed them on a quest to know and understand where Egypt was for them which created a momentum that would carry on for several years. Based on the Merriam-Webster Dictionary, the word momentum means: the strength or force that something has when it is moving; the strength or force that allows something to continue or to grow stronger or faster as time passes. As days and months passed, nothing seemed to impede this momentum. What Paula had received was never discredited, discounted or disqualified.

This stance was a prayer in and of itself, cloaked with faith because it was the state of their hearts that needed no words, yet communicated with God’s heart that they were willing to wait for the answer, knowing God would send it in His timing because He is the one who brought Egypt up in the first place. They would wonder and they would wait. When the answer finally came, Paula was enjoying the beauty of creation in the mountains of Colorado—a perfect time and place to receive their answer.

Wisdom Produced a Second Wait

The delivery of this answer to Ed was extremely important. Paula knew he didn’t want to move to Monessen, that he had made a vow that he



Paula Fink

wouldn’t.

Would he reject the answer Paula heard because of his attitude which could potentially compromise faith? Her decision not to tell him shifted the burden off of her shoulders on to God’s shoulders. Paula’s decision to remain silent produced a second wait consisting of several months. Her “waiting stance” was also another communication with God that announced to Him that she was unable to change Ed’s attitude that only God could.

Suddenly, Ed’s dream came, giving him his own experience of hearing God for himself. It set the stage for two more dreams to come that would lead them to the specific piece of property meant for them. Ed’s dream experience prepared him for the next two dreams that were coming. As heaven guided them using dreams, the only energy expended by Paula and Ed was in their responses to God’s leading.

Timing

Paula’s first dream was amazing because it gave her the name of a neighbor who lived on the same street of the property. She was shown a pile of concrete blocks that was on the vacant lot, a marker for her so she would recognize the property.

But the second dream not only foretold that the property had been held for them for many years, but the timing of the dream was significant. Paula was a widow when she met Ed while living in Monessen. After she knew she would be marrying Ed, she chose to give her house back to her deceased husband’s mother instead of selling it. Paula explained, “We were only married three and a half years when he passed away, and it was the right thing to do. It could then revert back to his family, and I believe that is why God blessed me with my house.”

On January 25th, on the birthday of her deceased husband, Paula’s second dream came to notify her that

(See “Crumbs” A5)

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“Crumbs” From A5

the property had been secured and was now theirs. Paula said these words: “God gave me another house that was bigger and better than the one I gave away! I always tell my kids: ‘Keep your hand open. Don’t hold on to anything. Just let it go! God will give it back to you and so much more, if you don’t hold on to it.’”

Markers from Heaven

It was interesting that a beautiful garden marked the spot where Ed and Paula were to build, another divine sign not only to them, but to everyone who has heard their story, a reminder of the Garden of Eden. Paula shared how she was reminded of the story of Jacob’s ladder where angels would ascend and descend from heaven to earth through an open portal. She knew that for an angel to be continually present at the garden bench there had to be an open portal to Heaven where this being would ascend and descend. Paula emphasized, “When the excavators came to dig the ground up preparing it for a foundation, they called and told us they couldn’t find the property! I told them, ‘You can’t miss it!’ Their reply was, ‘But it’s a beautiful garden! Flowers are everywhere!’” The spot for excavation was clearly marked, but the beauty of the garden was what took their eyes.

As they dug, a well was uncovered. The well accounted for the flourishing of the garden, but was also another marker that this property was ordained by God. Paula believes that this well was another physical sign of what was to take place in a spiritual realm through Jesus. It was a sign that her home had purpose and was or-

daind to become a “Watering Hole”—a “Well of Living Water” where people would be sent by God to hear what He had to say to them, a home situated under a portal of Heaven! Paula explained, “My husband was Jewish and was the one who picked out the spot where the house would set. When the excavators began to dig where my family room is now, they found the well. So my family room is over a [past] well! For my husband to pick out the spot for the house and a well to be underneath this particular room is astounding to me”.

Numerous family gatherings have reaped the benefits of this spiritual flow of water that still abounds in this house symbolized by the well that was underneath the family room. Paula’s family has grown and a foundation laid for her grandchildren as stories of what God has done is revisited and celebrated.

Paula added, “I have this extra huge basement because they had to take the well out, bricks and all.” Through the years, the extra-large basement has been used as a gathering place for people to meet and hear from God. Travelers as well as local people come to her home—their “spiritual watering hole” where they are able to relax and pray.

Paula has shared other stories of travelers who were divinely led and appointed to come to her home—enough to fill a book. To this day, a chair sits in the place where the portal to Heaven is.

Ed passed away in 2004 having been visited by an angel before he made his transition to Heaven. (see pg. ___ for full story) Paula Fink continues to have a two-way rapport with her best friend, Father God, and continues to experience dreams and visions. People continue to gather in her home to hear from God.

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Hilary's Prayer is Answered

By Jill Streit
For Jubilee News

(Eighty Four, PA) What's Mrs. Losi doing, Mommy?" "Can I call Mrs. Losi?" These are questions I've heard all summer long from my 11-year-old daughter, Hilary Streit. She will be transferring and continuing her education at the junior high school in the fall of 2016 and becoming a new 5th grader. Hilary, diagnosed with PDD-NOS in 2008 developed a close bond with Mrs. Laura Losi, an autistic support teacher, since 3rd grade at her elementary school located in Canonsburg, PA.

Mrs. Losi offered Hilary a fresh start in her academic studies by always encouraging—with her meek and mild demeanor—to achieve her goals. Often times, this soft spoken teacher, would even reach out by contacting me at home, simply to mention programs Hilary would love and strive in, not only to boost her self-esteem but also to strengthen her skills on a personal level. Or, quite simply, updating and reassuring me that Hilary is doing well in school.

Mrs. Losi, from the Pittsburgh area, commutes to Washington County on a daily basis. She has six years of teaching experience, five of which were in special education, and she taught in Hilary's school district for four years.

Hilary flourished and excelled during her time with Mrs. Losi, and everyone at school as well as at home agreed: Hilary is going



Photo by Tara Pulig/ Eye Catching Photography
Hilary Streit, Age 11

to make it in life. However, knowing of the close knit relationship with Mrs. Losi, I often times worried and prayed that Hilary would continue to make great strides without her as she continues along her educational/life's journey. Hilary loves, admires, and respects Mrs. Losi. I can tell in the sound of Hilary's voice as she—as little girl—speaks of her. Hilary's face beams and her voice is full of excitement and pride when Mrs. Losi's is being thought of. And, personally, I've witnessed how this feeling between them was mutual. In fact, it was how they would walk close to one another in the hallways at school, how Mrs. Losi protects, nurtures, and soothes her—even climbing and hiding under the desk alongside Hilary to find out why she was scared and encouraging her to rejoin her classmates and other teachers—and how she reminds Hilary of who she is...a smart, sweet girl with a bright future ahead of her. However, what I

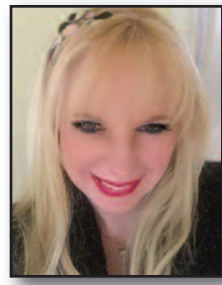
deem as most special as well as adorable between them is Hilary and Mrs. Losi are the same height! Perhaps, Mrs. Losi's small frame serves as an advantage to her looking eye-to-eye with Hilary, literally. Indeed, whatever, "it" is, I believe it comes from God.

In June of 2016, before the school year closed for summer recess, Hilary and Mrs. Losi bid farewell and good luck to one another, and Mrs. Losi reminded her that she'll be remaining behind at the elementary school while Hilary is to start a new year at a new school with new teachers.

Again, all summer long, I've heard these questions: "What's Mrs. Losi doing, Mommy?" "Can I call her, Mommy?" And, I would say anything in response hoping to satisfy her curiosity. For example, she's napping on the couch at home, she's at the beach with her own family, or even she's enjoying a Popsicle like
(See "Hilary" A7)

-A Loving Touch-

Apple Cider Vinegar for Beauty



**Jan Siarnicki,
Registered Massage
Therapist & Licensed
Esthetician
For Jubilee News**

I have written about many beauty ideas in past articles, but I have never done an article

devoted solely to this magical elixir called Apple Cider Vinegar. I have been hearing a lot about some of the health benefits, from indigestion, to weight loss, to bug bites, and about some incredible salad dressings as well. So I decided to do some research into the beauty aspect of cider vinegar.

Vinegar has been made and used by people for thousands of years. Traces of it have been found in Egyptian urns from around 3,000 BC. Apple Cider Vinegar is made from cider or apple must. It is sometimes sold unfiltered and unpasteurized, or natural. How is vinegar made? Through fermentation process, alcohol is converted to full strength vinegar and then diluted with water until it becomes 5% acidic. There are many different kinds of vinegars fermented with different fruits and some with wines.

Apple Cider Vinegar seems to be the most popular one for health and beauty uses. I recommend using the organic vinegars. Being born and raised in the Pittsburgh area, my favorite is Heinz Organic vinegar.

Organic Apple Cider Vinegar can help you to step up your beauty routine. This multi-tasking ingredient can be used in so many ways that it's un-

ball or cotton pad—dip it in this mixture and wipe over a clean dry face. Do not rinse off. This will create a tightening look and feel to your face. Will you smell like a salad? No! The smell of the vinegar will dissipate in minutes!

Because vinegar has a natural alpha hydroxy acid component in it, it will minimize pore size and stimulate circulation as well. I'm sure you have

seen alpha hydroxy acid in a lot of the beauty products on the shelves and beauty magazines. It's a natu-

Many of the face creams today, if you look at the ingredients, contain alpha-hydroxy acid. Vinegar is just a less expensive way to use this acid to give your skin this glow.

believable! From helping to prevent acne, to making nail polish last longer. Though, it sounds crazy to use vinegar outside of the kitchen as we are so familiar using it for cooking and salad dressings, we need to look outside of the box on this in product. With the winter being so harsh to our skin—let's look at some ways vinegar can help us keep our glow on. Try adding eight ounces of apple cider vinegar to a bathtub filled with warm water and soak in it for 15 to 20 minutes. The pH level of apple cider vinegar is similar to the pH of the protective acid mantle layer of our skin. This soak helps to restore balance to the skin.

Facial Toner

Mix together one tablespoon apple cider vinegar and two cups water. Use a cotton

ral acid that helps remove dead skin cells as well. Many of the face creams today, if you look at the ingredients, contain alpha-hydroxy acid. Vinegar is just a less expensive way to use this acid to give your skin this glow. Even though vinegar is an acid, it can help with sunburn relief too. Mix together ½ cup of cider vinegar and four cups water. Douse a washcloth with the solution and apply to the sunburned skin. Again, it helps balance the pH levels of skin, helping the skin to heal and not blister. A long time ago, as fair skinned as I am, I did not wear sunscreen and I got a terrible sunburn. I had read about vinegar helping sunburn and I was so uncomfortable, I said I would try anything at that point. I put
(See "Vinegar" A7)

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“Hillary” From A6

you Hillary, on this very hot day. In reality, I did not have a clue except I knew Hillary was missing her tremendously.

On August 10, 2016, Hilary and I had to attend an orientation at the junior high school. It was designed to have the children get familiarized with the new building, and it served as a great opportunity for a meet and greet among all students and teachers. Hilary was excited while I was a tad nervous and apprehensive. The building was large, clean, and beautiful. There were many parents and children in attendance and filling the hallways. From the letter instructed by the school's principal, all parents' had to ensure their child/children gathered and assembled in their new home-room(s). While my eyes were fixated on the homeroom numbers above the doors and searching for Hi-

lary's in particular, the hallways were congested with other parents doing the same. As we were continuing down the hallway(s), Hilary suddenly stopped, and so did I.

A young woman was standing in front of us. She reached and clutched my daughter's left hand and tenderly held onto it. Both of them had their eyes fixated on each other with big smiles on their faces too. In that moment, the world seemed to have stopped, the hallways appeared emptied and time stood still. It was a very surreal experience. The young woman said sweetly, “Hi Hilary, I missed you. Did you have a great summer? Guess what, I'm still your teacher.” Indeed, it was Mrs. Losi. While Hilary and her teacher were gazing into each other's eyes, mine were glistening from tears. In my opinion, it seemed that Mrs. Losi was waiting for her...just her. I

knew instantly, Mrs. Losi's new assignment was from God. And, perhaps, Hilary's prayers were answered. Mrs. Losi had received an unexpected letter from the school district informing her of this new “job opening” to transfer to Hilary's school for the 2016-2017 school year. She accepted it immediately.

While parents were instructed to meet in the gymnasium for a presentation, Mrs. Losi said, “Hilary I'll take you to your new home-room.” And the two of them vanished among the crowd.

Mrs. Losi was excited to show Hilary her new classroom and desk where she will teach her reading and social studies. In a note recently sent home from school, Mrs. Losi wrote: “I am so blessed to be Hilary's teacher again this year. It's amazing how God's plan unfolded.” --- Love, Mrs. Losi

--Life Lessons--
Trip to the ER
Becomes Divine
Appointment With
Another Doctor



By Butch Hillen
For Jubilee News

(Elizabeth, PA) I had gone to bed but couldn't go to sleep because of the pain. Tina, my wife urged me to go to the emergency room and that's what we did.

A nurse came in and asked me to put a number on the pain—ten being the worst and I gave it a ten. The pain was under my right rib radiating up to my chest. Before I knew it, I was in a hospital gown and on my way to get a chest x-ray. Afterwards, I was wheeled back to the ER and a nurse came in to draw blood. She filled up many vials so I knew they were going to do a lot of testing, but that was all I knew. So Tina sat with me and we waited together, my pain still bad.

After a while the

doctor came in and told me that he had bad news. I had two blood clots: one in my lung and the other near my heart. We have to get you ready for emergency surgery.” But I said to him, “I don't need surgery. I have Jesus.” That's what I told him.

He left, and soon afterwards a nurse came in asking if I wanted to take anything for the pain, and I told her, “No, Dr. Jesus will take care of it and He's on His way here right now.” The nurse looked at me and then left. That's when I got down on my knees in that little cubicle and asked Jesus to heal me. But I already knew what He was going to do because I could feel it on me. I was warm all over and felt really comfortable all over—peaceful. The pain was starting to ease up and I knew right then and there, it was done—it was a done deal and I was thanking Him for what He was doing!

While I was on
 (See “ER” A8)

“Vinegar” From A6

about a cup of vinegar in a very cool bath and laid there with water up to my neck. Not too long after, I noticed the heat and redness reduced dramatically. So there really is something to be said about the healing properties found in vinegar! Be careful, wear sun screen through summer and winter. But, if you find yourself one day getting a little too much sun, try this bath. You will be pleasantly surprised.

Razor Bump Remedy
 Use apple cider vinegar undiluted on a cotton ball and swipe over the problem area. Keep it on the skin for five minutes and then rinse off. Vinegar also has anti-inflammatory properties, as well as acetic acid in it that helps to soften skin and help ingrown hairs grow out more easily.

Alleviate age spots
 Apple cider vinegar contains sulfur that helps to fight the effects of aging (i.e. age spots). Dab vinegar on age spots every night before bed. Do not wash off. You may feel a tingling sensation. If you find this happening, dilute it with a tiny bit of water.

I hope all of this “sour” information helps your skin experience the “sweet” success of a healthy glow for just pennies a day.

--Turn Around Moments--

I Didn't Pass the
Buck...I Met Him!



By Ray Domachowski
For Jubilee News

(Washington, PA) I was attending a SOZO training class at my church. Sozo ministry is a unique inner healing and deliverance ministry aimed to get to the root of things hindering your personal connection with the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. With a healed connection, you can walk in the destiny to which you have been During this class, I heard Dad (God) speak to my heart. He said, “Son, I want you to go to this other church today.” And I thought, “Okay Lord, what church is it that you want me to go?” And He gave me the name of the church. I asked Him: “Who do you want me to minister to?” And He showed me that there was a tall African American gentleman who attended this church. I answered and said, “Alright Lord. What's his name?” And He said: “His name is Buck.” I said, “Okay. What do you want me to tell Buck?” And just as Superman has the letter “S” on his chest, I saw Buck in a similar garment except with the letter “D” on it. The Lord showed me that this letter ‘D’ was a

black D and it stood for “Drugs” because Buck was serving drugs,[who is] the God of this world, who is the “Deceiver”—the “Deceiver”. But then Dad said, “But now, he has had an encounter with me and I changed that ‘black D’ to a ‘red D’, because I reconciled him and restored him with the Blood of Jesus Christ, and now he will serve me and he will be my

I thought it was pretty interesting that George knew this same guy named Buck that I had never met and it was no coincidence I was talking to George in that moment. I said to him, ‘Let's call this guy now!’

“Deliverer”! I hold a weekly prayer group at my home and about four or five different churches are represented. I had remembered that one of the women who comes goes to the particular church the Lord had shown me. So I decided to give her a call. I told her that Dad wanted me to go to a service today and minister to a certain man there. But then she told me it was good that I didn't go because the service was canceled! So I described this man to her based on what the Lord showed me because I had never met this man in person. She said to me: “My! My! My! There is a man who goes to the church and he fits that description and his name is Buck!” Then I told her what Dad showed me about him and she told

me: “This just amazes me how God uses you and the accuracy of what He has shown you.” I told her if she wanted to call him and tell him what she had just heard, that would be alright. She did and he told her he would like to talk to me. He did call me but I was unable to talk to him at the time.

In the meantime, George Ramsey, a friend of mine was in the hospital and I had been praying and ministering to him all week long by phone and sending messages to him. I had called him again and at the end of the conversa-

tion, he said to me: “Hey Ray! A man I know called me and wanted to know who you were. He told me that you had a Word for him from the Lord and he wanted to know who you were. I vouched for you and told him you were the real thing—and what you hear you can take to the bank; that you're a man who hears the Voice of God and then declares what God is saying.”

I thought it was pretty interesting that George knew this same guy named Buck that I had never met and it was no coincidence I was talking to George in that moment. I said to him, ‘Let's call this guy now! Let's do a three-way phone call! Earlier Buck left a message for me and wanted to talk!’ So we

(See “Buck” A8)

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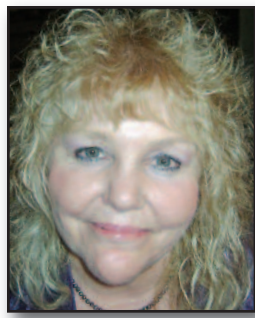
“Buck” From A7

called and I led him through some prayers to break off any bondage that was ruling over him that was keeping him back from being the man God had called him to be, along with breaking off any attachments to the world and residue from the past that were trying to keep him back from his future. I asked him to repeat after me and we broke all that off of him and renounced any potential involvement with drugs. Then we pleaded the blood of Jesus over his life and He was set free! You know, when Dad showed me that I was to go to that particular church “today”, I recognized the urgency of the word “today” represented an urgency that urgency that was being conveyed from Dad’s heart to my own. This message was His earnest desire for me to relay to Buck personally. Buck needed to hear directly from Dad because he was at a crossroads.

All of the steps that were taken led me directly to Buck. I didn’t order any of my steps, my steps were ordered by “Dad”—steps that connected me with the woman who recognized who Buck was who contacted him. Then Buck contacted George

Ramsey and it was on to my phone call with my friend George Ramsey who further prepared the way for me to pray for him by authenticating who I was. A three-fold cord is not easily broken and our three-way agreement in prayer was in order—God’s order. Everything that took place was on Dad’s watch all the way to the prayer that was prayed over Buck’s life. Dad’s urgency was satisfied.

And now, to the person who is reading this article: It is also time for you to know how much Dad cares about you. You too are at a crossroad and Dad will move mountains to get to you because He wants to see you freed and healed. It’s not a coincidence that you’re reading this right now, so why not have a little chat with Dad about what’s bothering you? He doesn’t want to see you take a wrong turn on your crossroad. He wants to set you free from worry, sickness, or addiction. Just hand it over to Him and give Him permission to do whatever He needs to do and then cooperate with the steps He will order for your life. After all, He is God and He knows what’s best for you! ...But I call Him “Dad”! C’mon Jesus!



By Hazel K. Palmer For Jubilee News

(Monessen, PA) I’m the publisher of Jubilee News, and what happened to me personally during the last part of 2014 has had a tremendous impact on my life. I had an experience with an angel back in the late 1970’s. I witnessed an angel walk through a closed door into my bedroom to post guard over me, an experience that took place before I fell asleep. As you could imagine, seeing such a thing would cause your heart to pound out of your chest as it did to me, but that story is for another time. In 2014, I didn’t see the angel, but, instead, witnessed the benefit of its visitation. This angel was sent to do something for me, and once its mission was accomplished, I saw the results and knew what had taken place. Once again, it rocked my world! This happened in my home office as I worked on Jubilee News, so I wasn’t in my downtown Monessen office when this happened.

I use a digital recorder for all of my interviews and there is a cord that plugs from the digital recorder into my computer so that all recorded interviews can be transferred to my computer. The cord is probably only four inches, long but is very important to me.

At one point during the day, I began to rush and in turn, multi-tasked. I was trying to save time and my hands were filled with more than one thing so I wouldn’t have to make three or four trips. I had something to throw in the trash can in one hand, papers to be filed in an-

other along with that priceless cord that always went into a specific drawer. I knew the value of this cord and kept it in one place all the time because I never wanted to lose it.

The next day, I went to retrieve that cord from the drawer where I always put it, but it wasn’t there. It dawned on me about the many things I had in my hands the day before, but I knew that I had put the cord into that drawer. I kept replaying what I did over and over in my mind, making sure I didn’t get mixed up as to where I put it.

My husband was home at the time, and I told him about the missing cord and he began to help me look for it. But the more I looked, the more anxious I got. My husband dumped out several drawers including the one where the cord was supposed to be, but it wasn’t anywhere to be found. I retraced my steps, knowing it had to be in my home. I wanted to make double sure I didn’t place it somewhere else, yet, I remembered placing that cord where it belonged!

We even cleared a pile of papers off of the kitchen table and looked on the seats of the chairs of the table in case it had fallen on to a seat. We took the cushions off of the furniture in the living room and looked in more drawers where it didn’t make sense that it would be. We turned the place upside down to the point that I felt the need to carefully go through the trash. I remember telling my husband: “Randy, it’s got to be in this trash can because I had papers in my hands that I threw away.” It was the kitchen trash so it wasn’t a very pleasant task. I completely emptied the trash can going through one thing at a time, but it wasn’t there either.

I remember praying as I searched saying, “Lord! I don’t know where this is. You know I need this!” I felt anxiety rise, but I learned that whenever anxiety hits, it’s best not to move in it because when you worry, it’s hard to think rationally.



I grabbed my cell phone and took a picture of it lying on my kitchen table. To think that an angel had retrieved it from a place I knew nothing about was overwhelming. It wasn’t in its drawer. It wasn’t anywhere! Where did it go? It’s still a mystery!

I told Randy, “You know what? I’ve got to stop.” I decided to change gears and do something else to take my mind off of my dilemma, so I decided to unload the dishwasher. As I did, I talked further to the Lord informing Him that I was refusing to move in anxiety. I said to Him: “I’m just going to trust you. Lord, please send an angel to retrieve this for me. I have to have this cord. I trust You to expose to me what is in the dark—what is hidden. Show me where this is.” I emptied myself out to God just like I did the kitchen trash can, getting all of the garbage out that was causing anxiety within me. That’s when I made the decision to sit down and find a comedy on TV. I needed a good laugh!

By this time the sun was going down and my day was over. It was perfect timing because my favorite comedy was on TV. I watched it, and it completely removed me from the situation. There are things that can be done to remove oneself from a negative situation and sometimes we just have to make the decision to do that and not yield to the negative emotions that get stirred up in-

side of us. When a commercial came on, I revisited my dilemma and realized that the anxiety was now gone! I was calm and could think clearly. My peace had been restored because I focused on humor, removing myself from anxiety. When I did this, I was showing God that I trusted Him with this problem! I looked at Randy and said, “During the next commercial I’m going back out to the kitchen and look through the trash can again.” He said, “Why would you want to do that? You just did.” I answered, “I just have to make sure that I didn’t miss anything. This doesn’t make sense to me that this cord is gone! It’s got to be in this house because I never remove it from my home office.”

The next commercial came and I went out to the kitchen. It was now dark outside so I had to turn the light on to see. As soon as I did, there sat the cord on the corner of the kitchen table—where I sat when I looked through the trash!

I fought back tears as I shouted, “Its back! An angel brought it back!” Randy answered, “Where was it?” I said, “On the table!” He said, “We cleared that table! There wasn’t anything on that table.” I said, “I know!” I grabbed my cell phone and took a picture of it lying on my kitchen table. To think that an angel had re-

(See “Angels” A2)

“ER” From A7

my knees, the same nurse walked back in but this time with another nurse. She told me that I needed to get back into bed. I got up and told her that I was okay and was going to get dressed to go home. But she told me I couldn’t go anywhere that they were calling my family doctor (PCP) to let her know what was found. By this time, the pain was now gone and there was no reason for me to stay so I got dressed to leave, but couldn’t leave because the nurse had to remove my IV.

So I waited and here came my family doctor who began to persuade me to stay. She wanted to admit me. I told her that the pain was gone now and nothing was the matter with me because Dr. Jesus had arrived and took care of it. Finally, she said, “Let us at least get a CT scan done with contrast

(dye), and if everything checks out, I’ll release you to go home.” So I put the hospital gown back on, but I knew I was doing it more for the doctor than for myself to prove to everyone that I had already been healed by Jesus.

The CT scan came back negative. Nothing was there—no blood clots. Although the results confirmed what I had already known, hearing that made me cry, so thankful for what Jesus had done for me. I cried for 20 minutes in that cubicle that day.

We finally left and got home at three o’clock in the morning, but I stayed up the rest of the night thanking Jesus for what He had done for me. At 4:30 AM I left for work.

This story may sound peculiar, but my life has never been the same since I tried to kill myself in 2015. I was in extreme pain 24/7 battling double lung cancer and lupus. Even my intestines were dying and I couldn’t hold much of anything down. I was given three months to live and when I pulled the trigger of my forty-five to end it all, Jesus appeared before me and the bullet wouldn’t explode from the barrel of the gun. I could hardly believe it myself, but He told me that everything was going to be alright. And it was. I was miraculously healed a couple of months later and there He was again, healing me in October, 2016. Jesus is real. I saw Him. I didn’t believe before, but I do now.

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--Love and Marriage--

Abracadabra!

“Watch Your Mouth”



**By Rev. Rena Perozich
For Jubilee News
perozich@mfcministries.n**

come to life. God breathed into dirt and it came to life. When that dirt came to life it looked just like what had breathed into it. Watch what you fuel with your words. You may think that the words you speak hurt the other person, but in essence they are only staring back at you and reflecting who you are and what you have spoken. Whatever you feed will grow. Feed your spouse hurtful and damaging words and you will only see more hurt and damage. Put the spark of devastation and damage out before you have a forest fire in your future. You may be asking then, “How can I make my marriage more magical?” The answer is, “Watch your mouth!” Begin to say what you want, rather than what

you are seeing. God never addressed the darkness and chaos. Darkness and chaos was all around. God ignored the darkness and addressed what He

**You may be asking then,
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We have all heard that there is magic in the air. When the magicians perform a magic trick you often hear them say, “Abracadabra”. When God created the world He spoke everything into existence. When He wanted light he said, “Light be” and it was so. Many times we have the idea that marriage just ought to be magical. We ought to feel sparks and warm feelings just because we are married. Nothing could be further from the truth. Marriage is anything and everything but magical. Marriage is work.

I say marriage is work because the hardest thing for us humans to do is to control our mouths. We have difficulty saying, “no”. We have difficulty with dieting which is saying, “no” to food. We have difficulty telling our spouse exactly what we want in the relationship and exactly what

can get us in trouble and even keep us in trouble. Who hasn’t heard, “open mouth-in-fernal foot”? Many times it would be easier to have a foot in my mouth than to have to eat words I wish I hadn’t spoken.

So relationships can be bettered or battered depending on our words. Often times we hear and then we speak. That is how gossip is spread. A little flicker can become a fire quickly once it is breathed upon. So if we want a hot marriage rather than a hot temper we need to, “Watch Our Mouth!” Marriages less than magical have more to do with the slip of the tongue rather than the slight of the hand. Be aware of what you are adding breath to as it tends to

wanted to see more of. He wanted to see more light.

In addressing our spouse, we want to say what we want to see more of. If our spouse does something wonderful, then tell them, “Hey that was wonderful and you can do that every day if you like.” If they say something nice and you are touched with their words, let them know it. Say what you want to see. Don’t address the chaos and darkness. Magical marriages are a choice of the mouth.

Editor’s Note: Married in 1977 to founding pastor Apostle Joe Perozich, they have two adult daughters. Pastor Rena holds marriage seminars each year. Call: 304-292-SAVE (7283)

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“Angels” From A8

rieved it from a place I knew nothing about was overwhelming. It wasn’t in its drawer. It wasn’t anywhere! Where did it go? It’s still a mystery!

I will never forget that day, and I’ll carry this experience with me until I go to Heaven because I know that what took place was the result of an angel assigned to retrieve the cord that was lost. But there’s more!

While this experience was still fresh in my mind, I was in my downtown office in Monessen, PA when an important binder mysteriously disappeared. Just like the cord to the digital recorder, this binder had a special place and I always kept it there: on top of a file cabinet.

I thought about the cord to the recorder and how it too had disappeared into thin air but was then returned. I turned the office upside down and it was nowhere to be found. But this time, it didn’t shake me because of the experience I had with the disappearing cord.

My bookkeeper helped me look for it too, and she couldn’t find it either. Days and weeks went by and it still hadn’t shown up. I said to her, “It’s going to turn up! Watch and see! God is going to send an angel to retrieve this binder.” I knew because He had done it before.

When I would go into the downtown

office, I would look around and ask out loud even when no one was in the office: “Is it back yet?”

Three months went by and this one day I had planned to fix our TV that was on the fritz. It needed reprogrammed. The TV sits on a cart with a shelf underneath and a cupboard under the shelf. At one time, boxes of software sat on that shelf, but I recently moved everything from that shelf into the cupboard. The shelf was empty for several weeks. On the day I was to reprogram the TV, I pulled up a chair and there sat that missing binder on the shelf that I had emptied weeks ago! I was so excited because I knew God did it again! He had an angel put it where I would find it.

This has changed my way of thinking. Here’s how I pray: *“Lord, anything that has fallen into the cracks, I call it back! I ask that if anything has been stolen or lost, that it would be brought back to me, in Jesus’ Name according to Your will.”*

One day, I prayed this way with my bookkeeper. It is such a powerful prayer when it’s prayed out loud! As I spoke those words, the telephone rang. I stopped and answered the phone. It was a businessman who had never gotten back to me about an estimate I requested several months before. He apologized for not getting back to me, saying that my request

had been buried underneath a pile of papers on his desk and for the life of him, he couldn’t understand how he had missed it! He emailed an estimate and we’ve been doing business ever since. What had fallen through a crack came back a third time at the very moment I prayed.

Sometimes I think there are things that we don’t even know about that get lost. Some of these things aren’t even material possessions that fall into cracks, but are instead missed opportunities that we didn’t know we had missed because of multi-tasking. People multi-task in order to keep up with the fast paced society we live in. But what has fallen through the cracks that we have not perceived or realized that got lost? I’ve come to understand that God did not create our minds to process more than one thought at a time. I believe it is better to maintain a focus and give it your all and maintain control of everything we touch. That way nothing gets stolen or lost and everything we do, we do it well.

Angels are real, and because they hearken only to the words God speaks, if you team up with God you can’t go wrong. I figure it this way, He has an innumerable army of angels at His beckon call. Angels are “employed and deployed” on our behalf to help us out. I’m so glad God is on my side! Aren’t you?

“Ryan” From A3

ther in his 7th grade year of school. Ms. ‘T’, the Youth Council coordinator, recalls many memorable moments of watching Ryan navigate into young manhood from that year on. What she remembers most is that, from the start and through it all, he chose to push past any negative emotions and rose to every occasion for learning, growing and reaching out to others. And, oh what a happy and long awaited day it was when his peers elected him as Youth Council co-president in his senior year.

One decade later, Ryan is now 27 years old, has moved on and is working in the banking industry in Pittsburgh. But, proof of the lasting impact of his Youth Council experience came when Ryan surprised Ms. ‘T’ recently with a phone call. He announced his desire to revive a Monessen CTC community event called ‘Increase the Peace Day’. In days gone by, Ryan had often participated in this uniquely de-

signed community day dedicated to providing family oriented activities for creating new memories and bringing messages of hope.

“Where I am at in my career, I owe to my time with Monessen CTC as I went through a lot of leadership and team work workshops and where I feel it taught me so many lessons for my age at the time. Although I wasn’t perfect, I will say CTC saved my life. Now at 27, I am hoping to bring the peace back to the Valley by reintroducing the youth and families to the annual “Increase the Peace Day.”

Concerned about community problems with drug use and overdose issues, he recognizes the pressing need now to reach back, encourage others and do his part to offer hope in his struggling hometown.

Here’s a quote from Ryan Louis McNeil, from Monessen, PA: *“Where I am at in my career, I owe to my time with Monessen CTC as I went through a lot of leadership and team work workshops and where I feel it taught me so many lessons for my age at the*

time. Although I wasn’t perfect, I will say CTC saved my life. Now at 27, I am hoping to bring the peace back to the Valley by reintroducing

the youth and families to the annual “Increase the Peace Day. I want to say a special thank you to my mother, Judith McNeil, for keeping me on the right path all of my life and for giving me the passion to help others and do right for my community; and Teresa Seh

for always being there, for not giving up on me and always believing in me”.

Communities That Care (CTC) is a community collaborative and non-profit organization dedicated to reducing the risks and increasing the protections associated with problem behaviors among youth and funded by the PA Commission on Crime and Delinquency. Monessen CTC Board meetings are held from 1 to 3 pm, the last Wednesday of each month, at the Monessen Public Library.

Times and Seasons Under the Stars



By Chuck D. Pierce
For Jubilee News
(Intro by Hazel K. Palmer)

Jan. 28th - Feb. 26th (Shevat)
Feb. 27th - Mar. 27th (Adar)

Thirty days hath September, April June and November. This is the calendar we are accustomed to. But, did you know that it is a "man-made" calendar that was adjusted to accommodate Constantine; whereas the calendar of old is a "lunar calendar" that follows the times and seasons in the heavens, incorporating earth with the order of the Heavens? Isn't that powerful?

That calendar is still in existence and is used by the Jewish population who have the wonderful understanding that the Heavens do speak into our lives as God intended; and that there really are signs in the Heavens that speak to us and confirm the times and seasons we live in, according to the Divine Order that has been set into place just for us--not by man, but by the Creator Himself who created man: God Himself.

What you are about to digest is not astrology, nor is it your horoscope. Instead, this is the "Real". Why eat hamburger when you can eat steak? Why not digest the "Real", rather than the "counterfeit"?

Take a stroll with us into the Divine Order as it was intended thousands of years ago. Take it in and apply it to your own life and watch what happens!

Shevat: 30 days - Jan./Feb.
Alphabet: TZADIK — symbolizes the "righteous one"
Tribe: Asher — pleasure, happiness, delicious, fatness; beware of the delicacies of the king.
Characteristics: This month righteousness becomes your foundation. This is a month to develop the plan of sustaining the generations. How will your olive tree blossom? Look for those who are bringing pitchers of water to you. This month shout, "My blessings are on the way!" This month what you are tasting and meditating on produces the life or nourishment for your future.
Constellation: Aquarius (the water carrier) — your roots awaken to the water of life.
Color/Stone: Light Olive Green and Yellow/Citrine Quartz or Peridot
Shevat is the eleventh of the twelve months of the Jewish calendar. This month is linked with the tribe of Asher, which pictures pleasure, happiness, delicious, and fatness. During this month, you should beware of the delicacies of the king. You might want to do a Daniel fast this month.

This month is a time to develop a plan to sustain the generations. The best question to ask yourself this month is: "How does your olive tree blossom?" Read and meditate on Psalm 1 this month.

The Hebrew letter for this month is TZADIK, which symbolizes the "righteous one." This month your righteousness must be your foundation. Jehovah Tzidkenu is one expression of this month.

This is the time to connect with the trees in your field. Look at your field and see what is planted there. Who is planted in your field? Are the trees in your field ready to bear fruit? Shevat is called the month of the new year of trees.

Aquarius, the water-bearer, is the constellation for this month. This is the month where the river touches the roots, and the roots awaken to the water of life. Think of Rebekah and the woman at the well. Who is bringing water to you? Carefully consider how you make decisions during this month, if you are not being watered. You may also want to position yourself to be watered in a new way.

Shevat is the month to shout, "My blessings are on the way!" This is the key for this month. There is a shout within you that says you see your wagons of supply coming. You see the water pots coming to quench your thirst.

This is a good month to partake of food. When you complete your fast, God will show you how to eat in a different way. If you go through a fasting process in January, you will reprogram your body on eating by February. If you get messed up in January, you will probably be messed up for a while. What you taste and eat produces life, or nourishment, for your future. That is why we need to be sure to eat the Word, so our bodies are healed and properly aligned. Then we will be able to digest whatever God gives us to eat during the following months.

Adar: 29 or 30 days - Feb/Mar
Alphabet: KUF - removing the masquerade, entering joy
Tribe: Naphtali - "sweetness is to me;" a time of celebration that your curse is overturned.
Constellation: Pisces (the fishes) - finding supply in the "hidden" world. There is an identity for you in the invisible world.
Characteristics: Your true identity should be reflected this month, spiritually as well as physically.
This is a month to overturn worry through the release of supply. This month you will develop your war strategy. Don't let the giants produce fear in you and guard yourself from idolatry.

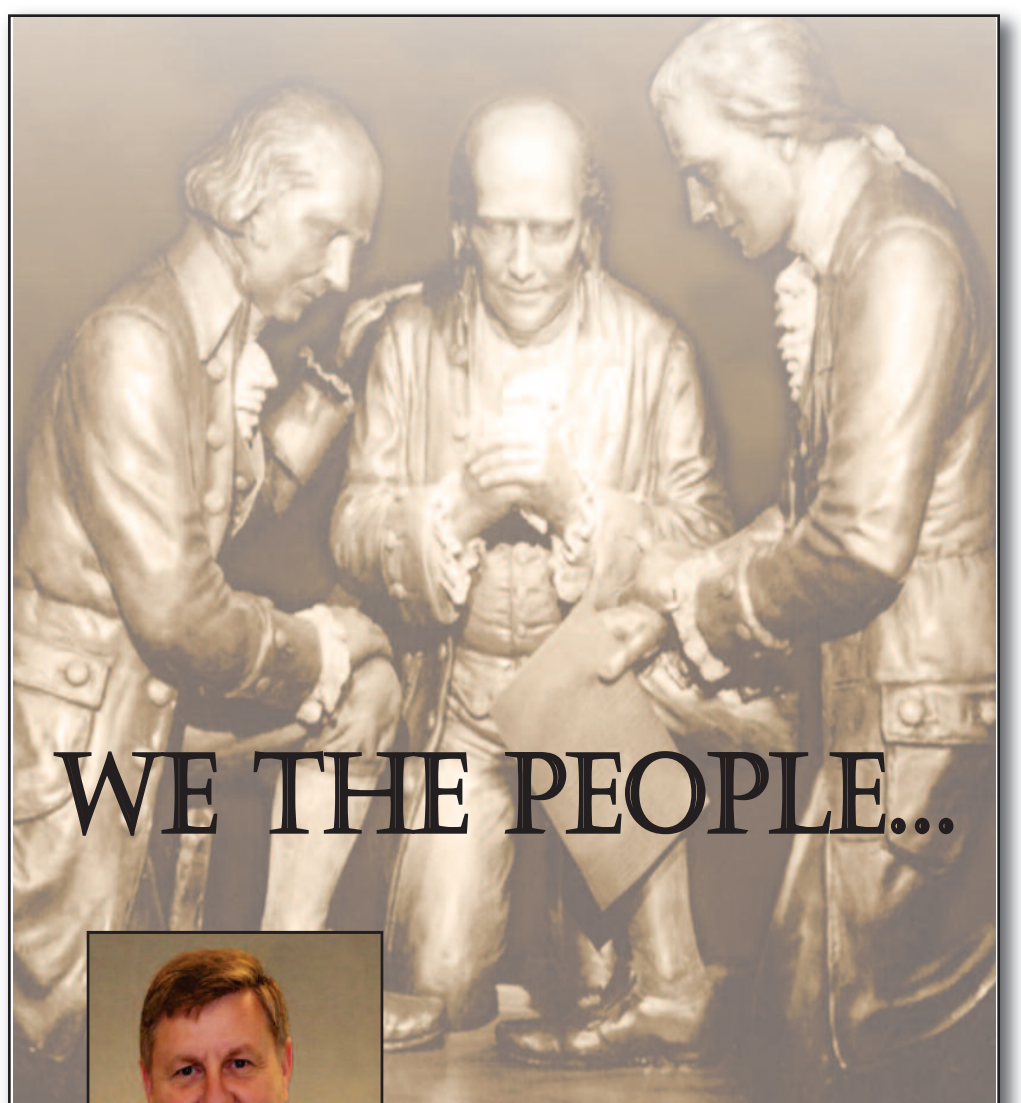
This is the time for decrees set against you to be broken
This is the month roots of depression and despair can break through into faith.

Color/Stone: Purple/Amethyst
Adar is the twelfth month of the Jewish calendar. The word Adar means "strength". This is a month of good fortune for the Jewish people and a month of joy.

This month of eloquent communication is also a time to get into the celebration mode of ending certain seasons of your life. A lot of us never celebrate endings.

The constellation for this month is Pisces, the month of the fishes. You will find your supply in the hidden world. This is the month where Jesus told Peter to find the fish with the money in its mouth to pay their taxes.

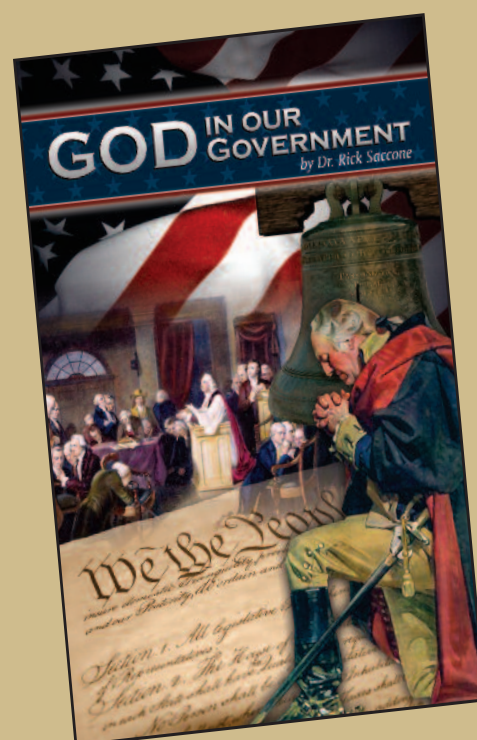
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