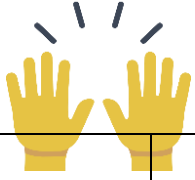




Praise Report Log



Date	Name	Testimonial Reports
06/11/2020	Select Members of Sac Fellowship	Praises God for the powerful and enlightening camp meeting hosted by IPR early June 2020! It was such a blessing! It was so nice to congregate with members of the Movement around the globe via zoom. The speakers gave powerful and timely messages on present truth vital for our time. The music was lovely and pleasant. There were little to no glitches or difficulties with the internet. The Lord truly showed up and showed out! And our prayers for a successful and blessed camp meeting were definitely answered! Praise the Lord!
06/11/2020	Sister Victoria	Praises the Lord for His hedge of protection around her mom as she travelled out of state and back. Sister Victoria is so happy to share that her mom is alive and well, and has made it safely back home without any symptoms of COVID-19. Praise God indeed!
06/11/2020	Sister Lana	<p>Shares a touching and heartfelt testimony about her Whiskey. May all be blessed:</p> <p>"Pain insists upon being attended to. God whispers to us in our pleasures, speaks in our consciences, but shouts in our pains. It is his megaphone to rouse a deaf world." — C.S. Lewis</p> <p>"Many are the ways in which God is seeking to make Himself known to us and bring us into communion with Him. Nature speaks to our senses without ceasing. The open heart will be impressed with the love and glory of God as revealed through the works of His hands. The listening ear can hear and understand the communications of God through the things of nature." – Steps to Christ 85.1</p> <p>"God speaks to us through His providential workings and through the influence of His Spirit upon the heart. In our circumstances and surroundings, in the changes daily taking place around us, we may find precious lessons if our hearts are but open to discern them." – Steps to Christ 87.2</p> <p>In our movement we understand that everything is a parable to teach us about God or about us (we think we know who we are, but we have no idea. Really.) This story is a parable for me. It is that "circumstance and surroundings and changes taking place daily around us" that is mentioned in the Steps to Christ 87.2. It taught me who I was, who God is, and how I was supposed to live my life. It laid bare my character and I tell you: I was found wanting.</p> <p>My husband has a friend. Nearly ten years ago he offered us to take one of his cats, as other cats that he had had been bullying this one. She was an adult cat (a</p>



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young adult we were told). We were warned she was a skittish kitty. We reluctantly took her in. We called her Whiskey. The first day she peed on our colorful rug. But we tried to communicate with her and talk to her gently. She responded right away to gentle talk and soon we became one happy family. She was a pet maniac, as my husband used to call her. She wanted to be with us where ever we were. She followed us from room to room and sought our attention. If I was too busy on the computer, she would sit between me and the monitor, look deeply into my eyes, and purr constantly. She was an attention hog.

After nearly nine years we decided to move out into the countryside. She did not take it well, as remember, she was a skittish cat and moving from one place to another could cause them to stress.

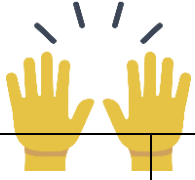
Soon upon our move, in the month of November last year, 2019, our church friend asked if we could rescue and adopt two or three kittens from a wild cat that was coming over to her porch. We agreed, as it was cold, and soon would be freezing. We did not think carefully that it may trigger serious conditions in our baby Whiskey. The house we moved in was a foreclosed house. There were and still are many things to fix and repair, and it was a constant ongoing work. Amidst all this chaos and new kittens, we forgot to pay more attention to our baby Whiskey. She felt neglected, and she was a jealous cat. Her love to us was exclusive; we were everything to her – parents, friends, companions, playmates. Everything. We knew that she adored us.

The new kittens took our whole attention as they were full of worms and diseases and we felt like parents and felt responsible. Whiskey was a skittish cat and really did not feel like sharing us with anybody, she would hiss and paw the kittens. Very often when one of us is petting a kitten she would try to come between us to make her presence known, but her jealousy was looked as a mean streak of character. We completely missed out that her love to us is an exclusive love. Soon we would see her less and less. She would hide in other rooms, in dark places. Often, I would find her sleeping on the bare floor curled up, or in a box with clothes. I tried to make her comfortable and bring her closer to us, but alas. Now when write about it I want to yell and scream of pain. I should have noticed it. I should have recognized. I should have educated myself better about the nature of skittish cats.

Suddenly, few weeks ago we noticed that Whiskey would not eat dry kibbles any more. We got worried and thought, well, she is a senior cat, it is normal for old cats to refuse dry kibbles. So, she ate only wet food from then on. Until a week ago. She stopped eating altogether and would hide in dark places. I thought she was so hateful against the little kittens that she couldn't stand their presence. I

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should have rather seen her pain instead. I should have seen her pain of my betrayal of her trust in her big eyes. While I loved her, I was too busy with garden, house chores and school. And crocheting. It took away my attention from what is the most important – our relationships with fellow beings.

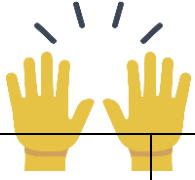
We started letting her out so she could breathe fresh air and sit on the deck. This happened often, that she often would scratch the door to let her out. So, on June 8, the morning was serene and beautiful. The sun was rising, and I thought I would go pull weeds in the garden and let my Whiskey out on the patio. When I let her out, I sat next to her looking into her eyes and stroking her hair. She gave me a long loving gaze; I kissed her on her head and went off to weed my garden. When an hour later I came back to the deck I didn't see her. I looked around, called out to her, but she was nowhere to be found. I was not worried because she would often hide under the deck. Then a friend from the church came. We sat on the porch and talked for a couple of hours. It was a beautiful day. I was not worried. I thought Whiskey was under the deck. After my friend left that is when I got upset that she isn't coming out from under the deck. She needs to drink water. It turned out to be a hot day. I looked everywhere again, under the bushes, flowers and shrubs and trees. Alas. She was gone. Then my husband came home from the garden. The two of us called and searched everywhere we could think of. In all three of our barns and garage, and back inside the house, and in the ditches and the corn fields surrounding us. She was gone. The evening came. The sun was setting. It was dark scarlet red. It looked like a flame of fire. The dark clouds were surrounding the flame of sunset. It was not beautiful. "Grapes of Wrath" came to my mind. In the book Great Controversy 29.2 sister White talks about the destruction of Jerusalem. This is the line that came to my mind when I saw this flaming sunset shrouded with dark dirty navy colored clouds: **Signs and wonders appeared, foreboding disaster and doom. In the midst of the night an unnatural light shone over the temple and the altar. Upon the clouds at sunset were pictured chariots and men of war gathering for battle. The priests ministering by night in the sanctuary were terrified by mysterious sounds; the earth trembled, and a multitude of voices were heard crying: "Let us depart hence."**

I started to panic. I cried. I remembered her long gaze she gave me before disappearing. I remembered how she felt rejected and ran away upstairs from seeing me pet other kittens. I felt crushed by the weight of my guilt. Soon crying turned into weeping. Then a dreadful cloudy morning came. The winds were blowing strong. Then it poured and poured. The thought of my baby out in the heat of sun, in the pouring rain, feeling rejected and alone tore me to pieces. How could have I not seen this. Instead of thinking she was hateful against kittens I should have seen that she felt lonely and rejected. The more I recollected the past 8 months the more weeping followed. The weeping turned into hopeless wailing: "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not" Jer. 31:15

We called animal hospitals and vets around to see if anybody brought in a cat matching our description. No. I posted on our local Facebook lost and found animals page asking to look out for her. Nothing. People were kind, shared the

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post. No hope. Three days later, we went to bed early. My eyes and face were swollen ugly.

"Her absence is like the sky, spread over everything. But no, that is not quite accurate. There is one place where her absence comes locally home to me, and it is a place I can't avoid. I mean my own body. It had such a different importance while it was the body of H.'s lover. Now it's like an empty house." CS Lewis, *A Grief Observed*.

Those three days I recounted all the times Whiskey felt upset and rejected. I repented of my sins: neglect, misunderstanding of feelings of my pet. Not paying enough attention to the eating and sleeping patterns that changed. Not giving her enough pets and love. I realized that I can repent, and God will forgive. Life will move on, but in the heart of my Whiskey I failed her. I failed her in her hardest time. There is no redemption from that. When she was gone, she was gone on her own terms. When she decided to go, because I did not picture her last days out there in the ditches, sick, emaciated, under pouring rain. I thought I would hold her in my arms, but no. She decided to go when she chose. Her loss was inexorable, final. My probation on my relationship with her was closed on me. I learned my lesson, but also realized I could not be happy anymore knowing that in her little heart I failed her. It will stay like this for eternity. My neglect will go on to eternity with me. I abhorred that person in the mirror. I hate that person with passion even now.

I looked up on my phone for sleeping remedies. More like sleeping pills. Something that would knock me out. My eyes were so swollen I couldn't clearly see. So, I gave up. Then I heard Dennis, my husband's yelling frantically "LANA! WHISKEY! SHE IS HERE!"

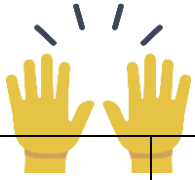
I rushed to her to feed her with wet food diluted with water to hydrate my baby. She purred constantly. She drank and drank. She was skin and bones. Then I noticed she was stumbling upon things and walked swaying. She turned blind. My baby turned blind. Her pupils were constantly dilated. We are babying her right now, and she was brought to the vet. The vet turned out to be a homeopathic hack. Instead of helping her he prescribed some homeopathic remedy (which is 100 million times dilution of *Atropa belladonna*). Right now, she is drowsy; from all the phosphorus in her body as she has kidney disease. The drug, phosphorus binder is on its way. We pray and hope that God heals our baby.

I wanted to share what I learned from this circumstance, from this relationship. It exposed me. It exposed the flaws in me and how I interpret other beings' behavior.

It taught me an expensive lesson: love your fellow beings while they can appreciate

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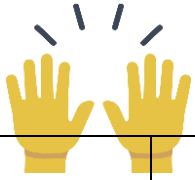
it, love your enemies while you can do so.

It is OK to love people more than they do or appreciate. Care for them in action and deed and feeling.

Express your care. Love them passionately. Worship them.

When they are gone you will know you did everything you could to make them happy. Because some of these beings will never see heaven, and eternity. For some of them YOU are their God. Love and care with passion and zeal so that THEY KNOW, FEEL and SEE and EXPERIENCE your love upon them. Love our fellow beings, because we may never get another chance to do so. Take your time to spend with them. Time spent together with those who love us the most precious gift. God can forgive you, world will move on. But their broken heart may never heal. Love and worship those that depend on you, you parents, your friends as a time may come to be too late to love and worship them. They just may never be around to see you change, to see and experience that you care for them.





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