

MAY WE SEND "EMPHASIS: YOUR HEALTH" TO YOU BY E-MAIL INSTEAD? RESPOND TO EYH@UCHEEPINES.ORG

COMING EVENTS

Next **Lifestyle Sessions** at the Lifestyle Center begin **May 31, June 21** (10 day session, call for details), and **July 19**

Gulf States Conference Campmeeting – May 22-30 – Speakers from Uchee Pines will be there as well as our booth. Place: Bass Memorial Academy 6433 US Highway 11 Lumberton, MS 39455



Mango Ice Cream

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| 2 T. agar flakes (OR slightly heaping
1 t. agar powder) | 1 1/2 c. water |
| 1 c. cashews (OR blanched almonds) | 1 c. dates |
| 1/2 c. honey (OR sorghum molasses
OR 3/4 c. organic cane sugar) | 2 can coconut milk |
| 3 c. frozen mango | 3/4 t. salt |
| 1 c. mango, chopped | 4 t. vanilla |
| | 1 c. mango nectar |

Soak agar in 1-1/2 c. water, stir and bring to boil. Simmer 1 minute. Cool 1 minute. Blend remaining ingredients until smooth. Adjust flavor and sweetener as needed. Add agar mixture to blender and blend well. Add mango pieces for extra flavor and chew. Pour into flat container (glass casserole dishes work) and freeze several hours or overnight. Thaw slightly and eat as is, OR re-blend with a little milk for soft serve ice cream.



Inside

President's
Message
Retiring

Building for
Eternity
Three staff members
go on a mission trip

Mango
Ice Cream
Recipe

Coming Events
Mark your calendar



Herbs: A Case History by Donald Miller

Sometimes it takes a personal experience with a natural remedy to truly win us over. It is easy to give someone else a treatment, but when it comes to YOU, sometimes faith begins to waver. Perhaps my experience with a few natural treatments will help build your confidence.

Push stick in hand and goggles on (safety first) I was cutting a narrow piece of oak on a table saw. My left hand held the board into the rip fence. As the blade cleared the piece, the narrow board rolled and my fingers were thrust into the saw blade. I had messed up!

I turned the saw off and looked at the damage. There was a lot of blood. At the Lifestyle Center, a crew was anxiously waiting for me; someone had called ahead and told them to be ready to receive a patient who had just cut off his fingers. I declined use of the "caines" (novocain, lidocaine, benzocaine) knowing they can retard healing. After soaking my left middle and index fingers in ice water, the wounds were scrubbed with betadine. The blade had taken the end of the middle finger off to the bone, cutting diagonally across the nail. The other finger had not gone so far; it was well cut and the nail was trimmed close.

While the wound was being bandaged, one of the staff was making white willow bark tea which is an excellent pain herb. I resigned myself to having at least one disfigured finger and being unable to play my guitar again.

Each day I would go to the Lifestyle Center, tap my fingers in a glass of hydrogen peroxide and have them redressed. We started using tea tree oil on the dressing. And at night, I would mix up a paste of powdered comfrey, make it into a poultice and place it over the wound. I had purchased a bottle of white willow bark capsules and my pain was minimal. Within a week I was wearing a bandaid on the index finger and within two weeks was using a special fingertip bandaid on the middle finger. Approximately one month after the accident, I picked up the guitar and gave it a try. I've been playing ever since!

It is far easier to think about herbs when dealing with pathological than emergency situations, but each time I look at my fingers, I am reminded of the goodness of the Lord in preserving them, and for giving us such simple, safe methods for dealing with anything and everything that can possibly go wrong with us.

building for eternity

MISSION TRIP TO THE PHILIPPINES

by Kimberly Kodimer

I never thought I would be an overseas missionary, not even for a short time. Some people dream of trudging through jungles and swamps, facing tigers, meeting tribal people, ministering to the dying, encountering witch doctors, preaching the gospel in bamboo huts, baptizing converts by night at the risk of your life, and the scenarios go on and on. I wasn't one of those dreamers. Sure, I enjoyed mission stories as a child, but that wasn't the life for me. My field of service was the United States. Then it happened. Friends who were missionaries in the Philippines asked if we would come put on seminars teaching health, child training, and God's educational plan. Several months later I found myself sitting beside my mother and a friend, LydiaLaJewel, on our way to the Philippines. I could hardly believe it, *I was actually going to a third-world country.* The trip that was only to last two weeks turned into nearly four. And there I was sitting on the longest plane ride of my life so far with numerous unknowns before me. One thing I did know, however, God had laid this trip in my lap, and ready or not, I was on my way.

When we arrived at the location of the first seminar the meetings had already begun. There was only enough time to greet our friends, sit down in the church, and take in the conclusion of the lecture before it was my turn to present. During my presentation my voice felt weak and strained. I hadn't fully recovered from the sickness that took me down for the three weeks prior to our trip. I was through in an hour and after a short break Mom took over.

For lunch we drove a mile from the church to our friends' home. The road itself was rather rough and I felt like I was riding an elephant as the truck rocked back and forth, up and down. Scattering along the roadside were houses, or what were supposed to be houses. In reality they were just boards or blocks put together to form a small enclosure for sleeping. These homes are far from the comfortable large dwellings of America.

The afternoon was filled with lectures and counseling. Throughout the week-long seminar my mother spoke mainly on early childhood development while LydiaLaJewel focused on family industry, hydrotherapy, and simple herbal remedies, and I dwelt on the subject of true education in the early years all the way through college age. During our time in the Philippines we put on three seminars on the main islands—Luzon, Visayas, and Mindanao. Thinking back on the trip my experience with "Jean" stands out...

I sit with a doctor friend and a young woman. She's 18 years old and has been signed up to talk with us by someone else. She seems uneasy. We break the ice with some general questions. As we talk she begins to open up. I look into her eyes. They are dull, hidden within is pain and confusion. She shares how her parents are in ministry but they have had little time for their children. She unfolds her story. I silently plead for wisdom. What to say? How to help? Our time comes to an end and as we pray together I fight back tears. Here is a soul on the brink of destruction and despair, oh that something we said will be as a lifeline thrown out to a drowning soul. My heart aches. "Save this daughter My Father."

The next day as the meeting closes I see the lady who brought Jean to the seminar. She's walking my direction and smiling. Then she stops to talk with Wendy, our hostess. Wendy comes over and tells me that Jean is scheduled to speak with LydiaLaJewel but she wants to talk with me instead. I cry to God for wisdom. I have no idea what I'll say or how to help this precious soul. Going to a corner of the church, I pray with her. Jean smiles and begins talking. Time passes quickly. She opens her heart to me. "How do you have a relationship with God?" she asks. "I have this one issue that God just doesn't seem to help me with. I've prayed. I've cried. But He doesn't seem to hear me. I got angry with Him and wanted to hurt Him since



He didn't help me." She continues talking, "I have good parents. They read Bible stories to me as a child. They sent me to Christian schools. But they haven't given me themselves. They don't have time for me. I can't talk to them." All this is said and more, not all at once, but gradually as we sit together. We talk about how you get to know someone. I share principles about thoughts and feelings, the battle each of us face, the amazing love of God, and our infinite value. I tell of my personal struggles and how God has worked with me. This life isn't easy, but I'd rather die on my knees in the press of the battle than the alternative. It's worth it. "The very fact that you are here," I tell Jean, "shows God is drawing you, loves you, and wants to do something amazing with your life." My heart is heavy. She seems encouraged but I know the battle is fierce. All I can do is pray and leave her in God's hands. Mission work is about planting seeds in hearts. We can't save a soul, but God can. Our part is to be His instrument.

Towards the end of the first seminar a family was supposed to leave the day before it ended. They already had their tickets but they decided to take the risk and try to leave the next day. "We cannot afford to miss any of this seminar," they told us.

As the trip drew to a close I heard a little 4 year old singing as he looked out the window of his room, "We are building everyday a temple the world may not see. Building, building everyday. Building for eternity." It made me smile. Our mission through these seminars was to show families how to train their little ones to be useful in this life and the life to come. Our greatest desire was to impress upon each person who attended that we are building a life by the choices we make each day, whether it be in regards to our health or education. Will we build for eternity?

Family after family thanked us for coming to the Philippines. "I've learned so much," they would say. Our mission trip wasn't some exciting adventure walking into the jungles, but rather it was walking into hearts. Yes, there were challenges that made me cry and ask God to get me through; yes, there were dangers that threatened our safety; but though it wasn't easy, it was worth it. "The path where God leads the way may lie through the desert or the sea, but it is a safe path." (E. G. White, *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 290) When God calls you on a mission, you go, and in going you are blessed. Don't look for a grand great work to do. Do what is placed in your hands and build for eternity.

Kimberly Kodimer has been at Uchee Pines for over three years. She manages the on-site Print Shop and is involved with publishing various materials for the Institute. Teresa Kodimer fills various positions including: administrative assistant, teacher, women's dean. LydiaLaJewel Wannemacher came to Uchee Pines four years ago as a trainee. She completed both the Lifestyle Educator and Lifestyle Counselor course and is currently assisting in the office at the Lifestyle Center and teaching several classes.



A few weeks ago, the Uchee Pines board met, and at that board, I retired from the position of president; so this will be the last time I write to you in this capacity. Our new president is Mark Sandoval, a physician who joined our staff some years ago, and had the opportunity to work with my mother before her incapacitating stroke, as well as Wynn Horsley, who worked alongside my father and other physicians over the years here at Uchee Pines. I am still on the board and executive committee, and will assist the Institute in communications and development, trusts, some administrative work, and in our education programs; as well as whatever way I can support the president and our health evangelistic activities.

I have enjoyed getting to know you all, and, I'm sure I will have opportunity to continue to interact in this publication and others. I sincerely wish God's richest blessings on you, and pray that you will keep Uchee Pines in your prayers and thoughts as we progress to a higher level in service to God and His precious children.