



A Newsletter from On Wings Like A Dove Ministry November 2023 Vol. 19 Issue 11

455 South Church Street
Winston Salem, NC 27101

Office Hours:
Tuesday-Thursday
10 am-2 pm
or by appointment
336-829-5060

sandra@onwingslikeadove.com

Prayer Support

JOIN US FOR
Prayer Support
November 6
6:30 PM
On Wings Office
Winston Salem, NC
Glenda Mott
will share her testimony

River Oaks Church
Clemmons, NC
2nd and 4th Tuesdays
at 6:30 pm
Room #4
Led by Jeff & Sherye Hall

Ladies Bible Study

Each Tuesday
At On Wings Office
From 12:30-2:00

We are beginning new study
Master Life Together
By Matt and Allison Willis



Come Join Us!

A Ten-Year Blessing

“Jabez was more honorable than his brothers.

His mother had named him Jabez, saying: “I gave birth to him in pain.” Jabez cried out to the God of Israel, saying: “Oh that You would bless me indeed and enlarge my territory”

1 Chronicles 4:9-10

Recently it dawned on me that we have been in our current office 10 years. We are aware that we are on holy ground in Old Salem because of the prayers the Moravians have prayed for over 100 years. In our Prayer Room is posted the Jabez Prayer which we have prayed over the years. God has certainly enlarged our territory beyond what we could have imagined.

When we faced having to move out of our office space on Fifth Street we began praying and searching for God’s direction for our new space. We visited several sites, but they were either too small or beyond our budget. Every time we thought we might have found a place the door closed.

As I prayed one night the Lord took me to Joshua 3:5, “Purify yourselves. For tomorrow, He said, the Lord will do a great miracle” LBV. The next morning, I woke up reminding the Lord of the great miracle I felt He had prepared me for, and may I say He answered in great and mighty ways.

As always God was faithful as He led us through our current realtor to a white house next to God’s Acre that very day. As the door was unlocked and we stepped in I knew in my spirit that He was leading us to this space. It was also beyond our budget, but God worked out all the details and we took occupancy in 2013.

Everyone that comes in the door talks about sensing the Holy Spirit as they enter the house. I would love to know the complete history of this house, established in 1841. Several families were in residence here over the years including the current pastor of Home Moravian Church down the road. She lived here as a child. Then Moravian offices occupied the house for a while, but the house had sat vacant for over two years. It was waiting for us.

The ministry has grown over those ten years, and we are beginning to realize a need for more space. Several years ago, we began occupying a space close by the office which houses our Treasure Box supplies. How we secured that space is another miracle of God.

About two years ago a small space opened for our Resource Center. We have donations of clothes, linens, and household items that come in on a regular basis. Out of that space we can provide for our families, our residents’ needs, others coming out of prison, and a needy community in our area. We have provided clothes, hygiene supplies, personal need items, and household items. God has clearly extended our borders and we are most grateful for all He has done.

This month at our Volunteer Celebration Dinner we will be remembering all God has been faithful to do in the past and how we look with expectation to what He is leading us to do in the future. We have never gone without provision since our beginning, and I know with all my heart He will continue to provide. He has allowed us to provide over 15,000 Bibles to prisoners, involved prisoners in the study of God’s Word through our Bible Correspondence courses, taken our families on Retreats and provided Bible Study materials, plus minister to a local community as we shine His Light and Love on the grounds, taking back what the enemy has tried to steal.

Continue to pray for our efforts at On Wings as we seek God’s direction for the soon coming year!

Sandra





THANKSGIVING

...and praise. Recently during Sunday School the leader posed the question "How are praise and thanksgiving different?" A deceptively hard question!

I praise God for who He is and often for what He has done. I give thanks for what He has done, and for who He is. Both praise and thanksgiving center around what God is doing now, who He has shown Himself to be in the past and the assurance that He's already working in the future. Praising God leads to being thankful; being thankful leads to praising God!

Praising God is powerful, necessary, faith-inspiring, intimate and fundamental in our walk with the Lord. The Hebrew language has several words referring to Praise including Hallel (as in Hallelujah - Praise Yahweh) referring to shine, to be boastful, to glorify. Tehilah is the Hebrew name of the Book of Psalms (Sefer Tehillim). Tehilah is praise, song, or hymn of praise and Baruch, meaning blessing. Baruch Ata Adonai, Blessed are You, our Lord, is the start of most Jewish prayers. We are to acknowledge and praise God in all things - looking at His creation, receiving good news (and even bad news), time with friends, enjoying food- we recognize, acknowledge and rely on God with praise.

Thanksgiving also has several Hebrew words. Todah refers to thanksgiving that leads us to intimacy with God, gratitude and extending the hand. Yadah refers to giving thanks, confessing and to confess who He is, often with extended hands. Hakarat Hatov refers to gratitude and recognizing the good.

There are many more Hebrew words used for praise and thanksgiving in Scripture. There is a word for whatever you are trying to express to God through praise or thanksgiving. Sometimes our language just falls short in communicating with our Lord; I'm thankful He hears our hearts!

During this season of Thanksgiving, may you daily be reminded of His goodness, what He has done, what He is doing and what He will be doing. I have a plaque in my home which reads "Give thanks for unknown blessings already on their way". When those we love and care for aren't with us during this time of year, it is tough and painful. Praise God for what He is doing and be thankful for His faithfulness. To God be the glory!

Enter His gates with thanksgiving (todah) and into His courts with praise (tehilah). Be thankful (yadah) to Him and bless (baruch) His Name! Ps 100:4

Volunteer Celebration Dinner

FOR ALL VOLUNTEERS

NOVEMBER 9



6:30 PM

Calvary Baptist Dining Room
134 Peace Haven Road
Winston Salem, NC

RSVP BY NOVEMBER 3 AT
336-829-5060 OR EMAIL

SANDRA@ONWINGSLIKEADOVE.COM

GIVE THANKS TO THE LORD,
FOR HE IS GOOD; HIS LOVE ENDURES

FOREVER

1 CHRONICLES 16:34

Prayer Thoughts

The Hot Bottle Water

One night, in Central Africa, I had worked hard to help a mother in the labor ward; but in spite of all that we could do, she died leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying, two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive. We had no incubator. We had no electricity to run an incubator, and no special feeding facilities. Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous drafts.

A student-midwife went for the box we had for such babies and for the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly, in distress, to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst. Rubber perishes easily in tropical climates. "...and it is our last hot water bottle!" she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk; so, in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over a burst water bottle. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways. All right," I said, "Put the baby as near the fire as you safely can; sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from drafts. Your job is to keep the baby warm."

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with many of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle. The baby could so easily die if it got chilled. I also told them about the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During the prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt consciousness of our African children. "Please, God," she prayed, "send us a water bottle. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, the baby'll be dead; so, please send it this afternoon." While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added by way of corollary, "...And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?" As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say, "Amen?" I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything: The Bible says so, but there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time that I reached home, the car had gone, but there, on the veranda, was a large twenty-two pound parcel! I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone; so, I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly. Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box.

From the top, I lifted out brightly colored, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then, there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children began to look a little bored. Next, came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - - that would make a nice batch of buns for the weekend. As I put my hand in again, I felt the...could it really be? I grasped it, and pulled it out. Yes, "A brand-new rubber, hot water bottle!" I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could. Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, "If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!" Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully dressed dolly. Her eyes shone: She had never doubted! Looking up at me, she asked, "Can I go over with you, Mummy, and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?"

That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday School class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. One of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child -- five months earlier in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it "That afternoon!"

Helen Roseveare a doctor missionary from England to Zaire, Africa, told this as it had happened to her in Africa. She shared it in her testimony on a Wednesday night at Thomas Road Baptist Church.

**AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS, THAT BEFORE THEY CALL,
I WILL ANSWER; AND WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING, I WILL HEAR.**