



Road Of The Pilgrims

A Family Magazine Advocating A Family Faith

“For look, the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared on the earth; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree has ripened her figs, and the vines with the tender grapes have given a good fragrance.” (Song of Solomon 2:11-13a)

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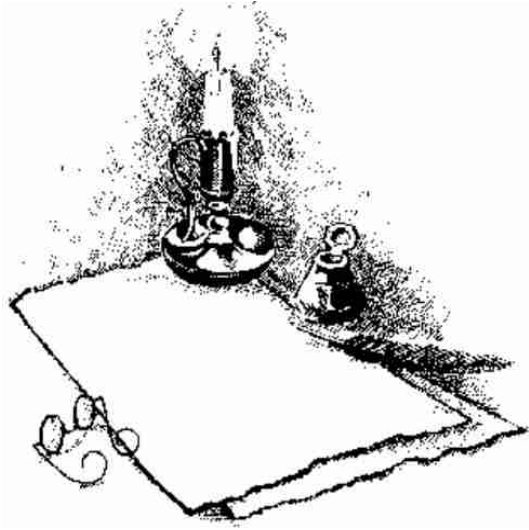
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*We hope that Yahweh blesses you through
this issue of “Road Of The Pilgrims”.
In Messiyah Yahshua, the Coover Family*



"The Entrance Of Thy Words Giveth Light"

Secrets of Happy Home Life

by J. R. Miller, 1894

(copied from www.gracegems.org/sermons/; True Names and correct terminology placed throughout by the Coover family)

Home is among the holiest of words. **A true home is one of the most sacred of places. It is a sanctuary into which men flee from the world's perils and alarms. It is a resting-place to which at close of day the weary retire to gather new strength for the battle and toils of tomorrow. It is the place where love learns its lessons, where life is schooled into discipline and strength, where character is molded.** Out of the homes of a community comes the life of the community, as a river from the thousand springs that gush out on the hillsides.

We are all concerned in the making of some one home--our own home. One instrument out of tune in an orchestra mars the music which breaks upon the ears of the listeners. **One discordant life in a household mars the**

perfectness of the music of love in the family. We should make sure that our life is not the one that is out of tune. We do not need to worry about the other lives; if each looks to his own, that will do.

When our Master sent His disciples out to preach, one of His instructions was "Into whatever house you enter, first say, Peace be to this house." Peace is a good word. It is more than a salutation; falling from the Master's lips, it is a divine benediction as well. Peace, too, is a fruit of grace, which includes all that is sweetest and most divine in believing culture. It is especially suggestive of *the harmony of love*, which is the perfection of beautiful living. Messiah's peace is a blessing, which comes out of struggle and discipline. Well, therefore, does the salutation "Peace!" befit a Messiah-centered home, which ought to be the abode of peace.

What are some of the secrets of happy home life? The answer might be given in one word---Messiah. Messiah at the marriage-altar; Messiah on the bridal journey; Messiah when the new home is set up; Messiah when the baby is born; Messiah when a child dies; Messiah in the pinching times; Messiah in the days of plenty; Messiah in the nursery, in the kitchen, in the parlor; Messiah in the toil and in the rest; Messiah along all the years; Messiah when the wedded pair walk toward the sunset gates; Messiah in the sad hour when farewells are spoken, and one goes on before and the other stays, bearing the unshared grief. **Messiah is the secret of happy home life.**

But the lesson may be broken up. The making of a home begins before there is a home---it begins in the days when the life-choices are made. There are many unhappy marriages. There are families sheltered in houses, which are not homes. **A happy home does not come as a matter of course** because there has been a marriage ceremony, with pledged vows and a ring, and the minister's "Whom Elohim has joined together, let no man put asunder," and a benediction. **Happiness does not come through any**

mere forms or ceremonies; it has to be planned for, lived for, sacrificed for, prayed for, and oftentimes suffered for.

There must be a wise choosing before marriage, or it may be impossible to make a happy home. At few points in life is divine guidance more severely needed than when the question of marriage is decided. A mistake then will cast its shadows down all the years to the close of life. Many a career is blighted by a foolish marriage. **Wedded happiness depends greatly on reverent, prayerful, deliberate, wise choosing before marriage.**

But now the choices have been made---carefully made--we will say. The happy day has come. The plighted lovers stand at the marriage-altar. Taking the woman's hand, the man says to her---"I take you to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death us do part, according to Yahweh's holy ordinance; and thereto I pledge you my fidelity." Taking the hand of the man, the woman says to him, with slight verbal variations, the same words. The two are pronounced husband and wife, and go forth to begin their wedded life together, no more twain, but now one.

The happy pair are in their own home. It may be a fine, great house, with rich furniture, costly pictures, and all the elegance of wealth; or it may be a little house, with four rooms, cheap furniture, homemade carpets, and empty of adornment. It makes very little difference what the size of the house, or what its furniture may be. **The happiness of the home does not depend on the house or on what it contains; the people who live in the house MAKE the happiness,---or MAR it.**

The HUSBAND has his part. He must be a good man. Not every man who marries thinks of the responsibility he assumes when he takes a young girl away from the shelter of father-love and mother-love---the softest, warmest nest in the world, and leads her into a new home, where henceforth **his love is to be her only shelter.** Well may

the woman say as she goes to the marriage altar---

"Before I trust my fate to you,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let your future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all to thee,
Question your soul tonight for me.

Does there within your dimmest dreams
A possible future shine
Wherein your life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost."

No man is fit to be a husband who is not a good man. He need not be great, nor rich, nor brilliant, nor clever, but he must be good, or he is not worthy to take a gentle, trusting woman's tender life into his keeping. Of course he must love his wife; without love there is no real marriage, and ceremony and ring and vows and prayer are only empty formalities. He must love his wife and be always her lover. The world has read and heard quite enough moralizing about a wife's duty to be always winning and attractive, retaining the charm of girlhood amid all cares, toils, and sorrows. Of course; but is a husband under less obligation to love his wife and always to be lover-like? This is a good rule, which should work both ways.

But affectionateness, however desirable, is not all that is needed in a husband who would do his full share in happy home making. Life is not all sentiment. We cannot live on ambrosia. **Happiness must have a very practical basis. A good husband must be a man. He must be a good man---manly, true, worthy, brave, generous, a man whom a noble woman can respect and honor all the days of her life. He must be a sober**

man; no man who comes home under the influence of intoxicating drink, even occasionally only, is going to do quite his share in making happiness for the woman who has trusted her all to him. He must be a man of pure, unblemished life, whose character is above suspicion, whose name will always be an honor and a pride in his own home. **The husband has a great deal to do with the question of home happiness.**

The WIFE, too, has a responsibility. The prosaic arts of housekeeping are far more important factors of home happiness than many people without experience imagine. John Ruskin talks to young women of the etymology of the name 'wife'---"What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from?" he asks. "It means 'weaver.' **You must either be house-wives or house-moths; remember that.** In the deep sense, you must weave men's fortunes, and embroider them, or feed upon them, and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be the canopy over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her,---better than houses with ceilings of cedar, or with paintings of the masters, shedding its quiet light for those who else were homeless."

Home is the true wife's kingdom. There, first of all places, she must be strong and beautiful. She may touch life outside in many ways, if she can do it without slighting the duties that are hers within her own doors. But **if any calls for her service must be declined, they should not be the duties of her home.** These are hers, and no other one's. Very largely does the wife hold in her hands, as a sacred trust, the happiness and the highest good of the hearts that nestle there. **The best husband---the truest, the noblest, the gentlest, the richest-hearted---cannot make his home happy if his wife be not, in every reasonable sense, a helpmate to him.**

In the last analysis, home happiness depends on the wife. Her spirit gives the home its atmosphere.

Her hands fashion its beauty. Her heart makes its love. And the end is so worthy, so noble, so divine, that no woman who has been called to be a wife, and has listened to the call, should consider any price too great to pay, to be the light, the joy, the blessing, the inspiration of a home.

Men with fine gifts think it worth while to live to paint a few great pictures which shall be looked at and admired for generations; or to write a few songs which shall sing themselves into the ears and hearts of men. But **the woman who makes a sweet, beautiful home, filling it with love and prayer and purity, is doing something better than anything else her hands could find to do beneath the skies.**

Some marriages are unhappy. How can husband and wife live happily in their wedded life? **Wedded happiness is a lesson that must be learned. No two lives brought into this close relation can blend into one without self-discipline.** "Marriage is the beautiful unfolding of many years."

Ofttimes it takes a long while for a wedded pair to learn the lesson of living happily together. They are discouraged because such love as theirs does not yield perfect happiness from the very first day. It always costs to learn the lesson. The block of marble must wane, as the statue is sculptured and grows. **There must be the cutting away of much in both lives; there must be restraint, self-denial, self-effacement, while they are being trained to live one life rather than two. Love is always discipline.**

Paul lays down the basis for happy wedded life in the words---"Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting in Yahweh. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them" (Colossians 3:18-19). Perhaps these instructions are not always well understood. Sometimes one of the counsels, and sometimes the other, is unduly emphasized. **Some men insist upon the first---"Wives, be in subjection to your husbands." They interpret**

the words somewhat harshly, as if a wife were to be only as a child to her husband, or even as a servant, whose duty is to minister to his desires, to please him, to run at his every call and command. This is in accordance with heathen notions of the marriage relation, but it is not after Scriptural teaching.

It is to be particularly noted that Paul nowhere says---"Wives, obey your husbands." In our Common Version the word "obedient" occurs in one place; but in the Revised Version the counsel is that **wives should be "in subjection to" their husbands. Indeed, however, the spirit of love is always that of subjection, of yielding, or serving, in all life's relations.**

In another place, where Paul gives like instruction, his words are---"Wives be in subjection unto your own husbands, *as unto Yahweh*. For the husband is the head of the wife, as Messiah also is head of the Assembly" (Ephesians 5:22-23). **No doubt the husband is the head of the household; but what a responsibility this teaching puts upon him! His wife is to be in subjection to him, "as unto Yahweh." He is to be to her what Messiah is to the Assembly.**

If a man will insist on his wife fulfilling her part, he must also insist on honestly fulfilling his own part,---all the sacred duties which are his as a HUSBAND. What, then, is the husband's share in this happy home making? "Husbands, love your wives, even as Messiah also loved the Assembly, and gave Himself up for it" (Ephesians 5:25). **A husband is to love his wife. Is love despotic? Does love put its object in a servant's place? No; love serves. It seeks not its own. It desires "not to be served, but to serve." It does not demand attention, deference, service, subjection. It seeks rather to serve, to give, to honor.**

The measure of the love required by the husband is to be well noted---"Even as Messiah also loved the Assembly." This is a lofty standard. **How did Messiah show His love for His Assembly? Think of His gentleness to His**

friends, His patience with them in all their faultiness, His thoughtfulness, His unwearying kindness. Never did a harsh word fall from His lips upon their ears. Never did He do anything to give them pain. It was not easy for Him at all times to maintain such constancy and such composure and quietness of love toward them; for **they were very faulty, and tried Him in a thousand ways. But His affection never wearied nor failed for an instant. Husbands are to love their wives even as Messiah also loved the Assembly, and gave Himself up for it. He loved even to the cost of utmost self-sacrifice.**

There are men, however, who would do this, whose love would sacrifice even life itself for a wife, but who fail in daily and hourly tenderness, when there is no demand for great self-denial. Hence the other counsel must be remembered---"Love your wives, and be not bitter against them." **More wives might complain of the lack of love in the little tendernesses than in great acts and manifestations.**

A true woman's heart craves gentleness. It is hurt by bitter words, by coldness, by impatience, by harsh criticisms, by neglect, by the withholding of the expressions of affection. Love craves its daily bread of tenderness. No husband should deny his wife the little things of affection, the amenities of love, along the busy, trying days, and then think to make amends by putting a flower in her cold hand when she lies in the coffin. Will not conscience then whisper love's reproach?

"You placed this flower in her hand, you say,
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay?
Methinks, could she lift her sealed eyes,
They would meet your own with a grieved surprise.
When did you give her a flower before?
Ah, well, what matter, when all is o'er?"

But I pray you think

That love will starve, if it is not fed
That true hearts pray for their daily bread."

No true wife will ever quarrel with the divine law that makes the husband the head of the household, if she has a husband who loves her up to the measure of the divine requirements for husbands---"Even as Messiah also loved the Assembly." Such love never demands obedience, never demands anything; it seeks not to be served, but to serve.

On the other hand, true love in a wife also lives to serve. Love always serves, or it is not love at all. The greatest in Messiah's kingdom are those who serve the most unselfishly. Husband and wife vie with each other in loving and serving. **They mutually bear each other's burdens. The husband is the head, but he never says so; never reminds his wife of it; never claims authority; and defers to her in everything.**

The wife recognizes her husband as head, honors him, looks up to him with esteem and confidence---all the more because he never demands subjection. Thus true love in husband and wife never has any trouble about rights or place. Side by side they stand, these two wedded lovers, each a part of the other, each incomplete, a mere fragment without the other, but strong in their happy union in love.

But there are other elements in the composition of the home. **Among the blessings which make happiness are the CHILDREN, who come with their sweet life and their holy gladness. Children bring cares and troubles, and demand toil and sacrifice, oftentimes cost pain and grief; yet the blessing they bring to a true home a thousand times repays the care and the cost.** It is a sacred hour in a home when a baby is born and laid in the arms of a young father and mother. It is the final seal upon their wedded love. It is the closing benediction of the marriage ceremony. It draws fragments of heaven trailing after it to the home on earth. **Few deeper, purer joys are**

ever experienced in this world than the joy of true parents on the birth of their first child. Much of home's happiness along the years is made by the children. They are also great blessings to their parents. Ofttimes they teach more lessons than they are taught. We say we train our children; but they train us, also, if we think of them as we should,as immortal beings come from Yahweh to be prepared by us for their mission. A reverent mother sings softly over her child's cradle--

"My child, I fear you; you are a spirit, soul!
How shall I walk before you, and keep my garments whole?
O Yahweh, give strength, give wisdom for the task,
To train this child for You."

Yahshua said of little children, that those who receive them in His name receive Him. May we not, then, surely say that children bring great possibility of blessing and happiness to a home? **If we receive them as Messiah's messengers, as sent to us in His name, and entertain them as we would entertain Him if He had come in place of them, we shall get from them deep and rich good and joy.**

A true mother is one of the holiest secrets of home happiness. Yahweh sends many beautiful things to this world, many noble gifts; but no blessing is richer than that which He bestows in a mother who has learned love's lessons well, and has realized something of the meaning of her sacred calling.

A FATHER also should be a blessing to a home. The modern tendency to put upon the wife and mother all the responsibility for the making of the home and its happiness is not sanctioned by Scriptural teachings. **The divine commands for the building of the home and the training of the children are given primarily to the man, although meant for both husband and wife. He cannot evade the responsibility; his position as the**

head of the family puts upon him the obligation. Besides, it is not manly that a man should want to put the whole burden on her whom he calls "the weaker vessel." **If his wife is weak and he is so strong, let him remember that it is the privilege and the duty of strength to bear the heavy part of life's burdens.**

There are parts of the home duty which a woman can do infinitely better than a man. Men's hands are clumsy, and often hurt gentle hearts, when it was meant that they should give healing and help. The man has the heavy care of providing for the household. There are tasks, too, for which woman's gentler hands are better fitted. But **let no husband nurse the notion that he has no responsibility for the happiness of his home beyond providing food and clothing and other comforts.** His strong life should be the secure shelter beneath which his wife and children may safely abide. His character should be a continual revealing of the love and truth and holiness of Yahweh. He should live so that, seeing him day after day, his family shall learn to know the beauty of Messiah. **He is the priest of his house, and as such should both speak to Yahweh for his family and speak to them for Yahweh. Through him blessings should come to his home every day.**

BROTHERS and SISTERS have their part in making the home happiness. Yet not always do they live together so as to make the music of the home one glad, sweet song. Sometimes there is a lack of congeniality in their dispositions. Then oftentimes there seems to be the feeling that home affections do not need the culture that other friendships require. **We cannot be brusque, curt, or crude with other people, and expect them to bear patiently with us in spite of our unmannerly behavior.** But we are sure of our 'home friends',---so we let ourselves feel,---and do not need to be gentle and thoughtful towards them. So it is that **in too many homes brothers and sisters live together year after year under the same roof, mingling in the household communion, yet never**

forming close friendships, soul never knitting to soul, strangers to each other's inner life. Thus many rich possibilities of close and holiest friendships are missed.

Another thing that too often mars the home life of brothers and sisters is a spirit of 'commanding' and criticism. **Faults are seen, and openly, and not in a gentle way, pointed out and reprov'd. What one does the others are apt to do; and thus the habit grows, until little but 'sharp speech' and 'inappropriate wrangling' is heard in the home where the conversation might have so much in it of sweetness and profit.**

These are suggestions of ways in which, in too many homes, one of the secrets of happiness is lost. It is possible for brothers and sisters to live together in a home so as to add greatly to the happiness and the richness of the household life, and to be comforts and helps to each other. **It is said that the poet sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, had a secret of happy living together which it were well if all brothers and sisters could learn. "Whatever one felt or endured, because of it she would not inflict any suffering upon her sister! no, not even if that sister had inadvertently been the cause of it. If one sister was out of sorts, she went into her own room, shut her door, and had it out by herself."**

These are good rules to be adopted in other homes. **If we are feeling uncomfortable from any cause, we have no right, according to the law of love, to diffuse our irritations through the household. If we are in any unhappy mood, in which we cannot suppress the ill-humor, we have no right to vent it in the circle of our loved ones, and would far better go to our own room, or out into the fresh air, alone, somewhere, and stay until we have gotten back our sweet spirit again, so that we can scatter roses, not thorns, among our loved ones.**

The possibilities of happiness and blessing among

brothers and sisters can be realized only by cultivating the love that seeks not its own, that is not provoked, that bears all things, endures all things, and never fails (1 Corinthians 13:4-8). **Love's first lesson is that of giving up one's own way, denying one's self, suffering in silence. Where this lesson has been learned, or is being learned, in a household of young people, each thinks of giving to the others, not of taking from them. Each cultivates gentleness and kindness. The speech of the home grows quiet and tender, is never loud nor angry.** The Golden Rule is the law of each life. **There is love, and love that reveals itself in a thousand little ways of courtesy and thoughtfulness---nameless things, but things that make up a home happiness on which heaven's angels look down with delight.**

Not very long can any family life go on unbroken. Death will visit every home. While we may, we should live together sweetly, patiently, loving and serving each other in all beautiful and Messiah-like ways.

The daily home-life of the household carries in it many possibilities of happiness which are not always realized in families. **Some SUGGESTIONS** may be made.

1. One is that love must prevail in all the family life. Let parents keep the confidence and affection of their children as long as they live. **One of the ways to make sure of this is never to tire of the little marks and tokens of love which children naturally give.** The time never comes when it is unmanly for a man to kiss his mother. **In the ideal home every child has a good-night kiss for the parents before parting for bed. Let the children do their part, too, in showing affection. There are homes, chill and cold, which could be warmed into love's richest glow in a little time, if all the household hearts were to grow affectionate to each other.**

2. Another suggestion is, that all family strife and contention should cease. Why should parents discourage their children by continually nagging and finding fault with them? Why should children dishonor their parents by

disobedience, by crude and unfilial treatment, by lack of respect, by refusing to yield to the order of the home? Why should brothers fail in the duties of civility and courtesy to their sisters? Why should sisters show no loving interest in their brothers, and fail to overshadow them as with angel-wings? Why should brothers wrangle and quarrel, separate their interests, and not stand together? Why should sisters have their miserable little disputes, their envies, jealousies and resentments? **Let there be peace in all the home-life.**

3. Another suggestion is, that we should not grow discouraged, even if our homes are not yet what we crave. There are some who feel that the battle is hopeless; that they can never grow into beautiful life and character in their present circumstances. That is a mistake. **It is possible to grow into all the beauty of peace wherever we may be placed. A lily finds its home in a black bog, but blooms into perfect loveliness.**

Suppose that your home-life is discouraging, even to the last degree; yet you may live sweetly in the midst of it, through the grace and help of Yahweh. And who knows but that your sweet life may become the power of Yahweh to change the home-life into heavenliness? Perhaps Yahweh has put you as leaven there, to leaven the whole lump.

I have known a girl go out of a wicked, worldly home to college, to find Messiah and return home a beautiful earnest believer. Then I have seen that home transformed in a few years, by that daughter's quiet influence, into an ideal Believing home.

At least, **though our home be not what we would like it to be, though it lack warmth and tenderness and congeniality, still, while it is our home, it is our duty to stay in it contentedly, and grow in it into beauty.** We know that Yahshua lived until thirty years of age in a humble peasant home, with but little culture and education, amid the privations of poverty and hard toil. **Yet He was not discontented there. He did not complain of the narrowness and the littleness.**

He did not chafe under the limitations and the burdens. There His life grew into that marvelous sweetness, that wondrous beauty, that richness and greatness, which we see in Him, when, at thirty years of age, He went out to begin His ministry. Wherever we are planted, we, too, can grow into strength, nobleness and loveliness.

4. Patience is another lesson in learning to live happily together at home. The children of a family have not all the same tastes. **It is very easy to fall into the habit of criticizing each other. We know how nearly Martha spoiled her home happiness, and her sister's also, by criticism. Criticism never fosters affection; you never loved any one better for criticizing you.** Usually the best service we can do to a brother or sister is to live a sweet, patient, beautiful, Messiah-like life ourselves, leaving to Yahweh the fashioning of their lives. If they are true believers, He is teaching them and putting His own image on their souls. **We might mar this divine work by our criticism.**

Suppose you went into an artist's studio and saw a picture at which he had been working for months, yet unfinished; would you, not being an artist, take up his brush and begin to put touches here and there on the canvas? Each life of husband or wife, child, brother or sister, in your home is a picture which Elohim is painting, and which is yet unfinished. Beware that you mar not His work! So **let us be patient with one another at home. We all have our faults, we all make mistakes---but we can help each other more by loving patience, than by scathing criticism.**

5. True Religion is the great master-secret of all happy home life! The spirit of Messiah alone will enable us to live together in perfect peace and love. **The presence of Messiah in the home is a perpetual blessing. We cannot be selfish, we cannot wrangle and strive, we cannot be bitter and unkind, we cannot be irritable and unreasonable, when conscious of the presence of**

Messiah. If only we can make Messiah an abiding guest in our home, and if we can keep ourselves aware of His being with us, our household life cannot help but grow wondrously sweet!

Into every home, at some time, SORROW comes. Then it is that the blessing of religion is specially revealed. We do not see the stars until the sun goes down. The comforts of Scriptural faith do not reveal themselves to us in their richest light and peace until the darkness of sorrow rests upon our home. But there is light in the darkness when Messiah is the guest. Indeed, it is true that when Messiah is in a home, even sorrow itself becomes one of the secrets of happiness. Our Master's beatitude says---"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted" (Matthew 5:4).

Homes that have never known grief may be very happy in love, and very bright with sweet gladness; but after sorrow has been a guest within their doors, and has left its messages and blessings, there is a depth of quiet joy never experienced before. The family fellowship is sweeter after there has been a break in the circle. The love is tenderer when tears have come into its gladness. A vacant chair is a new and sacred bond in the household life.

But it is only when Messiah is in the home that sorrow sweetens the life. There can be no rainbow without cloud and rain; but neither can there be a rainbow, even with cloud and rain, unless the sun is shining through the falling drops. The rarest splendors of happiness can be known only when sorrow's clouds have overshadowed the home and the rain of tears is falling; but unless the light of divine love is pouring through the tears there can be no splendor of peace and comfort; nothing but darkness and cloud.

Few things we can do in this world are so well worth doing as the making of a beautiful and happy home. He who does this builds a sanctuary for Yahweh and opens a fountain of blessing for men. Far more than we

know, do the strength and beauty of our lives depend upon the home in which we dwell. **He who goes forth in the morning from a happy, loving, prayerful home, into the world's strife, temptation, struggle, and duty, is strong---inspired for noble and victorious living. The children who are brought up in a true home go out trained and equipped for life's battles and tasks, carrying in their hearts a secret of strength which will make them brave and loyal to Yahweh, and will keep them pure in the world's severest temptations.**

We may all do loving service, therefore, by helping to make one of the world's homes,---the one in which we dwell---brighter and happier. No matter how plain it may be, or how old-fashioned, if love is in it, if prayer connects it with heaven, if Messiah's blessing is upon it, it will be a transfigured spot! Poverty is no severe trial if the home is full of bright cheer. The hardest toil is light if love sings its songs amid the clatter.

"Dear Moss," said the thatched roof on an old ruin, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged, really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little. You will hide all my infirmities and defects; and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come," said the moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, until every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old thatched roof looked bright and fair, a picture of rare beauty, in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the roof looks!" cried one who saw it. "How beautiful the thatched roof looks!" said another. "Ah," said the old thatched roof, "rather let them say, 'How beautiful is the loving moss!' For it spends itself in covering up all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace, making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

So it is that love covers the plainness and the coarseness of the lowliest home. It hides its

dreariness and its faults. It softens its roughness. It changes its pain into profit, and its loss into gain.

Let us live more for our homes. Let us love one another more. Let us cease to complain, criticize and contradict each other. Let us be more patient with each other's faults. Let us not keep back the warm loving words that lie in our hearts until it is too late for them to give comfort. Soon separations will come. One of every wedded pair will stand by the other's coffin and grave. Then every bitter word spoken, and every neglect of love's duty, will be as a thorn in the heart.

Thomas Carlyle, that gifted author, when he passed the spot where he had last seen his wife alive, would bare his old head in wind or rain, his features wrung with bitter, unavailing sorrow. "Oh", he would say, "if I could see her but for five minutes, to assure her that I really cared for her throughout all that time! But she never knew it---she never knew it!"

We must give account for our idle silences as well as for our idle words.

"Happy the home when
Yahweh is there,
And love fills every
breast;
When one their wish, and
one their prayer,
And one their heavenly
rest.

Happy the home where
Yahshua's Name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp
His fame,
And parents hold Him
dear.

Happy the home where
prayer is heard,
And praise is used to
rise;
Where parents love the
sacred Word
That makes us truly wise.

Yah, let us in our homes
agree,
This blessed peace to
gain;
Until our hearts in love to
Thee,
And love to all will reign."

- Henry Ware

The Poem Page

FOR EACH CHILD

Yahweh looked down on His creation, it was beautiful to see:
Flowing rivers, mighty oceans, flowers blooming, fruitful trees,
Cattle grazing on green hillsides, kittens romping playfully,
Bright birds winging through the heavens as they sang contentedly.

But the man whom Yah had fashioned in His image, looking round,
Stood alone; among these creatures not a mate for him was found.
While he slept, our El in mercy, took a rib from Adam's side,
Formed a fair and lovely maiden, and presented earth's first bride.

Then in time He gave unto them little children, boys and girls,
To enrich their lives with beauty like a diadem of pearls.
Thus, in wisdom, He established for each child, the right to know
All the safety, love, and comfort of a home in which to grow.

Love of father, love of mother, in a happy, growing clan,
Sheltered, nurtured, trained, protected, this was Yah's all-perfect
plan.

Fathers who would read the Scripture, and explain its meaning, too,
By their words and by their actions, by the things they say and do,
As they earn the family living, daily bread and daily meat,
Ice cream, candy, shirts, and dresses, shoes for busy, growing feet.
Car expense and income taxes, 'lectric bills and doctor's fees,
Rent and toys and many other take-for-granted things like these.
Fathers who tell cheerful stories, build a sandbox or a swing,
Fix a wash machine or wagon, almost any broken thing.

Fathers who will teach obedience with a steady, loving hand;
Who know how to make decisions, and upon them firmly stand;
Who will worship Yah no matter how the world may scoff and

stare,
For they need the strength and wisdom gained from walking with
Yah in prayer.

Fathers who relax at evening in a toddler's warm caress:
Oh, how many things are missing in a life that's fatherless!

And, of course, there must be mothers, for there's no one else
would do
All the washing, ironing, mending, cooking, baking, cleaning, too,
With no salary or paycheck, asking only this as pay:
Just the privilege of leading sons and daughters to Yahweh.

Mothers who love little babies even when they fuss and cry;
Who find jackets, caps, and boots when the snow comes from the
sky.

Who with gentleness and love teach their boys and girls
Reading, writing, and mathematics and love for the Maker of the
world.

Mothers who kiss bumps and bruises, soothing all the hurt away;
Who will listen to your problems; who know how to watch and
pray.
Mothers who can keep on singing, till a long, long day is through;
Who have faith and quiet courage, and inspire the same in you.

Love of father, love of mother, in a happy family,
Sheltered, nurtured, guided, treasured, till you gain maturity,
And begin another circle, which the pattern shall repeat,
As our Father smiles upon us with a benediction sweet.

*"Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy
children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus
shall the man be blessed that feareth Yahweh." (Psalm 128:3,4)*

Words to "For Each Child" taken from *Stepping Stones* by Ada L. Wine,

The Children's Page

EVEN MESSIAH OUR PASSOVER WAS
SACRIFICED FOR US.

These words, taken from 1 Corinthians 5:7, are hidden in the word search below. See if you can find them. The words may be going in any direction – up, down, across, backwards, or diagonal – so look carefully.

H G B E T B M P I E
G K E V Q G I E M N
U I W E B T J L N D
N T S N O R C S E W
R Q P M I R O C R A
T M N L T K I F E S
O N U N L F C A V T
M E S S I A H Q O M
T Q J R H V M B S N
F M C G M O B S S K
A A R T L U Z H A L
S Z R N X R C W P R

Thoughts To Ponder

PLEASE DON'T APOLOGIZE TO ME

(or, TREASURE EACH OTHER)

Rivqah Coover, age 19, 02-03-2009

My mother was just getting ready to take the baby up to bed, and she said to me, "Oh, there's a diaper out there in the utility room that never got washed out. Could you just do that before you come up to bed?" She added apologetically, "I'm sorry to leave that for you."

Mama, please don't apologize to me. I want to wash that diaper out.

Several years ago, Yahweh gave us a baby. I loved that baby with all my heart. He was so precious and wonderful to me. But we lost him. The pain that I felt when I lost my little brother was so great that I can't even begin to describe to you how wounded my heart was. Only the love and faithfulness of Yahweh and my family pulled me through.

Three weeks ago, another baby was born into our family. I love her with all my heart too.

I remember listening to a CD message, some months ago, on which a young lady was talking of a mother who complained about the dirty diapers she had to change. This young woman who was speaking said in an earnest voice, "I would give anything to be able to change a little baby's diaper." And I cried when I heard her say that, for I had no baby's diaper to change.

No, Mama, please don't apologize to me about a whole pile of diapers that need washed out. I am so thrilled to have a baby

sister! I love to wash her diapers out, and I mean that from the bottom of my heart! I love to bathe her. I love to soothe her. I love to change her messy diapers. I love to change her clothes. I love to sing to her and read Yahweh's Word to her. I love to look at her. I love to pray for her.

Each one of my sisters are precious to me (including my sister-in-law... You're one of my sisters too!). Each one of my brothers are precious to me. My nephew and niece are precious to me. My father and mother are precious to me. I have always treasured them, but when I lost my little brother a few years ago, it reminded me more than ever to treasure my family members while I have them.

So, no, there is nothing to apologize for.

I am not trying to say that I always serve my family cheerfully. I still have much to work on. But the cry of my heart is to cherish them and appreciate them and serve them from a heart overflowing with love. They are so very priceless to me, and I just want to encourage each one of you mothers, and daughters and sisters, and fathers, and sons and brothers, and grandparents, and aunts, and uncles, to treasure the precious people in your life. Life on this earth is lent to all of us, and none of us know how long we will have each other. We can make each day count by loving and prizing and delighting in each other. Even menial or seemingly unpleasant tasks become a joy and a delight when we do them with a heart of boundless love. May that boundless love overflow in your family.

".... Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (1 John 3:18)

"By love serve one another." (Galatians 5:13b)

"Let all your things be done with love." (1 Corinthians 16:14)

Family

Story

Time



Tzereth's family does not believe that Yahweh will really smite down the firstborn, but Tzereth knows that He will. What is going to happen if her father refuses to put the blood on the door?

Pass Over Me Tonight.....

Rivqah Coover

I am **צרת**, Tzereth, Splendor. My father named me. When I was born, he took me in his arms and laughed. He said, "This is **צרת**, Tzereth. The splendor shall never depart from **ישראל**, Israel. We may be slaves now, but we will not remain so very long, for **יהוה**, Yahweh will soon deliver us." He laughed again. "Pharoah thinks he's got it all under his thumb, but the real **אלהים**, Elohim will soon reveal His **צרת**, splendor, and **ישראל**, Israel will rise up in the stead of her father **אברהם**, Abraham." But it took too long. **אלהים**, Elohim did not come soon enough, and my father lost hope. So did my mother. And now **יהוה**, Yahweh is just about ready to deliver us, and neither they nor my nineteen-year-old brother **צדק**, Tzadaq, Justice believe. **צדק**, Tzadaq says that there never really will

be justice unless we can come up with some plan of revenge against Pharoah.

At first my heart was filled with excitement and delight. **יהוה**, Yahweh smote the Egyptians with one plague after another. I knew it was just a matter of time until they would tire of the continual troubles and loose their hold on the chosen people, **ישראל**, Israel. But my family's opinion was different. "This **משה**, Moses pretends he's really sent of **יהוה**, Yahweh," my father spat angrily. "But if **יהוה**, Yahweh wanted to deliver us He would get it taken care of. He wouldn't keep teasing us with Pharoah's empty promises. **יהוה**, Yahweh cares nothing for us, and will leave us in bondage until we die."

"Father, please don't talk like that," I pleaded. "Remember what **יהוה**, Yahweh instructed **משה**, Moses to tell Pharoah the other day? He told him, 'And in very deed, for this have I raised thee up, for to shew in thee My power, and that My Name might be declared throughout all the earth.'"¹

"**צרת**, Tzereth, you be quiet about it," my father commanded harshly. "You are only 15 years old. Do you think that just because **משה**, Moses says that **יהוה**, Yahweh tells him to say these things, that that is a fact? What **משה**, Moses is doing is making a laughingstock of **ישראל**, Israel, and causing us to be hated with a fiercer hatred."

I fell silent. It is no use to try to change my father's mind. But in my heart I know that Yahweh will deliver us very soon.

~~~~~

I have been tearfully pleading with my family on and off all day, but nothing I say will persuade them. Now I watch **צדק**, Tzadaq with the dread that is born of love for one's brother.

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<sup>1</sup> Exodus 9:16

He will not hear. Nor will Father and Mother. **משה**, Moses commanded, “Draw out and take you a lamb, according to your families, and kill the **פסח**, Passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the basin: and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For **יהוה**, Yahweh will pass through to smite the Egyptians, and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel and on the two side posts, **יהוה**, Yahweh will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.”<sup>2</sup> When **משה**, Moses gave this command, Father openly roared these words in **משה**, Moses’ face: “I will do no such thing! Quit acting like it’s up to you to tell us what to do!” And when he carried home the message to the family, **צדק**, Tzadak put his chin out defiantly and declared that such instructions were nonsense. “That **משה**, Moses must just want to see how stupid we are,” he growled.

But in spite of all of this, I have always loved **צדק**, Tzadak. He has been my strong and adored big brother. I have always respected him. It has saddened me that he cannot see the soon-coming deliverance of **שדי**, Shaddai, the Almighty, but that has not decreased my love for him. Now I behold him with sorrow. In fourteen days he will die... unless **יהוה**, Yahweh saves him on my behalf.

~~~~~

Every day as I labor for the Egyptians, I cry. Every time I speak with **צדק**, Tzadak, I have to fight tears. In spite of my “ridiculous notions”, as he calls my belief, he still loves me very much. He still looks at me with that fond expression on his face, speaks with that tender brotherliness that he always has

² Exodus 12:21-23

spoken with, and smiles with his old engaging smile when he’s teasing me. All of this calls forth the tears of love and heartache that I find hard to control. And every night when our little dwelling is quiet, I cry softly into my pillow. With each passing day my heart breaks more and more, for each night is a countdown of the few remaining days I have left with my beloved brother.

Now it is the tenth day of the month. All around me, Israelite families are selecting their **פסח**, Passover lambs. I have only four days left with **צדק**, Tzadak. My heart is torn in pieces. How can Father be so blind? How can Mother not see that she will soon lose her firstborn? How can **צדק**, Tzadak be so foolish? Oh my foolish and erring brother, cherished in my heart, you are rushing blindly and stubbornly to your death!

~~~~~

It is a quiet evening. Everywhere in Goshen the lambs are being slaughtered. Now the blood is being spread on the doorways, a sign of humble belief in **יהוה**, Yahweh. Our home is different. No lamb was chosen on the tenth day of the month. Mother is cooking herb rice for supper. Father is engaged in a conversation with **צדק**, Tzadaq. I am sitting watching my brother with longing in my heart, with an intense desire to somehow stop what is about to happen. I contain myself for a while, but finally I can bear it no longer and I burst into tears. Running to my father, I grab his arm. “Father! Please, PLEASE go and ask one of our neighbors for some of the blood from their lamb!”

Father shakes me off. “**צרת**, Tzereth, go help your mother,” he says irritably. “You need something to do.”

“I’ll be glad when this night is over,” **צדק**, Tzadak mutters. “Then **צרת**, Tzereth will be able to act normal again.”

“**צדק**, Tzadak,” I cry in agony. “You will not live to see the

morning. You will not know when this night is over unless we do something fast.”

“צרת, Tzereth, I don’t want to hear any more of it. Do you hear me?” my father asks sternly.

Numbly I begin to set the table. It is useless. There is nothing I can do except watch my brother die. *Oh יהוה, Yahweh!* I cry inwardly. *Please look down from heaven and behold the faith of Your handmaiden. Please let צדק, Tzadak live for my sake. It is not my fault that Father will not obey You. How can You be so cruel to me and take my only brother when it is not my fault?*

~~~~~

When everyone is asleep I silently creep out of my bed and over to where my brother slumbers peacefully. Now my days with him are decreased to hours. Lying my hand ever so gently on his wavy black hair I let the tears fall. I drink in every aspect of his handsome features that I can: his thick eyebrows, his slightly-parted lips, his eyes that are so perceptive when they are open, his short beard that has been growing for just seven months, his large nose, his sun-tanned cheeks, his wavy hair that comes down over his forehead, his ears that have taken in everything I have told him..... except one thing, the most important thing. Everything about him is seared on my mind and in my heart. I will never forget. But as I kneel by his bedside, it is a constant struggle to control my sobs lest I wake him.

Midnight is drawing near. Isn’t Father going to rise and seek to reverse the terrible punishment in the last few hours that he has left to do so? Isn’t Mother going to slip out of bed and come check her son, lay her tender hand against his cheek, and make sure he’s OK? No. Midnight comes closer and closer. The time appointed of יהוה, Yahweh and spoken by משה, Moses is about to be upon us. Good-bye, צדק, Tzadak. I love you so much.

~~~~~

In the quiet of the night I sensed the presence of דשחת, ha sachat, the destroyer. Some obscure note of destruction filled our dwelling, a tense feeling enveloped me, the darkness seemed blacker than before, and I knew that my vigil was over. Terrified, I grabbed צדק, Tzadak’s hand, no longer worried about waking him up. If only I COULD wake him and lead him off of the path of death.... but it was too late. Aroused by my sudden grasping of his hand, צדק, Tzadak stirred and began to pull away from me. But suddenly he gripped my hand with a wrenching pressure that made me cry out, and at the same moment he let loose a holler of fear and pain. His arm shook violently, and then the hand that had been so strong for a moment fell limply to the bed. He was gone.... I knew it. And with his departure, the presence of דשחת, the destroyer, also glided away.

I began to wail. My voice rose with a piercing and bitter cry that woke my parents. “צרת, Tzereth, are you doing it again?” asked my mother with irritation in her sleepy voice.

“Mother, he’s gone!” I cried. “Father, he’s dead!”

For the first time, Father and Mother did not silence my words of dread. For the first time they took me serious. Mother came tearing over to צדק, Tzadak’s bedside. Father shuffled hurriedly after her, calling his son’s name. I rose, feeling as if I were a walking dead woman, and lit a flame. My father seized it from me and held it near צדק, Tzadak. Then my mother too began to wail. She took me in her arms and cried bitterly. Even my father sat down on the edge of his bed, buried his face in his hands, and shook with sobs. It was a horrible nightmare, and yet it was a reality.

~~~~~

We are leaving מצרים, Mitzrayim, Egypt. But we are also

leaving **צדק**, Tzadak. My father's face is expressionless, as though he is trying to block out all of the horror that he feels. Tears fall from my mother's eyes as she walks beside our flocks. We are surrounded by fellow Israelites who are rejoicing at the miraculous hand of **אלהים**, Elohim in smiting **ישראל**, Israel's enemies and delivering her. But we travel in sorrow and destitution, fervently desiring to be alone and away from all of the thanksgiving of our neighbors.

We have stopped to rest for the night. Now **משה**, Moses stands up before everyone. I glance at my father. His eyes are downcast. It must be hard to face this man who looked out for the well being of his people. It must be hard to face this man whom he had openly scorned. It must be hard to face this man whose predictions had been true.

משה, Moses begins to speak: "You have seen how **יהוה**, Yahweh has smitten the firstborn of **מצרים**, Egypt, their pride and future. Now, unto you who have been delivered by your faith in **אלהים**, Elohim, **שדי**, Shaddai, the Almighty says: 'Sanctify unto Me all the first born, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of **ישראל**, Israel, both of man and of beast: it is mine.'³ My mother weeps quietly by my side. My father bows his head in grief.

~~~~~

I am lying awake in our tent. I cannot sleep. I still hear muffled sniffing coming from my mother. I feel **צדק**, Tzadak's absence, and shiver with remembrance and sorrow. I lie here trying to remember everything that I can about **צדק**, Tzadak: his face, his manly stride, his gentle kindness, his lack of belief, his stubbornness, his laughing and teasing, his brotherly kindness. Now and then tears well up in my eyes and I have

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<sup>3</sup> Exodus 13:1

to stifle a sob.

By and by, everything grows still. I hear the slow even breathing of my mother. Then, a dark shadow arises. It is my father. He emerges from his place of repose and quietly goes out into the night. In the soft glow that comes from the moon, I see him kneel on the ground and lift his arms to **אל שדי**, El Shaddai. I hear him whisper in a grief-stricken voice, "**יהוה**, Yahweh, I have no firstborn to give you." He pauses for a long moment, then whispers again, his tone now one of dedication and purpose. "But heavenly **אב**, Ab, Father, from henceforth and for ever I give You my all. I give You myself." Then, with humble pleading, "Take my sins far from me. Wash away the filth that has built up in my heart. In Your mercy, **אב**, Father, pass over me and my family tonight."

For the first time in many days a surge of thanksgiving and gladness passes over me. A heavy weight is lifted from my heart. I want to lift my hands in thanksgiving to **יהוה**, Yahweh, but I refrain from doing so just in case Father should see and know that I am awake. My father rises from his prayer and comes back into the tent. He draws near to where I am lying. I squeeze my eyes tight shut and lay as still as I can. Then I feel his shadow over me as he stoops and kisses my cheek.

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# A Voice To The Young

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## KISSED HIS MOTHER

She sat on the porch in the sunshine  
As I went down the street—  
A woman whose hair was silver,  
But whose face was blossom sweet,  
Making me think of a garden,  
When, in spite of frost and snow  
Of bleak November weather,  
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,  
And the sound of a merry laugh,  
And I knew the heart it came from  
Would be like a comforting staff  
In the time and the hour of trouble,  
Hopeful and brave and strong,  
One of the hearts to lean on,  
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,  
And met his many look;  
A face like his gives me pleasure,  
Like the page of a pleasant book.  
It told of steadfast purpose,  
Of a brave and daring will;  
A face with a promise in it,  
That, [Yahweh] grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,  
I saw the woman's eyes  
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,  
As the sunshine warms the skies.

"Back again, sweetheart mother,"  
He cried, and bent to kiss  
That loving face that was uplifted  
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on.  
I hold that this is true—  
From lads in love with their mothers  
Our bravest heroes grew.  
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,  
Since the time the earth began;  
And the boy who kisses his mother  
Is every inch a man!

*-Christian Intelligencer*

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