

BFT Update: JAN-FEB-MAR., 2012

THE BIBLE FOR TODAY MINISTRIES

900 Park Avenue/Collingswood, New Jersey 08108

E-MAIL: BFT@BibleForToday.org/ WEB PAGE: [www. BibleForToday.org](http://www.BibleForToday.org)

Phones: 856-854-4452, order-phone only: 1-800-John 10:9



DR. & MRS. D. A. WAITE, JULY 2011
A NEW YEAR/A NEW DAY
TO SERVE THE LORD–2012!

REFLECTING ON BFT MATERIALS
DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE

Recently my husband, Dr. D. A. Waite—the founder and director of **THE BIBLE FOR TODAY MINISTRIES**—and I were reflecting on the number of books, pamphlets, tapes, CD's & DVD's that the BFT has in its arsenal of materials defending and proclaiming the **KING JAMES BIBLE** and its **UNDERLYING TEXTS**. In our **FREQUENTLY REQUESTED MATERIALS ORDER-FORM**, there are over **NINETY** items listed. That form is for people like you to order for information and

study on this textual subject. B-U-T T-H-E-R-E I-S M-O-R-E!!

DR. WAITE'S PRIMER BOOK: DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE

My husband's primer book, **DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE (BFT # 1594-P @ \$12.00 + \$7.00 S&H)** lists at least one thousand titles of pertinent information. Hundreds of preachers, students, Sunday School teachers, as well as college and seminary professors, have cut their "KJB" teeth on **DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE. (BFT #1594-P)**

Just as I began to write you this BFT UPDATE, my husband told me that he received an E-MAIL from a bookstore in the UNITED KINGDOM inquiring how much it would cost to send a shipment of **DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE** to them.

UPDATING THE BFT CATALOG

As I speak, Dr. Waite is updating our BIBLE FOR TODAY CATALOG. Our Webmaster suggested that my husband do this, as the BFT CATALOG has been greatly neglected. The last catalog entry was made—for the most part—over a dozen years ago. That last entered BFT number was BFT #3004. "BFT #3004" is a small pamphlet entitled *TWENTY-THREE REASONS WHY I PREACH FROM THE KING JAMES BIBLE* by Missionary Jaradinel. Personally, I never heard of this item or of the author, BUT that doesn't mean anything. (I have not worked actively for the BFT for almost twenty years.)

OVER 500 TO GO!

This current project of updating our much neglected BFT CATALOG is a major work! My husband tells me the last assigned BFT catalog number entered was #3004. Dr. Waite has to enter over 500 MORE ITEMS into the catalogue before it is up-to-date. THEN IT WILL HAVE ITS FULL BIBLE FOR TODAY OFFERS LISTED FOR YOU TO ORDER. Of course, as he works, new offers will be coming in. SOON, DR. WAITE'S BOOK ON REVELATION SHOULD BE FINISHED. As of this writing, he is working with his helpers on Revelation 18.

Thankfully, a friend from Northern Pennsylvania did some preliminary work on the catalog project a few years ago. How thankful Dr. Waite is for this work! It has helped! NOW ACTUALLY—the job of entering the BFT NUMBERS into the computer has fallen to Dr. Waite and this friend. I AM GLAD I AM NOT DOING IT, AS THE WHOLE CATALOG WOULD BE MIXED UP!!

THE BIBLE FOR TODAY MINISTRIES— A MAJOR SOURCE FOR KJB DEFENSE

I AM GOING INTO ALL OF THIS TO REMIND YOU AND ME THAT THE BIBLE FOR TODAY IS A M-A-J-O-R SOURCE FOR KING JAMES BIBLE TEXTUAL DEFENSE MATERIALS.

When I went into my husband's office—just now—to ask him about how many items must be entered into the catalog, **PASTOR WAITE REMINDED ME THAT MANY OF THE KING JAMES DEFENSE OFFERS ARE TAPES, CD'S, DVD'S AND VIDEOS.** MOST OF THESE VALUABLE DVD'S OF KJB TEACHINGS MAY NOT FOUND ANY PLACE ELSE!

Many friends do not know that it is the BIBLE FOR TODAY equipment that is used to record all THE DEAN BURGON SOCIETY'S messages all their 33

years. For the past seventeen or eighteen years, it has been DANIEL WAITE'S SKILL that has produced those videos. Before Dan came to be with us, my husband did the technical work. I was the videographer. But now, with such advanced techniques, Dan is the man! By the way, DANIEL WAITE is doing an excellent job as the new Managing Editor of THE DEAN BURGON NEWS. Hope you are reading it as it comes to you via your computer.

DR. WAITE AT PRINCETON LIBRARY

I well remember when Dr. Waite drove over to the Princeton Seminary Library and checked out Burgon's books, copying them and producing them in copy machine format so you could have them. BECAUSE OF THAT EARLY "PIONEER WORK," YOU CAN HAVE BURGON BOOKS IN PRINTED BOOK FORM. *(Sometimes I think people forget.)*

Books by John William Burgon

SEND \$8.00 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING

THE REVISION REVISED: BFT #611 @\$25.00 + S&H

THE LAST 12 VERSES OF MARK: BFT #1139 @ \$15.00 +S&H

THE TRADITIONAL TEXT: BFT #1159 @ \$15.00 + S&H

CAUSES OF CORRUPTION OF TRADITIONAL TEXT: BFT #1160 @\$16.00

INSPIRATION AND INTERPRETATION: BFT #1220 @ \$25.00 + S&H

DR. MOORMAN'S BOOKS PUT IN PRINT

Dr. Jack Moorman's books have been put in print because Dr. Waite saw VALUE in this scholar's research. Just think of what the world would have missed if Dr. Waite had not learned of Dr. Moorman's works and printed them—first in copy machine format and now in print. I well remember when a missionary from South Africa came to our house and told my husband about JACK MOORMAN and his textual studies. That was the beginning of the publication of Dr. Moorman's brilliant research.

MOORMAN'S BOOKS

FOREVER SETTLED: BFT #1429 @ \$20.00 + S&H

HODGES/FARSTAD'S MAJORITY TEXT REFUTED: BFT #1617 @\$16.00 + S&H

CONIES, BRASS, AND EASTER: BFT #1737 @\$4.00 + S&H

I JOHN 5: 7-8 AUTHENTICATED AND SUMMARIZED: BFT #2249 @ \$2.00 + S&H

PSALM 12:6-7 AND BIBLE PRESERVATION: BFT #2524 @ \$2.00 + S&H

MODERN BIBLES—THE DARK SECRET: BFT #2623 @ \$5.00 + S&H

BIBLE CHRONOLOGY—THE TWO GREAT DIVIDES: BFT #2934 @ \$16.00

356 DOCTRINAL ERRORS IN THE NIV & OTHERS: BFT #2956 @ \$10.00 + S&H

8,000 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN TR & CT: BFT #3084 @\$20.00 + S&H

SAMUEL TREGELLES & THE CRITICAL TEXT: BFT #3195 @ \$2.00 + S&H

MISSING IN MODERN BIBLES-- OLD HERESY REVIVED: BFT #3426 @ \$14 + S&H

THE BIBLE FOR TODAY HEADQUARTERS WHY WE MOVED TO COLLINGSWOOD 46 YRS AGO

As you may, or may not, know THE BFT has settled down right here in our home on the corner of Park and Dill Avenues. Dr. Waite and I moved to COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY, in June of 1965. We came here from NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, with our four children—three boys and a girl. Soon our fifth child and fourth son, DANIEL WAITE was born. Much has happened on this corner these past forty-six years.

The reason we moved to Collingswood, was that my husband was hired to be the Associate of Dr. CARL MCINTIRE in his TWENTIETH CENTURY REFORMATION HOUR radio program, which, at that time, blanketed much of the USA radio waves. Usually Dr. Waite was gone on weekend meetings, stirring up the churches for God and country, collecting money, and pushing the Twentieth Century Reformation Hour radio broadcasts.

BUT, AS TIME WENT ON, DR. WAITE DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD REALLY BEEN HIRED FOR HIS Ph.D. So he found himself driving one hour and a half one way twice a week--Tuesdays & Thursdays-- to CAPE MAY, New Jersey, where he was the professor of Greek and Speech at Shelton College—a Christian college that had moved from North Jersey to South Jersey for some reason. I modified our little boy's schedule so he could see his daddy.

When I say that we came to Collingswood from Massachusetts, I don't want you to think that we are native New Englanders. No! Both my husband and I are from Ohio—born and reared there. We graduated from Berea High School in 1945. As I put on the spectacles of time, it seems like yesterday. **The startling fact is that the United States of America was only 169 years old when we graduated from high school.** Our country was born, 151 years *previous* to our births in 1927. The Declaration Of Independence was declared in 1776. My mother-in-law, **Helen Waite**, was born in 1900—so the USA was only 124 years old at that time. My Grandmother, **Jenny Barker**, was born in 1883. That means the our country was only 107 years old.

As I contemplate all of this, I am realizing once again what a young country we are. What progress we have made! But now the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS CRUMBLING UNDER OUR FEET. Something has to be done to change the direction of our precious land or we will go the way of the wind and all flesh. **Socialism is showing its ugly face under our present leadership.** HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO BLIND? **Taking from the rich and giving to the poor brings poverty to all. THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A MORE IMPORTANT TIME FOR PRAYER AND ACTION AS NOW OR BEFORE!**

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even for evermore. (Psalm 121)*

A FEW WORKS BY DR. D. A. WAITE

BURGON'S WARNING ON REVISION: BFT #804 @ \$7.00 + S&H
THE CASE FOR THE KING JAMES BIBLE: BFT #83 @ \$7.00 + S&H
THEOLOGICAL HERESIES OF WESTCOTT & HORT: BFT #595 @ \$7.00 + S&H

WESTCOTT'S HERESY ON BODILY RESURRECTION: BFT # 1131 @ \$ 7.00 + S&H
KJB/1611 COMPARED TO KJB 1769: BFT #1294 @ \$2.00 + S&H
KING JAMES VERSION ANALYZED (2000+): BFT #1442 @ \$10.00 @ \$10.00 + S&H
NEW AMERICAN STANDARD VERSION ANALYZED (4000+): BFT #1494 @ \$15.00 + S&H
DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE : BFT #1594-P @ \$12.00 + S&H
THE NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION ANALYZED (6,653+): BFT #1749 @ \$25.00 + S&H
TEN REASONS WHY DBS DESERVES ITS NAME: BFT #1847 @ \$7.00 + S&H
FOUR REASONS WHY DBS DESERVES ITS NAME: BFT #2423 @ \$2.00 + S&H
VINDICATION OF MARK 16:9-10-SUMMARIZED: BFT #2506 @ \$3.00 + S&H
DEAN BURGON'S CONFIDENCE IN THE KJB: BFT #2591 @ \$3.00 + S&H
WESTCOTT/HORT'S TEST/THEORY REFUTED: BFT #2695 @ \$3.00 + S&H
CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH VERSION REFUTED: BFT #2721 @ \$4.00 + S&H
THE GREATEST POSSESSION-JOHN 3:16 EXPOUNDED: BFT #2741 @ \$2.00 + S&H
NIV EXCLUSIVE LANGUAGE EDITION: BFT #2768 @ \$7.00 + S&H
SUMMARY OF BURGON'S TRADITIONAL TEXT: BFT #2771 @ \$4.00

THE WAITE'S BEREA, OHIO, TRIP "SEPTEMBER 2010" CONTINUED PART #4

"FIFTEEN-FORTY-THREE "

by

Yvonne S. Waite

I've been waiting for months to tell you of the next-to-the last episode of our trip to our hometown of Berea, Ohio. That was September of 2010. I was interrupted in my reporting by THE DEAN BURGON SOCIETY'S ANNUAL MEETING here in Collingswood. If you remember it was in July of 2011. Have you ordered the tapes of that historic meeting yet? (BFT #4015/1-8 @ \$24.00; 4015DVD or VHS/1-3 @ \$30.00 + S&H)

We were in Berea, Ohio, if you remember, in September of 2010. It had been years and years since being there. It was such a joy to look around the area, to see our "home" church, to visit some dear friends (one of them, CLARENCE JANDECKA, just went to Heaven last month), and see my sister's grave, as well as a peek at the homes where both my husband and I lived during much of our teenage years.

One of the dear things my husband did for me the last day we were in Ohio was to take a trip to "1543." Now I know that "1543" means nothing to you; but for me it is filled with nostalgic memories. It is the house number where I lived as a child.



RED LIGHTS & GAS STATIONS

"1543" was not the first house I remember. (I have no memory of any house prior to my hospital stay, but I have pictures.) The first house was on Attica Road. It was to Attica Road that my parents took me straight from RAINBOW HOSPITAL FOR POOR AND CRIPPLED

CHILDREN. [Now RAINBOW is a part of University Hospitals Case Medical Center] I was in that hospital for three years. I must have been about five and a half years--not quite six years old--when I left my bed in that place. **It was on ATTICA ROAD that I learned to walk up stairs, sit on a chair, and learned what a bathroom was.** It was to ATTICA ROAD that I took my first car ride that I could remember. The gas stations were a thing of curiosity. And red lights were frightening! They had to be obeyed! It was to Attica Road that



I wore a dress—not hospital clothes—for the first time in three years. It was from ATTICA ROAD that I saw the field of goldenrod glowing in the morning sun. **But-- I am not talking about Attica Road. I want to tell you about "1543".**

KINDERGARTEN & FIRST GRADE

Very soon—before I attended school or kindergarten, we moved to Wagar Avenue. I am not sure what year that was. I was born in 1927 and lived in the hospital three years—so I suppose the year was 1930 or 1931. Probably somewhere in my house here in Collingswood there are the books with dates in them, but I don't know where—probably in some of the family picture albums I have upstairs. They had half-year grades at MADISON AVENUE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. I started school in the middle of the year with a class full of children who must have had birthdays at the beginning of the year. Mine is in February. (I had a few days of kindergarten.)

A MAJESTIC MIDDLE SCHOOL



So, in September of 2010, when my husband and I drove down Madison Avenue to Wagar Avenue, I felt a wave of nostalgia sweeping over me like a calm ocean breeze. I saw the sign that said "WAGAR AVE." There it was! I saw the school on Madison Avenue to the left of the car. We stopped. It was not my school! My school was gone! I was not surprised. My old building was replaced! There stood a majestic middle school!

CRUTCHES & UGLY BROWN SHOES

It was at Madison Avenue School that I learned to read. I am trying to remember—I think I attended there into fourth grade—maybe third. How well I remember the vowels and the consonants. Those reading-learning lessons—how good to remember! But—most of all, I remember the children who stared at me. My brown high top shoes were ugly shoes—so different from the other children's shoes. Then, there were my wooden crutches! (I have one of them on my kitchen wall this very day. It reminds me from whence I came.) All the children stared at me. Some stuck their tongues out at me. That was okay. I could walk! I could learn! I was in the normal world! I came from a place about which none of them knew—a completely different world. The memory of sick children with their legs or arms, or both, in traction up in the air, haunt me to this day. I was glad to be like the other children. School was exciting. Everything was so new!

SKIPPING WITH BOTH FEET

I remember the long walk home from school—my crutches and me! Soon I would learn to skip with both feet like the other children. Soon I would learn to run, to roller skate, to fall down, and to get up again. I had children friends on my street. There was **Gloria**, her sister **Lois**, and their brother **Eber**. They were Scandinavian, I think. For some reason, I cannot remember their last name. I think it began with an "H." I enjoyed playing at their house. One thing though, we could only play in the kitchen or outside. At my house, my mother let us play in the other rooms.

A CIGARETTE & DRESS-UP CLOTHES

Down the street on the other side of my house, lived JOAN. She was younger than I—a very pretty little girl with big brothers who adored her. They pulled her in a wagon. I remember that her house had beautiful furniture, and she had gorgeous "dress-up" clothes. I loved playing "dress-up" with her. There was no television to stunt our imaginations. I never saw such beautiful things. One time, shortly before we moved from "1543," she gave me a cigarette for "dress-up." She must have stolen it. I had no intention of smoking it—and I never did, but used to like to play with it and look in the mirror for pretending. I only remember doing this once. I never saw a woman smoke in those days—only in a magazine picture. I remember being told that a lady did not smoke in public or on a public street, but a man could. When we moved, I did not know what to do. So I hid that cigarette in a "dress-up" purse! I did not know how to get rid of it. It became a problem for months. My heart condemned me! My mother didn't know about it, but God did. It was many years before I ever told my mother. I had never kept anything from her. It bothered me. Even to this day, the fact that I deceived my mother, bothers me.

DOLLS & TOYS, TRICYCLES & GAMES

It was at Wagar Avenue that my sister Beverly was born. WE WERE THREE SISTERS! My mother called us her "three bears." The heartache that would be our family's over Beverly's birth would not be ours yet. We did not know she had brain damage then. "**OUR UNKNOWN IS NOT UNKNOWN TO GOD!**" I say this on my radio program a lot. I believe it!

I remember the little old lady and her electric car. That closed car looked like a stage coach without horses. It quietly moved down our street with great dignity. **Who could forget the "paper-rags man" and his growling voice?** I remember the ice truck delivering huge hunks of ice for the ice boxes of the neighborhood. No refrigerators then. If you needed ice, the lady of the house placed a sign in her window that said, "ICE!" The brave neighborhood boys with skates or bikes grabbed the truck for a free ride down the block. And in the winter, the snow-filled street was a wonder as children sledged up and down in front of our houses. There was always packed-down

snow on the streets and sidewalks in winter.

COAL TRUCKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL, & STREET GAMES

I remember the coal truck that poured coal and soot through a basement window into the basement's coal bin. I remember the side door that I used when I came home from school, and the little door where the milk man put our milk to keep it out of the weather. In those days milk came in bottles, and the cream would rise to the top and freeze in the winter. There was no pasteurization. In fact, it was the TUBERCULOSIS GERM in the *unpasteurized milk* that made me sick. It gave me TB of the bone.

We also played "cars" running like mad trying to touch trees and posts and bushes before the car passed the house. Those were the days before television when neighbors knew each other, often sitting on the porch watching the children play. There was no air conditioning—only fans, open windows, and cool lemonade.

I went to church from "1543" for the first time that I could remember ever going to church. In the hospital, a lady brought Sunday School papers to us children. Church was all new to me. The Sunday School class and the large sand box play-table were a delight. My Aunt Norma was my teacher. Both my grandparents attended that little Baptist church on Lorain Avenue. In fact, my dad was the Sunday School superintendent for years. He was a promoter of Sunday School! Whenever he was in charge, the Sunday School grew.



TOYS & TREES & MY DOLL, MARGARET

The two large stone sides at each side of the front steps scared me.

I wanted to jump from them, but was afraid. I would stand upon them but never had the courage to jump from them. **My first "Christmas" after the hospital was at "1543."** As I pushed open the large sliding doors from the entrance hall into the living room, I saw many presents and fascinating things. I had never seen anything like it. Dolls, and toys, and a tree that I had never seen before—a tricycle, games, and candy. I did not know that most of those gifts were not new that year. They had been stowed away for three years waiting for me to come home and play with them once again.

I think the big doll (that was mine before the hospital) was at my home.

I did not know her. Her name was Margaret. I have seen a picture of her and me in my pre-hospital days. But I did not know it then. I loved *Margaret*. I ruined her, feeding her and giving her water. Her cloth body could not take it. Soon she had to be buried behind the garage. **The next year I would have a new doll. I named her Betty.** She is up in my attic in Collingswood in a box. Poor Betty! She is all in pieces and too worn out to be fixed. I can't throw her away.



OAK TREES & CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I remember the big iron bed that was mine. I don't think I slept with my sister on Wagar Ave. I did later. I was five years older than Audrey. She was beautiful and blue eyed with blonde curly hair! (She died when she was twenty. What a daily *unspoken grief* for my mother!)

I would play dress-up with my friends on the back porch. My mother set up a shop with my "dress-up" clothes. It was just like a dress shop—at least I thought so. When I visited the house that September day in 2010, that open deck that I thought was so big and beautiful was far from that—smaller than I remembered. One thing that was the same were the wonderful OAK TREES IN THE YARD. I remember them well—and their acorns. I had never seen acorns before. In fact, I had never seen much of anything before that I could remember.



While there, that sunny September morning, I walked to the back of the house. I hoped to see someone home. No one came to the door. I was so moved—there was the old fashioned garage and the driveway! They looked the same. I not only took pictures of "my house," but took pictures of many of the houses on the street—trying to remember.

Across the street is where Betty Brown lived. Carol Brown—no relation—lived next door. Could not recall which house was JoAnn's, Joan's, or Gloria's. I think Gloria moved. Maybe JoAnn moved into Gloria's house. Those houses were fixed up with new siding and so forth. **My house still looked like it looked when I was a child.** The other ones did not. I'm glad it did—or otherwise I might not have recognized it.

A WIND-BLOWING PINWHEEL

From across the street, through the lens of my camera, I saw a wonderful sight. In the flower box in front of "my" house was a pinwheel! You who know me, know how much I like pinwheels. I always have one in my yard and I keep one on David's grave. Sometimes I give them to my great grandchildren. *Through the lens of my camera, right there before my eyes, was this precious pinwheel wheeling around, welcoming*



me like an old friend. I had not seen it when I was by the house. But as plain as day, it was in my camera's lens. For some reason, FOR ME, it was a sign from God!

BIG BLOCKS ACROSS THE STREET

Across from beautiful Joan lived Carol Brown. If I remember, she had brothers and many toys. I was only allowed to play with Carol on Saturdays. I never questioned my mother. She had rules and I obeyed them—*except for that cigarette.* Carol had big building blocks that could make huge things like houses that I had never seen before. But then, you must remember my world for years was a hospital bed and the only toys I had were in a blue and white cloth toy bag at the end of my crib bed. I do remember that I would have to cross the street to play. That was a frightening experience for me. It was the first time I ever crossed a street by myself. I waited for the cars. That's what

we were taught to do when crossing the street in my day. **Today, pedestrians walk right in front of a car and expect the driver to stop.** It is all backwards to me. I would stand on the porch and call out Carol's name to see if she would play with me.

PAPER DOLLS ON THE BACK PORCH

When JoAnn Hildebrand moved near "1543," I found a kindred spirit in her. She had a creative imagination like I had. We delighted in making clothes for our Tillie the Toiler Sunday Paper paper dolls. We played and played on her back porch, making her porch glider a world of fun creating lives for our paper dolls. When I moved from "1543," I missed JoAnn. She visited me once in Lagrange, Ohio. We sang hymns as Mother played my great grandmother's pump organ. I remember how she enjoyed that singing. Years later JoAnn and I ended up in the same school in Berea, Ohio. She lived down the street from me on Gibson Street, but we never were as close again. Though I was in the school plays and was one of the graduation speakers, I was not one of the "in" girls at high school. I was a Christian girl-- didn't go to the dances and movies--and then I limped. I am sure it was a shock to the socially elite of the town when Don Waite married little Vonnie Sanborn!

Yes, I still keep in touch with JoAnn at least once a year. We will always have those "Wagar Avenue " days to bind us together until we die. Precious memories for me.

A HAPPY SUNDAY WITH BETTY BROWN

Across the street lived Betty Brown. I loved playing at Betty's house. We were best of friends. That was before JoAnn moved to town. She had beautiful play china dishes made in Japan and red bedroom slippers. She would let me wear her slippers. It was a joy. Remember all I had were ugly high top shoes with a lift on the left one.

One Sunday afternoon—it may have been Easter—she was over at my house. It was after church. My father took pictures of us. I had a pretty light green silk dress. How well I remember. It may have been my first Easter since the Hospital. Everyone was happy. We had hats on.

GRIEF FILLED OUR STREET

BETTY BECAME ILL! My parents learned of this the next day. It was all hush-hush. **Without warning, Betty died!** She had meningitis! My parents had great concern. Betty Brown and I had been very close to each other for a picture. It had been taken a few days prior to her death. **Would I die, too?** My family wondered.

Grief filled our street! I do not know if my mother and father attended the funeral. They probably did. I never heard. **One thing I do know is that Mr. & Mrs. Brown gave Betty's beautiful china play dishes to me. Then they gave me her lovely red slippers!** In their deep sorrow, they remembered me—this little "crippled" girl. I was very touched. They knew I would be *ever thankful!* I do not know whatever became of those dishes and red slippers.

THE MEMORY BOOK OF MY HEART

After I went to Bible School and got married, my "precious things" disappeared—but they have never disappeared from the memory book of my heart!

I'M UNDER GOD'S CARE, ARE YOU?

Yvonne S. Waite

P.S. As I close this BFT UPDATE to you, a huge shipment of the DEFINED KING JAMES BIBLES were delivered in three loads. They are either \$40 or \$35 or \$20 or \$15 (depending on style) + \$8.00 S&H.) They make excellent pew Bibles. Do you have one? Any contributions to the \$100,000.00 shipments to California and New Jersey would be appreciated.