

The Mustard Seed Advent, 03-Aug-2012

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A personal letter to the sister of Vinnette West, helpmeet of the *mustard seed*. This letter is published for the benefit of the disciples to encourage them in similar situations.

I Never Knew Love Like This Before

Dear D_____,

It is nice to directly hear from a member of the family. You have requested that I send to you \$250.00 dollars to place a headstone on Mom & Dad's grave in the cemetery by our former home in Nottingham England. I know that this request has been coordinated by the family, and that you, the youngest, have been elected as the point person to present it to me. Therefore, I have asked Derek to consult with me to draft a reply to you, in my name and with my oversight, so as to personally address my reply to you and inform the family by electronic mail. This I will do even though, I, the eldest daughter, have seemingly been taken out of the consultational loop in this and all other family matters. You may rejoice with me as the Lord brings us to a higher level of love as we are focused on entering

The Day of Perpetual Happiness

Before addressing the business end of this letter —ever desirous to be pleasant— a proverbial hug, an intimate embrace must be first offered to you for this is our family custom. In so doing I can warm the radiance of this reply with a personal touch in hopes that the family, as well, can feel my compassion. I think often of them and offer their names in prayer. In fact, after reading in worship David's counsel where he said, "**Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart**" —Ps 37: 4— Derek asked me what were my desires. I looked past many personal desires that I have within my heart, and I gave the wrong answer. In a moment of spiritual lapse, I looked past the true believers, my true brothers and sisters in the Lord, the *disciples indeed*, those saints who truly 'delight themselves in the Lord', and, as first response, said, "*my desire is that my family will embrace me*". Though none should place wayward family before Christ, such is still a struggle in my heart. The Lord forbids this; thus, to delight in Him as David commends for us, I must seek after the disciples in love and full devotion. When this victory is won, He will give to me the desires of my heart. My hope is that my family will take hold onto this gospel and win for themselves the benefit of —not just my, but the Lord's— full embrace. Such, in a way, sort of speaks of the burden that you now express, the desire for a grave memorial: We struggle in life to compel our loved ones to see things our way and become frustrated when we cannot turn their will. Then, when they rest in the grave and can no longer be stubbornly resistant to our desires, we see this as a form of peace and an opportunity for conciliatory commemoration. My love has matured beyond this futile perspective. Knowing this, I have learned to pray as commanded, "**thy Kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.**" —Matt 6: 10

On a more personal front, Derek and I are doing fine as we bask in the blessings of the Lord. Speaking of the desires of our hearts and the perpetual happiness that it promises to bring us, our biggest news is that our marriage seems to have, after 30 years, undergone a renaissance and a new freedom. We have indeed become one flesh. Though I can't or shan't give too much of the details, suffice it to say that, although the first 30 years have been good, but now, having raised and educated the children and having been freed from secular employment, the Lord has graced us with even more bliss and joy in our service to Him and to each other. As commended by Father, though we started our path in marriage some 30 years ago, we now have completed the path to become "one flesh", and such could only happen by taking to our hearts, the *Testimony of Jesus*. Our work

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has likewise been blessed. It is amazing that working full time for Christ, though in anticipation it may have appeared to be a great financial sacrifice, has been the opposite. He has removed our monetary distress and graced us to meet our month-to-month financial obligations, our daily bread. We just returned from Toronto, Canada where we sponsored a retreat entitled, “the Ordinance of Humiliation”. Shortly, the newsletter of August, 2012 will be published on our website for your viewing to give more of the details, but in place of that, I must just simply say that I did not know, nor have I ever been told, or even suspected any of the light which has been endowed to us from that gathering. For example, I was never aware of the facts pertaining to the episode of the Lord washing His disciple’s feet, as expressed in *John 13*. I know that historically, growing up in the SDA church, we merely repeated that ritual from time to time, and, in a spiritual sense, it seemed to serve us well. But, never did I comprehend the symbolism, that which the Lord promised to reveal in the future to His disciples. Until now, I never paid one iota of attention to His words of promise thereto pertaining when He said, **“What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter...If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them”** —John 13: 7, 16. This promise of happiness greatly corresponds to David’s promise, the gift of the desires of our hearts, and such gifts has given to us our marital renaissance. But it is merely the tip of the perpetual-“happiness” iceberg. Thanks in advance for allowing me to share with you these words of personal greeting. I trust that you and your son, T_____, are likewise on the path to happiness.

I have given careful study to your request to honor Mom and Dad’s grave with a tomb stone and would like to express a perspective that you may not have considered:

A Deeper Purveyance of Honor

I have loved Mom and Dad dearly ever since I was flown from Jamaica to England in order to be reunited with them at age seven. In fact, having been devoid of Mom’s attentive love and care from the age of two to seven, it seems that I spent most of my life seeking to win her loving embrace. I know that some of my naughtiness may have created a barrier to that embrace, but still, all my life I sought to connect with her, to win her approval, and to honor her requests; in fact, such was my Bible duty, a divine commission that all children must bear so long as their parents shall live. Obviously, Mom and Dad are now deceased, but I never ignored them, even in the dying days of their old age. Derek and I have spent years and a great amount of money traveling across the globe to joy in their love. Now our hope is vested in the resurrection, and such is not merely a cliché’ or fable with me; it is a deeper purveyance of honor, a rock of truth more solid than any decorative stone. I am sure that you do not understand for it is a matter of faith; it is a point along the Kingdom trail that others in the family have not yet, as they have progressed with their spiritual feet, been able to reach. I wish and pray that I could share this faith with you and the family; I have tried incessantly over the years, but to no avail. I have failed in this battle of the will. Thus, I lament in the knowledge that none will appreciate my sentiments, and that I could never garner the respect for my intense passions in Christ from my family. But I know that you will not lightly disrespect my beliefs.

It would be wrong of me to begrudge Mom and Dad’s tactics of raising our family and to resent the low station which I was cast in the home all these many years, a station that, by the way, seems to now be self-perpetuating as manifested by my exclusion on all family matters. Such would be wrong, I say this because this was the path on which the Lord placed my feet. If I now celebrate His guidance to joy in my life, as I indeed do, then it would be hypocritical of me to lament the accompanying pain endured to reach this elevated perch. Christ must be honored for guiding me to this point of trust, and every brutal affliction on me was given to become my strength. Therefore, the Lord has already helped me to erect my own memorial to Mom and Dad, a unique love, one that honors His work in my life through them. I do not resent pain, but I cannot conceal it by false platitudes which do not reflect the tortuous truth hidden all these years in my heart. Instead, I must

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remove the covers of concealment, my shoes and socks, and allow Him to wash my feet. In so doing, metaphorically, He shows me, past the wrongs and the pain, and compels me to, instead of hiding these things, reinterpret them for His glory: In this, my feet have been washed!! I do not begrudge Mom's stern strokes of anger against me, but I know that now, by the grave, her wrath has been stayed. I joy that I have always shown to her respect. But, in reflection, it seems a bit self-serving for my brothers and sisters who have witnessed and then, in many instances, ignored my years of pain, to appeal to me for funding for the memorial: They received the love; let them fund their own commemoration of it. You were a young child, (seven) when I left home at age 26 and was not born when I lived at home and experienced my home training; thus, you have no perspective on this issue. You could not then give to me a comforting embrace; instead, the sting of familiar disfavor has only been softened by the peace from Derek's Comforter-inspired pen and voice. If it were not for his spiritual therapy and love, I could have never learned of Christ and enshrouded myself with His lighter yoke. This lighter burden, all in the family, being fearful, seems to despise, and they resultantly preclude ever receiving peace in Dad and Mom's passing. Can you believe it, some of the same family members who want my participation in this venture, have, in the recent past, demanded that I remove their names from my E-mail list? Some sought to preclude Mom from even traveling to my home for healing and peace. I spent years and years pleading from the very bottom of my soul to reach them with the passions of my heart, and they, out of a zeal to save face with the SDA church, treated me as a pariah. Can such hands ever prepare a monument to honor their parents?

If they could, could Christ be honored by their platitudes? Beyond that, why should we close the book on any deceased Adventist when we are promised that they will rise again to prove their commitment to Christ? Therefore, how can we now commemorate any Adventist before they decide to choose their final destiny when given a

Second Chance?

The day is coming, it may be even months, if not weeks, away, when the Lord through the purveyance of our ministry will open the graves of all, good and bad, who died in the Adventist message; they will be called to pick up their work once more. Amazing it is! —even the bad Adventists will be given a chance according to *John 11*. EGW affirmed this Bible teaching when she said the following,

“The battle cry is sounding along the line. Let every soldier of the cross push to the front, not in self-sufficiency, but in meekness and lowliness, and with firm faith in God. Your work, my work, will not cease with this life. For a little while we may rest in the grave, but when the call comes, we shall, in the kingdom of God, take up our work once more” —EG White, *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol 7, p 17.

EG White's work was to save souls; Mom and Dad joined her in that mission. They have fallen in death, and by her promise, they are therefrom assured an anticipated call to resume their work. Were they good? Were they bad? The Lord will allow them to answer by their reply to His “call”. They can choose to join the *mustard seed* Kingdom by affirmative action to its appeal. This call will elevate them from the grave —not to go first to heaven, but— to first gather the beleaguered suffering souls who today, like me, need the Lord's lightened burden and easier yoke. They, like the birds of the air will join this Kingdom movement when this work begins to swell to a loud cry. In this light did EGW promise to pick up her work in the Kingdom, the Kingdom as Jesus defines it. Remember, He said, *“...the Kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which...becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof”* — Matt 13: 31. Then we can work together to clean up the newly evangelized saints who are certain to become dazzled by this marvel of resurrection. Our work, with the aid of EGW and hopefully Mom

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and Dad, will be to wash them so that they too may be made perfectly whole in order to receive Jesus upon His return. Should Mom and Dad choose, under Derek's light, to pick up their work once more, I will be sure to give them an eternal and perfect commemoration. This event, this special resurrection, will occur, according to the Bible, before the *Second Coming*. It is the time which Christ called, 'the lightning flash'. I will determine to preserve my full affections, devoid of any rancor and resentment, for them in that hour. Until then, it would be vanity in the greatest for me to ignore my faith and spend money to decorate their grave.

I know, many say that such a dream of resurrection is crazy. To them I devote my

Lamentations:

They say this by the influence of spiritual "gang bangers" who now, and for at least the last 32 years, dominate the teachings of the SDA church, leaders who, in the style of drive-by shooters, viciously fight their Davidian theological competitors in a hope to blind their flocks from this light. This they do when, at the same time, they zealously street pedal their own spiritual opiates, their discredited, non-Biblical fables which they blindly promote and hide from cross examination. Why should I regard their beliefs, thoughts that have disoriented the family's priorities, and ignore my own? Why should I love my neighbor more than I love myself? Especially should I not do this since my/Derek's teachings are founded upon the Rock. It is one thing for me to decry persecution at the hands of the SDA ministry, but it is another, more egregious offense to uphold their invalidated teachings, promoted by the family, while they seek to disdain me and Derek and do so with family cooperation. Are not these the same men who refused to give me a hearing 32 years ago as I alone, all by my diminutive, 120 lb. frame, and without any outside influence (Derek was four thousand miles away), sought to share with them my new-found joy in Christ? Had they, the Nottingham SDA church then listened, they would have escaped the corresponding curse which afflicted them from David Koresh. You do know that more people died from the Nottingham church in the Waco flames than from any other SDA church. Derek would have rescued them from susceptibility to his deceptions. They are the ones who refused to even marry me to Derek in the church and curse my blessing, one that has proven to be from God. They told me that if I married Derek, a Davidian, that he would mistreat me and leave me. They falsely accused him of having another wife who was hidden from my eyes. They besmirched my joy in his love. They were so, so very wrong—for, to quote the pop artist, Stephanie Mills, "*I Never Knew Love Like This Before.*" They sought to ruin my marriage plans; they denied me access to the home church of my upbringing, they broke Mom and Dad's heart by denying me, their daughter, marriage in the church, and, as a final act of vitriol, they, by disfellowshipping me, an act of power they claim to have to remove my name from the books of heaven, while wagging their heads in pretentious sorrow, sought to eternally kill me. You would think that anyone in the family, desirous to commemorate the names of Wilton and Daphne Moore would do so by demanding an apology from those sheep-coated wolves who assailed their daughter and their home in these things. I know that neither you nor any of my brothers and sisters did participate in those crimes against my religious freedom and against Mom and Dad's honor; however, now they, our family, uphold the hand of those same people while they ignore the very hand that I offered to them. My comfort to the family is that our parents will rise again invalidating the need for a headstone. To the contrary, the ministry which they consult for comfort says that this promise should be ignored. If the family ignores me and Derek because they, as Adventists, object to our religious views, then we sadly lament; but we cannot patronize them in their misguided endeavors including burial customs.

I hope that you and the family can understand that I cannot participate in the purchase of the memorial grave stone. I can never do so long as they stand by the enemies of the family and the truth.

Sincerely your sister in love,

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Vinnette.