

The Miracle behind the Blessing Seeds Ministries

The Blessings Seeds Ministries came about in a very quiet way. It just emerged somewhere between my first and second Chemotherapy sessions in my fight to keep from dying of ALM Leukemia. I was in between these two sessions and having a respite at my brother's home away from the PMH hospital. I was there to give my parents a rest in their care for me as I knew it was going to be a long hard fight to beat this cancer. I was too "sick" to return home to my grandchildren (little germ carriers with presents from school).

During this time, I had long talks with my sister-in-law Cathy Baker. At one point, she was telling me about the Scarborough congregation's "Blessing Bags" for those who needed them as a request from Christine Adamson. The Blessing bags were to be filled with soap, toothbrushes, toothpaste, hand cream, and any other things that might be useful to those in need with nothing. Something prompted me to say to her — "So where are the blessings to go into the bags". She said that the bag was the blessing. I then, under the spirit, said to her that, "The bags of wonderful items that we give, can be called a blessing bag. But to those who are going to receive them, it will just be a bag full of necessities from generous people with big hearts. There is no blessing for them personally in the bag that would give them love and hope."

Cathy replied that if I felt this way then I should write up a blessing and she would give it to Christine to place in the bags. I arose to the challenge and found it very easy to do. It was done by the next day. Cathy gave the messages of love and hope to Christine who was grateful to include them, but she felt it needed to be a little more customized to her clients. I told her it was a team effort and to make the necessary changes.

The other part of this testament is that because I was so sick with this cancer; I received many get-well cards and many thinking of you cards — all wishing me to stay strong, have faith, reminders that I was in their prayers, etc. In my darkest hours, when I was at my sickest, when I was very depressed, I would read and reread these cards and the strength to go on and keep living would be born again in me.

By the time I was over the hump, and they knew I was going to live, I had had a vision that others needed to do the same thing. I began to formulate how this would be done in a non-invasive manner and the "Blessing Seeds Ministries" began. The "hug" letters go out on a sort of quarterly basis. Just enough times in the year to give love and hope — but not enough to be a bother. However, if a person needs more attention, they get more. Currently, I send about 185 cards periodically, some by snail mail, and others by e-mail. They have been a blessing for those who receive them. This has also been a blessing to me — a chance to shine a light into darkened lives, and to share love, peace, and hope with others, to let a soul know they are not alone but are loved by at least one other person and by God. I do this in such a manner that that no one is preached to, offended, or that I am a nuisance to them. I do this all under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit lets me know who I am to contact, what needs to be said, and how often I am to write to them. To many souls, it is just a reminder that they are loved and very special, not only by God, but many other people as well. We are all connected. We are all family, and no one should be left behind. And it does not matter who you are — your race, ethics, politics, orientation, mind set, faith, or education.

You are important to God just by being part of his family, his flock, being his child. And so, this handmaiden does his work to bring light to shine in the darkness of lives who need a little Sonshine in their lives! Amen.