



Kairos-Women to Women

Women Positioned for the Kingdom



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Volume 1, Issue 1-Revised

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FIRST FRUITS

Let me tell you a story, during the summer and into the last weeks of October, I kept hearing the message, "hear my voice". And I felt my spirit excited within me on Saturday, October 21, 2006, the day of one of our Heart-to-Heart gatherings, and I went open to "Hear" and prepared to discern what I had heard, and wait for confirmation.

It is so amazing how so many things have been lined up, so many things that had been set for a purpose. Well, I waited to let the Spirit of God confirm his perfect will, and continue to do so. Praying for guidance as to what should be included in these pages. I had it in my spirit that I would like to launch the Newsletter on or around Thanksgiving.

So here...the name of the Newsletter, (after much prayer)....English and Spanish version....

Kairos-Women to Women
Women Positioned for the Kingdom
Kairos-Mujeres a Mujeres
Mujeres Posicionadas para El Reino

Now what does Kairos mean, you ask? The on-line dictionaries ("Wikipedia" & "Free-on-line Dictionary") which I referred to, say the following:

"**Kairos** is an ancient Greek

word meaning the "right or opportune moment".

The ancient Greeks had two words for time, chronos and **kairos**. While the former refers to chronological or sequential time, the word **Kairos** signifies "a time in between", a moment of undetermined period of time in which "something" special happens. What the special something is, depends on who is using the word."

"**Kairos - Greek word for 'time'** In the New Testament, the word is used very specifically. A fuller translation would be, "God's appointed/approved time" (Mark 1:15, 2 Corinthians 6:2, 1 Peter 5:6). In addition, Kairos is the Greek word for a unique moment in time, a predestined era. An Author describes "kairos" this way: "The hour which is the God-given moment of destiny not to be shrunk from but seized with decisiveness, the floodtide of opportunity and demand in which the unseen waters of the future surge down to the present."

So keep me in prayer as I go obey

this time of fulfill-

ment. That the Lord may set my steps in motion and position. It is time for all of us to be empowered

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TWEET, TWEET SAID THE LORD-SUMMER 2006

First Occasion

I came out before mid-day and saw my mother feeding the birds and caring for them, and just fawning over the birds. Now this had been an especially hard morning with some financial issues and just a hard morning in general. I looked out the door at the birds, and opened the door a crack and saw the little wrens that fly about, stopping to eat of the seed that had fallen to the ground from the caged birds.

I peered out at the blue sky and I said in a sigh, "Lord I know that you are the one that provides for these birds, and just like your eye is on the sparrow, and you watch over them, watch and provide for me Lord." Well as I walked away to go back to work, my inner nature came up and I said, "maybe I'm not as important as that bird Lord, but keep me in mind anyway", then I went about my business.

Later that same day, as I went out to walk Kiki, our poodle, about 7:45ish, our usual walking time, and as I stepped out onto the porch, I saw from the corner of my eye, a little wren swoop down from the roof top to a low branch of the avocado tree. I remember I briefly acknowledged that the bird was there, and thought it odd for a little bird to be out near dark, when they are usually snuggled up somewhere.

Well, as I walked along, the little bird chirped, then he chirped out loudly, and swooped down near my head, as I left the walk from my house, and turned left to walk down my block. This also caught Kiki's attention, and he stopped and looked at the bird for a long time.

As I urged Kiki along, the bird chirped out loudly, and jumped from tree to tree, following my path right beside me. You should know, I live on a tree lined street, some small, some large, but most have branches at my height. Well the bird chirped his way down the block, and followed me along, getting louder along the way, until he swooped down and lightly fussed my hair. Well Kiki stopped and looked at the bird, and

then looked at me, as if to say, did you see that? Well, it was already getting darker, and was close to eight by now, and it was obvious this bird meant business with me. Well Kiki wouldn't budge, until I acknowledged the bird, so I said in a sort of kidding way, "is that you Lord", and the bird chirped, and as he looked at me from a distance of an arm's length away at eye level, he turned his head inquisitively from side to side. I looked around to see if anyone was witnessing me, the crazy lady with a poodle talking to the little bird, but the street was quiet and you could clearly hear the bird chirping. Well, I sort of shook myself off, and said, "okay Kiki, let's be on our way", and made to cross the street, some seven to eight trees down our block.

Well as we crossed, the bird swooped across the street to the tree, and looked toward me and practically screeched at me. I stopped in amazement, and this had Kiki's attention too, he wasn't pulling forward on the leash as usual. I said, "Okay Lord, is that you trying to tell me something", and then came the strong scent of roses, which is my usual sign that the Lord wants my attention, and immediately my words from earlier that morning came rushing back to me, and as I looked back up at the bird, he began to chirp as if singing, you know bird singing, like tweet, tweet, tweet.

And as I humbly acknowledged the Lord, and praised him and just worshiped him as I walked slowly along, the bird followed along from tree to tree, all the way down this side of the street too. When I came to the place where I cross the street to come back home, the bird chirped loudly and flew overhead as I crossed the street. I turned to Kiki and said, Kik, "that was the Lord", and Kiki wagged his tail as he looked at the bird sitting on the roof of the porch.

Second Occasion

I was walking Kiki one evening, about a week later from the first incident, and was about a block away from where I usually walk, and as I turned a corner, a little bird looking suspiciously like that same little bird, swooped in front of my face at about two hands length, which



caused me to pull back suddenly, as birds don't usually do that. Well, Kiki again acknowledged the bird, and I said in a whisper, "Hello Lord, is that you?", to which the bird chirped as he sat on a tree branch slightly above head level. I thanked the Lord for using the little bird, and reminding me that I am his, and that I abide under the wings of the almighty", and continued on my way, with the bird following me home, and as I reached my home, I said "Thank You Lord for accompanying me on the way", the bird again sang out a tune, and flew and came to rest on the roof over the porch area.

Third Occasion

Two weeks after that, on a Friday, after having delivered reports, Kiki demanded I walk him, and as anyone who knows Kiki, I mean demanded. So out we went on a walk, and as I spoke to the Lord, and thanked him for the week of work that he had given us and enabled us, I also told him of how discouraging a day it had been, and asked his favor over my life, and of course from a tree down the street, I saw a little wren, swooping and gliding down in my direction, stopping close in a nearby tree and chirping at me, as he seemed to be looking at me, and moving his head from side to side. I thanked the Lord for his care, and for watching over me, and I quietly sang the hymn, "his eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me", the little bird flew along, until we made it home again.

PRAISE-A GRATEFUL LANGUAGE

19 years have gone by this December 8th. It's been that long since my dad went to be with our Lord.

It was June 1986, and I had just gotten home from work, about 5:00 p.m., and my mom look worried as she told me that my dad had left early in the morning for an exam with the doctor, and had not come home. Concerned, I called his doctor's office and they were already closed, so I raced down to White Memorial Medical Center and went to the doctor's office, which was indeed dark.

I went to the security guard posted at the front, and told him of my dilemma. Well, he punched my dad's name into the computer, and informed me that my dad had been admitted. Admitted? What was this? All kinds of thoughts rushed through my mind as I approached the floor of the hospital where they had sent him. I saw a sign overhead that read "Oncology." Well that word stopped me cold in my tracks, because I knew that meant that nasty dreaded disease: cancer. I gathered my thoughts, and entered cheerfully into the room, and greeted my dad, who had a lost look on his face, and he grasped my hands tight anxiously. I made a quick visual check as I spoke to him as if nothing was wrong, and I saw that he had a patch over his neck area. What's this dad? He told me that they had done a "little test", but that every-thing was alright, that the doctor would be coming in shortly to talk to us, and like clockwork, his doctor walked right in. He said something to the effect of, 'so yes, the biopsy came back positive for cancer, and we will start you on treatment and go on from there.'

He walked out, and as stunned as I was, I assured my dad everything would be alright (the first of many times), and walked out the door calmly, but as soon as I was out of sight, I bolted after the doctor, who was already way down the hallway towards the elevators. I told him that I did not appreciate being told in such a matter of fact way of such a terrible diagnosis, and from now on anything he had to tell my father would have to go through me first, and I would tell my dad what he needed to know. That's when he told me that my dad had 6 months tops to live. I remember look-

ing up toward heaven and not having any words, just a "get us through this Lord" look. The doctor looked as moved as I was, and he took my hands for a long time.

Back in my dad's room, he was cheerfully getting dressed, and I tried talking to him without tears, and see if he understood what was happening, but my dad the everso-lucky fellow that he was, downplayed the moment, and said it's nothing, right?

I remember getting home, and not looking at my mom in the face, and waiting until my brothers and sister were there to tell them of this terrible news. We were stunned, but as a family we agreed from the start that we would not hold anything back from each other, and we would get through it together as a family.

Six months passed, but were blessed to have my father for 18 months. The Lord had given us 12 months more than what man expected.

What can I say, it was the hardest time of our lives, and yet the most precious. I took a part-time job instead of the full-time in order to make those appointments with my dad, and eventually stopped working all together. The time we spent together in those waiting rooms with sickly people, people without noses, and the putrid smell of cancer around us is unforgettable. I would look at my dad who was always pleasant and smiling, waving at people as was his nature, talking to strangers, and then look at the faces with vacant stares. Life had already left their spirits. So many broken, broken people.

My sister and I became caretakers of my dad, and mom, who became sickly during this time, and would travel to San Diego for medical care. I would be two days in San Diego with my mom in the hospital, and rush back for an evening with my dad and my sister, and to accompany him to his doctor.

All my family members were invaluable at some point during my dad's illness, but none stands out like my little sister and her husband. My brother-in-law would come home from a hard day at work, and bathe my dad, shave him, take him to the bath-room in his arms, and he made sure that my dad never lost his dignity.

My dad was a good man, but he did not know the Lord. We prayed and prayed that he would come to know him as his Lord and Savior.

Well, in November 1987, the Friday before Thanksgiving, my dad became very ill, and we had to take him back to the hospital. I can tell you vividly what happened next. There was a terrible rainstorm, and the streets were flooded, my brothers had traveled in their car, while my dad had insisted that I take him in my car. He did not like me to be far when it came to seeing doctors. All along the way he made me promise that I was not going to leave him there, that he was coming home, but as much as I promised, I knew the end was near. He was admitted, and spent thanksgiving in the hospital. He never came home again. He passed on December 8, 1987 at the age of 73.

The glorious news is that the week before he passed away, my Pastor brother Jesse, the second eldest, went to the hospital and shared God's plan with my dad. You would have to know that my dad was a red-blooded Catholic and promised to die a Catholic, and would put the plan of salvation apart from him. Well, God completed his promise in my dad, and he accepted the Lord as his Savior. He was so happy, and was telling people he had accepted the Lord and was a Christian.

We spent December 7th in the hospital with family and extended family and had a good time reminiscing. I can still see my dad's signature wave, as we left the room.

A few hours later that morning at 5:45 a.m., the time came. The doctor himself called and in a broken voice said "come". We flew to my dad's side, we were all there, his wife and their five children, along with a precious Aunt. We walked into his room while his life ebbed away, he did not see us in the natural. We held hands as we gathered around his bed, and said a prayer of thanksgiving for our earthly father, and that we had been blessed, and we rejoiced that he had entered the presence of the Lord, and of course with heavy hearts at the same time, we let him go. The nursing staff and doctors were overwhelmed by what they saw. What they saw, is what I call Blessed Assurance. In loving memory of JOSE ARRIAGA BARELA by Alma Barela

BEAUTY FOR ASHES—TESTIMONIAL CORNER

My Journey, My Testimony

It was in the morning of November 1986, when the alarm went off at 6:00 a.m., that I reached over to shut it off, but my arm and the rest of my body did not respond. I realized that something was seriously wrong. I managed to get the blankets off my body and sit-up, and the room seemed to be spinning and I could not get to my feet.

It had just been two weeks that my husband and I had returned from Mazatlan, Mexico, and I never imagined that I would be feeling so sick to the point where my legs felt like lead weights, and my upper torso felt as if I had been beaten with a bat. Each night I suffered a 103 to 104 degree fever, and I would be drenched in sweat. I got little sleep between endless trips to the bathroom, vomiting, diarrhea, and painful cramps on my right side.

I was so drained, but managed to go to the doctor and thought I was pregnant, because I was so nauseated most of the time, and I had lost 10 pounds in one week.

While at the OB/GYN office I was asked for a urine sample and was shocked to discover that my urine was the color of coca-cola. The nurse came back and told me that I was not pregnant, but that I had better go check my liver with my private physician. I was again shocked that I could have Hepatitis, which is an acute or chronic infectious disease of the

liver caused by a virus. Well, I did have all the medical symptoms, jaundice, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, fever with chills, aching of my back, and pain in the eyes and joints. Bed rest was recommended, and I ended up in bed for two months.

Months passed and my fatigue and symptoms only intensified. For months, I was plagued with sluggishness, liver pain, and joint pain. I was 22 years old. My energy never returned, and my body was so overridden by infection. The "doctor visit" lasted five to six months. I had x-rays and every test imaginable than most people have in a lifetime. The diagnosis was always: chronic fatigue syndrome. Until one day, the Lord directed me to an Internal Medicine Specialist, and it was he who finally found out what was ravaging my body. The results were not encouraging. The doctor diagnosed me with 'Systemic

Lupus Erythematosus, otherwise known as SLE, an autoimmune rheumatic disease or chronic systemic inflammatory disease. SLE involves changes in the immune system, and turns against the body parts it is supposed to protect, and attacks its own tissue. It affects the organs differently in each person, and joints are inflamed. It can also involve skin, kidneys, heart, blood cells, brain, lung, liver and blood vessels.

Other symptoms are rheumatoid arthritis with swelling of joints of hands, feet, ankle or wrists.



Symptoms also include pleurisy (painful breathing).

At the age of 27, after nearly four years of learning to live with Lupus, by the Grace of God, I held on to my faith that God would heal me, and kept a positive attitude with my family and friends. My condition worsened despite the treatments and medications. Once again, I suffered severe liver pain and there were numerous times that my husband would take me to the emergency room because I was stricken with pain.

My story is long, and this is just the first chapter. Please look for the continuing chapter in the next newsletter as witness to God's greatness in "My Journey." As part of a Christian family I knew first hand the power in prayer, and what was yet to come was unbelievable. The pain, the joy, the miracles, and the lives that have been touched are to follow...

Jeremiah 29:11

"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope."

By Mary Lou Barela Acedo

Do you have a testimony to share with us? You never know who will be touched by one word from the experiences you share. You may be planting the seed of God's word into someone's heart.

Email us: kairoswomen@yahoo.com

UNCOMMON GROUND- UNCOMMON FAVOR

"My Healing Regimen"

I was introduced to a holistic form of weight-loss early this year. The amazing detox diet changed my life. I had a full recovery and lost over 50 pounds, in a few short months. I truly believe miracles can happen everyday through guidance and prayer.

I became so regenerated with a wonderful viewpoint towards living a healthy lifestyle. My new purpose is to help others reclaim their health rights.

I have been enjoying a full recovery and good health for nine months now, and I am symptom free and free from medication.

I now know that I have endured my ordeal for a reason and that is to help others transform their lives.

I know a God that heals and I personally survived a long tortuous illness, and have emerged as a New Triumphant Woman of God.

Detox Regimen

Ingredients that you must buy:

- Distilled water (11 gallons for 11 days)
- Lemons
- Cayenne pepper powder
- Grade A maple syrup
- Multivitamin in liquid form (I suggest Source of Life Liquid multivitamin, you can purchase it at GNC store - everyday you have I capful of liquid vitamin in the morning and one capful in the evening.
- Smooth Move laxative Tea also can be purchased at GNC.

Drink prepared water everyday for 11 days

1 gallon of distilled water throughout the day

20 teaspoons of fresh squeezed lemons (home grown is best)

½ teaspoon of cayenne pepper powder

12 - 15 teaspoons of Grade A maple syrup

Days 1 thru Day 7

(Drink only prepared water) and

Vitamin - 1 capful AM and one capful Pm

Days 1-3 only

(2) Smooth Move Tea Bags prepared in boiling water taken at bedtime. Save the 2 tea bags and drink one cup of tea in the morning.

Days 8 and 9

½ gallon of organic orange juice - you may want to drink three large glasses throughout the day as a meal.

I gallon of distilled water throughout the day.

Vitamin - 1 capful Am and one capful Pm

Days 10 and 11

1 gallon of distilled water throughout the day

vitamin - 1 capful AM and one capful PM

AM hours - All the fresh fruit you desire.

PM hours - All the raw veggies you can handle.

After you've completed the 11 days, you must continue to eat raw veggies and fresh fruit and gradually add meat, wheat, grains and other healthy choices.

(Always check with your physician before starting a regimen)

(Products purchased at GNC and "Back to the Garden of Eden")

Article Written by Mary Lou Acedo



"Back to the Garden of Eden" has been instrumental in my healing, and as their "mission statement" reads: Learn how to live healthy in a toxic world" they offer diet and recommendations, and teach and guide individuals to take an active part in the maintenance and restoration of their health with the guidance of health care professionals through integrative natural medicine, using natural supplements of the finest quality.

Call to schedule an appointment or stop by and visit (323) 265—1900, ask for Cristina Navarro. Let them know Mary Lou's testimony has challenged you.

I urge you to take authority over your body and health.

1 Corinthians 6:19-20,

"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

Email us: [.kairoswomen@yahoo.com](mailto:kairoswomen@yahoo.com)

SPOTLIGHT-PHOEBE'S HEART

Phoebe's Heart. Lord give me a heart like Phoebe I prayed.

Romans 16:1:Paul refers to Phoebe as a minister of the church in Cenchrea. Translations show her as a servant, helper or deaconess.) The Lord birthed this vision in me for some time now to have a "place" where women help women in need. It could be someone who is abused or battered, or just women like us, needing a temporary helping hand, just that little bit extra.

Besides the purpose of helping individual women, the Lord led me to an organization that would be blessed to have us reach out, and as I labored over what the Lord had given me, I shared it with my sister. Now anyone who know us, also know that countless times, I start a sentence and she finishes it with the same word or thought. Sometime we call each other and I might say, "you know...", and she says, "yes, I know...", without having to say anything else. So as I was saying, I came to my sister, and shared with her regarding the organization the Lord had pointed out to me, and she said, "I just saw a televised program with the directors of that program talking about the place.' Well, I said, "no, no, this one is located in such and such a place", she said, "that's the one." That was enough confirmation. We are still working out the details.

How many women are single moms on fixed incomes and need a jacket, blouse or skirt, for that interview which will provide better income for their household? Information will be kept confidential; no need for embarrassment. We've all gone through difficult times.

I know there are different situations out there, where women in transition need a loving hand, groups or individuals.

So join the vision, let the Lord lead you as how you can help.

I know the Lord will designate the receivers and the givers. Let us be a "blessing in the valley". See our regular feature on page 8(backpage).

PROVERBS 31 WOMAN

Proverbs 31

If we study the Proverbs 31 woman we see that she was a wise, resourceful Godly woman dedicated to her household with a positive attitude to glorify God.

So this section is dedicated to the household, and in forthcoming issues will include simple:

- Arts & crafts projects
Recipes
- Decorating Tips
- Household Suggestions, etc.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

- SHAVING LOTION MAKES WHITE TENNIS SHOES BRIGHT AND WHITE
- SAVE LEFT OVER TOMATO SAUCE IN AN ICE CUBE TRAY AND POP ONE OUT WHEN YOU NEED TO USE IT.



HOLIDAY

DECORATING

- ADD PIZAZZ TO YOUR LIVING ROOM PILLOWS BY TYING A RIBBON AROUND IT
- ADD TOUCHES OF RED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE

RECIPES

- PUT OUT A "WRAP" BAR, (YOU KNOW LIKE A SALAD BAR), -BUY THE DIFFERENT FLAVORED "WRAPS" (TORTILLAS). THEY COME LOW CARB AND FLAVORED, LIKE SPINACH, WHEAT, CHIPOLTE, ETC. PLACE VARIED HEATED WRAPS IN A TORTILLA WARMER, AND SET OUT BOWLS WITH DIFFERENT INGREDIENTS LIKE: BEANS, CHEESE, MEAT, OLIVES, LETTUCE, BACON, ONION, ETC, AND EVERYONE BUILDS THEIR OWN "WRAP". DELICIOUS, INEXPENSIVE AND EASY CLEAN-UP.

PRAYER CLOSET

“Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?” -Jeremiah 8:22

This is in reference to Israel and it’s spiritual health, but today it is valid in so many ways. We all have prayer requests for healing, salvation, etc.

In this season and Holiday, let us remember the greatest gift of all, that God gave his son Jesus that we might be saved and have eternal life. Let us pray for those who are homeless, and those who are less fortunate, that God supply their needs, but most of all that he be manifested in their lives and come to call him Lord.

We all have family members who are ill and need of God’s healing touch, let’s lift them up as well.

I pray that this area be a place where we can lay our burdens down, and we can lift each other up in prayer.

We have offered my cousin Topi up in prayer, and we are believing for a miracle and complete healing. I know that a lovely woman told me that my family member was healed, and Topi too has been approached and told that she is healed.

We all have these requests and we can make them known here, so that together we can come before the Lord.

MORNING SONG

A place for Meditation, Thought and Poems

Contributors are Welcome :

Until we receive any submissions, here is the following:

Do you have a PRAYER request to share with us?

EMBROIDERY

I found an old embroidery project that I had not finished. I quickly threw it aside, thinking that it was just trash, just a bunch of threads. It fell to the floor as I pushed against a box, and the project opened up. It was an old piece of linen with little yellow chickies with different colored shawls. As I fingered the images, I recalled how I had labored over this project for my sister’s first-born. It been a plain old iron-on pattern, and I had added different types of needlework. I never finished it. I had been ready to throw this labor of love away. It was a good life lesson, as it brought to mind how God sees the whole object, and I had only seen the ugly side with all the ugliness hanging out, but that was the side that made the beautiful design on the other side sturdy. Those ugly knots, and shooting threads gave it substance. -Alma

Email us:

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Kairos-Women to Women

WOMEN POSITIONED FOR THE KINGDOM

ESTABLISHED 10-21-06

EMAIL: kairoswomen@yahoo.com

WEBSITE: coming soon

STATEMENT OF FAITH

The purpose of this newsletter is to encourage, and reach out to others and ourselves in our Christian walk, and to be prayer buddies to those in need, but most of all to spread the GOOD NEWS that Jesus LIVES.

We believe that there is one God in three persons: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. We believe that the Bible is God's word inspired. We believe that if we confess with our mouth and believe in our heart that Jesus died on the cross to save us from our sins, and if we receive him as Lord and Saviour of your life he will forgive us.

Let's Pray: Heavenly father, I ask you to come into my life, and forgive me of my sins so that I am born again. I believe you died on the cross and were raised from the dead, and I believe you forgive me of my sins.

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Women Positioned for the Kingdom

KAIROS HUMOR SPOT



PHOEBE'S HEART 2

Romans 16:1: Paul refers to Phoebe as a minister of the church in Cencrea. Translations show her as a servant, helper or deaconess.

If you know anyone who can use any of these items please contact us at kairoswomen@yahoo.com or any of the women from HEART-TO HEART-who will put us in contact with you.

Information will be kept confidential.

We also accept donations of any kind. You can contact us for drop-off information. We presently have:

- Gently used clothing, very good condition (Dressy and Casual) Women sizes available 16, 18 ,large, x-large, 1x & 2x
- Clothing accessories
- Small house-ware accessories

BRETHREN'S MARKETPLACE

Share your faith with your customers -
be a witness right where you are.

BARTER PLACE

Trading our God-given talents or objects we have been blessed with,
without exchange of any money

COMING SOON



This image is from: <http://www.hisimage.org/>

Would you like _____ to be added to our mailing list, or know anyone who you would like to receive our newsletter? **We'll send us an email with their name and their email address to:**

Do you have any ideas or want to see something featured here, let us know. Send an email to :

kairoswomen@yahoo.com