

A scenic landscape at sunset. A gravel path leads from the foreground towards the horizon, where the sun is setting, creating a bright lens flare. The path is flanked by green grass and wildflowers. In the background, there are rolling hills and trees under a golden sky.

God Will Take Care of You

Val Cruwys

How God is Calling Me out of Babylon

Not until we are out can we give that call to others

Val Cruwys

This testimony is dedicated to our son Daniel who helped in my finding the
God he wanted and we all need.

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Early Life and Marriage

My father was born before the Federation of Australia in 1898 and was church of England. My mother was born in 1916 and was his second wife, and coming from Irish decent was Roman Catholic. Also included in their marriage was our stepsister [Joan], whose mother had died 6 years earlier when she and Joan's twin sister Jean both died in childbirth with Joan the only survivor. They rented a house at Arncliffe in Sydney which the family was still renting when I married years later.

My father fathered 6 children to my mother, with 2 of these children dying before their 4th birthday. I was the eldest child to their marriage. I cannot remember one time when our parents fought or quarrelled, so although poor financially we had a happy and secure childhood but were brought up as Catholics. The local priest and a nun would visit us quite often [never when Dad was home] and upset Mum by telling her we were all damned for hell because her marriage was not recognised in the eyes of the church. I did not like the way they spoke to her, often having her in tears with descriptions of us all burning and screaming in agony in hell and that it would be all her fault.

My mother was not a well woman, suffering with Kidney trouble, [No dialysis machines in those days] and died in 1956 aged just 40, which was a year after our stepsister Joan had married. As children, when we attended the church service for our mother we were not allowed in to the actual funeral service itself. Dad said he wanted us to remember our Mum as she was and not as a tomb stone, so it wasn't until 1986, 30 years later when Dad died, that I found where Mum was buried for Dad was buried beside her.

After the funeral, my younger sister Margaret and I returned to the convent school, but our father enrolled the 2 younger boys in the state school where I dropped them off in the morning and picked them up on the way home in the afternoons.

One day I went to pick them up and they weren't there. I was told 2 men in a black car had picked them up at lunchtime and taken them 4 suburbs away to the Catholic Marist Brothers school at Kogarah. I grabbed the boys' belongings and hurried home. Dad arrived home a ½ hour later, and when I told him about the boys he was furious and went to the Police station. Our

father was blind [Stargardt Disease], so the Police drove him to the Marist Brothers school to find the school deserted as it was just on dark. The two small, bewildered and upset boys came from the playground when they heard Dad's familiar voice. The boys knew not where they were nor had money to get home if they did. They were just left there. The Police brought them all home at about 7pm and I just couldn't believe the audacity of the church doing such a thing, especially since Dad was still in mourning over the death of Mum 6 weeks earlier.

A few weeks after that there was a knock on the door late one afternoon. I opened the door to find 6 adults who said they were from the welfare department and had come to collect the 4 children who lived there to take them to foster homes. I shut the door as they were about to enter the house and ran out the back to tell Dad. We hid in various places while Dad went to confront these terrible people. I heard them sneer at my father as they said, 'you can't look after children being blind,' but Dad defended his right as a parent to keep us. They eventually left, threatening him with court action.

A few weeks later Dad was hauled into court. We stayed home and locked the house. Dad eventually came home and told us that he had to find a woman to look after us within the week, otherwise we were to be fostered out to Catholic homes. Our married stepsister came home with her 3-month-old son and took up the role of mother. She stayed almost a year until I was old enough [14 years 8 months] to leave school and take over. Sadly, her husband didn't like the arrangement so he lived elsewhere and our sister's marriage broke up and they divorced a few years later. The Catholics never bothered us again.

In 1963 I met my husband-to-be Neville and we married in 1964. We went to live in the New England area of NSW at Tenterden on the 1,680-acre property which had passed to my husband from his father, who had died earlier in 1963. The property was given as a soldier's settlement to Neville's father who was in the light horse brigade at Gallipoli. We had our first two boys while living there, Steven in 1967 and Warren in 1969. It was after the birth of Warren, as I watched "the beautiful Bennett comet' and all the millions of stars that dark night, that I first begun to think about God and how all these wonderful night attractions came to be.

First Encounters with Adventists

Late in 1969, we went to another property as station hands for 2 years. This property, called Brushy Creek, had been left in a will to the Salvation Army. There was another house about 500 metres away which the manager and his wife warned me about, saying the people in that house were queer and to be careful of them. On that advice I never approached them. Until.....

One day we were stuck on the other side of the creek during a storm on our way home from town, and waited 4 hours for the water to recede enough before crossing to our home at Brushy Creek, which was just across the creek about 500mtres. It was cold and the wood for the fire was soaking wet, so we could not get warm or use the wood in the stove for cooking. Soon there was a knock at the door, and standing there was a young man with a large saucepan of hot cooked veggies. He said his mum had seen us stuck on the other side of the creek, so she decided to cook extra veggies for us but there was no meat with it. He explained that he also worked on the Property and lived in that house, as he pointed to the house I had been warned about. I thanked him and he left. How grateful we were for this wonderful meal.

I returned the saucepan the next day and was greeted by the boy's mother. We introduced ourselves; her name was Eva Williams. She told me she had had a heart attack some years before and she prayed at the time that if the Lord pulled her through she would serve Him for the remainder of her life. She asked if I read to our children, and when I said yes she gave me book 1 of Arthur Maxwell's Children's Bible Stories. I took the book and read as far as Lev 11, re the clean and unclean meats to eat. What a load of rubbish I thought, no wonder people think them queer. I returned the book to her and said I couldn't go along with that sort of thing, and that was the end of my visits. Not long after that Brushy Creek was sold and we all had to leave.

We returned to our property "Taabingha" for the next 2 years before selling it in late 1973 and buying a 21' caravan. The woman Eva Williams and her boys all moved to Armidale. While living in the caravan and travelling up and down the East coast of Australia, we later had another 2 children. Our 3rd son

Daniel was born in 1974 and our daughter Katherine in 1975. We were now blessed with 4 lovely children.

When I returned to the caravan after the birth of our 3rd son in 1974, Neville asked me why do people go to church on Sunday when the Bible says it should be Saturday they attend church? I didn't know, so I told him to go and find someone who goes to church on Sunday and ask them! We settled into a house in Gladstone, Qld a few months after our daughter was born in 1975, with my husband finding work at the Queensland Alumina plant.. It was in Gladstone that I found my Saviour the following year in October 1976.

Now that we were settled into a house and away from the influence of certain children stealing at caravan parks, I thought I would teach my children the 10 commandments, but to my amazement I could only remember 2! Thou shalt not kill and thou shalt not steal! I wondered what I could do to find the solution when there was a knock on the front door. It was a neighbour from 4 doors up who had come down to introduce herself and to invite me to a tupperware party in a few days time. She said by attending I would meet the rest of the neighbourhood. I turned up and after the party the hostess announced that she would have to leave soon to go clean Father Smith's presbytery. I immediately asked her if she knew the commandments, but she was as bad as me and could only remember 2. She said she would ask Father Smith that afternoon for a copy of them.

I waited a whole month, every week asking her if she remembered but she was very forgetful. I gave up on her. Sometime after that, new people moved in behind us. I noticed that the children had Catholic school uniforms on. So I introduced myself to the woman, and after a while asked her if she knew the 10 commandments. She didn't know them either! But she promised to get her girls to write them out for me. I waited and waited but nothing happened, so I gave it all up as an unfruitful exercise.

Not long after that I found a leaflet in our letterbox talking about a 5-day plan to give up smoking. I decided to attend and give up the terrible habit. I attended the lectures and gave up smoking. I refused to kiss my husband, telling him that I didn't want to kiss an ashtray! So he gave up a week later!

Not long after I decided to see if I had really given up the terrible habit, and as I drove alone to town I tried to light a cigarette when a loud voice said to me "Thou shalt not kill!" I immediately pulled over to the side of the road thinking it may have been my deceased mother warning me of some impending accident, but nothing happened. I thought now I do need a cigarette, and proceeded to light the cigarette again when that loud voice again sounded, "Thou shalt not kill." At that moment, I realised the voice was telling me not to kill myself through smoking and I realised it must have been my angel speaking so I have never had a cigarette since!

About a week later I came home to find the caravan missing from the side of the house with a 19ft fibreglass cabin cruiser in its place. "Where's the caravan gone?"

"I swapped it for the boat," was the reply. "It will be great. It has 2 radios! It will take us all out overnight on my next days off."

The day came, we all piled into the car with the weather looking promising. Once out of the harbour and heading North we stopped where Neville, Steven and Warren could do some fishing and catch some fish for tea, and as darkness approached we put up the sides and top covering in case of rain. The children were now asleep and a wind came up. Neville checked the weather report on the radio.

Both radios were now very scratchy and all we could make out was the word "winds." There's a little island not far from here which we could shelter behind," said my husband, so we headed off to go there. It was calmer there, and we threw the anchor out and settled down to sleep.

About 3am Neville woke me. It was very windy, and he told me we had been drifting. Not only that, but the anchor was now stuck on something and he couldn't pull it up. Every time a wave hit us, the back of the boat would lift with the wave; but the anchor held fast pulling the bow of the boat downwards into the water.

Neville got onto the bow and pulled at the anchor with all his might every time the bow went down, and eventually after about 30 minutes the anchor broke away with a huge piece of coral attached. Neville almost slid backwards

right across the bow and into the water when it let go, but luckily we had a railing which he managed to grab.

Half an hour later dawn began to appear, and the sea was monstrous and getting worse. "Might be a cyclone coming," said Neville, "we won't survive that if we stay here so we had better try and get back to the harbour. We will have to go out to sea a bit, because if we are too close to the coastline we will end up smashed up on the rocks." So that is what we did.

I bundled our baby daughter between 2 pillows and tied her in and around my waist. Daniel stood between my legs and I wrapped my legs around him. Steven and Warren sat on either side of me holding an arm each, and for the first time in my life I prayed my first real prayer. "Please Lord, it is going to be a very dangerous trip; I can't swim, our children can't swim and my husband can't save 6 people, but I ask that you save us and get us home safely Lord. Amen.."

It was a terrifying trip to the harbour. It was pouring rain and the waves were huge. We would be on top of a wave one minute, and as it rolled from under us we would fall between two waves and hit the water between them with a thud. At any time I was expecting the boat to just break in half, and like a broken egg we would just slide into the water and drown. At one stage we rolled off a wave and fell so quickly that the boat fell quicker than our bodies, causing my head to hit the metal brackets for the radios on the underside roof of the cabin and split my scalp about 3 inches. No one said a word during the whole trip except Steven who told me I was bleeding and with tears asked if I was going to die. So with blood dribbling down my face we just hung on as waves broke over the bow and water came into the cabin.

Neville was drenched to the skin and tried to look unconcerned to give us confidence, but there were many times when it looked as if he would be washed away. Eventually he shouted "look" and pointed, and probably a km away was a fishing boat making its way to the harbour and even its size was hidden by the huge waves at times.. Hope sprang up as we now knew we were almost there, and once there how calm the rough harbour seemed after being out at sea. We were told the last fishing trawler had come in ½ hr ago, and they had mentioned seeing a small vessel making its way to the harbour.

We were told we were the last to come in. I was told to go to the hospital about my cut, and people helped unload the children while Neville went and got the car and trailer to load the boat. And then home... totally exhausted. The trip usually took about 30 mins, but in that rough sea it took almost 4 hours. Yes it was a cyclone, but it eventually fizzled out and became a rain depression.

Conversion and Joining the Church

About a month or so later there was another leaflet in the letterbox. This time it was about archaeology mixed in history. I thought I must go to this, it sounds interesting; but it was on when Neville was on his afternoon shift at work, which meant I would have to take all 4 children with me. With my 6-month daughter in a basket, an almost 2 year old tot in tow, and my 6 and 7-year olds carrying pillows and blankets, we set out every night to the presentations presented by Ray Kent. The 3rd night he presented the history of the Papacy, the change from Sabbath to Sunday, the 10 commandments which it changed, and the terrible crusades etc. I just sat there in shock. How dare the Pope put himself above God! I felt indignant; if the Pope had been there I would have tried to strangle him.

Neville arrived home about midnight from work to find me in bed surrounded by encyclopedias and checking out what I had learnt that night. I could finally answer Neville's question of so long ago, "why do people go to church on Sunday?" I told him I never wanted anything to do with the Catholic Church again. The following Sabbath I was at the SDA church. I wanted to take my stand for the God of heaven and how can I teach my children to do right if I wasn't doing it? I reasoned.

Those who attended the whole 10 nights of presentations were to be given a beautiful Family fireside edition of the KJV Bible. My edition arrived personally by Pastor Graeme Olsen on the Wednesday following the end of Ray Kent's presentations. He told me they have Bible studies at the church on Wednesday nights and I would be most welcome. I thanked him, shut the door and sat down with MY Bible on my lap. I was filled with awe yet my

hands were trembling as I stroked the cover. I had never touched a Bible before and I was frightened and curious at the same time because the Catholics had taught us that the Bible belonged to Protestants who were lost and we were never to have one or we would be lost too. I thought of how the Pope had put himself above God in changing the commandments; I thought of the behaviour of the Priests and Nuns, and I remembered the Catholic church and their behaviour towards us many years before. They certainly weren't Christian in their behaviour, so I thought I wonder what the other side has to say. Without hesitation, I opened my Bible!

I began to read from the beginning of Genesis, and in Chapter 2 it talked of the 7th day. Why would God make a seventh-day if it wasn't for a reason? I thought. The next Wednesday night I arrived for the Bible study bringing along my Fireside Bible. There were many smiles and I returned the same. I didn't realise that most of the smiles were smiles of amusement at the big Bible I had brought with me.

A few days later Pr. Olsen gave me a study bible which was more convenient for carrying, he said with a smile. He asked if I would like Bible studies at home and I said that would be more convenient for me with four children and Neville on shift work. The 3rd study was on the state of the dead, which was a great eye opener for me as until then I had believed that my Mum was always watching over me. After that study I asked for baptism for I had made up my mind to become a Christian, but the Pastor put it off for a bit saying a few other things had to be done first. So the next study was done on the removal of jewellery, after that came makeup and clothing that befits a woman of God. So away with the makeup, jewellery and hippy type clothing! I was baptised 3 weeks later, aged 34. I was allowed the freedom to bring up the 2 youngest children for the Lord, but the two older boys were involved in cricket and other sports as their father was which caused tension and discord in the family.

I traced down Eva Williams, the woman who had lived years before at Brushy Creek near us and had cooked us all those vegetables that stormy night. I wrote a letter to her apologising for thinking they were queer and complaining about the Children's Bible story. I told her what had happened since and that I was a newly baptised SDA, etc. Two weeks later I received a

reply from her. She said she had looked at the sender of the envelope and was surprised it was from me. She opened the letter and read its contents; she said she cried many happy tears and reread the letter several times. The following Sabbath she went to the front of the NSW Armidale church and read the letter to everyone! She died a few years later so we never got to meet up again.

I rang my sister Margaret and told her I had joined up with the SDA church. A few years later, she rang about half past midnight crying. I asked her what was wrong, and she told me she was worried about the kids. She told me she had been watching Nostradamus and how the world was going to end very soon. I told her that not many of his prophecies came true, and if he were a real prophet all his predictions would come true. I told her I would send some Bible studies to her, and a year or two later, after I had left the church she requested Baptism. But her husband had told her she could join a Sunday church, not that other crazy one. We wondered how we would get around all this.

But God is good. My sister and her husband were coming up from Muswellbrook the following week. I made arrangements with a good friend of mine to baptise her down in the Calliope river just below our house. I rang friends at Rocky to be present as well. The day came and I told my husband that I had a problem and explained to him what it was. I told him Margaret wanted to be baptised without her husband knowing. Neville just smiled and said, "I will ask him to come with me and give me a hand fencing over at the farm." At that stage we had the Calliope 33 acre property and a Mango/Pawpaw 400 acre shared farm at Targinnie. So praise God, Neville took her husband away to return about 2pm, which gave us ample time to do what we had to do. Everybody had left and gone home by the time they got back. To this day I still don't know if she has told her husband.

Prior to leaving Gladstone church, I ended up taking training for nutrition and cooking demos, was Dorcas leader (Women's Ministry) and did welfare work. As well as that, I did cradle roll and occasionally took the adult lesson on Sabbath. It was also the time of Des Ford and Glacier view, the taking away of the 3 angels logo and replacing it with 3 waves and talk of trademarking the

church's name. It worried me that things were changing and I wondered where the church the church was going?

My workload became too much, and I slipped out of my Bible studies and my spirituality suffered. I was also homeschooling our 2 youngest children, much to the new Pastor's displeasure as he thought it would "give our church a bad name," he said. I asked to be relieved of some of the duties, but no-one was willing to even take on one task and I found that very disappointing. Eventually, whether it was providence or not I don't know, but suddenly I was unavailable.

My Older Sons' Accident

One Wednesday night, just as our study and prayer group finished, I was talking to one of the men outside the church when suddenly I felt a crushing feeling with a dark cloud encasing me. I could hear the man talking to me but couldn't see him. I interrupted him by saying I had to go home. I could see the ground but could not see ahead of me. I made my way to the car and when I started the engine the cloud lifted enough for me to see to drive home. I got home to find that Steven, 17 in a month's time, and Warren, then 15, had not arrived home from TAFE which finished at the same time as our prayer meeting. The cloud had now lifted and slowly disappeared as I wondered, 'Why were the boys so late?'

I made myself a warm drink and got my Bible out while waiting. There was a knock at the door just after 10pm... I opened it to find Barry, a man Steven worked with at the RACQ. He asked to speak with Neville so I went and woke him up, and we both sat down to hear what Barry had to say. He said he had bad news, that the police wouldn't be around to let us know for hours but both our boys had been in a big accident at 9 o'clock. 9 o'clock!? That was the time that dark cloud descended upon me! We thanked Barry for letting us know and went to the hospital, leaving the two younger children alone asleep in their beds.

We found Steven in deep shock, his complexion was a blue-grey colour with blood coming from his mouth. He told us a little of what had happened as he

drifted in and out of consciousness. We went to see Warren, who had clinically died at the scene but had been resuscitated, put on life support and was laying on a slab-like bed. He looked very waxy.

It was now after 1am, so I left Neville at the hospital and went home to check on our other children. I rang a friend a few streets away and told her what had happened. I asked if I could bring the children to her place for the rest of the night as I had to go back to the hospital. “Yes, do” she said. So I took the children there where we all said a short prayer and I returned to the hospital. At about 5am we were told to go home and have some shut eye. Before I went to bed, I prayed and asked the Lord for a sign, that if Warren was to survive he would be sent to Brisbane.

8am we were back at the hospital, firstly visiting Warren – nothing had changed. Nobody mentioned Brisbane. I felt deflated and told the Lord I would accept His will for our son. We left to visit Steven now in a ward. So we left Warren and walked up the corridor to the lift. In the background was a ringing phone, and just as we turned into the lift area, I heard someone calling our name. The doctor was on the phone, beckoning us to come back. I thought Warren may have come out of his unconsciousness. The doctor asked if we had any objections to Warren going to Brisbane; there was an empty medical plane at Rockhampton going to Brisbane to pick up a passenger for the return flight back. Before Neville could even think about it, I said yes. It was an answer to my prayer and it meant our son would live.

We went up to see Steven and told him about Warren, but he wouldn't believe us. “No, he's dead, I know he's dead; don't tell me lies,” and we couldn't console him at all. We went to the airport to see Warren off along with a life machine, a doctor and a nurse. We then bought tickets for ourselves to go to Brisbane the next day. We made arrangements for Kathy and Daniel to stay with another homeschooling family, and told the next-door neighbour who kept an eye on the place and collected our mail etc. while away. In the middle of all this, Brisbane Hospital rang to say that Warren had a huge amount of blood pressing on his brain and if it could be removed there was a slight chance he may live. Could they have our permission to operate? Yes, I said, you have permission, and I dashed off to tell Neville that

Warren would live! After that phone call I realised that Warren had been sent down to be an organ donor, whereas to me it was an answer to prayer.

We arrived in Brisbane to find Warren in a coma [which would last 6 weeks] and still on life support, which they slowly weaned him from during that time. He had severe head injuries and was paralysed down the left side. He had no control over his eyes as his optic nerve had been severely damaged. We returned home for Neville to return to work, and a day or two later I returned to Brisbane by car with Daniel and Kathy. They did their home schooling at the hospital each day and we helped other patients with games to help them keep their brains active, which the nurses appreciated as they really didn't have the time each day to do that... We stayed at Watson Park at Kallangur. About a month after Steven had been released from Gladstone Hospital, Neville and Steven arrived to show Steven that Warren was still alive. It was heartbreaking for Steven at home and the only way to comfort him was to bring him down and see his brother for himself. He broke down when he saw Warren and needed lots of hugs.. Warren slowly began to come out of his coma and this time it was my husband who broke down, because he didn't think Warren would recognise any of us. The thought hadn't even entered my head for God had kept that thought from me...

It was about this time that I had decided to leave the church, as I felt it was retreating towards Egypt. So I wrote them a letter to that effect. A few weeks later, when I rang Neville as I did each week, Neville told me that one of the men from the church had called around to see me to attend a church meeting and they wanted me there. Neville told the man I was in Brisbane and would not be able to attend. He asked the man what was it all about? "Your wife has been baptised and has signed a baptismal certificate. Whatsoever shall be bound on earth shall be bound in heaven (Matt 18:18)," said the man. Neville replied that he doesn't remember reading that John the Baptist gave out baptismal certificates to those baptised in the Jordan river as their passport to heaven, and with that the man left and we heard no more.

Once out of his coma, Warren was transferred from the RBH to the PA hospital for rehabilitation to try and get his paralysed left side used to motion. I was very pleased a few days later when Warren was taken to the rehabilitation area to find about 8 special slings for patients. Almost 10 years

prior to this, while we were living in the New England wool district, a close neighbour of ours was worried about shearers getting bad backs from shearing. So our neighbour made a sling, attached it to a railing that ran along a railing above, and went from the sheep pen to the shearing board then to the chute.. Tom asked me to have a go as women were now becoming professional shearers as well.

So Tom entered his invention in a TV show called "The New Inventors." The judges were very pleased with Tom's invention and suggested it could go further and help other industries, such as hospitals and factories. Tom won the prize that week, winning a trip to the USA and a substantial amount of money. Now here we had our son being helped by Tom's invention. Tom died suddenly late 2018, aged 95.

Warren was released from hospital in March the following year. The accident had occurred in August 1984, and there were years and years ahead of rehabilitation to be done and many operations on his eyes. His concentration lasted for about 2 mins at a time and he repeated the same question of whatever he was thinking 100s of times until my family could not stand it and would take off, leaving me with him. He slowly improved over the next few years to be able to have a short conversation, which we gradually built on. So there were many trips between Gladstone and Brisbane until 1990, when Warren was down to 1 walking stick and had managed to get a driver's licence. "How did you pass the eye test?" I asked, as he had double vision. "That was easy," he said. "I covered one eye and read the chart, then covered the other eye and did the same." Even today he still drives with one eye at a time, switching eyes as they become tired.

Church in the Park and My Cancer

It was during this time that others left the church, so we would meet in a park in Gladstone at Barney point. Jenny Hatch [Merv Hatche's daughter] would bring her piano-accordion or guitar along. Mrs. M would bring pictorial stuff for the children's session, Mr. M took the sermon, and Mr. F and Mrs. V and E would help where they could. Many children were drawn to our singing and

stories with their parents coming over to check us out. The children all got pictures for answering questions.

After lunch we would walk up the beach, and the children would create sand sculptures of a Biblical scene with the adults trying to decipher the sand stories when completed.. Or there would be a treasure hunt to find things mentioned in the Bible, a stone, a leaf etc.

One day Mr. M, who had recently begun work at Calliope Cattle Station, told us of a little old wooden church which was on the property where he now lived. No-one was using it and it needed cleaning. It would have been built in the late 1800s or early 1900s. He was wondering if the property owner would allow us to use it, and would we use it if he said yes?

A week later we had a working bee. The long grass was slashed and gathered up and a roadway cleared. Windows were fixed that were broken and the outside was washed down. The inside was cleaned with the removal of perished birds and little animals which had died after entry through the broken windows and trapped inside. The pews and windows were all cleaned. The old pedal organ still worked! Although very squeaky. It took us all day but we were happy. What a lovely little church it was. It even had an old Bible still on the beautiful ornated Pulpit of the good shepherd... We asked the Lord to bless this little church again and to bless it with His presence. We had the pleasure of using this lovely place for 18 months until Mr M and family left employment and went fruit picking. Then Mr and Mrs E left and went to Austria, while Jenny moved to Western Australia to be closer to her parents. So the little church wasn't used again.

About 2 years later, I was sitting on our front verandah when I heard a heavy low ended truck coming down the road, and when it came into view I saw that it had our little church as its load. It went past our front gate across the bridge over the Calliope river to the Historical village on the opposite bank to us. So now the church is next door and I can visit whenever I want to be alone. How great is our God! Sometimes they have weddings there, and until they stopped vehicles from using the bridge over the river they had a white sulky carriage with coachman and pulled with 2 beautiful black horses. The Bride and her Father would sit under a fringed sun-cover. It was lovely! I

would sit on the verandah Sabbath afternoons studying, but when I heard the horses trotting down the road it was a beautiful distraction. I thought it was beautiful for not many people are married in the sight of God anymore. If ever anyone visits this way, let me know and we can go for a visit to this wonderful gem. I use to leave booklets for free over there but the village now has new managers.

During these quieter years I began to get severe pains across my stomach, and my toenails and fingernails were blue. Eventually Neville convinced me to go to a doctor. The following week I was in surgery to remove a large cyst resting on an artery. I cried over my now pink fingernail and toenails. I'm sure they thought me mad!

A week later I was back in surgery for a hysterectomy because I was found to have Ovarian cancer. I was told I would be sent to Brisbane for Chemotherapy in 6 weeks. Lord I don't want Chemotherapy!

So I went right onto a raw food diet with juices, becoming very strict with myself. We did not have home juicers at that time, so I blended the veggies with some water and then squeezed all through muslin cloth. I read in Councils on Diet, pgs 437, 203, 204 and 2SM 303 and 3MR 322, that a raw egg in red grape juice is very beneficial. The Grape juice has something that neutralises the toxins in the egg. Blood is reproduced every 28 days, so I thought that if I take this raw egg in grape juice it should restore my blood to normal after 28 days. And this was how it worked out. By the way, the egg and grape juice tasted like a strawberry milkshake. But the egg and the grapes must be organic and fresh.

After 6 weeks I was sent to Brisbane for 4 days of chemotherapy. As soon as I arrived, I was sent for a blood test and told to come back in 3 hours for treatment. I returned 3 hours later, and while waiting talked with other patients. I was surprised at how many men had breast cancer and were awaiting treatment. One woman came from a Stanthorpe apple orchard. She told me she hated apples and never eats them. I told her she should juice them because cancer can't live in potassium. Another woman said she had

tried everything. "Have you tried praying?" I asked. "No" she said, "do you think God will hear me? "Yes, He will" I said.

I was called in. "Why have you got that silly white gown on?" said the Dr. "We had a talk about you after seeing your blood results and can find nothing wrong; we don't think you should have any treatment so we are sending you back home. Now go and get dressed and go home and don't come back unless something shows up." So the hospital arranged to fly me home. I rang Neville from Gladstone airport; he thought I was ringing from Brisbane hospital. He asked if I had dinner yet? "No, I haven't" I said. "Guess what we are having? Pizza," he said with a giggle. "Hope you have left me some," I said with a returning giggle. "Why where are you?" "I'm at Gladstone airport." 10 minutes later we were all hugging and rejoicing in my good news. I kept on the raw food for a few more months, then gradually reintroduced cooked food.

The Shooting

It was now 6 years since the car accident, and Warren and his friend Dean decided to go north and find work as pickers, Warren as a tractor driver and Dean as a picker. They would go to Cairns where the mangoes came earlier than those down south. Warren, now 21, was excited to have some sort of independence after all these years. So off they went to a new adventure.

It was the 31st Oct 1991. I had driven Neville to work, dropped Kathy off at a friend's place, and had breakfast in the carpark of the Gladstone shopping centre and had quick read while waiting for the shops to open. I was just coming through the checkout with the food shopping when I saw Neville waiting outside for me. I wondered what he wanted. Once outside he took me to a quiet area and told me the police had been out to Calliope looking for us but no one was there. Eventually the police came to QAL and found him and gave him bad news. There's been a shooting at Airlie Beach; Warren and Dean had been badly shot up. Dean was dead but the police didn't know Warren's condition.

We sat in silence for a few minutes. Neville then said he had borrowed a car to get here; he would have to go back and make up work schedules for the men as he had applied for time off to go to Mackay for a few days. He left and I unloaded the shopping into the car and went to the ambulance station to pay Warren's ambulance dues, otherwise we would be in for a huge bill. I got money out for fuel, accommodation etc., went and got poddy calf feed and a few bales of hay, picked Neville up from work and then picked up Kathy who burst out crying saying, "why are all these things happening to Warren?" We then went and picked up Daniel from RACQ house at the wrecking yard, where [while he was at TAFE] was living with Steven, who did the RACQ breakdown service. I rang Steven later to tell him the news and that we were going to Mackay the next morning. I told him Daniel was with us and that we were leaving Kathy at home to feed the calves etc. and to ring her and check that she was alright. We'd be gone for 3 days.

We arrived at the hospital to find Warren pretty well drugged up. There was a note left for us from Paul Wilson of the Mackay police dept. who we visited a few hours later. He told us that the gunman had come from Cairns by coach to get even with a policeman who had had him put in jail some years earlier. But that particular policeman had been transferred some months before and the police would not disclose his whereabouts. The gunman took off and went to where he was staying, took drugs, set the alarm for what he thought was 4pm but in reality he set it for 4am. He had intended [as per suicide note] at 4pm to go and shoot every man, woman and child he saw.

At 4am he got up, put on army fatigues, army boots, belt with extra ammunition and a few grenades, and took his now assembled Chinese SKS assault rifle. Finding no-one around he shot into shop windows and a few cars parked in the main street. Then he came across Warren and Dean. Dean was in a sleeping bag near the car and Warren was asleep on the back seat of the car. Dean was shot first, which woke Warren to see the rifle aimed at him through the window. He drew his legs up and was shot 10 times, once through the shoulder and the rest into his legs. The gunman then left and Warren heard another shot further away. Warren thought of Dean and pulled himself out of the car, but he couldn't stand up and fell to the ground. He then saw torches and people coming towards the car, thinking it was the

gunman and henchmen coming back to finish him off. Warren pulled himself under the car and terrified he wouldn't allow himself to be dragged out. He then collapsed and clinically died. He was pulled out from under the car and both boys were rushed to Proserpine Hospital. Warren was resuscitated for the 2nd time but Dean did not respond and was pronounced dead. Warren was then rushed to Mackay hospital.

Neville then asked the detective if Warren's car was driveable so he could drive it home. He was told the car had been shot up as well and had about 72 bullet holes in it, but he would get it checked out to see if it was driveable. The following day we spent at the hospital as Warren was now semi-conscious. The next day, with Neville and Daniel driving Warren's bullet splattered car, I followed them home to Calliope. There were many looks at the bullet holes when we pulled up at the petrol bowser for fuel.

We arrived home to find no Kathy, but there was a note. I rang her and then went to collect her. She told me she was scared; the pump wouldn't work for her to water the animals and worse the newspapers kept ringing up, some even suggesting if Warren and Dean were homosexuals since they were travelling together. She said she couldn't take it anymore and rang Gary, who fixed the pump and took her back to the safety of his family. I hugged her and apologised as I hadn't even thought of the newspapers.

That night I packed to go back to Mackay; Neville asked where was I going to stay but I didn't know. About 10 mins later there was a phone call from an old friend who had left Calliope some years earlier and now lived in Mackay; there was accommodation there for a few weeks if I needed it. I thanked the Lord and Neville stopped worrying.

So I lived with this SDA family for a month until they were going away... I looked for alternate accommodation but found none, and it was now only 3 days before my friends were leaving. Lord what will I do?

Staying with Mum Peterson

It was now mid-December. That Sabbath at Mackay Central SDA church, as I was walking back to my car to leave, I heard a voice behind me crying out, 'you hoo!' I turned to find an elderly white-headed man with 2 women in tow hurrying over to me. He introduced himself and the women, one was his wife and the other his sister. He asked if I was still looking for accommodation. I said yes, but today is the Sabbath so I am not looking today. The man continued, "my sister and I are 2 of 7 children. We have an elderly mother who lives alone and each night one of the seven of us stays overnight with Mum to make sure she is ok. It's been going on for years since Dad died, and we need a break so we can go on holidays with our own families or go out and have dinner together without someone missing all the time. We are also worried about her as she is eating very little. We were wondering if you could help us out? So really, we are asking you for help."

He added that his mum was going to Morning Melodies on Monday because she likes Sandy Scott, and my sister has a spare ticket for you so that you could sit near Mum and decide if you could get along. I asked them for a phone number and told them I would ring them the next day. On Monday I met them for Morning Melodies and I sat beside Mum Petersen. After the show I told them I would accept the offer. I moved in that afternoon.

After visiting Warren at the hospital, I arrived back at Mum Petersen's at about 6pm and saw that dinner was ready. Mum P had cooked enough rice and stewed apples for her whole family!! We sat down, grace was said, and I asked her where her plate was as there was only one plate where I was sitting. She told me she wasn't having any. "Is there something wrong with the food?" I asked, then added, "if you're not having any I won't have any either." "Why not?" she asked, and I said "it could be poisoned." She got up saying, "I would not poison anyone... I'll show you it's not poisoned."

She came back with a small plate and spoon. She took a spoonful and said "See, I'm still alive. Now eat up." I told her that her mouthful hadn't even gone down and I was going to give it another 10 mins. So she had another mouthful to show me it wasn't poisoned. Eventually she had eaten about ½

cup, so I was pleased with that. I washed up, went to bed, and thanked the Lord for His Blessings.

The Blue nurse arrived at 7am, as she did daily, and I heard her say to Mum P, “you look chirpy this morning!” “I have important work to do,” she told the nurse. “What is that?” asked the nurse. “I have to look after a poor lady whose son is in hospital. I do feel sorry for mums with sick kids.” I lay in bed smiling to myself; I was becoming attached to this elderly woman already. The next day I came home from the hospital and Mum P was sitting on the veranda and she said “you’re 5 mins late.” The following day I arrived home to find the gates opened for me to drive straight in!

Each day she was eating a little more. We took turns cooking and she asked if I was a Christian. “Yes I am,” I said. “So am I,” she said, and from there we had a lovely relationship, almost like mother and daughter. She told me how things had changed since her early days and how she found it disgusting that women don’t wear hats to church anymore.

I stayed with Mum P until the beginning of April when Warren was transferred to Gladstone Hospital. He now had many skin grafts, but Golden Staph had developed and he had a huge dark pressure sore on his heel. It was a sad April morning at Paradise St Mackay at 5.30am as the Petersen family didn’t want me to go, especially now that Mum P was eating and was a changed woman. [she was in her mid 90s] Part of my heart was saying the same thing. But I had to go as I had family too, so we said prayers for each other and I left.

I arrived in Gladstone at about 2pm and found that Warren had been put in isolation in a single room. We had to visit him wearing protective clothing from head to foot and his meals were served with disposable items. It was awful. None of this had been the case at Mackay hospital and it really worried Warren. He became very depressed. After 6 weeks they discharged him, but he had to come to the hospital daily for dressings to his legs.

He had over a foot of nerve missing because his calf had been shot out of one of his legs. One day bathing he scalded his foot because he didn’t feel pain until the damage was done. Another time he bumped his bad heel and a bit of broken bone nicked an artery which put him back in hospital. More long

weeks in hospital until eventually Warren said, "I'm not getting better in this hospital. I want to go to Brisbane." My heart sank, that meant more time away from home. But he was insistent, so I saw the head nurse and told her we wanted an appointment at the Royal Brisbane Hospital (RBH) and wanted to sign out of the Gladstone hospital tomorrow morning. I went home, made arrangements to stay at Lucy Scheafer's as someone had given me her phone number, packed and the next morning went and collected Warren.

We steamed open the hospital envelope only to find they had written nothing but that which covered themselves. But we did have an appointment for 9am the following morning at the RBH. We arrived at Lucy's to find that Lucy was in Fiji and her niece was minding the house for her. We had a good sleep that night and attended the 9am appointment with Warren feeling unwell in the lift. Warren said he would go in alone to the doctor. He was in there a long time and eventually a nurse came out and told me the doctor would like to see me.

The Operation

I went in but Warren was nowhere in sight. The doctor told me that Warren was being prepped for surgery and was waiting for the next available theatre. "Your boy is very sick Mrs Cruwys. He has Septicaemia and will be dead tomorrow if we don't operate. We need you to sign this form for us to operate. Will you sign?" Then he produced another form for me to sign. It was to amputate his leg if need be. At first I froze to the spot and burst out crying, but the doctor said he will die if you don't sign, so I signed and the doctor said we will try and save his leg. I just prayed and cried the whole time I was waiting.

It was about 2pm when they returned, but there was no ward bed for him to go to. Presently a nurse came and said there is a bed in the infectious disease unit, but the doctor said, "he is not going there. This boy has been through enough, keep looking." Half an hour later a nurse found a bed in the Geriatric wing. "That will do," said the doctor. He came in to see me and said, "we saved his leg, but we had to go up through his ankle so he will need to be in

hospital for awhile longer.” I followed the trolley to the Geriatric ward and stayed until dark.

I arrived at Lucy’s at about 8pm only to be confronted by a closed door. Through the window I saw about 10 young people, one I recognised as Maurie Zania. I knocked and the niece and her husband came out to me on the veranda and told me I had to leave.

Bewildered, I asked why. I was told that they had taken their little 2 year old to the doctor’s office that morning for his childhood injections, and while there had asked the doctor about golden staph. He told them that if little Johnny should cut himself the staph would get into his sore and kill him. Since my son and I had stayed in a room at their house, they were advised to ask us to leave; and when we were gone to get rid of the carpet, send the bed linen and curtains to a place which could sterilise such things, scrub down the walls and floors, burn the mattress etc.

I was about to tell them about the day I had had, but looking at them I thought: “They are as worried over their little boy as I am over mine.” I told them I would be gone in half an hour. “But where will you go?” the young mum asked. “I don’t know,” I replied. Then she said, “why don’t you stay the night and leave early tomorrow morning?” I thanked her and went into the bedroom, fell on my knees and told God that this is the worst day of my life. “Lord where will I go? I know no-one in Brisbane,” and I shed many tears before sleeping. I was gone by 7am the next morning. I went to the hospital carpark and had some fruit for breakfast. At 9am I went to visit Warren, only to have him taken away for x-rays, but he did look brighter than the day before..

While I waited for Warren to return I looked in my bag and found unopened mail I had brought with me. Amongst the mail was an “Alma Torch” paper put out by Maurie and Lucy Harnell. I began reading and then it suddenly occurred to me, maybe they knew of a place I could stay while in Brisbane. Lucy answered the phone and I introduced myself and told her why I was ringing. She said to ring back in 4 hours, meanwhile she would ring around.

At 2pm I rang back only to be told she could find no-one who could take me in. She said she and her husband had been talking and she told me they had a

spare room, but it was stacked to the ceiling with boxes of books even to the extent that you couldn't find the window. There is a bed just inside the door of this room with about a 6" gap between the bed and the boxes. "It would be a squeeze," she said, "but you are welcome to use that." I said "that sounds fine," and I went there later that day. Over dinner that night they asked where I came from and I told them Gladstone. They both looked at each other and smiled, then told me that Maurie had been the headmaster at the State High there many, many years ago.

The Harnells lived on a steep block on Tamworth St Annerley, with steep steps going down to their front gate and halfway up they had a book shop under the house. I helped with the book orders, bringing them up from their shop to be packaged for mailing upstairs. On Sabbath they had visitors, including Ula and Ron Cable who also put out a paper called "the Anchor". That man had the most wonderful photogenic mind that I had ever met. His memory was out of this world.. I enjoyed being at the Harnells and loved them dearly. Maurie told me of a young boy he took under his wings at his new school when they moved from Gladstone to Brisbane whose name was Peter Beatty; they became firm friends and in later years Peter often visited them like a son. When Maurie died some years later Peter gave a lovely, emotional obituary for him.

Warren was in hospital for 10 weeks before his discharge. During that time he became suicidal. At one stage I found 18 sleeping tablets tucked away at the back of his drawer when I was putting some clean clothes away for him. I asked him about them and he said they were for when he needed them. [I alerted the nurse about them when I left that night and no mention was made of them again] One day he said unto me, "Mum, I don't feel human anymore. I feel as if I am trapped inside something and can't get out. I'm told when to go to sleep and when to wake up. I'm told when to take a shower, when to eat and what is happening for the day. I have no say in anything concerning my life and can't do anything I would like to do." The following day he asked me "Mum. Why do you pray for us every day? God doesn't hear you or these things would not happen. So why do you bother?"

The next day, with Warren in a wheel chair on our usual routine, we were on the path outside the building when Warren suddenly asked me if I would buy

him a packet of cigarettes. I balked and looked at him. He looked at me and said "Are you going to be like everyone else and tell me what I can and can't do?" My heart went out to him, remembering his sharing of how he felt over the past week. I looked at him and thought, if he can't depend on his own mother who can he depend on? So I relented and went and bought him a pack of cigarettes, praying to the Lord to forgive me. I purposely didn't buy matches hoping to delay the inevitable. I took them back to him and he opened them, and a man walked by who was smoking so Warren asked him for a light. The man obliged and told him to keep the matches as he had another box in his car. Warren sat there with his eyes closed and a smile on his face as he smoked his cigarette. He looked almost like his old self again.

The next day, Warren met me with a big smile and when we were downstairs with him in his wheel chair he said to me: "Mum I will never ask you to do anything like that for me again. I know I upset you yesterday and I'm sorry." I just hugged him and told him I loved him and had the usual tearful moment. That day we were told he could go home the following Thursday, which was only 6 days away, and return for follow-up appointments now and then as necessary. We were both very happy and returned home to an excited family 6 days later.

The Recovery

Over the next two years we had 6 follow-up appointments. At the last appointment I told the doctor how embarrassing it was for Warren to get up and down the stairs. I told him how he can only get up stairs on all fours, and he comes down stairs on his backside one step at a time; it's very embarrassing for him in public. "Hasn't he got orthopaedic shoes?" the doctor asked. I said no. He rang another doctor at the hospital and sent us to him. "Weren't you given an appointment when you left the hospital?" the orthopaedic doctor asked. I shook my head.

He asked when were we leaving to go home that day and I answered, "Hopefully about 2pm." He phoned the orthopaedic shoemaker and told him the story, and he told him to send us right around. We went to Camp Hill to

the shoemaker's office and he took us straight in. Warren was measured up and a simple cast taken of his foot. All the way home Warren was saying, "I'm not going to wear those big horrible boots."

There were three more visits to the shoemaker. At the end of the second visit the man asked Warren "what sort of shoes would you like?" Warren just looked at him, not sure what to say, so the man took him into the next room. There were boots, work-boots, dress shoes, sandals, and then there were sneakers. With a big smile, Warren said, "can I have the sneakers?" "Can't see why not", replied the man. The next visit was for a fitting, and at the last fitting Warren wouldn't even try them on to see how they felt to walk in.. We bought the shoes and came home arriving mid-afternoon.

Warren told me to go inside so I unpacked the car and went inside the house. I sneaked a look out our bedroom window and watched him. He was putting the shoes on. Then he got out of the car and stood up, then walked around the car. He was smiling, then he took off down the paddock where I lost sight of him because of the shed. I sneaked outside thinking he may be just at the bottom of the hill. But no. Warren was off to the top of the ridge that overlooks the river. almost 400 metres away! Then he made his way home. I rushed inside pretending to do something and hoping he wouldn't have a heart attack as he hadn't walked normally for 10 years. He went up and down the steps twice on the front veranda then came inside saying, "Mum, I can get up and down steps." I burst out crying and went to him for I had felt so much for his embarrassment all these years. With a smile he said, "I thought you would be happy, not crying," and we hugged.

Our local policeman called in a few weeks later to ask about Warren. I told him he was down in the dumps because he has lost so much of his independence and his driver's license had run out while he was in hospital and he didn't know how he would get on getting another one. "I'll go and see him," said policeman D, "where is he?" "In the shed," I said and he disappeared to the shed. He returned to say goodbye and said he had told Warren what to do. Warren came in and told me that he had been told to brush up on all the road rules and to practise his driving skills. He buckled down to studying and practising with a friend. Three weeks later Mr D rang with an address and a time for the test. Warren was a nervous wreck... But

off he went with his friend. A policeman asked him some questions, the correct spelling of his name, date of birth etc. Warren was expecting the next thing would be the driving test, but the policeman came out and with a smile handed him his driver's licence and told him to go to the registry at Gladstone and get his photo done. Warren couldn't believe it. They shook hands and went to Gladstone to finalise the licence with a photo.

Warren never looked back from that moment. He got a job at the deer farm not far from home which came with a uniform; that lifted his spirits to no end. Then he did a course through the disability dept. and became a fitter and turner. He was now in his late 20s. At 32 he left home for the 1st time and drove all the way to Darwin where he got a job in Katherine as supervisor of the machinery for the making of the concrete sleepers, some with electricians in them, for the Ghan railway. When that was finalised, he stayed to supervise the dismantling of the whole factory, then he went to the Ranger mine at Jabiru and is still there until it closes in 2021. We are very proud of him. I rang to tell him Kathy had been diagnosed with Stargardt disease and was going blind. He said he had been through a lot, but he would hate to be blind. He could think of nothing worse and that if she needed money to let him know.

I joined up with "Victims of Crime" as a volunteer for about 2½ years and did court work with victims, which I really enjoyed. So many victims have never been to a police station, let alone a court, and only know what they see in movies. They worry about facing their perpetrators and about being flogged with questions by barristers and lawyers. So a week before their case came up, I and the Clerk of the Court would take them to the courtroom and explain procedures – who sits where, bowing to the flag, the Judge's room and how child witnesses are protected from seeing their perpetrators etc. I also told them I would accompany them through their case, or take them to a tea room if upset, and drive them to or from their court case etc. Victims were so much more relaxed and confident on their day in court that it was worth all the trouble, and many went out of their way to thank me for relieving them of so much anxiety. I averaged about 1 or 2 cases per month.

It was about this time that I found our eldest son Steven sitting outside the big shed on a chair just looking at the stars one evening. I told him that dinner was ready but he made no response. I went closer and he said, "I've

just had the last of my drugs. I am not going to have anymore.” He then added, “I don’t know where I’d be now if it hadn’t been for you. With all that was going on you were always there for me. All the court cases and the heartache I caused you. I regret it all. From now on there will be no more drugs.”

He kept his word. He just quit and I was proud of him and thanked God for answering another prayer. He had taken drugs to hide from the horrible things going on in our life, wondering if something would happen to him next. I hugged him and I thanked God again. Steven still lives on the property in a 1-bedroom unit about 200 metres from our house. He checks in with us at least twice a day [before and after work]. He also cooks for us all at least once a week and helps us when needed, whether it is trucks, tractors mowing or fencing. We all suffered from the effects of our life in those days. Kathy was about 8 at the time of the boys’ car accident, and at 18 was already a mother herself so we missed out on all the mother-daughter bonding years which I regret. But she married a good man who loves her and looks after her, especially now that she is blind and he does work from home. We love Roger but he too has had a hard life.

The Discovery

After Warren had got his shoes and was settling into daily life and our life was a little more normal, my friend Jean from Yeppoon and I decided to go away for a week to Ballendean to help Carey Rowlandson with the Protestant paper. It was now 1994 and while there Carey mentioned that he didn’t believe in the Trinity anymore.

“Why not?” I asked. “Where did Eve come from?” “From Adam’s rib,” Jean said. “Would you say that was his bosom?” “I suppose so,” I said. “Where did Christ come from?” We both answered, “from the bosom of the Father!” “So does that mean the Father was there before Christ?” We just looked at each other, and just then there was an interruption to our conversation so we went to bed.

The following day as we left the Rowlandsons to return home, Jean said, “what do you think about what Carey was talking about last night? Do you think we should study it out?” I asked her back, “Do you think this is a salvational issue?” “I don’t know,” she answered, and all the way home for 11 hours she was scanning through the Bible finding texts that were supporting the Father and Son.

We decided to study this subject through once home using only the Bible, as we thought at that stage that Ellen White also believed in the Trinity. We studied intensely for 4 months until we were fully convicted. We had changed Gods, the one we now worshipped was the God of the Bible! I shuddered at how much falsehood the Papacy had put out and had succeeded in seducing the people with. I thanked God that I had been led away from that cruel deceiving Church for I know how they rule with absolute fear.

Jean was coming down from Yeppoon to spend Sabbath with me. She had already left home when Vera and Amy from Rockhampton rang to say they were coming down for a surprise visit. When Jean arrived, I told her that Vera and Amy were also going to join us for Sabbath, so we decided we wouldn’t mention the subject of the Trinity to them as we were still not ready to face close scrutiny. We sang a few hymns and read an article from the Review & Herald. We then talked about any witnessing we may have done during the week. Vera talked about something she had been reading, and when she mentioned the word ‘Trinity’ a power from within me jumped up and I said, “there is no Trinity!”

I couldn’t believe what had happened, and Jean looked as if she wanted to sink further into the lounge and disappear. Vera just looked at me and said, “what do you mean?” I repeated that there was no Trinity. Amy jumped up and said “this house is cursed; you’re demonic Val. I want to go home.” I told Vera what Jean and I had been studying and why. Vera became very quiet. Just then Neville walked in and asked how long to lunchtime. I told him we were just about to get that ready and told him ½ hour.

We had lunch in almost near silence with Vera and Amy leaving straight after. Jean lingered for an hour and said “I suppose it’s no use asking why you jumped up as you did.” I said “no it’s useless, because I don’t know why

myself.” We wondered what would happen now to our little group and Jean went home. Neville came in when all were gone home and said, “it was very quiet around the table at lunchtime. What’s going on?” So I told him. “Is that all?” he continued, “I could never get my head around that understanding, what you have found out makes sense.” What a climax to an exciting day I thought. I didn’t hear from Vera for a long time, in fact 6 months or so, but Amy was quick to send me stuff from the Catholic church to prove that there was a difference between their Trinity and the SDAs.

About 1995 I finished putting together a study on the Trinity vs the Godhead after many further months of study. Vera rang and said she was onboard with Jean and I, and I rejoiced at this news. I sent the study out to various people. A few months later I received an anonymous photostatted page of an SOP quote. Sister Ellen didn’t believe in the Trinity either. I was over the moon. I rang Jean and she was excited too. I continued to send out the study as addresses came to hand, even to Pastor Bob and Peggy Boyd in America, who later put out books of their own. I wasn’t the first to approach them on the subject though; they had a friend who had been trying to show them this truth for some time and my study came in the middle of it all giving their friend a stronger case.

At home, close friends turned up one day to tell me how wrong I was. The woman pleaded with me while her husband kneeled and prayed with tears. But I stood firm, because everyday this truth was being made clearer to me. They left and our friendship went by the wayside. It was a sad day, for they were the only ones from the church to visit me in hospital when I had cancer and were like family. We could walk into each other’s homes and treat it as our own. I remember one night how they had arrived at midnight and were hanging washing on our clothes line when she told me that James Arrabito had died in a plane crash a day ago. We were both shocked and saddened by this news.

Some time later the church was up in arms over the Godhead vs the Trinity. People were leaving the church over this issue. The pastors were trying to tie the people into bundles to keep people in the church. I am so glad for the leading of God for many voices were now speaking for Him and the honest would be called out of error.

Our Third Son Daniel

Our youngest son Daniel was now overseas in London. I had often thought he would be a preacher but that wasn't to be. At the age of four, he and Kathy, who was 3 at the time, would often sit on our front steps in the sun, Kathy with her doll and Daniel with his Teddy. I thought they sat there to get warm, but one day I overheard Daniel say, "He's not coming today either Kath." Thinking stranger danger, I asked, "Whose not coming today?" "Jesus," said Daniel. "You said he will come from where the sun comes up."

Another time Daniel, now about 7, wouldn't get out of bed for morning worship. I went in to see why but his head was under the sheet. I pulled the sheet down to find a tear-filled face. "Whats wrong? Are you sick?" He shook his head. "Then what is it?" I asked. "I don't want to hurt Jesus today," he said, shedding more tears. I hugged him and told him that Jesus knew he was just growing up and still had lots to learn, and Jesus would always lead him to do the right thing.

Another time he refused to sing a song I had picked for worship that morning, which was 'All to Jesus I Surrender.' He said he couldn't sing it because he had not yet surrendered all to Jesus! He was baptised when he was 13 in the Burnett River Bundaberg by Graham Berghman. I was also baptised into God's Universal Church. Even though this was 3 weeks after my hysterectomy and people were worried about infection, I went ahead and was baptised into God's Universal Church at the same time.

After working at Emerald for many years, Daniel left for London a week after his 21st Birthday. We missed him very much.

He was 28 when he came back for a week and had a girlfriend with him. I tried to tell him about the Trinity being wrong, but now he said that he didn't want to know the God I worshipped anymore. "Mum you told me God was love, but when you see the suffering and other things overseas I realized it would better to be a Buddhist who worshipped a gentler god..." I was devastated.

Daniel bought a café at Koh Tao, a small island 7kms by 3kms in the gulf of Siam. Along with the café came 7 staff and above the shop was

accommodation. He also hired out motorbikes to explore the island, and he was the only bike owner who provided helmets and had registered bikes. He loved his shop and Neville and I spent many happy days there.

Daniel later married a Thai lady who was a solicitor at Koh Samui, an island 2 hours away by boat. They had 7 years of marriage and had no children except the one she had from a previous marriage, with that husband being in jail for domestic violence. During this time Daniel's wife persuaded him to sell the café and combine their money and use it to build a tourist resort with 5 condominiums and make more money than at the café.

At their home there was a large safe requiring 4 men to move it, and in it was all that was of importance. Business and client papers, and money, passports, banking books etc. and wallets. She wore the key around her neck. Now that they had a joint account, 2 signatures were required and she was in charge. Unbeknownst to us, Daniel was now in a domestic violence situation with him the victim, as we found out from his friends just after the funeral when Daniel committed suicide in 2012.

Within 24 hours of Daniel's death, his wife's grandmother also died. She had brought Daniel's wife up as her own, as Dan's wife's real mum lived in Denmark and didn't want her. Now, as was their custom, close family members had to go to the deceased's home and stay locked in their house for a week [as if they had died too]. During this time other people left food for those enclosed inside the house on the window sills, etc. At the end of the week prayers were said and the people entombed inside were set free, to resume their daily lives again. So Daniel's funeral was postponed yet another week.

But I sensed something was not right and his wife and I argued over Daniel's body. To have a burial over in Thailand you had to book in and pay 7 years in advance, and then you would only be buried on top of another person. She wanted him cremated and his ashes thrown into the sea, but I told her that she had married into our family and he was to come to Australia for a Christian burial. She told me that his body will keep for 2 years in the morgue!!

She eventually agreed to get onto her father and see what he decided (It was her father's mother who had died not long after Daniel). Her father was the chief musician in the Thai Military and every year he had to write a new birthday song for the king for all the military bands to play. He told her to agree to our wishes and the next day she gave approval for the release of Daniel's body to come to Brisbane, Australia. Daniel was embalmed, placed in a coffin, and the coffin encased with tin. Then he was sent to Australia for burial along with his passport.

I know that Christ was with Daniel at the terrible time that night he died, crying with him and feeling his grief. How I wished I knew of his grief and could have helped him. Within 13 months of Daniel dying, his wife had found another rich man and had a child to him. We realised the first husband must have retaliated when he realised the situation he was in and she had him put away in jail for domestic violence. I have not contacted her since knowing about this next man and the child, and feel very sorry for her and for him.

God Reveals Himself

Before the day of Daniel's funeral, I prayed to the Lord but had an outburst saying, "It is not fair. You have your son back and Mary had her son back in 3 days. Why have we got to wait so long?" I regretted the outburst as I thought of Christ now reinstated with His Father but in a scarred humanised body. I thought that if Warren gave himself to the Lord he would have a perfect body with no more scars. I apologised to the Lord. Then a voice came the second time saying "I gave that child [Daniel] to you to bring up for me. Now your job is finished."

"I know my job is finished," but asked further, "Are we only surrogate parents for you Lord? Isn't he our child too?" But there was no answer. I accepted the no answer, and like Hannah handing young Samuel over I handed Daniel to the Lord. I thanked Him for allowing us the privilege of having the time with such a lovely son as we did.

After the funeral had been sorted, I was sitting on the veranda thinking of what Warren and Daniel had both said to me. Warren with his "why do you even bother praying for us" and Daniel wanting a God of love. I made a

decision and said, "Lord, I have always depended on you and you have answered many prayers and provided help when needed. You have always looked after me and I don't want to leave you. But Lord I have to ask this of you. I want to know if you are the God who you say you are. Because if you are not who you say you are, I will have to leave you because I can't worship a contradictory God. Please show me who you really are."

All that came back was "search the scriptures, for they speak of me." I searched the Scriptures and I was shown Ps 78:49, which I had never noticed before. This Psalm talked of the red sea escape and the Egyptians which followed, and then 78:49 says: "He cast upon them the fierce of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by sending [allowing] evil angels among them [the Egyptians]" after the Hebrews had gone across... I also read the 1st chapter of Job and how he prayed and sacrificed for his children each day. I read further to where Satan was in heaven and was given permission to test Job and how he destroyed Job's children and in the end Job was given more children, etc. I wouldn't want more children to replace the ones lost as if they were of no worth. I would only want to keep the beautiful children God had given me originally.

I looked to see what Sister Ellen said and she confirmed what I had found. God is who He says He is. God is Love and He cannot be anything else. And John 3:16 means much more to me now than before..

1 Cor 13:4-8 Charity[love] suffereth long, [and] is kind; [love] envieth not; [love] vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth.

All this perfectly describes the Character of God to us along with the 10 commandments.

God's love had been misrepresented before the people. God's love is the last message to be given to this darkened world. The wrath of God is the turning away of the Father's face from sinners when there is nothing else He can do

for them. Even Christ experienced the Father's wrath on the cross, when the Father hid Himself in a cloud and Christ cried out, "Father why hast thou forsaken me?" It is the destroyer doing all the damage and using sinners to help him.

I was overjoyed at the findings and shed many tears. I was so happy and without thinking said, "Lord, did I have to lose a son to find this beautiful truth?" The answer I got back was, "I gave my Son for that reason." I burst into tears again, feeling so humbled and I haven't asked Him any questions since.

1 John 2:27 – Ye need not that any man teach you.

John 6:45 – They shall all be taught of God.

Jeremiah 29:13 – and ye shall seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart, and I will be found of you, saith the Lord.

John 8:32 – And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

RH May 13, 1890 – Those who love God will have an intelligent knowledge of Him.

So late 2012 I did a small paper to give to people on the streets to let them know of God's love, that it was Satan doing all the nasty things and not to become discouraged in their lives. I posted copies to 10 people. The first to ring me was my sister who asked what else I had on the subject. The second was Helen D who said that she and her husband were studying this very subject when he died. Then there were a few who were against it, and one of the P bros from Restitution Ministries said they were coming up for a pastoral visit. There was no response from the others. I was very disappointed with the Pastoral visit, which turned out to be only for one reason and that was to prove us wrong. [for Helen D came up as support] They all left and I studied more.

It was now a year to the day of Daniel's death. I was doing the veggies for dinner when Steven came in to give me a hand as he often did. I mentioned that I had been to the cemetery that day and Steven said, "I have something to tell you. The night Daniel died, I was asleep and about midnight someone

tried to ring me, but I ignored it as I was very tired and went back to sleep, with the intention of ringing whoever it was the next day. When I awoke at 5am for work, I checked my phone and saw that it was Daniel's number. Seeing there was 3 hours between our times, I thought I would ring him a little later as it was still night over there. But that didn't happen as you rang with the bad news a few hours later.

I went into another room and had a good cry, for I had been so upset that Daniel had not been in contact with family. I thought of Steven and how he must feel, so I went out and hugged him and told him not to feel guilty and told him he wouldn't have been able to do anything to stop him and not to blame himself. He said that up until then he just couldn't bring himself to tell me and we both had another cry together.

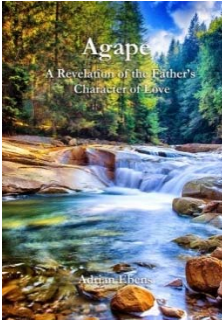
I continued studying the COG and was surprised at how much we had overlooked in our ignorance. Satan had surely blinded our eyes. One day Helen D rang to say, "I think I have found someone who believes like us, but I think he also keeps the feasts." She mentioned he was having a camp soon. I was very interested and the rest is history. We attended Adrian's first Passover camp and I have not looked back. It's so lovely to meet with like-minded people and to regard each as our brother or sister... The best thing with this knowledge is that it is much easier to talk to others with confidence as we now know who we are talking about. Can't wait for Heaven... to meet my Saviour...who is forever drawing us closer to Himself.

Praise God for His beautiful Love and Guidance.

Valerie Cruwys

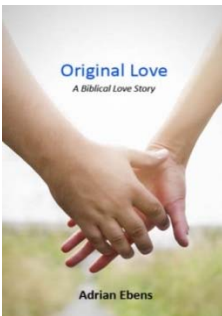
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Agape



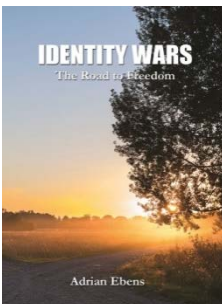
Take a deeper look at the Bible evidence that the God of the Old Testament is the same as what Jesus revealed in the New Testament. The book is a detailed and systematic examination of the facts that provide a direct way to look at several of the stories of the Bible that have not been previously considered. Just on 300 pages, this is a serious read for those really looking for answers.

Original Love



Marriage as an institution is under serious threat. Why do so many people have a bad experience with marriage and relationships in general? *Original Love* looks at the original relationship described in the Bible to see what things we might learn that our own relationships might be enhanced and enriched. 44 pages packed with vital principles for a vibrant marriage.

Identity Wars



Identity Wars is a journey of self-discovery. It is an invitation to learn of your value in a purely relational context. This book reveals the principles that will help you escape the performance-driven mindset of this world and find freedom in your most important relationships.

God Will Take Care of You

Where is God when times are tough? In her testimony, Val Cruwys testifies that He was right there with her the whole time. From being raised by her blind father, to the trials and tribulations of her children, to the struggles to find truth, Christ carried her through and gave her the strength to endure.

Even in the midst of difficulties, Val determined to learn more of her God. Her Catholic background gave her little knowledge of the Bible, yet she heard the Master's voice and she followed – whether it was to learn the 10 commandments, to quit smoking, or to learn of the historical and archaeological legitimacy of the Bible. No matter her age, Val was still willing to be taught, which led her to the Father-Son relationship. Most amazing of all was that God gave her the faith to see in great tragedy the need to know of His character, leading her to discover the most precious of truths.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.
(Phil 4:13)

But the path of the righteous is like the light of dawn, which shines brighter and brighter until full day. (Pro 4:18)

May Val's testimony help us to remember the constant care that our Father has for us, that He is always trustworthy and faithful.