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Magazine

February 2016

DISCOVERING
A MORE CREATIVE

& fulfilled life

4 Kinds
of Talk
that Will
**SAVE YOUR
MARRIAGE**

*every bitter thing
IS SWEET*



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& fulfilled life



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The
Book
Nook



Smile

From the desk of ...



Sheryl

Ah....February the "love" month.

We at Cherished Magazine decided not to make Valentine's Day a theme--not because we don't like it (oh we do) but we wanted to focus on encouraging you to

Live Life cherished *Everyday*

It says in Matthew 6:21:

For where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also.

Let's treasure and celebrate how awesome God is, our relationships in our life and how wonderful we are!

Have a "love"ful February!

SHERYL

DaySpring

Love
one another

1 JOHN 4:7

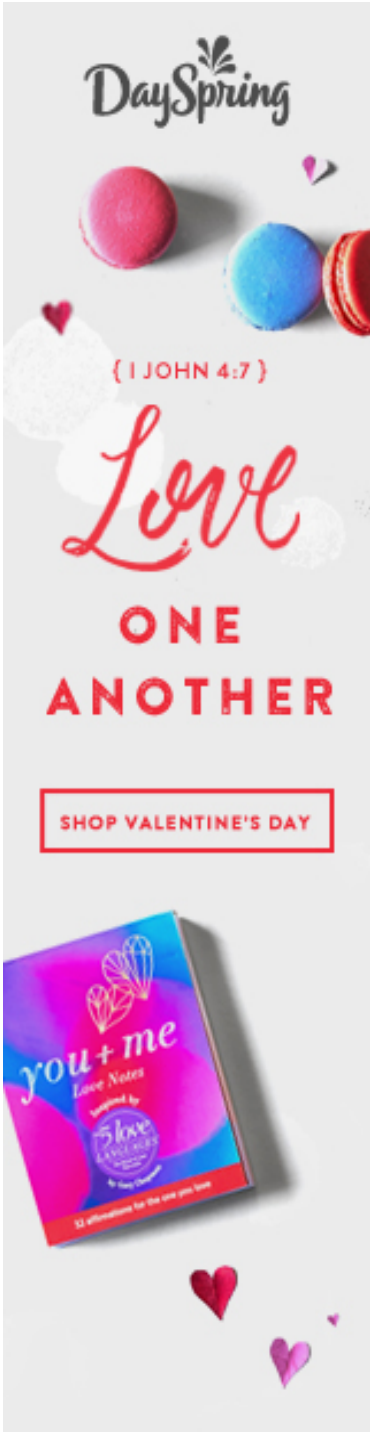
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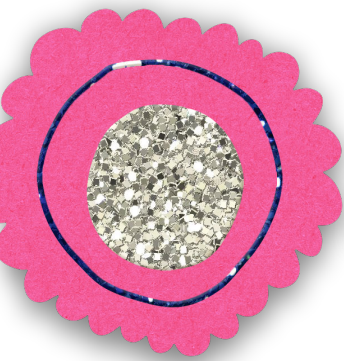
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DISCOVERING A MORE CREATIVE

& fulfilled life

Jessica N. Turner



An excerpt from **My Fringe Hours: Discovering a More Creative and Fulfilled Life**, by Jessica N. Turner, "Revell, a division of Baker Publishing Group," Copyright 2015

Fringe Principle #1



I believe in cultivating balance in my commitments and within myself.

The modern woman struggles with balance on a daily basis. It's a pursuit that feels elusive at times, an ideal that only seems to happen to other people. Many

of the women cited in the survey that the struggle to achieve balance is the most challenging part of everyday life.

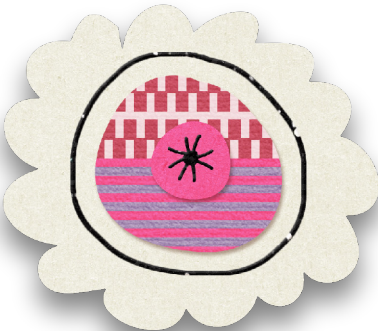
Considering the numerous roles that women play, this struggle is no surprise.



While perfect balance cannot be attained, it can be used as a guiding principle for life choices. More importantly, doing so will push you to become intentional about making yourself a priority.

Balance can be defined as a satisfying arrangement of elements and emotional stability. Using this definition of balance is an excellent guide for finding the freedom to say no and the fortitude to create healthy boundaries.

Ultimately,
balance will lead
you toward a
more gratifying,
life-giving path



Considering Balance



What does balance look like for you? Do you have commitments in your life that are good things but maybe aren't good for this season of your life?

On the downloadable journal sheet, describe your current season of life. **What or who are your top five priorities right now?**

Write down some of the things you wish you had more time for.

On the downloadable journal sheet, write down the various commitments you have or activities you're involved in right now.

These are the items currently weighing down your schedule.

By reducing or eliminating them, you can make your scale more balanced. Consider whether anything should be eliminated from your schedule so that you'll have more time for the things you long to do.

Cultivating Balance in Your Commitments



While consistent balance may be difficult to achieve, these tips may help you find more space in your days.

1. Learn to say no.

For any kind of balance to exist, you must embrace the word no. Don't be afraid to use it.

Remember, saying no is not a bad thing. You shouldn't feel guilty about saying no—even when you turn down a good



thing—because it means you are saying yes to something better. And sometimes taking care of yourself is the better thing.

2. Learn from your mistakes.

Sometimes you're going to overbook yourself and life is going to be too full. Learn from those seasons. Once you come out on the other side, ask yourself what you could have done differently. For instance, could you have said no to something or scheduled an activity for another month?

3. Evaluate what matters.

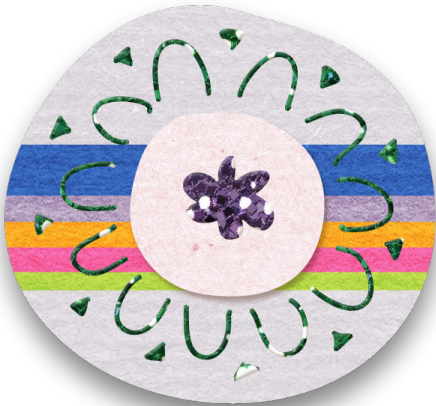
Continuously review your schedule and make sure everything is necessary. A quote

I have on my desk reads, ***"If what you do doesn't matter to you, it's really not going to matter to anyone else."***

Work to fill your life with the things that matter most to you.

4. Reduce distraction

Sometimes balance can be achieved just by turning off your phone, computer, or other technological devices. Or you might need to find a quiet place in your home or out in nature to be less distracted.



Yes or No?

Women receive countless requests for their time. Appeals to help the PTA. A boss's request for working overtime. A friend's invitation to go shopping. Sometimes we can't say no. ***But most of the time, we get to make a choice.***

Remember, too much of a good thing is still too much

So choose wisely. And leave time for the things that matter most.

Think of five things you've recently been asked to do. Are they things you need to do? Or are they things that would be nice to do but not things you have to say yes to? (A friend once told me, "If it isn't a heck yes, it's a no," which is a good rule of thumb.)

Record those five requests on

the downloadable journal sheet along with how you will respond or have already responded.

Cultivating Balance within Yourself



Balance is about more than just the activities you do. The following actions can help you create better balance within yourself as well.

Which ones resonate with you the most?

1. Extend yourself grace.

Balance is rarely simple, as our lives and responsibilities often change.

Don't be hard on yourself on the challenging days.

2. Take care of your health

Oftentimes when we run ourselves ragged, our health suffers. To live a balanced life, you must take care of your body. Eat well, go to the doctor for checkups, exercise, and get enough sleep.

3. Give and receive love.

We were created for relationships. Love well each day.



4. Pray.

Make time each day to pray and be with the Lord. God is your comfort and rock. You do not have to go through a single day without him.

5. Express gratitude.

Take time each day to write down what you are thankful for. Research shows that people who keep a gratitude list are happier people."



Jessica N. Turner is the founder of the popular lifestyle blog [The Mom Creative](#), where she documents her pursuit of a life well crafted. She is a writer for HuffPost Parents, Parenting.com, and a founding writer of DaySpring's (in)courage community. Earlier this year, DaySpring launched a product line based on themes from Jessica's first book *The Fringe Hours*. Turner is also an advocate for World Vision, a sought-after speaker, and an award-winning marketing professional. She and her husband, Matthew, live with their three children in Nashville, Tennessee.



Top five priorities right now:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.



*I wish I had
more time for...*

My current commitments

Think of five things you've recently been asked to do.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Are they things you need to do?

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4 Kinds of Talk that Will *SAVE* Your Marriage

BY EMILY T. WIERENGA



We're skipping church because we've been gone all weekend.

We're watching it instead, online, Pastor Mark Hughes' Church of the Rock, and **we're watching a sermon on marriage on separate couches, while our boys climb all over us.**

Trent and I look at each other across the room and sigh, roll our eyes and there's a splash of sunlight on the floor, falling from the sky. Just a splash but

it's enough to make the room feel warmer.

*MARRIAGE IS HARD WITH KIDS,
AND IT'S HARD WITHOUT KIDS
TOO. IT'S JUST PLAIN HARD.*

Not because of anything except that you are two sinful people with different ways of communicating, different ways of seeing and perceiving the world and suddenly you're apparently one body and not

only that, you're expected to raise two very impressionable young children while being consistently "on the same page".



And you try to have date night which basically means sitting on the couch with your feet up watching something funny because you can't handle serious after the kind of day you had and suddenly the boys are yelling at you from bed because they want more water or another song or they're hungry.

And you do that thing where you look at each other and even though you're side by side you feel miles apart.

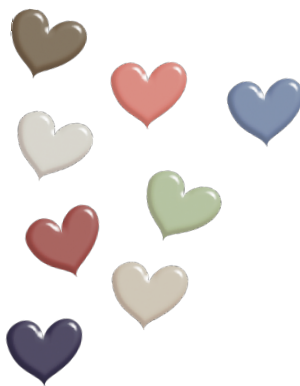
"Who are you?" you ask, not only to the person in front of you but to the person that you are, ***because you forget.***

You forget what makes you laugh.

You forget what you used to do when you had free time.

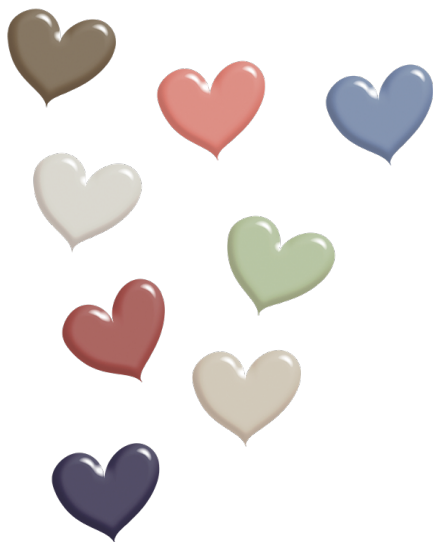
You forget what romance is because you're so tired when you fall into bed it's all you can do turn out the light before you're snoring.

BUT I WANT MORE.



I know, my kids are 6 months and four and five and a half and we're both neck deep in our careers and yet, I don't want to lose "us" before the children are

out of the house and suddenly we don't know what to talk about anymore.



But more than that,

I WANT TO HAVE THE KIND OF MARRIAGE THAT MAKES MY KIDS WANT TO GET MARRIED.

They say that your eyes should light up every time your son or daughter walks into the room. I think we should aim just as high when our spouse walks into the room.

But it's not just about the eyes

lighting up. It's about talking to your other half—really, truly talking.

According to Pastor Mark Hughes of Church of the Rock—the program we were watching on separate couches while our boys tugged on our hair and flipped across our laps, there are

FOUR KINDS OF TALK
THAT WILL SAVE A
MARRIAGE.

1. SMALL TALK:

You know, the kind in which you discuss the weather, the day, How was work honey? Did you get the mail like I asked you to? Why didn't you get the mail like I asked you to?! *Yeah, that kind of talk.*



2. SWEET TALK

Trent and I call each other Babes, but that's about the extent of our sweet talk, so we realized we needed to work on that. So I told him one night that I liked his butt. He told me he liked mine too. It's a start.



4. SOUL TALK

3. SERIOUS TALK

This is when you discuss a heightened version of Small talk, concerning more crucial topics, like health, finances, relationships, careers. People often think they're having an intimate talk if it's about something serious, but in fact, it's not. Yet it's still important to do.

This is the most intimate version of communication. This is where you ask each other a "soul" question, like "What are you afraid of?" or "If you could accomplish one thing with your life, what would it be?"

So Trent and I have started soul-talking. Because we've realized we've been living mostly off of small talk, serious talk and a crush on each other's butts.

**BUT OUR MARRIAGE
WAS FEELING FLAT
BECAUSE THERE WAS
NO SOUL.**



You gotta have soul.

So set aside one night a week where you ask each other a question.

Put the kids to bed early, pop some corn, pour each other a glass of bubbly and sit out on

the deck.

It's worth it to one day have the kind of marriage that makes our kids say, "Hey—I want one of those!"



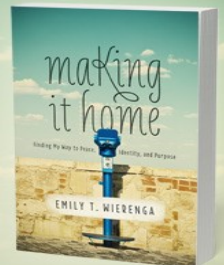
Emily T. Wierenga is an award-winning journalist, columnist, artist, author, founder of [The Lulu Tree](http://www.thelulutree.com) and blogger at www.emilywierenga.com. Her work has appeared in many publications, including *Relevant*, *Charisma*, *Desiring God*, *The Gospel Coalition*, *Christianity Today*, *Dayspring's* (in)courage and *Focus on the Family*. She is the author of six books including the travel memoir *Atlas Girl* and speaks regularly about her journey with anorexia. She lives in Alberta, Canada, with her husband, Trenton, and their children. For more info, please visit www.emilywierenga.com. Find her on [Twitter](#) or [Facebook](#).



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—RACHEL MACY STAFFORD,

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“ And maybe the secret to all of life is to
never stop reaching out in the dark.
To never stop taking hold of each other’s hands.

To never let go.”

| MAKING IT HOME BY EMILY WIERENGA



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every bitter thing
IS SWEET

An excerpt from
**Every Bitter
Thing is Sweet**
by Sara Hagerty
Zondervan
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chapter one

the question unearthed "Blessed are those who hunger."

My life wears stretch marks from a child. A child I never conceived yet spent a decade birthing. A child who, in the swirl of my wounds, has healing for me still.

I don't search for a remedy to remove these marks. Though ugly to some, they are a sign of life.

God scarred me with beauty.

He gave me a story to tell. He wrote on my life. I am branded.

I stepped through the doorway into her home, tentatively.

While I would classify myself as an introvert, social settings are

rarely, if ever, intimidating to me. I love stories. And people always carry stories.

That day as I entered the foyer, I met three women: A distracted twentysomething who was constantly reapplying her lip gloss. A girl, underdressed for the occasion, but fashionably confident in her thrift jeans. A jumpered mother whose sleeve wore the remnant of a child's morning oatmeal and whose gray hairs revealed layers of beauty. Each of them had a story.

At another time, that foyer would have been my social playground. God-prints were all over these women, who, at this intersection, might move from acquaintances to friends.

But this day was different.

The woman reapplying her lip gloss was pregnant. Her story stopped there for me. The jumper-clad, oatmeal-smudged mom clearly had something I didn't. And the girl, I quickly learned, though youthful in demeanor, had three children at home and had just discovered — to her surprise — her womb had been opened again.

I came dressed with confidence and holding a gift wrapped with class, but alongside these women I felt insecure and empty. I had nothing to offer this crew.

Minutes before, driving through those rolling Shenandoah hills, I wanted to turn around and go home. But I had sent my reply. And my desire to please my expecting friend, who was the guest of honor, and her friend, who was hosting this event, trumped my fantasies of changing out of my church clothes into sweats and gulping down a chai.

Baby showers had become a "no go" for me since my little stint of not being able to conceive grew into a state of being. I almost always had an easy out, with a fully scheduled life, but a few times I

had to offer my real explanation for not attending. And then, of course, there were always the necessary exceptions. This shower was my exception. It was for a dear friend,

a small shower, and I knew my absence would be obvious. When I had sent my reply, my heart was in a good place. I felt settled with the lot God had given me, and was even more determinedly pleading in prayer with the belief that my day would come.

But grief's tide can't be predicted. Two weeks later, I wasn't so ready to participate in this baby brigade.

But I was there, smiling. Congratulating.

Then, among the wrapping paper rips, the sips of punch, and the clanking of forks on chocolate-smear'd plates, the stories began.

At first they were humorous, ones I could easily laugh alongside. Funny, cute, first-days-of-life-in-the-great-wide-open accounts.

But as the gift-opening slowed, it was only natural that the advice for this new mom-to-be filled the empty space.

There were only eight of us. All of whose wombs had been opened but mine — an observation, it seemed, no one else made. On the one hand, I was glad: *Oh, please, let no one feel sorry for me*, I thought when the conversation shifted, even as the membrane between mind and heart disintegrated and I became deeply sorry for myself. On the other hand, I was searching for a way — any way — to put an end to this conversation.

Please stop.

Someone stop these tales of labor and delivery that single me out. Your rite of passage, for me, holds a sign at the front that says Do Not Enter. It carries with it so many questions, so many doubts, fears, and insecurities. About me, and about God. When I open that door,

when I go to that place, alone, I am lost.

As the laughter of shared experience increased, this sorority of sisters formed bonds around their anecdotes. And I drifted inward and downward.

Comparison plagued my soul.

At the first opportunity to graciously excuse myself, I left. Since the women didn't seem to notice my silence, I was certain no one would notice my absence.

Like most pain, until you have known it for yourself, you are blind to it.

In the car, my eyes released tears and my heart soured toward the women I had shared cake with that afternoon. Their stories were no longer alluring to me, and the only God-prints I saw were the ones I lacked.

They were fruitful; I was barren.

In times like this of losing myself in comparison, I didn't see God as a belligerent Father refusing the simple, natural requests of His daughter. He wasn't stern and angry with me, leading out with punishment. He wasn't even absent, His mind caught up in more important matters.

This wasn't about false perceptions of God at all — or so I thought.

It was about me.

My question was not, Is God good? But instead, Is He good to me? I was overlooked. Forgotten. Not important enough to bless, and easy enough to dismiss.

Cursed.

If the mother whose womb had been opened was living her reward,

what had the barren one done to carry such a vacancy? This question wove itself into the backdrop of my every interaction with those who had what I didn't. And it was the question (and its hidden assumptions) I was learning had to be brought into my conversation with God if I would ever find life through barrenness.

The morning after the shower, I returned to a habit that began years earlier when the darkness on the outside forced a reckoning with God on the inside. I padded around the first floor of our house on the hill, in the room-to-room circle my feet now knew from memory. The world was silent, the lingering night sky keeping it placid, while I talked to Him.

This season was still barren on the outside; I could hardly point to one area of my life that was working as it should. But I was full on the inside, finding a rhythm of using the pain of my outside circumstances — such as the sting from the shower — to drive me deeper into this secret conversation with God. Just as each foot found its way into an imaginary groove in the floor as I made that circular loop, I was learning where to take my ache. I was creating a space here, inside, for a new home with Him. After years of having a stone-cold heart toward God's whisper and His Word, I began to feel a shift. I had little left but that Word and that whisper. He had whittled me down.

The Bible resting on my chair showed wear — how could it not? My friend, my best friend in this hour, was the Author. The book I'd once used to plan youth ministry talks, the book I'd once used to quote pithy sayings and to confirm opinions I'd already formed, that book had found its way into my deep. The God behind it was proving Himself to be fundamentally different than what I'd supposed for at least a decade, maybe more. But I was finding Him. In the places I

had feared most and spent a lifetime avoiding, He was meeting me. My worst, my very worst, moments were getting rewritten with- out circumstances changing. I was getting acquainted with the kind of deep satisfaction that bad news can't shake. He was showing me Himself as strong enough. He was letting me hide in Him, letting me find a safe place. And so I cradled my midnight questions while mamas cradled their babies, and I let God's psalms tell me He cradled the answer in Himself. I felt forgotten, but I heard God speak that He had not left me. I felt weak, but I heard Him promise an overshadowing. I felt anxious that my constant fumbblings would annoy Him, but I heard Him say He delighted in me. And I felt hungry.

I wasn't this hungry when God was a distant coach, forcing me to perform.

I wasn't this hungry when I had a life easily explained, easily predicted.

I wasn't this hungry when everyone understood me.

Pain had created space. Space to want more. Space to taste a sense of being *alive*. An alive that would grow to be my favorite kind of alive: secret, hidden to all eyes but mine and those nearest to me.

This had to be the hope of a lifetime, Him and Him alone. But redemption is full of dimensions.

Little did I know that staring at Him, looking deeply, wouldn't always be a secret. This new perspective was infectious, inside and out.

Little did I know that I was to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

A brown hand reached around the gate to pull it open at the sound of our driver's horn. I moved from a posture of absorbing all that was

around me — this slice of Africa I'd just met hours earlier — to homing in on the purpose of our travel excursion. My little girl's bed was in this house, enclosed. My son's playing field was in front of me.

We were led by the house mother through the hallway to their rooms. All these months of waiting had allowed me to fashion this moment one hundred different ways in my mind, none of which I was experiencing now. I had pictured a waiting room, a place where we would collect ourselves before stepping across the threshold of an introduction that would change our lives forever.

As I peeked in and out of rooms, wondering where we'd perch and wait, a split-second interaction would leave me with an armful.

"Meske!?" the house mother shouted from across the hall while stepping into one of the rooms and scooping up all seventeen pounds of Eden's three-year-old body. She thrust her into my arms.

We'd planned that I'd first hold our new son, Caleb, and that Nate would first hold Eden, our new daughter. So I nervously handed Eden what was intended to be Caleb's gift, a bear. My peace offering wasn't necessary. It was me that she wanted.

She wrapped fingers, too small for her age, around the upper part of my arm and didn't let go. (And she wouldn't. For hours.)

My little girl glowed. Her eyes held an expectant look that said, "Can we make up for my lifetime in this one afternoon?" The rise and fall of her chest against me overshadowed the fact that she didn't speak. She breathed safely. She rested. Everything about her little person said amen.

And he? Caleb was Daddy's boy from the minute he saw his white-skinned counterpart. I noted something in him, then, which has taken years of understanding his story for me to name. Caleb

met fatherly love for the first time when he met Nate, the kind of love in which you could wrap yourself and find healing by its very nearness. .

Nate overshadowed Caleb's story that day. A new day had come. We didn't know how new it was for him until years later. Like any good story, time revealed its layers.

I'm not sure how long we stayed in that home, but things like nap-time, potty, and snacks weren't yet on my priority list.

We didn't let go of our son and daughter even as we also cuddled the other children who wandered in and out of the room. We wanted our two to know that we were different from the others who'd passed through. As they climbed over and around our laps, we frequently interrupted them to whisper in their ears in broken Amharic: "I am your mommy." "I am your daddy." What we said, they already seemed to know. As if they were newborns who had spent months incubating inside of their mother, our scent — to them — was like their own. The umbilical cord stretched over a wide ocean but was there, nonetheless. The Father had forged a connection, even before our eyes stared into theirs.

After we bridged what felt like years in just a few hours of nearness, we said our goodbyes to the nannies who had loved them so well. I wondered whether Caleb and Eden knew those goodbyes were forever.

Then we went to the guest home where we were staying and gave the children baths. We dressed them in the pajamas that had been folded in a stack at our home for them for months, in the room that had been our guest room for years. The room that now had plaques with their names painted on them, hung on the wall.

He slept heavily. She spent her first night fighting sleep so she could

peer out from the covers every hour or so to make sure we were still there. I'll never forget the sound of the sheets around her little body as she jolted up in bed, paused to get her bearings, and searched out our silhouettes under the sheets in the bed across from her.

We had become a family, in a moment, yet I still didn't know Caleb's birthmarks or Eden's freckles. I couldn't serve them their favorite meal or find their ticklish spots. They hadn't yet heard my deep belly laugh or become familiar with the way Nate glanced at me, sideways, when he was trying to read my response to something he'd said.

We were also getting acquainted with us as *four*. Each of us was a new part of a new whole, though God had known us as "us" since the beginning of time. We had a history together, though we'd lived apart. We'd each known brokenness and loss, yet with no concept of how those paths would merge into each other's beauty one day.

Healing that had been coursing inside of me, spanning years, surfaced that July in Ethiopia. When my lips brushed Eden's forehead for the first time, a holy vindication echoed throughout the heavens. My life surfaced a win, His win. It had always been there, but now I could touch it. Evidence that God not only loved me but liked me and enjoyed me — something I'd spent decades subtly refuting — now worked its way into my visible story. I got to sweep aside the ashes of years and try on beauty.

And it fit. Just right.

I had grown to know God when no one was looking and when life still wasn't "working" as I'd suspected it should. There, He was the God who saw me and *knew* me and reveled in what He knew. That understanding, as it worked its way into my insides, though not my circumstances, steadied me. And now, here I was, in the unfolding

fulfillment of many (though not all) circumstances, living wildly alive. God's signature over my barrenness, over my broken story, once unknown, was now a spiritual branding on my flesh.

It said: God is good . . . to me.

Sara is a wife to Nate and a mother of five whose arms stretched wide across the expanse between the United States and Africa. After almost a decade of Christian life she was introduced to pain and perplexity and, ultimately, intimacy with Jesus. God met her and moved her when life stopped working for her. And out of the overflow of this perplexity, came her writing, both on her blog and in her book – *Every Bitter Thing Is Sweet*, released October 2014 via Zondervan.



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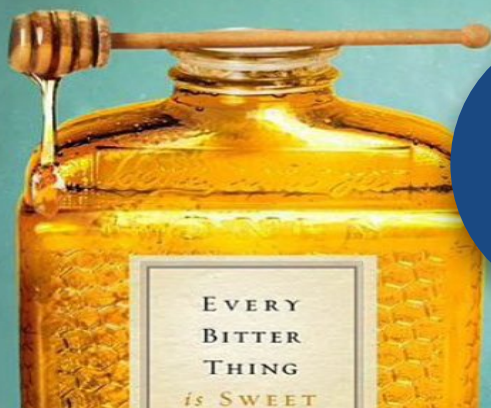
*The satisfied soul loathes the
honeycomb, but to the hungry soul,
every bitter thing is sweet.*

Proverbs 27:7

“THE QUESTION DEEP IN
OUR HEARTS IS NOT:
IS GOD GOOD? BUT INSTEAD:
IS HE GOOD TO ME?
(AND HE HAS COME TO
ANSWER THAT QUESTION.)”

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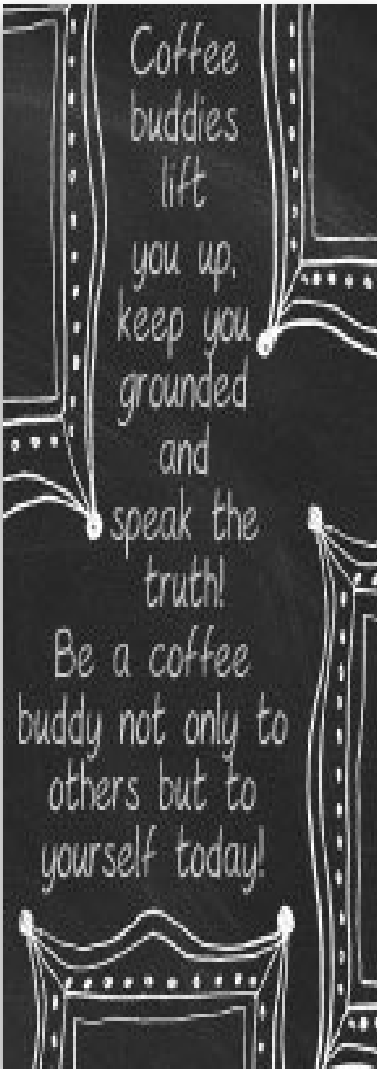
coffee!



*If we would have coffee amazing lady,
I would love to remind you to smile!
Go ahead smile now!*

*Did you feel it? Did that touch of joy
just spill out...even just a little?
When I catch myself in a bad mood, I
make a choice to simply smile and I
just begin to feel better.
It is a great reminder to stop & think
on the good things.*

Smile amazing lady...smile!



We want to know what you would tell your coffee buddy or what you would love your coffee buddy to say to you!



**LET
US
KNOW!**

Click here and download the graphic!

Use it as a screensaver, print it out and stick it on your mirror or print it on card stock and use it as a card for someone!



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iCherish



**We are on a mission to spark
into the lives of others.**

Sometimes it just takes just a small little thing to help someone to move forward, to see they are not defined by their circumstances or to see just how amazing they are.

Read Sheryl's story here.

We are on a quest to leave encouraging cards everywhere.

Sheryl invites you to join the Quest!

It's simple - just two easy steps!

Step 1 -- Make or print out an encouraging card.

Step 2 -- Bring the cards with you when you are running errands and leave them in random places for people to find!

Overcome Your Negativity



21
DAYS

to positive thinking
a better attitude
& a happier you

grow bloom inspire

3 Ideas for Your iCherish Cards:

1. When you travel..leave them places for people to find.
2. Leave them in your hotel and and at rest stops.
3. Getting an oil change? Leave a few in the magazines.

Here's a few cards of encouragement to get you started.

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Print these on cardstock, cut them out and place them in random spots for people to find! www.CherishedMagazine.com/icherish

Click the image above to download this month's free printable .pdf file.

We suggest printing on cardstock.

Enjoy!

Sweets for Your Sweet



"Cooking is like love. It should be entered into with abandon or not at all."

--- Harriet Van Horne



In my household we don't have dessert nightly but we do love to try different recipes out when we have company over on special occasions.

Sure we have some favorites but we love the adventure of trying new things.

What about you? Do you have a favorite traditional recipe? We would love to hear it along with the story of why it is special, the story of how you

obtained the recipe or a story of the wonderful person in your life the recipe reminds you of.

[Submit Your Recipe and Story Here](#)

Yep, you could be in our magazine! Wouldn't that be fun!

We look forward fro hearing from you!



Cherries in the Snow

Ingredients:

- 1 can cherry pie filling**
- 1 small jar of Marcino cherries**
- 1 small package chopped pecans**
- 1/2 bag of miniature marshmallows**
- 1 container of whip topping, thawed**

Instructions:

Place cherry pie filling in a mixing bowl.

Mix in Marcino cherries.

Add pecans and marshmallows.

Fold in whip topping being sure to mix well so all ingredients are incorporated together.

Cover and refrigerate until ready to serve.



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Chocolate-Date Cake With Pecan Sauce

1 tsp. baking soda

1 cup boiling water 1 cup dates, chopped

1 cup shortening, butter or margarine

1 cup sugar

2 eggs

1 3/4 cups flour

2 tbsp. cocoa

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. vanilla

1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits

1 cup chopped nuts (opt.)

Dissolve baking soda in boiling water; pour over dates and cool.

Cream shortening with sugar and eggs until fluffy.

Sift together flour, cocoa and salt.

Add alternately with date mixture.

Stir in vanilla, chocolate bits and chopped nuts.

Spread in greased and floured 9 x 13-inch pan.

Bake 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Serve with Coffee Pecan Sauce.



Did You Know? Dates are mentioned at least 60 times in the Old Testament of the Bible. They are believed to be one of man's earliest cultivated foods.

Coffee Pecan Sauce:

2 eggs

1 cup powdered sugar

1 cup half and half or light cream

2 tsp. instant coffee

1 tsp. vanilla

1/2 cup pecans, chopped

Beat eggs in heavy saucepan until light and fluffy or lemon colored.

Add sugar and continue beating until fluffy and sugar is dissolved.

Gradually add scalded half and half.

Cook slowly; stir constantly over low heat until mixture thickens.

Add coffee and vanilla. Stir until coffee dissolves and mixture thickens.

Fold in nuts and serve warm over cake.

Yield: 12 servings.

Have a cherished recipe of your own?

We need you!

**YOU COULD BE PART OF
CHERISHED MAGAZINE'S
MONTHLY COLUMN DESIGNED
TO CELEBRATE THE STORIES
AND THE MEMORIES OF YOUR
FAVORITE RECIPES
MADE BY THE PEOPLE YOU
CHERISH IN YOUR LIFE.**



Many of us have a few recipes that take us down memory lane. Along with these cherished recipes there are also many heartwarming stories that go beyond the recipes – please be part of Cherished Magazine.

Do you have a cherished family recipe passed down through Mom, Grandma, a Great Aunt or a friend that you'd like to share? If yes, we would love to hear from you.

[Click here to share your story!](#)

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, stands in a living room looking stressed with her hands on her head. In the background, several children are visible: one boy in a red cowboy hat holding a toy, another boy in a blue shirt with his mouth open as if crying, and a girl in the foreground with her hand to her chin. A wicker basket is on the floor. The scene is lit with warm indoor lighting, including a lamp on the left.

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How do YOU wear the **END** to poverty?

Helping looks good on you!

TRADES *a* HOPE

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These bracelets are bettering the lives of women in Guatemala, Peru, Uganda and India!



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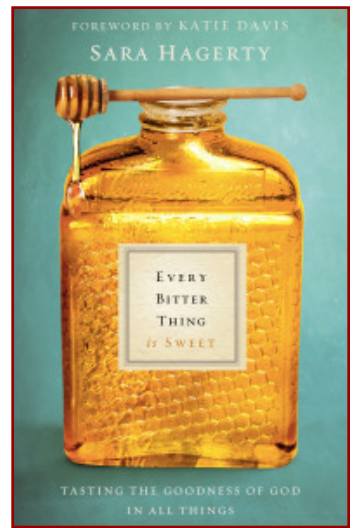
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Let's have a quick chat about . . .

Every Bitter Thing is Sweet

Author - Sara Hagerty

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In a Nutshell

In the age of fingertip access to answers and a limitless supply of ambitions, where do we find the God who was birthed in dirt and straw? Sara Hagerty found him when life stopped working for her. She found him when she was a young adult mired in spiritual busyness and when she was a new bride with doubts about whether her fledgling marriage would survive. She found him alone in the night as she cradled her longing for babies who did not come. She found him as she kissed the faces of children on another continent who had lived years without a mommy's touch.

In *Every Bitter Thing Is Sweet*, Hagerty masterfully draws from the narrative of her life to craft a mosaic of a God who leans into broken stories. Here readers see a God who is present in every changing circumstance. Most significantly, they see a God who is present in every unchanging circumstance as well.

Whatever lost expectations readers are facing—in family, career, singleness, or marriage—*Every Bitter Thing Is Sweet* will bring them closer to a God who longs for them to know him more. What does it look like to know God's nearness when life breaks? What does it mean to receive his life when earthly life remains barren? How can God turn the bitterness of unmet desire into new flavors of joy?

With exquisite storytelling and reflection, Hagerty brings readers back to hope, back to healing, back to a place that God is holding for them alone—a place where the unseen is more real than what the eye can perceive. A place where every bitter thing is sweet.

Our Top 3

1. If I let it, weakness would continue to produce a need in me that would draw me nearer to Him.
2. We settled into a life of waiting to such a degree that when things move quickly, we are surprised.
- 3.. To God, the famous One who made Himself famously tender to me, when I least expected it: You continue to turn my understanding of you Anew by Your unnatural love.

From Every Bitter Thing is Sweet by Sara Hagerty, Zondervan (2014)

#LOVETHIS

Cherished Quote

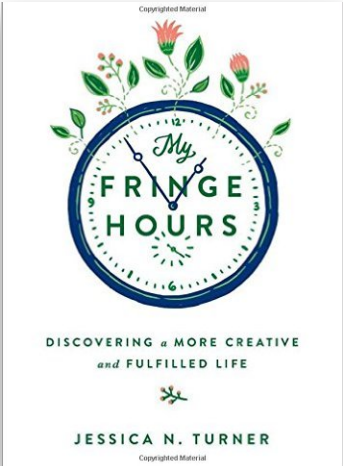
“ “ The Bible resting on my chair showed wear--how could it not? My friend, my best friend this hour, was the author.



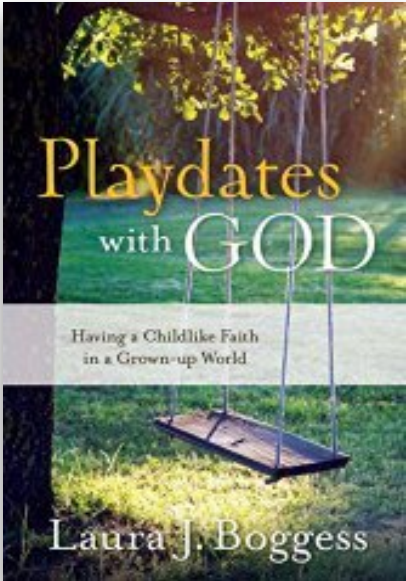
Look! More Books



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I have a bright and engaging future.



Emotions are an important part of my life and I can choose how to control them. By seeing the value of my emotions, I have more understanding.



I allow only positive thoughts and emotions into my life. Each day, I work to remove negativity so I can have joyous experiences in my life.



I look forward to what my emotional future will bring me.

Today, I see that my emotional future is bright, and it brings me great joy.



What can I do to keep moving forward emotionally?

How can I let go of any past hurts that I'm still holding onto?

chosen  cherished  loved

From January 2016 Issue
Order Here

A hand wearing a grey knitted glove holds a lit sparkler. The sparkler is bright and glowing, with many sparks flying out. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an outdoor night setting. The text is overlaid on this image.

**MAKING
THIS
YEAR
DIFFERENT**

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