

# THE SDB Woman

## “What? Me Worry?!”

(Quote of Alfred E. Newman)

Gail Price finds all kinds of treasures when she surfs the web on her long-awaited computer. She shared this poem with us at church last Sabbath, and it and other “things” made me think of how we often waste our time worrying rather than trusting. Thanks for sharing, Gail.

### *Unfolding the Rose*

*It is only a tiny rosebud,  
A flower of God's design;  
But I cannot unfold the petals  
With these clumsy hands of mine.*

*The secret of unfolding flowers  
Is not known to such as I.  
GOD opens this flower so sweetly,  
When in my hands they fade and die.*

*If I cannot unfold a rosebud,  
This flower of God's design,*



However, he did not include said recipe. Inspired by his artistic writing, I devised my own version of carrot soup.

- Melt **4 tbsp of butter** in a heavy quart saucepan.
- Add **1 coarse chopped medium onion** (white or yellow).
- And **1 large stalk of celery, chopped.**

Stir and cover with a tight-fitting lid over low heat. The vegetables should become translucent and soft. In the meantime, peel and chop into pieces **2 large** or **3 small carrots.**

When the onions and celery are soft, add the carrots and **2 chicken bouillon cubes.** Now add just enough **water to barely cover.** Return to heat and cook covered until the carrots are very tender when pierced with a fork.

Remove from heat and cool till

easy to handle. Puree in blender or food processor, or just use an old-fashioned potato masher. (If you're like me, you'll agree that cleaning some appliances after use make them more trouble than they're worth.)

The soup should be thick. Put it back into the pan and add enough **water** or **milk** to bring it to the consistency you like. Taste for seasoning and add salt or seasoned salt. Maybe even a small pinch of sugar. If I'm feeling thin or especially festive, I may use a little **half and half** as part of the additional liquid.

Return pan to the stove and heat. Watch carefully; do not boil. Serve in bowls with **dollop of sour cream** and/or **sprinkle of nutmeg.** This recipe will make two or three hungry sleuths very happy!

—Love & prayers from Dee Morgan

### *A further word about the celery...*

My son watched me prepare this the other day and commented, “You should really peel the celery.” If he wasn't 34 years old, I would have banished him from my kitchen. But, sure enough, an old dog *really can* learn new tricks! A potato peeler removes those long tough strings from the surface of a celery stalk, and the result is ever so much better.

Ideas, poems, essays, thoughts, recipes, puzzles, etc. for *The SDB Woman* are very welcome. **Send your contributions to:**

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*Then how can I think I have wisdom  
To unfold this life of mine?*

*So I'll trust in Him for His leading  
Each moment of every day.  
I will look to Him for His guidance  
Each step of the pilgrim way.*

*The pathway that lies before me,  
Only my Heavenly Father knows.  
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments,  
Just as He unfolds the rose.*



I, for one (and I'm sure I'm not alone here), tend to be a "worrier." I'm not as bad as I used to be, but I've still got a long way to go.

To give up our worries, we really need to allow God to be the one in control. For those of us who fall into the category of "back seat drivers," this isn't an easy thing to do. Just ask my husband!

What's really ironic is that it should be easy to allow God to take over, but we make it difficult. What could be easier than allowing someone else to take care of you? Unfortunately, our doubts get in the way, and we don't have enough faith and trust in God to let go. We keep pushing in the direction we think we want to go, never considering if this is what *God* wants for us.

But let's keep working towards becoming as little children—children who have absolute trust and love in their heavenly Father. With God's help, we can reach this goal. And His goal is that He truly does want what's best for us.

### **KJV—Luke 12**

<sup>22</sup> And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

<sup>23</sup> The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

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<sup>29</sup> And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

<sup>30</sup> For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

<sup>31</sup> But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

<sup>32</sup> Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

<sup>33</sup> Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.

<sup>34</sup> For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

### **KJV—Matthew 14**

<sup>26</sup> And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

<sup>27</sup> But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

<sup>28</sup> And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

<sup>29</sup> And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

<sup>30</sup> But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?



## **Recipe Time**

### **Sleuth Soup**



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*Dee Morgan of San Mateo, Fla., presents one of her "super" soups for this edition of The SDB Woman. Thanks for sharing with us, Dee!*

While reading a mystery novel recently, the author alluded to food being prepared by one of his characters. I quote: "The kitchen was

redolent with the aroma of sweating onions and celery." He went on to rhapsodize on the resulting soup served by the mistress of the house.

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