

REMINDER

Volume XVII

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Number 18

TODAY IS -

MOTHER'S DAY!



***EVERY MOTHER PRESENT TODAY WILL RECEIVE A
SPECIAL GIFT FROM OUR CHURCH!***

WE WILL ALSO HONOR -

- ***The Oldest Mother Present***
- ***The Newest Mother Present***
- ***The Mother With The Most Children Present***
- ***The Mother With The Most Children AND
Grandchildren Present***

THANK YOU FOR BEING HERE!

Today is the day each year we set aside to honor our mothers. Time may have scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and the sweetest lips in the world.

The eye may be dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but feeble as she may be, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon the earth.

You cannot walk in a midnight haunt where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love.

When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your souls is disfigured by vices.

Love her tenderly; cheer her declining years with tender devotion.

- Author Unknown

As He blessed the children dear,
How He suffered, bled and died upon the tree;
Of His heavy load of care,
Then she dried my flowing tears
With her kisses as she said it was for me.

Blessed Book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above

Well, those days are past and gone,
But their memory lingers still
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;
And I seek to do His will,
As my mother taught me then,
And ever in my heart His Words abide.

Blessed Book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above



My Mother's Bible

M. B. Williams

There's a dear and precious book,
Though it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls those happy days of long ago,
When I stood at mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

Blessed Book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look;
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above

Then she read the stories o'er
Of those mighty men of old,
Of Joseph and of Daniel and their trials,
Of little David bold,
Who became a king at last,
Of Satan and his many wicked wiles.
Then she read of Jesus' love,

I WONDER . . .

I wonder if the little path
Still winds across the sod -
The little, narrow, beaten path
Where friendly feet have trod.

I wonder if the trumpet vine
And flowering almond tree
Are blossoming along the way
Just where they used to be.

I wonder if small children's feet
Are eager still to climb
The old board fence and "cut across,"
As long ago did mine;
And if the same old kitchen door
Is standing open wide,
Where eager eyes may catch
A glimpse of mother's face inside.

*Oh, little memories like these
 Come creeping in betimes
 And sing themselves to little tunes
 And set themselves to rhymes.
 Just haunting little memories
 That seem to cling and guide
 The thoughts along to open doors
 And mother's face inside.
 Someday I'll find another path
 Where friendly feet have trod,
 That's leading down the valley road
 And o'er the hills to God.
 When on those strange eternal shore
 The heavenly gates swing wide,
 'Twill just be "Home, Sweet
 Home" once more
 With mother's face inside.*

- Author Unknown

M-O-T-H-E-R

"M" is for the million things she gave me,
 "O" means only that she's growing old,
 "T" is for the tears she shed to save me,
 "H" is for her heart of purest gold;
 "E" is for her eyes, with love-light shining,
 "R" means right, and right she'll always be,
 Put them all together, they spell **"MOTHER,"**
 a word that means the world to me.

- HOWARD JOHNSON (c. 1915)



QUOTATIONS ABOUT MOTHERHOOD

- "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother." - Abraham Lincoln
- "My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother. I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from her." - George Washington
- "The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."
- Henry Ward Beecher
- "Youth fades; love droops, the leaves of friendship fall; A mother's secret hope outlives them all."
- Oliver Wendell Holmes
- "I remember my mother's prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life." - Abraham Lincoln
- "The most important thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother." - Author Unknown

Mother Means More Now

Mother means more to me today
 Than she ever has before,
 Although she has moved away from here
 And lives now on the golden shore.
 When I was a child, she played with me
 And cooled my fevered brow;
 Her presence drove all fears away,
 How could she mean MORE, now?
 When still a child, I saw her kneel
 At an old-time altar where -
 She poured out her troubled heart to God
 And received the Saviour there.
 The years passed by and we were pals;
 Hardships wrinkled mother's brow.
 But her faith in God as a flower grew;
 How could she mean MORE, now?
 As into young womanhood I grew,
 Mother warned of sin and shame,
 And urged me to live above the world;
 To honor the Saviour's Name.
 Her words and prayers oft came to me
 When Satan would have me bow,
 Then God would send strength to overcome,
 How could she mean MORE, now?
 While mother was here, I knew for SURE
 There was one who loved and cared;
 And she always planned for me, the best -
 No matter how SHE fared.



Now I miss her smile and her tender love,
 But she has kept her vow.
 She lived for Christ while here below, so
 How could she mean MORE, now?
 When into the valley of the shadow she came
 And it was her time to go;
 Like a soldier I saw her march with Him
 Who doth conquer every foe.
 Such confidence and trust, O Lord,
 Wilt Thou to me endow;
 For mother's life has challenged me,
 That's why she means MORE, now!
 The earthly possessions she left were few,
 But a rich heritage I find
 Her Bible, her faith, her confidence sure,
 Bring peace to the troubled mind.
 And now she lives in a mansion fair,
 Clothed upon, I know not how -
 But for me she awaits inside heav'n's gate,
 And that's why she means MORE, now.

- Mrs. Art Wilson

INSURANCE FUND REPORT FOR MARCH:

Monthly Requirement -----	\$ 273.08
Amount Received during April, 2011 -----	\$ 148.92
Amount Short:	\$ 124.16

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED

1. *Admit that you are a sinner.*
2. *Admit that God says all sins must be paid for.*
3. *Accept the fact that Christ took upon Himself the suffering necessary to pay for all your sins.*
4. *You must change your mind about sin and sinning (God calls this repentance).*
5. *By an act of your will, accept by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save you from the penalty of sin. Then, tell God about this in a simple prayer. Believe that God keeps His promise to save you, and thank Him for His salvation.*

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service -----	Cradle Roll 1: Mary Byars Cradle Roll 2: Larry Byars
6:30 p.m. Service -----	Cradle Roll 1: Rebekah White Cradle Roll 2: Nathaniel White
Wed. Evening Service -----	Cradle Roll 1: Shirley White Cradle Roll 2: Kayla Avey

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of May 1, 2011

Sunday School -----	18
Sunday Morning Service -----	37
Lord's Supper Service -----	31
Wed. Evening, 05/04/11 Service -----	32

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

Week of May 1, 2010

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings -----	\$ 978.00
Insurance Fund -----	\$ 23.00
Total Received for Week of 05/01/11:	\$ 1,001.64

Average amount of Undesignated Offerings needed to operate the church EACH WEEK, as a minimum = \$ 1,400.00



Please Remember To Be Faithful to Give!

As with everything else, the costs of keeping a church going never go down - they always go **up**. Bills wait for no one, and churches are no exception to this. An extra, sacrificial gift today by everyone present would go a long way...

We encourage all of our membership to practice obedience to God by being faithful every payday to give back to Him His tithe (10%). *If every family in our church would practice this one simple discipline, we would never have weeks where we have to put off paying some bills until the following week!*

Everything is expensive, especially for a small church like ours, but ours is a BIG God, and He LOVES to bless His children when they are obedient to Him!

If you are already a tither, we thank you, and encourage you to also give offerings as well. If you're currently not tithing, won't you please start **today** - OK? Thank you.