

REMINDER

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Only Women Can Be Mothers - Have We Forgotten This Fundamental? by Douglas Phillips

Only a woman can carry in her body an eternal being which bears the very image of God. Only she is the recipient of the miracle of life. Only a woman can conceive and nurture this life using her own flesh and blood, and then deliver a living soul into the world. God has bestowed upon her alone a genuine miracle - the creation of life, and the fusing of an eternal soul with mortal flesh. This fact alone establishes the glory of motherhood.

Despite the most creative plans of humanist scientists and lawmakers to redefine the sexes, no man will ever conceive and give birth to a child. The fruitful womb is a holy gift given by God to women alone. This is one reason why the office of wife and mother is the highest calling to which a woman can aspire.

This is the reason why nations that fear the Lord esteem and protect mothers. They glory in the distinctions between men and women, and attempt to build cultures in which motherhood is honored and protected.

In his famous commentary on early American life, *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville explained:

“Thus the Americans do not think that man and woman have either the duty or the right to perform the same offices, but they show an equal regard for both their respective parts; and though their lot is different, they consider both of them as beings of equal value. They do not give to the courage of woman the same form or the same direction as to that of man, but they never doubt her courage; and if they hold that man and his partner ought not always to exercise their intellect and understanding in the same manner, they at least believe the understanding of the one to be as sound as that of the other, and her intellect to be as clear. Thus, then, while they have allowed the social inferiority of woman to continue, they have done all they could to raise her morally and intellectually to the level of man; and in this respect they appear to me to have excellently understood the true principle of democratic improvement.”

De Tocqueville contrasted the American understanding of women, with European sentiments:

“There are people in Europe who, confounding together the different characteristics of the sexes, would make man and woman into beings not only equal but alike. They could give to both the same functions, impose on both the same duties, and grant to both the same rights; they would mix them in all things — their occupations, their pleasures, their business. It may readily be conceived that by thus attempting to make one sex equal to the other, both are degraded, and from so preposterous a medley of the works of nature nothing could ever result but weak men and disorderly women.”

The War on Motherhood

America's glory was her women. De Tocqueville believed this when he wrote:

“As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen woman occupying a loftier

(continued inside)

position; and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply: To the superiority of their women.”

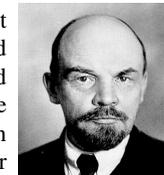
But this birthright would be exchanged during the last century for a mess of pottage. Perhaps the greatest legacy of the 20th century has been the war on motherhood and biblical patriarchy. Feminists, Marxists, and liberal theologians have made it their aim to target the institution of the family and divest it from its biblical structure and priorities. The results are androgyny, a radical decline in birthrate, abortion, fatherless families, and social confusion.

Incredibly, the biggest story of the 20th century never made headline news. Somehow we missed it. It was the mass exodus of women from the home, and the consequent decline of motherhood. For the first time in recorded history of the West, more mothers left their homes than stayed in them. By leaving the home, the experience and reality of childhood, family life and femininity were fundamentally redefined, and the results have been so bad that if this one trend is not reversed, our grandchildren may live in a world where the both the true culture of Christian family life and the historic definition of marriage are the stuff of fairy tales.

Many “isms” have influenced these trends—evolutionism, feminism, statism, eugenicism, Marxism, and more. But in the end, the philosophical gap between the presuppositions of the Atheists, eugenicists, and Marxists of the early 20th century, and the presuppositions of the professing Church in the 21st century, have narrowed dramatically. The goals of the state and the goals of the mainstream church have so merged, that the biblical family with its emphasis on male headship, generational succession, and prolific motherhood are a threat to the social order of both institutions.

Less than one hundred years ago, the architects of the atheistic communist Soviet state anticipated the death of the Christian family. They explained the need for destroying the Christian family with its emphasis on motherhood, and replacing it with a vision for a “new family.” Lenin wrote:

“We must now say proudly and without any exaggeration that part from Soviet Russia, there is not a country in the world where women enjoy full equality and where women are not placed in the humiliating position felt particularly in day-to-day family life. This is one of our first and most important tasks. . . . Housework is the most unproductive, the most barbarous and the most arduous work a woman can do. It is exceptionally petty and does not include anything that would in any way promote the



Lenin

development of the woman...The building of socialism will begin only when we have achieved the complete equality of women and when we undertake the new work together with women who have been emancipated from that petty stultifying, unproductive work...We are setting up model institutions, dining-rooms and nurseries, that will emancipate women from housework. . . . These institutions that liberate women from their position as household slaves are springing up where it is in any way possible. . . . Our task is to make politics available to every working woman.”

In his 1920 International Working Women's Day Speech, Lenin emphasized:

“The chief thing is to get women to take part in socially productive labor, to liberate them from 'domestic slavery,' to free them from their stupefying [idiotic] and humiliating subjugation to the eternal drudgery of the kitchen and the nursery. This struggle will be a long one, and it demands a radical reconstruction, both of social technique and of morale. But it will end in the complete triumph of Communism.”

Lenin's comrade Trotsky played a key role in communicating the Marxist vision of what he called the “new family.” Lenin and Trotsky believed in the overthrow of Christianity by destroying the biblical family. They sought to build a new state, free from historic Christian presuppositions concerning the family. This meant denigrating the biblical notion of male headship and hierarchy within the family. It meant eliminating any sense that there should be a division of labor between man and wife. This required delivering women from the burdens of childbirth and childcare. It meant adopting tools like birth control as guarantors that women could be free to remain in the workforce. Trotsky said this:

“Socialization of family housekeeping and public education of children are unthinkable without a marked improvement in our economics as a whole. We need more socialist economic forms. Only under such conditions can we free the family from the functions and cares that now oppress and disintegrate it. Washing must be done by a public laundry, catering by a public restaurant, sewing by a public workshop. Children must be educated by good public teachers who have a real vocation for the work. Then the bond between husband and wife would be freed from everything external and accidental, and the one would cease to absorb the life of the other. Genuine equality would at last be established...”

The most disturbing part of quotes like those above is how similar they sound in sentiment and spirit to voices today from individuals who claim to be a part of the Church of Jesus Christ. Even more disturbing is how many of the anti-family social reforms are presuppositions of modern Christians in America. Presuppositions which have been fully accepted.

How America's Conscience Was Seared Toward Motherhood

But motherhood is not easily defeated. It was here from the beginning and it has always carried the Church and civilization forward. Motherhood not only perpetuates civilization, it defines it.

At first Jamestown was a bachelor society struggling for survival. But she became a civilization when the women arrived. Plymouth, on the other hand, began as a civilization-families of faith committed to fruitfulness and multiplication for the glory of God, an impossibility without motherhood.

Motherhood is not easily defeated because God has placed reminders of its importance in the very bodies of the women He created. To defeat motherhood, the enemies of the biblical family must do more than make it a social inconvenience, they must teach women to despise themselves by viewing their own wombs as the enemy of self-fulfillment. This means minimizing the glorious gift of life which is only given to womankind. It means redefining what it means to be a woman.

But even this is not enough. To defeat motherhood the enemies of the biblical family must sear the conscience of an entire generation of women. This is done through the doctrines of social emancipation from the home, sexual liberation, birth control, and abortion — all four of which cause a woman to war against her created nature. Instead of being the blessed guardian of domesticity for society, she is taught that contentment can only be found by acting, dressing, and competing with men. Instead of being an object of respect, protection, and virtue, she sells herself cheaply, thus devaluing her womanhood. Instead of glorying in a fruitful womb she cuts off the very seed of life. Sometimes she even kills the life.

Years of playing the part of a man hardens a woman. It trains women to find identity in the corporation, not the home. It teaches them to be uncomfortable around children and large families — the mere presence of which is a reminder of the antithesis between God's design for womankind and the norms of post-Christian societies.

But women are not the only ones with seared consciences. Men have them too. Consider that fifty years ago a man would have winced to think of female soldiers heading into combat while stay-at-home dads are left behind changing diapers. Today's man has a seared conscience. He no longer thinks of himself as a protector of motherhood, and a defender of womankind. He comforts himself by repeating the mantras of modern feminism, and by assuring himself of how reasonable and enlightened he is — how different he is from his intolerant and oppressive fathers. But in his heart, modern man knows that he has lost something. He has lost

his manhood.

To be a man, you must care about women. And you must care about them in the right way. You must care about them as creatures worthy of protection, honor, and love. This means genuinely appreciating them for their uniqueness as women. It means recognizing the preciousness of femininity over glamour, of homemaking over careerism, and of mature motherhood over perpetual youth. But when women are reduced to soldiers, sexual objects, and social competitors, it is not merely the women who lose the identity given to them by the Creator, but the men as well. This is why the attack on motherhood has produced a nation of eunuchs — socially and spiritually impotent men who have little capacity to lead, let alone love women as God intended man to love woman — as mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters.

Motherhood Will Triumph

There is an important reason why motherhood will not be defeated — The Church is her guardian. As long as she perseveres — and persevere she will — motherhood will prevail.

The Church is the ultimate vanguard of that which is most precious and most holy. She holds the oracles of God which dare to proclaim to a selfish, self-centered nation: ***“Children are a blessing and the fruit of the womb is His reward” (Psalm 127:3).***

The Church stands at the very gates of the city, willing to receive the railing complaints of feminists, atheists, and the legions arrayed against the biblical family, and she reminds the people of God: ***“Let the older women teach the young to love their children, to guide the homes” (Titus 2:3–5).***

It is this very love of the life of children, this passion for femininity and motherhood which may be God's instrument of blessing on America in the days to come. As the birth rate continues to plummet, divorce rates rise, and family life in America dissipates to the point of extinction, life-loving families will not only have an important message to share, but they will have an army of children to help them share it.

The Question

Teacher: “Susie what do you want to be when you grow up?”

Susie: “I want to be a doctor.”

Teacher: “How wonderful! And what about you Julie?”

Julie: “I want to be a soldier.”

Teacher: “How commendable! And what about you Hannah?”

Hannah: “When I grow up I want to be a wife and mother!”

Teacher: [dead silence] . . .

After years of society belittling the calling of

motherhood, something wonderful is happening — something wonderfully counter-cultural! In the midst of the anti-life, anti-motherhood philosophies which pervade the culture, there is a new generation of young ladies emerging whose priorities are not determined by the world's expectations of them. They have grown up in homes where fathers shepherd them, where children are not merely welcome, but where they are deeply loved. Some of these women have been home educated, which means that many of them have grown up around babies and their mothers. They have learned to see motherhood as a joy and a high calling, because their parents see it that way.

And when asked about their future, these girls know their own minds. These are the future mothers of the Church. Young women who are not afraid to say that the goal of all of their education and training is to equip them to pursue the highest calling of womanhood, the office of wife and mother.

The Cost of Motherhood

Once a lady went to visit her friend. During the visit the children of the friend entered the room and began to play with each other. As the lady and her friend visited, the lady turned to her friend and said eagerly and yet with evidently no thought of the meaning of her words: “Oh, I'd give my life to have such children.” The mother replied with a subdued earnestness whose quiet told of the depth of experience out of which her words came: “That's exactly what it costs.”

There is a cost of motherhood. And the price is no small sum. And if you are not willing to pay this price, no amount of encouragement about the joys of motherhood will satisfy.

But the price of motherhood is not fundamentally different from the price of being a disciple of Jesus Christ. In fact, Christian mothers see their duty as mothers flowing from their calling to Jesus Christ. And what is this cost?

Christian motherhood means dedicating your entire life in service of others. It means standing beside your husband, following him, and investing in the lives of children whom you hope will both survive you and surpass you. It means forgoing present satisfaction for eternal rewards. It means investing in the lives of others who may never fully appreciate your sacrifice or comprehend the depth of your love. And it means doing all these things, not because you will receive the praise of man — for you will not — but because God made you to be a woman and a mother, and there is great contentment in that biblical calling.

In other words, Motherhood requires vision. It requires living by faith and not by sight.

These are some of the reasons why Motherhood is both the most biblically noble and the most socially unappreciated role to which a young woman can aspire. There are many people who ask the question: Does my life matter? But a

mother that fears the Lord need never ask such a question. Upon her faithful obedience hinges the future of the church and the hope of the nation.

In 1950, the great Scottish American preacher Peter Marshall stood before the United States Senate and he explained it this way:

“The modern challenge to motherhood is the eternal challenge—that of being a godly woman. The very phrase sounds strange in our ears. We never hear it now. We hear about every other kind of women—beautiful women, sophisticated women, career woman, talented



women, divorced women, but so seldom do we hear of a godly woman — or of a godly man either, for that matter.

“I believe women come nearer fulfilling their God-given function in the home than anywhere else. It is a much nobler thing to be a good wife than to be Miss America. It is a greater achievement to establish a Christian home than it is to produce a second-rate novel filled with filth. It is a far, far better thing in the realm of morals to be old-fashioned than to be ultramodern. The world has enough women who know how to hold their cocktails, who have lost all their illusions and their faith. The world has enough women who know how to be smart.

“It needs women who are willing to be simple. The world has enough women who know how to be brilliant. It needs some who will be brave. The world has enough women who are popular. It needs more who are pure. We need women, and men, too, who would rather be morally right than socially correct.”

On this, America's national Mother's Day celebration, let's remember that we are fighting for the Lord, and it is He who prioritizes motherhood and home as the highest calling and domain of womanhood ***“that the word of God be not blasphemed” (Titus 2:5).***

May the Lord fill our churches with faithful mothers.

- Douglas Phillips, President
Vision Forum Ministries

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*

*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



Mother's Vacant Chair

. . . I go a little farther on in your house, and I find Mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe, that it must have rockers.

I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers

were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads in her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries.

Oh, what a chair it was! IT was different from Father's chair - entirely different. You ask me how. I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, Father scolded, but Mother cried.

It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick day of children, other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake - kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children - songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that bar to get the intoxicating drink, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" and louder than the boistrous encore of the theatre, a voice saying, "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were in here?" and you were provoked at yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home, and you went to bed. No sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said, "What a prayerless pillow!"

Man! What is the matter! This! You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh, pshaw!" you say, "there's nothing in that. I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born - I'm three thousand miles off from the Scotch kirk whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair.

"Oh!" you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers. It speaks. It weeps. It carols. It mourns. It prays. It warns. It thunders.

A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died. The telegraph brought the son. He came into the room where she lay, looked upon her face, then cried out, "O Mother! Mother! What your life could not do, your death shall do. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise.

Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled: **"Thou shalt be missed because thy seat will be empty."**

- T. De Witt Talmage

Reflections of a Mother -



I gave you life, but cannot live it for you.

I can teach you things, but I cannot make you learn.

I can give you directions, but I cannot be there to lead you.

I can allow you freedom, but I cannot account for it.

I can take you to church, but I cannot make you believe.

I can teach you right from wrong, but I cannot always decide for you.

I can buy you beautiful clothes, but I cannot make you beautiful inside.

I can offer you advice, but I cannot accept it for you.

I can give you love, but I cannot force it upon you.

I can teach you to share, but I cannot make you unselfish.

I can teach you respect, but I cannot force you to show honor.

I can advise you about friends, but cannot choose them for you.

I can advise you about sex, but I cannot keep you pure.

I can tell you the facts of life, but I can't build your reputation.

I can tell you about drink, but I can't say "no" for you.

I can warn you about drugs, but I can't prevent you from using them.

I can tell you about lofty goals, but I can't achieve them for you.

I can teach you about kindness, but I can't force you to be gracious.

I can warn you about sins, but I cannot make you moral.

I can love you as a child, but I cannot place you in God's family.

I can pray for you, but I cannot make you walk with God.

A Mother's Day Prayer

"Dear God, You have given the mother a unique role in the life of a child. In body and spirit everyone receives a special inheritance from his mother. Heavenly Father, grant the mothers of our church and our nation the grace to demonstrate through their lives and to speak with their lips the truths that will bring each child to faith in Thee. Help them to inspire their children to purposeful living.

Grant the wisdom necessary for the making of wise decisions and the courage to build a home that honors Thee. This we pray in the Name of Jesus Christ, Amen."



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.

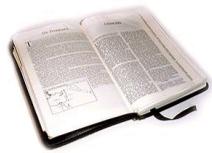
She lived for Christ while here below,
How could she mean MORE, now?

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.



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,
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.

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

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.”**
- **“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

NURSERY MINISTRY WORKERS FOR THIS WEEK

10:50 a.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Shirley White
Cradle Roll 2: Charity Crawford
6:30 p.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Bertha Segebarrt
Cradle Roll 2: Volunteer Needed
Wed. Evening Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: LeAnna White
Cradle Roll 2: Seth White

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of May 5, 2013

Sunday School ----- 15
Sunday Morning Service ----- 34
Sunday Evening Service ----- 17
Wed. Eve. Service, 05/08/13 ----- 21

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

Week of May 5, 2013

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 835.00
Insurance Fund ----- \$ 20.00
Total Received for Week of 05/05/13: \$ 855.00

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



SEND A NOTE TO RYAN QUINNELLY IN AFGHANISTAN-

SPC QUINNELLY RYAN
1220 EN CO, 864 EN BN
TF PACEMAKER
FOB SHARANA
APO AE 09311

WE'RE ALSO GATHERING UP THINGS TO SEND HIM:

- * **Easy Breakfast Foods:**
> Fruit-flavored Pop Tarts > Granola Bars
- * **Snacks:**
> Cheezitz > Peanuts > Trail Mix
> Beef Jerky > Pistachio's > Etc.

INSURANCE FUND REPORT FOR APRIL, 2013:

Monthly Requirement ----- \$ 329.66
Amount Received during April, 2013 ----- \$ 270.00
Amount SHORT for April, 2013 = \$ 59.66

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.**



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.

Church Directory

Todd W. White ----- Pastor
Mickie Shatwell ----- Pianist
Dickie Eberle ----- Greeter, Custodian
Shayne Hooper, Caryn Quinnelly, Todd W. White ----- S.S. Teachers
Larry & Mary Byars, Brian & Charity Crawford,
Dwayne English, Shayne Hooper ----- Outreach
Flowers ----- Shirley White