

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



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: Charity Crawford
 Cradle Roll 2: Brian Crawford
 6:30 p.m. Service ----- Cradle Roll 1: Piper Quinnelly
 Cradle Roll 2: Janet Bridges
 Wed. Evening Service ---- Cradle Roll 1: LeAnna White
 Cradle Roll 2: Seth White

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

Week of May 6, 2012

Sunday School ----- 15
 Sunday Morning Service ----- 35
 Sunday Evening Service ----- 29
 Wed. Eve., 05/09/12 Service ----- 24

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

Week of May 6, 2012

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings ----- \$ 1,687.51
 Insurance Fund Offering ----- \$ 20.00
Total Received for Week of 05/06/12: \$ 1,713.51

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

INSURANCE FUND REPORT FOR MAY 2012:

Monthly Requirement ----- \$ 273.08
 Amount Received thusfar during May, 2012 ----- \$ 20.00
Amount Needed by June 5 ----- \$ 253.08

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

REMINDER

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!



Lloys Rice

Mrs. John R. Rice's Note to Her Grandchildren

as shared by John Himes

*M*y grandmother Lloys Rice was a beautiful and brilliant young lady from a well-to-do Texas family. She

met John R. at Decatur Baptist College in 1916, and they began dating right away. They were married after her graduation in 1921, and were a very happy couple. They both went on to seminary at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, where she made better grades in Hebrew than he did!

The Christian character of this lady showed up in their family life. They had six daughters (my mother was the second), and Mrs. Rice gave up her art lessons and piano ability so that each one of them could have piano lessons. All six turned into excellent pianists, including one with concert skills (Grace), but Mrs. Rice never again played. However, the whole family served God together as witnesses for Christ and in putting out the early issues of the Sword of the Lord newspaper.

Because of her love for souls, for her husband John R. Rice, and for God, in fact for everyone she ever met, the Lord always seemed to me to take a special interest in Lloys Rice. After we came to Japan, she once wrote me a letter which should have no way ever arrived in Japan. I still have the envelope, and the address is correct, but she put four 30 year old Mexican stamps on it - and it made it all the way to Yokohama, Japan, without those stamps being cancelled!

Grandma Rice late in life seemed to simply take it for granted that God was on her side and would take care of her. I once rode with her to Nashville to put her husband on the plane for revival meetings. On the way back we exited the freeway, and stopped at the stop sign below. She began to pull out just as a car turned in front of her to get on the freeway. Somehow that car's bumper took out the plastic - only the plastic - in the blinker on Grandma's left front fender, doing no more damage than that. It was the closest I've ever seen to an accident without one happening!

In some ways she blossomed even more after John R. Rice died, living until well into her 90's. Preachers and Christians young and old would come to the house on Franklin Road in the outskirts of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, for prayer and advice. I have had many tell me they stopped by in those days and were greatly blessed by her sweet Christian character.

She had a heart for the lost, too, and such a prayer life for folks to be saved! In 1984 she gave as a Christmas present a little book entitled, *Great Personal Workers*, by Farris D. Whitesell, and put in it a letter to each of us grandchildren. Here it is, so that you can know her soul:

"My Dearest Loved:

"I prayed and searched for many days for the best gift I could ever give you and I have chosen this precious book (you already have the Rice Reference Bible).

"I was so thrilled as I read it and have prayed it will awaken your hearts to the thing nearest to our dear Savior's heart; the precious privilege of saving souls for eternity.

"Some of these have been my personal teacher: L. R. Scarborough, when we were students in Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Ft. Worth, Texas. So were Will H. Houghton, Walter L. Wilson and William McCarrell in conferences around the world. Only Uncle John Vassar was completely before my day—I came on the scene the last few years of the time of great revivals. I heard Billy Sunday, Paul Rader, Locket Adair, a great Presbyterian evangelist, also George W. Truett (Pastor Evangelist) and many lesser lights.

"I pray you will follow the train of these so greatly used of God to win souls. I love you and want God's best for you. I wish you knew how my heart runs after you. You are in some way mine. I love you so much and want God's best for you.

"With All my love,
Grandmother Rice."

Perhaps now you can see why John R. Rice was so used of God. He had Lloys Rice behind him all the way! After her six daughters all grew up, she took art lessons once again and painted some wonderful pictures. The most poignant of all is a view of her evangelist husband walking out across the tarmac to board his airplane (this was in the old days), a sight she saw all too often. He would go off and see great revivals and hundreds of souls saved, while she stayed at home and prayed and took care of the family.

"A prudent wife is from the Lord" (Proverbs 19:14)

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."



My Mother's Bible

by 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.*

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 krik 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