

AND THE PEOPLE CAME...

- Week of May 5, 2024 -

Sunday School	19
Sunday Morning Service	25
Sunday Evening Service	17
Wednesday Eve., 05/08//24 Service	12

AND THE PEOPLE GAVE...

- Week of May 5, 2024 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 2,332.24
Sign Repair	\$ 2.00
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 05/05/24:	\$ 2,334.24

- Week of April 28, 2024 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 455.22
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 04/28/24:	\$ 455.22

- Week of April 21, 2024 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,724.10
Children's SS Missionary Offering	\$ 10.26
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 04/21/24:	\$ 1,734.36

- Week of April 14, 2024 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,736.14
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 04/14/24:	\$ 1,736.14

- Week of April 7, 2024 -

Undesignated Tithes & Offerings	\$ 1,496.17
TOTAL RECEIVED FOR WEEK OF 04/07/24:	\$ 1,496.17

Average amount of Undesignated Offerings needed for church operating expenses EACH WEEK, as a minimum = \$ 1,600.00



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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.

TODAY IS -

MOTHER'S DAY!



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

Church Directory

Todd W. White ----- Pastor
 Debra Carlton, Mickie Shatwell, Lois Mae Floyd ----- Pianists
 Derek Quinnelly ----- Greeter
 Kim Phillips; Shirley White/LeAnna White; Berdena Bergman/Debra Carlton; Daniel Avery/GiGi Avery; & Keith Shufelt ----- Teachers
 Larry & Mary Byars ----- Outreach
 Keith Shufelt ----- Men's Prayer Group
 GinaMarie Shufelt ----- Ladies Bible Study/Flowers
 Seth White ----- Sound/Video
 Larry Byars, Derek Quinnelly, David Smith ----- Trustees

REMINDER



Motherhood

by the late Dr. John R. Rice

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages" - Exodus 2:9

THE STORY OF MOSES is one of the most beautiful and fascinating in all the world. It takes a hold on us and never for an instant does it lose its interest, for it is so graphically told that once heard it is never forgotten.

I have often imagined the anxiety with which that child was born, for he came into the world with the sentence of death lagging over him, for Pharaoh had decreed that the male children should die, and the mother defied even the command of the king, and determined that the child should live, and right from the beginning the battle of right against might was fought at the cradle.

Moses' mother was a slave. She had to work in the brick yards or labor in the field, but God was on her side and she won, as the mother always wins with God on her side. Before going to work she had to choose some hiding place for her child, and she put his little sister, Miriam, on guard while she kept herself from being seen by the soldiers of Pharaoh, who were seeking everywhere to murder the Jewish male children.

For three months she kept him hidden, possibly finding a new hiding place every few days. It is hard to imagine anything more difficult than to hide a healthy, growing baby, and he was hidden for three months.

Now he was grown larger and more full of life and a more secure hiding place had to be found, and I can imagine this mother giving up her rest and sleep to prepare an ark for the saving of her child.

I believe the plan must have been formulated in Heaven. I have often thought God must have been as much interested in that work as was the mother of Moses, for you can't make me believe that an event so important as that and so far-reaching in its results ever happened by luck or by chance.

Possibly God whispered the plan to the mother when she went to Him in prayer and in her grief because she was afraid the sword of Pharaoh would murder her child. And how carefully the material out of which the ark was made had to be selected!

I think every twig was carefully scrutinized in order that nothing poor might get into its composition, and in the weaving of that ark, the mother's heart, her soul, her prayers, her tears, were interwoven. Oh, if you mothers would exercise as much care over the company your children keep, over the books they read and the places they go, there would not be so many girls feeding the red light district, nor so many boys growing up to bad, criminal lives.

And with what thanksgiving she must have poured out her heart when at last the work was done and the ark was ready to carry its precious cargo, more precious than if it was to hold the crown jewels of Egypt. And I can imagine the last night that baby was in the home.

Probably some of you can remember when the last night came when baby was alive; you can remember the last night the coffin stayed, and the next day the pallbearers and the hearse came. The others may have slept soundly, but there was no sleep for you, and I can imagine there was no sleep for Moses' mother.

(continued inside)

***There are whips and tops and pieces of string
And shoes that no little feet ever wear -
There are bits of ribbon and broken wings
And tresses of golden hair,
There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust -
Yet we strive to think that the Lord is just.
Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our souls;
Sometimes we try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken ours away.
And we sometimes doubt if the Lord can know
How our riven hearts did love them so.
But we think of our dear ones dead,
Our children who never grow old,
And how they are waiting and watching for us
In the city with streets of gold.
And how they are safe through all the years
From sickness and want and war.
We thank the great God, with falling tears,
For the things in the cabinet drawer.***

Others in the house might have slept, but not a moment could she spare of the precious time allotted her with her little one, and all through the night she must have prayed that God would shield and protect her baby and bless the work she had done and the step she was about to take.

Some people often say to me: "I wonder what the angels do: how they employ their time?". I think I know what some of them did that night. You bet they were not out to some bridge whist party. They guarded that house so carefully that not a soldier of old Pharaoh ever crossed the threshold. They saw to it that not one of them harmed that baby.

At dawn the mother must have kissed him goodbye, placed him in the ark and hid him among the reeds and rushes, and with an itching heart and tear dimmed eyes she turned back again to the field and back to the brick yards to labor, and wait to see what God will do.

She had done her prayerful best, and when you have done that you can bank on it that God will not fail you. How easy it is for God to give the needed help, no matter how hopeless it might seem, if we only believe that with God all things are possible, no matter how improbable.

What unexpected answers the Lord would give to our prayers! She knew God would help her some way, but I don't think she ever dreamed that God would help her by sending Pharaoh's daughter to care for the child; but it was no harder for God to send the princess than it was to get the mother to prepare the ark. What

was impossible from her standpoint was easy for God. Pharaoh's daughter came down to the water to bathe, and the ark was discovered, just as God wanted it to be, and one of her maids was sent to fetch it. You often wonder what the angels are doing. I think some of the angels herded the crocodiles on the other side of the Nile to keep them from finding Moses and eating him up.

You can bank on it all Heaven was interested to see that not one hair of that baby's head was injured. There weren't devils enough in Hell to pull one hair out of its head. You may be sure the angels were not out to some bridge whist party then. God had something for them to do.

The ark was brought, and with feminine curiosity the daughter of Pharaoh had to look into it to see what was there, and when they removed the cover there was lying a strong, healthy baby boy, kicking up its heels and sucking its thumbs, as probably most of us did when we were boys, and probably as you did when you were a girl.

The baby looks up and weeps, and those tears blotted out all that was against it and gave it a chance for its life. I don't know, but I think an angel stood there and pinched it to make it cry, for it cried at the right time. Just as God plans, God always does things at the right time. Give God a chance - He may be a little slow at times, but He will always get around in time.

The tears of that baby were the jewels with which Israel was ransomed from Egyptian bondage. The princess had a woman's heart, and when a woman's heart and a baby's tears meet, something happens that gives the devil cold feet. Perhaps the princess had a baby that had died, and the sight of Moses may have torn the wound open and made it bleed afresh. But she had a woman's heart, and that made her forget she was the daughter of Pharaoh and she was determined to give protection to that baby.

Faithful Miriam (the Lord be praised for Miriam) saw the heart of the princess reflected in her face. Miriam had studied faces so much that she could read the princess' heart as plainly as if written in an open book, and she said to her: "Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?" and the princess said, "Go."

I see her little feet and legs fly as she runs down the hot, dusty road, and her mother must have seen her coming a mile away, and she ran to meet her own baby put back into her arms and she was being paid Egyptian gold to take care of her own baby.

See how the Lord does things. "Now, you take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay you your wages." It was a joke on Pharaoh's daughter, paying Moses' mother for doing what she wanted to do more than anything else - nurse her own baby.

How quickly the mother was paid for these long hours of anxiety and alarm and grief, and if the angels know what is going on what a hilarious time there must have been in Heaven when they saw Moses and Miriam back at home under the protection of the daughter of Pharaoh. I imagine she dropped on her knees and poured out her heart to God, who had helped her so gloriously. She must have said: "Well, Lord, I knew you would help me. I knew you would take care of my baby when I made the ark and

put him in it and put it in the water, but I never dreamed that You would put him back into my arms to take care of, so I would not have to work and slave in the field and make back and be tortured almost to death by fear that the soldiers of Pharaoh would find my baby and kill him.

"I never thought you would soften the stony heart of Pharaoh and make him pay me for what I would rather do than anything else in this world." I expect to meet Moses' mother in Heaven, and I am going to ask her how much old Pharaoh had to pay her for the job. I think that's one of the best jokes, that old sinner having to pay the mother to take care of her own baby. But, I tell you, if you give God a chance, He will fill your heart to overflowing. Just give him a chance.

This mother had remarkable pluck. Everything was against her, but she would not give up. Her heart never failed. She made as brave a fight as any man ever made at the sound of cannon or the roar of musketry. Mothers are always brave when the safety of their children is concerned.

This incident happened out west last summer. A mother was working in a garden and the little one was playing. The mother heard the child sitting under a tree in the yard scream; she ran, and a huge snake was wrapping its coils about the baby, and as its head swung around, she leaped and grabbed it by the neck and tore it from her baby and hurled it against a tree. She is always brave when the safety of her children is concerned.

Fathers often give up. The old man often goes to boozing, becomes dissipated, takes a dose of poison and commits suicide; but the mother will stand by the home and keep the little band together if she has to manicure her fingernails over a washboard to do it.

If men had half as much grit as the women there would be different stories written about a good many homes. Look at her work! It is the greatest in the world; in its far reaching importance it is transcendently above everything in the universe - her task in molding hearts and lives and shaping character. If you want to find greatness, don't go toward the throne; go to the cradle, and the nearer you get to the cradle, the nearer to greatness.

Now, when Jesus wanted to give His disciples an impressive object lesson, He called in a college professor, did he? Not much. He brought in a little child and said: "Except ye become as one of these, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God."

The work is so important that God will not trust anybody with it but a mother. The launching of a boy or girl to live for Christ is greater work than to launch a battleship.

Moses was a chosen vessel of the Lord and God wanted him to get the right kind of a start, so He gave him a good mother. There wasn't a college professor in all Egypt that God would trust with that baby, so He put the child back in its mother's arms. He knew the best one on earth to trust with that baby was its own



mother.

When God sends us great men He wants to have them get the right kind of a start. So He sees to it that they have a good mother. Most any old stick will do for a daddy. God is particular about the mothers.

And so the great need of this country or any other country is good mothers, and I believe we have more good mothers in America than any other nation on earth. If Washington's mother had been like Happy Hooligan's mother, Washington would have been a Happy Hooligan.

Somebody has said, "God could not be everywhere, so He gave us mothers." Now there may be no poetry in it, but it's true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and if every cradle was rocked by a good mother, the world would be full of good men as sure as you breathe. If every boy and every girl today had a good mother, the saloons and disreputable houses would go out of business tomorrow.

A young man one time joined a church and the preacher asked him: "What was it I said that induced you to be a Christian?" Said the young man: "Nothing that I have ever heard you say, but it is the way my mother lived." I tell you an ounce of example outweighs forty million tons of theory and speculation.

If the mothers would live as they should, we preachers would have little to do. Keep the devil out of the boys and girls and he will get out of the world. The old sinners will die off if we keep the young ones clean. The biggest place in the world is that which is being filled by the people who are closely in touch with youth. Being a king, an emperor or a president is mighty small potatoes compared to being a mother or the teacher of children, whether in a public school or in a Sunday school, and they fill places so great that there isn't an angel in Heaven that wouldn't be glad to give a bushel of diamonds to boot to come down here and take their places.

Commanding an army is little more than sweeping a street or pounding an anvil compared with the training of a boy or girl. The mother of Moses did more for the world than all the kings that Egypt ever had. To teach a child to love truth and hate a lie, to love purity and hate vice, is greater than inventing a flying machine that will take you to the moon before breakfast. Unconsciously you set in motion influences that will damn or bless the old universe and bring new worlds out of chaos and transform them to God.

A man sent a friend of mine some crystals from the Scientific American and said: "One of these crystals as large as a pin point will give a distinguishable green hue to 116 hogsheads of water." Think of it! Power enough in an atom to tincture 116 hogsheads of water. There is power in a word or act to blight a boy, and through him, curse a community. There is power enough in a word to tincture the life of that child so it will become a power to lift the world to Jesus Christ. The mother will put in motion influence that will either touch Heaven or Hell. Talk about greatness!

Oh, you wait until you reach the mountains of eternity, then read the mothers' names in God's hall of fame, and see what they

have been in the world. Wait until you see God’s hall of fame; you won’t see any Ralph Waldo Emersons, but you will see women bent over the washtub. I want to tell you women, fooling away your time, hugging and kissing a poodle dog, caressing a “Spitz,” drinking society brandy mash and a cocktail, and playing cards, is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child.

Tell me, where did Moses get his faith? From his mother. Where did Moses get his backbone to say “I won’t be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter”? He got it from his mother. Where did Moses get the nerve to say, “Excuse me, please”, to the pleasure of Egypt? He got it from his mother.

You can bank on it that he didn’t inhale it from his dad. Many a boy would have turned out better if his old dad had died before the kid was born. You tell your boy to keep out of bad company. Sometimes when he walks down the street with his father, he’s in the worst company in town.

His dad smokes, drinks and chews. I would not clean his old spittoon. Let the hog clean his own trough. Moses got it from his ma. He was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, but that didn’t give him the swelled head.

When God wants to throw a world out into space, He is not concerned about it. The first mile that world takes settles its course for eternity. When God throws a child out into the world He is mighty anxious that it gets a right start.

The Catholics are right when they say: “Give us the children until they are 10 years old and we don’t care who has them after that.” The Catholics are not losing any sleep about losing men and women from their church membership. It is the only church that has ever shown us the only sensible way to reach the masses - that is, by getting hold of the children.

That’s the only way on God’s earth that you will ever solve the problem of reaching the masses. You get the boys and girls started right and the devil will hang a crepe on his door, bank his fires and Hell will be for rent before the Fourth of July.

A friend of mine has a little girl that she was compelled to take to the hospital for an operation. They thought she would be frightened, but she said: “I don’t care if mamma will be there and hold my hand.”

They prepared her for the operation, led her into the room, put her on the table, put the cone over her face and saturated it with ether, and she said, “Now, mamma, take me by the hand and hold it and I’ll not be afraid”.

And the mother stood there and held her hand. The operation was performed, and when she regained consciousness they said: “Bessie, weren’t you afraid when they put you on the table?” She said: “No, mamma stood there and held my hand. I wasn’t afraid.”

There is a mighty power in a mother’s hand. There’s more power in a woman’s hand than there is in a king’s scepter. And there is a mighty power in a mother’s kiss - inspiration, courage, hope, ambition, in a mother’s kiss. One kiss made Benjamin West a painter, and the memory of it clung to him through life. One kiss will drive away the fear in the dark and make the little one brave. It will give strength where there is weakness.

I was in a town one day and saw a mother out with her boy, and he had great steel braces on both legs, to his hips, and when I got near enough to them I learned by their conversation that wasn’t the first time the mother had had him out for a walk.

She had him out exercising him so he would get use of his limbs. He was struggling and she smiled and said: “You are doing fine today; better than you did yesterday,” and she stooped and kissed him, and the kiss of encouragement made him work all the harder, and she said: “You are doing great, son,” and he said, “Mamma, I’m going to run: look at me.” And one of his toes caught on the steel brace on the other leg and he stumbled, but she caught him and kissed him, and said: “That was fine, son; how well you did it!”

Now, he did it because his mother had encouraged him with a kiss. He didn’t do it to show off. There is nothing that will help and inspire like a mother’s kiss.

***If we knew the baby fingers pressed
against the window pane,
Would be cold and still tomorrow,
never trouble us again,***

***Would the bright eyes of our darling catch
the frown upon our brow?***

***Let us gather up the sunbeams lying all
around our path.***

***Let us keep the wheat and roses, casting
out the thorns and chaff!***

***We shall find our sweetest comforts in the
blessing of today,***

***With a patient hand removing all the briers
from our way.***

There is power in a mother’s song, too. It’s the best music the world ever heard. The best music in the world is like biscuits - it’s the kind mother makes. There is no brass band or pipe organ that can hold a candle to mother’s song. Calve, Melba, Nordica, Eames, SchumannHeink - they are cheap skates compared to mother. They can’t sing at all.

They don’t know the rudiments of the kind of music mother sings. The kind she sings gets tangled up in your heart strings. There would be a disappointment in the music of Heaven to me if there were no mothers there to sing. The song of an angel or a seraph would not have much charm for me. What would you care for an angel’s song if there is no mother’s song? The song of a mother is sweeter than that ever sung by minstrel or written by poet. Talk about sonnets! You ought to hear the mother sing when her babe is on her breast, when her heart is filled with emotions. Her voice may not please an artist, but it will please anyone who has a heart in him. The songs that have moved the world are not the songs written by the great masters. The best music, in my judgment, is not the faultless rendition of these high priced opera singers.

There is nothing in art that can put into melody the happiness which associations and memories bring. I think when we reach heaven it will be found that some of the best songs we will sing there will be those we learned at mother’s knee.

There is power in a mother’s love. A mother’s love must be like God’s love. How God could ever tell the world that He loved it without a mother’s help has often puzzled me. If the devils in Hell ever turned pale it was the day mother’s love flamed up for the first time in a woman’s heart. If the devil ever got “cold feet” it was that day, in my judgment. You know a mother has to love her babe before it is born. Like God, she has to go into the shadows of the valley of death to bring it into the world, and she will love her child, suffer for it and it can grow up and become vile and yet she will love it.

Nothing will make her blame it, and I think, women, that one of the awful things in Hell will be that there will be no mother’s love there. Nothing but black, bottomless, endless, eternal hate in Hell - no mother’s love.

***And though he creep through the vilest caves of sin,
And crouch perhaps, with bleared and bloodshot eyes,
Under the hangman’s rope - a mother’s lips
Will kiss him in his last bed of disgrace,
And love him e’en for what she hoped of him.***

I thank God for what mother’s love has done for the world. Oh, there is power in a mother’s trust. Surely as Moses was put in his mother’s arms by the princess, so God put the babes in your arms, as a charge by him to raise and care for. Every child is put in a mother’s arms as a trust from God, and she has to answer to God for the way she deals with that child. No mother on God’s earth has any right to raise her children for pleasure. She has no right to send them to dancing school and haunts of sin. You have no right to do those things that will curse your children. That babe is put in your arms to train for the Lord. No mother has any more right to raise her children for pleasure than I have to pick your pockets or throw red pepper in your eyes. She has no more right to do that than a bank cashier has to rifle the vaults and take the savings of the people. One of the worst sins you can commit is to be unfaithful to your trust. “Take this child and nurse it for me”. That is all the business you have with it. That is a jewel that belongs to God and He gives it to you to polish for Him so He can set it in a crown. Who knows but Judas became the godless, good-for-nothing wretch he was because he had a godless, good-for-nothing mother? Do you know? I don’t.

Who is more to blame for the crowded prisons than mothers? Who is more to blame for the crowded, disreputable houses than you are, to let your children gad the streets with every Tom, Dick and Harry, or keep company with some little jack rabbit whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar paper. I have talked with men in prisons who have damned their mothers to their face. Why? They blame their mothers for their being where they are.

“Take the child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages.” God pays in joy that is fireproof, famine proof and devil proof. He will pay you, don’t you worry. So get your name on God’s payroll. “Take this child and nurse it for Me, and I will pay you your wages.”

If you haven’t been doing that, then get your name on God’s payroll. You have been drawing wages from the devil. Why have

you a bleary eyed, sickly, cigarette smoking boy? Why have you a girl whose reputation is kicked around like a football? Why? You have been working for the devil, and see what you have.

“Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages”. Then your responsibility! It is so great that I don’t see how any woman can fail to be a Christian and serve God. What do you think God will do if the mother fails? I stagger under it. What if, through your unfaithfulness, your boy becomes a curse and your daughter a blight? What, if through your neglect, that boy becomes a Judas, when he might have been a John or Paul?

Down in Cincinnati some years ago a mother went to the zoological garden and stood leaning over the bear pit, watching the bears and dropping crumbs and peanuts to them. In her arms she held her babe, a year and three months old. She was so interested in the bears that the baby wriggled itself out of her arms and she watched those huge monsters rip it to shreds. What a veritable Hell it will be all through her life to know that her little one was lost through her own carelessness and neglect!

“Take this child and raise it for me, and I will pay you your wages.” Will you promise and covenant with God, and with me, and with one another, that from now on you will try, with God’s help, to do better than you ever have done to raise your children for God? ■

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.

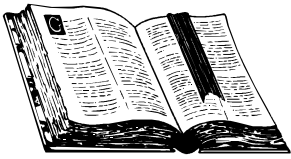
The eye may be dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but feeble as she may be, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon the earth.

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



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.



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.

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



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



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."