



II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."

LIBERTY

A Ministry of Grace Baptist Church, Pittsfield, Illinois - 217-285-5230

Dr. Gary L. Dice, Pastor

Dr. Leonard Dice, Editor

May 13, 2018

Vol. XV, No. 19

STAGES OF MOTHERHOOD

4 Years Old - My mommy can do anything!

8 Years Old - My mom knows a lot, A Whole Lot!

12 Years Old - My mother doesn't really know quite everything.

14 Years Old - Naturally, mother doesn't know that either.

16 Years old - Mother? She's hopelessly old-fashioned.

18 Years Old - That old woman? She's way out of date.

25 Years Old - Well, she might know a little bit about it.

35 Years Old - Before we decide, let's get mom's opinion.

45 Years Old - Wonder what mom would have thought about it?

65 Years Old - I sure wish I could talk it over with mother.

A mother is the only person on earth who can divide her love among ten children and each child still have all her love.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." -Proverbs 31:10 & 28

MOTHER



*Tell her that you love her,
Show her that you care,
There will never be another,
So wonderful and so dear.
Thank her for the kindness,
For all that she has done,
To make that special person,
That you have now become.
Let her know you love her,
And she is sure to say,
That you have made
her happy,
On this Mother's Day.*

*Happy
Mother's
Day!*

THE "DADDY'S BOY"

He always was a "Mother's Boy" until the age of three,
And then there seemed to stir in him a kind of dignity;
He bossed his elder sisters, and he ceased to play with dolls,
And donned a mannish swagger with his little overalls.
And then it was he dogged my steps and mimicked all my
ways,

Recounting deeds of valor just to win my word of praise,
And though he made me dizzy with his prattle, I was glad
To have that "Little Feller" always hang around his dad.

And well do I recall the day he stubbornly declined
To sit beside his mother in his high-chair when we dined,
But moved his plate around by mine, and from that day
began

To eat his meals beside his dad, just like a "reg'lar man,"
And now I dish up all his grub, and butter all his bread,
And every now and then I pause to pat his counseled head,
Because it kind of tickles me to see that little tad
Forego his Mother's petting just to hang around his dad.

And yet I always notice when he bumps his little head,
Or stubs his toe, or barks his shin, and bitter tears are shed,
He flies right to his mother, like a birdling to its nest,
And dries his scalding tears upon her sympathetic breast.
And then I feel my uselessness in matters of the heart —
I long to offer comfort, but I do not have the art,
For when his skies are clouded, he forgets about his dad —
He only wants his mother — and he wants her "mighty
bad!"

Yes, fathers' kindly counsel may afford some slight relief,
But mothers still must comfort when the heart is bowed
with grief;

And though the hurt be childhood bump or pang of later
years,

The mother heart is big enough to staunch the flowing
tears.

And so, my "Little Feller," when you tread Life's thorny
way,

And bump your head, and stub your toe, and falter in
the fray,

And trouble looms before you as it never did before —
Just take it to your mother, son — that's what a mother's
for!

— PHIL CARPENTER, 1922

She's walking in my footsteps

She's walking in my footsteps

That's very plain to see -

She says that when she's grown up

She wants to be just like me.

But it's a scary feeling.

Though one that brings me pride,

And it makes me pause and ponder

My heart, and what's inside.

Do I really want her

To be like me all the time?

Could I be proud to tell folks

That she's a child of mine?

Am I the kind of lady

That I want my girls to be?

Would it make me happy

If they DID turn out like me?

Or would it bring me heartbreak

If those wishes did come true-

"Mommy when I'm grown up

I want to be just like you"?

Would I have to shed some tears

And bow my head in shame

If what I am today is what

My daughters soon became?

Dear Lord, I'm begging that You will

Remind me everyday

That little girls are watching

Everything I do and say

Lord, make me the kind of lady

Whose light the world can see

So I can be glad if my little girls

Grow up to be just like me.

— Cathy Corle

A Mother's Heartache

I wish there were muddy tracks on the floor,

And a door going shut with a slam;

I wish there were thumb marks all over the door,

And a hole in my pot of jam;

I wish there were tops and toys to fix,

A broken window pane,

A little old wagon and worn-out sled,

Out in the storm and rain.

I wish there were little stockings to mend,

A few little bumps to kiss,

A little boy to send to school,

For never a day dare he miss.

I wish there were little boys to beg

For cookies or raisins or pie;

I wish my doughnuts would travel off

The pantry shelf on the sly.

But the days of those little tasks are gone,

The days with such care oppressed;

There's a heartache that only a mother will own,

When the birds have all flown the nest;

A longing that only parents e'er know,

A longing that's never guessed -

When loving hearts in young manhood's glow

Are planning for mothers to rest.

No thought of the memories of olden times

Have my boys; grown so big and strong,

Memories that come like sweet vesper chimes

Of the time when life was a song;

They know not hours that sometimes are spent.

(They guess not, these grown-up boys)

That mother is silently looking o'er

A box of their worn-out toys.

And you can blame me or wonder instead,

If I long for these old-time joys -

Long for the years to turn back again,

When those men were "just little boys!"

— The Blackboard Bulletin

Mother's Day

P R E C I O U S M O M E N T S A B C D S U N D A Y
 R R D A F S Z R E K H Q G O M R E L X Q T P U A A
 O B O C N Q J U Z I F O L W U K P S D Y Q G M O D
 T I G U T E Y O P M V H N C F B W T U H W S X D S
 E R L J D Y P D X E F T N I V Y A I E G R N L G R
 C H T V S G W A K C R Z G J C F B E C R M C Z B E
 T Z K M J B F M I K I N D G I L S N J A F Y K E H
 I U S P H L M O T H E R K O A Q D D U N K A L I T
 O Q Y N R X B D K T N M H R M X P W Y D H O J S O
 N W B E T S J W M U D R N S O V Z B T M Q F T N M
 D O U I Z Q X O D M J V T D W T N E R A P M R V Y
 V H C G N L D Z E L Q X U Z Y E Q J P R H U E P P
 A F H R C G Y I F K F A M I L Y L D G C W O S N P
 M A M M O W O H Y Z N K F N O M I Q P X M C Y D A
 D I S A C I T R L G J Y O C V K T I F U H X T V H
 G B H Y P F M J Y L Q O H L E L H Q J T Z K V S G
 L I Q E V E H W C A R I N G N B O B M O M M Y F B
 A F N I K O I U W U X X F K P G U E O C U B W R G
 R E L G E N T L E G M H Z D E I G L M M D S A E I
 M C I H B V A C P H Y E J B T A H R Z K X H N U A
 G M S T P T O R I T E A R S A I T J Q Y D X T O C
 R D U Z J X R F L E N S P X R A F S Q W F O Y V L
 A K Q N V H E W S R V K U C E R U H D N U G M V G
 N D Y G E C S R M I Z Y O E D Q L Z P F B X L K E
 D I F S S L P C H Z W L T D I T C F C Y P J H W T
 M A N K Q O E M K I N D N E S S R G B O I M I O K
 O R J G H U C B Q S J G R Z N A C D S P N U E J B
 T M V O C Y T E U O X C E L O V D E J F R C W K N
 H X N Z T J G P K F H K Y O C Y S W C Q O V E M X
 E O B W F D P N W T N I D H T U Z Q N T H S L R Y
 R E N E T S I L M J R V Q U P D E D I C A T I O N

CARING
 CONCERN
 CONSIDERATE
 DEDICATION
 FAMILY
 FRIEND
 GENTLE
 GRANDMA
 GRANDMOTHER
 HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

KIND
 KINDNESS
 LAUGHTER
 LISTENER
 LOVE
 MAMMOW
 MAY
 HONOR
 MOM
 MOMMY

MOTHER
 PARENT
 PRECIOUS MOMENTS
 PROTECTION
 PROUD
 RESPECT
 SUNDAY
 TEARS
 THOUGHTFUL
 WIFE