

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

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## There Is No One Like Your Mother

"The world is full of folks, but none like your mother. She was your first friend, and down through the years she has been your truest, kindest, staunchest supporter and ally. To you, she has been all this and more. Nothing is too hard for her to undertake; no burden comes but she will share; our joys are her joys; our sorrows are her sorrows and our pains are her pains.

During our growing up years,

even though we had no formal learning, her example would teach us right from wrong and good from bad. None told us of friendship and love, but we saw its glow reflected in her eyes. Though none spoke of God, her presence told us He was always near. She taught us to read the Bible, to attend our church, and to learn and love God.

The world is full of people... but none like your mother."  
-Anon

## NEXT SUNDAY IS MOTHER'S DAY



-Pat. O'Reilly

## A WONDERFUL MOTHER

God made a wonderful Mother,  
A Mother who never grows old;  
He made her smile of the  
sunshine,

And He molded her heart of  
pure gold.

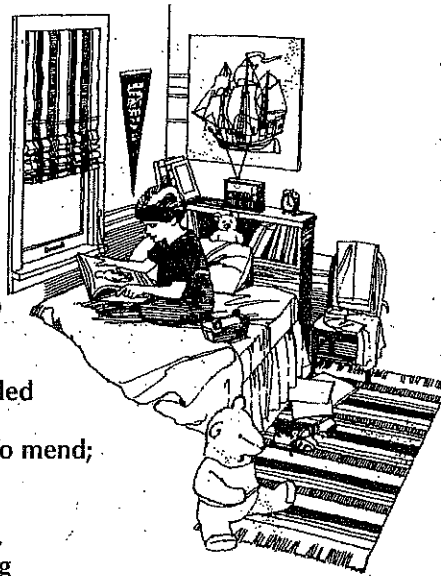
In her eyes He placed  
bright shining stars,  
In her cheeks fair roses  
you see;

God made a wonderful  
Mother,

And He gave that dear  
Mother to me.

# I Wish...

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 windowpane,  
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 these 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 mother 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 the 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 these men were "just little boys"!

## FOR THE MOTHER OF BOYS

Just today, I heard a friend of mine (a mother of boys) bemoan, "Oh, how nice it would be to have a little girl." I've even heard myself on occasion voice the desire for a sweet little sugar'n'spice with pony tails, ribbons and lace. But I'm often reminded of what my dear Christian grandmother used to say. She was the mother of nine children, six of them boys, including my own father. She used to tell me that boys were a special blessing from God. She reminded me that in the Bible, God always blessed with a man-child. It never said a girl, always a boy. I wondered on that and thought of it often--especially when my husband and I were bestowed with two of these "special blessings." But, now, I think I'm starting to see what she meant. A man child is not only a very special blessing but a special trust that the Lord has seen fit to leave in our care... Yes, you that have sons are truly honor bound to raise and teach those "special blessings" in God's beautiful and perfect way.

Tonight, when you steal into their room to glimpse them in innocent sleep, say a special pray for them that the Lord will be able to use them mightily as unto His glory.

Then thank God for the pockets full of pebbles and the jars full of bugs. God has given you the richest of all heir-tages.

-Eileen Knob1

## Thank God for an Old-Fashioned Mother!

She was just an old-fashioned mother;  
She did not pretend to be "smart."  
To care for her home and her dear ones  
Was the wish that was first in her heart.

We were raised by the old-fashioned methods,  
So sparsely employed today.  
And when we so richly deserved it,  
We were "spanked" in the old-fashioned way.

She taught us the old-fashioned virtue;  
"A good name is far better," she'd say,  
"Than all of the wealth of the nation,  
And truth is the best any day."

She believed in the old-fashioned Bible;  
She trusted in old-fashioned prayer;  
She told us that Jesus would hear us,  
If we'd speak anytime, anywhere.

Thank God for an old-fashioned mother,  
For the Bible and old-fashioned prayer,  
For the old-fashioned faith that is looking  
For our Lord to appear in the air.

-Mrs. J. R. Pullyblank

*"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."*

Proverbs 31:30

## When You Thought I Wasn't Looking

A message every adult should read, because children are watching you and doing as you do, not as you say.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you hang my first painting on the refrigerator and I immediately wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you feed a stray cat and I learned that it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make my favorite cake for me and I learned that the little things can be the special things in life.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I heard you say a prayer and I knew there is a God I could always talk to and I learned to trust in God.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make a meal and take it to a friend who was sick and I learned that we all have to help take care of one another.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you give your time and money to help people who had nothing and I learned that those who have something should give to those who don't.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you take care of our house and everyone in it and I learned we have to take care of what and whom we are given.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw how you handled your responsibilities, even when you didn't feel well; and I learned that I would have to be responsible when I grow up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw tears come from your eyes and I learned that sometimes things hurt but it's all right to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw that you cared and I wanted to be everything that I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I learned most of life's lessons that I need to know to be a good and productive person when I grow up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I looked at you and wanted to say, "Thanks for all the things I saw when you thought I wasn't looking."

Little eyes see a lot.

—Progress