

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

LIBERTY

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MOTHER'S DAY



Honor Her, Love Her

*Happy
Mother's
Day!*

The time will come,
Mother, when you can no
longer keep your child at
your side. Blessed is that
boy or girl who in that hour
is put by a mother's hand
into the hand of God and
into the ark which is Christ.



—John Linton

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE THEIR "CHILDREN"

Children should remember that they never get to the age where they are no longer "children" to their parents. I well remember how, when a foolish boy, it would irritate me when Mother would say to me, "John, you're getting to be such a big fellow-- but you'll always be my little boy." How I would love to hear those words from her lips today.

Strangely enough, young folks, when our parents grow old we just exchange places with them. Once they nursed and cared for us; now we nurse and care for them. Once they took the storm and protected us; now we have the privilege of taking the storm and protecting them. We are strong now; they are feeble. What an opportunity for our love to repay, in part, the debt of love we owe them.



There is beauty in a budding rose,
A brightly colored leaf;
There is beauty in a friendly smile,
A small child's rosy cheeks.

There is beauty in a sunset,
And in a falling star;
But the beauty of a mother's love
Surpasses all by far. -Loise Pinkerton

It Takes so Very Little to Please a Child

We complain about the competition of television, deplore the plethora of sophisticated, over-realistic toys. Yet even as we provide them we notice that for the child himself nothing can destroy his own instinctive joy in simple things.

Such as: Swinging on doors . . . climbing into cardboard cartons and scrooching down to hide . . . dialing time or the weather . . . cutting pictures from a magazine . . .

Skipping rope, chasing a butterfly, throwing stones . . . helping mother roll out pie dough or daddy build a birdhouse . . . hunting four-leaf clovers . . . curling up on somebody's lap or at his knee and listening to a story.

Sometimes when we hear ourselves contrasting the simple pleasures of our own childhood with the way things are today ("We made our own wooden airplanes, we drew our paper dolls") let's pause to remember: It's only the adults who change; children will always be the same.

How long has it been since you've turned off the TV or resisted the impulse to provide another super-toy, and said; "Let's go for a walk . . . let's bake some cookies . . . let's read a story."
- Ben Holden

A Tribute to Godly Mothers

The greatness of woman, her value
so high
Oft is unseen, by mere human eye
The price of the ruby is far, far too
low
The greatness of woman, how can
we know?

First, we can know, by the
marvelous fact
That she came to be, by God's ho-
ly act
She was created; a helpmeet to man
To bring to completion, God's pur-
pose and plan.

Then we can know, of more
greatness still
By her act of submission, to his
Divine will
To create new lives, and in sorrow,
travail
And bring them to God, His story
to tell.

Her greatest possession, her greatest
delight,
The act that prepared her, for this
heavenly flight
This made her great, in the greatest
of ways
Her soul now prepared, for eterni-
ty's day

And there evermore, in the great
light of Him
She shall be seen, as the brightest
of gems,
Labor and turmoil and trouble and
strife
All cast aside for the greatest of
lives.

A greatness in women? Yes, yes,
indeed
And because of the Lord, and
because of her need
This greatness is climaxed, in the
Presence of Him
Who brought her this greatness, that
now is undimmed.

THE WATCHER

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe,
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all for us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is,
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late - -
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.

Speaking of Mothers

* Somebody said it takes about six weeks to get back to normal after you've had a baby. Somebody doesn't know that once you're a mother, "normal" is history.

* Somebody said you learn how to be a mother by instinct. Somebody never took a three-year-old shopping.

* Somebody said being a mother is boring. Somebody never rode in a car driven by a teenager with a driver's permit.

* Somebody said if you're a "good" mother, your child will "turn out good." Somebody thinks a child comes with directions and a guarantee.

* Somebody said "good" mothers never raise their voices. Somebody never came out the back door just in time to see her child hit a golf ball through the neighbor's kitchen window.

* Somebody said a mother can find all the answers to her child-rearing questions in the books. Somebody never had a child stuff beans up his nose or in his ears.

* Somebody said the hardest part of being a mother is labor and delivery. Somebody never watched her baby get on the bus for the first day of kindergarten, or on a plane headed for military boot camp.

* Somebody said you can't love the fifth child as much as you love the first. Somebody doesn't have five children.

* Somebody said a mother can stop worrying after her child gets married. Somebody doesn't know that marriage adds a new son- or daughter-in-law to a mother's heartstrings.

* Somebody said a mother's job is done when her last child leaves home. Somebody never had grandchildren.

* Somebody said you don't need an education to be a mother. Somebody never helped a fourth-grader with his math.

* Somebody said your mother knows you love her, so you don't need to tell her. Somebody isn't a mother.

Her love and care and prayers
On us she freely shed:
Standing tireless at our side,
She rocked our little bed.
With gentle hand upon our head,
She taught our lips to pray,
To lip the name of God's own Son,
To love His Book, and Day.
Oh, we have not forgotten,
Dear mother, old and gray!
In thy declining years,
Our arm shall be thy stay.
By honor bright and pure,
And lives both clean and strong,
We'll make thy pathway bright
And fill thy heart with song.