

View

A Publication of the Folsom Point church of Christ, 900 E. Natoma, Folsom, CA

May 11 2008

Mom

Today is Mother's Day, but you probably know that already. Holidays present problems for faithful Christians — especially those that are given religious significance, such as Easter and Christmas. We are not authorized by the Scriptures to set some days above other days to honor Christ and God. Nearly all of the holidays, including Easter, have their origin in mythology or, at least, competition with those who honored certain gods, such as Cybele or Isis or Re.

Mother's Day is no different, really. Its origin is just as steeped in idolatry-tradition as Easter and the rest. But it's

the human holiday that seems to be acceptable to Christians — it's the holiday we love to love. For one thing, it's not "religious" even though it occurs on Sunday. So, it's "safe." And who will be so bold to criticize the honoring of one of the greatest institutions God has created — motherhood?

So, we honor our moms, our mommies, our mommas, our Mimi's, our grandmas, our grannies

and nannies and nanas (sorry if I didn't include your particular pet moniker). And well we should. Mothers are special.

A mother is a person who seeing there are only four pieces of pie for five people, promptly announces she never did care for pie. — Tenneva Jordan

Mother's Day can be a bittersweet day, too. For some, unfortunately, "mother" does not conjure up sweet memories. Though they do it far less frequently than fathers, some mothers abandon their families. Some live their lives full of selfish ambition, leaving their children to fend for themselves.

Others, perhaps, are just not very sweet-spirited. Then there are those whose mother's have died. There is no mother whom we can honor in the flesh — just a memory. I'm one of the many who are in

that category, and while my memories are as sweet as can be, Mother's Day only serves to remind me of how much I miss her. I wish she were here to see all of our lovely grandchildren — I know they would love her so much.

The Bible tells us that mothers are to be honored (along with fathers) and that mothers are teachers and that they can be easily hurt by our actions. Fathers instruct and lead and watch and are “proud” of their children; but a mother’s life seems to be tethered in a special way to that of their children. There’s a bond with a child that only a mother can have and understand. They bore the child and that gives them a special place in that child’s life.

I wish I could impress upon every child old enough to “get it” how important it is to honor his or her mother. When my mother died, I received countless cards and e-mails, full of kind words and encouragement. But do you know the one I remember most? Bob Owen sent me an e-mail and it contained only three words: “only one mother!” It’s possible, through death or some other circumstance, to have more than one spouse; most have more than one child and we all have many friends. But you only have one mother. Just one.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.
— George Cooper

We’ll never know how much our mothers loved us. The only clue we’ll get is when we have our own children and feel such deep love for them. We soon realize that we will never love our mothers as much as they loved us, no matter how much we try. That realization also contributes to the bittersweet feelings of this holiday.

Perhaps, then, today is not so much about how much we love our moms, but about how much we appreciate them. The word of the day is gratitude.

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A man loves his sweetheart the most, his wife the best, but his mother the longest. — Irish Proverb

Sweater, n.: garment worn by child when its mother is feeling chilly. — Ambrose Bierce

You don't really understand human nature unless you know why a child on a merry-go-round will wave at his parents every time around - and why his parents will always wave back.

—William D. Tammeus

Making the decision to have a child is momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body.
—Elizabeth Stone

Before I got married I had six theories about bringing up children; now I have six children, and no theories. —John Wilmot

The church of Christ

Meeting at 900 E. Natoma
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Elders

Forrest Brown: 530/295-9230
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David Posey: 530/676-9514

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Brent Agee: 916/786-0436
Bryan Byrd: 916/351-9320
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Jeff Clark: 916/985-8689
John Daniels: 916/985-3090
Jerry Deschler: 916/285-9115
Steve Dickey: 916/983-1071
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Services

Sunday Morning Assembly
9:30 AM
Sunday Evening: 5:00 PM
Wednesday Bible Study
7:30 PM

Classes for all ages.

Private classes arranged
at your convenience.

For more information,

visit our web site at:
www.folsomchurch.com

Webmaster: Richard Harvey

Agenda

The Lord's Day, May 11, 2008

9:30 AM: Worship: Singing, Lord's Supper, Preaching

Sermon: Singing

☛ Preaching: David Posey, The Story

5:00 PM: Lord's Supper, Preaching.

Classes @ 5:30 PM

Auditorium, I John

• Teacher: Dennis Wade

Room 11-12,

Characters of the Bible

• Teacher: Bryan Byrd.

Wednesday, May 14, 2008

10 AM, Here — "The Bible for Everyday"

Teacher: David Posey, Sr.

7:30 PM, Classes

Auditorium, Proverbs

• Teacher: Randy Clark (Jeff Clark, Assisting)

Room 11-12, James

• Teacher: David Posey, Sr. (Zac Brown, Assisting)

Notes

Most sermons are available in MP3 format on our website (www.folsomchurch.com) or on CD (see a deacon).

Only One Childhood!

I stopped to watch my little girl,
 busy playing in her room.

In one hand was a plastic phone;
 in the other a toy broom.

I listened as she was speaking
 to her make believe little friend
and I'll never forget the words she said,
 even though it was pretend.

She said "Suzie's in the corner,
 cuz she's not been very good.
She didn't listen to a word I said
 or do the things she should."

In the corner I saw her baby doll
 all dressed in lace and pink.
It was obvious she'd been put there
 to sit alone and think.

My daughter continued her "conversation,"
 as I sat down on the floor.

She said, "I'm all fed up I just don't know
 what to do with her anymore.

"She whines whenever I have to work
 and wants to play games, too;
and never lets me do the things
 that I just have to do.

"She tries to help me with the dishes,
 but her arms just cannot reach
and she doesn't know how to fold the towels
 and I don't have time to teach.

"I have a lot of work to do
 and a big house to keep clean.
I don't have time to sit and play —
 don't you know what I mean?"

And that day I thought a lot about
 making some changes in my life;
as I listened to her innocent words
 that cut me like a knife.

I hadn't been paying enough attention
 to what I hold most dear.
I'd been caught up in responsibilities
 that increased throughout the year.

But now my attitude has changed
 because, in my heart, I realize
I've seen the world in a different light
 through my little darling's eyes.

So, let the cobwebs have the corners
 and the dust bunnies rule the floor,

I'm not going to worry about
 keeping up with them any more.

I'm going to fill the house with memories
 of a child and her mother
for God grants us only ONE childhood,
 and we will never get another.

—Author Unknown