



Volume 2, No. 2, February, 2014

Evelyn Waite and Kathy Webber are collaborating on this project in an effort to encourage our Christian sisters and possibly to inspire other women to participate in this effort.



Father,

*May we, as your children, hunger
and thirst for Your Word.*

*May we walk a life that daily confesses
Jesus Christ as Your Son*

*And may we too, proclaim You as Jehovah God
-the Great I AM.*

*May we be like sponges
that absorb You into our souls.*

*May we become saturated and
pour Your Love out on a lost world.*

*May we shine as beacons in the night
showing the Way—The way that leads to You.*

*We pray You will use our arms, our legs,
our voices to Your glory,*

And, Dear God, to the fulfillment of Your will.

Kathy Webber © 2014

+++++



+++++

Trusting God More Than Ourselves

Here are some of my thoughts about different things in the Bible and some quotations from, "Inspiring Thoughts for Mothers." Dads could use some of these thoughts also; they are the kind of thoughts that we may forget about.

"There is no pit so deep that
God is not deeper still."

"Trust in the dark that brings triumph at dawn."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength,"

Nehemiah 8:10

Mothers need to laugh often. A mother's laugh can be contagious, and her children need to hear her laugh. As a Christian, laughter should not be missing; it's a bright, happy rejoicing for all God's gifts with thankfulness and gladness. Count up miracles rather than trials. Look at the bright side even in sickness, bereavement and death. What a very fountain of goodness and love is Christ, as we count our blessings. See what God has done; trust God to lead us in the right path, and quit worrying about things. Worrying too much isn't good for anyone.

Another thing we can do is pray! Let God help instead of trying to do it on our own. God will find the answers we need. God knows all our needs.

Love is very important. Love is one thing of which there is never too much! I am so glad I am a part of the church family – God's family – obeying what the Father has to say. When we read God's word, it will keep us strong so that we don't go astray. Then we can be strong in our faith. Without faith, we don't have much to go on! But the more we read the

Bible, the better we can understand what God wants us to do.

Shirley Isbell
2013

†††††

Book Review

Muscle and a Shovel

by Michael Shank

Muscle and a Shovel is the story of one man's conversion from a main-stream denomination. Michael Shank's co-worker, Randall, gently but thoroughly taught Michael the gospel one scripture at a time. The process began in August, 1987, when Michael and Randall met on the job.

Michael was first impressed with Randall's upbeat attitude in a department populated with people who "shuffled around as though work was the last thing on their minds." The first day they met, Randall gave him doughnuts and hinted he might even have something better for him later. Randall carefully cultivated the friendship and frequently asked thought provoking questions, mostly geared to the spiritual side of life.

As time progressed, Randall taught him Bible passages and concepts using his memory of scriptures. This eventually led to their opening their Bibles during lunch. Eventually, they were coming in before work hours to study together.

Michael's job duties took him into many businesses each week. Many of the sites he visited were churches, and he began to ask every preacher at these churches about the things he was learning from Randall. He had difficulty aligning their answers with the scriptures he was learning from Randall. Randall was quite thorough in what he taught based on the questions Michael asked through the months of their study.

Each time he disagreed with something Randall taught him, he searched the scriptures to prove Randall wrong. Each time, he found that Randall's teaching was entirely based on scripture and that he could not scripturally support his own belief. It took several months of slowly learning, searching the Bible and comparing what he was hearing from denominational teachers with what he was learning from Randall before he began to put the entire puzzle together.

Even then, something held him back from committing to what he now knew to be the gospel. Unbeknownst

to Michael, his wife had been studying the materials he had been bringing home. She had actually been waiting for him to get past his reluctance to obey the gospel. Late at night on March 14, 1988, the two of them obeyed the gospel and began a totally new chapter in their lives.

Muscle and a Shovel is the story of Michael's journey. It is well written and is very entertaining. He does not spare himself and portrays himself as being very worldly, both in behavior and manner of speech, in the early weeks of his studies with Randall. The beginning of his transformation is evident by the way he begins to think and to reason under Randall's guidance. Every scripture used in the book is written out, not just referenced.

This book should be read by every Christian. It can be a very effect tool of evangelism. If you are interested in purchasing ***Muscle and a Shovel***, you can do so at:

<http://muscleandashovel.com>

You can also sign up for the free ***Muscle and a Shovel Newsletter*** at that site.

Evelyn Waite ©January 22, 2014

†††††

Start where you are.

Use what you have.

Do what you can.

~ Arthur Ashe

†††††



*Treasures
Among Us*

Featuring Clara Gillett

I was born in 1941, Clara Lou Bacon, the second daughter of Johnnie and Clara Bacon. I was named for my mother. My dad said it was because he had named his first daughter after an old girlfriend.

On December 6, 1941, Pearl Harbor was bombed. It changed the lives of all Americans. When married men were being drafted, our family moved to San Francisco where my dad worked in the ship yards. After a long, damp winter and several sessions of pneumonia with two little girls, my dad said, "If we don't get out of here these babies will die". They knew he would be drafted, so they bought a small house in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that was on the bus line. My dad was drafted and was gone

for 2½ years without coming home. Mr. and Mrs. Lumpkin picked us up for every service of the 41st Street Church of Christ. I learned all the books of the Old Testament during that time.

Mother was determined to have the house paid for when Daddy came home. She worked at Douglas Aircraft wrapping parts. When the house was paid for, she quit working to stay home with us. She stayed busy cleaning house for our neighbor next door, who had a job, and getting our house in order for the great homecoming. I remember when she papered the ceilings. I had to move the chair so she could walk across the room without stopping and dropping the paper.

When Daddy came home, we moved to Carbondale and attended Carbondale Church of Christ, which was located at the end of our block. My brother, John, was born. My Dad went into orbit--a son. YEA!! There were 21 kids on our block. We rode our bicycles and roller skated in the street, rode our bikes all over the neighborhood to trade comic books, and fought rubber gun wars with the gang at the other end of the block. We rode the city bus to the downtown Tulsa YMCA for swim lessons and to concerts by the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra. We had great performances in our backyard that we charged a penny for other kids to come. This drove my mother to the end of her rope. She was the Kool-Aid Lady.

When my grandmother passed, I was in the fifth grade. We moved to her "old house" in Berryhill. It was definitely an old house – a cistern for water, an outhouse for a bathroom, and two small bedrooms. My sister was embarrassed; Mother was delighted – it was quiet. We built a new house when I was a freshman in high school. My mother said it was the prettiest house in Berryhill.

I was baptized when I was 12 and again when I was 16. My best friends in high school were my church friends. One of the boys had a 1941 Ford coupe with a rumble seat. We ran around all over Tulsa with sometimes as many as 13 kids in that little car. Who needed seat belts? It was so much fun to drive into a parking lot at the drug store and have everyone get out through the rumble seat. We played board games almost every Sunday afternoon at someone's house. We were such good friends that two of us decided if we were both 25 and not married, we would get married. I had jobs babysitting the summers after 8th, 9th and 10th grades. I worked at Shepherd's Dry Goods after my junior and senior years.

My mother told me that Home Economics was the best college major for a girl. You would learn how to run your own home; and, if you HAD to work, you could get a good job. She said, "You can make more money staying home and taking care of everything than you can make going to work." She taught us, "Time is money. Don't waste

it." I usually did what she said. She kept us busy. I planned to become a teacher.

I attended Oklahoma State University. The church had a campus ministry that met every morning at 7:30 for a devotional at the university chapel. When I went to the shower room the first morning, I met Phoebe Goodwin. She was also going to chapel. We became best friends and roommates. We sang with the University Church College Choir and traveled during Spring break to various churches for concerts. There were many good times and lots of dates during my freshman year. Oops! I forgot to mention classes.

Summer School. We didn't want to go home—it was too much fun being on our own. I was planning to be loyal, faithful, and true to my current boyfriend—unless we found a boy who had a boat and would take us water skiing at the lake nearby. Enter – BILL GILLETT – the boy with the boat. Our romance was short. After our first date, he told his cousin he had met the girl he was going to marry. About a month later and more dates than I had in all my high school years, Bill said, "I am going to be really busy next fall. If I am going to see you before Christmas, we need to get married." We met on June 27 and married on August 27, 1960. No one thought it would last.

Bill was in the last semester of his senior year and was planning to get his Masters Degree. His Department Chairman offered him a National Defense Education Fellowship to get his PhD on a 3-year program. He accepted. This was the old days when marriage meant children. Daniel Allen Gillett was born in 1961. We felt like Mary and Joseph that first Christmas. My dad looked at him and said, "It will take a pile of groceries to make a man out of that." Danny was such a good baby. We played in the morning, and he slept in the afternoon. We decided that I could take classes in the afternoon while Danny napped since Bill's classes were in the morning. This worked great the first summer and first semester of my Junior year. A lady at church, whose husband was a graduate student, became Danny's baby sitter. We both graduated in June, 1964. I received a BS degree in Home Economics, and Bill received his PhD in Statistics.

Bill took a job as an Assistant Professor at UMR, and we moved to Rolla. Kristie Lynn was born the following November. Bill began teaching the high school class and eventually directed the youth program for the next 17 years. We planned three activities each month for the junior high and three for the high school young people – Spiritual, Service, Social. Over 400 attended one of the Youth Forums sponsored during that time. The women served lunch in record time from the "old kitchen." Laura Kay joined our family in 1967. After directing the youth program, Bill served as an elder two different times.

Little Prairie Bible Camp was started in 1969. The pine trees were planted; the swimming pool was built; and the old house was remodeled for cooks, crafts and directors' quarters. The cabins were built with boards from the old barn that was torn down. There was always lots of help, all volunteer. Mary Gibson, Gloria Johnmeyer, and I were among the first cooks. I made a list of what we needed—pots, pans, dishes, etc. Everything was donated. Nothing was plastic or paper, and nothing matched. We served three made-from-scratch meals every day. The campers washed dishes outside in laundry rinse tubs (you may not remember these) and rinsed in a #2 wash tub with a little bleach for sanitizing. (My design, of course)

Donna Roberts reminded me that I taught a class, "Wait Girls." I also taught a class for Junior High and High School girls on How to be a Teacher. I coordinated the pre-school program for several years. During that time, a group of women met each quarter to prepare Bible Class material for the teachers. Each teacher received 13 packets with all her materials for each week. I usually taught the 2-3 year-old class. They were the most fun, and I wanted them to love coming to Bible Class. We rode shoebox donkeys to Jerusalem, built tents for Abraham, crossed the Red Sea and many other astounding adventures. I taught Day School for several years (four, I think). One of those years I was a helper for Bill, who also taught four years. Our grandson, Matthew, was in our class. Time spent with children is our best investment.

I had never planned to have a business—it sort of happened by accident—just a series of God events that worked out for us. Bill and I had a great time going to market and buying things for the store, Designer Furniture. We were the only store in town with a PhD for a delivery man. I had a wonderful time helping people make their homes a more pleasant place to live. I really liked having a reason to dress-up every day after years of being at home most of the time. All three of our children graduated from Harding University during that time. When our third child, Laura (Light) graduated and married, it was time to sell the store. We had a buyer-- God is good.

After I retired in 1989, I taught day school for three years, and 2's and 3's until Linda Evans came five years ago.. Lana Harris and I have arranged seasonal flowers for the auditorium and foyer for many years. Bill and I now have responsibility for the library and aquarium. We are now assisted by LiShana Underdown with the aquarium. Bill is in charge of the Follow-up Program for new Christians.

I loved making quilts for our married children and quilts for the grandbabies. I am now making quilts for the high school graduates. I enjoy gardening—flowers and

vegetables—and canning and freezing. I also love to sing and have found the perfect audience—the nursing home. I have always tried to make our home comfortable pleasant. It has become our "favorite place" to be.

Since Bill and I married, it has always been a "WE thing". When we were in school and when he was a new professor in a field with no books and had to study every night, when he was department chairman, when he was writing books, when he was an elder, when he directed the youth program, when we had the children, when we had the store, the list goes on...but we have always been "together" for the past 53 years.

We feel most blessed to know that all of our children's are Christians and all of our grandchildren who are old enough are Christians. III John 1:4 is my favorite scripture. *"I have no greater joy than this, to hear that my children walk in truth."*

By Clara Gillett
©January, 2014

†††††

NOTE: *This is the second in a series highlighting noble Christian women in our congregation. We truly have many "treasures among us" in the women who exemplify Christianity in all its facets and have much to teach us all.*

†††††

How do you know if you are in love?

Immanuel, age 6 - "When I kiss someone that I fall on them and fall in love.

River, age 6 - "I do not know." [pause] "It's odd that you asked that question. I think it is when you really, really, really like someone soooo bad!"

Trinity, age 5 - "If you're dating, you know you're in love. And if you are soon going to have a wedding, then you know you're in love."

Drake, age 6 - "If you give a girl a flower."

Kennedy, age 6 - [shrugged]

Vincent, age 7 - "I love dad."

John, age 5 - "I hug mom."

Fortress, age 4 - [thinking very seriously] "Um..." "Um..." "I don't know."

Grayden, age 5 - "When you get married."

Bryant, age 5 - "She'll just kiss you back".

Rian, age 5 - "Well you have to like the person."

†††††

Wanted: Are you a writer? Have you written down thoughts that you would be willing to share with Christian sisters? Please submit them to Evelyn Waite for consideration for future publication. You may submit them via email to: evelynwa@fidmail.com or you may submit typewritten copies to Evelyn personally. Sunrise is growing. Thank you for your support!

†††††