

Sunrise

The Newsletter For Women By Christian Women

Volume 2, No. 5, May, 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.



A Prayer of Thankfulness

Father,

Our lives are abundant because our lives belong to you.

We are Your children.

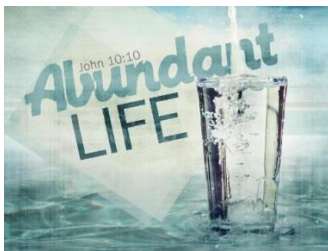
We thank You, God, for Christ Jesus.

We love You, Father.

In Your Precious Son's Name, Christ Jesus, we pray.

Amen.

By Kathy Webber, Rolla, MO
©2014



◆◆◆◆◆

Oh, how abundant is your goodness, which you have stored up for those who fear you and worked for those who take refuge in you, in the sight of the children of mankind! **Psalm 31:19**

◆◆◆◆◆



Treasures Among Us

Mary Gibson

Mary Gibson is a native of Selmer, Tennessee, where she graduated from high school. Since then, her life's journey has taken her to Missouri, Louisiana, West Virginia and back to Missouri. She was one of eleven children born to her parents, who also lost one child in infancy.

Mary's Uncle Arlie and Aunt Virgie lived across the field from her family and were strong Christian influences in her life. Most of the time, she rode to church with them. During the summers, she sometimes rode with the Huggins family. When she was 11 or 12 years old, Mary and her brothers and sisters drove themselves to church in a mule-drawn wagon.

She was baptized in the creek when she was 12 years old and says she felt so clean and good afterwards. Her Aunt Virgie taught Bible classes at the church called Antioch. The Bible has always been highly important in her life. Young preachers from Freed Hardeman College used to come to their congregation to teach and preach. In one of their classes, she memorized I Corinthians 13 and learned the books of the Old Testament. Philippians 4:13, *I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me*, is also one of her favorite scriptures.

One of her favorite memories is playing with her brothers and sisters. On their way each evening, to bring the cows in for milking, they always crossed the creek on a log. One day as they crossed, she told Tom (her brother) about a snake she had been seeing at the creek. Suddenly, she pointed and playfully said, "There it is!" Tom jumped straight up out of the water to get out of the creek. They all had a good laugh over that. Milking

each morning before school was also a daily chore. When it was done, her mom always had a #3 washtub full of warm water for them to bathe before catching the bus to school.

After high school graduation, she left home and went to Nashville where she got a job working in a five and dime store. After a while, she traveled to Missouri where her brother was stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood. While she was in this area, she got a job in Rolla as a telephone operator. She did that job until moving to Louisiana for a year, then on to West Virginia. She was married by this time and lost a child while in West Virginia. They moved back to Rolla, and Mary again got a job as a telephone operator.

Her children, Jeff and Jenny, were both born in Rolla. The family also took in foster children over the years. They kept a total of six children; but only one of them, Dennis, was with them for an extended period of time. When Jenny was three, Mary began teaching Bible classes with Lovera Baird, who taught her how to teach. For several years, she taught three-year-olds. During this time, she worked as a cook with the Rolla Public Schools for two years. She saved up enough money for a down payment on a place in the country where the family lived for quite a few years.

Mary also taught Day School for 25 years. At one time, she and Barbara King were co-directors of Day School—Mary directed the three-year-olds, and Barbara directed the four-year-olds. After leaving the Rolla Day School program, she helped start a Day School program in the Cuba congregation.

In addition to working in dime stores and as a telephone operator, her working life also included working in a factory in West Virginia, cooking at a truck stop and working at Sinks Pharmacy for several years. In addition to those paying jobs, she also cooked at Little Prairie Bible Camp over a period of several years.

She saw her first movie, “Gone with the Wind,” in Nashville when she was about 18 years old. She was so impressed with the dresses the women wore in that movie. When she was growing up, many of her own dresses were made from the pretty fabrics of flour sacks. She was one of the older children in the family and took it upon herself to keep the bullies from bothering her younger siblings, especially her sisters.

Two world events made deep impressions on her. She was at her grandma’s house when they heard on the radio that World War II was over. She was about nine years old at the time, and that is one of her most vivid memories. She also recalls the assassination of John F. Kennedy. She remembers Walter Cronkite’s voice breaking when he announced that the president was dead. She had never heard him do that before.

Mary always loved going back to Tennessee and visiting her family farm. There used to be a trailer on the property, and she and her sisters would stay there when they were visiting. After her parents passed away, one of her brothers bought their land and got rid of the trailer. But she said, “I like home,” when asked where her favorite place is. She really enjoys her cozy, nicely decorated home.

Mary still quilts beautifully, but there are other things she would like to do some day. She wants to learn to ride a bike. She tried it once when she was in her 30’s. She says that the entire time she was on the bike, she kept envisioning herself in the hospital in traction! After the one attempt, she has not gotten on another bike. She took piano lessons for a while, and she still wants to learn to play a banjo.

Mary’s health has not been good for the last few years, but she is still a Treasure Among Us.

NOTE: *This is the fifth 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.*



We are all His Offspring

From one man He made every nation of men, that they should inhabit the whole earth; and He determined the times set for them and the exact places where they should live. God did this so that men would seek Him and perhaps reach out for Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us. For in Him we live and move and have our being. As some of your own poets have said, ‘We are His offspring.’ Acts 17: 26-28

I love to read biographies. I have read about kings and queens, titans of industry, presidents, outlaws, celebrities, scientists; you name it, I have read it. It always amazes me that every life has a fascinating story to tell. Although the lives of famous, or infamous, people are always packed full of interesting facts and details, every life is extraordinary. Every life has a story to tell, and all of our stories are connected in some way. “We are all His offspring.”

I work very closely with people from all over the world. They openly share their beliefs and customs with me. I have discovered that, no matter what part of the world we are from, we are all seeking the same things in life. We all want to love and be loved. We all want to be able to pursue our interests and live a long and happy life. We all suffer loss and experience disappointments. This should not be surprising because our stories are all connected.“ We are all His offspring.”

Have you ever thought about how your life would be different if you had not met this person or that person?

I cannot imagine what my life would be like if I had never met my husband or if I had never had my children. As we travel through time, we all leave our mark on every individual that we come in contact with; and they leave their mark on us. We become a part of their story, and they become a part of ours. We must make it our goal to leave a Godly legacy in the hearts and minds of all those with whom we come in contact. "We are all His offspring."

I know that someday my story will come to an end; however, I will not leave with regret. My story will never have a period at the end. It will continue to be told over and over through my children, my grandchildren, and every person with whom I have shared my life. Each life affects another. Each family is connected to another. We are truly one never-ending story. Make sure that your life makes a Godly influence in every life that you touch. "We are all His offspring."

"Has this world been so kind to you that you should leave with regret? There are better things ahead than any we leave behind." C.S. Lewis

Vicki Hopgood, Rolla, MO
©April, 2014



†††††

Sterling or Tarnished?

Sterling silver. Even the words somehow seem special. Sterling silver is beautiful when it is clean and polished and being used. Its shine beautifully reflects everything around it. A few weeks ago, we were preparing for a special family event, and I got out some silver trays that were given to us when we married some 30 years ago. They were beautiful gifts, and I looked forward to seeing them and using them again.

Alas! When I got them out, they were all tarnished! They had been neglected and unused for quite a long time, and instead of being polished and beautiful, they were dark and ugly.

As I lovingly applied silver polish to them and wiped away the ugly tarnish stains, it reminded me of how my



relationship with God has been in times past. When I became a child of His, I was clean and beautiful. The cleansing blood of His Son had polished my soul and purged it of every stain. In ensuing years, there were a few bumps and nicks, but the beauty of His touch was still with me.

There came a time, however, when I strayed from His side. For six weary years, I sought "fulfillment" in the world. Oh, I was still a "nice" person. I still refrained from most of those ugly things that are considered to be so sinful. I was faithful to my marriage vows. I was honest and trustworthy. I refrained from lewd behavior and tried to be a good mother to my son. But even though I was still "good," deep in my heart I knew that I was not where I should be. My spirit had been neglected, and my abilities unused in His service. In short, I had strayed from God; and my soul was black and ugly and tarnished, much like those silver trays.

This story took a joyous turn 24 years ago when I returned "to my first love." My Father lovingly "cleaned me up," much as I cleaned up the tarnished silver trays. He restored my "beauty" and gently polished my heart with His Word and His love. No longer am I tarnished and ugly. I am once again in His service; and as the silver trays remain beautiful when they are used, so am I in His sight.

A light that is hidden sheds no light for those around it, and talents that are buried in the ground instead of being used in service to God are taken away. Only when we return to Him can our light and our talents be restored. Let us never neglect our relationship with God nor leave unused our time and abilities to serve Him. Let us, as beautifully polished sterling silver, reflect His glory to all around us.

Evelyn Waite
©January 6, 2002

†††††

Beauty Remake

Have you ever had a bad hair day? Have you ever left your house thinking you are lookin' *good*, only to look in

RE*MAKE
RE*DO
RE*MODE

the mirror and think, "I look awful!" Have you ever put lipstick on only for someone to tell you it's all over your teeth? Have you ever put on

stunning heels, only to trip in front of a crowd of people? We try *so hard*; and half the time, our makeup isn't even in the right spot! Eyeliner creases in our eye lids; lip gloss on our teeth; one earring fallen out. "Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain!" (Proverbs 31:30).

Every morning we spend at least 45 minutes getting ready. Shower, make up, dry hair, fix hair, eat breakfast, fix hair again, spray hair again, more make up. Do you ever feel ugly? Do you ever feel not-so-pretty? Has anyone ever told you that you weren't pretty? Too big here, too little there, lacking in skills here, over the top there. If we try *so hard* to be pretty, to find beauty, why do we feel so ugly some days? Why do we feel not good enough *every day*? Do we look for it in the wrong places? (1 Peter 3:4-5)

- In Mexico, nose jobs are the status gifts for girls celebrating the Quinceanera, the coming of age 15th birthday party.
- California peers are getting breast augmentation procedures for their high school graduation gift.
- Until WWII, Chinese girls had their feet bound, crippling them for life but ensuring the 3-4 inch long feet that were prized as exquisitely feminine.
- The Mangbettu wrapped the heads of female infants in pieces of giraffe hide to attain the elongated, cone-shaped heads that meant beauty and intelligence.
- Padaung people thought beauty was a neck of 15" or more. This was accomplished by fitting girls with a series of brass neck rings. At a very young age, girls began by wearing five rings. By the time they were fully grown, they were wearing as many as 24, piled one on top of the other. The weight of the rings led to crushed collarbones and broken ribs, and the vertebrae in the neck became stretched and floppy. Women began to wear the rings all day every day because, without them, their stretched-out necks were too weak to support their heads.

Sound crazy? It is! How far behind are we? We don't like our acne, so we get on medication. We don't like our hair color, so we dye it. We don't like our weight, so we buy a gym membership. Boob jobs, liposuction, lip implants...all of these things are 100% acceptable in our culture. Can we, as women, participate in these things with a life still 100% devoted to our Lord? Did you not help someone in need because you were paying for your \$120.00 hair highlight? Did you not help an elderly person work in her garden because you wouldn't want to break a fake nail? Do you not play with your kids or grandkids because you are embarrassed of your weight? Big things to think about.

We need to be confident in how God made us as a woman. God worries about our inner beauty and tells us

to not be squeezed into the world's mold (Romans 12:1-2). Own yourself. Know yourself. Thank GOD for who you are—and then push to be more. Never hesitate to give another woman a heartfelt compliment. You know what it feels like to get a good compliment. Try to give five women beauty encouragement this coming week. Write the name of each woman you spoke to in your journal and why you spoke to them. You never know—it may be your encouragement that pushes them to obey the gospel, or....simply to make good decisions.

Lindsay Bailey, Rolla, Missouri
©March, 2014

✦✦✦✦✦

Victory in Jesus

With all the chaos that's going on in the world today, it often seems we're fighting a battle we can't win. Will we ever bring all of our military men and women home to their families for good? Will every state eventually legalize same-sex marriage? Will it ever sink in that abortion is murder and not a birth control option? Will pornography continue to grow and spread as a multi-billion dollar enterprise instead of being seen as the family destroyer that it truly is? These are just a few things that might cause us to feel we're fighting an uphill and unwinnable battle.

As discouraging and frustrating as it appears at times, we just can't afford to lose sight of where the true victory is found. "The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor.15:56-57) That's right; no matter the circumstances surrounding us, our victory is found in Jesus. It does me good to know that as long as I'm faithful to Him, I'm on the winning team. This world certainly isn't going in the right direction, but the good news is true victory is found in Jesus, not this world.

Chuck Ball, Cabot, Arkansas
©March 27, 2014

✦✦✦✦✦



Sunrise is now available on-line for your reading pleasure. Just go to www.seekgrowserveLove.org then click on Groups then on Ladies. Or tell your friends they can receive *Sunrise* via email by simply sending their email address to evelynwa@fidmail.com.

✦✦✦✦✦