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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.



Fathers are Wonderful People

Fathers are wonderful people,
too little understood,
And we do not sing their praises
as often as we should.

For Father struggles daily
to live up to his image
As protector and provider
and hero of the scrimmage.

And perhaps that is the reason
we sometimes get the notion
That fathers are not subject
to the thing we call emotion.

But if you look inside Dad's heart,
where no one else can see,
You'll find he's sentimental
and soft as he can be.

Fathers are just wonderful
in a million different ways,
And they merit loving compliments
and accolades of praise.

For the only reason Dad aspires
to fortune and success
Is to make the family proud of him
and bring them happiness.

And like our heavenly Father,
he's a guardian and a guide,
Someone we can count on
to be always on our side.

In honor of all the fathers we love so much
Author Unknown



Barbara Harris grew up with two younger brothers. One is now deceased, and the other lives in St. Louis. She went to a small high school where she participated in various sports, newspaper, yearbook, student council and cheerleading. Her graduating class numbered 17. She grew up in the Methodist Church and graduated from Central Methodist University with a degree in Business and a minor in English. She went on to the University of Missouri to pursue a Master's Degree in art but changed to journalism. She worked as a secretary for the journalism department at Fayette College for a while. That's where her interest in journalism began. She also taught school at Albany, Missouri, for two years.

Her education and her teaching experience later helped her get good paying government jobs. She married John Tryon in 1954, and they moved to Fort Leonard Wood. Jobs on post paid more than teaching, so she worked there as a typist, secretary and administrative analyst. John died of cancer in 1970, leaving her with five children. When he was dying, they would read Psalm 23 together. It became her favorite Bible passage.

Barbara has also operated her own child care center (including a nursery school), taught at Rolla High

School part time and worked as a self-employed editorial consultant. When her children grew up, she got a job with the Missouri Geological Survey as a technical editor. From there, she moved to the US Geological Survey and worked in personnel. She has retired from several careers and continues to work part time at MS&T.

About a year after losing her first husband, a female student she knew at UMR arranged a blind date for her father (a widower) and Barbara. They went to the Carney Manor. While her date was gone to the restroom, a handsome man approached; and they started talking. Her date came back about that time, so she thought she would probably never see that handsome man again. However, he called her the next day and asked her out; she agreed. She was very nervous and went out on the front porch to wait for his arrival—but he was a no show! The next day she called to ask him what happened and where he had been. In return, he asked her where she had been because he called and her kids told him she had left. That man was Jack Harris. After they got to know each other, he was willing to take on five children. They married and have one child of their own—their daughter, Leslie. Barbara says she thought he should have the joy of learning to change diapers!

At one time, she worked with Charlotte Sands at the Missouri Geological Survey. Charlotte invited her to lunch on Sunday, and she accepted. Charlotte then said that if she was coming to lunch anyway, she might as well come to church with her beforehand. In the back of her mind, Barbara thought, 'well, that's a good way to get Jack to go with me,' so she agreed. Their daughter, Leslie, was about five at the time; and she cried to go back to church because she had enjoyed her Bible class so much. There were 4-5 couples who met on week nights and had Bible study. As a result of the studies, Barbara was baptized and says, "we have been coming [to church] ever since and have been sitting on the same pew all these years."

Among the good memories she has are her high school years in Hughesville, Missouri. She and her friends used to go to Sedalia on Friday nights. They cruised up and down Ohio Street, circling the drive-in to see who all was there, then stopping to have a hamburger and a milkshake. The name of the drive-

in has since changed, but it still looks the same and is still in operation.

Barbara tells some unusual anecdotes about her life. One morning when she was working at USGS, she laid out all her clothes for the day. She put on her sweater and a heavy slip, then got distracted. When she got to work and unzipped her coat, she realized she had forgotten to put on her skirt! She quickly called Jack at their home two blocks away and asked him to bring her skirt to her. When he arrived with it, the skirt was inside his zipped-up coat. It was a bit wrinkled, but she wore it the rest of the day!

There are still things she wants to do in life. She wants to keep working...at something. Maybe she will take up painting again, or maybe she will go back to school to get her Master's Degree in art. When asked what place is her favorite, she says without hesitation, "Rolla."

She vividly remembers the start of World War II. She was about eight years old and remembers sitting on the couch and hearing President Roosevelt say, "This is a day that will live in infamy." She was teaching school when President Kennedy was assassinated. One of her students came in crying and told her the President had been shot.

She sums it all up and says, "My life has been full, relationships good, and I enjoy my work and its challenges." With all the varied experiences, both personal and professional, Barbara is a very interesting person, a true "Treasure Among Us."

Portions of this story were compiled by Barbara's son, Steve Tryon

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NOTE: *This is the sixth 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.*

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Smiling

Smiling is infectious
You can catch it like the flu
When someone smiled at me today
I started smiling, too.



I passed around the corner
And someone saw my grin
When he smiled I realized I
Had passed it on to him.



I thought about that smile
Then I realized it's worth.
A single smile, just like mine
Could travel 'round the earth.



So if you feel a smile begin,
Don't leave it undetected
Let's start an epidemic quick
And get the world infected!

Author Unknown

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Smiles are contagious



**go forth and contaminate
as many people as you can !**



Jesus Calms the Storm

Mark 5: 36 - 41: Matthew 8; 23 - 27 and Luke 8: 22 - 24
The other night, here the panhandle of Texas, we had a nasty dust storm and strong winds. From inside the house it sounded almost as if the whole house might blow away. I was reminded of Jesus and his disciples. They were in a boat, and a fierce wind came up. Waves were coming up over the boat--even filling the boat with water. Jesus was asleep, but His disciples were afraid and woke Him up, thinking they were about to perish. Jesus rebuked the winds and told the sea to be still, and the winds died down. It became calm. His disciples were amazed that even the wind and sea obeyed Jesus.

When faced with storms such as this, I remind myself that Jesus can calm **any** storm that rages—the ones dealing with acts of nature and even those storms that come in our daily lives. Jesus came to seek and to save. Isn't it awesome to be reminded that Jesus loves us enough to be there to help us in times of need? How blessed we are.

Pam Cummings, Panhandle, Texas

©March, 2014

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JULY 27, 2014

Two years ago, God did an awesome thing in Rolla, Missouri. Two congregations successfully merged and



have become one big happy family. Each year, we celebrate this merge with a family reunion. If you are a former member of the Church of Christ in Rolla (from either of the former congregations) or if you just want to see what God can do, please join us on Sunday, July 27th as we celebrate God's love and grace. If you are from a congregation outside of Rolla, please contact Tanna Roberts, our church secretary, if you plan to attend.

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IN A NUTSHELL

In Enid, Oklahoma, on a clear Wednesday night in April, 1951, I was born to Joyce Haines Smith. At the time my father, Thomas Woodrow Smith, was a fund-raiser for Oklahoma Christian College. Within the next 15 years, my mother gave birth to seven more children. Of the seven daughters and one son, two daughters are dead.

My first memories of a direction in my life began with Mother. "You are my firstborn. You belong to the Lord. Grow up, little one; find your place in the Lord's work. Never ever turn back. This is not an option for you." At 15 years old, she sat me down and said, "It is time for you to pray daily for the husband God has prepared for you." And so I did.

Later on, "You must attend a Christian college. The cream of the crop is there, and that is where you will find the man God has chosen for you from the beginning." At 18 I left home for Oklahoma Christian College. Four months later, I met 21-year-old Verasak Kim Voraritskul, a Chinese national, Thai citizen. Three months later on January 5, 1970, I shifted into married life.

June 11, 1971, in Kim's Senior year at OCC, God handed us our first adopted son, Ommatha. This Thai name means "Eternal." September, 1971, we moved to Lubbock, Texas, where Kim began his two years at Sunset School of Preaching. In October, 1972, I gave birth to another son, Atethan ("Prayer").

I spent most of my childhood years in the forest foothills of Monte Sano Mountain, Huntsville, Alabama. I began my adult life when I followed my husband, Kim, to his homeland as a missionary wife.

July, 1973, Kim (25), 2-year-old Ommatha, 10-month-old Atethan and I, age 22 and five months pregnant, boarded an international flight from Washington, DC to Bangkok. As I looked out the window, for the first time I wondered in my heart what I had gotten myself into.

Our flight was delayed in Pakistan. We finally boarded a small plane, and our family shared two

seats for the 3½ hour flight into Bangkok. It took two weeks for our luggage to catch up with us.

Culture shock began with our first rented Thai house in Bangkok. There was a small air-conditioner in one of the two bedrooms, but I didn't know that the house's electrical wiring could not handle the extra electrical load.

One night Kim was away teaching. The boys and I were drenched in sweat, so I decided I'd be a missionary later. I had an overwhelming hunger to cool the two whining boys and the too-active child within. I flipped the switch. Blessed coolness flowed over our steaming bodies.

Then the fuses blew—something I had never experienced in all my life. Total darkness, swarming large vicious mosquitoes, heat. I could not speak the Thai language, couldn't use the phone and had been warned about stepping outside the house after dark. I was trapped in a house with bars on the windows and heavy wooden bolted-shut doors.

There was nothing to do except blindly strip the boys, lead them to the bathroom, drench them in water from head to foot from a large cistern, mumbling, "forget clothes," and fan them with a newspaper until they fell into a deep exhausted sleep. When dawn finally arrived, I learned all about fuse boxes, darkness staples, and how to sleep with only a small fan. It is a lesson I have never forgotten. BE PREPARED!

December 6, 1973, another son, Sratha ("Trusting Faith") arrived safe and sound.

Rebekah Voraritskul
Khon Kaen, Thailand
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Sunrise is a monthly newsletter written and/or assembled by Kathy Webber and Evelyn Waite, members of the Rolla Church of Christ. If you would like your sisters in Christ or your relatives, friends, co-workers or neighbors to receive it, you can share your copy with them. If they would like to receive it, please send their email addresses to evelynwa@fidmail.com.

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