

May 8, 2022

The View

“Sirs, we wish to see Jesus.” — John 12:21

Welcome Visitors

Our goal at the Folsom church of Christ is to do everything according to God’s word, including respecting its silence.

We are not a denomination, not part of anything larger than this local church; we have no earthly “headquarters.”

“The four elders oversee this church and, ultimately, we answer only to Christ. The comments you hear today are primarily for the benefit of our own members, as we examine Scripture and seek to be built up in our faith in Christ. If you don’t understand something, please do not hesitate to ask the preacher or one of the elders. We welcome and appreciate your comments and questions on any issue and especially if you see or hear anything that you feel does not correspond to God’s word. We are here to serve; please help us do that.

**Please fill out a visitor’s card and put it in the collection plate located near the entrance.
We do not solicit donations from visitors. See page 4 for more information.**

Schedule

The Lord’s Day

9:30 AM Bible Classes

Auditorium: Colossians

Room 15/16: Great Old Testament Texts (Psalm 32)

Room 12: Young Adults Class

The Gospel of Mark.

Does the evidence prove that Jesus is the Christ?

All young adults and college age are invited.

10:30 AM: Assembly

Preaching Today: David Posey

Mothers

Livestream at 10:30 <https://tinyurl.com/5f2cbm3y>

Bible Class @ 2:00 PM in room 12 on Judges

Bible Class @ 5 PM — A Study of Prayer in the Psalms (Auditorium)

Young Peoples’ Class, 5 PM @ David & Christie Posey’s home

Middle school class: monthly (contact Dan Stegall at 818-209-9810)

There are several on-going Bible classes in the homes of members. Check with David Posey or one of the other elders if you would like to join one of those classes.

Wednesday 7 PM @ Building

Bible classes for all ages

Auditorium: Colossians

Room 15/16: Great Old Testament Texts

Room 12: Young Adults Class

Mom

Today is Mother's Day, but you probably know that already. So, we honor our moms, our mommies, our mommas, our Mimi's, our grandmas, our grannies and nannies and nanas.* And well we should. Mothers are extra special.

But Mother's Day can be a bittersweet day, too. For some, "mother" may not conjure up sweet memories. 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 and lovable.

Of course, many of us have mothers who have passed on. We no longer have a mother whom we can honor in the flesh — just a memory. I'm one of many 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 "Nana" so much.

The passage that comes first to my mind when thinking about my mother is not Proverbs 31; it is I Peter 3:4 — *"but let your adorning be the hidden person of the heart with the imperishable beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which in God's sight is very precious."* I'm pretty sure anyone who knew my mother would agree that text fits her to a "T."

The Bible tells us that mothers are to be honored, along with fathers, and that mothers are teachers. It also tells us 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 their children. There's a bond with a child that only a mother can have and understand. They brought the child into the world 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" just 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 in your lifetime; most have more than one child and we all have many friends. But you only have one mother. Just one. (It could be a mother who *adopted* you, by the way).

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

Reminds me of Proverbs 4:3, "When I was a son with my father, tender, the only one in the sight of my mother..."

We'll never know how much our mothers loved us. The only clue we 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 hard we try. That realization also contributes to the bitter-sweet feelings of this holiday.

Perhaps, then, today is not so much about how much we love our moms, but about how much they loved us and how much we appreciate them for that.

David Posey

* Sorry if I didn't include your particular pet name for your mother or grandmother.

The Reading Mother

by Strickland W. Gillilan

I had a Mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath

I had a Mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales
Of Gêlert the hound of the hills of
Wales,
True to his trust till his tragic death,
Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things
That wholesome life to the boy heart
brings
Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were
such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be —
I had a Mother who read to me.

This poem has an interesting back story. Val Gardner, who attended here for years and is now dealing with cancer, gave this to me after a sermon in which I mentioned that my mother read to me constantly when I was a child. She shared that experience since her mother often read to her as well. The poem was especially pertinent because the book my mother read to me most often, a special edition of *Child Craft #2*, had a couple of stories about pirates. My favorite was "Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee." If you ask, I will give you a private reading. I can do that because Etta Bicknell found the exact copy of that particular edition of the book — which is rare — bought it and gave it to me. The original of the book was in a sad state of disrepair after so many years. I'll always be indebted to Etta for finding it and giving it to me. It is a treasure to say the least.

The Meanest Mother in the World

[This tongue-in-cheek article, written in 1967 by Bobby Pingaro, is an “oldie, but goodie” and a tad corny but the underlying message is still a good one. dp]

I am the daughter of a mother who was the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs or toast. When others had cokes and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich. As you can guess, my supper was different than the other kids’ also. But at least, I wasn’t alone in my sufferings. My sister and two brothers had the same mean mother as I did.

My mother insisted upon knowing where we were at all times. You’d think we were on a chain gang. She had to know who our friends were and where we were going. She insisted if we said we’d be gone an hour, that we be gone one hour or less—not one hour and one minute. I am nearly ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us. Not once, but each time we had a mind of our own and did as we pleased. That poor belt was used more on our seats than it was to hold up Daddy’s pants. Can you imagine someone actually hitting a child just because he disobeyed? Now you can begin to see how mean she really was.

We had to wear clean clothes and take a bath. The other kids always wore their clothes for days. We reached the height of insults because she made our clothes herself, just to save money. Why, oh why, did we have to have a mother who made us feel different from our friends? The worst is yet to come. We had to be in bed by nine each night and up at eight the next morning. We couldn’t sleep till noon like our friends. So while they slept, my mother actually had the nerve to break the child-labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds, learn to cook and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she laid awake at night thinking up mean things to do to us. She always insisted upon us telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, even if it killed us— and it nearly did.

By the time we were teenagers, she was much wiser, and our life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us. If I spent the night at a girlfriend’s house, can you believe she checked on me to see if I were really there? I never had the chance to elope to Mexico. That is if I’d had a boyfriend to elope with. I forgot to mention, while my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old fashioned mother refused to let me date until the age of 15 and 16. Fifteen, that is, if you dated only to go to a school function. And that was maybe twice a year.

Through the years, things didn’t improve a bit. We could not lie in bed, “sick” like our friends did, and miss school. If our friends had a toe ache, a hang nail or serious ailment, they could stay home from school. Our marks in

school had to be up to par. Our friends’ report cards had beautiful colors on them, black for passing, red for failing. My mother being as different as she was, would settle for nothing less than ugly black marks. As the years rolled by, first one and then the other of us was put to shame. We were graduated from high school. With our mother behind us, talking, hitting and demanding respect, none of us was allowed the pleasure of being a drop-out.

My mother was a complete failure as a mother. Out of four children, a couple of us attained some higher education. None of us have ever been arrested, divorced or beaten his mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of this country. And whom do we have to blame for the terrible way we turned out? You’re right, our mean mother. Look at the things we missed. We never got to march in a protest parade, nor to take part in a riot, burn draft cards, and a million and one other things that our friends did. She forced us to grow up into God-fearing, educated, honest adults. Using this as a background, I am trying to raise my three children. I stand a little taller and I am filled with pride when my children call me mean. Because, you see, I thank God, He gave me the meanest mother in the whole world.

When You Thought I Wasn’t Looking

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I saw you hang my first painting on the refrigerator, and I wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I saw you feed a stray cat, and I thought it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I saw you make my favorite cake just for me, and I knew that little things are special things.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I heard you say a prayer, and I believed there is a God I could always talk to.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I felt you kiss me good night, and I felt loved.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I saw tears come from your eyes, and I learned that sometimes things hurt, but it’s alright to cry.

When you thought I wasn’t looking, I looked... and wanted to say thanks for all the things I saw when you thought I wasn’t looking.

Author Unknown