Proud to Serve in Worship

Opening Prayer Song Leader Communion Assist Assist Dismiss Services May 10, 2020 Charles Hall Joe Burnsed Joe Burnsed Kenneth Jenks Tim Rone Barry Blackburn

May 18, 2020 Joe Jolloway Joe Burnsed Charles Hall Tim Rone Wade White Joe Burnsed

Announcements

Calendar for May-on table in fover

Save Food Pantry Items, Cans, peanut butter

Bookmark our Facebook page. And add

<u>EllabellChurchofChrist@hotmail.com</u> to your contact list. Brother Paul asksthatyousimplyemailhimanythingyouwanttoappearon the Facebook page; pictures, announcements, etc.

Call List—There are forms on the backtable if you want to be added to our call list. If you want a call made, call me or text me and I will make the call and schedule it. 912-667-0519

PrayerList—There is a form on the backtable to add names to the prayer list.

Worship Services Online—Go to our website and there is a link at the bottom. Join us from anywhere in the world online. Subscribe to our You Tube channel

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC5OdoHWTNUba av5NqR Vfg

Worship Zoom Meetings – add your email at you will get an email when we have services

https://www.ellabellchurchhome.org/worshipservicesonline.htmand





MOTHERS ARE SPECIAL BY EDD STERCHI

When God made mothers, He made a very special creature indeed.

• The unconditional love God gave mothers for their



children is probably the closest thing on earth to His incredible love for us.

• The gentle tenderness a mother expresses in handling her newborn child is so reminiscent of the tender loving care God

promises to the faithful.

- The sincere sympathy mothers show for hurt elbows and hurt hearts is not unlike the compassion God has for us.
- The sacrificial unselfishness mothers demonstrate time and time again towards their children reminds us of how benevolent God has been to us.

• The soft special kisses and the always sweet smiles that mothers so generously give can help us to understand and appreciate the joy God has designed for families in the here and now and for Christians forevermore.

God bless loving mothers for showing us many important things about God.

http://www.indiochurchofchrist.com

A MOTHER'S STORY, A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Her worst fears had come true. Her son had become involved in a strange mystical religion. She had such high hopes for him. Since his infancy she prayed God would touch his life. Her husband wasn't a Christian and sometimes, in a temper, would taunt her praying, but she kept on.

Her son grew up in a small town. The family owed their home, but they weren't wealthy. Determined their son would have a good education, they scrimped and saved to send him to school. Somehow his brother and sister didn't receive the same attention or prayers.

He did extremely well in school. People began to notice his brilliant mind. A prominent citizen of the town set up a scholarship for her son's graduate studies. She was so proud. Her joy diminished with worries about his spiritual health. He attended church some, but he refused baptism. And there were little incidents—stealing, things like that. She worried and she prayed.

He excelled in graduate school and finished with high expectations. But his religion . . . his letters contained long explanations of finding true reality and speculation how reality divided into darkness and light. Jesus was not truly God incarnate, he said, but an example of pure light entrapped and suffering in matter. He had always been good with words, but these words wounded her.

She decided to visit him. She thought her heart could stand no more pain, but she was wrong. He was living with a girl and they weren't married. They had a son. She was a grandmother, but she couldn't be proud of it.

In desperation she explained the situation to her minister. He told her that the son of so many tears could never come to destruction. Somehow the message seemed from God.

The years passed. Her son was unhappy with his job; he was often ill. He left the girl but kept the son. Finally he became disillusioned with his mystical religion and began to question her about God. He started to go to church again. There he found Christian friends and questioned them. He began to read the Bible.

Her prayers increased. Her husband died, but he had become a Christian in his final illness. She, too, grew weaker, older. She feared she would die before the prayers for her son were answered.

Her grandson was a teenager now and she went to visit. A changed son met her—a son hungry to know about God, asking questions, requesting prayer. A son who would one day rush to tell her he had given his life to God by trusting Jesus as his personal savior. At Easter her son and grandson were baptized.

Their times together now were so precious, talking about the Lord and praying together. Her prayers overflowed with thanks but still she desired much more for her son. She knew her son as a Christian less than a year. In the August after his Easter baptism she breathed her last and went home to the Savior, to whom she had spent so much of her life talking.

She never saw with earthly eyes the great man of God her son became. She never heard his great sermons or read writings that determined much of Christian theology. She never knew her son's insights would jog Martin Luther into seeing that one is justified by faith alone. She would never hear her son's words that caused so

many hearts to consider Jesus as Savior:

"Thou hast made us for thyself, oh Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in thee."

Every part of this story is true—the mother who prayed was Monica, the mother of St. Augustine.



