

The Lakeview Lamp

“Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.” - Psalm 119:105

May 27, 2007

When The Children Have Grown Up

Author unknown

One of these days you will shout, “Why don’t you kids grow up and act your age?” – and they will. Or, “You guys get outside and find yourselves something to do...and don’t slam the door” – and they will.

You’ll straighten up the boy’s bedroom neat and tidy – bumper stickers discarded, spread tucked and smooth, toys displayed neatly on the shelves, hangers in the closet, animals caged – and you’ll say out loud, “Now, I want it to stay this way” – and it will.

You’ll prepare the perfect dinner with a salad that hasn’t been picked to death and a cake with no finger traces in the icing and you’ll say, “Now, there’s a meal for company” – but you’ll eat it alone.

You’ll say, “I want complete privacy on the phone. No dancing around. No pantomimes. No demolition crews. Silence! Do you hear?” – and you’ll get it.

No more plastic tablecloths stained with spaghetti. No more bedspreads to protect the sofa bottoms. No more gates between the doors to have to stumble over. No more clothespins under the sofa. No more playpens to arrange the room around. No more anxious nights under a vaporizer tent. No more sand on the sheets, no more crayon marks on the wall, no cartoons on TV or those silly comic books. No more iron-on patches, wet knotted shoestrings, tight boots, or rubber bands for ponytails.

Imagine, lipstick with a point on it, or a workshop with all the tools in their proper place. No more babysitters. Washing to be done only once a week. Seeing a steak on the plate instead of ground beef. Having a dress that’s not wrinkled or wet because of a baby on your lap. No PTA meetings to attend. No car pools. No blaring radios. No hair-washing at midnight.

Think about it. No more birthday presents made out of toothpicks and flour paste. No more sloppy oatmeal or juicy kisses. No more tooth fairy. No giggles or pillow fights in the night. No knees to heal or boo-boos to kiss and make well – Ha! No responsibility!

Only a silent voice keeps crying out loudly, “Why don’t you grow up?” And a deafening silence echoes back – “I did.”



“For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother...” (Matthew 19:6).

A Piece of Clay

Author unknown, titled

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,

And as my fingers pressed it still,

It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past –
The bit of clay was hard at last;

The form I gave it, it still bore,

But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day,

And molded with my power and art

A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone –
It was a man I looked upon;

He still that early impress wore,

And I could change him nevermore.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it” (Proverbs 22:6).

“And you, fathers, do not provoke your children to wrath, but bring them up in the training and admonition of the Lord” (Ephesians 6:4).

Parenting Class

Troy Nicholson

Our parenting class comes to a close today. As a parent, I would like to thank the elders for recognizing the importance of putting together such a class. I also want to thank all of the men who were willing to teach one of the classes and share their wisdom with the rest of us. I know that my family is better because of the class, and I pray that the same is true of others as well.

May we never forget that “*children are a gift from the Lord*” (**Psalm 127:3**) and live accordingly. How are we caring for the gift He has given us?

“Oh, sing to the Lord a new song! For He has done marvelous things; His right hand and His holy arm have gained Him the victory.” – Psalm 98:1

Family News

Mary Burnett had a good week and is getting over the soreness from her fall the week earlier.

Elmo Ferrell remains at NHC, room 112, for rehab. He is sore from the rehab but doing well.

Kacie Gaw graduated from high school a week ago.

Sandra Hunt is on medication for severe diarrhea because her colon is not absorbing fluids. She is also on iron pills for her blood.

Bruce Jones, Karen Moore's dad, had a setback last week and is back in CCU. They are drawing him out of a medically-induced coma, as well as running many scans and tests in an effort to find the infection. He continues to be treated with antibiotics.

Fran Pickens is feeling better after falling twice a week earlier.

Cotton Read had problems last week with new medicine and is going back to the doctor Thursday.

Laura Reed is having a problem with low calcium and high blood pressure.

New Reports: Allen Malone.

Out of town, traveling, or visiting: Stubblefield's (NC).

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"Rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks" (1 Thes 5:16-18).