

The Lakeview Lamp

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

May 11, 2008

Somebody's Mother

author unknown

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow.
"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
to help my mother you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And “somebody’s mother” bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: “God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody’s son and pride and joy!”



“*appeal to...the older women as mothers,*” (1 Tim 5:1-2).

Things Moms Would Never Say

author unknown

“How on earth can you see the TV sitting so far back?”

“Yeah, I used to skip school a lot, too.”

“Just leave all the lights on...it makes the house look more cheery.”

“Let me smell that shirt -- Yeah, it’s good for another week.”

“Go ahead and keep that stray dog, honey. I’ll be glad to feed and walk him every day.”

“Well, if Timmy’s mom says it’s OK, that’s good enough for me.”

“The curfew is just a general time to shoot for. It’s not like I’m running a prison around here.”

“I don’t have a tissue with me...just use your sleeve.”

“Don’t bother wearing a jacket, the wind-chill is bound to improve.”



Preacher’s points — And why would a mother never say these things? Mostly because she loves you! Yet there is a love that must be greater. Jesus said, “*Anyone who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me*” (Matt 10:37b).

News and Notes

Burton Brown, Bonnie's brother, has inoperable stage 3B cancer on his lungs.

Mary Burnett is back home from the hospital but is now under hospice care. She has a hospital bed at home and will receive future care there.

Metty Fain remains in Highland Manor Nursing Home; Room B2; 215 Highland Circle Dr; Portland, TN 37148.

Fran Pickens is still not doing well.

Cotton and Nancy Read continue to not do well.

Out of town, Visiting: **Ken and Vickie Berry** (on way home from Grand Canyon).

New Reports from men we support: None known.

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