

THE FOREST HILL NEWS



**Forest Hill
Church of Christ**
3950 Forest Hill-Irene Rd.
Memphis, TN 38125

Office: (901) 751-2444
Fax: (901) 751-9711
Info Line: (901) 531-8849
www.foresthillcofc.org

Elders:

Anthony D. Callahan
Jim D. Crowe
Floyd M. Hayes
Gregory D. Mangrum
Harold D. Mangrum
Keith B. McAlister
Leonard Watson

Minister:

Barry M. Grider, Pulpit

VISIT US SOON!

Sunday:

Bible Study..... 9:30 A.M.
Morning Worship.....10:30 A.M.
Evening Worship..... 5:00 P.M.

Wednesday:

Bible Study7:00 P.M.

**HOME OF THE
MEMPHIS SCHOOL
OF PREACHING**

www.msop.org

Missions Supported:

Far East/World Evangelism
Gospel Broadcasting Network
Hispanic Work (Getwell)
In Search of the Lord's Way
Kakinada, India
Manila, Philippines
Murmansk, Russia
Truth for the World
Words of the Master (Memphis
ComCast Cable ch17)

**WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE
BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE?**

Email: carolha365@bellsouth.net
Include "Free Course" in

Volume 36

May 5, 2009

Number 18

From The Preacher

It was good to return to the Forest Hill pulpit this past Sunday morning following a two week absence. It was my pleasure to preach in a gospel meeting with the Hartley Bridge Road Church of Christ in Macon, Georgia, April 19-23. Steve and Susan Waller just recently returned to the states to begin working with this congregation. Previously the couple spent 10 years engaged in missionary work in Indonesia. Though long acquainted with the Wallers, I enjoyed getting to know them on a more personal basis during our week together. Three responded to the invitation during the week requesting prayers. I have confidence that others will soon obey the gospel. It was wonderful to see some of our MSOP graduates in attendance at the meeting. Among those present were Glen Hitchcock of Warner Robbins, Stacy Grant of Macon, Carl Jenkins of Fort Valley, Willie Smith of Cochran, and Jason Willis of Douglas.

After the meeting in Macon I proceeded to Atlanta to preach in a gospel meeting with the Forrest Park Church of Christ, April 26-29. Prior to the Lord's day I enjoyed dinner with MSOP graduate and good friend, Lee Davis. Lee, who preaches for the North Cobb Church of Christ, in Kennesaw, will soon be leaving on a missionary journey to Singapore. He and I serve on the board of Four Seas Bible College which is located in that city. I am glad he will be able to visit and encourage those brethren. During the week at Forrest Park I had the privilege of spending time with Robert Martin, longtime missionary to the South Pacific. Forrest Park has sponsored his work for many years. Since the congregation is presently looking for a pulpit preacher, brother Martin served as my introducer each night of the meeting. He and his lovely wife, Mary, have sacrificed greatly to take the gospel to the islanders of the South Pacific. Soon he will be traveling again to that area, and as usual, several Forrest Park members will be making the journey with him. I commend Forrest Park for their great love for missions. Each year they host a missions forum which is of great interest to all those who are committed to fulfilling the Great Commission. During the week, I appreciated seeing among the visitors John Grubb of Truth For The World, Charlie Prince, esteemed elder of the Lythia Springs Church of Christ, and Neil Richey, good friend and newly appointed preacher of the Piedmont Road Church of Christ, along with one of his elders. In fact, I enjoyed having lunch with Neil on Wednesday and touring the beautiful facilities of his new home congregation. I arrived home on Thursday, April 30. My family was a sight for sore eyes. I love them and am grateful for their love for the Lord and understanding why I must sometimes be away.

Enough about my travel. I had a profitable meeting with our elders this past Sunday afternoon as we make plans for future endeavors involving our congregation. Among our guests Sunday evening were brother and sister Jack Openshaw. Brother Openshaw, a 1970 MSOP graduate, is now preaching for the Lord's church in Niagara Falls, New York. This Lord's Day, May 10, is Mother's Day. My sermon Sunday morning will be appropriate for the special occasion. On Sunday evening, Peter Chin, MSOP graduate and instructor at Four Seas Bible College in Singapore, will be our guest speaker. Peter and his family greatly impressed us while here. (In fact, the eldest son, Andy, is still a member at Forest Hill as he completes his education in Memphis).

Don't forget Sunday, May 17, is Friends and Family Day. Invite as many as possible to worship with us and enjoy a good meal afterwards. Also, Vacation Bible School is just a month away, June 8-10. Our theme is WE BELIEVE BECAUSE...DESIGN DEMANDS A DESIGNER. Our study will center upon the Creator's marvelous design of the human body. Let's get as many young people here as possible for this important study.

Barry

The Invisible Mom

Author unknown

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask me a question. Inside I'm thinking, "Can't you see I'm on the phone?" Obviously, not. No one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all.

I'm invisible. The invisible mom. Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more: Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this?

Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, "What time is it?" I'm a satellite guide to answer, "What number is the Disney Channel?" I'm a car to order, "Right around 5:30, please."

I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and the mind that graduated sum a cum laude - but now they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again. She's going; she's going; she is gone!

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself. I was feeling pretty pathetic when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, "I brought you this." It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: "To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees."

In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths. No one asked who built the cathedrals. These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished. They made great sacrifices and expected no credit. The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God was everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of

a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, "Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof? No one will ever see it." And the workman replied, "Because God sees."

I closed the book, feeling the missing pieces fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, "I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on. No cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become."

At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride.

I keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on.

The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, "My mom gets up at four in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table." That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, "You're gonna love it there."

As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

A Cup of Coffee and a Friend

Celicia Grider

Time to get up and stumble out of bed.
The aroma of coffee is filling my head.
With great anticipation for my first cup,
I head to the kitchen to fill my mug up.

This is my favorite time of the day.
The silence of morning, I know will not stay.
Alone with my coffee, a prayer I will send,
And invite my Friend to help me begin.

I first thank Him for the life I live,
For the help, the time, and the love I give.
In each of the areas of life to fulfill,
It can all be done, by obeying His Will.

My coffee is warm and so is my heart.
Praying each morning is the way to start.
For you have your Friend beside you now.
Don't know how you'll make it? He will show you how!

The first cup is gone, the little ones are rising.
My solo time is up, but that's not surprising.
I enjoy my mug, like all the snuggling.
Pardon me, while I get some morning cuddling.

So whether you like your coffee strong or weak,
Regardless if you like it black or sweet,
With prayer and a cup of "Joe" to start your day,
There truly is no better way!

The Forest Hill News
Forest Hill Church of Christ
3950 Forest Hill Irene Road
Memphis, TN 38125

Address Service Requested

Non-Profit
US POSTAGE
PAID
GERMANTOWN, TN
PERMIT #94