

Women in the Church Newsletter

Let us consider how to stir up one another to love and good works, encouraging one another in the Lord



"Lydia's" visiting a nursing home



Bible Study Nugget:

Becoming a Woman Who Loves by: Cynthia Heald

As lesson 2 of our study gets processed, the call of radical Christ-likeness jumps off the pages. Jesus consistently stresses that His followers are to love like Him: sacrificially & mercifully. The first step in loving like Him is a humble mind—which is also an attitude of the heart. As we learn more of how Jesus lived out His earthly ministry of love, we are challenged to examine our own lives. He demonstrated love by taking the time to explain truths to others, providing refreshment and nourishment for the crowds; meeting their spiritual, as well as physical needs. We know that only He can provide the spiritual satisfaction that we each crave, but do our lives reflect His?

He then calls us to love our enemies and those different from us; to pray for those who use us... We pray this life of Christ's love will grow within our women and throughout our families and communities. May others see Christ and be drawn to Him by His Spirit. *Father, enable us to tangibly walk out this Life of Love.*

What does "putting on the towel" look like in your life?



Pray for our Missionaries

*Alex & Suzanne Sarran-France

*Frank & Cindy S-WARM

*Rostislav & Irene Bilosevitch-Gideons, Ukraine

*Harold & Sarah Schepian-SERGE, England

Missionary Christmas Gift Money—Deadline is **Nov. 20th**. Please place any donations in the designated basket in WIC room!

Bible Study Books—If you haven't paid for yours, the cost is \$7. Please give to Sharon Sneider, Pam Davis, or place in WIC room.

Testimony Corner by Josie Mathews

“If I come to heaven any way, howbeit like a tired traveller upon my guide’s shoulder, it’s good enough for these who have no legs of their own for such a journey.”

Samuel Rutherford

I once read a piece of advice a well-meaning woman wrote to mothers. “Keep cutting back until you find rest.” I immediately swallowed this. “Yes! We toil. We strive. We droop. Vanity of vanities! It’s all vanity!” Eventually, by listening to other women in my life, the Lord showed me that this is a skewed view. I agree that at times we take too much on ourselves. We sometimes toil for the wrong reasons, when it would be wiser prayerfully to consider what we are doing, why we are doing it, and then perhaps cut back on our tasks. I say no to many things. Sometimes, however, this is not possible, or even desirable.

Our spirits often cry with the psalmist, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove! I would fly away and be at rest; yes, I would wander far away.” However, the reality is that our feet are firmly planted on the ground. We can’t always change our circumstances, nor should we necessarily try to do so if we could. The Lord wants us to grow and learn to lean upon Him. He wants us to see that we are not in control of our lives. *He is*. He wants us to be holy, not comfortable. As our choir often sings so beautifully, He wants us to know His presence when we *pass through* the waters, not frantically search for a bridge to cross over them. Like most people, I have passed through difficult waters. The wind blew more heavily in some than in others. For now, I’ll share a less turbulent incident from recent memory that the Lord used to stretch me.

The Lord commands us to be hospitable. In obedience to this command, I was determined to pursue and practice hospitality more regularly, however much I am an introvert. By God’s grace we were able to have people over more frequently, and God was equipping me both to serve them and enjoy their fellowship. I decided to take a break one week (after all I *deserved* it right?). I was looking forward to a nice quiet evening to do some much needed school planning when my husband cheerily came into the kitchen and asked if we could host a couple of cyclists for dinner - our road is part of the TransAmerica Bicycle Trail. I wish I could say I smiled sweetly and responded, “Absolutely!” In reality, my countenance fell. “Um, I don’t think so,” I replied. I was particularly worn out that week. I had *things to do*. He didn’t pressure me, but I could tell he was disappointed. He recently preached a sermon on hospitality and also led a small group discussion on the topic. Much of the focus was on hospitality to the stranger. Here was an opportunity to practice what he had preached, but he was hamstrung by a wife at the end of her tether. After he left the room, my heart was struck. After all, I had heard his sermon, participated in the group discussion, and even heard an exhortation on hospitality at the recent ladies meeting. Hearing in those contexts that biblical hospitality was associated with the stranger, I had visions of moving to a big city where I could practice just that. It was a neat concept, but I really didn’t think I would ever have the opportunity in my quiet little corner of the kingdom. And yet, *here they were*, and I was about to fail the test. As the Lord opened my eyes, I realized that I needed to lay aside my grumbling spirit and keep running the race marked out for me, because it wasn’t over yet that week. Head slightly bowed, I related my change of heart to my husband. “Are you sure?” He asked. “Yes,” I nodded slowly, and with each nod, peace, joy, and strength grew in my inner being, a smile on the outer. “Yes! I am happy to do it!” I meant it. This tired traveler had rest, *rest of soul*. In that moment, I found that my taskmaster is indeed righteousness, my overseer peace. I discovered that Christ’s yoke really is easy and his burden light, and that when I have come to the end of my tether, there is strength there after all.