



Seymour Sayings

The Weekly Bulletin of the
Seymour Church of Christ
Meeting in Emert's Plaza
209 Chilhowee School Road
Seymour, TN

May 11, 2014



Happy
Mother's Day

Person to Person . . .

Tom Miller



MY MOTHER'S HANDS

My mother passed away in 1986. I still miss her. I was a “momma's boy,” and I say that without embarrassment. I look forward to being reunited with her in that “sweet by-and-by”.

Every once-in-a-while, someone will ask me what I remember most about her. There are many memories I hold dear, but, I often say, “I remember her hands.”

She was a large, full-figured woman. She had hair and eyes the same color as mine. To see us together, you could easily see that we were mother and son.

Her hands seemed different from the rest of her. They were small and delicate, but they were clearly **hands of labor**. Our house was always spotless, our clothes were washed and ironed (yes, ironed), and there was always good food on the table. To help make ends meet, she worked for others, too. She washed and ironed for others, cleaned houses, did sewing, and made quilts for sale. Her hand were always busy.

Her hands were also **hands of service**. Along side my father (who was a minister for some 55 years), she served the needs of others. She was the first at the home of someone who was sick, shut-in, or had lost a loved one. She didn't wait to be asked; she just did whatever needed to be done. She was not loud and boisterous. She didn't seek the limelight. She just fulfilled a need when she saw it.

She had **hands of discipline**, too. The fact that I was “her boy” didn't keep me from being disciplined when I needed it. She knew how to apply the flyswatter to the seat of my pants

- concluded on the back page.

FAMILY MATTERS



PRAYER LIST—**Jim Husband** had another steroid shot in his back last Wednesday afternoon. . . . Please remember **John & Dot Fitch** in your prayers. They are shut-in and John is battling cancer. They would appreciate a card, call, or visit. . . . We are happy to report that the mass in **Helen Curtis'** bowel has been successfully removed and that she is doing well. . . . Jim Husband reports that his neighbor, **Cody Mahan**, is showing some improvement. . . . **Elizabeth Hearon** continues in hospice care and is doing poorly.

STATS FOR LAST WEEK—Bible Study, 34; Morning Worship, 55; Evening Worship, 31, Contribution, \$1,209; Wednesday Bible Study, 30.

KEITH McCORD RESPONDS—Our dear brother, **Keith McCord**, responded to the invitation Wednesday evening, indicating he has not been totally committed to the Lord and he wants to do better. God bless, you Keith. Welcome back!

IMPORTANT DATES:

- ✓ *Gospel Meeting at Gatlinburg with B.J. Clarke—May 16-18.*
- ✓ *VBS Meeting with South Knoxville—Next Sunday, May 18, at 4:00 p.m.*
- ✓ *Friends & Family Day at Greenback—Next Sunday, May 18. Afternoon service at 2:00 p.m.*

NEW BULLETIN BOARD—**Deone LaFollette**, with an assist from **Sierra Miller**, has prepared a board honoring our 2014 graduates. Stop and look at it. It's great. Remember the reception for our graduates is on Sunday evening, June 1.



SERMONS FOR SUNDAY, May 11

A.M.— “Do You Know What Day This Is?” (Exodus 21:1-6)

P.M.— “Don't Miss This ” (Galatians 6:11-18)

THOSE PRIVELEGED TO SERVE TODAY

	<i>Morning</i>	<i>Evening</i>
Announcements:	John McBroom	John McBroom
Song Leader:	Jason LaFollette	Jim Husband
Bible Reader:	Jeff Whitaker	
First Prayer:	Rusty Curtis	Chris Bragwell
Officiating at Lord's Table:	Larry Perry	Rusty Curtis
Serving at Lord's Table	David Bragwell, Damon Hall	
	Will Curtis, JC McBroom	
Closing Prayer:	John McBroom	Wayne Smith

Wednesday: *Devotion, Jeff Whitaker; Prayer, Larry Perry
Singing, David Bragwell*

Seymour Church of Christ

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Services: Sunday—9:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., and 6:00 p.m.

Wednesday—7:00 p.m.

When I misbehaved. She did not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child.. But, even when she disciplined me, I knew she loved me.

My mother's hands were also **hands of love and encouragement**. That was true when I was a child, but it was also true as I grew older. She was a toucher, and her touch was healing. Even more than my father, she encouraged me to be a preacher. In the early days of my ministry, she would often write me notes of encouragement.

My mother gave me roots and wings. On this Mother's Day, I honor her memory. With Lincoln, I say, "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." ***Would to God that all men and women had such memories.***