

2007 Proclaimer

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, .. to proclaim the favorable year of the Lord!" - Isa.61:1-2

A teaching and exhortation medium by members of the Carmichael Church of Christ, meeting at 6044 Sutter Ave. Carmichael, CA 95608

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May 13th, 2007

JUST A "MOTHER"?

Author Unknown (but she should be)

A few months ago, when I was picking up the children at school, another mother I knew well rushed up to me. Emily was fuming with indignation. "Do you know what you and I are?" she demanded.

Before I could answer – and I didn't really have one handy – she blurted out the reason for her question. It seemed she had just returned from renewing her driver's license at the County Clerk's office.

Asked by the woman recorder to state her occupation, Emily had hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself. "What I mean is," explained the recorder, "do you have a job, or are you just a?" "Of course I have a job," snapped Emily. "I'm a mother!" "We don't list 'mother' as an occupation – 'housewife' covers it," said the recorder emphatically.

I forgot all about Emily's story until one day I found myself in the same situation, this time at our own Town Hall. The Clerk was obviously a career woman, poised, efficient, and possessed of a high-sounding title like "Official Interrogator" or "Town Registrar."

"What is your occupation?" she probed. What made me say it, I do not know. The words simply popped out. "I'm a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations," I replied. The clerk paused, ball-point pen frozen in

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midair, and looked up as though she had not heard right. I repeated the title slowly, emphasizing the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pronouncement was written in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire.

"Might I ask," said the clerk with new interest, "just what you do in your field?"

Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply, "I have a continuing program of research [*what mother doesn't*] in the laboratory and in the field [*normally I would have said indoors and out*]. I'm working for my Masters [*the whole family!*] and already have four credits [*all daughters*]. "Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities [*any mother care to disagree?*] and I often work 14 hours a day [*24 is more like it*]. But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are more of a satisfaction rather than just money."

There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the form, stood up, and personally ushered me to the door. As I drove into our driveway, buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my lab assistants--ages 13, 7, and 3. Upstairs I could hear our new experimental model (6 months) in the child-development program, testing out a new vocal pattern.

I felt triumphant! I had scored a beat on bureaucracy! And I had gone on the official records as someone more distinguished and indispensable to mankind than "just another mother."

Motherhood...what a glorious career. Especially when there's a title on the door. It is one of the most honorable professions on earth. Whether a stay-at-home mom or a career mom, you should all carry this title with joy ~ it is a most honorable profession.

[Does this make grandmothers "Senior Research Associates in the field of Child Development and Human Relations"? And should the title for great grandmothers be "Executive Senior Research Associates"?) The ones I know really think so!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

QUESTIONS YOU MIGHT CONSIDER:

If people evolved from apes, why are there still apes?

Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?

Why do people keep running over a string a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it, then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?

Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?

In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?

MOTHERS

[This article was written by Helen Young, and impresses further the importance of motherhood as a godly role, and one that strengthens any nation where Mothers are honored.]

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Hannah who prayed that God might give her a child and then dedicated that child to God's service.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Jochebed who by courage and forethought protected her child from evil forces and trained him to love God and God's work above the wealth and power of a king's court.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Rachel, whose teen-age son could resist the temptation of an evil woman when he was far away from her guidance or her reproof.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Noah's wife who so instilled in her three boys the principles of God that they could live right, even when all their companions were evil.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Mary, the mother of John Mark, who put the church first in her home.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Eunice who taught her child God's Word from infancy, and so molded his life that he became a faithful servant of the Master.

~ ~ I'd like to be a mother like Mary, the mother of Jesus, who thought much though she talked little, whose submission to God's will was so perfect and complete, and who was ever so concerned about Jesus' welfare she did not forsake him when all others did, but followed him in love even to death.

THOSE NEEDING PRAYERS

Logan & Julie & Jackson Agee
Jason & Marie Anderson
Alison Autrand
Frank & Tina Ayers
Jamie Ayers
Edith Ayers
Jack & Dorothy Bailey
Margie Buchanan
Bill Cain (doing better)
Larry Cain
Robert (Bob) Erickson
Helen Gray
Michael Hilburn (Patterson)
Margaret Holcomb
Chuck House
David & Jerica & Samantha Lovett
Jean McCarty
Jeffry & Kaye Pennant
Wendell and Irma Rapier
Rosa Reagan
Glenn & LaurieAnn Reagan
Andy & Liz & Eli Roadman
Caleb & Jacob Robertson
Taylor Romine
Ray Rude
Bill & Rena Schultz
Brad & Shawna Shuck
Chantalle Shuck
Ola Thornburg
Nancy Valine
Shirley Watkins
Kristen & Ashley Wayne
Ellie Williams
Gordon & Glenda Wilson

TRAVELING IN THEIR WORK

Karen Daly
Rick Rittenhouse
Aaron Robertson
David Lovett

IN THE MILITARY

Jason Anderson
David Lovett
Aaron Robertson
Trent Walsh

MOTHERHOOD

We were sitting at lunch when my friend casually mentions that she and her husband are thinking of starting a family.

She said, "Do you think I should have a baby?" I answered with, "It will change your life." "I know," she says: •"No more sleeping in on weekends." •"No more spontaneous vacations...."

But that isn't what I meant at all. I gazed at her for a moment, trying to decide just what to tell her. I came up with two things:

- 1) I'd like her to know some of those things she'll never learn in childbirth classes.
- 2) I want to tell her that the physical wounds of child bearing will heal, but that becoming a mother will leave her with an emotional wound so raw that she will forever be vulnerable. For example, I considered warning her:
 - Every time she hears of a child drowning, or dying in a car accident she will think, "What if that had been MY child?"
 - I look at her carefully manicured nails and stylish suit and think that no matter how sophisticated she is, *becoming a mother will reduce her to the primitive level of a bear protecting her cub.*
 - I feel I should warn her that no matter how many years she has invested in her career, she will be professionally derailed by motherhood.
 - She might arrange for child care, but one day she will be going into an important business meeting and she will think of her baby's sweet smell. She will have to use every ounce of her discipline to keep from running home, just to make sure her baby is all right.
 - I want my friend to know that every day decisions will no longer be routine. That a five year old boy's desire to go to the men's room rather than the women's at McDonald's will become a major dilemma. That right there, in the midst of clattering trays and screaming children, issues of independence and gender identity will be weighed against the prospect that a child molester may be lurking in that restroom.
 - However decisive she may be at the office, she will second-guess herself constantly as a mother. Looking at my attractive friend, I want to assure her that eventually she will shed the pounds of pregnancy, but she will never feel the same about herself. That her life, now so important, will be of less value to her once she has a child. That she would give it up in a moment to save her offspring, but will also begin to hope for more years, not to accomplish her own dreams, but to watch her children accomplish theirs.
 - My friend's relationship with her husband will change, but not in the way she thinks. I wish she could understand how much more you can love a man who is careful to powder the baby's bottom or who never hesitates to play with his child.
 - I think she should know that she will fall in love with him again for reasons she would now find very unromantic. That is, he helped give to her a child that she dearly loves more than diamonds.
 - I wish my friend could sense the bond she will feel with women throughout history who have tried to stop war, prejudice and drunk driving.
 - I want to tell my friend the exhilaration of seeing your child learn to ride a bike.
 - I want to capture for her the belly laugh of a baby who is touching the soft fur of a dog or a cat for the first time.
 - I want her to taste the joy that is so real, it actually hurts.

My friend's quizzical look makes me realize that tears have formed in my eyes. "You'll never regret it," I finally say. Then I reach across the table, squeeze my friend's hand and offer a silent prayer for her, and for me, and for all of the mere mortal women who stumble their way into this most wonderful of callings. The blessed gift of God, that of being a Mother.

(Author Unknown)