

What About the Hymns



Am I a Soldier of the Cross is the second hymn written by Isaac Watts. These words first appeared at the end of a sermon Watts preached in 1724 entitled "Holy Fortitude or Remedies Against Fears" from the text I Cor. 16:13 "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Watts was born in 1674 in Southampton, England. His Father was a Dissenter from the Church of England and Isaac and His mother would go and visit his Father when he would be imprisoned for non-conformity. Isaac himself was plagued with poor health his entire life and often had to have assistance while at the pulpit preaching.

The tune for this great hymn "Arlington" was composed by Thomas Augustine Arne in 1762 as part of an opera "Artaxerxes".

Here are the last two verses that are commonly omitted from most hymnals:

*"The Saints in all this glorious war shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar through faith's discerning eye.
When that illustrious say shall rise, and all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through skies the glory shall be Thine."*

*Resource: *Douglas Alvin Snow, *Revive Us Again*, 2004.

A small child received an "A" on her essay about mothers: "A mother," she wrote, "is the one who takes care of the children and gets their meals, and if she's not there when you come home from school, you wouldn't know how to get your dinner, and you wouldn't feel like eating anyhow."

WHAT IS A BOY OR GIRL WORTH

There are clocks to tell the time of day, scales to tell the weight of hay, but what rule would you employ, to tell the worth of a girl or boy?

Measures there are for silver and gold, by carats the worth of diamonds are told, but there is no measure in all the earth, to tell what a boy or girl is worth.

NO OCCUPATION

She rises up at break of day,
And through her task she races,
She cooks the meals as best she may,
And scrubs the children's faces;
While schoolbooks, lunches, ribbons, too,
All need consideration.
And yet the census man insists
She has "No Occupation".

When breakfast dishes all are done,
She bakes a pudding, maybe;
She cleans the rooms up, one by one,
With one eye watching baby;
The mending pile she then attacks,
By way of variation.
And yet the census man insists,
She has "No Occupation".

She irons for a little while,
Then presses pants for Daddy;
She welcomes with a cheery smile
Returning lass and laddie.
A hearty dinner next she cooks
No time for relaxation,
And yet the census man insists
She has "No Occupation".

For lessons that the children learn,
The evening scarce is ample;
To "Mother Dear", they always turn
For help with each example.
In grammar and geography
She finds her relaxation,
And yet the census man insists
She has "No Occupation".

You're Precious Gift

In your arms you hold a gift unlike
any other,
for God's given you a baby girl,
now you are a mother:

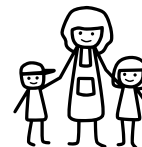
She is so small and precious, a rare
gift from above, and we thank God
for He's given you this precious girl
to love.

A cute look on her little face, a pretty
dress with fancy lace, her little fingers
grasping yours; she is so precious, this
girl of yours.

You'll be with her when she learns to
walk, you'll praise her as she learns to
talk. You'll be there when she learns
to tie her shoe, or when she first says,
"I love you."

You'll watch her grow as she goes
through life – a toddler, a child, a
teen, a wife. Sometimes you'll laugh,
sometimes you'll cry, as you watch
your girl as the days go by.

So cherish the moments while she's
young, because the years are swift.
And thank the Lord for your little
girl, your sweet and precious gift.



A mother is the only person on earth who can divide her love among ten children and each child still have all her love.

Miscellaneous.

Pastor Stephen Dice, Editor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



To folks who think it's easy to be a mother and a wife,
Just follow right along with me and glance at a mother's life.

You get up in the morning, you get yourself a cup;
Before you get your coffee down the kids are waking up.

Go get them up and dress them, they're yelling, "Let's go eat!"
You cook their breakfast, then begin to make the house look neat.

The first one spills his glass of milk upon the kitchen floor;
The next one puts his jelly hands upon the bathroom door.

Then, one breaks a dish or two and with the glass gets cut;
One thing about a mother's life, she's never in a rut.

All clean and bandaged, once again, you send them out to play;
And then you say a little prayer, "God, help me through this day."

You clean the messes, one by one, you hear the baby cry;
You change his clothes and get his milk, make sure his bed is dry.

After that's all finished, you iron a little bit;
When you look at the house again there are toys all over it.

So then you start all over, you clean the house once more;
But it's not as messed up this time as it was the time before.

It's time to fix some dinner, Dad will soon be here;
The kids are waiting anxiously to see him coming near.

After dinner's over and the kids have had their fun,
They go to bed to take a nap; you get the dishes done.

You straighten up the house again, pick toys up off the floor;
Straighten the rugs, fold the clothes, and a dozen or two things more.

When the work is finally finished and you think you'll get some rest,
You just get settled in a chair when the kids fly from their nest.

It's almost time for Dad again, He'll be home for the day;
The Children wait so joyously, they know he's home to stay.

After play and supper's over, it's bath time once again;
They bathe and dress and say their prayers, just like little men.

At last the day is over, the house is straightened once more;
You've tucked the children into bed and closed the bedroom door.

When your day has ended, you kneel down by your bed;
You think of all the day's events, and then you bow your head.

You pray to God in Heaven, you thank the Lord above,
For giving you those precious ones to care for and to love.

"A DAY IN A MOTHER'S LIFE"

-Sharon Dice
(Mother of 7 boys)

II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."



LIBERTY

Liberty Baptist Church, 318 1st Street, Carmi, Illinois

Pastor Stephen Dice · 540-808-7112

May 12, 2024

Vol. I, No.6

FOR MY MOTHER

When God created Mother's He had a perfect plan
To fill each life with caring from the moment it began.
He filled her thoughts with kindness and gave her gentle hands
And made a heart so tender that forgives and understands.
He gave her endless patience and strength to last for years.
He built in lots of laughter and the healing grace of tears.
And when the Lord was finished He said, "That's very good!"
And then placed each child safely in the arms of motherhood.

Heart of a Child

Whatever you write on the heart of a child, no water can wash away. The sand may be shifted when billows are wild and the efforts of time may decay. Some stories may perish, some songs be forgot, but this graven record – time changes not.
Whatever you write on the heart of a child, a story of gladness or care, That Heaven has blessed or earth has defiled, will linger unchangeably there.



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

A mother was telling her little girl what her own childhood was like: "We used to skate outside on the pond. I had a swing made from an old tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking all this in. At last, she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb?

And Shall I fear to own His cause, or blush to speak His name?



In the name, the precious name, of Him who died for me,

Through grace I'll win the promised crown, whate're my cross may be.