



Pullin' Weeds Plantin' Seeds

TEMPLE LADIES NEWSLETTER

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Living The Simple Life In Every Season Of Life

Twila Jones

Mother's Day is not celebrated in April; however, since we are having our Celebration Brunch on April 25th, I thought it appropriate to reflect on Motherhood this month. As you read through the newsletter, I pray you will smile, reminisce, and even weep a little as you are reminded of your own mother or even your own motherhood.

The 3 stages of Life:
Wanting Stuff.
Accumulating Stuff.
Getting Rid of Stuff.

I've never wrestled a rage-filled alligator in the dark, BUT I have given a small child liquid medicine in the middle of the night...so same thing.

Oh Boy!! Is it hard to discipline the YOU out of your child!

I'm not sure what the leading cause of heart attacks are, but "children suddenly appearing at your bedside in the middle of the night" is surely one of them!

The sad part of motherhood is that you are raising the one thing that you can't live without to be able to live without you.

If you think their messy room is hard to look at, just wait till it's empty.

The Seasons of Life often come with opportunities to exercise our faith, to redefine our goals, and to seek God's Face as we determine to learn His purpose for our lives. Each season is different, and we must be willing to allow God to work in us and use us in each season.

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Resurrection SUNDAY

He is Risen!

WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?

APRIL 5 10:30 AM & 6:00 PM

Living The Simple Life

Mother's Celebration Brunch April 25 10:30 AM

Reservations Available March 29-April 22
\$12: Ages 13+ \$5: Ages 5-12 No Charge Ages 0-4

NOT JUST A PIE FELLOWSHIP

MAY 3 5PM

TEEN CAMP FUNDRAISER

ECCLESIASTES 3:1 – To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

ELISABETH ELLIOT – MY MOTHER – She was Kath to her close friends, Dearie to my father, and always Mother (never Mom) to her six children. She held us on her lap when we were small and rocked us, sang to us, and told us stories. We begged for the ones about “when you were a little girl.” Katherine Gillingham was born June 21, 1899, in Philadelphia. We loved hearing about the butler who did tricks for her behind her parent’s back, and the alarmed postman who rushed to rescue the screaming child with her arm down a dog’s throat until he heard what the child was saying: “He’s got my peanut!!!”

In 1922, she married Philip E. Howard, Jr., a man who, because he had lost an eye in an accident, felt sure no woman would have him. They worked for five years with the Belgian Gospel Mission, then returned to the States when he became associate editor, and later Editor, of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

Mother’s course was finished on February 7, 1987. She was up and dressed as usual in the morning at the Quarryville Presbyterian Home in Pennsylvania, made it to lunch with the help of a walker, lay down afterwards, having remarked rather matter-of-fact to someone that she knew she was dying, and wondered where her husband was. Later in the afternoon cardiac arrest took her very quietly. Each of us (in chronological order) took a few minutes at her funeral to speak of some aspect of Mother’s character. Consistency, unfailing availability as a mother, her love for Dad, laughing till she cried at some of our father’s bizarre descriptions and his oft-told jokes, her obedience to the New Testament pattern of a godly woman, her unreserved surrender to her Lord, teaching her daughters how to be ladies, teaching her children how to discipline ourselves, our children, our homes. We remembered the books she read to us, and the songs she sang as she rocked each of us. We pictured her in her cane rocker after breakfast, Bible open, journal ready, sitting quietly before the Lord. The last three years were sorrowful ones for us. Arteriosclerosis had done its work in her mind, and she was confused. She remained still a lady, neatly groomed, hospitable, her humor in tact as well as her unbeatable skill at Scrabble, and her ability to play the piano, sing hymns, and remember her children. We think of her now, loving us with even a greater love, her poor frail mortality left behind, her eyes beholding the King in His Beauty. KEEP A QUIET HEART, pp 221-222

This description is of one woman. One godly woman, a woman who had faults and failures as well as triumphs and

victories. One woman who learned how to Live the Simple Life in Every Season of Life. One who knew the Lord intimately and as she aged, she found Him in the seasons of life with her. If you haven’t discovered this truth yet, learn it now – the Seasons of Life revolve swiftly around each one of us. One moment you are in your twenties and wondering what life will have for you. The next moment you are in your sixties, having learned and experienced life with all its twists and turns.

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter have their counterparts in our lives. Our God remains ever the same, and we must learn to live as He guides, directs, and commands. His plan for each one of us includes all He has for us to Live the Simple Life in Every Season of Life. “Seasons move and circumstances shift, yet God is CONSTANT through it all!”

ISAIAH 46:9 – Remember the former things of old: for I AM God, and there is none else; I AM God, and there is none like Me.

HEBREWS 13:8 – Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and forever.

MALACHI 3:6 – For I AM the LORD, I change not...

PSALM 9:7 – But the LORD shall endure for ever: He hath prepared His Throne for judgment. 🌱

Verse Challenge

Mar 2026: Psalm 146:1-2

Feb 2026: Lamentations 3:25-26

Jan 2026: John 15:4-5

Sep 2025: 1 John 2:15-17

Deadline to Quote Verses:
Sunday, April 19, 2026