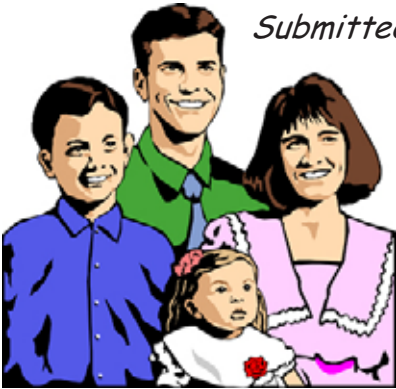


Continue On

Submitted by: Penny Cline



A woman once fretted over the usefulness of her life. She feared she was wasting her potential being a devoted wife and mother. She wondered if the time and energy she invested in her husband and children would make a difference.

At times she got discouraged because so much of what she did seemed to go unnoticed and unappreciated. "Is it worth it?" she often wondered. "Is there something better that I could be doing with my time?"

It was during one of these moments of questioning that she heard the still small voice of her heavenly Father speak to her heart. "You are a wife and mother because that is what I have called you to be.

Much of what you do is hidden from the public eye. But I notice. Most of what you give is done without remuneration, but I am your reward.

Your husband cannot be the man I have called him to be without your support. Your influence upon him is greater than you think and more powerful than you will ever know. I bless him through your service and honour him through your love. Your children are precious to Me. Even more precious than they are to you. I have entrusted them to your care to raise for me. What you invest in them is an offering to Me.

You may never be in the public spotlight. But your confidence shines as a bright light before Me. Continue on. **Remember you are my servant. Do all to please Me.**"



Don't Wait 'Til It's Too Late!

A "Dear Abby" Letter From a Grieving Son

Dear Abby: Yesterday was the saddest day of my life. I buried my mother. And now many thoughts come to mind that make me even sadder.

I recall the many times I meant to call her and ask if there was anything she needed, but I seldom got around to it.

I recall the day I ran into Mum in the bakery. Her winter coat looked so shabby and worn, and I thought, *I've got to take Mum downtown and buy her a new coat.* But I never found the time. I was too busy.

On her last birthday, I sent her an azalea plant; but I forgot to enclose a card. I had wanted to get over to see her, but there was a football game that day, so I never made it.

The last time I saw Mum was at my cousin's wedding. She looked so old and tired. I told myself, "I must send Mum to Florida to visit her brother and get a little sun," but I just never got around to buying the ticket.

If only I could turn the clock back, I'd buy Mum that coat and spend every birthday with her and take her any place she wanted to go. But it's too late now, and I am heartsick.

Please print this letter. Maybe if I had seen one like it, I would have done things differently.

A Grieving Son