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## What is Valley Station Church?

It is a group of Christians determined to be pleasing to God. How do they do this? They do all in their power to follow the teaching of Jesus Christ with no changes, additions, subtractions or alterations.

It is a group of Christians that claim no human denominational affiliation — just Christians working and worshipping together at the Lord's word teaches. If you need Christ as your Lord and Savior, we believe you will find him among the Christians at Valley Station.

**Come and see.**

The **VALLEY TIDINGS** is published monthly by the church of Christ, meeting at 1803 Dixie Garden Drive, Valley Station, Kentucky 40272

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### Assemblies

Sunday Bible Class 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Morning Worship 10:30 A.M.  
Sunday Evening Worship 6:00 P.M.  
Wednesday Bible Classes 7:30 P.M.  
Ladies Class, Thursday 10:00 A.M.

Visit Valley at [www.vscoc.org](http://www.vscoc.org)

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Dudley Ross Spears, Editor and Evangelist

# Valley Tidings

**Set For The Defense of the Glad Tidings**

Volume XI, May, 2010, Number 5

## Happy Mother's Day

“Happy Mother's Day” means more  
Than have a happy day.  
Within those words lie lots of things  
We never get to say.

It means I love you first of all,  
Then thanks for all you do.  
It means you mean a lot to me,  
And that I honor you.

But most of all, I guess it means  
That I am thinking of  
Your happiness on this, your day,  
With pleasure and with love.

- Selected



## *Will You Love Me In December?*

Warren E. Berkley

Care giving responsibilities are learning experiences. For several years we've been taking care of my mother-in-law, who suffers with Alzheimer's. First, we cared for her in our home. Two years ago she needed a level of care that required her admission into a nursing home. We are there several times during the week, often daily. I see things that may be unpleasant but I'm learning valuable lessons.

Most nursing homes (since 2003) have paid "feeding assistants." They may not be nurses or nurses aids, though they should be under professional supervision. A feeding assistant completes eight hours of state-approved training. The course deals with very basic things like feeding techniques, hydration, hygiene, emergency choking procedures, how to handle patients who have difficult swallowing, etc. The charge nurse may or may not oversee. The feeding assistants sit at a "feeding station," surrounded by four to five patients, moving on swivel chair from patient to patient – feeding the residents who need help. It is a rather mechanical procedure; necessary but not best.

There is a man who comes to the nursing home every day at meal times to feed his wife, who cannot eat without assistance.

He knows his wife through many years of care. He is the most competent one to feed her, knowing exactly what she likes, the pace of her eating and the size of the bites. What's more, he takes great delight in this task. He feeds her with quiet dignity, and perhaps an occasional sadness is felt as he remembers their younger years. He tends the wife of his youth with napkin, as she would do for him. All of this is done with such care and patience, it is tempting to stare with delight and admiration at this example of a husband's long lasting love, "through sickness and in health." His capacity to do this job was not learned. Unconditional love certifies him as best for the job.

It is not my purpose to imply criticism of the feeding assistants, editorialize about institutional care, or impose any rules on family members. I only wanted to say, the best caregivers are not trained in a course, but nurtured in real relationships over time. See more about this in Eph. 5:25-33. And consider this . . .

Will you love me in December as you do in May,  
Will you love me in the good old fashioned way?  
When my hair has all turned gray,  
Will you kiss me then and say,  
That you love me in December as you do in May?

~ James J. Walker

*Expository Files ~ Aug., 2007*

## *Mother's Reward*

Down in the mountains of Georgia lived a poor widow. She had a few acres of ground where she raised berries and one thing and another and made a little money keeping chickens and selling eggs. She also took in washing and did other humble work for a living. God gave her a bright son. He, too, surpassed every-one in the district school. The mother worked hard to get the money to send him to Emory College.

The son worked hard to get himself through the college. He graduated with high honors and won a gold medal for special excellence in study. When it came time for him to graduate he went up to the mountain home for his mother, and said, "Mother, you must come down and see me gradu-ate." "No," said his mother, "I have nothing fit to wear, and you would be ashamed of your poor old mother before all those grand people."

"Ashamed of you!" he said, with eyes filled with filial love. "Ashamed of you, Mother, never! I owe everything I am to you and you must come down. What is more, I will not graduate unless you come."

Finally she yielded. He brought her to the town. When the graduating day came she went to the commencement exercises in her plain calico dress with her neat but faded shawl and simple mountain bon-net. He tried to take her down the middle aisle where the richest people of the town, friends of the graduating class, sat, but this she refused and insisted on sitting way off under the gal-lery.

The son went up on the platform and delivered his graduating address. He was handed his diploma and received his medal. No sooner had he received the gold medal than he walked down from the platform and away to where his mother sat off under the gallery and pinned the gold medal on her faded shawl and said, "Mother, that belongs to you ; you earned it!"— R. A. Torrey.



**One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. -Herbert**

I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers in a pure conscience, how unceasing is my remembrance of thee in my supplications, night and day longing to see thee, remembering thy tears, that I may be filled with joy; having been reminded of the unfeigned faith that is in thee; which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and, I am persuaded, in thee also. 2 Tim. 1:3-5

