

TRUE VINE TIMES

A Little Parable for Mothers

This parable submitted by Robert and Ester Mast; ***By Temple Bailey***

Out door Church services

As the season starts to turn towards autumn the weather becomes more challenging to be outdoors on Sunday mornings -please check your email at 7:30AM for any messages from Linda about changing the service to Zoom !

Missional Transformational Small Groups

MTC groups will be starting. -The Friday group that met at the Keough home on every other Friday, will now meet in the **church fellowship hall** from 7:00PM till 8:30 PM - This group starts Friday, October 2. Feel free to reach out to Jack Keough if you'd like to consider joining this small group. jackkeough@rochester.rr.com phone 716-525-2324

Please check with Pastor Dale about availability and other groups.

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" she said. And her guide said: "Yes. and the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed them in the clear streams; and the sun sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and the storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and we know no harm can come."

And the Mother said, "This is better than the brightness of the day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience, and we are there."

So the children climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, "We could not have done it without you, Mother. And the mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars and said: "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength."

New York Mennonite Conference

Celebration 2020 On Line

“Anabaptism for todays World”

-Saturday Sept 19-

See email for Online registration.

Church Council will meet Tuesday, September 22, at 7:00PM in the Fellowship Hall.

Sent a quick text to Liz Meyers to see how she's doing and she replied "Its going very well and I'm really liking it here"

Phone conversation with Katie Poole- Her mom is doing well -Sunne is back home caring for her mom. Katie expressed gratitude for all the prayers and support

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And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth-clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the mother said: "Lookup. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an everlasting glory, and it guided them beyond the darkness. And that night the mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother; and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the mother said: "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them." And the children said: "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gate."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. a mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence."



